



Bully
Betrayal
Ep.4

A Gangster Buys Your Wife

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By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

1.

Bridgers stood on a frigid street corner in the Kensington neighborhood of Philadelphia, PA. He sparked a Black and Mild and dug his hands into his coat pockets, already cold to the bone from the February air. The city was quiet, for now. Trash lined every part of the block, and frozen bodies lay bundled in rags waiting for the long night to end. Blowing tobacco smoke through his nose, Bridgers smiled despite the bleak vista.

“White girl for sale,” he laughed to himself, “but not till I gets’ mine.”

Bridgers set off down the city slum and deeper into dark territory. Though he was quite intimidating himself (a tall, wide set black man with broad shoulders and a looming demeanor), that did not change the fact that he was walking through one of the most dangerous cities in America, alone. He could handle himself, but he could never let his guard down.

Hooking a left, sunlight filled the block and eased the dire circumstances of his surroundings. Here, there were newer (albeit crowded and huddled), apartments and condos. Only half a block removed from the real mess, this was no place for the weak or scared. What drove Bridgers so happily forward that cold morning was the fact that these condos were home to just that. The weak and the scared were huddled in their beds right now, waiting for someone to save them.

“Weak and scared and helpless,” he said to no one, climbing the three small stairs to the front door, “and all mine, now.”

The door knocked three times, loud enough to shake the bedroom walls. Dillon was already awake in bed, staring at the ceiling and desperately trying to reason out how he had ended up here. His wife, Elena, was clinging to his chest, her face buried into his side. She feigned sleep but tensed up against her husband

when the door shook with the force of Bridgers' knocking. There was a short pause before the next 3 bangs came, and this time it brought Dillon to his feet. He walked to the front of the small, cramped apartment while he tied his bathrobe to his waist.

Dillon looked out the peephole, nervous. The large black man who had accosted him yesterday on the street was standing on his front porch, smoking a cigarette. The man called himself Bridgers and had followed Dillon for several blocks back to his apartment, trying to explain to him that he needed protection. Protection from the "young niggas" was how Bridgers had put it.

Dillon opened the front door but kept the screen bolted shut between them.

"Can I help you?" Dillon asked, weary-eyed.

"Yo man, it's fuckin' cold outside. Can I come in?" Bridgers said, pulling the cig from his mouth.

"Um, I don't think so. I think you should probably go," Dillon responded, his voice wavering.

"Look man, can I PLEASE come in? I said please. I ain't tryin' to rob yo' ass, I could just kick this shit in. It's cold man, open up."

Dillon considered this a moment and realized with everything else that had gone wrong recently, letting this man into his home would not make things that much

worse. Of all the “friendly” locals in the Kensington neighborhood, this one seemed to be the least violent.

“Come on in,” Dillon said, opening the screen door.

Bridgers walked into the living room rubbing his cold hands together. He took a seat on the couch.

“You can’t smoke in here,” Dillon told him.

“The fuck outta here, with that,” Bridgers said. “I ain’t askin’. And I’m pretty sure you wanna hear what I got to say...less something be happening to you and that pretty little piece you got in the bedroom.”

Dillon went quiet, despondent. Anger filled his stomach, but he kept it muted, for there was no recourse to defend himself. Besides, this man seemed intent on helping him in some way. Maybe “help” was the wrong word. In his tone Dillon found that the word “use” might be more appropriate. Regardless of his motives, what he said was true. Elena was in danger here. There was no way around that fact.

“You got any coffee in this mug?” Bridgers asked, shaking out of his jacket. He was wearing a long sleeved, green undershirt. It clung tightly to his frame revealing adept, athletic arms.

“Um, yea, sure,” Dillon said, wiping his eyes. “Honey!” He called to the back

room, too lazy to get up from his chair. “Can you put some coffee on? We have a guest!” An indistinct, yawning mumble came from the back room. Then the sound of dishes clattering and water running in the kitchen.

“Damn, she just do what you tell her to, huh?” Bridgers laughed, puffing his cig.

“No, not really,” Dillon said, leaning forward. “But she’s probably as interested in what you’re doing here as I am. So maybe wait for her?”

“Nah dawg, maybe not such a good idea,” Bridgers said, ashing his cig on the carpet. “You gonna wanna hear what I got to offer first, maybe tell her later. It ain’t so nice to hear.”

Dillon took a deep breath. It occurred to him what might be said next, what exactly this strange black man was going to offer. Dillon recalled some of the things Bridgers had said to him yesterday on the street, looming over him and clicking at his heels. “You know you in trouble in this neighborhood,” Bridgers had whispered viciously, crowding Dillon as they walked through Kensington. “Them boys on the corner already ogling yah girl, yah apartment, yah car. You know they coming. And how a lil white boy like yahself gonna protect yahself? Protect that fine piece uh’ ass you put a ring on...”

“OK,” Dillon said at last, watching with disgust as Bridgers smoked in his home, “what are you...offering?”

Just as he said it, Elena rounded the corner with two cups of coffee in her hand. Tall and skinny, a night slip ran down the length of her body, outlining her small boobs and hard little nipples. Her messy blonde hair was thrown up in a bun,

balanced comically on her thin neck. She chanced a long, nervous look at Bridgers as she set the cups down on the table in front of him. His eyes were piercing, and the cruel look in his face scared her. But there was some warmth there too, or at least enough she wanted to believe in.

“Hello,” Elena said, her voice pure like a choir.

“What it is, shorty?” Bridgers said, taking the coffee from the table. She smiled feebly at him and left room. Dillon listened for the sounds of his wife’s footsteps receding down the carpeted hallway. The door shut. He breathed relief briefly, long enough to sip the black coffee in his cup.

“OK, say it. Just say it already,” Dillon said.

“You got too many gangs to count hanging outside yah front door. They already know yah work schedule, yah sleep schedule, when yah out, when yah in. Shit, they got yah whole life ready to go in a few minutes. And they gonna take whatever the hell they want, you understand? I know you do. And unless you moving out of here like yesterday, you ain’t got no line of defense. You gonna call the police? Shit. Good luck getting them down here by Friday. You stuck, white boy. You stuck and you know it.”

Dillon felt small. His shoulders slouched and his neck drooped. He was defenseless. Everything Bridgers said was true, and it sounded like the hammer could drop at any time. Which it could. Which it might, even tonight.

“So, what do I do, Bridgers?” Dillon asked.

“You askin’ me for help? Shit, it’s easy white boy. All yah troubles go away real easy if you get my help.” He sparked another cigarette in the smoky, stinking room. His muddy shoes were making a mess of the rug, and sometimes he rubbed them purposely into the blue fabric.

“But it ain’t free.”

“If I had money to pay you, I wouldn’t be living in Kensington,” Dillon said.

“Ha! You funny white boy. That’s real funny cus’ it’s so damn true. I know you ain’t got no money. That’s why I ain’t robbed yah ass already. But you do got somethin’ real nice. Somethin’ we can work with.”

Bridgers nodded his head silently towards the back room, where Elena had gone.

Dillon’s head instinctively began to shake back and forth, his eyes widening. He knew it was coming but was still not prepared to hear it aloud. This hardcore gangster was propositioning him for his wife. It was actually happening and there was no words Dillon could formulate to express his disgust.

“Get out,” was all he managed.

“Thank you very much white boy but I’ll be leavin’ when I feel like it, you got me? Now before yah go getting your feelings all hurt, you should stop and think.

I leave here now and don't come back, but you damn well know who is coming after me. And why am I gonna stop them? Cus I like you white boy? Hell nah, I gets paid. This shit ain't free. But if I put the word out with my crew, right now, that this street is off limits...that you and yah fine ass girl are off limits, ain't nobody gonna fuck wit you. I guarantee that shit. Nobody moves a gram or a fucking snort on these blocks without my approval."

Dillon kept shaking his head, burying his face into his palms. "What you're asking me, is insane," he said.

"I'm asking to fuck yah girl, white boy," Bridgers said, standing up to leave, "you let me turn that white bitch out, and you can live here in peace long as you want. Ain't nobody gonna fuck wit-choo'."

On his way out the door, Bridgers wiped his dirty boots all over the living room carpet one last time, making a muddy mess of the place. He glanced down the hallway and saw Elena standing at the end of it, listening intently. Her eyes locked with Bridgers and the two of them held one another's gaze. Bridgers smiled, nodded, and left.

Elena found her husband with a towel and soap, trying to scrub the rug clean of Bridgers' mess.

"You know we can't afford to turn him down," she said in a whisper, her fragile frame floating behind him like a ghost.

"You were listening," Dillon said.

“I was.”

“What are we going to do?”

“You know.”

2.

The young couple walked the streets of Kensington on the way home from the corner store. They picked up food and pantry essentials, even a bottle of cheap rum. Elena walked close to Dillon, who held an umbrella above both their heads. They passed the homeless and the drug addicts, piles of garbage and wet blankets. They looked like a couple you might find walking Central Park on a sunny afternoon, not the crime-ridden underpasses of Philly in a rainstorm.

“I think we can make it on our own, Elena,” Dillon told her through chattering teeth,” I really do.” Elena knew he was thinking out loud again. Thinking about what that thug had told him in their living room while he smoked and dirtied the apartment. Elena had barely voiced her own thoughts on the matter, terrified that the truth could damage Dillon irrevocably. So, she listened quietly whenever he discussed the matter with himself.

“Other than some cat-calling and a flat tire, a little broken window...they haven’t been so bad. Those corner guys can’t harass us forever, right? They’ll get bored of it. Sure, they will. And we can keep saving to move somewhere safer...”

They crossed the street into the worst part of the walk home. Often, this is where different gangs sold drugs or postured for territory. It was so bad that Dillon had forbidden Elena from going alone. It did not occur to Dillon to ask himself how he planned to protect them should something serious go down. He believed a brisk pace and eyes forward was their best bet for a safe journey home.

On the opposite side of the street, a group of 4 young men were huddled together talking. They dressed alike and had face tattoos, sagging pants and of course, each armed somewhere on their person. Though their conversation was concentrated, and their backs were to the couple, Dillon knew there was no way across this block without getting noticed. Sometimes it was as if the gangsters had eyes everywhere, and when one saw the couple, they all saw the couple.

“Hey baby! Hey baby!” One of them started calling.

“Take a walk this way, girl!” Another yelled, echoing off the buildings and the underpass.

Elena rolled her eyes and turned her face upwards to look at her husband. She could see the fear in his face as he willfully ignored the calls from the corner. She was used to the unwanted attention, had grown up right here in Philadelphia and was no stranger to enduring the consequences of being an attractive woman in such a high-testosterone city. Regardless of its shortcomings, this was her home. Maybe she had pictured things turning out differently, maybe further away from the worst neighborhood in the city instead of living in it, but she did not hate it the way Dillon did. As a matter of fact, if it were not for the constant threat of violence from the local gangs, she would not mind Kensington at all. To her, the dirty streets and lost drug addicts were just a part of home. A part she could overlook and appreciate at the same time.

“Oh God, they’re coming over,” Dillon said shaking, suddenly pulling her faster down the dirty street, pushing in closer to the dilapidated buildings on their right side. Elena looked back and saw them, now jogging to catch up.

“Hey! Where you two going!” They called.

“Hey white boy! Look at me when I’m talking to you!”

“The fuck you think you doing?”

A fifth man emerged from the alley and blocked their path. He stuck out his palm and smiled as the couple came to a halt on the sidewalk. The 5 thugs were on them quickly, inches away, all talking at once. Elena felt light-head and her breath quickened. She tried to squeeze Dillon's hand, but he had pulled them close to his chest in a pathetic stance of cowardice.

"You best fucking stop when we talking to you, white boy," one of them said.

"We just wanna know what time it is, you feel me?" a deep voice from the fog of faces.

"Yeah, and we thinkin' maybe we take your bitch home, too!" The voice was high-pitched and horrible.

"Listen guys, listen," Dillon was speaking extremely fast, shaking from head to toe. "Listen we can talk about this, we can-"

THUMP. A big fist socked Dillon's stomach, dropping him to his knees as he gasped a gallon of air. Elena screamed and tried to grab her husband but was suddenly being torn away by the men surrounding her. Their rough hands were grabbing her shoulders and hair, pulling her further from her only line of protection, her husband, who had failed and now she was nothing but chum for the sharks.

Dillon was on all fours, coughing up spit and clutching his stomach. Tears streamed from his eyes as he rolled onto his back and gave up on life. He turned

his head enough to see his darling wife being carried off by five gangbangers. They were laughing and taunting, and their hands were all over her.

“Hold the fuck up, jits,” came a hushed voice from the alley.

The laughs of the gangbangers died on the wind, and the shuffling of their feet turned to silence. Only the sound of light rain on rooftops remained. From where Dillon lay in a heap on the sidewalk, he could see the group was no longer handling his wife, and instead she now stood in the middle of them without being groped or catcalled. Their attention had turned from the pretty white girl to whoever was in the side alley. Judging from the look on their faces, Dillon thought they knew who it was.

“Gangbangerin’ on my fuckin’ block, without my permission,” Bridgers said, stepping between Dillon and the gang. The fear in the corner boys’ eyes was plain to see, and already they were backing up. “You gon’ let that pretty lil’ white girl go today, and you ain’t gonna ask why, neither’.”

They hesitated, looking around at one another, unsure of what the move was. In their moment of indecision, Elena pushed through them, running as fast as she could to where her husband lay wounded. None of the gangster’s made a move for her as she bolted, each one of them more afraid of Bridgers than the guy standing beside him.

“I don’t wanna have to fuck anybody up, you feel me?” Bridgers said, stepping to the group. He raised the right side of his jacket, high enough to see his 6 pack abs, and the 45 caliber handgun framed against it. He touched his hand to the piece stuffed in his waist and tapped it with three fingers.

“We was just playin,” one of the thugs said.

“Yeah,” his friend backed him up, “we wasn’t gonna do nothin’.”

“Nah, sure as hell you ain’t doin’ nothin’ now,” Bridgers grumbled, dropping his jacket back over the gun. “Now go and get the hell on before I change my mind!”

The gangbangers fled down the street, their hushed and frantic voices bouncing off the underpass and echoing inaudibly through Kensington. Bridgers turned back to the scared, helpless couple cowering on the sidewalk.

“I think one of my ribs might be cracked,” Dillon cried, clutching his side, attempting to weep on his wife’s bosom. “It hurts to breathe!”

“It’s fine, honey, just...sit here for a sec, OK?” Elena told him. She stood up and faced Bridgers head on. He was a good foot and a half taller than her and seemed to be three times as wide. It was easy to see why the others has fled, even with numbers on their side. Bridgers was a man. Large and commanding, he was the type others looked up to...or ran from.

“Thank you, Bridgers’,” Elena said.

“Shit, shawty, that wasn’t no thing,” he said, getting closer. Dillon watched them from the dirty sidewalk where he sat clutching his side, and wiping tears from his face.

“They’re just going to come back, aren’t they?” Elena asked Bridgers, staring up at him and into his brooding, dark eyes.

“That depends,” he said.

“Depends on what?” Dillon called from the ground, his voice cracking and shaking.

“On me,” Elena answered.

Bridgers smiled, taking in her worried, fragile eyes and tender frame. She was a small, scared white girl in the ghetto, with no real man around to protect her. Elena let him look. She followed his eyes with her own as he traced the cleavage disappearing under her dress. Bridgers was not unfortunate looking. He was young and mean and tough, but he was handsome. And his body, mostly hidden in his winter clothes, was a dreamland of opportunity and potential.

“I can protect you and yah little mans, shawty,” Bridgers said, coming in close. He lifted two fingers up to the front of Elena’s dress and began to rub over the front of one of her breasts. Elena gasped but controlled herself, not wanting to seem weak. Dillon watched it happen, and aside from his jaw hanging agape, did absolutely nothing. “But it’s gotta be my way...and what I say,” he finished. Elena’s taut nipple was showing through the fabric, and Bridgers’ hands were starting to roam her chest.

Dillon tried to speak, tried to breathe, but the pain in his side was too much. He

attempted to roll over and get to his feet, but it was no use. There was no overcoming the pain. No saving his wife.

“Where can we go?” Dillon heard Elena say. And in his pain and fog he saw her walking off with him. They were going down the alley that Bridgers had first from, leaving him behind.

“Elena!” Dillon screamed, “Elena! Where are you going?”

No response. They disappeared from his line of sight, deeper into the hood.

“Come back with my wife, you thug!” He called out, weak and sad. When no answer came, Dillon began to crawl.

3.

When Dillon came hobbling around the corner, he saw Bridgers' black ass and the indistinct shape of Elena on the other side. She was on her knees and Dillon could not see what she was doing, but he could certainly hear it. Bridgers had her by a handful of hair and was pulling her around with it.

"What the hell are you doing!" Dillon screamed, stumbling towards them as he clutched his side.

"Shut yah punk ass up, white boy!" Bridgers said, looking down at Elena as she choked on his dick. Her eyes were watering as his manhood overwhelmed her face. Bridgers' cock was long and mean, and half of it already glistened with spit. The other half had not found its way down Elena's throat yet.

"Get your hands off of her!" Dillon screamed, lunging confusedly at the large black gangster. With his free hand, Bridgers grabbed Dillon by the collar and slammed him into the brick wall that lined the dark alley. Bridgers' arm flexed as he pinned the husband against a wall with one hand and steadied the wife for fucking with the other.

"You gonna act all hard, white boy? Really? After a bunch of fuckin' punks just manhandled your woman? Shut the fuck up! A real man don't let a fine piece of ass like dis get handled...YOU handle it! Bitch!"

Bridgers was grinding his hips into Elena's face, and fat gobs of spit were hanging off her chin. Elena had her hands locked behind her back, and her eyes wide open. Bridgers' big black snake started slamming into the back of her throat, and it was audible. The sound of it popping off the back and Elena retching was filling the alley with a chaotic rhythm. He was grunting as she gagged, and all the while the two held eye contact.

“You hear that, white boy?” Bridgers taunted, still pinning the helpless husband to the wall with ease. “You hear the sound of my fat fucking dick choking your wife? You ain’t never heard that before, huh? Nah, not wit’ yo’ tiny little man clit. I bet she swallow you easy. Not me, white boy. I can only get halfway in before she chokes. And I’m trying to be nice!”

Bridgers tossed Dillon, injured, and beaten, to the ground with ease. He placed both hands around Elena’s head and continued to face-fuck her. Dillon watched Bridgers’ ass clench as he got as deep in her throat as he could, before pulling out and letting her up for air.

Elena gasped, spit and pre-cum spilling out the sides of her swollen lips. She glimpsed her husband cowering on the ground. Uninterested, she turned her attention back to Bridgers. He towered over her as his cock (the biggest she had ever had), pointed just inches above her head.

“Show yah little husband you can do it all on yah own, no fucking hands!”

Elena composed herself, rising on her knees. She reached two, small hands out and clasped them around Bridgers’ meaty thighs. She opened wide, and he directed it past her wet lips.

“Look at yah husband, bitch. Look at him while you suck that nigga dick!”

Elena locked eyes with Dillon and his face welled with agony. He clutched his side and whimpered like a helpless puppy. Elena could not help but feel

disappointment, unable to hide her disgust with his inability to protect her. She was bordering on fury over the way he had failed at his most base duty to her. When she thought of how they trembled at the mere sight of Bridgers, she found herself enjoying what she was doing more and more.

Elena began to gag herself on the giant black meat stick, letting it bottom out in her throat.

“No!” Dillon cried. “Please, why are you doing this! Elena! Stop!”

“She mine now, white boy,” Bridgers said, his voice a low mumble as he enjoyed every moment of the petite white girl slobbering on his dick. “She a nasty bitch, too. All that fucking spit. She like it. You like it, baby, don’t you?”

Elena nodded with the tip of it filling her little mouth, Bridgers’ balls bouncing below.

“Tell yah white boy husband you love him. Keep my fuckin’ dick in your mouth, too.”

“Lubuuu” She gargled. Bridgers erupted into laughter as he placed his hands on her head, resuming his own tempo as he fucked her faster. Tears of mascara were running down Elena’s face but she kept sucking like she knew what it was worth.

He pulled it out of the wife’s hungry mouth and began slapping it against her

face. It splashed spit and cum, and Elena kept her tongue out all the while. The size of Bridgers' gargantuan club was exaggerated against her small face, easily running from her chin and past her forehead. He directed her mouth onto his dangling nutsack and jerked off while she licked.

"Now, listen here white boy," Bridgers said, breathing heavier and more focused as he stroked himself off over Elena's face. "Imma' drop this nut on your pretty wife's face and then I'm sending you two home to clean up. If you want these hard nigga's away from yah' girl, you gon' learn to do what I tell you...Keep yah tongue out, girl."

Bridgers began to grunt in the dark alley, aiming his glistening black cock at Elena who had her tongue out and eyes closed. Dillon lay on the ground a few feet away, trying his best not to watch but compelled to beyond all control. He saw the little things, like Elena flinching back as the first shot of it streaked her clean face. Dillon watched it splash off her forehead and into her blonde hair. He watched her gag and cough when a thick stream of it shot to the back of her throat. He noticed how she relaxed as it began to pool on her tongue. And when it began to roll off her cheeks, he felt something happening in his pants...despite the pain in his side, there was a sensation down there he could not ignore.

"All over yah pretty face, bitch!" Bridgers grunted, unloading every drop. "Keep yah fuckin' tongue out, I want ya' mans to see you swallow that shit." When he had squeezed the last drop from his swollen prick-head onto Elena's coated cum tongue, he grabbed her by the back of the head and turned her towards Dillon.

"Swallow," he commanded.

Elena pulled her white tongue back into her mouth and took it all down, not flinching a muscle.

“Show yah husband,” he said.

Elena stuck her tongue back out, pink, and shining and beautiful.

“Take her home and clean her up, white boy,” Bridgers said, stuffing his snake back into his pants. “I want her nice and clean for when I come to see you tonight.”

4.

Dillon sat in silence as he listened to his wife brush her teeth. He was sitting on the edge of the bed with his face in his hands, waiting for the pain meds to kick in for his ribs. What had just happened? To put it plainly, it was his worst nightmare. He and his wife had been attacked by gangsters, only to be saved by one...and then attacked again.

But attacked was not the right word.

Dillon could not pretend that he had seen Elena resist. She had not. If anything, she had engaged Bridgers first. From where Dillon laid on the cold sidewalk, he even detected some level of enjoyment from her. Something unspoken in the way she performed on him, a total stranger. Something like heat. And that hurt worse than any cracked rib ever could.

Elena walked into the small bedroom, changed from the dress she had on earlier into yoga pants and a loose-fitting tank top. She looked tired when she sat on the bed across from her husband, but she did not look unhappy. There was a glow about her that bothered Dillon very much.

“Let’s talk it out, Dill,” she said, rubbing his knee and waking him from his dejected slumber.

“I don’t know what to say, Elena. I don’t have the words,” Dillon said.

“Are you angry with me?”

“Well...yes, goddamnit I’m incredibly angry with you. But you couldn’t help it, right? I mean, Bridgers made you...”

“No, Dillon,” she cut him off sternly, “he didn’t make me do anything...and you didn’t do anything at all.”

A wounded silence passed as Dillon considered his wife’s comment. As much as he had wanted to protect her in that moment, to shield her from the dangers and brutality of their neighborhood, he could not. He had failed to do so at every turn, and he knew it. And Elena knew it too. She looked at him now with pity, and it cut him to the bone.

“I tried, Elena...I tried, I just...there were too many of them.”

“But not too many for Bridgers...” she trailed off, looking around the room.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

She shrugged at him and rolled her eyes.

“Are you fucking kidding me, Elena! What, did you enjoy sucking his cock or something?”

No response.

“Christ almighty. What has gotten into you! You’re sucking strangers off in alleyways, letting him defile you like that...and you could give a shit if I’m there or not!”

“You said it, not me,” Elena responded. She stood up and retreated to the bathroom. A moment later the shower began to run. Annoyed, Dillon stormed inside to find his naked, stunning wife, stepping into the steaming shower.

“You can’t avoid me, not on this!” Dillon said, doing his best not to stare at her curves and slender figure, but failing miserably.

“I’m not avoiding anything, Dillon,” she said. Her body was a steamy, glassy haze through the shower door. “But someone has to protect us, and we both know it isn’t going to be you.”

Dillon sat on the toilet, face in hands again.

“What the hell is happening to my life?” He asked himself.

Eventually, Dillon made his way into the living room and looked out onto the bad neighborhood beyond his window. There was never too much time between passing groups of gangs who patrolled corners and sold drugs. There were almost never any police. It was like they were all on their own out here, as if this were not America anymore but some violent, hidden country within.

Dillon thought back to the things he had seen that afternoon. The look in his wife's eyes as she stared up at Bridgers...sucking him...the way she had struggled and gagged. Things she had never done for him. Things she could never do. The word "Emasculated" did not seem to properly express the magnitude of uselessness Dillon now felt after seeing Bridgers' impossibly large penis. How long had they been in that alley while she blew him? At the time it felt like hours, but the real answer was probably 15 minutes. And the sheer amount of sperm he had produced...all over his wife.

Elena was in the entrance way, watching him. Her hair was wet from the shower and hung to her shoulders. She was wearing another dress, this one skimpier and thinner than the one she had been assaulted in earlier. Her medium sized breasts poked at the top, and her nipples were hard through the fabric.

"You might want to head out, Dillon. You might want to go find something to do," Elena said.

"What? And leave you here alone? Are you insane? They know where we live. We've got to get out of here, Elena. I don't care how. We can take the bus into downtown and find a hotel for the night."

"Then what?"

"Well, then we...we figure it out. But we can't stay here. Not after today!"

"There is nowhere to go, Dillon," she said, crossing the room to him. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and he melted into her. "This is where we live, for now. And the only way we are going to make it, is if we get the right

people on our side.”

“No, Elena, no. I can’t, it isn’t right, I-“

“Shh,” she cut him off, placing her lips against his.

A brief flash in his brain and Dillon saw those lips gliding up and down a black shaft. He saw cum pooling on them and her licking it away. Try as he might to push the thought from his mind he could not, but Dillon had no choice but to kiss her back.

“You should go, Dillon,” Elena said, “before they get here. You know they’re coming.”

“I can’t leave you, you’re my fucking wife, Elena!”

“And I’ll still be your wife when you get back...I promise. Now and always. I love you, Dillon. But if you stay, I can’t promise you’re going to love me back. Not after tonight. Not after what must be done.”

Dillon considered this in silence, staring into his beautiful wife’s eyes. His heart was breaking, and his stomach was turning. Everything in his head conflicted and screamed as he searched for a decision, for the right thing to do. Nothing came. It was a garbled mess of chaos and cum and screams and moans between his ears and he did not know what to do or where to go.

Elena opened her mouth to tell him to leave again, but she never got the chance to say it. The front door shot open behind them, slamming off the wall and back to the doorframe. Bridgers stuck his boot out and the door ricocheted off. Four large black men strutted into the small apartment and surrounded the married couple.

“Well, well, well,” said Bridgers, rubbing his hands together. “She took a shower for us boys.”

5.

Two of the gangsters had hold of Dillon and were duct taping him to a wooden chair in a corner of the living room. They laughed as they did it, easily holding him in place despite his best efforts to get away. In his panic, Dillon's eyes never left his wife. She was standing in the center of the room, with Bridgers and another large black man on either side of her, running their hands all over her as they tore the dress from her body.

"We gon' tie you up good, pussy," the one with the tape said to Dillon, "you ain't goin' nowhere!" His voice was higher pitched than the others, and he sounded younger, maybe 19 or 20. The other man holding Dillon in place was strong. He barely flinched as Dillon struggled to break free, and he made no sound at all.

"Tape his fuckin' mouth shut too," Bridgers said, his hands squeezing and pinching Elena's little ass. "I don't want to hear him fuckin' yappin' while we turn his bitch out."

This brought laughs from all the men except Dillon, and Elena's scared eyes turned over to anxious lust, and she smiled when she saw the tape go over Dillon's mouth. The husband and wife locked gazes for just a moment, before Bridgers and the tall man shoved Elena down to her knees, wearing nothing but a pair of green panties. Her nipples were wide and taut and hard, her breasts hung and swayed beautifully as she adjusted on the floor.

The two men finished taping Dillon to the chair and joined the others in the center of the room.

"Settle down, Dillon," Elena said, the 4 black thugs beginning to crowd her. "Stop struggling and let it happen...I want it to happen." She looked up at them and smiled as they sniggered and began to dig around in their pants for what was

underneath.

The man with the do-rag had it out first. Long and mean and stiffening, he started off by hitting it against her cheek. The young-thug had his tapping against the other cheek, his cock impossibly fat and already leaking from the tip (a thin line of cum trailing from the head to Elena's face). Bridgers' started using his monster against her forehead, and the Silent Thug revealed himself as he pushed in towards her lips: easily the size of Bridgers' if not a little thicker, a vein the size of Dillon's own cock running down the shaft.

"Look at yah wife, covered in black dick," Bridgers said to Dillon, smiling at the bound man.

"She gon' serve tonight," said Do-Rag.

"We gon' wear this white bitch out!" Shouted Young Thug.

The silent one only grunted, low and mean, as Elena began sucking him.

The struggle and life went out of Dillon at last. He sank into the tape that bound his arms and torso to the chair. He no longer noticed or felt the strip over his mouth as he breathed long and heavy through his nose. Unsure where to look, he watched as the young thug roughly fondled her tits and slapped them around as she struggled with the Silent One's cock. Dillon noticed how hairy the man's genitals were, a thick, curly black bush at the base of his tower, and his fat ballsack covered in the same bristly pubic hair. Constantly Dillon's eyes shifted from each man and back to his wife again...and sometimes to the floor when he could look no longer.

“Don’t let me catch you witcha’ eyes closed, white boy,” Bridgers said. He was kneeling so he could get two fingers into Elena’s snatch. His fingers glistened with her lust, and he gently fucked her like that while she sucked and moaned into the Silent One’s meat. “If I catch you sleepin’, this big nigga here gon’ fix you right up,” and Bridgers nodded at the man with his dick in Dillon’s wife.

“Hey yo man! My turn!” Young Thug said, pulling Elena’s mouth towards him, and starting to slide his girth past her eager lips. Do-Rag and The Silent One had gotten their own mass into Elena’s free hands, and she practiced the multi-task effort of blowing and stroking at the same time. Bridgers continued to finger-fuck her and feel all over her thin, young body.

“Yeah, white girl, suck that nigga dick,” Young Thug said, a hand on the back of her head as he pushed deeper into her throat. “Serve that black dick, bitch. Let yah husband see this Black Superior turn his fuckin’ bitch out.” He used her mouth and the gulping sounds filled the walls of the cheap apartment. “Keep yah fuckin’ eyes on me when you suckin’ the dick, girl! Serve your black master, bitch!”

She was starting to get the hang of it. Letting Young Thug have his way with her throat allowed her to focus on the other poles at hand, both of them heavy and weighing down her arms as she stroked them. Without warning, Young Thug pinched her nose shut and buried his dick as far as it would go, holding it there. Elena’s arms ceased to stroke, all her focus now on the thing blocking her airway. She gargled on it and rolled her eyes upwards. Seconds passed and finally, Young Thug let go. Elena came away coughing and spit trailing from her chin, but she was unfazed. She smiled at Young Thug before taking him back into her mouth and resuming the hard work of stroking off Do-Rag and Silence.

“Goddamn, white boy. Yah girl is a freak!” Young Thug said.

The men passed her around for longer than Dillon would have thought possible. They traded her mouth and hands until her chest and tits were soaked with spit, and her arms so tired they began to fail. All the while they laughed at Dillon, and treated Elena like a fuck-doll.

“I’m so fucking wet,” Elena said between dicks,” I need that big black cock in my pussy...please,” she moaned. The four black men manhandled her, yanking her to her feet and throwing her onto the couch. All the while their hands roamed her pristine white body, now sweating from the work of it. Bridgers ripped her panties off, the tearing sound making Dillon’s stomach drop. Bridgers balled them up and through them at the man in the corner, and the panties landed comically on top of his head.

“Ha! Look at the dumb white boy!” Bridgers guffawed, getting on the couch, and positioning himself between Elena’s legs. Elena was squirming, her pink cunt wet and swollen, begging to be filled. “Hey big man, pull that pussy bitch closer for this!”

The Silent One crossed the room, naked save for his tennis shoes. His long black cock was jutting straight out, but the sheer weight of it caused it to point at an angle towards the floor. He grabbed hold of the chair Dillon was strapped to and lifted it easily, carrying it across the room. He set it down with a slam just a foot from the couch, where Bridgers’ own fat black cock was now rubbing at the entrance to Dillon’s wife’s pussy.

“You ready for this white boy? Ready to watch your girl take some nigga dick?”

Young thug ripped the tape off Dillon’s mouth and the white man screamed like

a girl. Laughing, Young Thug removed the torn panties from Dillon's head and shoved them into his mouth.

"Shut the fuck up and watch, pussy!" Young thug said, slapping him in the face.

"Fuck me, Bridgers, give it to me baby," Elena was moaning. Do-Rag and The Silent One were standing at the other end of the couch, their dangling dicks just inches from her face. Young Thug had Dillon in a headlock, forcing his eyes onto the scene before him.

Bridgers had both of his massive hands wrapped around her little waist as he steadied the white wife for the biggest cock she had ever taken. He got the head into her cunt and started pushing against the wetness there. She opened for him, and soon the tip of Bridgers' dick was glistening from Elena's pussy juice.

"Oh, she like it, white boy. Yah bitch like it," Bridgers said, grinding slowly into her. The two men at her front were starting to tap their meat on her face again, but she was too enthralled with what was happening inside to manage them.

"Oh fuck, oh you're so big, you're so fucking big," Elena started panting, as he began to go deeper. "Oh fuck, it's so...big...fuck, oh fuck me!"

Bridgers wrapped his hand around her neck and pinned her to the couch. He started using more of his weight to push deeper inside and soon he was picking up speed. Young thug laughed and let go of his head lock on Dillon. He started stroking inches from Dillon, who was eye level with the young man's huge pecker. Dillon could see a droplet of cum glistening on the tip and found himself looking back and forth between the man fucking his wife, and the man stroking

to it.

Do-Rag had found a way to get his long, snake-like cock into Elena's mouth while Bridgers began to pound her; he ran it lengthwise across her face, so that the tip entered the top of her lips while his long balls dragged on her forehead. Elena was flicking her tongue at it and trying to get some of it down, but mostly she was screaming as Bridgers stretched her wide.

"Pussy to tight," Bridgers grunted. "So fucking tight. You ain't gon' feel your wimpy little husband after this, bitch. Not after we done witchoo'."

She had a hand on the cock in her mouth, holding it laterally across her head. Her other free hand could not fit around The Silent One's girth, so her hands found his hairy balls and began to stroke and squeeze them. Young Thug continued to whack as he watched the white wife.

Dillon could taste his wife's pleasure on the panties that were stuffed in his mouth. To his dismay, he could feel his own cock rising in his underwear. Bridgers was fucking her violently, and Elena's tits shook and swayed with his rhythm. Young Thug leaned in and started slapping her breasts and she moaned louder.

"Damn these titties nice!" Young Thug said, shaking them and pinching the nipples. "All-natural know what I mean?"

"Damn, somebody tag me out, you mothafuckas' need to try this pussy right here!"

Bridgers pulled himself from Elena's eager cunt and dismounted. Young thug grabbed the white wife and pulled her to the ground, putting her on all fours so that she was eye level with the middle couch seat. The other three gangsters took a hint, and sat on the long, torn sofa. Young Thug positioned himself behind her and started sliding his heavy, black hog into her soaked pussy.

"Oh Goddamn, this white bitch got that fire pussy!" Young Thug yelled. He slapped her ass hard enough to turn it red and started to ride. His strokes were deep and paced, no mercy or warm-up for Elena's near-virgin cunt. She started to groan low, in pain and startled, as he grabbed a handful of her hair and held her still while he moved. The Silent One wrapped a hand around her throat as she took it deep from behind.

Dillon watched from a few, short feet away, as they choked and defiled her. He watched the other two gangsters sitting on either side of the couch, stroking their vast cocks. Overwhelmed and feeling as though he could take no more, he closed his eyes.

The sounds were worse. Bodies slamming into each other, Elena gasping for breath when the Silent One let up on her, the sound of a new cock in her mouth as she tried her best to deal with the one battering her pussy...the cracking sound of Young Thug's palm on her supple white ass.

"Open yah fuckin' eyes white boy!" Bridgers commanded. "I didn't say you could close yah fuckin' eyes so open em' up! Look at yah wife, white boy!"

When Dillon opened them, drooling on the panties stuffed in his mouth, the first thing he saw was Elena's face buried in The Silent One's hairy nutsack. He was

directing her head by a handful of hair, and she was trying her hardest to lick and pleasure him. Young Thug was still taking her from behind, but now he was on his feet and squatting low to power-fuck her into oblivion.

Between the thugs' laughter, were the uncontrollable moans of Elena.

Then, the Silent One Spoke at last.

"Give yah husband a kiss," he said, yanking her face from his nutsack and tossing her back.

Young Thug pulled out and took her by the neck, yanking her over so that she nearly fell into her husband's lap. Then he took the panties out of Dillon's mouth and pushed Elena into him. She leaned in sensually, laughter filling the room, and planted both lips on her husband's mouth.

"Salty, aint it, white boy?" Young Thug laughed.

"You know that faggot wish he was lickin' a nigga's nutsack!" Do-Rag called from somewhere.

But Dillon could barely hear them as his wife stuck her defiled tongue into his mouth. He could taste them, there was no mistaking it. And he could tell from the way Elena was kissing him that she was enjoying every second of this debauchery. His stomach plummeted but he kissed her back, oddly aroused and unable to do anything about it.

Soon enough the 4 strangers had Elena back in their grasp. This time Do- Rag had her reverse cowgirl as he lay on the couch. This perched Elena up high enough that the other three could easily fondle her body and trade her mouth while the capped thug spread her from below. Always they were corrupting her, and it was difficult for Dillon to miss a single moment of it. Large black hands squeezed her nipples and slapped her tits, long dark cocks hit the back of her throat and gagged her, and sometimes the cruelty and violence of the gangsters spilled over into slapping her face lightly.

But all any of it ever did was bring smiles and moans from the white wife that they desecrated. And when she smiled, they responded in kind with rougher hands and crueler words.

“Suck that nigga dick, white bitch!”

“You like it when I slap you, whore?”

“Spit on that white boy’s wife like you fuckin’ own her!”

They put Elena back on the couch and she lay there exhausted and legs shaking. Young Thug stuck his middle and ring finger up her cunt and started to move his arm in and out, up and down, at an aggressive speed. The wetness of it sounded like a crowd of people running through a puddle in a rainstorm. Elena began to wail at a pitch so high that Dillon’s ears hurt.

“I’M CUMMING!” She squealed.

And then Dillon saw something he would never have believed if he had not been three feet away. Elena was squirting, and it was coming out in violent jets of juice as her entire body shook from the force of it. Young Thug was in hysterics as he kept scrambling her G spot, and the white woman nearly lost consciousness from the pleasure of it. She had to pull herself off his hand to catch her breath.

“Let’s finish off on this white bitch and get back to the corner,” Bridgers said, straddling her once more and taking Elena on her back. Breathless and drained, she lay there with her legs spread wide and welcoming. She smiled as he railed her.

The other 3 men waited their turn as Bridgers pulled his glistening cock out of her snatch and brought it to her face. Thick white gobs plunked onto her face, covering her cheeks and chin. No sooner had Bridgers squeezed the last drop onto her forehead, than Young Thug had taken up the spot between her legs.

Dillon watched his wife get rough fucked by one stranger while the cum from another jiggled on her face. When Young Thug was ready to get his nut off, he pulled out and tried to shoot it on her stomach. The first dribble landed in her belly button, but the first real shot cleared her entire torso and hit Elena smack in the center of the face.

“Oh shit!” Young Thug called out, as the next three spurts landed on her tits.

“Oh my god,” Elena said, impressed.

“We gon’ cover dis’ white bitch!” Do-Rag yelled, sliding between her legs and taking up the cause. He only pumped her for 30 seconds before he was pulling out and hurriedly pointing his cock at her breasts, covering them nipple to cup in his creamy white seed.

When Do-Rag got off, she lay alone on the couch for a brief moment. Dillon could see the cum from 3 different men running from her forehead to the small bush of pubic hair above her clit. He wanted to close his eyes again but knew the consequences would be worse than what he was seeing.

The Silent One entered her like a harpoon spearing a fish. Elena cried out but the sound was dampened when he wrapped a thick hand around her neck and squeezed. He plowed her mercilessly while he choked her with one hand and held a fist of her hair with the other. He grunted long and loud as he buried himself deep inside her, unloading straight into Elena’s supple womb. The Silent One let go of her neck and throat, and replaced his roughness with his tongue, pushing into her mouth and passionately making out with her. Elena received him and wrapped her arms around his giant shoulders. Silent One stayed within her, and a full minute passed as they shared each other’s mouths. Of everything Dillon had seen that day, this was by far the most heart-breaking. There was passion there. Passion and semen.

When he pulled out, a white river of cum ran from the slit between Elena’s lips. Dillon’s eyes bulged as he watched it run onto the couch. Elena lay there like she might fall asleep covered in their seed, the fattest load of it now deep within her.

“My god, what have you done?” Dillon asked no one in particular.

The thugs were already putting their clothes back on as Elena smiled and dozed off.

“Looks like we gave her the best fuck of her whole life, white boy!” Young Thug called out.

“Don’t you two think about moving out the hood just yet, that was fun, know what I’m saying?”

Bridgers was the last to go and hung around while Elena took her second shower of the day. Dillon was still taped to the chair, even he had forgotten about himself at this point.

“We know where you live, white man,” Bridgers said, walking over to the bound husband and towering over him. He cupped the taped man’s chin in his big black palm, and when he squeezed Dillon could smell his wife’s sex. “So, you better just shut the fuck up, and listen to your wife.” Bridgers left the husband tied to the chair and disappeared into the night.

Eventually, after a long shower, Elena came back to her husband and began to help him get the tape off from around his torso. No words passed between them, and when at last Dillon was free, the married couple retreated to their squalid bedroom and lay on the bed together.

Elena was spooning him, as if protecting Dillon from harm.

“You gonna be ok, baby?” She asked, stroking his hair.

“I really don’t know,” he said.

“I’ll protect you, now. Don’t worry about anything.”

“It isn’t supposed to be this way, Elena. I’m supposed to protect you.”

Elena considered this for a moment, before chuckling and rolling over.

“Well, Dillon. It is this way. And I think you better toughen up...they liked having you watch almost as much as I did.”

THE END