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**AND BULLIED IN FRONT OF
HER BOYFRIEND**

GANGED INTERRACIAL AND ROUGH MENAGE ROMANCE

DEX O'DONALD



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**TikTok Tina Gets Blacked and Bullied in Front of Her Boyfriend: Ganged
Interracial and Rough Menage Romance**

(Bully Betrayal Ep. 29)

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Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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Tik Tok Tina's Stream Starts in 5...4...3...2...1...

“Hi everybody! How is everyone doing out there today!”

Tina bites her bottom lip, reading the constant rush of replies in her stream chat. With her viewer count already through the roof, she can't help but feel a little excited at the days' financial opportunity.

SimpforTina: Heeey Grl

BigD3000: Damn this girl gotta rack

VegasBomb69: First time tuning into the stream...long time follower on TikTok...

Breakitdwn420: is she just gonna sit there or she gonna clap them cheeks?

“Thanks for watching if you're a first-time viewer,” Tina says in her intentionally girlish voice, “we just partnered with Twitch a week ago and we're at already 10k subs! Thank you thank you thank you!” she follows this up with a giggle and a bounce, her 34dd tits shaking inside a tiny pink t-shirt tied below her breasts.

Seekingsimps: oh damn bounce again grl

Madworldskillz: brb gotta get the lotion

Freddygotfingered: this the same girl with the twerk vids on tiktok?

“Yes Freddy,” she replies to a chat message, “it's me, TikTok Tina. The ‘twerk girl’ I guess you could call me. Haha! I decided it was time to expand so here I am- streaming on twitch. We might play some video games, we might do some hot tub time, who knows? But as long as you all keep tuning in we can...”

Nearby, Tina's boyfriend Jamie sits off camera watching his girlfriend work it for the masses. The sick feeling in his stomach is something he's become accustomed to; boiling jealousy mixed with red-hot anger. He can't stand what she does for a living, revealing herself for the attention of pathetic men, but it's hard to argue with the money it brings in.

Jamie bears it without a grin, trying to find some solace in the fact that he is the one that actually gets to sleep with her...and not these clowns in her stream chat or in her TikTok dm's.

Today Tina wears light-blue booty shorts that aren't visible yet to her stream – the camera capturing her only from the waist up for now. But even from the waist up she is a bubbling ball of sex and energy; a skin-tight pink t-shirt with the words Baby Girl written in white across the chest. Her nipples are hard, telling each and every one of her viewers that she's got no bra on.

“Oh my gosh you guys are so bad,” Tina flirts with the camera, constantly moving so that the weight of her breasts sway back and forth in the tiny t-shirt. “And yes, I have a boyfriend! So sorry to disappoint you all! So please be respectful...”

Respectful, Jamie rolls his eyes. There's a fucking concept. Respectful! Was it respectful to me when she recorded herself in a thong clapping her ass cheeks together and then posting it to TikTok? Was it respectful when she did it again two days later in a goddamn bikini? Respectful! What a joke!

“So what should we do first today, chat?” Tina asks her followers, pushing her chest out and bringing her arms to the sides of her shapely breasts, squeezing them together as if she were in deep thought. “Should we play some Fortnite, or should we do donation requests?”

Milkychance: take ur shirt off slut

-message deleted by moderator-

BilboBongs: requests...lets see that ass clap!

Tylertoocool420: nobody tryna see yo dumbass play videogames

Senpaicoolboy: donation requests!

“Requests it is!” Tina cries shrilly, over-excited. “Let's see who is going to start us off...ten bucks and I'll moan your name!”

“You've gotta fucking be kidding me,” Jamie mumbles from the corner of the room. He hates donation requests. The last time she played this game her nipple

nearly slipped out on stream and the chat response had been disgusting. He can't stand the way she ignores him when she's on stream, either. Like he doesn't even exist...sure, he doesn't do much but vet her inbox, looking for legit opportunities and deleting vulgar messages, but still, it would be nice if she at least glanced at him from time to time.

Jamie pulls out his phone and opens TikTok. He navigates to Tina's page and lets out a long, exasperated sigh.

TikTokTina-10 following-100k followers-20k likes-

Below that, nearly 40 posts she's uploaded to TikTok since January. Nearly every thumbnail is a picture of her round, shapely ass getting ready to move in that signature dance move known as twerking. In one she wears a pink bikini, in another a black thong. A quick scroll down the page reveals a series of twerking videos she did in black fishnets. Another, a one off in a cosplay outfit.

And at the bottom, the one that started it all – Tina bent over with her ass to the camera and her face to a mirror so that you can see everything. Her pale plump booty rises and falls in time with a hip-hop song, the cheeks audibly smacking into one another in time with the beat. Because of the mirrored angle you can also see her tits falling out of the loose-fitting tank top she has on.

Jamie knows the video well because he's the one that took it.

“Oh my gosh thank you so much for thirty-dollar donation LordHater but I don't think I'm allowed to do that on twitch! I would if I could though...” Tina's banter with her chat continues. “But TobeyMcSquire I can definitely moan your name for the twenty-dollar dono. Are you ready chat?”

TobeyMcSquire: Moan my real name – Brandon

Shesalady698: turning my headphones up for this one

Callofthestyle: bout to pretend my name brandon

Jamie bites his tongue and digs fingernails into the palm of his hand. He wants to leave the room before she starts but it's no use – she's getting right to it.

“Oh Brandon,” Tina moans, eyes closed and tongue roaming across her pink

lips. “Oh Braaaaandon.” Her voice is high and wispy, full of breath and quick inhales. “Oh B-b-b-BRANDON! OH! OH! OH! BRAAAAANDON!”

Jamie closes his eyes, wishing he was anywhere but here.

TobeyMcSquire: I just nutted in my pants

-comment deleted by moderator

Shasatamcnasty: damn this girl a freak

Wherethewildthings: wtf

“Oh Brandon baby, it’s so biiiiiig-“

Overcome with anger, Jamie gets up and storms out of his girlfriend’s streaming room as quietly as he possibly can. He can’t take another second of her slutty bullshit, and there’s no rule saying he must sit there and watch it all.

“I must have been a fool to make that video,” he laments to himself, walking to the living room for a breather.

“Hey there, pal,” Jake, Jamie’s friend grins at him from the living room couch, “taking a little break from the show?”

“The hell you still doing here?” Jamie asks, plopping down onto the couch beside him.

“Woke up late, thought I’d raid your fridge before I left,” Jake winks.

“Oh gee, thanks,” Jamie rolls his eyes. “What about Stu and Chris? They still here?”

“Sure are!” Chris calls from down the hall, and a moment later appears alongside Stu as they take a seat in Tina’s lush living room. “Slept like a baby in the guest room last night. Sure is nice of your girlfriend to let us crash after a party!”

“Yeah, whatever,” Jamie says, absently scrolling through his phone.

“Sounds like someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed,” Stu jokes, taking a bong off the coffee table and packing it full of sticky bud.

“Yeah what’s up your ass today, pal?” Chris asks, eyeing the bong.

“Nothing, OK? Why don’t you guys just smoke my girlfriend’s weed and then dip like you always do...”

“I bet I know what it is,” Jake scoffs. “I think little Jamie here is upset his slutty girlfriend is moaning random dudes’ names on Twitch again!”

“Fuck off!” Jamie barks.

“Oh it definitely is,” Stu chokes on a hit of bong smoke.

“So what if your girl twerks like a slut on TikTok, at least you get paid,” Chris adds.

“Don’t call her a slut!” Jamie shouts.

“What am I supposed to call her, dude? She’s famous for literally shaking her ass for other dudes.”

“Whatever man...”

“You’re a cuck,” Jake giggles, taking the bong from Stu. “You’re the world’s first virtual cuck. How’s that feel?”

“Can you guys just get the fuck out of my house?”

“This is your slutty girlfriend’s house, buddy,” Chris laughs. “I think I’m gonna sit here and smoke her weed till she tells us to leave.”

Jamie’s friends erupt into laughter.

Then, distant and sudden from the other room, growing louder, a rhythmic sound...

...clap clap clap...clap clap clap...clap clap clap...

“No fucking way!” Chris shouts.

“Turn on the stream!” Stu grins, grabbing the remote from the table and flipping the television on.

“Can you not!” Jamie tries to snatch the remote from his friend.

“Put on twitch!”

...clap clap clap...clap clap clap...clap clap clap...

A moment later and Stu has the Twitch app up on the 70 inch television screen. There in perfect detail is Tina’s giant muffin-ass, her ample crack nearly swallowing her light-blue booty shorts. The two cheeks of her cake rise and fall and smack into one another as she works it from the hips...CLAP...CLAP...CLAP...

The audio from the tv is offset from the real time ass-clapping taking place in the next room over, giving Tina’s talent a delayed, echoing effect.

ClapCLAP...clapCLAP...clapCLAP...

“Damn,” Stu says, mesmerized by the scene on the television, “50 thousand people watching this stream but we get to hear it twice...”

“Your girl got a fine piece of cake,” Chris adds, licking his lips.

“I mean look at that shit,” Jake coughs on his bong hit.

On the tv, Tina is on her knees in a gaming chair, ass up and out and shaking. She’s clutching the backrest with both hands and looking backwards at her audience, winking and smiling and giggling as she plays the drums.

ClapCLAP...clapCLAP...clapCLAP...

“She a freak in the sack, Jamie?” Chris asks, eyes never leaving the screen. “I bet with a booty like that she is. Ever let you put it in her butt?”

“Hell no she don’t,” Stu laughs. “At least not for little Jamie here...”

“Daaamn!”

Jamie doesn’t respond, just stares at the floor as Tina makes music on Twitch. When at last the show ends and she sits back down to face the audience, Jamie can hear the joy in her voice.

“Thanks again for the hundred-dollar dono, PeteySmalls. And remember chat, I will twerk all damn day if you guys keep dropping donations like that. Hehe!”

“I should probably get back in there,” Jamie sighs to his friends. “Who knows what kind of fucked up messages are waiting for me in her inbox.”

As Jamie walks away, he can hear his friends chatting amongst themselves.

“Let’s pool a hundred between the three of us,” Chris suggests.

“And maybe we can all jerk off to Jamie’s girlfriend and see who comes first...”

“Ha! Last one to nut has to steal a pair of panties out of her room!”

Jamie swallows his pride and heads back into the streaming room.

“What’s got you in such bad mood?” Tina asks, pulling her tight-pink T off over her blonde head and tossing it in the hamper. She struts across the bedroom topless, bare breasts frolicking side to side.

“Don’t ask if you don’t want to know the answer,” Jamie frowns. He’s lying on the bed in his boxers, laptop in his lap and scrolling through Tina’s TikTok DM’s. She’s tasked him with keeping her up to date on any and all business opportunities.

“Do you have any idea how much money we made today, Mr. Grouch?” she slinks onto the bed and curls up alongside him.

“Plenty, I’m sure,” he says. “And how much of it from, what was his name? B-B-Brandon!” Jamie mocks her voice from earlier, doing a terrible job.

“Wow you are one jealous little bitch,” Tina rolls her eyes.

“Just saying. Do you really have to do that shit when I’m in the room?”

“I’ve never heard one boy complain so much about making easy money,” she sighs. “Keep running your mouth and maybe I’ll just keep it alllllll to myself.” Tina kisses his arm to let him know she’s joking. Jamie loosens up a little.

“Jeez the amount of pervs in your DM’s is...unnerving,” Jamie says. “Look at this one.”

“Let me eat your booty like groceries baby girl,” Tina reads from beside him, suppressing a giggle. “I’ll drop a fat fucking load in that ass, three exclamation points.”

“Jesus, it sounds even worse when you read them out loud,” Jamie says.

“Click that one. There,” Tina reads another. “‘Me and the boys gonna run a train on your big fat booty. How much?’ Wow,” she nestles her face against Jamie’s arm. “Your girl’s butt really got these men in fits, huh?”

“Sure do,” Jamie says with discomfort. “You know babe, with all the twerking you do for everyone else...might be nice if you did it for me once in a while?”

“You know I don’t like doing it in the bedroom, baby,” she kisses him softly.
“It’s just for money. OK?”

“Yeah, OK. But maybe just once? Reverse cowgirl, you know, how I like it...put your feet on the floor and just bounce on it?”

“Are you done?” Tina says, turning her attention back to the DM’s.

“Guess so...”

“Hold on,” Tina’s eyes narrow. “There...that one. I know that name!”

“Thug Company?” Jamie sounds uncertain. “I’ve heard of them too, I think.”

“Click it!”

Jamie opens the message, and two paragraphs appear on the screen. The young couple read it together in silence.

What up TikTok Tina,

My name is Thick Mac. You mighta’ heard of me from my TikTok Thug Company. If you ain’t heard, take a second and go look at my page. Me and some of the boys here at TC were checking out your stream and we think maybe we could do a collab. Something that works for both our pages, know what I’m sayin?

Anyway – if you interested in doing something together, I think we could double your follower count. With 1 video. Not to mention get you paid...ESPECIALLY if you got a boyfriend. It’s kind of our thing.

-Thick Mac

“Go to their page,” Tina breaks the silence. “Thug Company.”

With his heart rate steadily increasing, Jamie navigates to Thug Company’s official TikTok page. His eyes fall immediately on the fact that they have 1.2 million followers to go along with nearly 8 million likes.

“Go on,” Tina urges, something like ambition in her voice, “scroll through! Let’s see!”

The color drains from Jamie's face.

In one video, a busty twenty-something with strawberry hair stands beside a tall, shirtless black guy with tattoos down his torso. It is obvious their encounter is random; the muscular male clearly the instigator.

"So, we just met this girl here outside the club," the black guy says, "and she's here wit' her boyfriend..." he points past the girl and the camera pans for a moment; a half-way nerdy white guy watching the strawberry blonde with anxiety in his eyes. "And we gonna give her twenty bucks to let me feel on her booty in front of him!"

"Oh my God," the blonde brays, obviously drunk. "Can't believe I'm doing this!"

"Here's the cash," the man says, pulling a twenty dollar bill out of his pocket. He hands it to the boyfriend a few feet away and daps him up. "Now let's see that booty, white girl!"

"Oh my God," she says nervously, twirling on petite heels and showing the camera her backside. Her juicy ass sits covered by a short black skirt, and a moment later she lifts it to reveal her bare cheeks, clad only in a lacey purple thong.

"You ready white girl?" the black man asks.

"Oh my God," she says for a third time, holding the last word out for a full second.

"You ready to watch yo' girl get felt on by a black dude, white boy?" he asks the boyfriend.

"Guess so," the boyfriend replies, nasally.

The man turns to the camera and points, "Yo! This is yah boy Thick Mac coming to you live from downtown Miami. And it's white girl booty time!" With that, Thick Mac opens both of his hands and swings in on the thick ass waiting for him. He smacks both cheeks loud as he makes impact, filling his hands with her supple white flesh.

“Oh my God,” the girl giggles, “I can’t believe I’m doing this!”

The camera zooms in on the boyfriend’s face, horrified.

“How you like that, white boy?” the cameraman asks.

“OK I guess,” he stutters.

“Damn this ass fine,” Thick Mac says, still assaulting her cheeks with his greedy fingers. “Too thick for a white boy that’s for damn sure!”

Tina reaches over her boyfriend and scrolls down to the next video. More of the same. Random white couples on the street, propositioned and humiliated on video. Each video with more views than the one before it.

“I can’t believe these people actually do this,” Jamie says, eyes glued to the screen. “I mean seriously- how bad off do you need to be to even consider something like this?”

Tina adjusts on the bed to her stomach, her curvy ass sticking up. She ignores Jamie’s comment and scrolls to the next video.

“OK. How much to stand there and watch me make out wit’ yah girl?” Thick Mac asks a passerby on the street, towering over the squat, pudgy little white guy. The video cuts to Thick Mac with his hands all over a brunette girl while he slips her tongue; her white boyfriend watching the whole thing with anguish in his eyes.

“That’s about all I can take, I think,” Jamie says, shutting the laptop. He looks across his girlfriend’s lush body, the pale skin, the perfect curves. For a moment he can see her in one of those videos, a stranger’s rough hands all over her...it makes him shudder, and he wraps his arms around Tina and pulls her closer.

“So...are we going to talk about this?” Tina asks.

“Talk about what?”

“What do you mean ‘about what?’” she sits up on her elbows, milky tits swinging between her arms. “About the collab, Jamie.”

“You can’t be serious?” Jamie’s eyes darken. “Collab? With those fucking... perverts! What are you talking about? You can’t be serious, Tina!”

“Jamie...” Tina pauses, collecting herself, praying for patience. “Did you see how many followers they have? Did you see the number of views on their videos?”

“Yeah? So what!”

“Pull your head out of your ass, Jamie! Those numbers mean money! Lots of it! Do you know what it would mean to double my viewer count? I’d be more than TikTok famous, baby. I’d be a fucking star.”

Jamie shakes his head, staring at the girl he loves, trying to maintain eye contact.

“I can’t believe you,” he says. “You’re actually considering this!”

“I can’t believe you aren’t,” she sighs. “There’s just as much in it for me as there is for you...baby,” she takes his hand and pulls it to her mouth. She sucks the ball of his thumb in-between words. “I love you, Jamie...and only you. You know you get the best of me...all of me. It doesn’t matter when I shake my ass on TikTok because all those guys out there, all those stupid little boys, they only get to watch. But you, you get to be with me.” Tina slides his hand down to her lush breasts.

Jamie cups her tit as Tina’s hand moves to the fly of his boxers.

“You saw the videos,” she continues. “Just some kissing, some touching. So what? Is it really that big a deal? It lasts maybe a few minutes and then it’s over...and they tag me in it, and I promote it and...boom. We sit back and watch the cash roll in.”

She pulls his palm-sized dick out the front of his boxers and strokes, her grip firm and relentless.

“Oh,” Jamie moans. “But they’ll want me in it...you saw the videos. They’ll want me to watch...”

“And you’ll get a bonus for watching, baby,” she breathes against his manhood, drool forming at the corners of her mouth. “If you sit and watch like a good boy,

I promise I'll make it worthwhile...financially and intimately."

"But the guys...my friends," he winces, her grip growing firmer, "they'll see. They'll know...I'll never let it live it down..."

"Fuck them, Jamie," she darts her tongue quick and graceless along the top of his aching erection. "What's more important- them or me?"

"Ohhhh," he groans, so close already.

"Answer me!" she slaps at his taut, insubstantial ballsack. "Who is more important Jamie! Them or me!"

"Ow! Fuck! You! You are Tina!"

"Good boy," she takes him in her mouth and deepthroats him with ease; plenty of room to maneuver her tongue around his thin shaft. When she feels him near the edge she comes off of it and lets his dick stand there free and untouched.

"Ahhh," he moans. "Don't stop!"

"You'll agree to the collab, baby? With Thug Company?"

"Fuuuck, fine! Yes, I agree. Please, just don't stop!"

Tina takes hold of him, the entirety of Jamie's length disappearing in her petite hand. She sucks on the tip of it like she's looking for the center of a tootsie pop, and just as he begins to cum, she removes her mouth and points his dick up along his torso. Thin strands of clear semen shoot out and streak his lower stomach, it's over in seconds.

"I'll reach out to them in the morning," she whispers in his ear, "the sooner the better, don't you think?"

"Whatever you want, Tina," he sighs.

“You read the contract, right babe?” Jamie asks nervously from behind the wheel of his Camry.

“Of course, I did, baby,” Tina says absently, gazing out the car window to the blue bay waters beyond. After all of Tina’s communication with the production team over at Thug Company it turned out they were only a short 15-minute drive from one another.

For Jamie, it was the longest car ride of his life.

“I just want to make sure there aren’t any surprises when we get there,” Jamie says. “These guys seem sort of sketchy to me, it’s hard to believe they’re offering money like this just for a simple make-out video.”

“Would you stop worrying already? It’s all set up, everything checks out, and by the time they release this video my TikTok channel viewership is going to double. OK? All you have to do is watch...I know that it will be hard for you baby, but I promise to take care of you when we get home. Whatever you want, for as long as you want. Alright?”

Jamie shifts uncomfortably in his seat, mind moving a thousand miles per hour. To say he has a bad feeling about the whole thing is an understatement. Every piece of his intuition is screaming at him to turn the car around and call the whole thing off.

Tina sits in the passenger seat with her leg up on the dashboard. She’s wearing tiny denim shorts that show off the entirety of her pale legs. Up top she’s got her patented Baby Girl pink t-shirt on, tied above the tummy, the flesh of her under-tit showing just a little. Her blonde hair is tied back in two pigtails that stick out at the sides of her heads. Pink lipstick on seductive mouth to match her shirt.

Jamie appreciates how small and compact she is, this bubbling little ball of sex and temptation. He tries to ignore the building anxiety in his stomach, but he can’t hide from it; in just a few minutes he was going to be watching another man touch her. Kiss her. Put his hands all over her. Can he take it? Can he really just sit there and watch it happen?

When at last they enter the neighborhood where Thug Company resides, Tina sits up in her chair and checks her makeup in the visor mirror. She pouts out her

lips in a kissing motion, turns her face side to side.

“Here we are,” Jamie stutters, pulling into the long driveway at 420 Sycamore Ln. It is a classic south Florida house, glass doors and gorgeous landscaping. It’s far enough off the main road to be relatively private.

The reality of the situation sets in when Jamie sees dark shapes moving around inside the massive home. His heart rate spikes.

“Are you ready, baby?” Tina turns to her boyfriend.

“Not really,” he admits.

“Just remember to breathe, OK? And by this afternoon we’ll be back home, and you’ll have me all to yourself.”

“I love you,” he says.

“I love you too.”

They get out of the car and hold hands, walking up a small concrete staircase to the wide glass front doors of the small mansion. They can see straight through the house, the modern foyer and living room, right to the back glass walls and the sparkling blue pool beyond.

Jamie and Tina aren’t even to the front doors when they slide open and a man steps out to greet them.

“Tina and Jamie,” he smiles like a shark, “we’ve been expecting you. We’re so excited to have you at Casa de Cornudo. My name is Lengua.” Lengua is tall and dark, his skin brown like deep caramel. His head is shaved clean, and despite the malice of his grin, his eyes are kind.

“It’s nice to meet you, Lengua,” Tina squeaks, walking into the home with her boyfriend. “I really appreciate how professional you’ve been with setting this whole thing up.”

“It’s my pleasure,” he winks at Jamie, “Thick Mac and the boys rely on me for all the logistics of their little online empire. I was only doing my job...I trust you’ve read your contract thoroughly? It’s important we have you sign it here, in

person, witnesses and all...”

“Oh sure,” Tina says, distracted, “wow look at that pool!” She scampers across the living room to the back glass wall, her fat ass jiggling with each step.

“Waterfalls and a slide? Jeez, that is so cool!”

“You should take a dip after the shoot,” Lengua walks to where she stands, towering over her. “I’m sure you’ll want to cleanup afterwards, and the pool is a great place to do it.”

“Clean up from what?” Jamie asks, his voice small in the high-ceilinged living room.

“From nerves, I suppose,” Lengua says. “Sometimes our models get a little nervous, maybe sweat a little? That’s all I mean by clean up.”

“Hmmm,” Jamie puzzles.

“I should have brought my bathing suit,” Tina pouts.

“That wouldn’t make any difference,” Lengua grins. “There’s a no clothing allowed rule in that pool. So you’ll be more than welcome to jump in...after the shoot, that is...”

“We’ve got a busy afternoon,” Jamie cuts in. “We’ll skip the skinny dip, thank you.”

“Why, of course,” Lengua agrees. “Let us not waste any more of your time then. Please, follow me.”

The young couple exchange looks as they follow the tall brown man down a long highway, deeper inside the labyrinthian home. Strange, sexual art hangs in frames on white walls. Sunlight pours in serene and calm from the skylights above. They pass through an atrium with a stone fountain, water trickling peacefully.

Through a door and they enter a small office. A desk, a computer, a pile of papers. Behind the desk is large metal door with an electronic code-lock along the handle. It is quiet here in the tiny room except for the faintest, dulllest rhythmic thud. It comes from behind the door, or perhaps further away...

“This is where we run our little operation,” Lengua explains, taking a seat behind the desk and organizing the stack of papers there. “This is the intake room where we deal with paperwork and all that boring stuff...behind me is the set, which you’ll see soon enough. We use it for all of our major productions...”

“Major productions?” Jamie asks. “I thought this was just a simple TikTok video? Like the ones you guys do out on the streets? What do we need a set for?”

“Would you stop?” Tina turns on her boyfriend, speaking through clenched teeth. “I’m nervous enough today without you pushing all your anxiety onto me. We’re here and we’re doing this! Alright?”

“I’m just making sure that –“

“No, Jamie! Stop it! No more arguing, no more nonsense. Let me take the lead, OK? Just stand there and watch.”

Her angry tone silences Jamie, who at this point is breathing so fast you can see his chest rising and falling below his shirt.

“A feisty one to be sure,” Lengua chuckles. “I like it. Bring that same energy to the shoot and we’ll have ourselves a video worthy of a million views.”

“I sure hope so,” Tina smiles, picking a pen up off the desk. “Where do I sign?”

Lengua flips through the first few pages of the contract too quickly for Jamie to read anything. He comes to a page near the back and points along a dotted line.

“Sign here...good, good...initial here...yes, very good...and one more, sign and date right here...Excellent.”

Lengua snatches the entire contract up and puts it away inside a desk drawer, locking it after he’s done.

“Well it looks like we are ready to get started,” Lengua clasps his hands together, grinning ear to ear. “Won’t you two please follow me onto the set? Don’t mind the noise and the crowd, we believe in method filming.”

“Method filming?” Jamie asks as Lengua turns and punches a six-digit code into

the door lock.

“Total immersion in the scene,” Lengua says, “you’ll see what I mean soon enough.”

The door swings open into the room on the other side. Blaring hip-hop music explodes out of the space in a wave that washes over the young couple, low bass reverberating in their anxious bellies. With reluctant steps they follow Lengua inside.

“Wow,” Tina gasps.

“What the fuck?” Jamie chokes out.

They’ve come into a massive, sprawling garage-turned-studio. Professional lighting beams down from the rafters, house speakers on stands pump out pulsating music that fills the space. Though it is barely 11 in the morning, here in the garage it is set like a house party at midnight.

A trap house party.

Something like twenty black men rove around the makeshift living room in the center of the studio. There are crappy looking couches strewn about, a fake carpet beneath them furry and grey. A massive glass coffee table acts as a center piece to the scene, a towering pile of white powder on top, perfectly dissected lines of cocaine set beside it, a discarded hundred-dollar bill rolled into a cone.

On the edges of this scene are two cameramen, a boom mic operator, and a director’s chair with a name along the back of it: Lengua.

“You’re the director?” Tina asks, following him across the studio over to where the assorted young black men are prowling the set. They’ve started to eye the young couple from afar, the only white people in the room.

“I sure am,” Lengua says. “And I’ll be in charge of this shoot today. I think we’re really going to make something special...I want to introduce you both to our male performers.”

The three of them reach the edge of the set. The men roaming the trap house scene are dressed similarly, baggy pants and basketball jerseys, cornrows and

dreadlocks, fades and face tattoos. To say they look intimidating is to underestimate them; they look ferocious the way a street gang in Chicago might.

Three strapping young men step from the crowd and approach Lengua, Tina, and Jamie.

“Tina and Jamie, I’d like you to meet our extremely talented actors for the day,” Lengua says. “This is Thick Mac, Brody, and Drizz...”

The three hulking black men stand before the white couple, scowling faces and startlingly tall.

“Goddamn girl,” Thick Mac rasps, “that booty and them titties even finer in person.” He looks much as he did in the videos Tina and Jamie have watched. Right down to his neatly lined cornrows and broad, bony shoulders. He is shirtless already, his well-defined six pack punctuated at the bottom by a V line leading into blue boxer shorts hanging over the top of low-sagging jeans.

“You look just as handsome,” Tina squeaks, bouncing on the balls of her feet.

“You excited, lil’ mama?” the one named Brody asks. He has a teardrop tattoo below his right eye, and dark tattoos covering both muscular arms. He licks his lips constantly.

“Excited...and nervous,” she says.

“I’d be nervous if I was you too,” adds Drizz, the tallest of the three and perhaps the most dangerous looking as well.

“Why’s that?” Jamie interjects, feeling his posture shrink in the presence of the three giants.

“Anybody talking to you, white boy?” Thick Mac narrows his eyebrows. “I didn’t fucking think so. Keep yah fuckin’ mouth shut unless you spoken to. You got that?”

“I don’t know why you’re being so rude,” Jamie mumbles. “I just want to make sure –“

“As per the contract,” Lengua interrupts, “the boyfriend in this scene, that being

you Jamie, is to only speak when spoken to and for the purpose of the video.”

“But we aren’t filming yet,” Jamie says. “They can at least act civil to me, can’t they?”

“As I said, Jamie, we believe in method filming. Total immersion...so, shut the fuck up, OK?”

Jamie nods, sick to his stomach. They didn’t say anything about three guys, he thinks to himself.

“Now, let’s go over the basic chain of events for the shoot...”

Jamie watches the way Thick Mac, Brody and Drizz eyeball Tina. The way they look over every inch of her, pausing at her enormous tits and juicy round ass. He sees the way Brody licks his lips like a lion about to devour its prey. Jamie is so terrified of watching these men lay their hands on his girlfriend that he almost misses what Lengua is saying...

“Gangbang?” Tina asks suddenly, interrupting the director. “I didn’t know anything about that, I thought we were shooting a TikTok clip or two?”

“A what?” Jamie asks, suddenly confused.

“This is for our OnlyFans page,” Lengua explains, his tone soft and defiant. “It was all in the contract...you read it, right?”

“I skimmed it,” Tina says, her own voice filling with sudden nerves. “But I didn’t see anything about a gangbang...”

“A what? A what?” Jamie’s knees are shaking. The three thugs standing in front of them are chuckling, low and vicious.

“Is that going to be a problem?” Lengua asks, looming over the petite blonde girl. “We’ve put quite a bit of time and effort into setting up today, not to mention you’ve signed the contract on camera...surely you don’t plan to void it now? The financial consequences of such a decision could be...disastrous...”

Jamie’s head is swimming, the onset of a panic attack expanding in his brain.

“I’ll be paid right after the shoot?” Tina asks, ignoring her swooning boyfriend. “And you’ll push my TikTok on your page and everything? Like you said? Double my follower count?”

“Of course, dear,” Lengua says, “it’s all in the contract, as I’ve said...”

“Well...” Tina bites her bottom lip; she eyes the three hyenas gazing down on her. “I guess we better get this started then, huh?”

“That’s the spirit,” Lengua chuckles. “Just allow me a word with your boyfriend before we get to it. Thick Mac, perhaps you can have a chat with her about some things and introduce her to some of the other guys?”

“Sure thing, boss,” Thick Mac grins. “Right this way, lil’ mama...”

Jamie tries to follow his girlfriend onto the set, but Lengua stops him with a strong hand across his chest. The tall brown man takes the short white guy by the shoulders and looks him in the eye.

“There are a few things we’re going to need to discuss, a few things you’ll need to be ready for...I can’t have you losing control during my shoot...or at least, if you do lose it, you won’t be going anywhere. I’ve taken some precautions to make sure you don’t leave prior to the end of the filming...”

Lengua’s manipulative voice drones in Jamie’s ears. Jamie stares past him to the movie set with the dirty living room look and massive pile of drugs. He sees Tina extending her dainty hand and meeting twenty different black men. He notes the excitement in her face, watches as Thick Mac slides his arm around her shoulders...

“Do you understand what I’m telling you, Jamie?”

Jamie snaps out of it and looks Lengua in the eyes. “I can’t do this...she can’t do this...is there any way out of here?”

“Not now I’m afraid,” Lengua says. “Don’t fight it Jamie...it will be much easier for you if you just relax.”

“We’re ready to get started, sir,” calls the cameraman from the front of the set. “We can roll whenever you’re ready.”

“Then let us begin,” Lengua smiles. “Jamie, follow me. You’re just as much a part of this film as your girlfriend. In fact, your role is tantamount...and remember, keep your eyes open...it’s in the contract...”

4.

Thug Company's OnlyFans goes live that day at 11:30 am. Among the nearly fifty thousand viewers are three of Jamie's best friends: Stu, Chris, and Jake. Each of the boys watch alone from a computer in their bedroom, tissues and lotion at the ready.

They've been waiting for this live stream, and they aren't going to miss it for the world.

JaketheSnake: This is gonna be good!

StutheJew: Been waiting a long time to see these titties

Chrisuponastar: I'm trying to peep that booty

ShrimpDick69: Never heard of this girl but just looked her up and she is hot af

The messages appear in a constant flow alongside the video as Thug Company's fanbase settles in for another debaucherous live stream. The video itself is black, Thug Company's logo set squarely in the middle of the screen.

A disclaimer reads out below their logo: The following content is for mature audiences (18+) only. All acts you will see are consensual and performed by professionals.

A countdown appears at the top of the screen, moving backwards from 10 minutes until 5...4...3...2...1...

The camera fades up on an urban scene; a messy living room full of people, mostly black guys dressed as gangsters and drug runners. Thick smoke hangs in the air from blunts and joints, and the pile of cocaine on the center table is hard to miss. Hip-hop music blares, vulgar lyrics and relentless rhythm.

The camera pulls in on a petite white girl with huge breasts, she's surrounded by three looming black guys, faces scowling.

"You lost little girl?" Thick Mac growls.

"I think you on the wrong side of town, white bitch," Drizz adds.

“Mmmhmm,” Brody licks his thick lips.

“I was just looking for some weed,” TikTok Tina says, her face innocent and surprised. “For me and my boyfriend?”

“Your boyfriend?” Thick Mac scowls. “Where the fuck is he?”

The camera pans over, random black men stand around talking or partaking in the cocaine on the coffee table. A few feet away is a short, scared-shittless looking white boy. His pale face reeks of fear as he stands beside a barrel-chested black man large enough to be a bodybuilder. He has a hand around the boy’s neck, as if to make sure he won’t flee.

“This puny bitch?” Thick Mac stomps over to where Jamie stands, and his homies follow. “The fuck you doin’ bringin’ yah girl to a trap house, dumbass?”

“How the fuck a bitch ass white boy like you get a girl like that?” Drizz yells over the blaring music.

“Look at yah fuckin’ feet when we talkin to you white boy!”

The bodybuilder squeezes Jamie’s neck hard and the boy squirms under his grasp. Thick Mac pulls little Tina into the shot, placing her lithesome frame between himself and her boyfriend. His black hands come to her bare midriff, ashy palms sliding upward along her body.

“Oh,” Tina gasps in surprise.

“You came for some weed, white boy?” Thick Mac asks, his hands engulfing Tina’s massive tits, soft flesh squishing below a tiny pink t-shirt. “We got you... but it’s gonna cost yah...”

“Fuck yeah it’s gonna cost you white boy,” Drizz interjects, reaching down and slapping Tina’s fat, jiggling ass.

“How that sound to you, white girl?” Thick Mac whispers in her ear, fondling her breasts roughly.

“Not in front of my boyfriend,” Tina breathes. “Please! Not in front of him...”

“Too fuckin’ bad for yah’ boyfriend,” Thick Mac says, sliding his hands under her t-shirt and yanking up. Tina’s giant, bare breasts fall out undulating, her pale pink nipples hard and pointing. Thick Mac cups them from underneath and shakes them wildly for the camera.

JaketheSnake: there those puppies are at last!

Chrisuponastar: dude look at Jamie’s face! He’s gonna faint!

StutheJew: administering lotion as we speak gents

Tinafan3000: tina looks so nervous

“You like that white boy?” Thick Mac asks. “Like watching me shake yah girls’ titties for my homies?”

“Answer him when he talk to you bitch boy!” Brody shouts.

“No, I don’t...” Jamie whines. “Please...just stop and let us go...we won’t tell anyone...”

“Ain’t goin’ no fuckin’ place, ain’t that right baby?” Thick Mac licks at Tina’s neck.

“Mmm, we don’t have to leave just yet,” Tina sighs. “Just let them play with me a little while baby, then we can get the weed and leave...”

“Listen to your girl white boy,” Drizz says, already reaching for the belt around his jeans.

The camera pulls in close on Tina’s face, her pouty, glistening lips. Thick Mac’s hand comes into the shot as he grabs her around the mouth, squishing her features together.

“You gonna be a good little white slut for us today?” he asks,

“Mmmhmmm,” she moans into the lens.

“Open yah fuckin’ mouth then,” Mac commands.

Tina opens wide as Mac’s hand drops to her throat, tightening his grip and

immobilizing her. He leans into the frame and spits directly into the girl's open mouth.

"Oh God," Jamie cries from off camera.

"Shut the fuck up white boy!"

The shock of it is written across Tina's face, and as the camera pulls out to a wide shot the three black men fall on the tiny white girl. They take hold of her and spin her around, bending her over the edge of a nearby couch so that her round, big ass sticks straight up. The bottom of her denim shorts has been eaten up by her ass crack, the bottoms of her jiggling cheeks clearly visible.

"OH!" Tina screams, face buried in the couch as they begin to spank her. "OH! OH! OH!"

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

The three thugs take turns smacking her as other members of the trap party gather around to watch. Drones of snarky, belittling black men calling out insults and cheering their homies on.

"Look at that booty jiggle!"

"Beat that white girl butt up!"

"Hold that bitch still!"

"Woo fuck yeah!"

Jamie watches horrified, eyes bulging. The bodybuilder hasn't relented in his grip, and he forces the white boy to stare.

"Get them fuckin' shorts off," Thick Mac yells out, and Drizz jumps at the opportunity. He yanks them down, getting them past her ample cheeks until he can easily slide them off her legs. He tosses the denim shorts aside; and now Tina is lies completely nude, bent over the couch.

"Let the homies get a touch!"

A line forms and countless black men walk up for their turn to smack the white girl's ass.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Their hands land from high, turning Tina's once pale flesh into a red, rashy target.

"OH!" Tina screams, her face pinned down to the couch by Brody's callous grip on the back of her head. "OH! FUCK! OW! OH! FUCK! OW!"

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

"OOHHH! OW! OW! OW!"

StutheJew: Jamie looks like he might start crying lmao

Chrisuponastar: Look at that ass SHAKE I mean GODDAMN

QueenofSims: this is even better than watching her twerk

Goldeneye69: look at her pathetic boyfriend in the corner

"You like that white boy?" Thick Mac calls to Jamie. Mac is kneeling down beside the coffee table, cutting up fresh lines of white and re-rolling a hundred-dollar bill. "Like watching the homies beat on yah bitch? Bring that white boy over here he look TENSE!"

The bodybuilder drags Jamie over to the table, all the while Tina continues scream and moan as more and more men take turns cracking their palms against her supple white flesh. They push Jamie's face to the glass tabletop, and Thick Mac shoves the end of the bill into his nose.

"Sniff it white boy!"

Reluctant but trapped, Jamie snorts back hard as Mac makes sure to move the bill along the line of cocaine. Jamie comes up with his eyes glazed and pupils blown out, sucking air, as if every slap of his girlfriend's ass was suddenly redirected to his own brain.

“Get that bitch on her knees! I wanna see how well she suck dick!”

Tina is dragged off the couch, ass stinging, down to her knees as the camera frames her up perfectly. Her breasts sway as she adjusts on her knees, and the soft pink folds of her sex can be seen clearly for the first time. Her face is full of surprise, she is overwhelmed...but in her eyes is ambition, that guiding light.

Thick Mac and Drizz step into the shot, unbuttoning and dropping their jeans to their ankles. Both men have boxer shorts on, and the front of their underwear is lifting on its own accord, testing the limits of the fabric.

Brody squats behind her, his rough hands gorging on Tina’s delicious hanging breasts.

“Let’s see what that mouth do bitch,” Mac says, reaching into the fly of his boxers and pulling out his bloated black manhood. It slouches half-hard, impossibly girthy and uncut. Tina’s wild green eyes go wide when she sees it, her jaw dropping. “That’s right girl...open the fuck up...”

Mac grabs her by one of her pigtails and guides her mouth to his stiffening cock. She stretches her jaw to its limit, small hands coming to the black shaft for leverage.

“Ask yah girlfriend how my dick taste, white boy,” Mac says, griding his hips. “She ain’t gonna be able to answer you though...”

The trap party stares on, all the men who smacked Tina’s butt continuing to watch the ensuing gangbang. As they hurl their own expletives and insults, the OnlyFans stream chat offers their own opinion of things...

Chrisuponastar: She can barely fit it in her mouth!

StutheJew:fuck she can suck dick good though

Whetherman:look at all that drool

Brody is fingering her cunt as Mac feeds her his enormous prick. She’s wet and squirming at the hips as she gets played with, but she does her best to keep her eyes up on the man assaulting her throat.

“Deeper bitch,” Mac grunts. “Gag on that shit!”

“AWK!” Tina gags suddenly, half of Mac’s length lodged in her throat.

“There you go! Hey white boy! Listen to you bitch gag on my fucking meat!”

“AWK! AWK! AWK!”

“UGH!”

“AWK!”

“She fuckin love that black dick in the back of her throat,” Mac continues, a hand on each of her pigtails now, using her like handlebars. “Take that big fat dick down yah throat, bitch. Let yah boyfriend see how much you fuckin’ love it! UGH!”

“AWK!”

After a few minutes Mac hands her face over to Drizz, who waits patiently with his own nine-inch erection. Not as thick as Mac’s namesake, his length is overwhelming. He gets to the back of Tina’s throat right away, choking her with it, forcing her head down on as much of it as she can handle.

“She fuckin’ wet as hell,” Brody calls from below, his fingers and palm soaked with her juice.

Jamie watches high and horrified from just a few feet away, the cocaine coursing in his system illuminating everything in bright detail. His heart pounds, his head is light, his breath quick. He wants to run but knows that such a thing just isn’t possible. If he runs now, there will be no payment. No followers. And this assault on his girlfriend will be all for not.

“AWK! AWK! AWKA!” she continues to gag, Drizz absolutely throttling her throat.

“Don’t be greedy,” Mac reminds his homie, pulling Tina’s gasping face back over to his own meat, “we gotta take turns on this white bitch!”

StutheJew: fuck I just came watching Jamie’s gf get blacked

Chrisuponastar: I'm already halfway through my second round dude

JaketheSnake: bro Jamie looks like such a pansy bitch watching his girl get wrecked

Jamie is on his knees beside the arm of the couch where his girlfriend is bent over for the second time. He is eye-level with her plump, beet-red ass, and he watches as Brody grabs hold of her meaty cheeks and spreads.

The camera pulls in close on Tina's tight, pink-puckered asshole.

"Gonna be a tight-fit," Brody says, "but we'll make it fuckin' fit!" He leans in and begins to tongue her ass, fast whipping motions that draw high sighs from the trembling white girl.

Tina is up on her elbows, massive tits dragging against the couch cushion below. Her face is tilted up as Mac gets on the couch in front of her, slapping his enormous prick against Tina's luscious breasts.

"Look at yah fuckin' boyfriend when he puts it in yah ass, white girl," Thick Mac says, still berating her breasts with his cock but turning her face to look directly into Jamie's eyes.

The camera steadies as Brody mounts up behind Tina.

"Oh fuck," she breathes in her boyfriend's face. "I can feel it, baby...I can feel him at my ass...it's too big, fuck, it's not gonna fit..."

"Oh it'll fuckin' fit," Brody grunts, squeezing lube out of a bottle onto where his substantial cockhead rests against her opening. He lathers himself and Tina's hole before pushing firmly against her opening.

"Oooohhhh, fuck," Tina gasps. "Oh baby he's doing it...he's going inside my asshole...oh fuck. OW!"

"Relax white bitch," Brody breathes, inserting himself slowly.

Catcalls from the homies watching on the sidelines.

"Get that white girl!"

“Stick it in her ass!”

“Fuck that dumb bitch in the butt!

“Look at her fagget little boyfriend!”

The camera catches the moment Brody’s entire tip inserts itself inside Tina, and then quickly pans to Tina’s howling face.

“OOOOHHH!” she screams. “FUCK! OH GOD! OW! IT’S IN! IT’S IN! OOOOHHH!”

“That’s it slut,” Brody says, smacking her already stained ass. “Open up for Brody. Let Brody get that sweet booty hole!”

“OW! FUCK! UUGGGGHHH!” Tina screams in her boyfriend’s bewildered face. White flecks of cocaine stain his nostril.

“Do it for the TikTok bitch!” a random voice calls out.

“She ain’t so fuckin’ smiley now is she!” another joins in.

Brody begins to rock at the hips, feeding more of it to her greedy asshole, getting deeper with each stroke.

“OH FUCK YES!” Tina screams. “OH IT’S SO GOOD BABY OOOHHH! OW! OW! OW! OW!”

“Time to multi-task bitch,” Thick Mac exclaims, grabbing her by the hair and stuffing his fat black dick into her screaming mouth. She sucks it happily, an outlet for the rush of pain and pleasure happening inside her.

JaketheSnake: I can’t believe that thing fits

Welcome2hell69: what kind of loser watches his gf get bullied like this

StutheJew: god Jamie is such a cuck

The camera pulls away from Tina’s ass just as Brody pushes half of his eight inches inside. The shot pulls around so that the frame contains Jamie’s horrified face and Thick Mac’s enormous cock plunging in and out of Tina’s drooling

mouth. Her electric green eyes stare up at Mac as he palms her skull.

“That’s it white slut,” Mac grunts, riding her face. “Look up at me when you worshipping that big black dick. Suck it all down for yah little boyfriend to see. You like it in yah ass don’t you slut?”

“Mmmhmmm,” Tina agrees through a mouthful of black cock.

“You let yah little boyfriend play with yah asshole?”

“Uh-uh,” she chokes.

“Didn’t fucking think so,” Mac laughs.

Brody picks up speed on Tina’s asshole, ramming her deep again and again.

“Fuck this booty tight,” he grunts. “So tight Imma’ bout to drop a fuckin’ nut.”

“Drop that shit on her face, homie,” Drizz says, coming around to where Brody blasts the girl’s ass and getting in line. “I’m finna’ be up in there next and I ain’t tryin’ to get yo sloppy seconds.”

“No problem my nigga,” Brody says, taking a few finals digs into Tina’s defiled asshole. Then, sudden and urgent, he pulls out of her and grabs the girl by the back of the head, tearing her off Thick Mac’s dick and dragging her back down to her knees.

The camera pulls in for a closeup as Brody unloads all over Tina’ face.

“UGH!” he screams, the first thick spurt of it erupting out and streaking her cheek. “UGH! UGH!” each new rope is thicker than the last, and it hangs in goopy strands over her nose and lips. Tina’s shocked expression never leaves as Brody continues to empty his balls on her innocent face.

“UGH! FUCK! ALL OF YAH FUCKIN’ FACE!” he screams. “LOOK AT IT WHITE BOY! LOOK AT MY FUCKIN’NUT ALL OVA’ YAH GIRLS’ PRETTY FUCKIN’ FACE! UGH!”

The bodybuilder drags Jamie into the shot, so that his own face is mere inches from the glaze on his girlfriend’s.

Simpforyou420: that's a lot of cum

JaketheSnake: Jamie is close enough to smell it 4 real

StutheJew: fuck she is covered!

Brody squeezes the last drop from his glistening tip and deposits it onto Tina's nose. He steps out of the shot and a moment later Drizz is shoving the girl to the dirty carpet, laying her out on her back. Two of his homies from the crowd step in and pull her legs up so that her feet are somewhere near her cum-covered face.

Spreading her asscheeks, Drizz brings his long black pipe to her broken-in entrance and begins to slide himself inside of her.

"Ooooooh fuck," Tina moans through the cum webbed across her lips, "he's in my ass baby...ohhhh fuck he's so big..."

"Bigger than yah boyfriend?" Drizz asks, sliding deeper.

"So much bigger oh fuck..."

Some of the onlookers have dropped their jeans and started jerking the fat black cocks that hang between their legs. The semen on Tina's face sits warm and jiggling as her body rocks back and forth with the force of Drizz's fucking. Her massive tits sway up and down, hypnotically.

"We gapin' her fuckin' asshole today, white boy," Mac says, getting in line behind Drizz and stroking his elephant cock. "And ain't a goddamn thing you can do about it!"

"Use yo' bitch like a fuck toy, mothafucka!" Drizz says, burying himself in Tina's asshole and ignoring her screams. He fills his hands with her massive breasts and squeezes, occasionally slapping them as he digs her out.

"Oh fuck! Like that!" Tina screams out. "OH FUCK! FUCK!"

Drizz finds her clit and begins circling it, rubbing her out and never slowing his pace inside her as he does so. Thirty seconds pass before Tina's loudest screams come deafening through the set space.

“I-I-I-I’M FUCKING CUMMING! OOOOOHHHH!” Her orgasm rocks her lithe body, shaking out through her being. Drizz keeps at it, working her clit with his deft fingers while his hips do the rest of the work. “OOOOHHH!”

Before her orgasm can subside, one of the on-lookers is dropping to his knees beside her face, bring his thick prick to her open mouth.

“UGH!” the stranger grunts, unloading on her. Tina’s body rocks back and forth, fucking as she takes a second load across her face. It lands thick in her mouth and she gags. Another wad of it blinds her left eye. Excess cum runs down her cheeks and neck, sticky hot slugs of it cascading into her blonde hair.

The stranger finishes up without a word and backs out of the shot.

A moment later Drizz pulls out of her asshole and steps forward, planting his feet out to either side of her vulnerable body and dropping into a low squat. His sagging black ballsack comes to rest on her tummy as he milks himself out across her fat, gorgeous tits.

“Oh my God,” Tina pants, feeling his load unleash across her in hot ropes. Like one of the modern paintings she saw out in the living room, strokes of white cover her gorgeous body, thick wads of it glazing her hard little nipples. She can feel his nutsack convulse against her with each spurt, and the camera makes sure to catch every drop of it.

All the color has drained from Jamie when Lengua brings the camera in nice and close on his face.

“Like what you see bitch boy?” Thick Mac yells off camera.

“No...” Jamie mumbles, looking as if he may pass out.

“Didn’t fuckin’ think so! Now it’s my fuckin’ turn!”

The shot widens and Mac has a hold of the cum-covered blonde, his angry fist full of her messy blond hair and flipping her over. Tina gets on her knees there on the carpet, digging in and fingers gripping tufts as she arches her back.

Another close up, this time of Thick Mac knocking on her backdoor.

“Now that my homies done got this shit nice and loose for me, I should be able to fit...”

JaketheSnake: no way that fucking thing fits

Bbconthedlow: get ready to turn your headphones down

Stuthejew: I just came for like the fourth time watching this

Chrisuponastar: can't wait to buy this video and watch it whenever I want

With the help of some more lube, Mac is able to insert the tip of his uncut monster inside Tina's gaped asshole. His hands squeeze her tiny hips as she squirms against him, her cum-covered face to the sky, screaming...

“Oh FUCK yeah,” Mac groans, slipping inside her.

“AAAAHHHH!” she screams, sliding a hand underneath to find her clit.

“Gimme allllll dat ass white bitch...”

“AAAAHHHHH!”

Jamie lets his girlfriend wail in his face, defeated.

Mac has his way with Tina's asshole as his homies cheer him on. Lengua keeps a good balance of panning between the fucking and the horror on Jamie's face. The stream chat explodes with approval, and soon Tina's wails of pain turn to guttural, high-pitched moans of pleasure.

Mac pulls it out of her ass, grabs Tina by the back of the head and pulls her to his throbbing black cock. He unloads on her -

5.

“Face! On her face, holy shit!” Stu unleashes a cloud of pot smoke big enough to engulf the entire living room. “Damn dude! Does she even let you do that, Jamie?”

Jamie sits there between his friends on the couch getting a contact high, wondering why Chris, Jake, and Stu are still at there. “Not yet,” he mumbles, dejected.

“That is so much cum,” Chris says, eyes glued to the screen. “I mean look at it. All in her hair...on her tits – fuck man, she really has the best tits. Can you believe the way they bounced when that black dude was railing her in the ass?”

“Grade A titties, dude,” Jake agrees, taking the bong from Stu. “Would love a chance to slap those knockers around.”

“Just need a popular TikTok page and I think you’re in!”

“Alright enough,” Jamie pouts, “stop talking about her like that!”

“Like what?” Chris frowns. “Like a slut? Dude...I mean...look at the screen...”

Jamie looks. He’s seen it before. Not the taped video of course – its just been released on the Thug Company OnlyFans page, but he did see it in person. And he remembers this part at the end vividly. Its where Thick Mac squeezes the last drop out onto her waiting tongue, and Tina gags just a little. Almost cutely.

“Aw!” Stu guffaws. “The little whore burped!”

“Hahaha!” Chris lets loose.

“This is almost as good a second time but I gotta say, nothing will beat seeing you almost pass out live on stream!”

“I don’t even know how many times I’ve watched this by now,” Chris laughs. “It gets better every time I think!”

In the other room nearby, Jamie can hear his girlfriend’s bubbly voice. She’s on stream and entertaining her chat with a fresh round of donation requests. She’s doing that moaning thing with her voice and Jamie tries to block it out, but the

only thing he can focus on is the video playing in front of him.

The camera shot pans down to Tina's tits, dripping with cum, little bubbles of it on the tips of her nipples. Chris, Jake and Stu lean forward to get an up-close view of her soaked knockers.

For once, they go quiet.

"Did you have fun?" Thick Mac asks Tina, the camera right in her creamed face.

"Mmhmm," she moans. "So much fun."

"Would you do it again?"

"Mmhmm. Shit, I'd let you do it for free."

The video ends and the screen cuts to black. Jamie's friends turn towards him; looks of amusement, bewilderment, and perhaps a touch of jealousy. Before either of them can crack a joke or throw out another humiliating jab, a faint rhythmic sound starts up in the next room over.

Clap...clap...clap...clap...clap...clapclapclapclap...

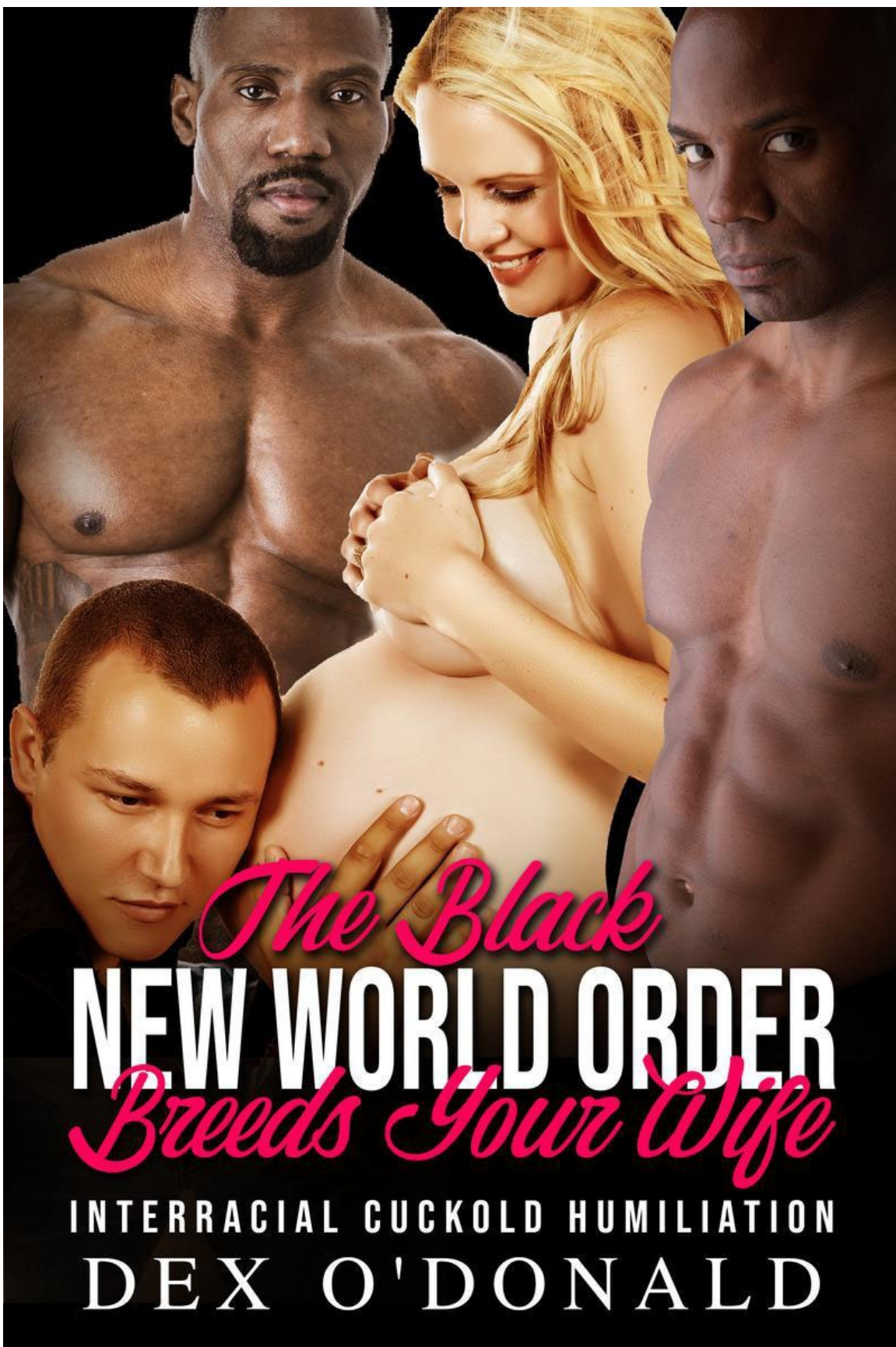
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NEW WORLD ORDER
Breeds Your Wife

INTERRACIAL CUCKOLD HUMILIATION
DEX O'DONALD

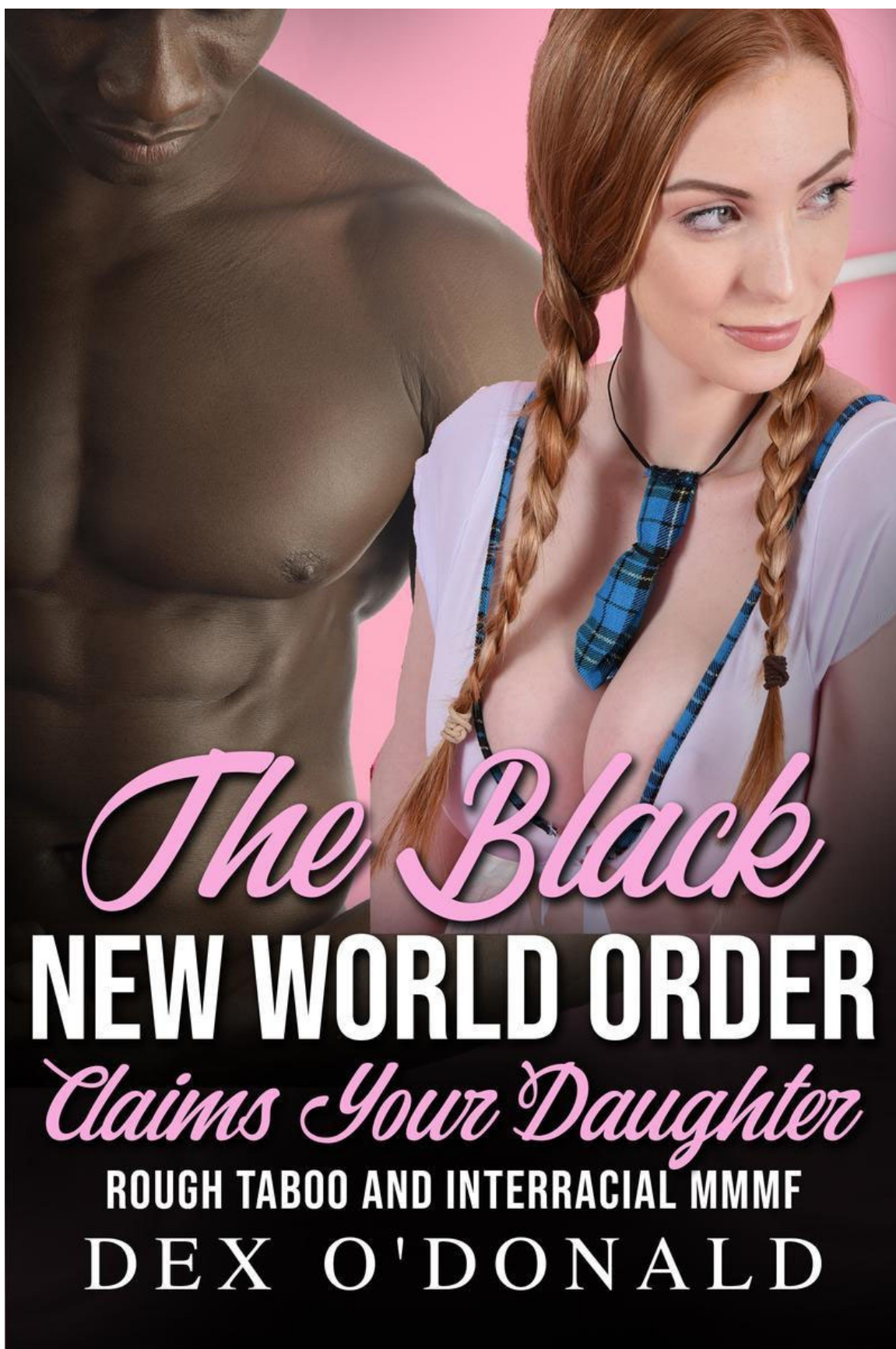
[The Black New World Order Claims Your Sister](#)



The Black
NEW WORLD ORDER
Claims Your Sister

ROUGH TABOO AND MMMF
DEX O'DONALD

[The Black New World Order Claims Your Daughter Pt. 1](#)



The Black
NEW WORLD ORDER
Claims Your Daughter

ROUGH TABOO AND INTERRACIAL MMMF
DEX O'DONALD

[The Black New World Order Claims Your Daughter Pt. 2](#)