



THE LIBERAL HOTWIFE
LEARNS A LESSON FROM THE
**TRUMPSTER
POLICEMEN**

MMF FIRST TIME CUCKOLD
DEX O'DONALD



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**Liberal Hotwife Learns a Lesson from the Trumpster Policemen (MMF
First Time Cuckold)**

By Dex O'Donald

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At 12:05 am on a Saturday night, red and blue lights flashed in the rearview mirror of Steve's Toyota. A moment later a siren blared, a police car bearing down behind.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Steve groaned.

"Are we getting pulled over?" Talia asked, perplexed.

"I'm not even speeding! What gives?"

Steve's frantic eyes searched the rearview, hoping against hope that maybe the cop would pass them and move on to more important business. But the flashers stayed, as did the cop car they were attached to. Defeated, Steve flipped his blinker on and steered the car onto the shoulder of that vacant, country road.

"I hope it doesn't smell like pot in here, Steve," Talia sounded concerned. "We smoked that bowl like an hour ago and aired it out pretty well, but that ounce is in the- "

"Jesus, Talia!" he interrupted. "Can you not right now? I'm nervous enough as it is. You know how these country cops are! We are in the middle of fucking nowhere Georgia!"

"Don't yell at me, Steve!"

Steve put the Toyota in park. The police vehicle pulled behind him, cutting the siren but leaving the flashers raging. He shuffled in his seat and looked over at his new, lovely wife. Her blue-grey bugeyes were wide and scanning the sideview mirror, her blonde hair a messy bun on top of her head. Sexy little curls fell about her face and when she bit her bottom lip, swollen and pink, he could see how scared she was. He realized suddenly that Talia was dressed quite comfortably for the long road trip ahead of them; gym shorts and a loose-fitting tank top that did little to hide her tanned, free-hanging breasts.

"Maybe you should put a shirt on, babe," Steve said, fear creeping into his voice. "You don't know how these state cops are."

"Seriously, Steve? Are you fucking kidding me?" she whispered angrily. "We might get searched for drugs and you're worried about my fucking tits?"

“Just saying babe- “

“Oh, just say it some other time! Fuck!”

Through the haze of blue and red neither of the two could make out the figure in the cop car. It was only when they heard the door slamming shut behind them that they knew he was approaching the vehicle. Steve straightened up and Talia tried to look unconcerned, almost lazy in the passenger seat. Before he rolled the window down, Steve looked over at his newly-wed wife and was struck not for the first time by how sexy, how provocative she was. There was a terrible feeling in the pit of his stomach, an intuition he couldn't put his finger on.

“Evening officer,” he said, looking up blindly into the halo of a flashlight. “What can I do for yah?”

The officer seemed like a giant on the other side of the window. The flood of light hid his features, and his silence made the young couple tremble in their seatbelts. The Maglite illuminated everything in the small car, including Talia's revealing body; long, tan legs and spilling, voluptuous tits. The light moved further into the car, focusing further on the girl in the passenger seat.

“Evening, Officer?” Steve asked confused, squinting.

“I heard you the first time, idiot,” came a gruff voice, “You can speak when spoken to, boy.” There was a clear southern drawl, and a cruel tone that offered no compromise. Steve went quiet. Talia tried blocking the light with a small hand, turning her head away from the intrusion.

“This your car?” the officer asked, keeping the light on the girl.

“Um. Yes, sir. Do you need to see my license and registration?”

“Did I ask for your license and registration, boy?”

“Well...no, but I just thought- “

“I don't give a rats ass what you thought, boy. I'll ask questions and you give me answers. Past that you can shut the hell up.”

A dreadful sickness was rising in Steve's stomach. The officer was stone-walling

them, and so far as Steve could tell they had done nothing to warrant such behavior. He turned his head from the light and locked eyes with his wife. He tried to give her a look of warning, but she couldn't see anything.

"This your husband?" the officer asked Talia.

"Yes, Officer," her voice was soft and tired.

"Of course he is," chuckled the officer. Stillness and quiet in the night air, and neither Steve nor Talia knew what the policeman meant by his cryptic comment.

"Can you tell me why I was pulled over, Officer?" Steve asked politely.

"Goddamnit, boy. You liberals really are dumb as dirt, aren't you?" The southern twang became more pronounced with the rising anger in the cops voice.

"Excuse me?" Steve responded.

"This is your car, right? You said so, don't lie to me boy."

"Well, yes it's mine but- "

"So, then who do all these stupid bumper stickers belong to? Nancy Pelosi? AOC?"

Steve sighed. He saw the bumper stickers in his mind's eye. Talia had put them there over the years: BLM stickers, Me Too stickers, Vote Blue, Proud Liberal, Peace Signs and Pro-Choice decals. Basically, a target on your back when you drove through states like Georgia and Alabama. Steve felt his anger flare at Talia, illogical and silly, blaming her for the predicament they were in.

"They belong to her..." Steve trailed off.

"Steve!" Talia spat in a loud whisper.

"Ours...they are our stickers, Officer."

The flashlight blinked out, bringing definition back into the world. Talia looked past her husband and out the driver's side window. She could see the belt buckle and mid-section of a man in uniform, a gun, and a walkie. It occurred to her that

the officer was exceptionally large. Towering and bulky, his frame casting dread into the car.

The policeman knelt down and peered in.

Talia had always been a sucker for a man in uniform for as far back as she could remember. Firefighters, navy...police. Something about a half-way handsome man in uniform seemed to elevate his looks tenfold. Steve saw it as a weakness and it drove him nuts, once not speaking to her for a week after she bought some firefighters coffee at Starbucks.

But this officer wasn't halfway handsome. He was hot.

"You know something, libtards," the cop drawled, "your stupidity never ceases to amaze me. Driving around the south with your propaganda on full display, thinking you can just pass through our state while you disrespect us."

"It's midnight, Officer..." Steve squinted at the man's badge, "Bol. I didn't think anybody would see them."

Officer Bol smiled, his hard jawline unmoving against pearly white teeth.

"I saw them, soy boy. I saw them. And I pulled you over."

"For what exactly?" Steve's voice grew testy.

"I'm sure you're going to find out," Officer Bol chuckled.

Talia may have been quick to bat eyelashes at men in uniform, but she was certainly no fan of the cops. She'd done her fair share of marching at the BLM rallies, waving signs that said Defund the Police and telling anyone who would listen that they represented a form of institutionalized racism and inequality. It was of the utmost important to her that Steve felt the same way, that he agreed with her on every liberal policy she believed in.

And he did. Mostly. She knew when he was zoning out or not listening, but for the most part she was confident that her husband was a well-meaning liberal, woke and educated on the current political topics. Most of all, Steve hated Donald Trump. And he despised Trump's followers. For Talia, that was enough to believe in her aloof hubby's values.

So it is, after all, understandable that she would feel conflicted when she gazed at the rugged, mean police officer belittling her husband. On one hand she despised the man and everything he stood for...but on the other...this particular cop was 6'6, handsome as the devil, with a sexy southern drawl to boot.

"Smells like pot, boy," Officer Bol sniffed, leaning his thick skull into the car's interior. "You two libs been smoking dope in Georgia? That shit is illegal."

"Absolutely not, sir," Steve trembled, "no drugs here."

"Right. I know you libtards love to smoke pot and lay around, wait for the government to give you a handout. I bet if I searched this car right now, I'd find a pound of green dope under the dash."

Steve grew exasperated, finding his voice and saying “I do not give you the right to- “

“We’re just passing through, Officer,” interrupted Talia, her voice silky and weary. “We aren’t breaking any laws and we aren’t meaning to be disrespectful. If you’ll just let us pass on, we can leave Georgia and- “

“Enough out of you, slut,” Bol spat.

Shocked silence.

“What did you just say?” Steve’s voice shook with anger.

“You deaf, soy boy?” Bol snickered. “I told that slut to shut the fuck up. Worked, didn’t it?”

“NOW WAIT JUST A GOD- “

Talia grabbed Steve’s hand and squeezed. “Shh!” she hushed him. Talia leveled her eyes at the giant policeman leaning inside their Toyota. He grinned at her, the picture of southern charm. Talia swallowed.

“Well how about it, darlin?” Officer Bol said. “You driving drugs across state lines? You hiding something from me?”

“No sir,” she whispered. “We aren’t doing anything wrong.”

Bol was close to Steve, so much so that he smelled the cop’s breath every time he berated him. Whiskey and tobacco. Courage and violence. Bol’s eyes never left Talia, and the longer Steve watched the man’s stare the more he was sure exactly what Bol was smiling about. Anger like a hot knife twisted in Steve’s belly, and his helplessness made his quiet rage all the more unpredictable.

“I saw on yer’ bumper a sticker that said, ‘This is What a Feminist Looks Like.’ So that begs the question, are you a feminist sweet little darlin’?”

Talia hesitated, unsure how to answer the gorgeous, asshole cop peering at her. Her pool cue eyeballs swiveled around, and she bit a chapped pink lip. Crossing her arms over soft breasts, she blew a lock of dirty blonde hair from her face.

“Yes. I’m a feminist. So what? So is my husband.”

She felt brave saying it. Even here, in the middle of nowhere Trump country, she wouldn’t back down from her core values.

“Is that right?” Bol said, turning his face to Steve. “You a feminist, soy boy? You one of these liberal beta cucks that does whatever his bitch tells him to?”

“Excuse me?” Steve’s face was magenta, steam nearly spilling from his ears and

nose. His knuckles were ghostly, gripping the steering wheel at ten and two.

“You’re in MAGA territory, wimp. Trump country. You need a safe space? Too fucking bad. You’re driving around like some sissy with feminist this and that on the back of your car, letting your slut wife show herself half naked for a total stranger! Not that I mind of course...I’m a real man, and even your wife’s stupid liberal tits can get me going.”

Talia gasped, insulted, humiliated.

Shaking, Steve responded.

“I’m going to have to ask for your badge number, officer. I think our liberties are being abused right now and I don’t like it one bit.”

And there it was. Steve laid his cards on the table.

“Abused?” Officer Bol responded after a long, measured silence. “Abused?”

The liberal couple stared at the giant policeman looming in their vehicle.

“Boy, you don’t know the meaning of abused. But I can assure you I will show you exactly what it means.” The cop’s smile faded, and he pulled his head back out of the driver’s side window. Standing at full attention he hooked both thumbs

into the waistband of his green uniform. “Do you know the maximum penalty for possession of marijuana in the state of Georgia, libtards?”

“We don’t have any pot officer- “

“10 years. 10 years in a federal penitentiary. That’s what happens when I find the fuckin’ dope you got stashed in here. You think I can’t smell it, boy? You think I’m as dumb as your liberal wife? I can smell it clear as day and I promise you I will find it. And when I do...that’s that.”

“I do not give you consent to search my vehicle,” Steve sputtered, his voice giving him away. “You can’t search it if I don’t- “

“Can it, cuck. I got probable cause cus of my goddamn nose. Do you get that? You think I need a warrant in Georgia to hassle two fucking antifa members smuggling drugs? Look at a map boy! You ain’t in California anymore!”

Steve tried to respond but his breathing had become panicky, his voice caught in his chest. Talia reached out and put a hand on his knee, rubbing frantically and trying to calm him. Her boobs jiggled with the motion of her arm, and it did not go unnoticed.

“What’s the matter, libtard? A-O-C got your tongue?” Bol laughed at his own joke.

“Please,” begged Talia, leaning over the center console and looking up at the

giant cop outside the door. “Please don’t do this. We’re very nice people. We’re just trying to get back home to visit family.”

Bol stared long and hard at the girl’s cleavage, the perfect line between her tits that seemed to go on forever. Talia watched his distracted gaze, fully aware of what he was doing but startled by the blue of his eyes none the less.

“You and your little beta husband want to go to jail tonight, lib bitch?” He said it as if he were asking for the time.

“No-no, I,” she stumbled at being so bluntly insulted, “No, sir. No, we don’t. Please.”

Steve’s breath quickened.

“Well then, maybe we can come to a little agreement,” Officer Bol turned and walked from the window and circled the front of the vehicle. As he came into view through the windshield, caught in the headlights, Talia got full view of the man for the first time. Long legged and built like a lumberjack, his boots like black ships setting sail. As he approached the passenger window, Talia rolled it down.

“As far as I can tell, you got two options,” Bol said, his massive, hairy hands on both hips. “I can search this car and find your dope, take you to jail, have our local judge throw the book at you.”

Talia gulped.

“You want that, lib bitch?”

“No, officer,” she whispered.

“Didn’t think so. Your second option, well, you might like this one better...”

“What is it, officer?”

“I’m going to pull my fat, American MAGA cock out, and you’re going to suck it. You’re gonna suck it right here in front of your libtard husband, and you’re gonna feel it in the back of your stupid feminist throat.”

Talia’s chin fell, her ears wiggled. Disbelief.

Steve’s breathing intensified, and in his panic, he grabbed the keys in the ignition and cranked the engine. Officer Bol was too quick, diving into the cab and snatching them back out with a jingle and a yank.

“Whoa whoa whoa there! Where you think you’re going, soy boy?” Bol tossed the keys in the air and snatched them with the same hand. He dropped the chain into his breast pocket and patted it down with a ding. “I don’t believe resisting arrest was one of the options I gave, but I’m more than happy to add it to your

set of charges this evening.”

Tears welled in Steve’s eyes, he looked at Talia and began to cry.

“What’s it gonna be liberal fucks? Jail...or a blowjob?”

“No, no, no,” Steve whimpered, reaching for his wife.

“Get it together,” Talia whispered, grabbing hold of her husband, “pull it together, Steve. Right now.”

Talia heard the long, rusted drag of a zipper behind her.

She swallowed, turning back to the giant cop outside her window. His calloused hand slid into the open crotch of his uniform pants, reaching for something inside.

“What’s it gonna be, little darlin?” he asked again. “Or do I need to call for backup to arrest you two crazy lefties?”

“Let’s just get this over with,” she said, not without excitement.

Sheriff Dodd was at home watching television with his wife when he grew bored. He excused himself to the bathroom where he sent a text message to one of his Officers. Five minutes later the landline at his house rang and his wife answered, quickly passing the phone to her husband.

“Those damn hillbillies are at it again,” he told his wife, donning his coat and Sheriff’s hat. “I’ll try not to be back too late.” His wife kissed his cheek and walked him out.

Sheriff Dodd got in his cop car and set out to find some late night cooze.

“Maybe I’ll pay a little visit to the Fersnby’s,” he chortled, cracking open a Busch Lite as he steered through the dark country roads of Garrison, Georgia. “Wonder if her ass is still red from the last time!” He often spoke aloud to himself on his late-night hunts. It was his way of getting into character, of hyping himself up enough to complete the duties he had in mind. That and the 12 pack of Busch. By beer number nine or ten, going 80 down County Road 35, he was more than ready to get his dick wet.

And get his dick wet he would.

“Or maybe I’ll go see that little Asian whore over in the Highlands,” he slurped his Busch. “Her wet blanket of a husband didn’t know what hit him the last time I came by.”

Burt King and his wife Lisa were over points on their license, with unpaid parking tickets to boot. When Sheriff Dodd saw the memo on his desk, he made

up his mind right away to confront the couple about it in person, in the middle of the night. A stop off on one of Sheriff Dodd's infamous Night Rides.

"Revoke your license and three grand in parking tickets," he'd told them. They were dirt poor living in a trailer Burt's father had given them. Sheriff Dodd was fairly sure that three grand wasn't even in their vocabulary. Burt started sweating when Dodd told him, asking the Sheriff how he expected him to make money without a car.

"I can get rid of these fines nice and easy for you two," he'd told them, looking Lisa up and down. He'd knocked on their door at around 1am so it was no surprise the two were barely dressed. "But it's gonna cost you a little community service."

"What kind of community service?" Burt asked.

"The kind that benefits the wellbeing of your Sheriff, Burt. Of yours truly."

Pushing the speedometer north of 70, Sheriff Dodd tilted his head back and guffawed at the top of his lungs, remembering the look on Lisa's face when he pulled his fat white prick out of his tactical pants.

And then he burped loud and long, remembering the way it felt in the back of her throat.

"Please Sheriff Dodd, there's got to be some other way," Burt had pleaded, just

feet away from where his Asian wife was sucking another man's cock. "I can't stand the site of you using her that way!"

"I think she likes it, Burt!" Sheriff Dodd responded jovially, holding Lisa's long black hair back so that Burt got a good view. "Listen to her! Can you hear it? I think this little slut loves sucking dick!" The wet slurp of drool and pre-cum filled the room like a circulator in a fish tank. Lisa stared up at Dodd with those exotic eyeballs, both hands wrapped around the base of his girthy cop-cock.

"Please, Sheriff! You can't do this! That's my girl!"

"Calm the fuck down, Burt! I'll be done with her soon. And those nasty little parking tickets will go away."

"And the points on my license too?" Burt asked feebly.

"Yeah sure, whatever you say."

Sheriff Dodd hit 90 in his suburban, reaching into the beer cooler in the passenger seat and procuring another crispy Busch. He cracked it open with one hand and sucked down the foam. Glancing at himself in the rearview he flicked a wad of it off his upper lip.

"Now I'm gonna nut on your little Asian wife's face, Burt. You got it? And then you can clean it up and you two can go back to bed. And when you wake up in the morning. Poof! No more tickets!"

“Oh no...” Burt drifted off, mumbling something about points.

“Hold still little slut, I’m gonna nut.”

From the way Lisa was staring up at him while he jerked off in her face, Sheriff Dodd guessed she hadn’t gotten a good lay from old Burt in a while. In fact, Dodd was positive he could have bent her over right there in Burt’s living room if he really wanted to. But the night was young and there were other people to see.

“UGH! UGH!”

Sheriff Dodd dropped a fat load from his swollen, veined purple dick. It decorated her nose and grimacing mouth, dripping off her cheeks and staining the dirty carpet.

“UGH! FUCK! YEA!”

“Oh, my sweet girl...” Burt cried.

“Get me a towel, Burt. You fucking crybaby,” Lisa said, eyes glued shut.

Sheriff Dodd wiped his feet on the mat before leaving their trailer. He made a mental note to stay up to date on their traffic history.

“God that was a good one,” he reminisced in the darkness of his cop car. He crushed the beer in his hand and tossed it behind him. Dodd grabbed himself over his tactical pants, feeling the fat, steel bulge residing there. Just the thought of Asian Lisa had gotten him hard. Maybe it was time to do a follow up?

As Dodd began to tap Burt’s full name into the MDT on his dash (to get their exact address), a flash of blue and red caught his eye about 200 yards up the road.

“Now what in the hell is this?” he asked no one, dropping his speed gradually until the Suburban was crawling along that black country road.

Pulling onto the scene he saw one of his Officer’s vehicles parked and flashing, with a bedazzled Toyota stopped in front of it. Upon closer inspection Sherriff Dodd noticed the content of said bedazzlement: liberal bumper stickers and hashtags, looney California democrat bullshit.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” he spat.

Then he recognized the officer standing at the passenger door, a shit eating grin on his face. Dodd rolled his window down, stopping in the road, parallel to the parked Toyota.

“Well, well, well,” Dodd laughed, peering out his window at his deputy and the young couple sitting inside the car. “What did you catch yourself tonight, Officer Bol?”

“Caught me a real beauty, Sheriff,” Bol craned his neck back and barked a laugh. “And there’s plenty to go around!”

“You don’t say!” Sheriff Dodd pulled his Suburban over, parking in front of the Toyota.

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Steve watched as the Sheriff idled past them and parked his car a few yards up. Just moments before, Officer Bol was pulling something out of the zipper of his pants. When Bol saw the approaching vehicle, he'd dropped the thing in his trousers and pulled his hand away empty.

We're saved, Steve thought. It's another cop and we're saved oh thank God!

But then Steve heard the way they spoke to each other, the cruel laughter in their voice.

Talia, still glued to her seat, seemed ready for what was about to happen. The look on her face and the way she'd leaned forward when Bol's hand disappeared inside his tactical pants had troubled Steve deeply. Wasn't she just as scared as he was? Didn't she see that this disgusting cop was taking advantage of them and their rites?

"What seems to be the trouble Officer Bol?" the Sheriff asked, strutting up to his giant deputy.

"Well Sheriff, it appears we've got two hippie libtards wandering around Georgia with a car full of dope!"

"You don't say!" Dodd played along. "Now why in the hell would you two do something like that?"

Steve and Talia stared back blankly.

“What’s the matter you two? Do liberals not know how to speak anymore, either? It wouldn’t surprise me. Did you know that liberalism is actually a mental illness?”

“Please officers,” Steve moaned, “Please just let us go and we’ll never come back. We just want to be on our way, and we’ll get out of Georgia.”

“What do you think of that, little darlin’?” Bol asked Talia. “You think I should just let you two criminals waltz right out of here no harm no foul?”

Talia fidgeted in her seat. She could feel both the deputy and the sheriff filling up on the view of her cleavage, their eyes tanning her already browned skin. It was uncomfortable and a little scary...but it was a little hot, too. A young one and an old one. Well, an older one. The sheriff had to be twice her age at least.

“I don’t know what to say, Officer,” she squeaked. “I’m afraid anything I say might get me in trouble.”

“Oh well isn’t that cute!” Sheriff Dodd shouted. “The liberal feminist bitch is afraid to speak her mind. That’s a fucking first!”

Steve winced at the insult to his wife.

“I bet if we were a couple of BLM protestors or antifa you’d probably pull that flimsy t-shirt off and offer up those fat titties,” Bol snarled. “But since we’re just ‘evil pigs’ you probably think we don’t deserve it. Am I right? You’re only a slut for the liberals and the rioters!”

“She’s not a slut!” Steve shouted, face red and sweating.

“Shut your trap, soy boy!” Bol shouted.

“I will tan your little girly hide if you speak like that again, mutt!” Sheriff Dodd said.

“I think this little soy boy is a bit too aggressive for my liking, Sheriff. What say you?”

“I say cuff his ass and put him in the Charger,” Dodd spat.

Talia watched the two officers stomp over to the driver’s door and yank it open. The burly policemen tore her terrified husband from the car and slammed him to the ground. After cuffing him, they walked him back to the Charger, his wet eyes streaming the whole way. Talia saw them place him in the front passenger seat of the cop car, which she found strange considering it was usually the back of the car that criminals went to. Before they walked back over, she saw Bol roll the passenger window down.

“You run and I’ll fucking kill you, libtard,” Bol said.

The two men crowded Talia's window once more.

"Well little lady, looks like you and your beta husband are in a world of trouble!"

"That is an understatement, Officer Bol." The Sheriff agreed.

Talia took a long look at the Sheriff of whatever town in Georgia she was in. His beard was stubbly and his face callous. His smile reminded her of little boys burning ants with a magnifying glass. The hat on his head kept his face dark, and only certain features were discernible.

"Officers," she began, turning in her seat to face them head on. "I'm sorry for whatever we've done wrong, and I'm sorry for my husband. He was out of line." Her jiggling, honey soft hooters wrung over the top of her shirt. She knew what they wanted, and it was time to give it to them if her and Steve had any hope of getting out of Georgia that night.

"What can I say or do?" she asked. "What do you want from me?"

"Let me hear you say, 'I'm a stupid entitled liberal and I'm very sorry Sheriff Dodd'," Bol prodded her. "Go on. Say it."

Talia gulped.

“I’m a stupid entitled...liberal...andimverysorrysheriffdodd.”

“Now, now. Surely you can say it with more muster than that,” Sheriff Dodd chuckled.

“Say it like you’re at one of your commi rallies, bitch.”

“I’m a stupid entitled liberal. I’m very sorry Sheriff Dodd.”

“Good girl,” Bol said, reaching his hand inside the car, snatching up a lock of Talia’s messy hair. He twisted it between his fingers.

A long, anguished moan came from the cop car behind them.

“I’ll tell you what lib bitch,” Bol whispered, coming in closer. “Sheriff Dodd and I will let you and that soy boy back there go free and clear. Tonight. In just a few minutes. But you gotta do something for us first.”

“What do I have to do?”

“We’re just gonna have us a little fun is all,” the Sheriff said, thumb and forefinger pinching his silver zipper and pulling. “Maybe you’ll have fun too.”

“What about my husband?” she asked, no more delusions about what was happening.

“Him? Oh, he’ll be fine. He probably likes it. Don’t all you fucking libs?”

Steve couldn’t hear what the cops were saying to his wife. He tried to ignore the cold hard facts of the situation, but they remained: at least one of those police officers wanted to get his hands on Talia. He prayed that the Sheriff had a shred of decency, and that perhaps if they just explained that Officer Bol was blackmailing them, they might be able to get out of there with their dignity still intact.

“Right here?” she asked them.

Click. The blinding halo of the flashlight filled the car and dimming slightly a moment later.

“Here’s fine,” Officer Bol grinned, shining his Maglite down onto Talia. “And just so you can see what you’re doing...and so we can see what you’re doing... I’ll hold this flashlight.”

“Alright,” Talia gave in. She dared a glance over her shoulder, just making out the silhouette of her husband in the cop car. “Does he really have to be right there? Can’t you move him?”

“Don’t you worry about him, little lady,” Dodd said, finagling something out of his fly, “worry about us.”

The spotlight shown down on Talia and the interior of the car. Sheriff Dodd stepped closer to the window and whipped out his flaccid, fat dick. It hung from the hole in his green pants, wide and white with a thick blue vein running along the top of the shaft. Grizzly, black and grey pubic hair covered the base, and it was clear his dong had seen miles.

“You gonna stare at it like a math problem or you gonna solve it, bitch?”

Sheriff Dodd lifted his soft cock and placed a hand on the back of Talia’s head. He brought her closer, chin leaning out of the car window.

“Open,” he said.

Bol adjusted the flashlight, his breathing heavy.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this- “she started to say, but Sheriff Dodd pushed his rapidly rising rod against her lips. Instinctively, Talia stretched her jaw. She quickly realized this was not her husband’s member, and that she needed to open wider.

“That’s it,” Dodd grunted, “open wide for some cop cock. You know you want it.”

Talia wrapped a hand around it and felt him against her tongue, tasting his pink head and salivating. Salt. Man. The hand on the back of her head squeezed with painful fingers, forcing more of it into her mouth. She began to bob, relaxing and getting more of it back. It was thick no doubt, thicker than she could remember having.

“Pull your tits out,” Bol commanded.

Talia grabbed the front of her tank and pulled down, her fat, Double D jugs spilling out. They hung over the fabric, accented by wide, pink nipples. Bol reached freely into the car and snagged a nipple, pinching and pulling.

“Ow!” Talia said through a mouth full of cock.

“Shut your mouth, libtard,” Bol said, continuing to twist and squeeze.

“Mmmm,” Talia let a moan escape, regretting it immediately.

“What I tell you, Deputy?” Sheriff Dodd chuckled, “these lefty feminist whores. Deep down they want a hard cock and a real man to tell them what to do.” Dodd picked up speed and used his strength to drive her face back and forth. It was getting wet. Sloppy. Exactly how Dodd liked it.

Deputy Bol dropped her tit long enough to undo his belt with his one free hand.

Once the button was loosed, he inched his green uniform pants down past his ass. The moment his swinging johnson was freed, Talia grabbed hold of it and squeezed.

“Good liberal bitch,” Bol sneered.

“Don’t be shy, honey,” Dodd plunged out of her throat, thick ropes of drool trailing from her lips to his tip. “Thank Deputy Bol for his service.” Dodd shoved her onto Bol’s long, smooth pecker. It was a damn sight lengthier than the sheriffs, but not so fat. Not one for pleasantries, Dodd grabbed hold of Talia’s skull with both hands and used her face to jerk off his deputy.

“AK! AK! AK!” she gagged. Her fat tits swung wildly with the force of her face-fucking.

“Good liberal bitch. Gobble gobble!” Dodd shouted.

“Suck that conservative cock, baby. Milk that Maga monster!”

In the cop car, Steve was having a meltdown. He wanted to scream at them, scream for help or anybody who could stop them. But he knew the repercussions would only make things worse. He was trapped. And he had to watch.

Talia bobbed between the two stiff cocks, head hanging out the window. Drool coated her tits, droplets stuck to her erect nipples. When she could no longer hide it, when she no longer cared to hide it, she let go of the cock in her mouth

and used that hand to attack her clit.

“Look at that,” Bol said, taking her by the chin and pummeling her mouth, “I think she likes it, sheriff! I think she likes being treated like the liberal whore she is!”

“I’ll say,” Dodd grunted, filling his fat fingers with Talia’s youthful, milky mounds. “Not such a feminist with two cocks in your face are you, slut?”

“I’m getting sick of holding this flashlight,” Deputy Bol announced, sliding himself from Talia’s throat and walking away. She watched him shuffle off, his chiseled white ass in full view.

“Time to move,” Sheriff Dodd informed her. He swung the door wide and grabbed Talia by the hair, dragging her from the car. She followed obediently, letting the sheriff lead her over to the hood of the cop car that detained her husband.

Bol did likewise with Steve, yanking the emasculated man from the car and shoving the Maglite into his hands.

“Now listen here lib-cuck,” Bol said, slapping the boy in the face. “You’re gonna hold this flashlight right here, and you’re gonna keep it steady so we can see what we’re doing. You understand me? You got one fucking job. If you blow it, then you blow your chance at freedom!”

Steve took the light and shined it on the hood of the car cop like he was told to. The beam shook like it was on the front of a jumbo jet landing in a tornado.

“Both hands!” Bol shouted, shuffling his pants down to his ankles. “Don’t fucking shake it!”

Sheriff Dodd led Talia to the front of the Charger and bent her over the right headlight. As she tried to situate herself, stomach down, Dodd grabbed her gym shorts and dragged them to her ankles. With his glistening cock jutting from the center of his pants, the Sheriff of Garrison, Georgia started rubbing his cock against the wet folds of Talia’s liberal pussy.

The light shook.

“Ugh! Oh yea, you like that, girl? You like that cop cock teasing your cunt?”

“Oh, fuck,” she tried to look away from her husband, humiliated to be seen that way but enjoying it none the less.

“Watch your liberal wife, fuckface,” Bol got in front of her and started smearing his pecker across Talia’s eyes and nose.

“I know you want it, bitch,” Dodd snarled, grabbing hold of Talia’s messy hair and yanking. “I know you want it in that wet liberal cunt of yours, but I don’t know where you’ve been. I don’t know how many antifa’s or BLM’s you’ve fucked. So, I’ve gotta go the safer route.”

Dodd spread her bubble butt wide and Talia screamed. Bol quickly shoved himself into her throat, keeping her still by double palming the back of her head.

“Feminist asshole,” Dodd said, squatting down and letting a wad of white spit drop off his tongue, “the best asshole to ruin.” He rubbed his spit around Talia’s taut hole with his thumb, pushing and probing her secret cave. Talia moaned deep and guttural into Bol’s balls, arching her back and giving the Sheriff a better angle.

Steve watched the grizzly sheriff spit on his girlfriend’s asshole two or three more times before he slipped a grey-knuckled finger directly inside her butt. His arm was tired from holding the Maglite and he wanted to shut it off, afraid to see what came next. Most of all though, he didn’t want to see the look in her eyes. He didn’t want to hear her...or the way she was trying to hide it.

“Whattaya’ say, boy,” Dodd sneered, rubbing the dripping tip of his cock against Talia’s wet, puckered asshole. “How about I fuck your wife in the ass and drop a nice little load in there? A nice little souvenir from your time in Georgia. Better than a rap sheet, I’d say!”

“Don’t bite it when he puts it in, bitch,” Bol said, pulling her off his sloppy cock. Talia’s face was slick with spit and her eyes watered, but she looked up and nodded at the policeman with fervent approval. Bol swabbed her face with his prick, slicking it wet with slop.

Sheriff Dodd spat in his palm and wiped it upwards through her crack. Then, steering himself by the hilt, he pushed forcefully into Talia’s tunnel.

“OH!” she cried. “OH FUCK!”

“UGH!” Dodd grunted.

“Fuck her in the ass, Sherriff!” Bol shouted, jerking his fat polished prick in her face.

“Please...enough...” Steve whimpered.

Dodd used the first two inches to open her up, fucking quickly and shallow. Talia squealed and beat her fist on the hood of the car, but somewhere along the way her squeals became groans, and then as Dodd filled her deeper, she moaned loud and high.

“Sounds all clear to me,” Bol laughed, plunging himself back into her mouth.

“Take a good long look, liberal,” Dodd said to Steve. “This is Maga dick in your wife’s feminist asshole. This is a real man doing what you couldn’t! You hear how she sounds with my cock in her ass? Do you? She fucking loves it. She’s my fucking whore now, libtard!”

Dodd squeezed her by the hips, ramming her tender, aching butthole. Up front, Bol rotated between feeding her his member and his shaved, smooth nutsack. Talia managed to snake a hand underneath her, finding her cunt and bringing

herself closer.

“Oh fuuuck,” she whined. “Oh, it’s so bi-bi-bi-big. Fuuuuck.”

“Your wife moans like a slut, boy,” Dodd chided, slapping her ass red.

“I’m fixing to blow my nut, Sherriff,” Bol announced.

“Good. Let her sit in it while I finish up.”

Deputy Bol snatched a nest of Talia’s wild blonde hair and pulled her head up to face the sky. His massive palm hovered and jerked just below the tip of his mushroom, squeezing tight for maximum discharge.

Talia started to cum, the fat stick in her ass too much to handle.

“FUG! FUCK!” Bol grunted, a rope of white nut blasting from his prick, splashing directly in the center of Talia’s beautiful face. “UGH!” A stream like a geyser caught air and soaked her forehead and streaked her hair. “All over your fucking face!” It pooled on the bridge of her nose and ran down under her eyes.

“Oh, fucking oh fuck,” Talia fell against the hood of the car, orgasming, facilized, and still being ridden like a cheap bike. She could feel the mass of Dodd ramming her butthole, filling her with discomfort. Bol backed away,

pulling his pants up and stuffing his deflated dong back where it came.

“Is it over yet?” Steve asked in disbelief, using two hands to support the Maglite.

“It’s over when I say it’s over, fuckface,” the Sherriff said.

“Oh, God...I think I’m gonna...gonna...cum again...” Talia began to shout.

“Please...no...”

“That’s it, girl! Let it all out!” Dodd could only get half of it in but relished the feeling. He could feel Talia convulsing on him, surrendering her body. He fucked her there on that desolate country road with cum running down her pretty face.

“Let’s finish this thing,” Bol said, laughing as he buckled his belt.

“Hold your horses, don’t rush me! I’m almost there!” Sweat dotted Dodd’s forehead.

Bol walked to where Steve stood. The deputy laughed at the look on the husband’s face, holding the flashlight on his wife’s shame.

“You get to watch the Sheriff blow a load in your wife’s ass,” Bol said, placing a

loving hand on Steve's shoulder. "You should thank him."

"Nah, he can do better than that," Sherriff Dodd gasped, sweat pouring off his face, closer to the edge. "I want that libtard fagget to ask me nicely. Ask me nicely to nut in her asshole."

"Ha!" Bol screamed out, slapping the scrawny man on the shoulder, and making the light shake. "Well! You heard him boy. Go ahead and ask nicely. Might be he obliges."

"No," Steve said immediately. "I don't want to...You've already had her. You don't need anything from me."

Dodd placed a gnarled hand against the side of Talia's head and shoved her down into the hood of the car, submitting her completely.

"I can do this all night, boy," he fucked, "and then I can take your dumbass to jail and your stupid wife back to my house. Now...ask me."

Steve swallowed.

"I'd do it if I were you, cuck," Bol whispered. "Sheriff Dodd ain't like you. He will fuck your world up."

For the first time, Talia looked at her husband. Their eyes locked. She nodded.

“Cum in my wife...” Steve trailed off.

“Try again. Nicer.”

“Please cum in my wife...”

“Closer...”

“Please cum in my wife’s asshole, Sheriff Dodd!”

“WITH PLEASURE!”

Talia began to shriek, her legs shaking against the black hood of the cop car.

“UGHAHH! UGHAHH!” Dodd let loose, lodged in the walls of her rectum. Hot cum filled Talia’s asshole like warm cookies and milk. “UGHAA! DROPPING A LOAD RIGHT IN YOUR FUCKING ASS!”

Dodd laid down on top of the girl, pinning her to the hood and pressing his weight into her fuck-hole. She shook beneath him, orgasming involuntarily, back-to-back. The sheriff’s fat cock drained inside of her, gooey shot after gooey

shot.

“Good bitch...good liberal bitch,” he patted her hair down, pressing her onto the car for leverage as he stood back up. Dodd slipped filthy fuck-stick from her ass with a pop, thick sperm running out and down her thigh. Talia lay panting and dripping on the hood.

Dodd slapped her ass for good luck before he tucked his dick back inside the fly of his pants. He zipped loud and clear, burping into the night air when he was done.

“Get your wife off government property before I haul your ass in,” Dodd said nonchalantly, holding his hand out to take the Maglite from Steve. Steve rushed to his wife’s side, finding her gym shorts in a pile on the ground and helping her into them. Fresh nut still clung to her face and dripped rapidly down her thighs. Talia looked around dazed, feebly putting hands over her beaten, hanging tits.

“Ya’ll run along now,” Bol said, getting into his car. “Don’t let me catch your ass in Georgia again.”

“Or please do,” came the Sherriff’s laugh from the dark of night.

The two cops sped off into the night as if nothing had ever happened. Steve and Talia stumbled back to their Toyota. He started the engine up, revving it a few times and flicking his blinker on.

“Are you OK?” he asked her.

Talia wiped a wad of cum from under her eyes and flicked it out the window. She smiled at her husband.

“I’m sorry, baby,” she giggled. “I just can’t resist a man in uniform!”

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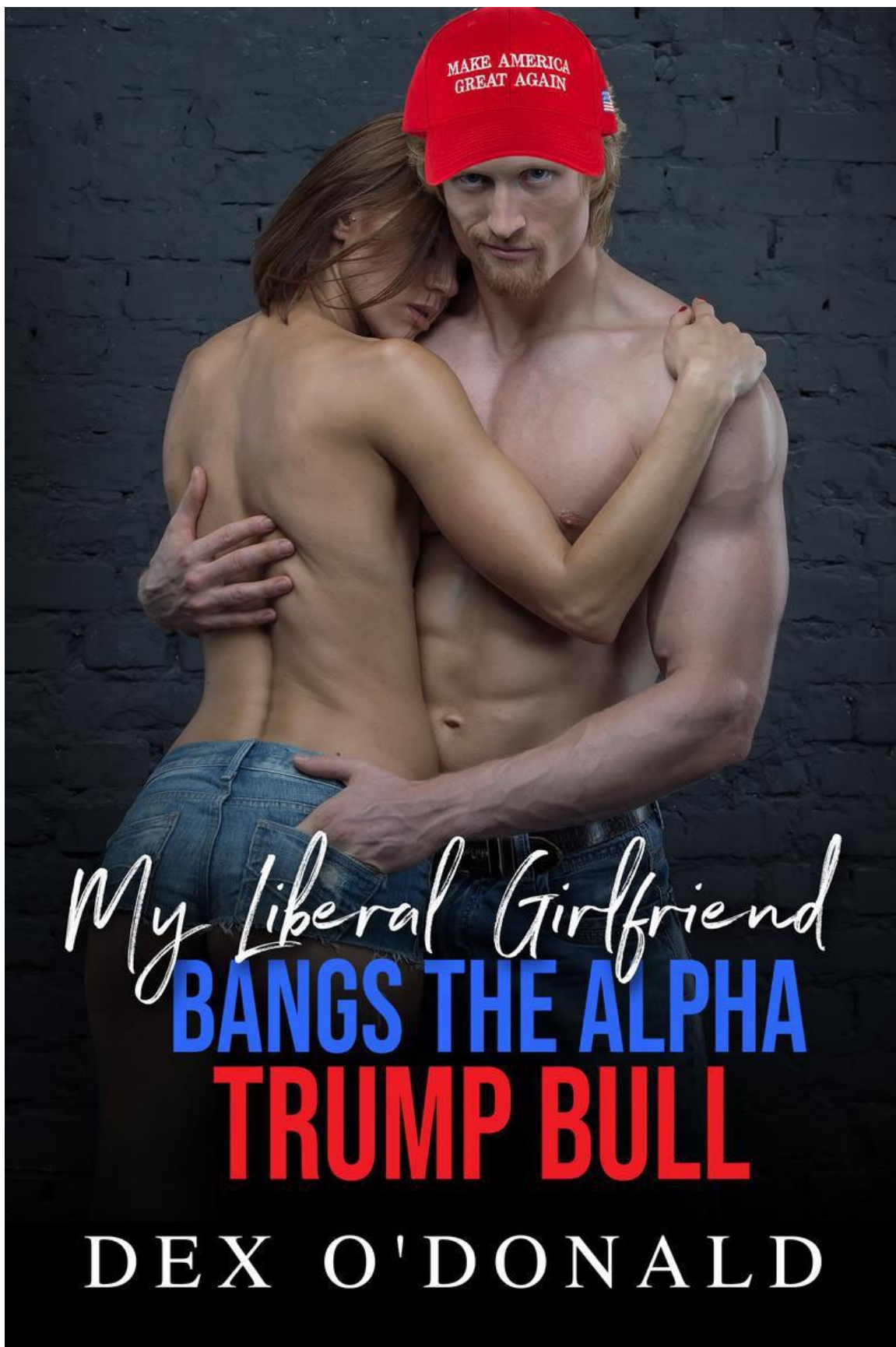
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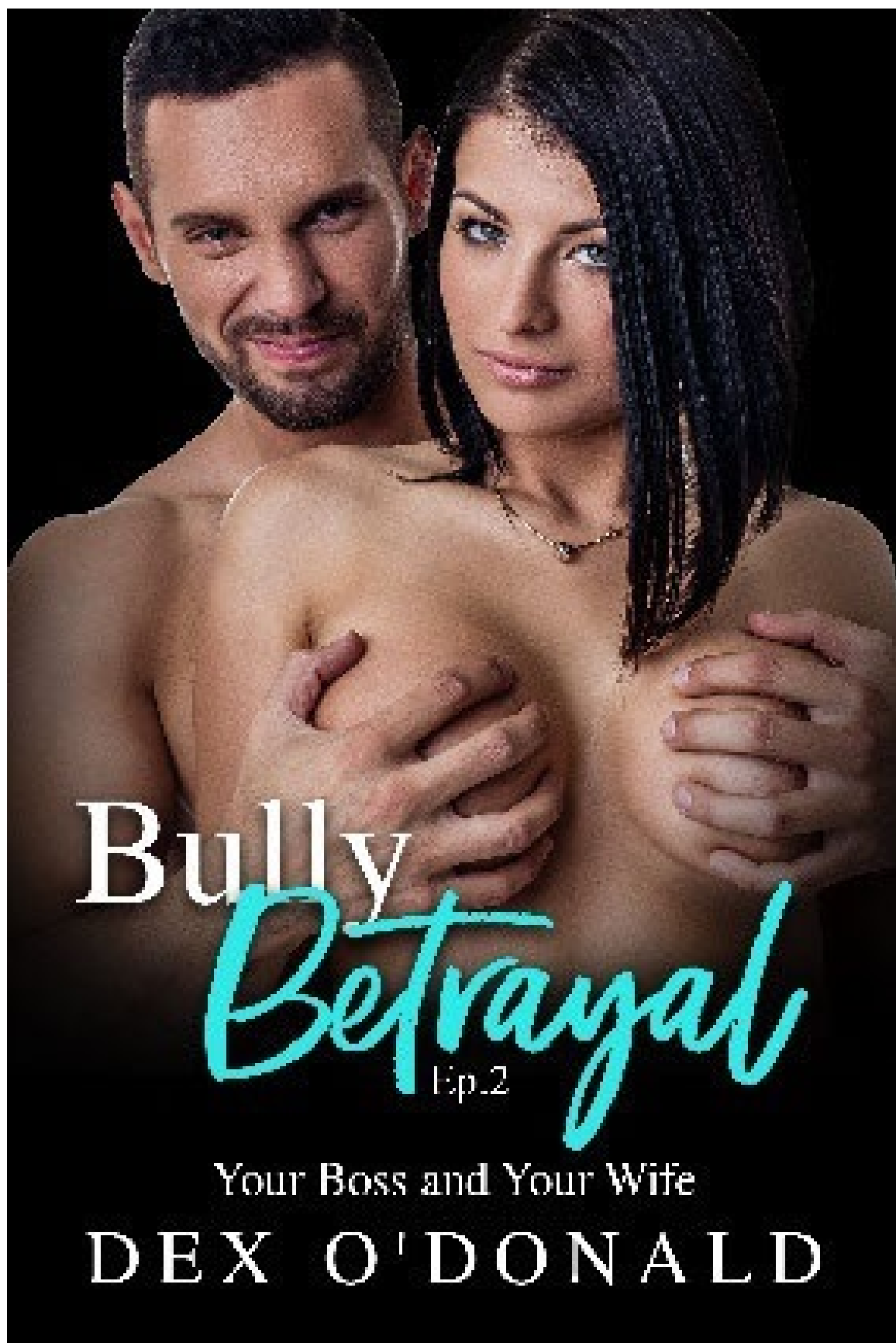
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Bully Betrayal Ep. 2 Your Boss and Your Wife



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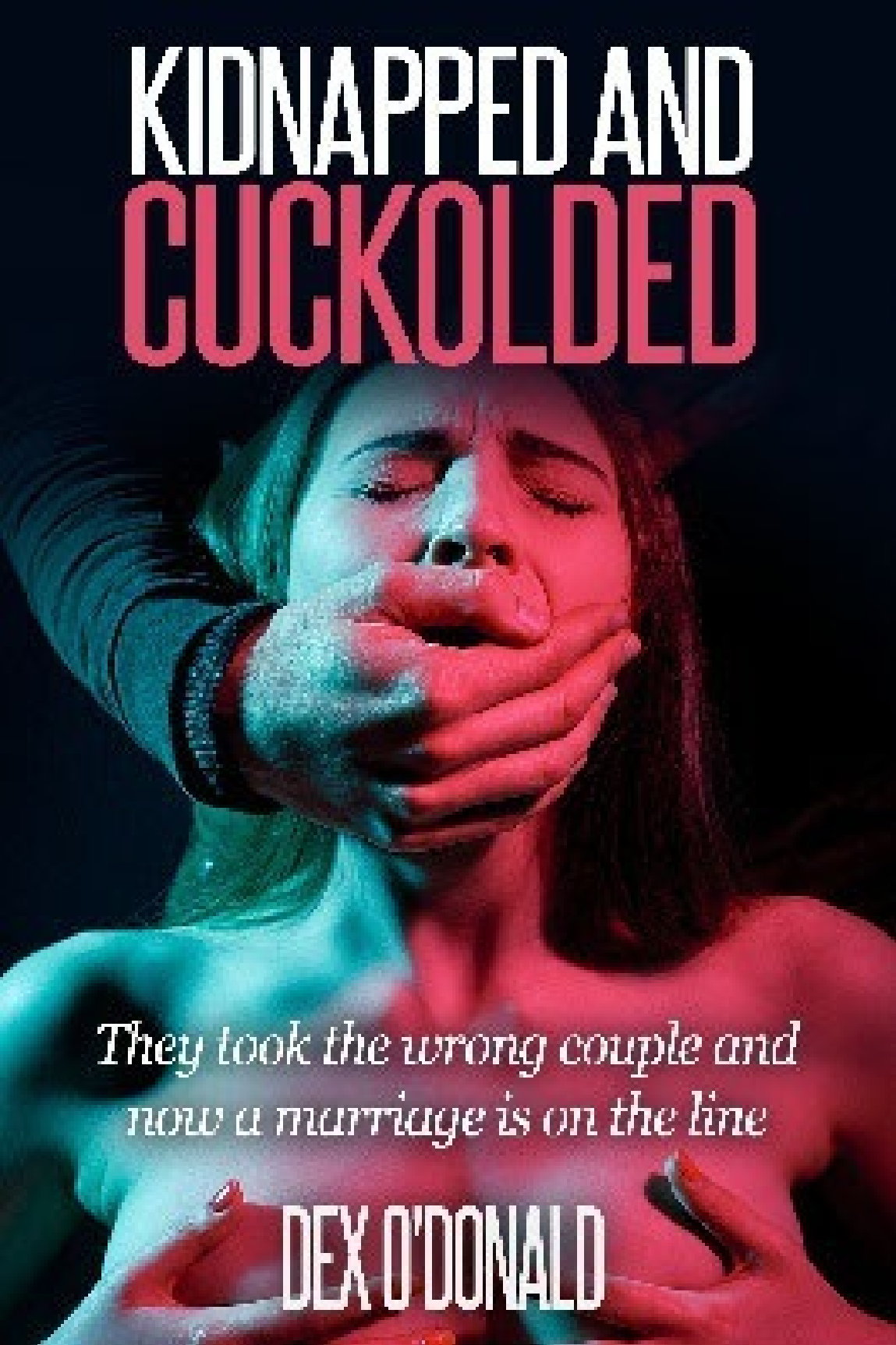
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Kidnapped and Cuckolded

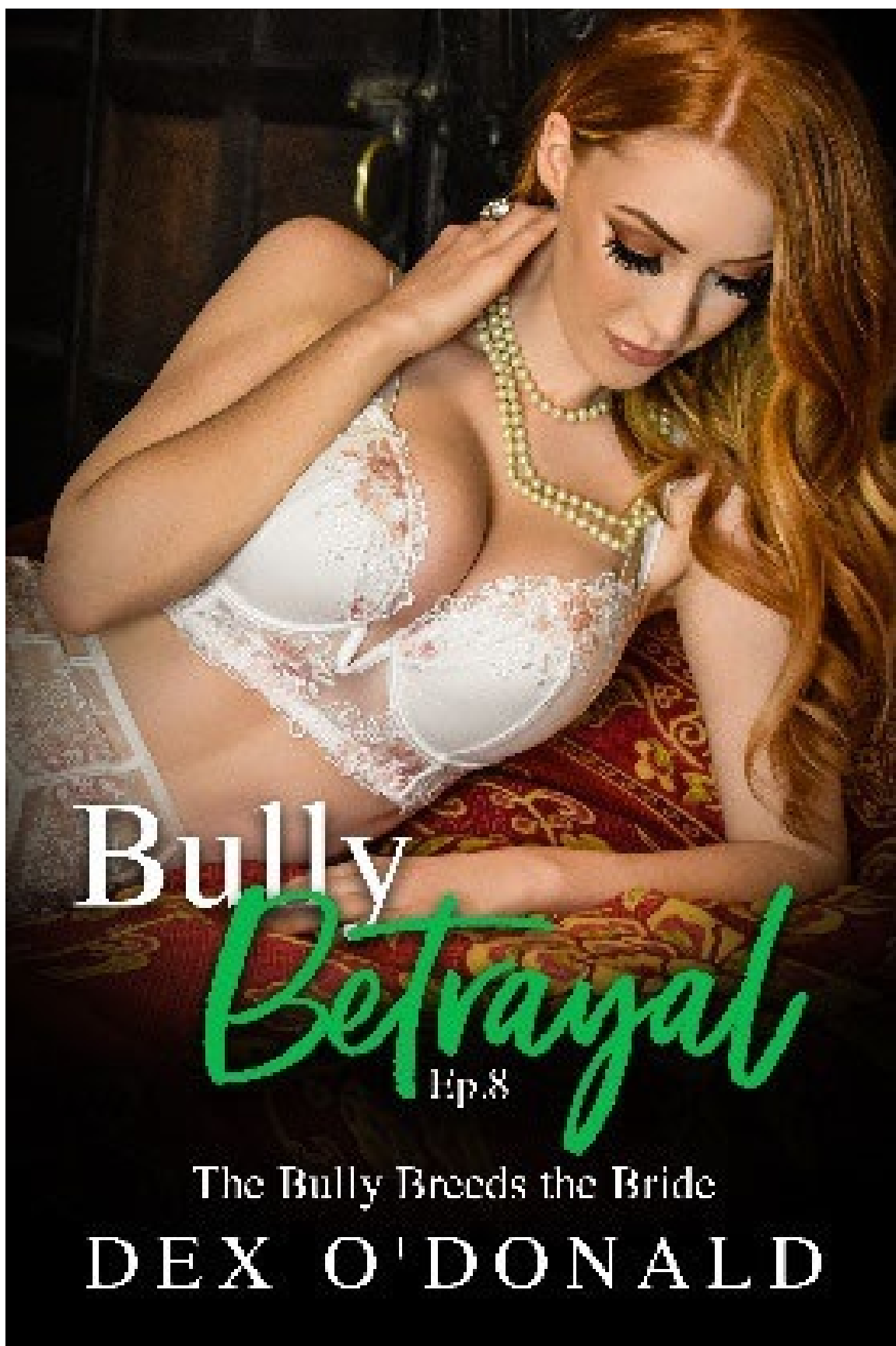
KIDNAPPED AND CUCKOLDED

A woman with long dark hair is shown from the chest up. Her eyes are closed, and her mouth is covered by a hand wearing a black wristband. The scene is lit with dramatic red and blue light, creating a high-contrast, moody atmosphere. The background is dark.

*They took the wrong couple and
now a marriage is on the line*

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Bully Betrayal Ep. 8: The Bully Breeds the Bride



Bully

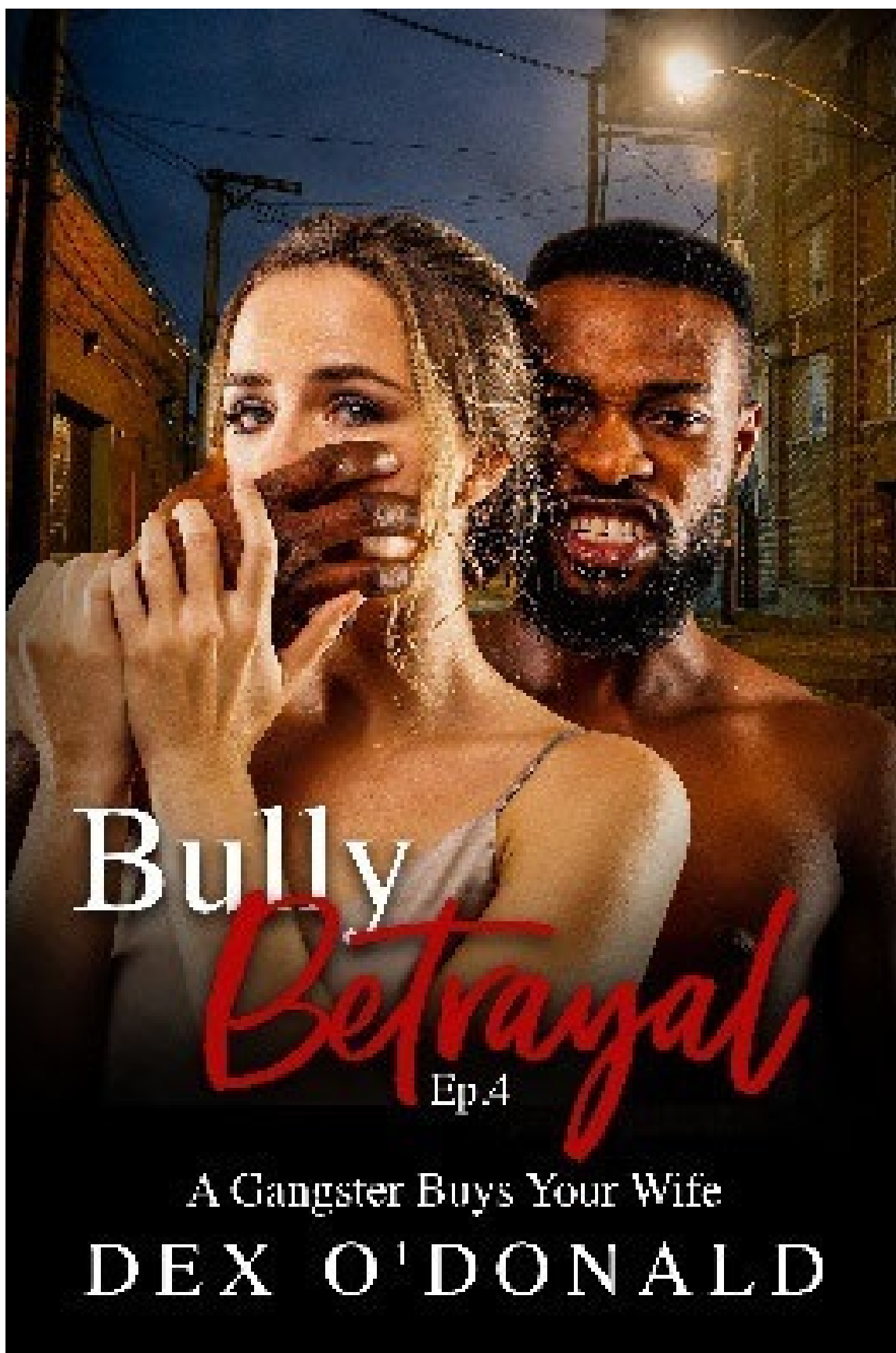
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Bully Betrayal Ep. 4: A Gangster Buys Your Wife



Bully

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Ep.4

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