

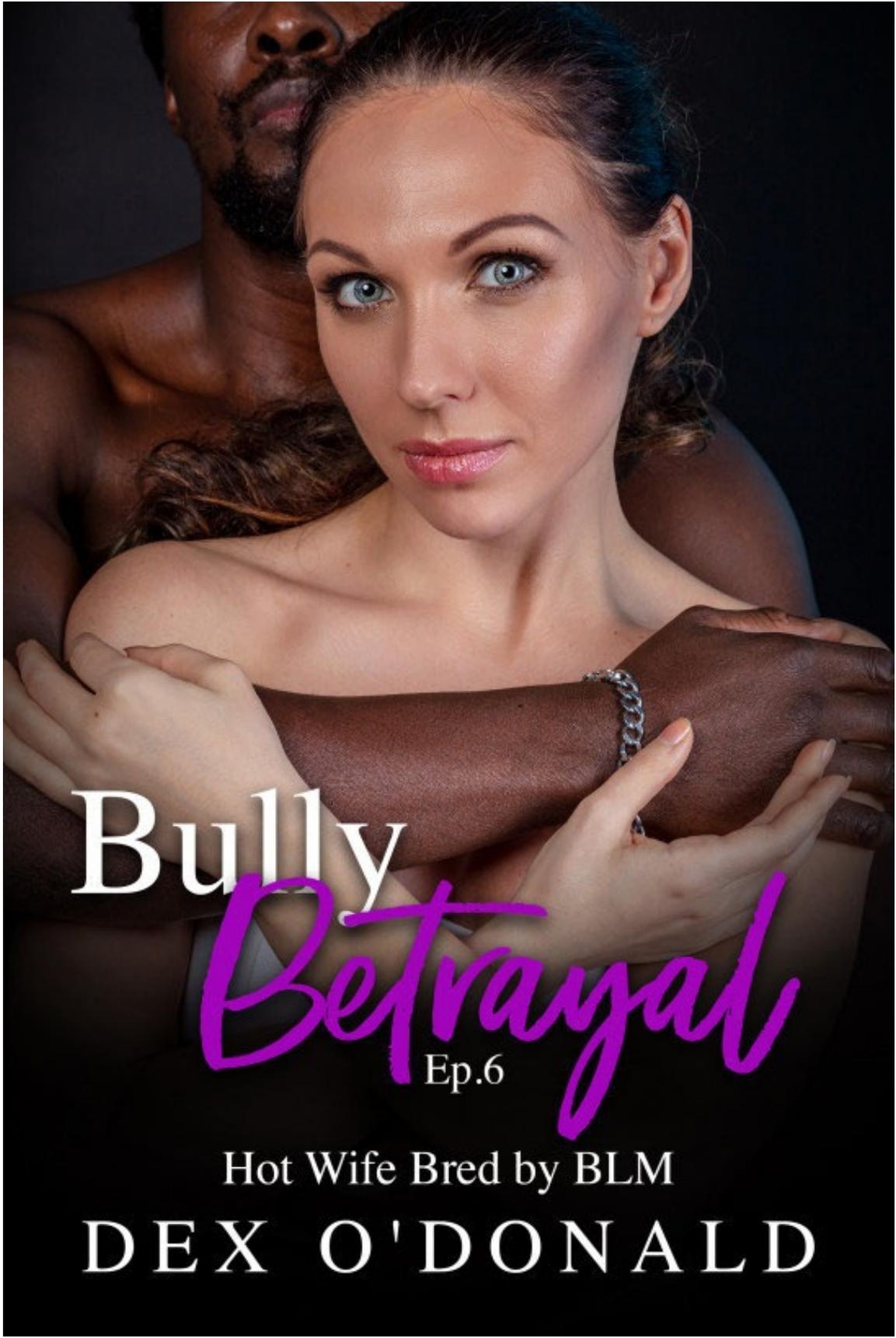
Bully

Betrayal

Ep.6

Hot Wife Bred by BLM

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By Dex O'Donald

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1.

Frank was jerking off again. The volume was maxed on his phone and the clamor of moans and sex blasted out of headphones wrapped around his head. His eyes twitched around the screen, examining every inch of the spectacle. He licked his lips. The part he was waiting for came on and he sputtered into his hand.

“Ugh, fuck,” he whispered.

He wiped his hands clean with a towel he kept nearby and rolled his shorts back over his deflated manhood. He tossed the dirty rag in a corner of his bedroom where he was certain his wife, Erika, would pick it up and wash it for him. Frank found that one of Erika’s best qualities as a wife was her ability to pick up after him and wash his socks, underwear, and of course, his cum rags.

Frank went downstairs and flipped on the television. Fox News came on, as it always did, and the ever-important voices of the channel sputtered caution and disgust with the current social environment. Frank was in the kitchen cracking open a Bud Lite when he heard the commentator talking about a football player who had begun kneeling during the national anthem at NFL games.

“Goddamn fucking BLM,” he spat, swilling half his bud lite in one gulp. He scratched at the beer belly hanging over his disheveled drawers. He took a seat in the recliner and pulled the footrest out, so that he watched Fox News from between his two stubby feet. The commentator had more commentators on, and all were close to shouting. All agreed that this black man had no business protesting the current racial climate in the country. And Frank could not agree more.

“These fucking libs,” he shook his head. “That boy ain’t disrespecting the

goddamn flag, not on my watch. This institutionalized whatever you call it...it's bullshit!" He screamed at the television and at no one in particular. Growing bored of cable news, he flipped over to the Sunday football game. Thankfully, the national anthem had been sung and the game just beginning.

Frank took his phone out and texted his wife. God knows what she had been up to all afternoon, at that asinine protest downtown. He told her more times than he could count not to go, to stay home and out of trouble. But she insisted. And more to the point, she insisted on explaining to him in great detail that it was his responsibility to go as well. That, in fact, he was one of the leading causes of what she called "engrained racism" and it was his responsibility to fight against it in...how had she put it? To fight against it in any way you can.

Well, no thank you very fucking much. Not no way, not no how, was Frank Clayborn attending a Black Lives Matter protest. He would just as soon go to a gay club as go to one of these pompous, liberal protests that always resulted in damaged property. Erika was convinced that his "white privilege" was clouding his perspective, when in reality it was the liberal news media steadily brainwashing gullible people...like his wife.

"Don't you be going down to that goddamn protest dressed like that," he told her that morning, as she prepared a sign. "The Blacks and Mexicans will have their hands all over you and God knows the police can't save you, they aren't even allowed to touch the coloreds anymore!"

"That is so fucking racist, Frank!" She yelled at him, adjusting her halter top. "And misogynist! This is what I'm talking about, honey! You're so programmed you don't even know it. Listen to the awful things that come out of your mouth!"

"Face reality, Erika! You go down there dressed like a slut, you're liable to be

treated like one. Don't come crying to me when one of those thugs rapes you!"

The air went out of the room when he said it, and Erika's eyes narrowed. She glared at him in the deafening silence. Her disgust was palpable. She shook her head, eyes welling with tears, and flicked him off. She stormed from the kitchen.

"Goddamnit, Erika! Get back here!" He shouted after her, but she was gone.

She left her jacket behind on the kitchen counter, leaving with nothing to cover that flimsy top she had on. Frank grimaced thinking about his wife's curvy, luscious body on display for every liberal with blue hair to stare at. Frank and Erika were married 3 years, and she still looked incredible. It was Frank who found the luxuries of married life too comfortable. His once-flat stomach now hung sloppy over faded shorts, and his defined features muddled from weight gain. He counted himself lucky to have a wife so beautiful as Erika, and often kicked himself for the way he spoke to her. Yet, he could not help it. He was, as Erika liked to remind him, a "consummate asshole."

When will you be home? He texted.

Turning his attention back to the game, Frank cracked open another bud light and drank it down. He adjusted the red cap sitting on his blading head and considered smoking a cigarette inside the house just to piss off Erika.

"Girl gon' learn to respect me," he said to no one at all. Often Frank's anger got the best of him, and he found himself having full on arguments with faceless people in his head. When no one was around, like right now, he would speak out loud to the liberals. He always won these arguments.

Frank ambled from his recliner to the bathroom and hovered over the toilet, seat down, peeing all over the rim and floor. Not that he ever took precaution when urinating in his own home, he thought now was the perfect time to make a little extra mess. A nice surprise for my wife to clean up when she gets home from her riot across town.

Back in his easy chair, Frank opened his phone and went into his browser history. His thumb hovered over Delete Everything but did not quite find its way to the touchscreen. Instead, he clicked on the last page he had been too. The one with that video he liked so much. The one where the wife was on her back, legs spread, smiling...

Frank drifted off as the video loaded and started. He dug around the top of his shorts and started stroking himself back to life. Only a minute in and he was at Full Five, his short erection begging to be freed from the confines of his underwear. Not bothering with the belt and button, he unzipped and guided his stilted chub through the hole in the undies, the red rocket now peeping out of the center of his dirty shorts.

He stroked frantically.

The front door to the home opened on the living room, and when it was kicked in, Frank had no way of hiding what he was doing. The cracking sound of the lock breaking free from the wood caused him to jump upright from the recliner, clumsily trying to close his phone and hide himself. Unsure of what was happening, Frank tripped and fell to the floor, landing on his back, his breath ripped from his body.

A man Frank had never seen before strode into his home. The man was tall, the size of a basketball player. His skin was dark as Wesley Snipes and his eyes were on fire with a fury that caused Frank to crawl away, gasping for breath.

“Where the fuck you going, white man?” The black man boomed, his vicious voice deep and reverberating.

Convinced it was a break in, Frank scrambled towards the cell phone he had dropped in his shock. It lay abandoned on the other side of the room. Eyes narrow and breath staggered, he gave everything he could. If he could just reach it, he could dial 911. He could have this intruder arrested before Erika got home, and then he could prove to her once and for all that it was not he who was racist, but the world that was cruel and violent. That stereotypes existed for a reason.

As he reached out, a foot away, a large boot landed in the middle of his back and forced him face first to the floor. He was pinned, and though he struggled with all his strength, he moved not an inch.

“Get that fucking phone,” the man commanded.

Frank watched a pair of delicate, white hands, adorned with a familiar wedding band, scoop his phone up from the floor. His eyes followed and then his breath was gone. Erika stood above him, face full of disappointment and fear. She handed the phone over to the intruder, who promptly turned and threw it as hard as he could at a wall nearby. The phone exploded in glass and plastic.

The boot lifted and Frank rolled over. Above him and closing in was his wife, and the biggest black man Frank had ever seen. Their eyes peered down at him,

looming and judging. Frank tried to sit up, but the boot came back, this time shoving him in the chest and pinning him to the living room rug.

“This your racist white husband?” The man asked.

“This is Frank,” Erika told him. “Frank, this is Darius.”

Darius leaned down, digging his foot into Frank’s chest as he did so, restricting his air and making his eyes bulge. Darius grabbed Frank by the mouth and squeezed like he was livestock ready for slaughter.

“You ready to become an ally, white man? Are you ready to pay reparations?”

Frank’s breath grew shorter, his vision darkened.

“He’s going to pass out,” he heard his wife say.

“Good. Get the rope out my car.”

2.

Erika spotted him in the crowd gathered outside the Capital building. Taller than everyone else, blacker than everyone else, he stood out on his own. He wore no shirt and his ebony body glistened with sweat from the afternoon sun. He held a megaphone to his mouth and led the group surrounding him in a chorus of chants.

“Black Lives Matter! Black Lives Matter!” The crowd chanted, signs and fists in the air, protesting in union.

“Justice! When do we want it!” He boomed into the megaphone.

“NOW!” The crowd replied.

Erika watched him lead the chants for a long while, gathering more people together the longer he spoke. When he grew tired of talking, he grabbed hold of a flag that read “BLACK LIVES MATTER” and raised it into the air, waving it back and forth in great strides. Erika found herself staring at the man’s arms: muscle and sweat, veins flexing as he waved the heavy banner in the air. His core was tight and his abs, as if painted on, glistened with perspiration that glimmered in the sun.

Erika had her own flag, small as it was. It read: SILENCE IS VIOLENCE. She fashioned it that morning while her husband looked on, disapproving, shaking his head. Then he had said some awful things, things she could never repeat to anyone. And it was not until she stormed from the house and was amongst the protestors that she felt safe from his insults, judgements, and blatant racism.

She joined in the chants, the calls and responses. The African-American man held her rapt attention, as he did everyone nearby, and together they called for the demise of institutionalized racism, for the destruction of White Privilege, and justice for the all the people of color that had been wronged by the United States of America. As she yelled back at the top of her lungs, a warm, magical feeling built inside her. She felt it grow with every chorus of righteousness, felt the warmth of unity spreading through her as she became an ally for the cause.

“Black Lives Matter!” She shrieked, voice high and cracking. It was miserably hot and sweat was beading and dripping down her neck and arms, down the crack of her cleavage. She was able to pull her eyes from the captivating influencer and survey her surroundings. She was quite close to many men of all different nationalities: Nigerian, Mexican, Haitian, Korean. It was no mystery that more than a few of them were crowding her, staring at her moist, revealing body. Under normal circumstances Erika would rush to cover herself or relocate, but it was a new day. This was a march for the future of the country, and if she was going to contribute and be a supporter, that meant she was going to help the disenfranchised people of this nation every chance she got.

So, she let them look. She adjusted her halter top so that more of her tits hung out, and when she saw the men’s eyebrows raise, she jumped up and down with her sign in the air. A rush went through Erika’s body, feeling their gaze and desire. They were getting closer, and one of them was rubbing against her side. She felt something hard grazing the side of her stomach. Her breaths were getting claustrophobic and short.

“Careful now,” came a booming voice from the crowd. She looked up.

“Oh, Hello,” Erika squeaked, intimidated. The other men were backing off slowly, though their eyes remained on the supple white girl.

“Your energy is appreciated, but a little thing like you could...get hurt,” he said. “I’m Darius.” He offered his hand.

“Erika,” she said, placing her hand in his. His palm swallowed her dainty digits, and the sweat there mixed freely. He was even bigger up close. “You speak so beautifully. So full of truth and passion.”

“I saw you joining in, Erika,” Darius said. “A true ally, it seems.”

“Oh, yes, I am. I only want to be an ally.”

“To whom?” He asked.

Erika paused. She thought the question silly, for the answer was obvious. Was he testing her? She considered his question. “To the cause. To BLM. To people of color all over the world.”

“Good answer,” Darius declared, moving closer and taking Erika by the hand. “Follow me.”

Without question, she let Darius lead her from the sea of protestors and agitators. The excitement that had been building all day was pushing her forward, daring her to do things she would never have done before. Following a strange black man through the city might have been out of the question for Old Erika, but she was an ally now. She was a friend to black people and a contributor to the cause.

As they walked, Erika trailed him but held his hand tight. She stared at his broad shoulders and massive back. His muscular ass was contained in ripped jeans and he towered over all they passed. Occasionally he looked back at her, his face unmoving and dark eyes focused.

They passed two cars parked illegally and ducked into an alley that was blocked off by a large white van. Walking around the van revealed a party of about eight people: some black, some white. Some had ski masks on, and others painted their faces and sprayed messages of hope on alley walls.

“What is this?” Erika asked him.

“This is a space for Black Lives Matter leaders to meet and plan events for the rally,” said Darius. “This is a safe space, do not be alarmed, Erika. I brought you here to talk.” The white van’s side door was open, and it was here that Darius took a seat. Still holding Erika’s hand, he pulled her to him.

“Talk about what?” Erika asked.

“The cause. The movement. And what your responsibilities are as a white ally.”

“Responsibilities?” Erika felt stupid repeating the word back to him, but at the moment she found it difficult to think of any words. She was inches from Darius’s warm, wet, black body and as she stared into his face, she found herself weak in all the right places. He was speaking and she could hear the words, but she could not listen to what he said.

“...as any ally you owe a debt to the black people of this country, Erika. You owe us your time, your support, your money...”

Darius’s voice was low and melodic, the way a bass-cello could swoop through an orchestra. Words came off his tongue in a wonderful rhythm and Erika tried to listen, to catch it and hold on, but it was no use. She was staring at his large, full lips and the red tongue bouncing just beyond them. His biceps flexed as he spoke with his hands, and always his abs cut a perfect picture even as he sat.

“...if you want to be a true, white ally to the cause, it won’t be easy...”

“Yes, I know. I know, and I want to help. I will do whatever it takes. Whatever is needed,” Erika told him.

“Are you sure, Erika? The cost is high, and the effort is...demanding. Nothing great has ever come from laziness...from static customs and age-old systems that seek only to suppress the growth of black communities.”

“What do I need to do?” She asked him.

Darius let go of her hands. His rough fingertips traced Erika’s bare midriff up to her soft, thin neck. He took her head into his monstrous hands.

“It is not just your time and money the movement needs, Erika...It needs your

body as well.”

He kissed her. At first, Erika’s lips froze on her face and Frank’s stupid face flashed over her eyelids. But as Darius continued to run his fat lips over hers, she found courage. She kissed him back, lips pushing into one another.

Darius searched her body as they made out, his hands finding perky tits and supple ass. The other members of BLM surrounding them paid no mind, still talking amongst themselves as the racket of the protest roared on. Erika leaned her body flat against Darius’s large chest, and her nimble little hands were clutching his shoulders.

“You have a wedding ring on,” Darius pointed out, kissing her in between his words. Erika faltered for a moment, afraid that the moment was about to end. “Is your husband white, or a person of color?”

“He’s...look, I’m sorry, I- “

“I asked you a question, Erika. Do not make me ask you again.”

“He’s white,” she stuttered, taken aback by his sudden severity.

Darius laughed and stuck his tongue back in her mouth. Erika took him with great pleasure, feeling the slickness of his sweat as her hands slid slow along his back.

“Your white husband is racist,” Darius told her. “Whether you know it or not, whether he knows it or not. You both are. And there is only one way to break this sort of ingrained racism. Only one way for you to be a true ally, Erika.”

“He is racist...and he knows it,” she told him. “The things he says...it’s terrible. I tell him to stop but he- “

“He won’t listen to you. But he’s going to listen to me. And so are you. Today is your lucky day, Erika. You get to become a true ally. What is your pathetic husband’s name?

“Frank,” she whispered, shaking, into his all-encompassing presence.

“You and Frank are going to learn today. You are going to learn what the punishment is for white privilege. And you are going to learn what the debt is you owe to my people. There are reparations, Erika. Reparations that only you and your white, privileged husband, can pay.”

His fingertips found her throat, wrapping slowly around her pencil neck. His grip tightened.

“Are you going to do what is required of you, Erika? Are you ready to forsake your privilege and bigotry, and do exactly as I say?”

“Yes,” she gasped, her face turning a dark shade of red.

Darius put his lips to her forehead and kissed gently. His grip did not loosen when he pulled her gaze to his. “You will call me Black Superior, Erika,” he said.

“Yes, Black Superior,” she choked.

“Take me to your husband. To your husband, and my new house.”

3.

Frank drifted back to consciousness. The blurred world around him slowly came into focus. In the middle of the room was a large black man he had never seen before, and standing beside him, comically short, was Frank's wife.

"WuGogO- "He tried to speak, but something was blocking his airway. He looked down. His entire body was bound to a chair, his arms pinned to his sides and his legs flush with the legs of the chair. He looked at his wife. He looked at the black man.

It came back to him. The attack, his wife, the phone...the boot. This man was an intruder. A tall, strong, intimidating invader who seemed to be holding sway over Erika. The man gave her orders just before Frank passed out, what was it he said? Become an...ally?

"Quit your whimpering, white man," Darius said. He advanced on the bound, helpless husband, stopping only when his shadow had covered Frank entirely. "It's gonna' be a long day if you fight. So shut the fuck up and do what I tell you." Darius slapped Frank across the mouth, and the panties that were lodged there flew out in a storm of spit and cough.

"What the fuck is going on!" Frank demanded, straining as hard as he could against the ropes that bound him.

"Look at me motherfucker!" Darius yelled, grabbing Frank by the hair, and holding him still. "You don't fucking speak unless you're spoken to! Do you understand?" Darius slapped him again, harder.

“Stop! Stop hitting me! Get out of my house!” Frank carried on.

Darius slapped him, and this time, Frank went quiet.

“Give me your panties, Erika,” Darius commanded.

Erika crossed the room and picked up her sweaty, worn panties from earlier in the day. The ones that had ended up in Frank’s mouth while he was passed out.

“Put the panties back in your pathetic, white husband’s mouth,” Darius said. Erika balled the sweaty, spit filled panties up and plunged them into her husband’s mouth.

“Good girl, now get back over there,” Darius nodded his head, never taking his eyes off Frank. “Frank, your new name is White Beta. My name is Black Superior. You already know your wife, Erika...but to me, she is White Bitch. You will not call her any damn thing till I say you can.”

Darius loomed over Frank; a black nightmare come to reap. He balled a fist up and pushed it slowly against the side of Frank’s cheek, a silent threat. Then he turned to Erika. “Take your clothes off, leave them in a pile, and get on your knees. Now.”

Erika’s nervous hands grabbed hold of the halter top and stripped it from her body. She shook out of the denim shorts she had on, revealing her trimmed, bare cunt. Reaching behind, she undid her bra strap and let the garment fall to the

floor. She kicked the clothes into a little pile just as she was told, and then got on her hands and knees in the middle of the room.

“You see how quick that white bitch listens?” Darius asked Frank, kneeling so that the two were face to face. “Let’s see what else your wife does, White Beta.” Darius stood tall and faced the naked wife. Erika’s back was low, and her ass was up, hands digging into the carpet to keep balance. “Crawl across the room and take my fat fucking dick out for your white beta husband to see.”

Erika began to crawl.

It was about this time that Frank began moaning into the soiled panties filling his mouth. His eyes were wet and his face red. He watched his nude wife, humiliated, and degraded, walk like a dog to Darius’s feet. She sat up on her knees and reached trembling hands out to his belt buckle.

“Good white bitch take it out. Pull down my zipper slow...slower, bitch. I want this white beta to hear the sound of it. Let him hear how fucking pathetic he is. You see your wife, Beta? You see how she taking her time? These are reparations. This is how you will pay me back.”

It fell out of Darius’s underwear and swung like a whale breaching ocean waves for air. Erika’s eyes went wide. Frank screamed into the underwear. The impossible black mass hung inches from Frank’s face, and he caught a whiff of straight ball sweat. His eyes watered over, and he began to cry.

“Pick it up and show it to your husband, white bitch.”

Erika lifted the thing away from gravity, revealing both Darius's leathery ball sack and incredible length at the same time. From the feel of it, Erika thought it was getting harder. And harder meant bigger. How it could possibly grow any larger, Erika was sure she did not know. But afraid to make a mistake in front of Black Superior, she raised the ebony snake and presented it to her husband.

“Tell him, Erika. Tell him what it is.”

“This is a big black cock, White Beta,” Erika told her husband. Her voice was shaking from a mixture of fear and lust, and her eyes pierced fire into Frank's heart. “This is a superior cock from a real man. It's a superior cock from a superior race. And it is the only color cock I want inside me...from now on. This is how I will pay me reparations.”

Tears streamed openly down Frank's face as he choked on the under garment.

“Good, white bitch. Good. Now let him see you swallow it.”

Erika stretched till her jaw hurt, stuffing the stiffening member in like a poor kid with her first chocolate bar. Overwhelmed by the task of it, she stroked frantically, tasting his dark skin and pre-cum as he grew to full strength.

“Put your fucking hands down,” Black Superior commanded. He placed one hand on top of her head and the other he used to grip around her neck. With Erika's finger woven together behind her back, she straightened her back and relaxed her throat. Black Superior began to grind his hips.

“Keep your fucking eyes open,” Darius said, keeping watchful gaze on Frank. “If I see you close them again, I’ll beat you till you’re blind. Now, quit your fucking moaning. Not another fucking sound until I say. I want you to fucking hear it.”

Gulping, choking, spitting, coughing. The sounds bounced off the living room walls and filled the beautiful white home. Struggling and unable to breath, Erika kept her hands behind her back and took as much as she could. Darius rammed the back of her throat over and over, unrelenting as he lectured the couple.

“Your engrained racism has made you weak, white bitch. Keep your fucking eyes open, keep your eyes on me. Good. Now look at your husband. I want you both to hear me. Ugh...fuck, your throat is wet. You’re going to suck this big, black, superior cock for as long as I say. And you will watch every second, White Beta. This is how you will pay your reparations. I will use your wife like a fuck doll, and then I will fill her with my superior black seed. One day, not long from now, the white race will be bred out of existence. This is how you will pay your reparations!”

Black Superior yanked her off his soaked meat stick and turned around. He hinged at his knees and pushed his ass into Erika’s face. Reaching a long arm behind himself, Darius palmed the back of Erika’s head like a basketball and shoved her in.

“Eat black ass, bitch.”

Erika’s eager tongue was lost between his muscular asscheeks, licking the length of his crack, and pausing over his hole. It was difficult to breath in there with the

way he held her, but she did the best she could.

“Your wife is eating my ass, White Beta. Her tongue is in my asshole as we speak. And later, when I let you, you will kiss your wife. You will kiss her...and you will taste...ugh, that’s it bitch, that’s good...you will taste black ass on your wife’s lips.”

Frank could no longer see from the tears blurring his vision, but he could hear the sloppy sounds of Erika’s tongue working on Darius’s black butthole.

“Lay on your back, spread your legs. Play with your pussy, white bitch.”

Erika scrambled to do as he said, positioning herself so that her bound husband could see every bit of her. Drool dripped down her chin and coated her breasts. She used some of it to wet two fingers before finger-fucking herself in the center of the living room. Sun streamed through the sliding glass door and bathed her frail body in light, illuminating for all to see.

Darius brought his glistening cock to Frank’s nose and held it there.

“Sniff it,” Darius commanded. Frank looked up at him in disgust. “Sniff it now or pay the fucking price, White Beta.”

Frank filled his nose with the smell of dick, spit, and balls. He gagged into the panties.

“That’s what reparations smell like, white man. That’s the scent of your wife becoming my fucking property.”

Darius put a giant foot against the side of the chair Frank was strapped to and pushed. The chair toppled over, slamming Frank to the ground on his side. Still tied tight, the rest of his body budged not an inch as he stared sideways at his wife’s wet cunt. Darius walked into his vision, stripping himself of all remaining clothes save his white sneakers. He got down on his knees between Erika’s legs. All Frank could see was Darius’s muscular, black ass, and comically low-hanging nutsack.

“Oh my god...It’s...Oh my God, it’s too big,” Erika moaned, eyes shut tight.

“Speak when spoken to, White Bitch!” Darius wrapped his hand around her fragile neck and squeezed, choking out her moans. He did not enter gently as he filled her wall to wall.

Frank watched Black Superior’s balls slap and bounce off his wife’s ass. He saw the muscles in his butt flex every time he drilled deep. He could smell their sex and hear Erika’s choked, weak whimpers. He was keenly aware of the painful rope digging into his arms and legs...and the protrusion in his sweatpants that was now leaking.

“This is my bitch now, white man. Do you understand? Look at superior black nuts swinging against her little white asshole. You will see me destroy that eventually, too. But today we’ve got to plant a little black baby in this white girl’s belly. That is our first priority. After that, you can both serve me.”

He let go of Erika's neck and she gasped for air. She found her clit and tried to rub it, but Darius grabbed her wrist and pinned it above her head with her other arm. Black Superior pushed in as far as Erika's body would allow. He started grunting like a bear, his testicles now flat against the crack of her ass as he held his mass deep inside.

"I'm filling you up," he whispered to Erika, kissing all over her face. "I'm filling you with my superior black seed...ugh, fuck. So much, cum. Take it...take it. Tell your husband."

"OH BABY," Erika screamed, feeling it erupting inside her. "He's filling me with his Superior cum, oh fuck. I can feel it. Oh, so big. So fucking big." Her legs shook and her tiny palms squeezed Darius's broad shoulders. "I can feel it, baby. I can feel his cum."

He pulled from her and white seed poured out from between swollen pussy lips. It dripped down Erika's asscrack, and started pooling on the carpet. Darius brought it to her mouth and she opened wide for him, sucking on the massive head slowly as cum poured from her body.

On his side, head aching and vision blurry, Frank watched Black Superior's seed spill out of his wife. He had managed to find a way to struggle enough in the chair that he could rub the tip of his dick against the inside of his sweatpants, and it was on the front of those pants that he made a mess.

"When your wife is finished sucking my cock, I'm going to come over there and untie you." Darius sighed, stroking Erika's long auburn hair as she sucked him. "Your wife will stay right here, on her back like a good white girl, letting my

baby grow inside her. You, White Beta, will clean up the leftovers.”

When at last Frank came face to face with the ruined pussy of his white wife, the cum had gone cold and was drying on the carpet. Using his boot, Darius pushed the white man’s face into the mess on the floor and rubbed.

“I own you now, White Beta. Your first reparation payment has been accepted. There are many, many more to follow.”