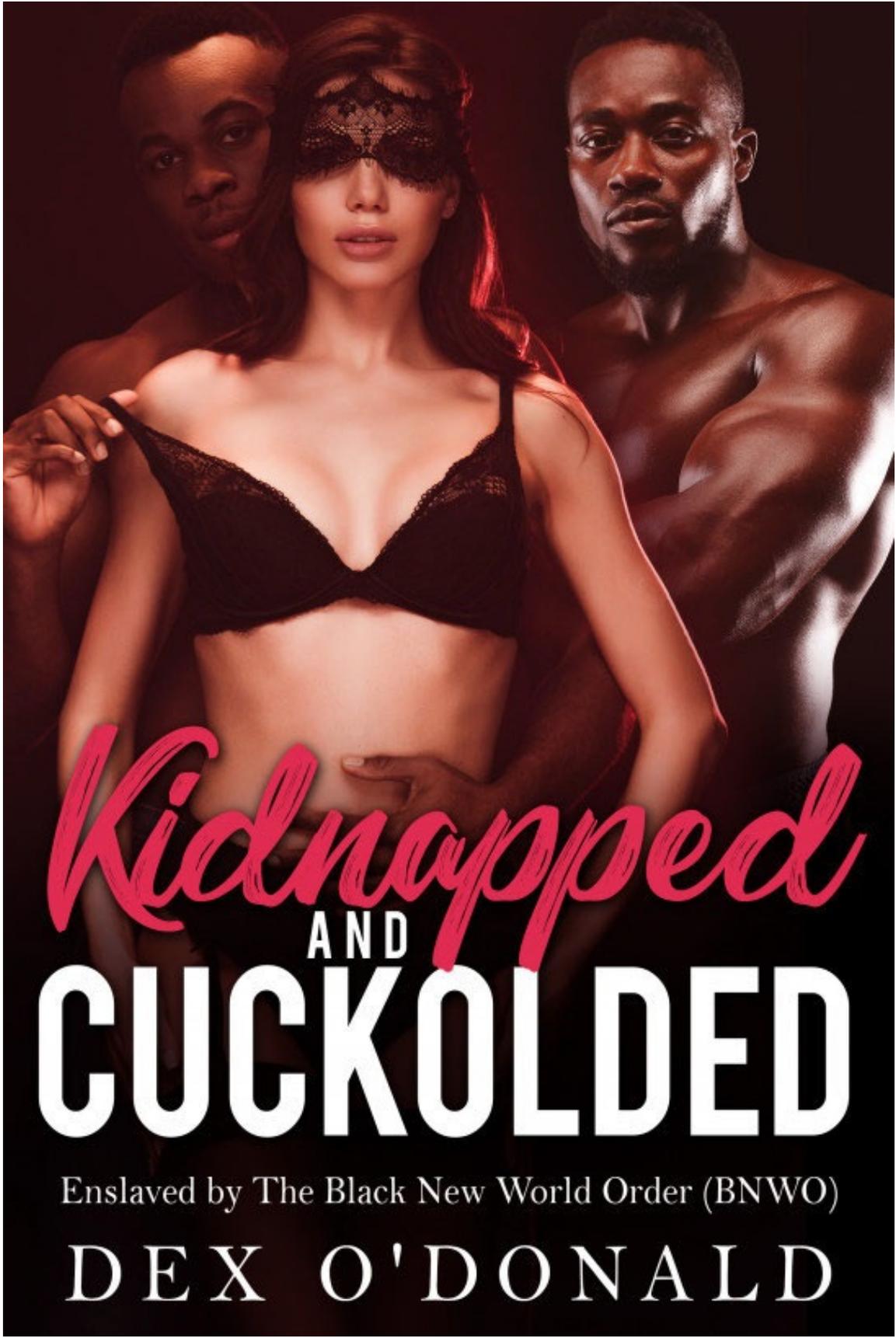


Kidnapped
AND
CUCKOLDED

Enslaved by The Black New World Order (BNWO)

DEX O'DONALD



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Kidnapped and Cuckolded Pt. 4

Enslaved by the Black New World Order (BNWO)

By Dex O'Donald

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Smashwords Edition

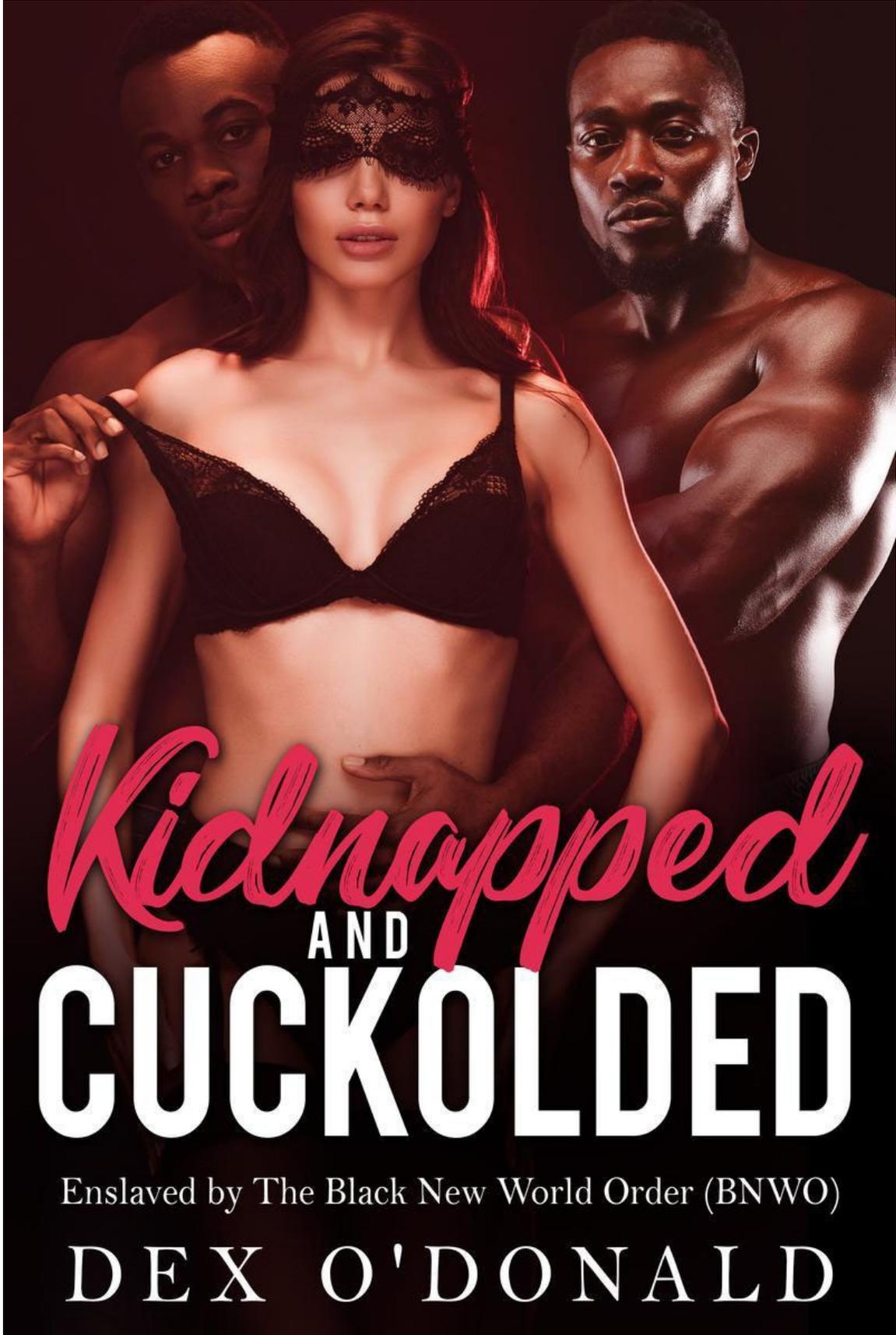
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“If we do this, we do it together. All the way. And that means communication and trust. So, if I tell you I don’t want to select the highest Intensity Level, you should respect that.”

Michael gave his wife a defiant raise of the eyebrows. This was a matter they discussed often, and no matter how much Kelsie tried to convince him with foot rubs and blowjobs, Michael simply would not budge.

“I’ll ask you one more time as your pestering wife,” Kelsie set the laptop down and crawled to where her husband lay on the bed. She put a hand on his package and squeezed. “Can we please, pretty please try to approach this with a sense of adventure? A sense of abandon? Isn’t that why we’re doing this crazy thing in the first place?”

“I think asking someone to kidnap you and have their way with you, in front of me, is plenty adventure. Plenty of abandon, reckless at that.” Michael adjusted under the sturdy grip of his wife. “I just don’t think I could handle watching multiple men use you like that, babe.”

Kelsie let go of Michael’s crotch and rolled her eyes.

“But we’ve already done it with one guy before and we could just as easily do it with one again,” she said, pushing pouty lips out. “If we’re going to do this Kidnapped Cuckolding thing- “

“Kidnapped Couples and Cuckolding,” Michael corrected her, “and the one guy I watched you with was plenty of intensity for me. I came before he even put it

in you.”

Kelsie laughed, her gorgeous smile breaking through the façade of her complaints. “I forgot about that you little perv!”

“What can I say? You turn me on still, even after seven years of marriage.”

“He was big wasn’t he...” Kelsie’s palm found his groin again, this time caressing the white fabric of his undies. “So much bigger than you, Michael...”

Michael’s breath went shallow, his lips parted. Any time she so much as mentioned that night with her bull he checked out, as if in a trance, cock stiffening in tight underwear and images playing over in his mind.

“He was so strong too, baby...he knew how to handle me,” she breathed in his ear, licking the gooseflesh covering his neck.

“You liked it, didn’t you?” Michael stuttered.

“Mmhmm, I loved it. He fucked me over and over. And you just sat there...”

“Fuck,” he moaned, eyes closed and reliving the look on his wife’s face when the bull pushed deep.

“Don’t you want to see it again? Don’t you want to see more men put their hands all over- “

Michael pushed her away suddenly, and so to that lustful trance.

“Are you listening to me, Kelsie? I said no. Now drop it, please. Intensity Level 2. That’s the one we’re doing. Not 5 or 4 or 3. You should feel lucky that I didn’t select Level 1.”

“Fine. You want to spend all this money on this experience and do it half-assed, that is your choice. I’m going to have fun regardless.”

“I bet you will,” he laughed, pulling her thin, small frame into his arms. “And so will I.”

The married couple huddled over the laptop together, completing the final step of paperwork for their Kidnapped Couples and Cuckolding experience.

“This part is important,” Kelsie wiggled her plump ass against her husband’s lap, “the Do’s and Don’ts, Limits and Boundaries, and Specific Requests.”

“Half of the options are already greyed out,” Michael said.

“That’s what happens when you only select the 2nd intensity level, dumbass,” she clapped her ass back and squished his balls, pulling a loud grunt out of her husband.

“Well, I’m still OK with hair-pulling and light slapping so maybe put it in the Special Requests box if it won’t let you select it.”

“With pleasure,” she smiled, typing in the request.

“No interracial,” Michael said, seeing the option on the digital paperwork. “The last guy was plenty big, and he was white. I don’t need some giant black guy spreading you so wide you never feel me again.”

“Wow, racist much?”

“What? I’m sorry, I thought this was a joint venture here? If one of us has something to say, the other person is supposed to listen.”

“Except when I say something, then its ‘too intense’ or ‘too raunchy.’” Annoyed, Kelsie unchecked the box that read Interracial Cuckold.

“Definitely no rimming and no anal,” he told her, his eyes skimming the selections on screen. “You won’t even do that for me, no way I’m watching you do it with someone else.”

“Maybe they have an option where he just takes me out for coffee and kisses me goodbye? Would that work for you or is that too intense, Michael?”

“Ha. Ha. Hilarious.”

“I’m just sayin’,” she copped an attitude, unchecking multiple boxes of fetish and kinks, “by the time we finish saying what he can’t do there won’t be anything left for him to do.”

“He’s definitely going to do you, dear,” he squeezed her close, kissing her on the neck. “By ‘he’ I mean singular. I see you trying to skip over the part about how many performers. Let me help you with that, babe. The correct answer is one.”

“One?” she shot back, a heavy sigh escaping.

“One.”

“Fine. One white guy to fuck me with his pajama pants on. Got it.”

“You’re cute when you pout, Kels. It’s very sexy.”

“Keep running your mouth, babe. Because when you’re all tied up with a gag in your mouth, and another man has his hands...all over me, I’m going to remember all these stupid little rules and make you pay for them.”

“I certainly hope so,” he replied.

“I’m going to check this next box the way I please and you can shut your trap,” Kelsie said, bringing her mouse cursor to one of the three selections listed under Penis Size: Average- Endowed – Gifted.

“Gifted? Really, Kels?”

“What? We’re paying a lot of money. I don’t want something average. If I did, I would just fuck you.”

Michael shook her between his arms, his cock stiffening despite the insult. “How about endowed? You should probably play it safe, Kels. You don’t know what they mean by ‘gifted.’”

“I think I’m done letting you poo poo my fun, Michael.”

Kelsie submitted the last of the paperwork along with a date and time for the pre-arranged kidnapping, and what they would be wearing on that day.

“It’s important to be specific about the clothing,” she said, rolling over to face Michael. “They have to know for sure it’s us. I heard they picked up the wrong couple by mistake once.”

“Sounds like a silly story to me.”

“Maybe.”

Kelsie slid from Michael’s lap and lay at the other end of the bed. She spread her legs so he could see the wet spot on the front of her white panties and ran her fingertips along the tops of her tits; two delicious mounds with wide, pink nipples. They hung delicately on her chest, the skin giving way even at the slightest brush of her fingers.

“That’s it then?” Michael asked. “It’s done? It’s going to happen?”

“Come eat my pussy, Michael,” she whispered, head tilting back to face the ceiling. “I’m so wet thinking about the man who is going to have his way with me.”

Michael came to her on hands and knees, his face disappearing between milky thighs. He licked her over the fabric, nuzzling his nose against her love button.

“Oh, Michael...”

Placing two hands on the back of his head, Kelsie fed him her cunt: sopping, thick folds. Michael licked at her juices greedily, flicking his tongue the way she liked him to.

“Oh, Michael...he’s going to tie you up and make you watch...he’s going to fuck my brains out after he kidnaps us. He’s going to make me do sooooo many bad, bad...oh, Michael!”

On a quiet street in a quiet suburb, Khalil Black has taken over a young white couple's home.

"Mop the floors, white man," Khalil commands from his seat at the dining room table. "We have guests arriving today and I want our new headquarters spotless."

"Yes, Master," Donny Walsh replied, his voice meek and beaten. His outfit was ridiculous; a piece of lingerie in the style of a sexy maid, though it was anything but on Donny's pale, scrawny frame. He was sweaty from raking and bagging leaves in the backyard when he went to work on the kitchen floors.

Between Khalil's legs, on her knees and under the dining room table, Laura Walsh used two hands to work Khalil's massive black pecker into her mouth. She slobbered on it the way he taught her to, being sure to swab the back of her throat with his leaking tip. Drool ran the length of his ebony shaft, soaking his curly pubic hair and fat, gristly ballsack.

"Good white bitch," he grunted, placing a hand on the back of her head, and shoving. "Service that black dick."

Laura's auburn hair was tied back in a bun, and it fit perfectly in the palm of Khalil's hand. He used it to guide her head, skull-fucking her savagely one moment, soft and sweet the next.

This was a daily ritual since Khalil moved in two weeks prior. In the morning, Donny made breakfast while Khalil fucked Donny's wife. In the afternoon, Donny cleaned while Khalil got his blowjob. In the evening, the husband went to

work, and Khalil did as he pleased with Laura.

“Hold still, white girl,” Khalil said, pulling her dripping mouth from his black anaconda.

“Cum all over me, Black Daddy,” she said, licking her lips.

“Imma’ nut all over your pretty white face and you can stay under the fucking table where you belong, bitch.”

Long, thick ropes of it cascaded across Laura’s ruined face. The white wads of cum mixed with her running mascara. It pasted her lips and pooled in her mouth, blinded her, gummed up her hair.

“UGH!” Khalil grunted with each volley.

“Oh fuck! It’s so warm!”

“Swallow bitch!”

A cum-covered mess, Laura remained under the table at his feet. Donny finished the floors in the kitchen and got to work in the living room. He couldn’t help but glance at his wife, sleeping soundly at Khalil’s feet like a dog, cum drying in her hair.

Around 3 that afternoon, the neighbor across the street looked out his window and saw several large, intimidating black men at the door of the Walsh home. He nearly called the police, but when he saw Donny Walsh open the door with a smile, he put the phone down.

“Brothers and Kings,” Khalil said to the men now joining him at the dining room table, “welcome to our new temporary headquarters. This white couple have accepted their place in the Black New World Order and have offered up their home happily.”

“Damn right,” said one, voice low and deep.

“As it should be,” said another, raspy and harsh.

“Come rub my feet white bitch,” said Lorenzo, an afroed black man straight out of a 1970’s documentary. He looked under the table to make sure that Laura was crawling over to service him and he was not disappointed. She pulled his boots off one by one and began to rub her small fingers into the soul of his foot.

“The first order of business,” Khalil began, “is Operation KCC.”

The other men at the table leaned forward at the mention of Operation KCC, one of the longest planned projects within the organization. Many had wondered when or if the plan would ever be carried out, and if it was, who the lucky ones were that got to participate.

“As you all know our hackers have been inside the system of Kidnapped Couples and Cuckolding for quite some time. It is only as of yesterday that we have gained access to their Client Files. We came away with 10 different couples scheduled for their little 2 act play.”

“Ten? Shiiit,” said Lorenzo, looking down at the white woman under the table and jamming his big toe into her mouth.

“Ten couples but only one of them fits our...specifications,” Khalil raised an empty glass in the air and Donny Walsh appeared at his side a moment later, Hennessy bottle in hand and pouring the cup to 3 quarters full. “A white couple who specifically asked for no black men.”

“That’s some racist shit,” Lorenzo said, leaning back in his chair and enjoying the feeling of the white women’s tongue between his digits.

“Had to be her husband,” said the one with the raspy voice, “these white women always asking for big black dick.”

“I don’t care who asked for it,” said Khalil, taking a long sip from his Henny. “Both of them are pure, creamed corn white. They both gonna pay their reparations.”

A smattering of agreement from the other men.

“Go get me a glass and some Henny white boy,” commanded Lorenzo, reaching under the table and pulling Laura up by her hair. He set her on his lap and busied his hands with her small, perky tits, now exposed over the top of her sports bra. Dave shuffled from the room without protest.

“We’ve got the date, time, location, of where they supposed to be scooping these white folk up,” Khalil continued, “and we got the exact employee information of the men doing it.”

“How many?” asked Lorenzo, his long black fingers probing Laura’s lower lips, his hand hastily pushing aside the booty shorts that covered it.

“One man. Solo. In a van.”

“How we supposed to hijack a van on the highway?” Raspy asked.

“Leave the final details to me,” Khalil shrugged the issue off, “but I need 3 other strapping brothers for the taking. And I need every single one of you other niggas at the house that night. No exceptions.”

The BNWO members look across the table at one another, excitement brewing in their formative nods of approval. Dave sauntered back into the room with Lorenzo’s drink, but was ignored completely as Lorenzo dealt with other, pressing matters.

“You licked a nigga’s toes, let’s see what you can do with some nigga dick,”

Lorenzo said, standing from his chair and shoving Laura to her knees. He got his jeans down to his thighs and removed it from inside his boxer shorts. A fat black cucumber hung from his torso, and Laura used no hands to get the tip of it into her mouth.

“Set the drink down and leave, white man,” Khalil said, joining his BNWO brother. “Our guests are going to enjoy your wife a while. You can listen from the next room.”

As Dave Walsh scurried like a rat from his own dining room, he stole one last glance at the scene taking place there. Six black asses surrounded his wife, no longer visible in the sea of ebony skin. He could hear them touching the back of her throat. Dave crouched in the next room with his ear to the wall.

“Let’s breed this white bitch,” Khalil said.

Michael watched Kelsie dress from the hallway. The reflection in the bathroom mirror revealed her half naked; pink panties and soft, round breasts hanging free. Kelsie straightened her air while she gazed at her own reflection, two eyes full of fear and adrenaline, lust and caution.

“Can you get the back of my hair a little, baby?” she asked, feeling his gaze on her.

“Oh, I,” startled, Michael fumbled into the bathroom, “sorry, I just like to...”

“Watch?” Kelsie smiled. “I figured that much out already.”

Michael took his wife’s long blond locks in his hand and ran them through the straightening iron, watching each soft curl as it passed.

“Make sure you get it all,” she said, watching his reflection, “I want it to look good for tonight.”

“I’ll do my best,” Michael responded, the quaver in his voice clear.

“Is that what you call fucking me last night, Michael? Your ‘best’ effort?”

Michael paused and Kelsie wondered for a moment if she had gone too far. He liked the teasing of course, granted she kept the content inside the lines. She’d

crossed them before with her words, and Michael hadn't liked it. Always a tight rope she walked with his feelings, pushing the envelope but not tearing it.

"...you think someone else could do it better?" Michael said, a whisper.

"Go get my dress," she said flippantly, knowing now that she had him by the sack.

Michael hobbled from his wife's naked body and into the adjoining bedroom. A moment later he returned with a white, low-cut spring dress on a hanger. Kelsie took it from him and laid it across her bare body, swaying at the hips and admiring the results.

"There's no mistaking me for someone else in this," she said, "only one gal at the game will look like me."

"Hopefully you will be the only gal at the game," he said, sliding his arms around her from behind and pushing his stiffness into the back of her ass. "I've driven to the spot five times this week already, and there is never anyone there."

"Go sit on the bed while I put the dress on. No touching yourself, either" she shooed him off with a push of her rump.

Michael waited for his wife on their bed, eyes fixed to the bathroom doorway. He thought about the path that had led them to this day, this decision. It started as a small fantasy and became a reality one fateful night. He had sat in the corner

of their bedroom and watched another man take her. And he had gotten off to it, both then and a hundred times since. Now, things were escalating. Perhaps too quickly, perhaps to a point too far for Michael's total comfort. He swallowed his fear and reminded himself that every precaution had been taken, every box checked, every request made so that their experience went the way they wanted. The way he wanted it.

"Close your eyes little cuck," she laughed from the bathroom, "and don't you dare open them until I say."

Michael obeyed, her insult riling him up further, the head of his pulsing cock stretching the front of his shorts. His stomach was topsy turvy upside down, his knees shook constantly with nerves and jitters. He tried to get his breathing under control, feeling as if he may pop his load before the night even began.

"Open them."

She stood before him, blonde hair cascading down her shoulders and tickling the top of her cleavage, full and exposed and plentiful. The spring dress clung to her shape, pulling in at her waist and out at the hips, stopping well short of her thighs. Her lips glistened red, her mascara dark against the green eyeshade.

Kelsie licked her lips and grabbed Michael by the mouth.

"Open up, cuck," she commanded. When he opened, she shook his face back and forth, before spitting in his waiting mouth. "Swallow. Good boy."

“It’s time to go,” Michael said, his voice an octave too high. “It’s already eighty-three.”

“Then we better get going, shouldn’t we?”

Roger Denton left the KC&C warehouse at 3:30 pm, in route to kidnap Michael and Kelsie Brockmen for a solo job on the east side of town. He selected a blue van for the gig, his first solo outing in a long time. Most couples these days wanted multiple men, multiple cocks for the wife. But occasionally you ran into the careful couple, usually at the urging of the husband, that wanted a nice PG-13 fuck. It made Roger a tad nervous because on the rare occasion that the husband couldn't handle it, it was almost always at the lower intensity levels. For whatever reason, the hubby never lost it at the sight of three dicks cock-slapping his wife, but the nervous ones usually started crying or yelling the second you grabbed his girl's titty. Roger hadn't had a husband lose his cool in close to two years, and he was hoping not to relive that experience again.

“Let's just hope Michael Brockmen isn't as big a pussy as he sounds,” Roger laughed, rubbing himself over his jeans and getting his 8-inch dong warmed up for the show.

His music was cranked loud as he drove through traffic, took a left exit, and began driving east on a 35-mph road that was all but deserted that time of day. He didn't hear the roar of motorcycles until they were behind him, riders dressed in black leather with helmets bearing a sticker in red lettering: BNWO.

“What the fuck?”

There were four of them; two behind, one to the side, one speeding to get in front.

Roger motioned to the motorcycle next to him, waving them all to pass him.

“Go the fuck around! Go on! Go!”

The side-rider reached into his jacket and pulled out a semi-auto Uzi, pointing the steel barrel directly at Roger’s face.

“Oh fuck,” Roger choked, eyes widening.

The man with the gun flicked the weapon three times, signaling Roger to pull over. The rear riders weaved into the oncoming lane and sped ahead, joining the one in front. The three bikes began to slow down, pinning Roger between them and the side-rider.

“What the fuck is this bullshit?” Roger asked no one, the half-chub in his jeans now fully deflated. All four had guns drawn now, running Roger onto the shoulder. No sooner had he put the car in park then came a tapping on the glass of his window. The gun barrel was bigger up close, and so was the man holding it.

“Get the fuck out the van, white man, and we won’t shoot yah ass to pieces.” The voice was harsh, his eyes dark holes of vengeance.

“That’s fine by me,” Roger said, hands off the steering wheel. “Just don’t shoot me when I open the door.”

One of the men grabbed the driver door and yanked it open. Another grabbed Roger by the back of the neck and hauled him out into the middle of the empty

road.

“Put yah hands behind your back,” said the angry one.

“Are you going to shoot me?” Roger asked.

“No blood today, white man,” came a raspy voice from behind.

Roger did as he was told and felt the cold clink of cuffs on his thick, hairy wrists. Hard metal poked his lower back, nudging him forward. He followed the men down into a ditch below the road.

“May I ask just what in the hell is going on, gentlemen?” Roger asked his attackers, more curious than fearful. “I mean, isn’t this supposed to be the other way around? I’m the one doing the kidnapping...”

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you white man?” said the tallest of them, removing a black motorcycle helmet with the words BNWO etched down the side. He was African, and his short dreads clung matted to his large cranium. “To kidnap and enslave some more black people. That your thing?”

“Typically, I kidnap willing married couples,” Roger said, the red sticker and the face of this man clicking in his mind. “But it looks like you’ve come to do that for me today...or am I wrong?”

Khalil grinned, a genuine toothy smirk that the white folks he encountered rarely caught a glimpse of.

“I like you, white man,” Khalil said, “you a simple motherfucker, aint you? Just out to get some pussy.”

“Well, when you put it like that,” laughed Roger, “I guess I am simple. And I am definitely a mother fucker.”

This brought laughs from the whole crew, and suddenly the barrels of their guns pointed at the dirt and not at Roger’s grizzled face.

“How long you leaving me like this?”

“As long as it takes,” Khalil said, kneeling with a strip of duct tape in his hands. “I hate to do it to yah but it must be done.”

“You’re that black activist group, aren’t you? The ones I hear about on the news. Enslaving white couples in the suburbs...white men handing over their wives.”

“Maybe,” Khalil replied, hesitating with the tape in his hand.

“You going after this couple, too? What are their names...Michael and Kelsie?”

Khalil covered Roger's lips with the grey adhesive, smoothing his fingers over it so it stuck evenly across his mouth.

“Some more brothers will be here in about an hour, white man. They'll untie you. The van is ours, though. You got a problem with that shit, take it up with HR.”

The men road their bikes down into the roadside ditch, stashing the motorcycles along the bank of a ravine. They walked back up to the road and loaded into the van. After a moment, the vehicle continued east on that quiet stretch of road.

Roger leaned against the ditch he was bound to and tried to catch a nap.

“They should be here soon,” her voice wavered in worry, “they said sometime between nine and nine-thirty. That’s now.”

“Hush darling, “Michael said, squeezing her hand. “It’s better to stay in character. So, I haven’t a clue what you are talking about.”

“Oh, Michael. I’m so nervous.”

The couple walked hand in hand past first base and hooked a left, headed for second. The baseball diamond was illuminated under the vast glow of high-hanging sports lights. The night sky all around was like the dark vacuum of space, as if nothing else existed but the dirt and grass of the ballpark.

It was silent, too far from the highway for cars and too early in the year for the racket of insects. Only the crunch of Michael and Kelsie’s footsteps sounded, their quickened breathing and tense conversation.

“Well now it’s after nine-thirty, Michael. Where are they?” Kelsie wore a white spring dress, short enough to look ridiculous on the sports field. Her tight breasts pushed against the front, bending the fabric to its limit.

“Patience, dear. They probably do it to build up the excitement.”

The couple walked the diamond again, only this time they continued past first base and into right field. Their eyes scanned all angles, anxiously searching for a

sign of their abductors. The plan had been simple enough; take a romantic walk around the backmost baseball diamond at Fisher's Park. Wait for a man to approach and ask for help. Follow him to a van parked on the side of the road.

And voila.

"I don't see anyone," Kelsie said, "maybe something's wrong."

"Doubtful," Michael searched the darkness that surrounded the park, hoping for any sign of someone approaching. "Let's give them a few more minutes before we call the hotline."

"I'm starting to have second thoughts," she bit her bottom lip, squirming in the white dress, "I'm so fucking nervous I don't think I can do it."

"You can't be serious, Kelsie," Michael turned on her.

She looked up at him, her blue eyes reflecting the overhead lights of the field. She thought about what she'd just said and shook her head. Kelsie was nervous, nervous enough to piss herself. But she was no coward. As scared as she was, there was something else in her gut, too. Something like heat and sex, something like a caged cougar ready to feast.

Kelsie's fingertips brushed the front of her husband's khaki shorts, feeling the nervous worm beneath.

“If they don’t get here soon, I might need a warm-up round,” she winked, starting to let go of some of her nerves.

“That is against the rules, babe,” he smiled, allowing himself his own reprieve from his anxieties.

“Well, if I break the rules does that make me a bad girl?” she teased him.

“Oh, you know you’re a- “

Lights like eyes suddenly in the dark, the distant hum of a motor.

“Look there,” Michael said, “a car!”

They stood in the outfield and watched the headlights grow, the growl of a van engine filling the once quiet night.

“That’s not a road,” she said.

“There’s a fence there they can’t- “

A blue van exploded through the chain-link fence lining left field, the screech of metal on metal cut the night. Roaring across manicured grass and destroying the earth in front of it, the vehicle shot forward on squealing tires.

“Michael,” she whispered, clutching his arm with both hands. “What the fuck is going on?”

“I’m sure it’s all in...the...act...” Michael trailed off, watching the van bank hard and come to a sudden halt a few yards from where they stood. The engine cut off and for a moment the silence returned.

The door slid open.

In Michael’s mind’s eye he had envisioned this moment a thousand times. It was in all the reviews he’d read, after all. The giant van, the door sliding open, your captors appearing. In his case, Michael tried to imagine what the man who was going to screw his wife would look like. According to his preference sheet he’d be white, handsome, and well-endowed. Not too mean, and certainly respectful of his wife.

And alone.

“That’s not who we...” the color drained from Michael’s face.

“It’s a mistake,” she whispered, her trembling hands falling from Michael’s shoulder.

Three black men, each taller than the one before him, emerged. Their eyes were cruel and their mouths evil, like hyenas circling easy prey. The biggest of them, dressed in camouflage head to toe, reached a long arm out and banged three times on the driver's side window.

“Fire that engine back up, nigga,” he said, his eyes never leaving the couple.
“This won't take long.”

Michael and Kelsie turned to run, but their kidnappers were already on them.

Michael's face was a mess of fear and sweat, pinned to the dirty carpet of the van floor, a long black boot pressing against the side of his head. The boot belonged to the tall one, the one doing all the talking. The one they called Khalil.

"Hold still, white man," Khalil's voice came from somewhere above. He adjusted his boot on Michael's face and drool leaked from the red rag stuffed in Michael's mouth.

On her back just a foot away from her husband, Kelsie had full view of their kidnapers. Three, intimidating black men and a fourth behind the wheel. Her white spring dress was torn at the shoulder from when they grabbed her, wrestling her from the baseball diamond and into the back of the kidnap mobile. The KC&C disclaimer had said the moment of the kidnapping could be a little bumpy...but "a little bumpy" didn't quite seem to describe the way the men had wrestled Michael to the ground and snuffed his screams with a dirty red rag.

"Damn this white girl got a body," said Raspy, his voice like raking hot coals.

Kelsie squirmed on the floor, her small wrists bound above her head and attached to a metal loop in the van wall. The duct tape covering her plump lips was taut but sensual. The splayed angle of her arms pulled her tits up high enough to nearly spill from the low-cut top of the dress, and easily yanked the bottom of it up to her belly, revealing the laced pink panties below.

"You hear me white boy?" Raspy taunted, "I said your wife's got a fuckin' body on her. Can't wait to get all up in that shit!"

“That’s what I’m sayin’,” Lorenzo joined in, “why wait for the rendezvous when we get a taste right here?” He leaned forward from where he sat and ran ashy fingertips from Kelsie’s knee to the top of her thigh. Michael groaned into the rag.

“This bitch ready to get fucked,” Raspy grunted. His facial features were hard to discern in the low light of the van, his midnight skin a defined but featureless shape in the dark.

“Wait for the rendezvous,” Khalil said definitively. “That way we don’t get tailed...or distracted.”

Michael tried to speak to his wife through the rag in his airway but could only mumble. Khalil removed his boot from Michael’s head momentarily, allowing the husband to roll over onto his back and face his abductors.

This was not what Michael and Kelsie had specified in their paperwork. Not at all. As a matter of fact, from the start of the kidnapping to present moment, not one thing they had asked for had been granted.

No verbal abuse.

No black men.

No more than 1 performer.

Not too rough.

Michael glanced over at his wife, hoping to see some register in her face of their circumstances. Some sign of fear or regret or confusion. Surely, she knew this was not what they wanted, right?

But Kelsie's legs were spread, and the wet spot on the front of her laced pink panties was noticeable.

"How far to the rendezvous?" Lorenzo asked.

"Bout 5 minutes," the faceless driver responded.

"Fixin' to give a nigga blue balls," Raspy licked his lips.

Khalil, giant and hulking, advanced on the little white wife. In the confines of the van he didn't have to move far, and he made sure not to block Michael's view.

"White pussy," Khalil said, palming the wet spot on Kelsie's underwear. "Made for black dick. Made for the Black New World Order." Kelsie whimpered through her nose, thrusting her hips up and pressing into the strong black hand that groped her. Khalil pushed her back down into the floor by her cunt, rubbing fast and decisive before slapping the throbbing pussy and sitting down again.

Kelsie's legs trembled.

Tears welled in Michael's eyes.

"We here," said the driver. "Time to unload."

The next part was dark and jostling, blindfolds and hard hands. Michael couldn't see or hear his wife for several minutes and his heart rate exploded. Sweat poured from his arm pits and soaked the dirty white shirt he wore. Here and there he thought he heard her voice, or something like it. Why hadn't they listened? Who were these men and why were they the exact opposite of what he and his wife had signed on for? When the blindfold came off, Michael shut his eyes tight for fear of bright lights or worse. The sound of tape ripping swift and violent forced him to open.

Kelsie stood in the center of a room; her lips bee-sting swollen. She was panting and her eyes were wide, her wrists bound in front of her by a length of rope. The white spring dress was a mess on her body, and when Khalil moved next to her, she licked her puffy lips.

“On your knees when in the presence of a Black King, white bitch,” Khalil grabbed her by the back of the head, handful of hair, and forced Kelsie to her knees. The room appeared to be the living space of an old Victorian home. A staircase ascended to high-ceilings. The lights were entirely by candle fire, only Kelsie's pale body shown with any clarity. Other black shapes moved about in the darkness, and Khalil's white teeth were visible when he spoke.

Michael looked down and realized in the commotion of being moved his pants had been torn from his body. He stood against a far wall in nothing but small, tight white underwear. When he tried to move forward, he was caught by the handcuffs holding his arms taut behind his back. He was chained in some way to the wall, so tightly that he could no turn to see how. The ropes had been removed from his feet, but he could go nowhere.

He spit the red rag from his mouth.

“Now just what in the hell is going on here!” he shouted.

The dark whispers of the other men, hidden in shadow. Khalil’s gaze turned from Kelsie and fell upon Michael. As the looming African man advanced across the room, Michael cowered until his back lay flat against the cold living room wall.

“What did you say, white man?” Khalil said savagely, wrapping his hand around Michael’s throat and squeezing. “Did you remove your gag without being told to? Did you speak without permission?” Khalil’s grip grew tighter, Michael’s eyes bulged. “I will allow you one trespass, white man. For you do not yet know the rules. But here me now for I will say them only once: You and your white slut wife belong to the BNWO now. You will do as you’re told, and you will serve your African Kings. If you speak out of turn, you will be punished. If you act without permission, you will be punished. And if you close your eyes while we turn your white bitch out, you will be punished. Do you understand me white man?”

Khalil used his free hand to shove the rag back into Michael’s mouth, releasing his throat and letting him cough into the obstruction. Michael thought about spitting the rag out again, this time screaming the safe word at the top of his lungs, but he was starting to piece the situation together. Whoever these men thought they had, Michael and Kelsie weren’t it. This was not the experience they had signed up for but judging from all parties involved (including his own wife), things had progressed to far to turn back.

Michael leaned back against the wall, knees bent and sour rag on his tongue. He breathed through his nose and watched as the black shadows descended on his beautiful wife.

“You look good on yah knees, white girl,” Raspy’s voice came from the dark. Candles on small tables and stands cast the light on the center of the room, dancing against Kelsie’s fair skin. When Raspy stepped behind her, Michael could just make out the man’s scraggly face and wild eyes. Raspy wore nothing but boxer briefs now, and he was close enough for Kelsie to smell the sweat on his balls.

“Been waitin’ all damn day for this,” Lorenzo said, stepping in beside Raspy.

“Don’t close your eyes, white man,” Khalil boomed, removing something long and horrifying from his boxers, “no matter how much you want to.”

On the outskirts of the room, hidden in shadow, were others. All with skin black as pitch, the occasional flash of their eyes or teeth as they watched the show or spoke their own harsh words. Michael tried to count but there were too many. Ten? Fifteen? He thought he recognized the bus driver in the far corner, chuckling with another as they began to stroke themselves.

Kelsie’s expression was overwhelmed, looking up at the three men crowding her. Michael’s view of his wife was unobstructed, with Raspy and Lorenzo to her sides respectively, and Khalil up front.

“Open your mouth,” Khalil commanded, “stick out your tongue.”

With arms still bound in front of her, Kelsie opened wide and popped out her little pink tongue. She kept eye-contact with him by instinct, a wave of excitement tearing through her stomach as she sensed the thing between Khalil’s legs. He lifted it and she saw it by candle-light; dark and veined, stretching

impossibly from the curly black pubic hair at the base. He laid it across her face, and she tasted sweat and dick.

“Keep your tongue out, bitch,” Khalil grunted, “worship my black dick.”

Kelsie kneeled there with the stranger’s meat draped across her head, blocking her vision and tickling her chin with bushy black genital hair.

“Put this bitch to work, take off the bindings,” Khalil said to Raspy.

Raspy promptly leaned down and began to tug at the ropes binding Kelsie’s hands, working quickly to free her strokers.

“Do you want to taste this black dick, white bitch?” Khalil asked her.

“Yes, please,” she whimpered.

“Call me King,” he said, taking hold of his member and thumping her on the tongue with it.

“Yes...King,” she said between cock-slaps.

Her hands were free and being guided to the men at either side of her. It felt

good to get her arms moving and free of the restraints, but there was no time to rest. She felt them enter her palm, felt their girth as her fingers wrapped and squeezed about their ridiculous black donges.

“Stroke, bitch,” Lorenzo spat.

The men on the corners of the room were talking more excitedly now, occasionally hurling shouts and insults.

“Use that white bitch’s mouth!”

“Look at whitey watching his wife with some real men!”

“Slap them titties!”

“Suck his dick!”

Khalil rubbed the enormity of his cock-head against Kelsie’s drooling pink tongue. He pushed it past her lips, allowing himself to leak into her mouth.

“You heard the Black Kings,” Khalil said, reaching out a hand and steadying the back of Kelsie’s head. “Now do your duty, white bitch. Suck my fucking dick!” Khalil pushed into her mouth, filling her cheek to cheek, touching the back of her throat.

She gagged.

“Uh-uh, bitch,” Raspy said, feeling her tits up over the white dress, “don’t you fucking spit it out. Suck that fucking dick!”

“Keep your mouth open,” Khalil grunted, palming her little head easily, “just like that. Let me use your throat, whore. Just like that!” Khalil grinded into her mouth, pulling spit from the back of Kelsie’s throat. She coughed and gagged at first but began to relax as Lorenzo’s wandering hands found her soaked cunt.

“We gotta get this fuckin’ dress off,” Raspy said, curling his fingers around the front of the garment and flexing his arms. He ripped in opposite directions and the dress tore like a napkin. Kelsie’s milky tits fell out and dangled. The room went crazy.

“That’s what I’m talking about!”

“Fuck yea!”

“Get that bitch!”

“Time to serve white girl!”

On her knees between Khalil, Lorenzo, and Raspy, Kelsie's white jugs bobbed and bounced as her arms worked to stroke the massive shlongs surrounding her. A long rope of spit hung from her chin and swayed in the air as Khalil inserted himself over and over again in her mouth, causing Kelsie's cheeks to bulge outward from the mass of it. Loud, retching gags pierced the murmurs and laughs of the men watching.

"Bring that white cuck closer," Khalil spoke, never taking his eyes off the prize kneeling before him. "I want him to see his wife's true purpose. I want him close enough to smell it."

All at once Michael felt their hard hands on him, unhooking him from the wall and dragging him across the room, closer to his nightmare. The faceless men held him there on his knees while they shook his face and squeezed his cheeks, forcing him to watch the scene taking place inches away. He could see the snot leaking from his wife's nose, smell the sweat on the dick of the man using her mouth.

"You see this shit, white man?" Khalil said, "you see how I use your wife like a fuck toy?" Khalil had Kelsie's hair balled into a fist, pummeling her gullet.

A low, drawn-out moan came from the rag in Michael's mouth. The defeat in his eyes as pronounced as the lust in his wife's.

"Time to share, nigga," Raspy rasped. "Let me get some throat before that bitch get too tired!"

Khalil handed her off casually, as if she were a bottle of water or a hacky-sack.

“Lick nuts, bitch,” Raspy shot, lifting his bloated cock and giving her easy access to his leathery, shaggy ballsack. As Kelsie leaned in, mouth open, Raspy grabbed her by the sides of the head with both hands and smothered her. The room exploded with laughter and approval, and Raspy shook the white girl around in the depths of hairy, sweating nuts. “That’s it white girl, suck a niggas nuts. Lick em’ clean!”

Michael tried to close his eyes but was immediately struck in the face by Khalil, who wagged a finger at him. The BNWO members holding him tightened their grip on his arms and face, keeping him still and forcing him to watch his wife get degraded. Constantly the nameless, faceless men whispered in his ear- You see that white man? You see your wife? She a nasty bitch. She’s our fucking slave now.

Eventually, Raspy replaced his sack with his fat black log.

Kelsie longed to rub that throbbing spot between her legs, but she didn’t dare drop a dong. Khalil loomed high above; arms crossed over his wide chest. Kelsie got the feeling that if she let go of him to please herself she might be in trouble. A lot of trouble. Whatever role he was playing, it scared her. It excited her, too. Unlike her husband, she wasn’t hung up on the change of plans. So what if the KC&C had gotten literally every detail of their experience wrong? She was certainly enjoying herself. And if Michael was going to cry about it, so be it.

Her nerves were behind her. Only lust remained.

Lorenzo’s turn came next, moving over to stand in front of her. He nodded at the men holding onto Michael and a moment later the husband was lying on his

back, hands pinned underneath his body. His wife's thighs were overhead and then on either side of him, her soaked cunt dripping inches from his face. As he looked up, he could see the shape of her beautiful body; the under-side of her tits and the pink, erect nipples harder than they'd ever been. He could also see Lorenzo's nine inch, ebony monster pointed directly at Kelsie's red, splotchy lips.

"Enjoy the view, white man," Lorenzo laughed, "and be a good slave and catch the leftovers."

Michael watched his wife's throat expand as Lorenzo went deep. After some gagging and coughing and struggling, he pulled out until just the tip of his meat kissed Kelsie's tired lips. Drool and spit and cum leaked from her wet mouth, falling onto Michael's face, coating him. Lorenzo plunged once more, mining for saliva only to deposit it down onto the cuckold below.

"Spit on your husband's face and tell him you serve black cock," Lorenzo pulled her forcefully from his shaft, directing her by the back of the neck.

Looking down at Michael between her thighs, Kelsie smiled. She dropped a wad of pre-cum and drool from her tongue, watching it splash into his eyes. She rubbed her cunt against his soaked face.

"I only serve black cock now, Michael. You fucking loser!"

The room erupted and Lorenzo returned to excavating her gullet.

The men on the outskirts of the room were crowding closer, and as the candlelight illuminated their black bodies it became clear that they were all nude. Hung. Stroking themselves to the sight of the woman being used in the center of the room. Through his obstructed vision Michael tried to count them but there were too many. The three above him passed Kelsie's mouth around.

“Collar these white slaves and lead them to the breeding room!” Khalil boomed with force.

The white married couple kneeled side by side, both streaked in spit and sex. Kelsie submitted happily, presenting her thin white neck for the leather dog collar. Michael tried to struggle once but Khalil grabbed him by the cheek and scolded him. Both leashed like animals, they were led on all fours through the flickering living room and into an adjoining apartment. Here there was a bare, white king mattress on a large wooden bedframe. Michael's collar was looped to the wall where he was forced to stand.

Kelsie was led to the bed. The long line of black men filed in after her, lining the walls and gripping their girth. They were packed in close and some of them shoulder to shoulder with the husband bound to the wall. Michael saw how big they were, each of them stroking and staring and laughing. He watched as the three performers placed his wife on her back.

Lorenzo held her leash.

Raspy pinched and slapped her boobs.

Khalil spread her legs.

“You are now the property of the Black New World Order,” he whispered savagely, “are you ready to serve your Black King?”

“Yes, King,” Kelsie licked her lips, the long leather leash leading from her neck to Lorenzo’s domineering hand.

“You will be filled with black seed,” he continued, rubbing his mighty tip against the pink folds of her sex. “And your husband will raise my black baby.”

“Oh fuck...” she moaned.

Raspy stuck two fingers in her mouth, probing and searching. Lorenzo pulled on the leash, choking her as Khalil slowly penetrated.

“Breed that hoe!” the voices began.

“Choke that bitch!”

“Look at your wife white boy!”

“You know she want that nigga dick!”

Khalil passed the wet entrance of her cunt, spreading Kelsie's walls further than they'd ever been. She tried to cry out, but Lorenzo choked her, and only spittle and a whimper escaped her used pharynx.

"Your wife is quivering on my black cock," Khalil stared into Michael's eyes. "Watch her. Watch her take it all the way. And when I'm done filling your bitch, you can lick up the leftovers." Khalil's massive ebony frame leaned into Kelsie's petite, milky body. The shape of his strength tensed and veined as he went further inside. Kelsie arched her back, gasped for air, and welcomed the African man into her sex. Khalil slid tight into her cavity, sopping and warm. She felt the moment he reached the place no man had ever been before.

"Oh my God..." she whimpered, eyes closed and voice cracking. "Oh my God... I...didn't know it could be like this...oh fuck. Oh God!"

"Does she call you God, white man?" Khalil shouted, drawing laughter and roars from the ten plus men crowding the room. "Watch me fuck your bitch!" Khalil grabbed her by the waist and began to wail. Raspy slapped her screaming face with his heavy hog, rubbing it against her open mouth and exposed tongue. Lorenzo stroked himself with one hand and fondled her tits with the other.

The nameless men moved closer. Soon, Michael could barely see over their shoulders.

Khalil hunched over her body, his fists digging into the dirty mattress. His hips came high, horse-cock revealed and glistening, before slamming back inside Kelsie and drawing a scream of delight. His fat balls slapped her plump, red ass. Lorenzo and Raspy were fucking her mouth from the side, taking turns, and calling her names.

“I’m cumming!” she screamed through a mouth full of hairy balls.

“Watch her shake white man!”

Michael could no longer see her, his view only strong black backs and asses, hairy thighs and bare feet. He could hear Kelsie screaming and the men laughing, he could smell the sex in the room.

The first to splash Kelsie with hot semen was a nameless man from the corner, shorter than the rest but hairier. He pushed his way to the front and told Raspy to move as he brought his raging hard-on above Kelsie’s contorted face. He grunted in time with his spurts as her body shook from the fucking Khalil gave her. It streaked across her cheeks and chin, landing as far as her neck and just short of her bouncing knockers.

Kelsie felt it land and cried out with surprise. She’d seen the men watching and jerking but hadn’t expected them to participate. For a moment she reflected on the fact that none of this was what they had originally planned, and that these men were breaking every rule set for them. It was supposed to have been 1 actor. Not 12.

“Bathe in it, bitch,” Khalil said, continuing to ride her.

“Oh fuck, baby. It feels so fucking good...” Kelsie whimpered, fresh nut dripping from her face.

More men surrounded her, their African cocks of different shapes and sizes lined all along the sides of her body.

“Open yah mouth white girl,” said Lorenzo, dropping the leash and bringing his black mamba directly to the front of her face. Fat, white gobs dripped from his tip and landed on her tongue. Kelsie made a face and tried to spit it out, but Lorenzo pushed himself into her kisser, blocking any exit. “UGH! UGH!” She choked it back as Lorenzo continued to unload.

At the same time, two more of the faceless men began to spray. They showered her supple body with hot ropes and white drips of man seed. The warmth and stickiness, the way it rained down her sides and tits worked Kelsie up, and she felt that deep throbbing as Khalil’s perfect cock kept hitting her there.

“I’m cumming again oh god oh fuck!” she blurted out.

More of them unloaded, streaking and covering her pale body. Khalil dripped with sweat, his pumps becoming quicker and more vicious. As the men who finished resumed their place along the walls, Michael saw his wife again for the first time in a while. She looked ruined; her body red from slaps and her skin coated in the semen of too many men to count. His knees gave out and if it weren’t for the throat collar holding him to the wall, he would have fallen to the floor.

“Eat my nigger ass, bitch,” Raspy laughed, planting a foot beside Kelsie’s head and positing his black cheeks directly above her. Michael watched his wife’s classically beautiful face disappear between two hairy ass cheeks. Raspy started to grind. “I can feel your wife’s tongue on my asshole, white man! She’s a dirty

fucking bitch!”

“UGH!” came the grunts of the nameless. Sizzling seed drenched her tits and filled her belly-button, greased her thighs and showered the dirty mattress with wayward cum.

Raspy jerked himself off as he hovered over Kelsie’s face, letting the white girl please his anus. The black man’s hairy balls hug low and balanced on her chin, and it was that degrading sight that seemed to kill Michael the most. Somehow it was a relief when that scruffy sack left Kelsie’s chin so that Raspy could blast the biggest load yet, directly into her face.

“Just like that!” Raspy rattled, his voice a thousand packs of cigarettes. His cock-head was no more than an inch or two from her face when he blasted; splooge ricocheting from the force of his ejaculation, landing in her hair and blinding. It ran in fat, filthy wads off her cheek bones and coated her lips like toothpaste. Each time Michael thought it was the last of the shots, another came, until Kelsie gasped for breath under the weight of it all.

As the rest of them finished up, they backed away one by one until all that remained on the bed was Kelsie and Khalil. He fucked her there for a long time, covered in the cum of other men. She came. She came again. At last, Khalil wrapped a hand around her tiny neck and flexed his massive bicep.

“Don’t fucking move,” he breathed. “Watch this shit white boy.”

In silence, Khalil buried himself to the hilt. Kelsie felt his jizz unleashing inside her, filling her wall to wall, drenching her insides. She felt his cock convulsing,

and when she squeezed against him, she came again. Her legs shook and she wet herself. The men who defiled her now laughed at her. Khalil squeezed her neck till she was red in the face. When the last of it was inside, he carefully pulled out so as not to get the mess of the BNWO on himself. Khalil stood back and admired his work.

Kelsie convulsed on the bed, wrecked. Along with the nut that covered her, a white river had begun to leak from the battered folds of her pussy.

“Bring the bitch boy,” Khalil said. He stood dripping with sweat, his perfect black body glistening in the low light of the breeding room. Michael was led by his leash to where his wife lay and placed between her legs.

She looked down at him, and he up at her.

“Eat it up white boy. Now.”

Michael hesitated only a moment, but it was enough for Khalil to grab him by the head with both hands and force his face in the mess that was his wife’s cunt. He tasted salt and man. He heard the laughter of the BNWO.

And the laughter of his wife, too.

“Has anybody heard from them?”

Roger Denton sat across from his boss on the 30th floor of the KC&C headquarters. It had been twenty-four hours since he was run off the road by the gang that called themselves the BNWO.

“Well...not exactly,” Torrance Tool told him. Torrance was the first and founding employee of Kidnapped Couples and Cuckolding. He had been a performer for several years before retiring to a quieter life of being a private bull for wealthy couples. In his time as president of operations, he had seen many kidnappings go well. And some not so well. This most recent fiasco was by far the worst thing that had happened to the company since its inception.

“Not exactly?” Roger asked quizzically. “What do you mean?”

“Apparently it’s just as you said,” Torrance went on, swiveling in his chair to look out the glass window and onto the city below. “You were intercepted by a black extremist group known as the Black New World Order. From there, they intercepted the couple you were supposed to be kidnapping. They promptly ignored every rule and request that couple made on their paperwork.”

“Fucking Christ!”

“It gets better,” Torrance said. He was a mild-mannered man everywhere besides the bedroom. In times of hardship or stress he maintained an aura of calm and invincibility. Twice in his tenure at KC&C his men had taken the wrong couple and nearly run the company into the ground. It was that calm and composure that

had gotten his men and his business through those trying times.

At the moment, it took every ounce of his patience not to tear into Roger Denton.

“Apparently, they still have the couple, as a liaison of ours has informed me. However, when put on the phone with the wife...a Mrs. Kelsie Brockman...she refused to come down to headquarters to sort out the mistake. She in fact told our liaison that there had been no mistake and that she and her husband were quite satisfied with the service provided.”

Roger raised his eyebrows.

“When she was informed that the men who had her were not part of our company, she seemed none too concerned with such trivialities. In fact, she said in that case she would be expecting a full refund in the form of direct deposit... and to not contact her again.”

“Well what in the holy fuck- “

“Enough, Roger. Your casualness and stupidity have caused enough of a mess. But there is a way for you to make it up to me...and keep your job.”

Roger straightened in his chair, swallowing the lump of pride in his throat.

“There’s no way to know if the wife is telling the truth or if this extremist group...this BNWO...has a gun to her head. So, I need you to find them. I need you to confirm that they are there of their own free will, or if they need to be rescued. At which point, you will do the rescuing.”

“Excuse me?” Roger laughed. “What am I? Rambo? Steen fucking Seagull?”

“You’ll be whatever you need to be, Roger,” Torrance said, swiveling back around to glare at his employee with eyes raging fire. “Because if you cost me this company, I promise you that you will lose more than just your job. Do I make myself clear?”

Roger Denton walked out into the busy city streets with a new lease on life, and a definitive time limit on how long that new lease would last. He had planned on getting a beer after his meeting with the boss man. But now he had other business to attend to.

“If I were a black extremist group hiding a suburban white couple...,where would I go?”

Roger got in his Mercedes and set off to find Khalil, Kelsie and Michael.

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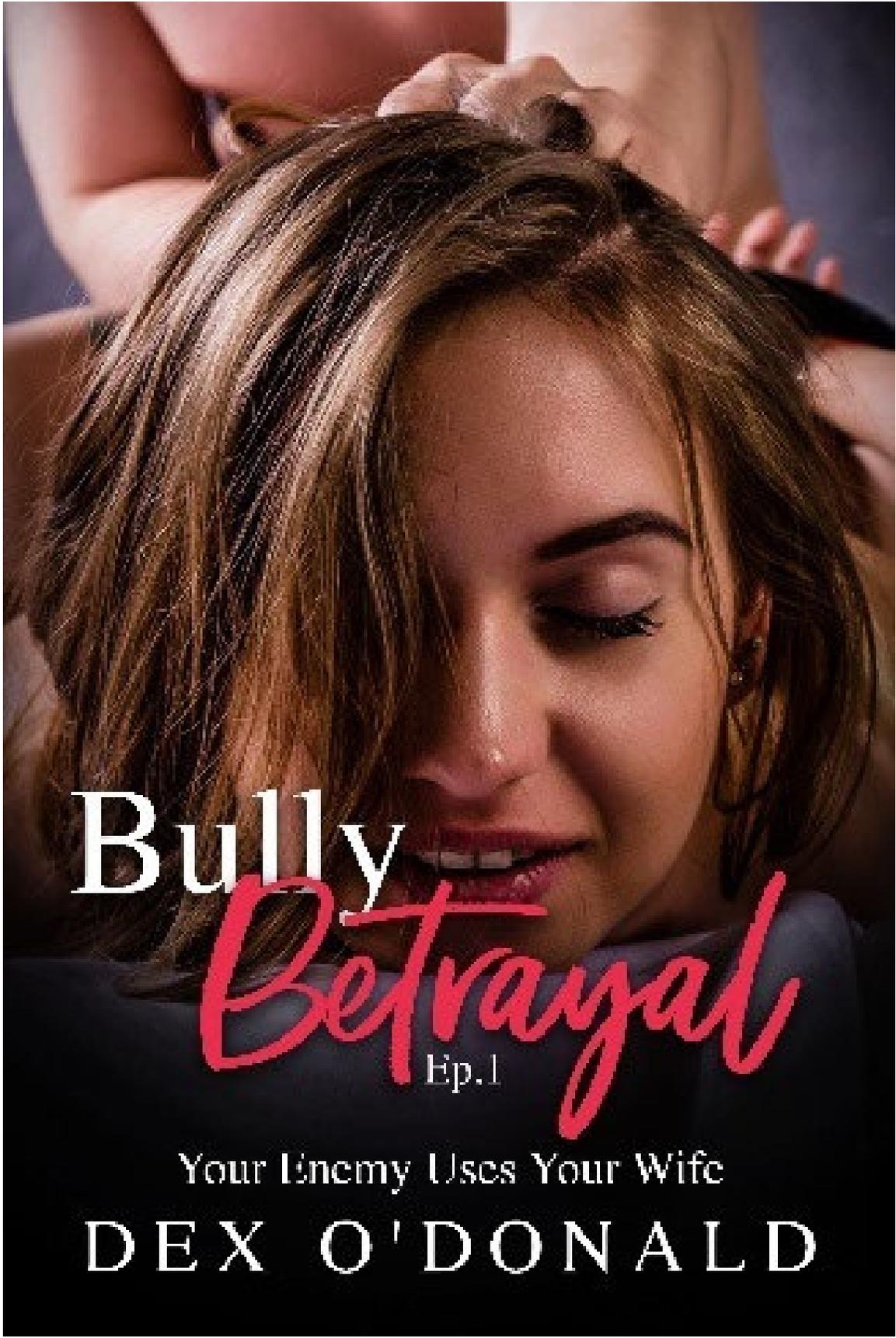
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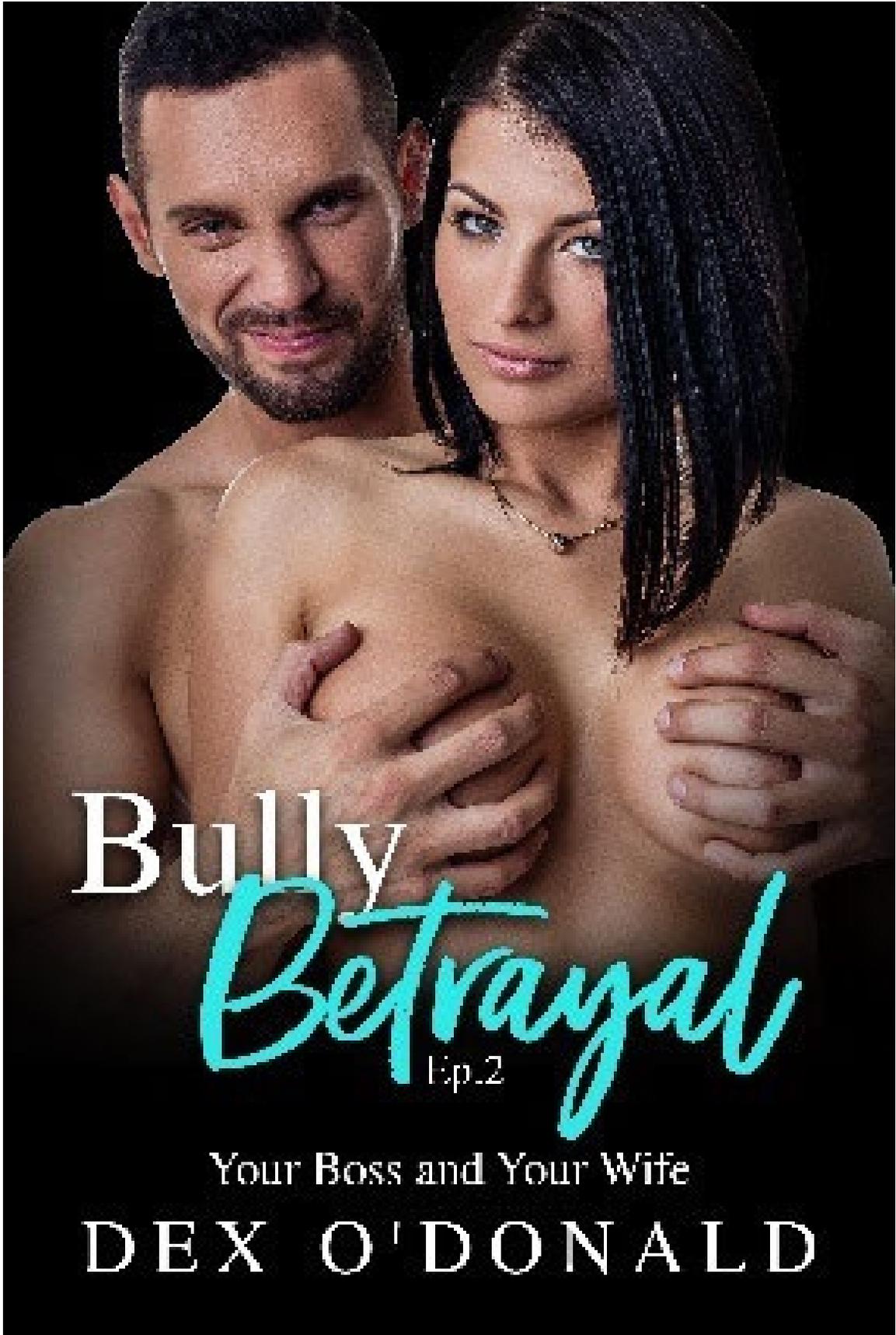
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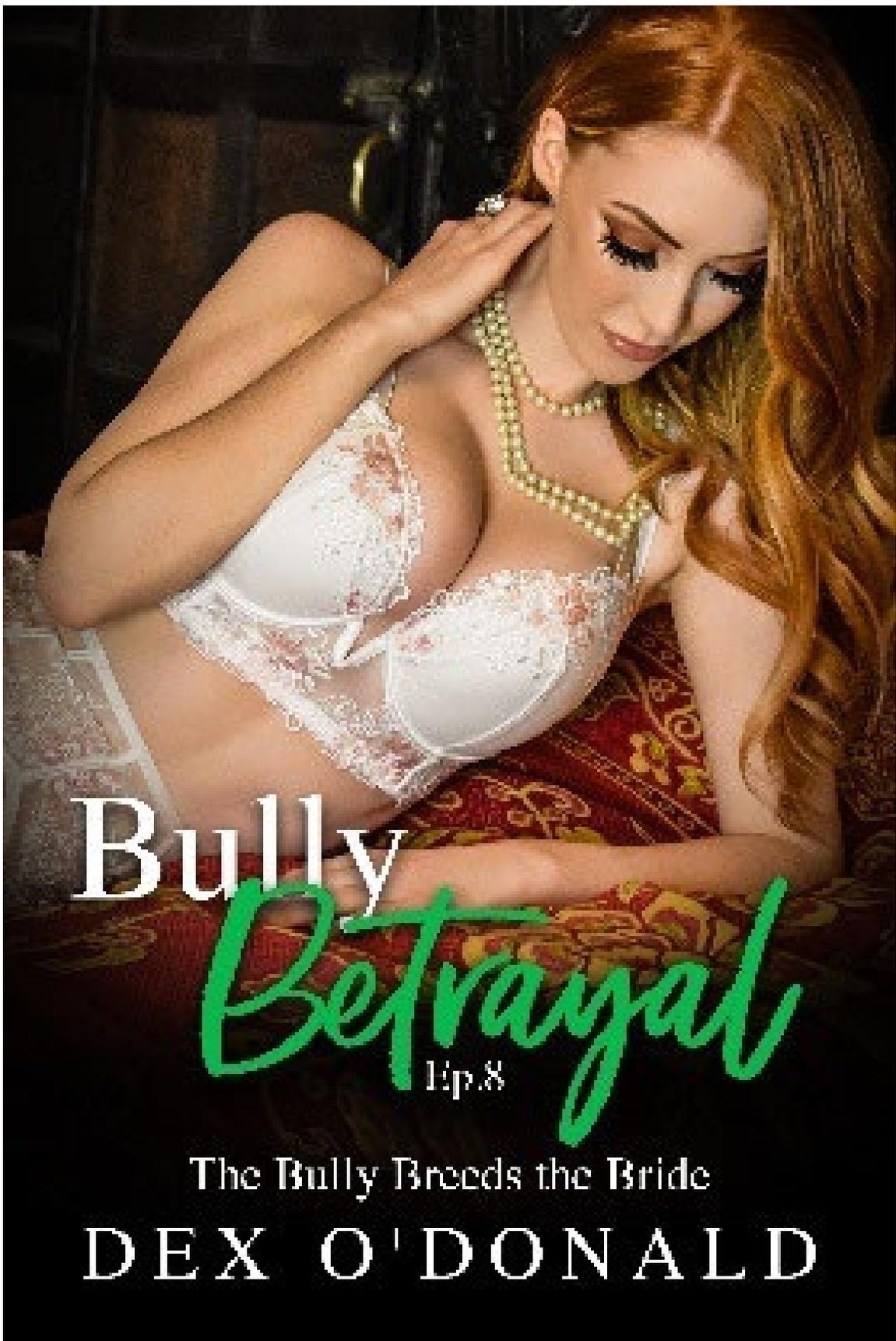
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KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

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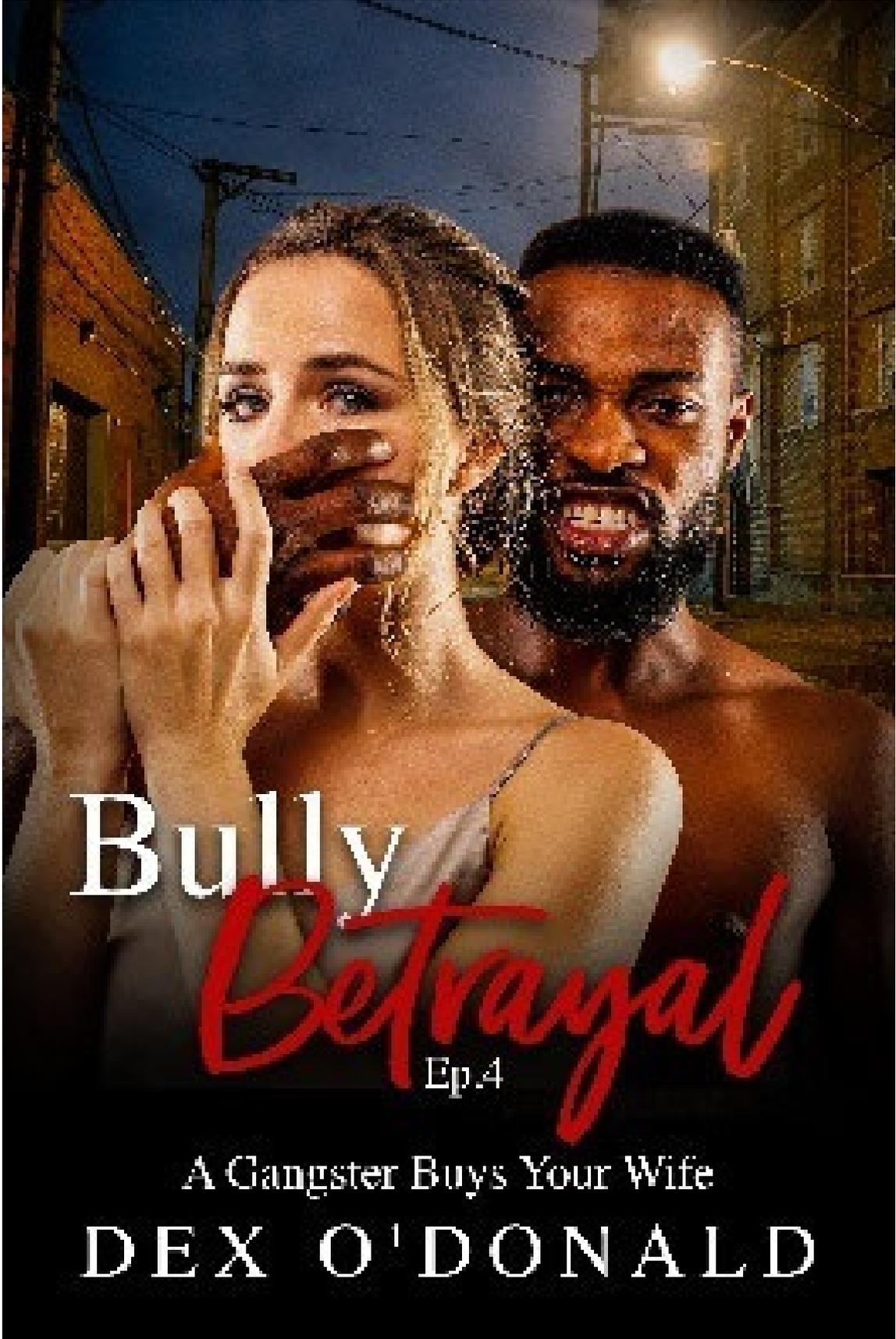
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