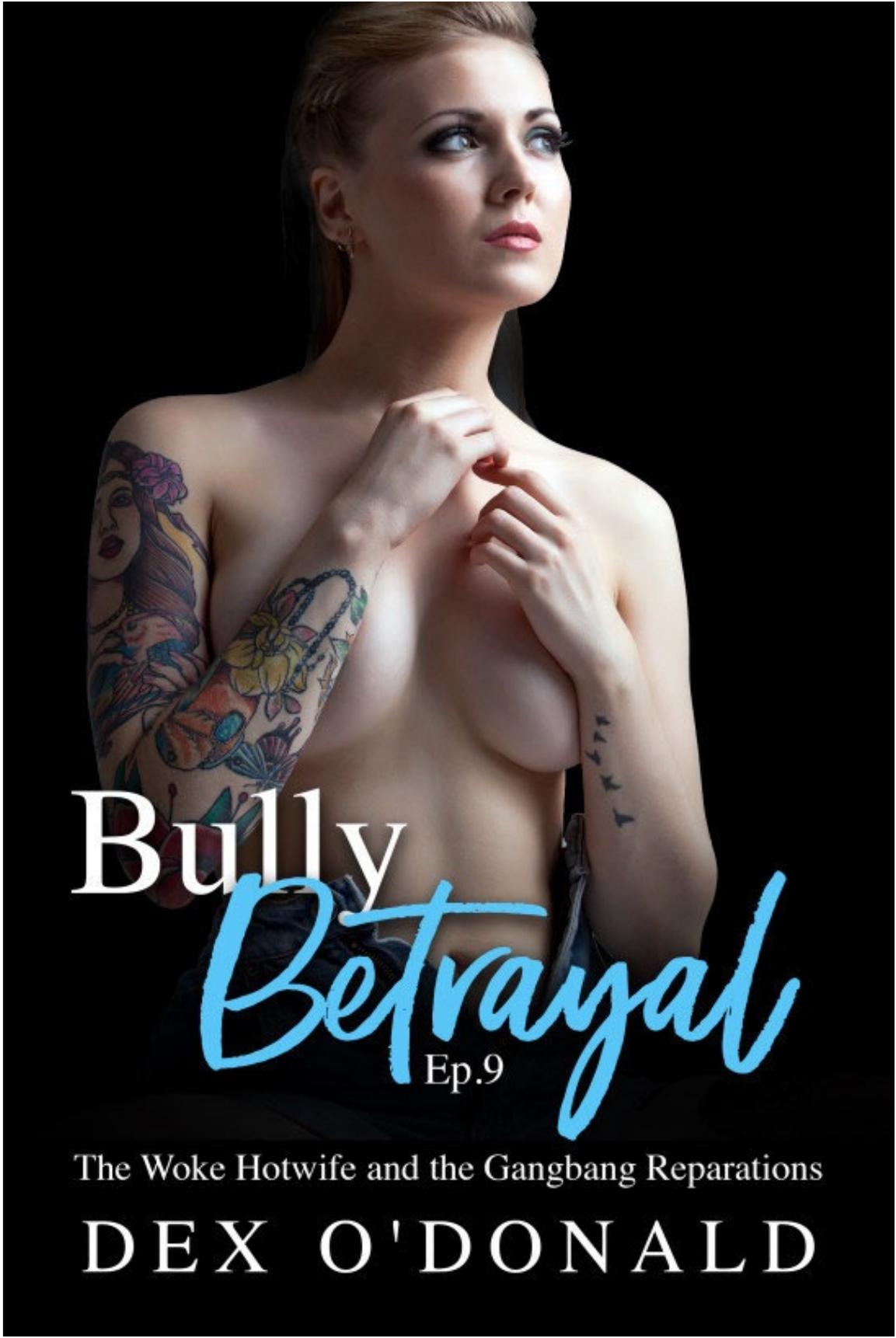


Bully  
*Betrayal*  
Ep.9

The Woke Hotwife and the Gangbang Reparations

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# **Bully Betrayal Ep. 9**

**The Woke Hotwife and the Gangbang Reparations**

**By Dex O'Donald**

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**Lizzy**

I knew of Kahlil vaguely, and only what my husband told me about him. Walter said he was a cruel, violent thug that seized any opportunity to pick on the small and weak. By small and weak Walter meant himself, of course. What my husband lacked in height and muscles he made up for in a big heart, a warm smile, and a large bank account. What Walter lacked physically...sexually...he more than made up for in the comfortable way in which we lived our lives. I wanted for nothing. I still want for nothing.

The first time I met Kahlil it was a warm spring day downtown. Walter and I were window shopping after lunch and contemplating taking a ride over to our favorite cocktail bar. Walking north towards uptown, we passed a table set up outside the record shop with a black man on a microphone. His outfit was militant, covered in camo and patches. Six other black men dressed in the same garb passed out fliers and information pamphlets. They called themselves The Black New World Order. Their sign was abbreviated to BNWO, and they all wore the most serious expressions on their faces. A crowd gathered to listen.

I wanted to stay and watch but Walter had no patience for such things.

“Just wait a second, honey,” I pleaded, pulling on his scrawny arm, and planting my feet.

“Stay for what?” he rolled his eyes, “a bunch of bullshit propaganda?”

“It’s not propaganda, Walter,” I reprimanded him, “it’s important. Let’s just stay and listen for a sec!”

Begrudgingly, Walter settled down and listened to the speech that was in progress. I considered myself an “ally”, and fairly “woke” for a late 20’s white girl from the Midwest. That particular day I felt empowered from all the material I’d been reading on racial injustices. I felt it was my duty to give these men the time of day.

“With their FACE, toward the earth!” the charismatic, sweating black man shouted into the microphone, “AND LICK UP THE DUST OF THY FEET!” He read from the bible and always his eyes roamed the crowd between sentences. His black brethren agreed with him often, shaking their heads in approval.

“Did you hear what I said, folks?” the man challenged the audience. “LICK! I said lick, the dust of thy feet. For what your people have done to my people, you will be enslaved in the next life! Count on it!”

“This is such bullshit,” Walter muttered, visibly angry. “I certainly haven’t done anything to them. How is this my fault?”

“You talk too much, Walter,” I told him, letting go of his arm and stepping closer the black men at the table. “You should try to listen more!”

“Listen to what? These morons?”

“You there!” the dark man with the megaphone shouted at me, “what is your name?”

“I’m Lizzy,” I squeaked after a moment of indecision, feeling the eyes of the audience on me.

“Lizzy! A fine name for a white girl. I’m sure your parents are very proud. And I’m sure they are racist too! Doing what they can to keep the black race down!”

“No! That’s not true,” I said, my voice faltering. “My parents are sweet people, they- “

“Quiet, white girl!” he shouted at me. “If you are going to talk to the Black New World Order you will do so on your knees. As a show of respect. Go on!”

“Can we go now?” Walter said holding his hand out, impatient and embarrassed.

“Is that your white husband, Lizzy?” the megaphone chimed in. “Does he control you too? Just as he has controlled and enslaved our people for countless generations!”

“Lizzy. Now,” Walter spit.

They were all staring at me, the BNWO. Their eyes roamed my revealing spring body clad in a tank top and short shorts. I often stand out in a crowd because of the tat sleeves on both arms. Colorful, just like me. I was no stranger to the way men stared at my figure...in particular the way black men stared. The tank I wore that day had shrunk in the laundry (always did when Walter washed the clothes) so it was extra easy to fill out. I wore no bra and my taut nipples were

easily visible through the white fabric.

I got down on my knees on the hot sidewalk. Walter groaned loud as the man with the megaphone smiled.

“Good girl, Lizzy,” he said, “now you may speak!”

“My parents aren’t racist...and neither am I,” I found my voice as more onlookers gathered. “But I sympathize with your cause and want to do all that I can to help. Help me understand.”

The other men at the table set their pamphlets and fliers down and crowded closer.

“You are racist, white girl. You just don’t know it!” the megaphone declared. “Did you hear what I said before Lizzy? No? Well, if you want to help fight the systemic racism that plagues this community, you need to listen!”

“That’s right!” one of them agreed.

“Open your ears white girl!” another chimed in.

“That ain’t all she gon’ open up,” I heard one mumble to his buddy. For a moment I thought about getting back on my feet and bailing, grabbing Walter by

the hand, and running from the strange scene I'd involved us in. But I held my ground.

"I'm listening," I said, looking up at them.

"With their FACE, toward the earth... AND LICK UP THE DUST OF THY FEET" he bellowed at the top of his lungs.

And then, there in front of me, a black boot on the sidewalk. I followed the boot up to black legs and then on to a mighty figure that towered so high above he cast me in shadow. His face was stern, his head inclining ever so slightly to the boot he presented before me.

"AND LICK UP THE DUST OF THY FEET! If you truly mean what you say, Lizzy White Girl, do your part. Apologize. Lick this black king's boot!"

"You've got to be kidding me," Walter said from behind.

"Shut up white boy!" the man standing over me shouted, his boot still planted.

"Lizzy we are leaving! NOW! LET'S GO!"

"Show us, Lizzy White Girl. Show our people that you are a true ally!"

I sensed Walter's fear. I felt the curious stares of the crowd. I could smell the perspiration on the sweaty black men starting to surround my fiancé and me. All of them waited to see what I would do.

"The dust of thy feet," I said.

My wet tongue ran across the hard leather of the stranger's boot as I licked it toe to lace. A heavy applause rang out that mixed with murmurs from the crowd, and the gloating laughter of the BNWO.

"Good white girl! She appears ready to become a true ally!"

I stood to go but felt a hand on my shoulder, pushing me back to my knees.

"NO, NO, NO!" boomed the megaphone. "You are not done yet! All these black men at my side are equals, and they are your equals! They are more than that. These black kings are your superiors. Whose boot is next?"

Another boot came in front of my face. I opened my mouth and presented my tongue. Then a pair of dusty sneakers. Then brown leather. And then another, and another. My tongue kissed them all. The megaphone sounded and the crowd looked on. Sweat poured from me and with every lick of the shoe I heard Walter whimper.

The last boot. It was a cowboy style, silver spurs riding high on the ankle. The body attached to the boot was the largest of them all, the leanest too. Staring up into his face, a bell rang in my mind. Something familiar. Where did I know him?

He motioned to his boot. I thought about his view from up there: my revealing breasts soaked with sweat, close to spilling over. There was no way he couldn't see down my shirt.

“Kahlil?” I heard Walter from behind.

The black man above me shifted his stare to my fiancé. For the first time, a smile lined his menacing face.

“White Bread!” the tall black man said.

“That’s not my name, Kahlil. You know it isn’t!”

“This is your wife, White Bread?” Khalil laughed, calling Walter by that funny moniker once more.

“You’re Goddamn right,” Walter retorted, reaching down and grabbing my arm. “And we are leaving! Nice to see what kind of people you are mixed up with these days, Kahlil.”

“Not so fast,” Kahlil said, lifting his leg and placing his humongous boot on my shoulder. This stopped my upward momentum and caused Walter to falter, letting go of my arm. I settled back onto my knees. “Your white girl has made claims that she stands with people of color. And she licked the boots of my brothers. Now she must lick mine.”

“Like hell she will,” Walter said, finding some courage.

Kahlil’s boot hovered inches from my mouth.

“Lick it, white girl. Show us your loyalty. Show us you are not a racist.”

“Lizzy, for the love of God, get up and let’s go.”

All eyes on me. Again.

I opened my mouth and stuck out my pink tongue. As I moved to do my duty, Kahlil pushed the tip of his boot into my mouth. I tasted dirt and leather.

“Oh my God, Lizzy,” Walter said in disgust, the color draining from his face.

“I think this white girl likes it,” Khalil laughed, his white teeth flashing.

“There you have it folks!” the man with the megaphone sang, “a modern white couple! Bred for one purpose! To serve their blacks masters!”

**Khalil**

Say my name, bitch.

“Khalil...Kahlil...”

Louder so your husband can hear you!

“KAHLIL OH FUCK!”

I’ve got this white lady, Mary, with her face shoved into a puddle of her own pussy punch on her husband’s mattress. She’s screaming. I’m long stroking from behind, burying my giant black dick deep in her white cunt. I got my palm pressed flat against the side of her face, shoving her deeper into her own mess.

The husband is downstairs cleaning the mess I made in the kitchen. I leave the bedroom door open so he can hear his wife fucking the black dude that made the mess in his kitchen. I told him if he comes upstairs before I call, for any reason, I would beat the living shit out of him.

Say my fucking name white bitch.

“KAHLIL, oh...Kah...Kah...”

I pick up the tempo and start fucking the white girl like she owes me money. She

does owe me money. She knows it, and so does her husband. That's why I moved in. I've been here two weeks now and haven't let that white boy touch his bitch once. I let him shoot his worthless sperm into the toilet on the sixth day, but that's it.

On Friday's when I let him watch, I don't even let him stroke it.

In the morning, while his wife sucks my big black dick, the beta white boy makes my breakfast. I make him deliver it to me in a sissy little apron, pink and fluffy. I laugh at him while I eat his food. Some days I let him linger to watch her swallow my load. Other days he massages my feet with a blindfold on while I his wife swallows my load.

Suck my big toe.

I plant my foot next to the wife's face and wiggle my fat big toe into her moaning mouth. She sucks it like she should while I stuff her. I slap her fat ass hard enough that she bites down on my toe by accident. I reminder who her fucking master is by spitting on her face.

She starts cumming on my cock, screaming loud enough for the whole neighborhood to hear. I call her husband in and he sprints up the stairs, making sure to crawl into the bedroom like I instructed him to.

Get your face between her thighs and lick my seed up, boy. Lick it off her lips. But don't you dare put your tongue inside her. Leave my seed in there to grow.

The pathetic white man crawls over to his shaking wife and sticks his tongue out. He laps up my African seed like a bee to honey. He has purpose now.

“Thank you Master,” he says to me between licks.

I tell his wife to take a shower, only cold water. I might be a while and I need her there to wash me head toe in hot water. The white girl can shiver for a few minutes. Think of it as interest on the reparations her pussy just paid me.

“May I stay and watch her wash you, master?” the cuck asks me from the ground.

No, you may not, white boy. Crawl yah ass back down the stairs and find something to fucking clean.

Once the married couple is out of the way, I stretch out naked in their bed. My black dick hangs fat between my legs, dripping on the sheets the husband will wash later. I grab my laptop from the side table and open it to my latest project.

Lizzy and Walter Pike. Married three years. The wife is receptive to the message of the BNWO, already passing the introductory phase. She got on her knees in broad daylight, in front of her husband and a crowd, and licked the boots of seven different black men. Her husband, Walter, is an acquaintance of mine from some years back.

Bitch boy! Bring me Hennessy on ice!

I hear the husband scurrying around the kitchen like a nervous rat, the ice clinking into the glass and shaking as he pours my drink. His soft, pussy footsteps up the stairs and I see him get down on his hands and knees. He crawls to his bedside and offers it to me.

Good white boy. Now get the fuck out.

“Yes, Master.”

Walter Pike hates me. He hates all blacks, but he especially despises Kahlil. Two years ago, I met Walter’s sister at a BLM march. I got her back to my place and fucked the white right out of her. After that she got obsessed, constant communication and a hunger for my black cock. She was married then. She isn’t anymore. The white man known as Walter Pike has detested me ever since.

I pull up the folder I have on Walter and Lizzy. Pictures and dates and jobs and commitments. My tech team at BNWO can always find as much as I need to know about a couple. Experienced hackers. That is how I found the white couple I’m currently enslaving. My team found them in the crowd at one of our rallies and got them to donate to the cause. With just the basic info they filled out on the donation sheet, my team was able to pull up everything and anything about them. Including the husband’s search history, and the wife’s woke Instagram posts.

With a little work and convincing, I was able to move into their house two weeks ago. I don't plan on leaving until I'm ready for my next conquest. If anything, this couple will be sad to see me go.

I click the folder marked Walter's Past. I browse the screenshots and videos. I smile and laugh, I take a sip of my Henny. No amount of explaining in the world is going to counter the dirt I have on Walter. And as for his wife, well, she's already licked a nigga's boots. I don't see her full conversion as an obstacle, more like an eventuality.

Turn the hot water on!

I hear the pressure in the shower increase and a sigh of relief from the white girl waiting for me. I pull up one last picture of Lizzy the Boot-Licker. Blonde hair and tattoos, big titties, a firm ass. And woke as hell. Her time is coming, and so is her husband's.

The time for reparations is now.

I get off the bed and call down to the hubby. I tell him to strip the sheets and wash them while his wife cleans and serves me. He replies as he is supposed to, as I told him to. Then I walk into the bathroom, now full of steam.

Lather me down and wash my ass, white girl.

She takes a luffa and starts scrubbing my black skin, creating a thick white foam

of soap that she covers my body with. The white girl lingers on my arms; long and black and strong. She squeezes my biceps and shoulders, scrubs my back and legs. She gets on her knees and puts the sponge between my ass cheeks, scrubbing back and forth and eventually down to my fat, low-hanging nutsack.

No cloth for the cock, bitch. Just your hands.

She is behind me, reaching around to my anaconda and stroking the length of it, one hand after the other, slick with soap and water.

“Thank you for letting me wash you, Master,” she whimpers.

Keep stroking.

I can hear her husband in the bedroom. He is stripping the bed as slowly as he can, with an ear to the open bathroom door. If he approaches the entrance, he’ll see our reflection in the bathroom mirror, a haze of black and white in the fog. I could tell him to fuck off, but I want him to see. I keep his wife on her knees, stroking, hoping he musters the courage to glance inside.

“May I wash your feet, Master?”

You may.

While the white girl serves my feet, I think about Walker Pike and his woke, slutty little wife. I think about what I have on my computer that will facilitate his obedience. White boys can be stubborn sometimes. So, I'll need a contingency plan. If he isn't willing to pay his debt quietly, then the reparations he owes will be forced from him.

While I towel off I call the husband into the bathroom.

“Yes, master?”

Get in the shower with your wife, bitch boy.

He undresses quickly and steps into the shower. The water is off, and she is standing there dripping. I can see his pathetic white cock rising to its comical size as he looks back and forth between his nude wife and me.

Get on your knees, both of you.

Shoulder to shoulder and eyes on me, this white couple is well trained. They know what's coming. I point my half-hard black cock at them and start to release my bladder in one long, uninterrupted stream. It splashes the wife in the tits, and when I pull it to the left it douses the husband's face and hair. I piss all over them, head to toe.

“Thank you, Black King,” his wife says.

“Thank you, Master,” the husband says.

Good little slaves. Good little white bitches. Be my toilet. Be what you were born to be.

I let them shower together after I finish. I go downstairs and pour another Hennessey. I place a call to Rodrigo at BNWO. I tell him the time has come to move on the Pike couple. We need to approach Lizzy first and explain to her the importance of her reparation payment. After that, the husband will be easy.

“How many we thinking?” Rodrigo asks me over the phone.

Three. Big and black.

**Walter**

Lizzy was acting strange.

I thought it might be her period at first, but when it lasted more than a week I started to wonder. It came on a few days after that debacle downtown when she licked those thugs' boots. I couldn't even speak to her I was so mad. She didn't seem to care. Lizzy just carried on in that care-free bitchy way she has when she thinks I'm wrong about something. The fact that I managed to marry a woman who would betray her race and embarrass her husband like that is beyond me.

And with that thug Kahlil, no less.

Lizzy stopped talking to me altogether at a point, wouldn't even let me touch her in bed. When I tried to talk about it, she just shook her head. When I tried to apologize, she rolled her eyes. When I begged, her resolve grew.

"We're gonna sit down and talk tonight, Lizzy," I told her before heading to work for the day. "Whatever is going on with you we need to get it figured out."

Lizzy kept scrolling through her phone like she was deaf.

"Damnit Lizzy, look at me," I snatched the phone away, "you can't just ignore me without telling me why. Is this about those thugs downtown?"

She looked at me with utter disgust, like I was the first person to call a group of black men "thugs."

“Do you regret it? Is that it?” I continued, failing to hide my rising anger. “You should regret it, girl. That was the most humiliating thing I’ve ever fucking seen and I can’t believe my wife- “

“You want to talk, Walter?” she interrupted, tears of rage at the corner of her eyes.

“She speaks!”

“We can talk tonight,” she said, with what looked like a smile playing at the corners of her mouth. “When you get home from work, we can have a long talk. But you’re going to have to shut up and listen for once. Think you can do that?”

A wave of relief washed over me, and it felt like at last the tension was breaking.

“Of course I will, Lizzy. That’s all I want. I want to talk. I want to listen.” I would tell her any goddamned stupid thing she wanted to hear if it meant she lost the bitchy attitude and started putting out again.

“Good. I guess I’ll see you tonight, then.”

When I got off work that afternoon I stopped by the florist and picked out a few plants and a bouquet of roses. After that I bought a bottle of wine from the liquor store. Takeout was on the menu from her favorite Thai place. All I wanted was to

get home to my wife and mend things. Treat her right. Maybe even get laid.

On the drive I passed the capital building where a protest was being held. There were BLM signs and rainbow flags, hipsters, cops, flashing lights and shouting. Three weeks had passed since Lizzy got down on her knees in the street and humiliated herself for those low-life's. Of all the woesome, woke white women in the wide world why did my wife have to be so warped? And what sin have I committed to deserve watching her lick the boots of a man I absolutely despised?

Kahlil. Fuck that black asshole. I could never forgive him for what he did to my sister.

Lizzy had no idea of course. It happened before we met, and it would never be something I wanted to rehash. She heard me curse the man's name now and again when I saw him around town, but to her he was just another black man that made me uncomfortable. She didn't know the truth about him and my sister Erika.

"You're so racist, Walter!" she yelled at me one afternoon in the car. I had just used an epithet to describe Kahlil, who we saw passing the crosswalk moments before. "You just lump all people of color together and don't even try to understand your role in institutionalized racism!"

"Don't throw your woke bullshit at me, Liz!" I shouted right back. "Blacks account for a majority of the crime in this country and you know it!"

"That's an empty fucking statistic and you know it! These crimes are coming

from impoverished neighborhoods, families without fathers- “

“And that’s another thing,” I interrupted, “they knock these women up and then they bail. It’s absolutely disgusting!”

“I married a fucking racist! That’s what you are, Walter!”

And so on, and so forth. I held my tongue but, in that moment, wanted to tell her exactly who Kahlil was, what he had done, and that those hoods he called his “Brothas” were exactly like him. Would she have licked his boot that day if I told her that he impregnated my sister and wrecked her marriage?

I pulled into my driveway, too much on my mind to notice the obvious. All I could think about was Kahlil and his gang marauding as activists. His disgusting body inside my sister. His dirty boot in my wife’s mouth. And-

Something was wrong. The front door was open.

The deadbolt lay on the welcome mat amongst a sea of splintered wood. The door frame a shattered mess.

A break in.

“LIZZY!” I screamed.

I dropped the roses and wine to the ground with a ruffle and a shatter. Running inside the first thing I saw was the living room. The couch was flipped over, throw pillows strewn about the space. Muddy shoe prints covered the white tile of the kitchen. The back sliding-glass door was in a million shiny pieces, all \$5000 all of it..

“Lizzy! Lizzy!” I yelled over and over, beginning to canvass the house. I called her as I roamed my home but it went straight to voicemail. I came into the dining room; all the chairs knocked over, shattered plates littered the floor. In my escalating panic I approached the table, where a few items looked undisturbed. As if they were left there on purpose.

A half-empty bottle of Hennessy, a used glass beside it. A pair of panties. Lizzy’s panties. Wrapped in the blue lace of her undies was an envelope.

### **Walter Pike.**

With shaking hands, I unwound the envelope from my wife’s underwear. I pulled a single piece of paper from inside it.

*Walter Pike,*

*It is time for the white oppressor to pay his reparations to the rightful Black Kings. If you want your white wife back untouched, you will bring a reparation payment in the amount of \$20,000 dollars to 769 S. MLK BLVD at 8 pm tonight.*

*Do not call the police. We have your wife.*

*-Khalil the Black King and The Black New World Order*

I read it five times, body trembling in the destroyed dining room. The letter floated from my hands and I looked at the blue panties clutched in my fist. They had touched her. To get these off her their hands had to have been all over her. How many were there? How many black thugs had come to my house and abducted my wife?

Upstairs I removed a false panel from the closet wall. I used Lizzy and I's anniversary date to unlock the safe. Behind the deed to the house and our will, I removed a lock box and set it on the carpet in front of me. Using my wife's birthday, I opened it. I removed \$20,000 in cash.

Shaking like a leaf I went back out into rush hour traffic and started heading across town to 769 S. MLK Blvd. The drive passed in silence as the world around me turned to a surreal jumble of cars and people and buildings. None of it mattered anymore. All that mattered was Lizzy and getting her back from those awful criminals.

I pulled into a rundown lot across the street from 769 S. MLK Blvd. This was a bad neighborhood at any time of day, but the sun was setting, and I was alone. On the corner gangs sold drugs and black faces peered from the windows of the high-rise slums.

I sat and waited. I watched the front door of 769 for any sign of entry or exit. A picture of Lizzy at the beach on my dashboard punched me in the gut. Her beautiful face and gorgeous body. All mine until today. I tried not to think about what they might be doing to her.

Two teenagers approached my car.

“Roll yah window down, whitey,” said one who looked about 18 years old, a tear drop tattoo on his face.

“We just wanna talk white boy,” said the other, dreadlocks and height, about the same age.

As I leaned forward to roll the window down, I slipped my hand under the driver’s seat and dislodged the handgun taped there. I brought it to my lap at such an angle that the hoodlums outside could not see. I rolled the window down halfway.

“What can I help you boys with?” I asked.

“You can start by telling us what the fuck you think you doing on this block!”

“Yeah, white man. You ain’t supposed to be here.”

My slick palm adjusted on the grip of the 9mm in my lap.

“I’m just lost is all, boys. Took the wrong exit. I’ll just be leaving then!”

“You can leave on foot white man,” said the tall one, opening his jacket wide enough for me to see the gun in his waistband. “Now get the fuck out the car!”

“Yeah, bitch. Open the fuck up!”

“Now, fellas,” I stuttered, starting to unlock the door, “no need for any of that. The car is yours. Take it.”

As I openrf the door, I pointed the gun low, ready to fire the moment it was clear.

“That’s what I thought, white man,” the tall one said, grabbing the car door and yanking it wide.

I pulled the trigger three times, hoping to level the black son of a bitch.

Click. Click. Click.

The two boys began to laugh.

“Bitch think he hard with the 9 milly!”

“White boy think he hard!”

They slapped the gun out of my hand, and it clanked to the ground. Suddenly the boys had me out of the car, on the ground, beating and kicking. It was a storm of pain and blows and insults. My heart rate sky-rocketed and I couldn't catch my breath. The world around me was growing dark.

As they drug me across the street and into 769, just before I passed out, I heard one said to the other, “go and tell Kahlil he here.”

Walter came back to consciousness the way you wake up from a bad dream. Except his bad dream wasn't over yet. It was only just beginning.

"Where am I?" he asked drearily in the darkened room.

Chuckles from the shadows. Low and raspy. But there was a fainter, higher laugh as well.

"Lizzy?" he coughed. Walter hurt all over. His arms and legs and neck and face. The two boys had beat on him, but not to serious injury. Kahlil warned them not to. He wanted the husband pacified, not in a coma.

"Walter Pike," came a familiar voice. "The racist white man is finally ready to pay his reparations."

"Kahlil?" Walter asked. He tried to move but banged his head. He was in a cage, roughly the size of a large dog kennel. Walter rolled over onto his aching side and let his eyes adjust to the dimness of the room.

"You actually brought the cash. I'm impressed, white boy." Kahlil stood in front of the cage. His massive frame a dark silhouette blocking Walter's view.

"Where's Lizzy you bastard?" Walter tried to sound tough, but it was a meek request.

“Not far.”

“I brought your money now let us go...” Walter groaned.

“Not just yet, white man.”

Kahlil squatted down to get a better look. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of something shiny and silver. He opened his palm and let the bullets drop to the cement floor.

“Looking for these, Walter?”

“How...how did you?”

Kahlil smiled, his white teeth flashing in the dark.

“Your wife of course.”

Kahlil walked from the cage. The room came into focus. Walter watched Kahlil walk towards a dirty mattress on a barren floor. There were other figures. Two of them were tall and black like Kahlil, if only a little shorter. A dirty bulb hung from the ceiling and gave a faint glow to their surroundings: shuttered roll-up

doors, old bins and buckets, discarded sinks and tools.

Someone was lying on the mattress.

“Who’s that?” Walter asked no one, knowing the answer.

Lizzy sat up on the dirty discarded bedding and looked at her husband. For the first time in weeks, she smiled at him.

“Hello, honey,” she said. Lizzy wore a plaid skirt that stopped just above her knees, and an American flag bikini top that clung tight to her endowed chest. She had no shoes on, and her red-painted toenails squirmed excitedly on the filthy mattress.

“What the fuck is going on?” Walter whimpered. He realized for the first time that his hands were bound behind his back, and his pants were gone. Bare from the waist down he tried to shuffle his legs and hide himself.

“I’ve tried to tell you lots of times, honey,” she said with an evil smile, standing up. “Tried to tell you about your racism and bigotry. Not just in you but in the way you help to serve it. But you never listened. You just never shut the fuck up and listen.”

Lizzy stood over the cage and Walter looked up from his fetal position. Her tits were bursting out the bottom of her flag top, and it was obvious that the underwear she was supposed to be wearing was still at home on the dining room

table.

“What are you saying, Lizzy?” Walter’s shame overtook him, and he averted his eyes.

“I’m saying it’s time, baby. Time to pay your reparations. Time to pay mine, too.”

She walked back to the hulking figures in the dark. She got between the two strangers and wrapped her arms about the waist of one of them. Kahlil came forward again, this time with a laptop opened and the light of the monitor illuminating the dark space. It was a filthy, disgusting abandoned room in one of the slum buildings of that nasty neighborhood.

“Look here, Wally,” Kahlil said, scrolling down the screen and showing Walter’s irritated eyes the contents there. “This is a post you made on Facebook about ten years ago...look familiar? That’s you in Black Face and an afro, making fun of a man who sought justice for his people. You deleted that a long time ago...Let’s see here, oh this is a good one. See that? That’s a video of you yelling Nigger at the top of your lungs back in your fraternity days. That was a hard one to track down but there are few obstacles that Black Excellence cannot conquer...let’s see here...what else...”

Walter’s eyes, wide and blood shot, drifted from the screen as Kahlil compounded the dirt. Behind those eyes was a dawning realization. His body went limp in his restraints and his sad penis hung flaccid on his thigh.

“Kahlil showed me all of it, Walter,” Lizzy said. “Every last bit of it. And I have

to admit I hated you when he showed me. I wanted to leave you right then and there. But it was Kahlil who convinced me there was another way.”

“What other way, Lizzy? What is this?”

“You can be forgiven for all of it, Walter. All those nasty things you said and did. All you have to do is pay up, honey. Pay your reparations and swear yourself to the true Black Kings.”

“Let me out of here...” Walter began to find his voice, raising the volume on his pleas. “Right now! LET ME OUT! I want my wife and my twenty grand, and I want out of here right fucking- “

Kahlil kicked the cage, rattling it on its frame. Walter cowered from him, rolling onto his back and wincing.

“You gonna shut the fuck up and watch white man!” Kahlil boomed. Lizzy laughed, flashing her forest-green eyes. The other two men were rubbing their hands together, crowding the wife. “The two men ogling yah wife is my fellow Black Kings,” Kahlil continued, “I believe you’ve already met.”

Walter almost screamed when he realized who the two men were.

“You can call them Lonzo and Troy. But you only speak when spoken to from now on. Do you understand me, Walter?”

Paralyzed with fear, broken like a dog in a cage, Walter stared into the face of his tormentor.

“Good white boy. Now get comfortable.”

Troy and Lonzo let their hands search Lizzy’s supple frame. Long black fingers curled across her curves and squeezed the American flag. She was overwhelmed immediately, feeling her breath catch in her throat and heart rate go through the roof. Their hands were unfamiliar and urgent, experienced enough to be careless. One squeezed her ass hard enough that she rose on tippy toes, while another found her nipple over the flag and pinched and pulled. Small sounds escaped her throat, mostly of surprise and pain.

“Oh! Ah! Fu-fu-fuck!” Lizzy stammered.

“LIZZZZYYY” a scream came from the cage.

Kahlil was in front of her. He pulled his shirt over his head, his defined abdomen stretching as he undressed. Tattoos and shapes ran across his chest and down his distinct arms. Old scars cut across his muscled frame.

“Let me see them titties, bitch,” he said.

Troy and Lonzo ripped the American flag off her chest and discarded it on the

floor. Lizzy's rounded, fat tits jiggled as Lonzo took her by the waist and shook back and forth. The look of surprise on Lizzy's face brought another groan from the cage in the corner.

"White girl titties," Kahlil sighed, wrapping his rough palms around them, "only thing better is married white girl titties." His wide red tongue found her aching nipple and danced. His thick lips closed around her hard nub and nibbled. She melted in his mouth as Lonzo found her soaked cunt beneath the denim skirt.

"She wet as fuck, nigga," Lonzo said, his voice the high-pitched mockery of a nineteen-year-old boy.

"That mean she ready to suck some dick," said Troy.

"Kahlil you suck my titties so good..." Lizzy moaned, arms around Khalil's shoulders.

Khalil let go of her tits abruptly. He grabbed Lizzy by the neck and pulled her face close to his.

"You can call me Black King, bitch," he slapped her right titty hard enough for it to swing.

"Yes, Black King," Lizzy choked out, eyes watering and lips spreading into a grin.

“Unzip that fucking skirt,” he commanded.

“Yeah, bitch!” agreed Lonzo.

“Show us that pussy, girl,” said Troy.

Lizzy never broke eye contact with Kahlil as she reached down to the zipper at the center of her waist. Kahlil’s grip on her neck was strong but controlled. She pulled on the zipper, spreading the denim skirt into two halves, and revealing a colorful swath of tattoos below her waistline. A small, trimmed patch of blonde hair above the slit of her lips.

Kahlil reached two fingers down into the skirt, pressing them against the length of her sex.

“This white bitch wet as fuck,” he said.

“You know what the means,” Lonzo chimed in.

“Time to suck some dick, hoe,” said Troy.

Kahlil shoved Lizzy to her knees, skirt still half on and her milky jugs swinging

madly. The paintings on her arms shown red and white and blue and green in a long sleeve, the beauty of her exquisite breasts accented by the art that surrounded them.

I can't watch this...I can't..." the cage whispered from the dark.

"Oh you gon watch, white man," Kahlil sang as he pulled the belt from his jeans, "your wife is going to serve the black race the way she was meant to. And you gon' watch from the corner. Just like you was meant to."

The man in the cage saw Troy and Lonzo's long African cocks appear suddenly on either side of his wife, dangling and growing. He saw Kahlil's black ass cheeks and then the man's fat, low-hanging nut sack when he spread his legs. He noticed the way their pubic hair differed from his, how curly and matted it seemed to be. How much more they had than him.

Lizzy's small hands came to Troy and Lonzo, her white palms gliding on black shafts until she felt the fat mushroom tip pass her dainty fingers. She stroked them, needing her entire arm if she was going to get every inch. Kahlil brought it bloated and stiffening to the tip of her pouty lips.

"Kiss my black cock and tell me you're here to serve me, white woman," Kahlil barked.

Trembling lips found the tip of his fat member and planted a single puckered kiss on the head. Cries from the cage.

“I’m here to serve you, Black King,” Lizzy said, her eyes awash with fire, “and all Black Kings that demand my white pussy.”

“Open your mouth white bitch,” he said, planting a hand behind her head and pushing himself into her mouth. Lizzy’s jaw spread and her eyes closed in focus as it plunged to the back of her tongue. She coughed a little and momentarily stopped working the black dicks to her left and right.

“Don’t fucking stop, girl,” Lonzo scolded her.

“Learn to fucking multi-task, hoe,” Troy warned, grabbing her arm, and getting her going again.

Khalil didn’t let up, pumping a few fast strokes into the back of her throat before letting go of her head. Lizzy came off it spitting and choking, trying to catch her breath. Khalil stuck two fingers into her gaping mouth and clutched her around the chin with his thumb, as if he had caught a prized bass.

“Are you ready to pay your reparations, white bitch?” he asked viciously.

“Yeth! Yeth!” she slobbered through his fingers.

“Don’t take your mouth off my fucking cock again unless I tell you to. Understand?”

“YETH! YETH!”

The moment his fingers dislodged, Lizzy’s mouth bobbed in for the head of his giant black dick, getting enough in so that she could fuck her throat on it. All the while her thin, tattooed arms stroked and fondled the young black men.

“Look at your wife, Walter,” Khalil said, hands on his masculine hips, looking down on the woman serving him. “She knows her place. On her knees in front of a Black King. Serving. Paying her reparations!”

Soon they were passing Lizzy around, her mouth exploring each of them. First came Lonzo, hairy and hard, slapping against her face and then pounding the back of her throat. Then Troy, fat and dripping, pushed against the inside of her cheek while he slapped on the outside. Rough hands at her breasts, pinching and swiping and making her red.

When their rods were glistening and stiff, Khalil turned his ass on her.

“Stick your tongue in my black crack, Lizzy. Show your husband what a good little fuck slave you are!”

Troy took hold of Lizzy by the hair and shoved her face into Khalil’s waiting ass. Her hands clutched either side of his cheeks, spreading them apart as Troy directed her head up and down between them.

“NO!” the cage cried.

“Look at it white man. Look at that dirty bitch. I can feel her tongue on my fucking asshole. So fucking good. Good little bitch!”

“Eat it!” Troy screamed.

“Me next!” Lonzo laughed.

The husband watched through the cage bars. He could no longer make out Lizzy’s soft features as her face had disappeared entirely between Khalil’s muscled ass cheeks. He watched her body jiggle and shake as the black man holding her by the head kept her pressed to Khalil’s backside.

“Get in here Lonzo,” Khalil said.

Walter looked down at his own nakedness when Troy stuck his ass in Lizzy’s face. To his horror, the flaccid pink cock from early had transformed into a rigid red rocket, poking freely into the dank air of the dirty warehouse. He wrapped his thighs around it and pushed it back, desperately trying to hide his shame.

“Look at yah fucking husband,” Lonzo said, yanking Lizzy from her third black ass of the day. He pulled her along on hands and knees by her blonde hair, and shoved her face to the side of the cage. “Look at this little bitch and tell him you love eating black ass!”

“I love eating black ass, baby,” she drooled into the bars.

“Tell him you love the taste of black ass!”

“I love that black ass, baby. I fucking love it.”

“Now give him a kiss!”

Lizzy chuckled and puckered her wet lips between the cage bars. To Walter’s horror, he leaned forward and kissed his wife. He tasted ass and salt.

“Fucking pussy!” shouted Troy.

“Beta fucking white boy!” chided Lonzo.

“How my ass taste, white man?” Khalil finished.

When they got her back to the mattress, they tore the denim skirt from her body. The ink that covered her hips and part of her ass met the dirty warehouse light. Oceans and waves and ships and dolphins danced across her white skin. The black men surrounding her filled their hands with her colorful flesh, spanking and grabbing and turning her red.

On her knees again, Lizzy arched forward on her back, so that Khalil could massage her cunt from behind.

“Open wide, white girl,” Troy said, grabbing and stuffing his 19 year old black meat down her throat. He rough-fucked her mouth, pulling spit out as Khalil slid two fingers into her soaked cunt.

“You nigga’s know I’m first on this shit,” Khalil laughed, rubbing himself against her soft opening. Lizzy moaned into the dick filling her mouth, feeling the power behind the teasing pokes Khalil did with his manhood.

Lonzo long-stroked inside her gullet, demanding eye contact from the white wife and getting it. He pulled out long enough to bring his hanging sack to her lips. She engulfed them both, her tongue running along the curly hairs that covered his two giant balls.

“Your wife got both my nuts in her mouth, white man!” Lonzo heckled. “She suckin’ the sweat right off em’. And she love it. Cus she a nasty bitch.”

Lizzy came to rest on her hands and knees, sucking cock as Khalil spread the folds of her pink pussy.

“Not my wife! Please!” the cage called.

“Make sure you get a good view of this white man,” Khalil moaned low, “make sure you always remember the moment you gave your wife to the black race.”

He pushed into Lizzy's greedy, hungry pussy. Despite the sheer girth of it, the head slid in easy as Lizzy's body demanded it. She felt herself spreading as he went further, almost unaware of the nuts in her mouth. She began to scream into Lonzo's lap, trying to please him but unable to focus on anything but that filling feeling happening below.

"Fuck that white bitch!" Troy called, standing above his brothers as he stroked and watched and waited his turn.

Khalil held her by the waist as he caught a rhythm, diving deeper with each thrust, feeling the walls of her love canal straining to accept him. Lizzy's back arched and her ass on perfect display above her. As he blasted her mouth with his cock, Lonzo stretched an arm out and slapped her ass. It jiggled against Khalil's thick meat, halfway buried inside her.

"Give me that black dick!" she cried. "Please please please fuck me, oohh, please."

"Tell your husband, white woman," Khalil said.

"Oh Walter he's so big. So much bigger than you. So much better than you could ever be. Oh fuck. I won't feel you at all after this!"

"Tell your husband he's a pathetic white cuck who no longer gets the privilege of fucking you," Khalil's pace quickened, and Lizzy's body began to rock.

“Only black cock, Walter! Only black cock gets to fuck me from now on! Ugh! Ugh! Fuck!” she lost her breath momentarily. Lonzo tagged out with Troy, who lay down in front of Lizzy with his member pointed directly at her face.

Walter saw them tag-teaming his beautiful wife. A giant black cock ravaged her pussy while another gagged her.

“Black Supremacy, whore. Can you feel it now? Feel it inside of you?”

“Yessss,” she screamed into Troy’s hairy ballsack.

“Do you want the seed of a Black King, bitch?”

“Yes! Please, please, please,” her tattoos were a rainbow mirage as her body moved with the speed of his thrusts.

“You’re gonna get it, Lizzy. You’re gonna get lots of black seed today.”

Khalil was using all of it now, touching her in places no one had before. He flexed inside, giving her the totality of his mass. Her first orgasm came quietly, momentarily blinding and making her mute. No one knew but Khalil.

A rotation began. Khalil fucked her for a few minutes before bumping fists with Lonzo and trading places. Khalil would then take over her mouth while Troy waited in the wings. It was systematic. Almost professional.

“They’re so much better than you,” Lizzy prattled on as the men switched out her mouth. “Bigger, blacker, better. You’re going to wash their clothes, baby. And clean our house for them. Khalil will sleep in your bed with me. You will sleep downstairs..alone.”

“She’s mine now white boy,” Khalil chortled, using two hands to pump Lizzy’s head up and down on his black shaft. “And I’m fucking her stupid white face. Do you see this? I’m fucking her face and there ain’t a motherfuckin’ thing you can do about it. Stupid white boy. Thanks for the cash and the pussy!”

“I’m-I’m-ohhh” Lizzy’s legs began to shake and her knees gave out. She collapsed onto the mattress, her pussy spraying down onto the dirty linens. Troy continued long-dicking her as she tried to pull her conquered, trembling body from his sex, but it was no use. He held her easily by the hips and though her body had gone flat, he stroked her out. She screamed gibberish as her pussy made a puddle.

“Look at your wife, cuck! Look at her!” they screamed. “Look how she come for a black man’s dick! She don’t do that for you. She could never do that for you and your little clit. Look at your fucking wife, white boy!”

Aching from head to toe, wrists sore from restraints, the man formerly known as Walter went limp when the two black boys opened his cage and drug him across the floor. They planted him bedside, inches from where his wife’s body lay beaten and exhausted.

“Who’s first?” Lizzy moaned, lying on her back, and spreading her legs.

“You niggas know who the fuck is first,” said Kahlil, pushing Troy and Lonzo aside and getting down on the mattress with the tired white wife. “I’m the only one dropping a load in this white meat tonight. You niggas can have the rest of her.”

Troy and Lonzo accepted Kahlil’s deal with a smile and hungry hands. As Kahlil prepared to enter her again, the two young Kings kneeled beside Lizzy’s resting head and began to fondle her. Their hands were no less rough than they were at the beginning, except now Lizzy was getting sore. Her whimpers and cries were more pronounced, as were her moans.

“Owww...ouch! Fuuuck, mmm...oh!” she squealed.

“Not done with you yet, white girl!”

“Not till we bust our nut all over you!”

“And inside you,” Kahlil grunted, sliding back inside her.

Walter lay on his side, his face inches from where Kahlil’s superiority was impaling his once innocent wife. He could see the sheer girth of it, and how Lizzy’s pink walls clung tightly around it. The black veins disappeared into her

wet cunt. His soaked, hairy balls slapped her ass crack.

“You see that white man? Do you fucking see it?”

Walter nodded his head yes, a shell of his former self.

“This is how you will serve your Black King, white man. I will move into your home and you will do as I say. You’re going to cook me breakfast, wash my clothes, clean my toilet. Do you understand?”

Walter glanced up and saw a long black dong in his wife’s mouth. She was doing her best to suck it from the side, but it kept popping out of her mouth whenever Khalil slammed into her. Her breasts jiggled and sweat ran down her neck and mixed with the spit that she was coughing up.

“And while you serve me, so will your wife. If I want my dick sucked, she gets on her knees. If I want my ass ate, she spreads my cheeks. And if I want to ruin her virgin asshole with my thick black dick, then she will fucking lay there and take it. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME WHITE BOY!?”

The last sentence echoed off the warehouse walls and was followed by gales of laughter from the two boys taking turns on Lizzy’s mouth. Khalil’s rough thrusts turned to savagery as he plowed her deeper and harder. Lizzy gave up on trying to suck dick all together and began wailing at the top of her lungs.

“FILL ME UP, BLACK KING!” she cried.

“UGH! UGH!” grunted Khalil in response.

“OH FUCK! I CAN FEEL IT! GIVE ME A BLACK BABY! PLEASE!”

“UUUGGGHHH!”

Khalil roared in her face as he planted himself deep, his balls retracting with the force of his ejaculation. Fat, greasy shots of cum began to leak out of Lizzy’s stuffed cunt almost instantly, but it was only Walter who could see it pooling on the mattress. Khalil kept it buried for a long minute, rocking his hips side to side as he made sure to empty himself entirely.

“Good white wife,” he said, wiping sweat from his face and onto her bruised boobs. He pulled his member out slow, feeling her body let go of him. When his black mushroom tip finally dislodged, a river of cum followed and dripped onto the mattress.

Khalil grabbed Walter by the back of the neck and lifted him partway. He shoved his head down into the puddle of cum, rubbing his face in it directly between his wife’s legs.

“Eat it white man, eat my fucking seed. We don’t let a Black King’s cum go to waste. It is either left in a white woman’s hole or left for her husband to clean up. Every drop. Good. Lick it, bitch boy.”

Lizzy glanced down at her husband and laughed at his humiliation. The other two were jerking off in her face, their leaking tips against her cheeks and streaking. Each had their own tit in their hand, fondling it in their own way.

“Stick yah tongue out, white girl,” Lonzo demanded.

“Lick em’ both, bitch!”

Tongue out and mouth wide, Lonzo and Troy tried double stuffing her to no avail. Only one cock seemed to fit in her mouth at once, and each time they almost got both tips in, one would pop back out. She laughed at the game of it even as her husband gagged beneath her.

“I’m about to nut on this pretty white bitch’s face,” Troy said.

“Ugh, fuck, me too!” Lonzo agreed.

Two young, strong black cocks began to erupt at the same time on either side of Lizzy’s head. Troy’s thick goo splashed off her cheek and sprayed her right side tit and shoulder. Lonzo’s far shooting streaks ran into her eyes and hair. Both boys took turns aiming at her face and tits in between each spurt.

“All over your wife, Walter!”

“Look at your fucking wife now, bitch!”

Lizzy had her lips and eyes closed tight at the cum shower raged on. She felt the warmth of it splashing her, the sticky trickle running down her neck and sides.

“Open yah mouth girl,” Lonzo said, squeezing the last drop of it out over her pursed lips. Hesitantly, she opened just as a fat drop of it left Lonzo’s tip. It plopped on her tongue and she tried to close her mouth, but Troy was too quick, and he plunged his pulsing member back into her throat.

“Good white girl,” Troy said, giving her the last long strokes to the gullet.  
“Every last fucking drop. Every drop.”

“That’s a big fucking load,” Khalil stood, pushing his foot into Walter’s side.  
“You better get started, white man.”

Walter looked at the mess covering his wife with an expression of terror. It hung in gobs from her eyelids, with streaks in her hair, coated nipples, rivers of it pasting her entire upper body.

“Not a fucking drop goes to waste, white man!”

The three Black Kings stood over the conquered white couple admiring their work. They watched the white man lick their seed from his fertile wife and they laughed at him.

Lizzy lay blinded but smiling, waiting for her husband to lick away his debts.

# Epilogue

It's Sunday. Which means I must get up early and get the laundry going before He wakes up. He likes to have fresh towels for His late-morning shower. He likes for his favorite sweatpants to be clean and ironed when he gets out of the shower. If I don't get everything correct, I'll be punished.

I can hear them upstairs. It's not even 9 am and the bed is shaking off the frame. A loud squeak accompanies every thrust. I told Lizzy I would replace the screws in the bedframe years ago, but I never got around to it. When I offered to fix it for Him, He told me that he liked the sound. And He liked that I could hear it all the way downstairs.

"Whitey!" He calls from my bedroom. A few minutes has passed since the bed stopped screeching, after nearly forty-five minutes straight. I rush up the stairs as fast as I can without tripping, and when I get to the door, I knock three times.

"Come in," He says.

I crawl into the master bedroom of my house and see my wife, Lizzy, naked and lying between Khalil's massive legs. She is tonguing his balls while his colossal, veiny member lays on his abs half-deflated. She only has eyes for him and doesn't even glance in my direction when I enter.

"I want bacon for breakfast, whitey," He tells me as casually as you might ask for the time. "With biscuits and gravy, orange juice, and pancakes. Think you can handle that?"

"Yes, Black King," I reply, trying to avert my eyes from my wife's plush,

tattooed ass sticking in the air.

“Good boy. You can go. Leave the door open.”

As I prepare His breakfast, I can hear them starting up again. Twice already and it isn't 11 am yet. If today is anything like yesterday, they are just getting started. Khalil moved in three days ago and it seems like not an hour has passed without Lizzy's screams filling the house.

A knock comes at the back door.

I pull the bacon from the oven and set it to cool in the window. Curious, I remove the silly apron Khalil makes me wear and I open the door to the backyard.

“What it is, white man?” asks Lonzo, standing on my back porch with three of his friends.

“Oh...Hi, Lonzo. How are you?”

“I'm good...about to be better. Khalil home?”

“Why yes, yes he is. Would you like to leave a message?”

Lonzo pushes through the door, knocking me aside. His three friends follow, all tatted, all black, all business. They crowd me in my kitchen.

“Something smells good,” one of them says.

“Shit yeah it do,” another agrees.

“Why don’t you throw some more bacon on, white man?” Lonzo laughs, rubbing his hands together. “Me and the boys supposed to meet Khalil upstairs. Said he has a Sunday surprise for us.”

“The bedroom is upstairs and to the right,” I tell them politely.

“Thanks white man,” Lonzo winks.

“Don’t forget about the bacon,” another says, as the group strides from the kitchen. I listen to their footsteps going up the stairs, and then their jovial laughter at whatever awaits them. As I place more bacon on the cooking sheet, a chorus of voices comes from upstairs.

One voice rises above them all.

It shouts, “AND LICK UP THE DUST OF THY FEET!”

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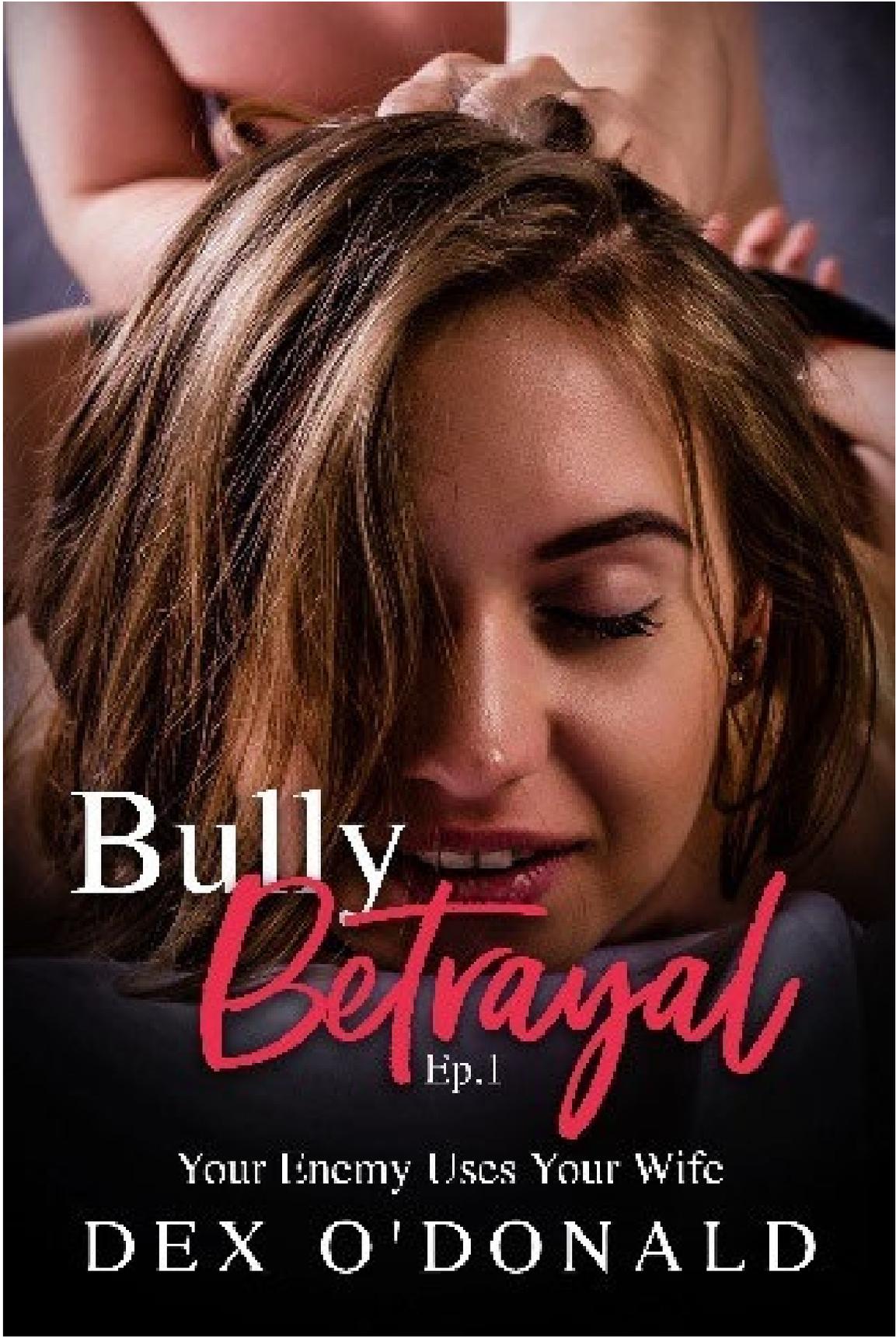
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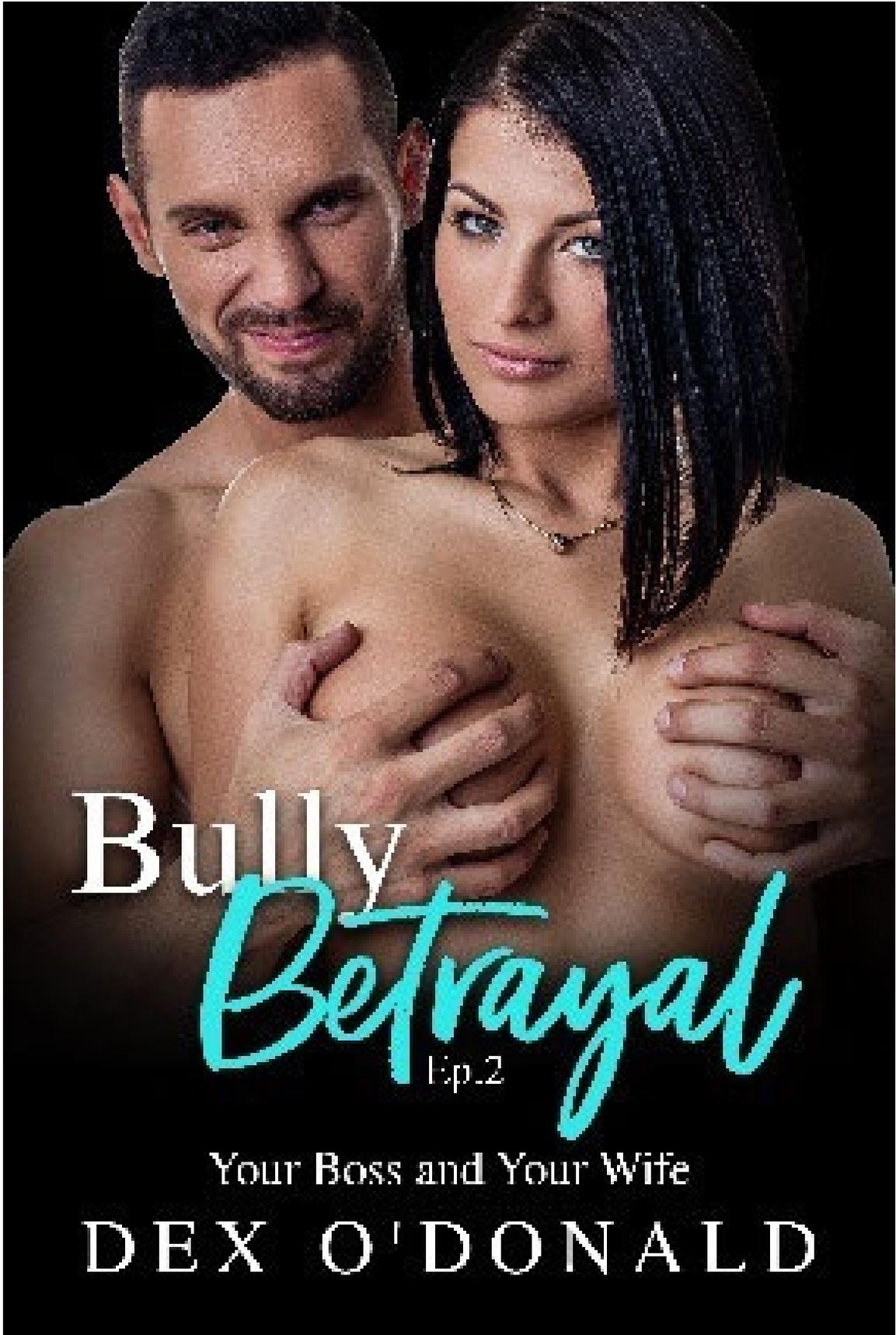
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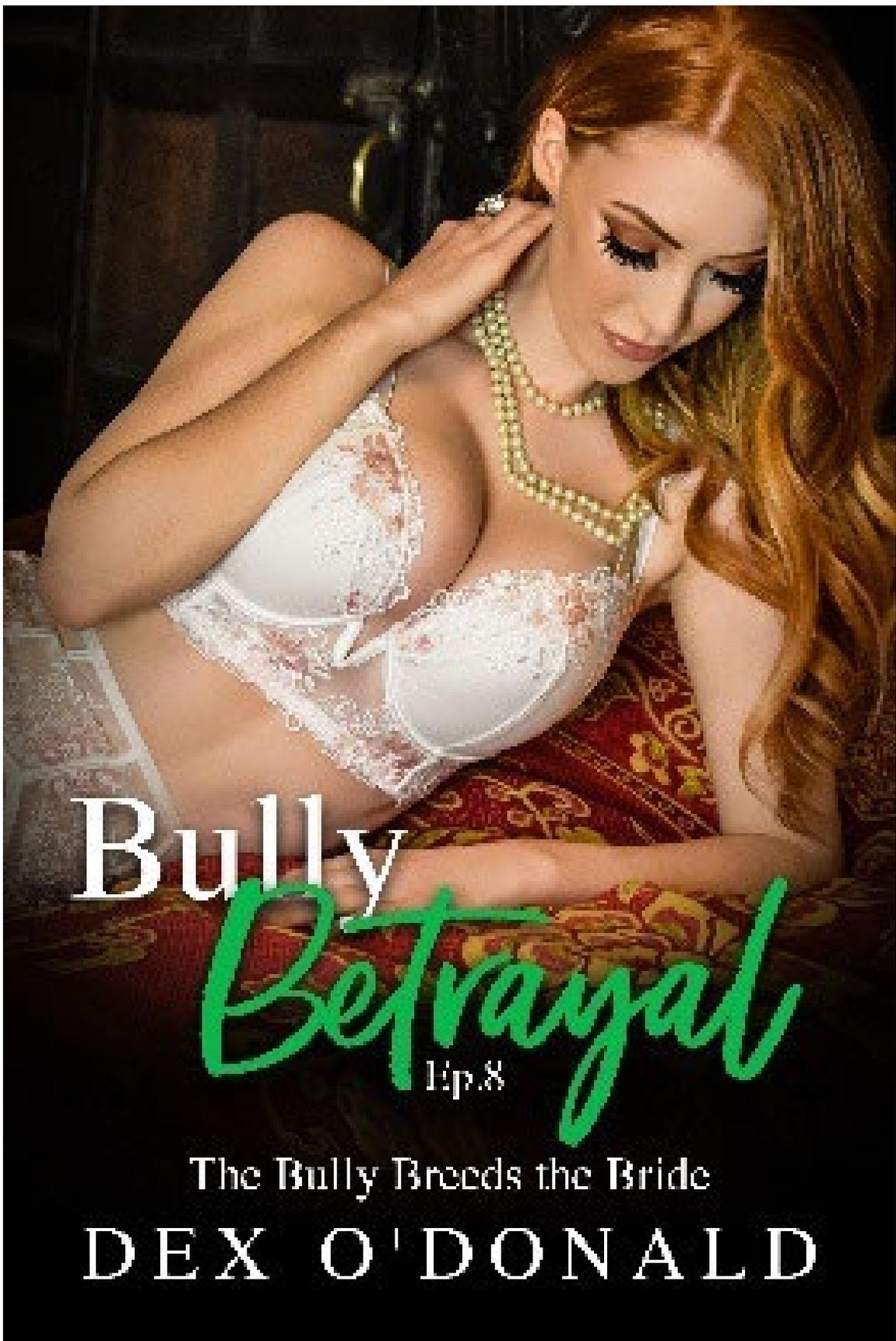
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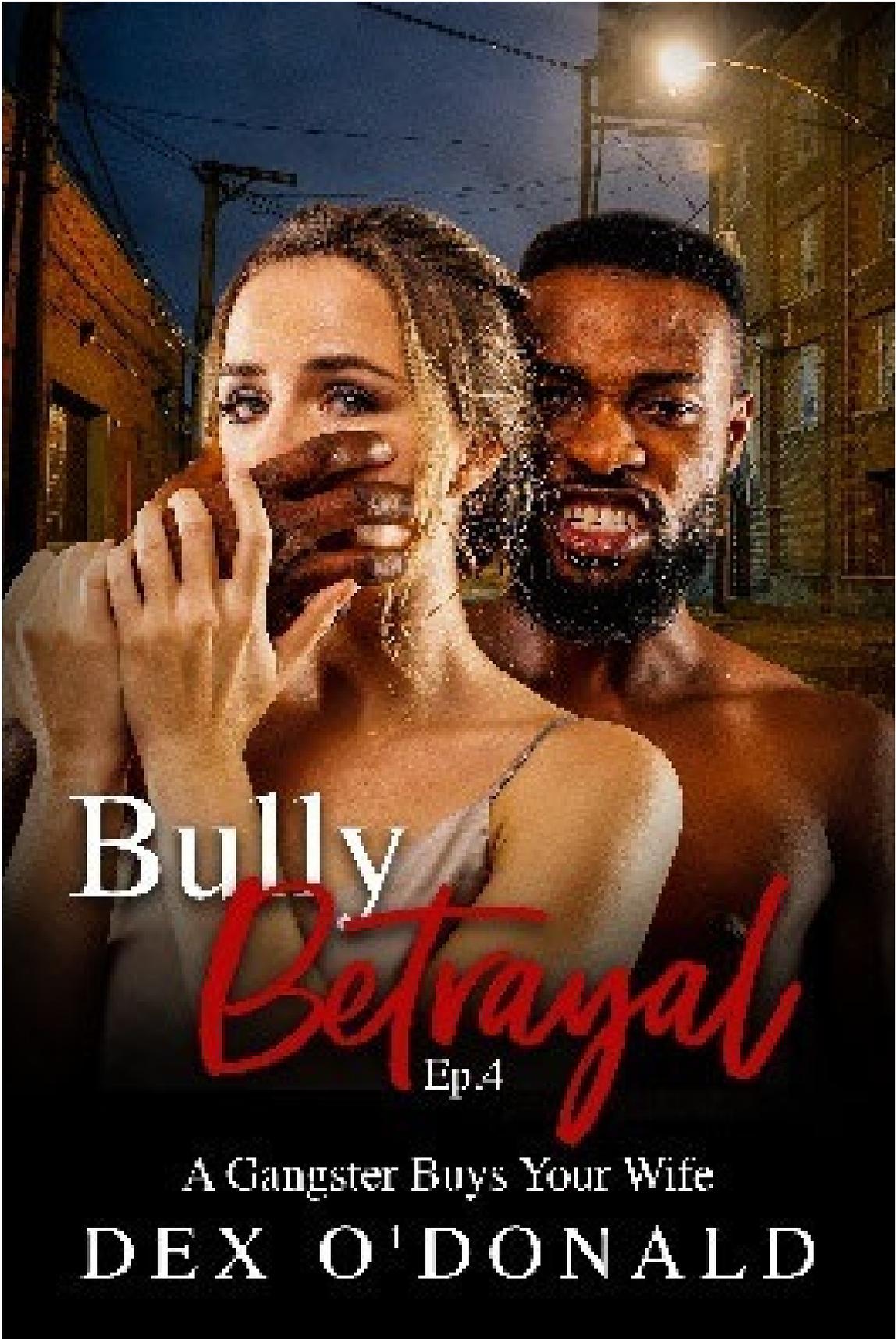
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