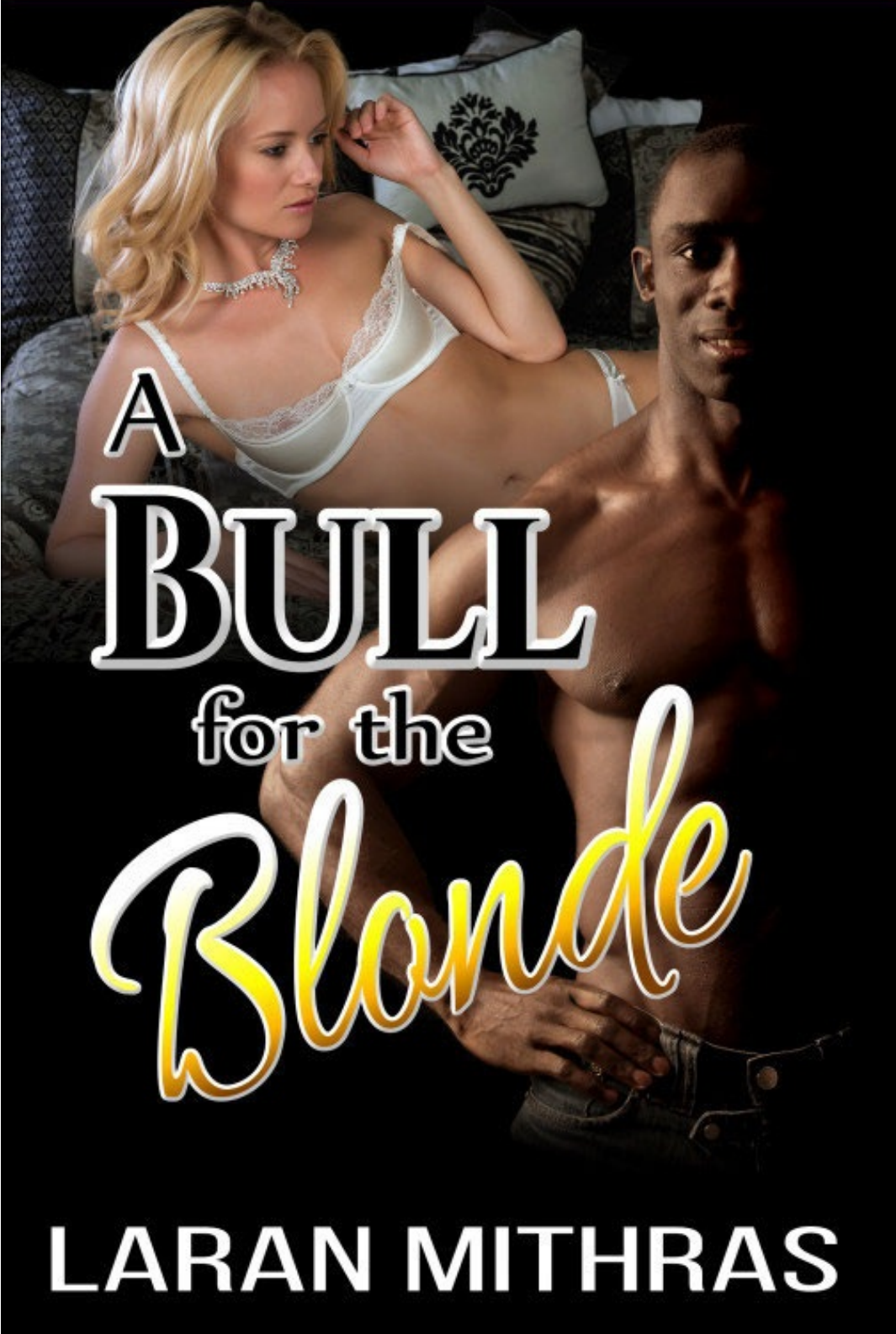


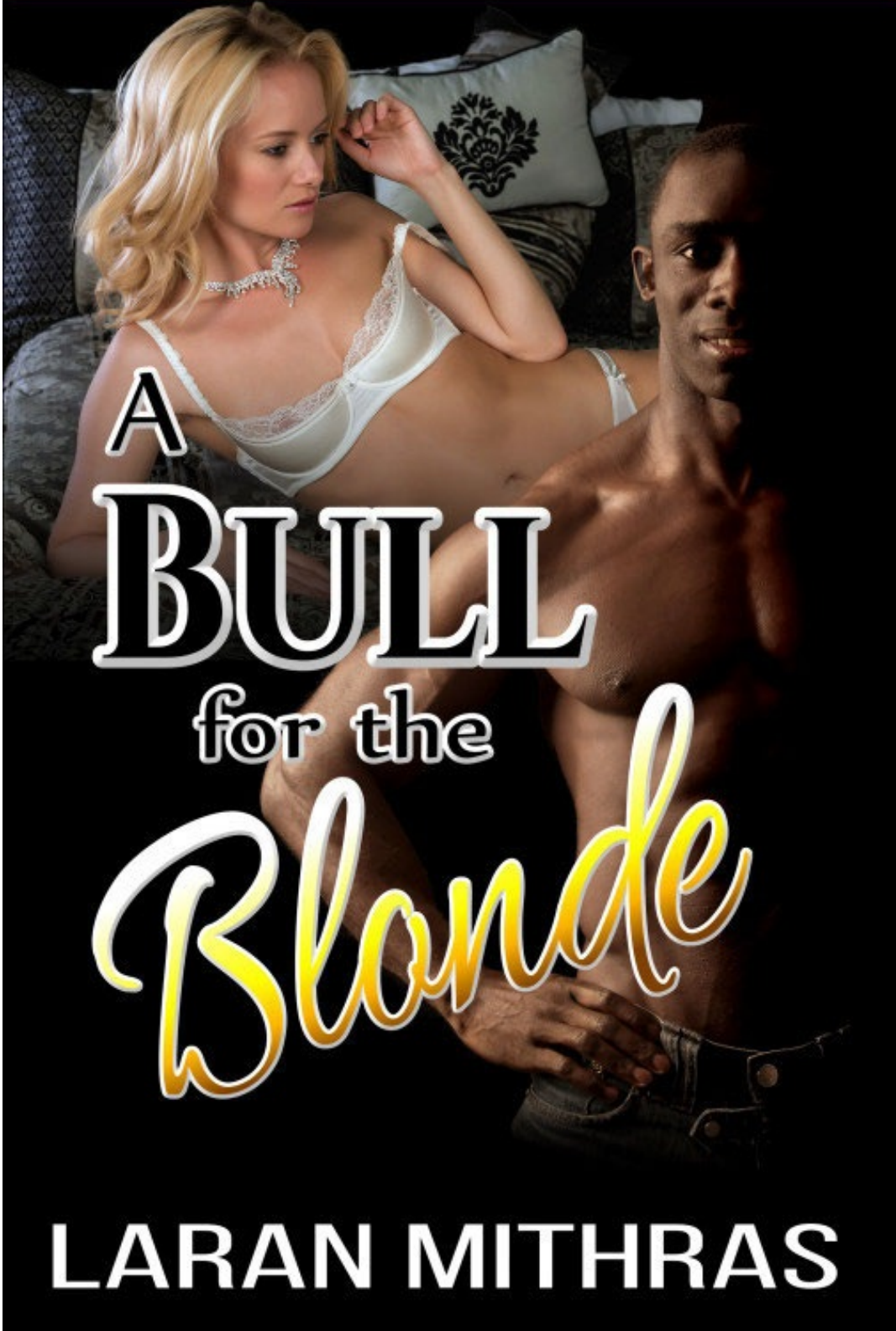
HOTWIFE INTERRACIAL

A blonde woman with wavy hair is wearing a white lace bra and a matching necklace. She is looking towards the right. A Black man is shirtless and looking towards the camera. They are in a dark room with a patterned pillow in the background.

A
BULL
for the
Blonde

LARAN MITHRAS

HOTWIFE INTERRACIAL

A blonde woman with wavy hair, wearing a white lace bra and a matching necklace, is reclining on a couch. She is looking towards the right. A Black man is sitting in front of her, shirtless, looking directly at the camera. The background is dark with some pillows on the couch.

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LARAN MITHRAS

A Bull for the Blonde

By

Laran Mithras

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**If some guy wants me to do his wife, why the hell
should I refuse?**

Give him what he wants!

CHAPTER 1

I tried ignoring my wife.

"Bae." Clairice wanted my attention behind me.

I was busy trying to suck up to the vice president of Kandle Group. The New Year's Eve party was held once a year. That was it. My big chance to impress some of the buyers that came to the party.

It was more like a convention with drinks, but this was where many of the year's deals were made.

"Bae."

Good fucking grief, woman, can't you see I'm talking? I didn't say that to her, of course. My wife got the good treatment.

I don't think Peter Parker or Peter Packer – whatever – was really listening, anyway. "Would you excuse me?"

His face flashed into a grateful look at my words.

Yeah, fuck you too, then. Is it because I'm black? The man wasn't interested in an office supply deal that would save him money? Get the fuck out.

"Bae." She tugged on my sports coat.

I drew in a deep breath, wanting to yell out, "What, woman?" Instead I held my breath and turned. "Yes, love?"

Her large eyes and open lips showing the gorgeous and sexy space in her teeth looked up at me with all the allure of a dark, lusty vixen. Damn, she was hot. And she was mine.

She motioned with her head. "This man has been waiting for almost half an hour to talk to you."

I made eyes at her. "I was talking to—"

"And getting nowhere. Even I could see that."

Yeah, you're right. I took a healthy sip of my drink. I put on my game face and turned to the man she indicated.

Short little white guy. Handsome. Dressed well.

I made my best smile and extended my hand.

He gripped it and shook vigorously. "I'm Darren Davis—"

I laughed. "Yeah? Small world. I'm Grady Davis."

"Right, I know. That's why I wanted to talk to you."

"I don't think we're related."

"No, no, of course not. But I thought..."

I waited patiently. I was a good rep for the company. A good listener.

He fidgeted like he had to pee.

I waited.

Finally, he jerked his head to the side. "That's my wife over there."

I glanced, not really caring. My glance turned into a stare. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my wife move her head with that knowing look that said she knew exactly what I was thinking. Her eyes winked and flashed and she pursed out her lips in a suppressed smile.

The guy's wife was a stunning blonde, very small and petite. Angelic-looking.

Clairice hummed a giggle.

I cleared my throat and said to Darren, "Yes?"

"She's April, and we were wondering..."

My wife covered her mouth in amusement, but she was looking directly at me.

I wanted to stamp on this guy's foot to make him spill whatever the fuck it was he wanted.

He stammered, "We, uh... Maybe... Do you think..."

I glared at him, all eyes. "What is it, man?"

"Do you think she's pretty?"

"Sure, Darren, sure."

"Do you, uh..."

Clairice snorted and tried to cover it with a cough.

Damn you, woman, stop it. I said to him, "Do I what?"

"Do you have a big... you know..."

"No the fuck I don't know—" I blinked. "Excuse me. Let me rephrase that. No, I don't know."

My wife laughed.

Fuck, woman.

He fidgeted some more and leaned over, and said sotto voce, "Do you have a big cock?"

I burst out laughing, my eyes watering with mirth. "Do I...? Have...?" My laughter felt good.

Clairice nudged me. "He's serious, bae."

And my laughter died away. Get the fuck out. No way. No fucking way. But I was grinning like a kid at Christmas. I often looked at interracial porn with my wife. She frequently teased me about blonde women. But I had never, not once, ever been approached and asked what I was being asked now. "You serious, Darren?"

The man nodded.

Stunned by this turn of events at the party, I raised my eyebrows and tilted my head. "Well, I'm sure I am... What do you think, honey?"

She laughed.

I scowled at her.

Darren looked hopeful.

April was looking on from the table several yards away.

He asked, "How big are you?" As if I discuss my dick every day.

I chuckled. "It ain't very big right now, but I get up to nine inches when hard."

Clairice snorted.

Damn it, woman! I didn't think saying eight and a half sounded as impressive.

Darren paled and swallowed. "That's great."

I knew right then the guy was smaller and not just shorter. Sometimes short white guys could have amazing dicks. And the reverse wasn't always true, either. I had seen plenty of little black dicks.

My wife grabbed my arm and clung to it, squeezing and smiling – making eyes at me filled with encouragement.

He said, "Would you like to meet her?"

I clapped a hand down on the guy's shoulder. "Sure thing."

He led us to her. "April? This is Grady. Grady, April."

I said, "This is my wife, Clairice."

April's clear voice sounded angelic. "We met."

I nodded in understanding. So that's why she was all over me a minute ago. I

squeezed my wife at my side in appreciation.

Darren twisted his fingers all over the place. "Are you staying here at the hotel?"

"No, we're across the street."

He looked relieved. "Maybe..."

Clairice said, "You wanted to invite us up for drinks?"

His face lit up with relief and he nodded.

I silently thanked my wife for saving me the embarrassment. You're a sharpie.

A happy Darren led the way out of the convention hall. "I figured you were perfect because we share the last name."

What? Don't get all weird, now...

"You know, it will almost be like she's your wife. Your white wife, anyway."

I chuckled. "I guess that makes some sense."

My wife hummed happily beside me. I knew she was turned on by the idea, but I hadn't known she would be so positive about a real situation. I whispered to her, "You okay with this?"

She looked at me like I was insane. "Who are you kidding? The chance to get to see you doing it like the pornos? I'm there, baby."

We had watched a lot of black on white and black on blonde porn. I squared my shoulders, prepared to play the part.

But this was going to be new for me. I might have been shy around the blonde in any normal circumstance, but tonight, I was going to have to play the bull.

Commanding. Demanding. And in the case of Darren, demeaning.

It wasn't really my character. Joking, lovable Grady was going to have to grow horns and be a bull.

My eyes fixed on the sweet little sway of April's tiny ass.

Yeah, I can do this.

CHAPTER 2

They had an expensive two-room suite. Damn, it was sweet.

Darren poured drinks and passed them around. He said, "We're prepared to have you here the entire night – for however many times you want to do her."

I resolved to sip mine. No need to have an alcohol-induced wilted willy. I was grinning ear to ear. Here I was with a nice-looking white couple, getting ready to fuck the brains out of the blonde wife. And the entire night, huh?

Hoo yeah. Score one for Grady.

I knew I had to take control, but I wasn't sure when. And I knew I would have to cum a few times.

Clairice nudged me.

I realized Darren was looking at me, poised and expectant.

I swallowed fast and put on my mean face. It probably looked comical because I'm not a mean guy. I just lowered my brow and pursed my lips a little. I motioned to April. "Strip down; I want to see what I'm getting."

I blushed, wondering if that was what I was supposed to say.

My wife squeezed my arm in support.

Darren looked pleased.

April stood, blushing visibly, and unbuttoning her blouse.

I began breathing through my mouth as my heart began hammering in my chest. "Yeah, that's it. Take it off."

She was petite. Did I say petite? I might not have imagined a grown woman being petite, but she was like someone who was birthed a preemie and never

quite developed. She could pass for a junior high schooler from her size and shape.

She had tiny little titties with rosy pink nipples. Umm, looked delicious. She barely had the flare that mature women had at the hips. Hers were almost straight. I murmured, "Tiny..."

Darren gasped. He was excited.

I gave him a deep nod. "I approve. She's gonna feel real good on my cock."

He started to sweat, but his eyes were bright.

April removed her little panties.

Oh my oh my... She had the tiniest little pussy I had ever seen. I whistled. "I don't know, my man." I stood and began removing my clothes.

He stammered, "W-we brought avocado oil to make it easier. Lube it all up."

I chuckled. "I think we're gonna need it." I pulled off my briefs.

April's frightened eyes latched onto it. So did Darren's.

I was about to excuse the smallness of it being mostly limp, but Darren breathed, "Wow..."

Oh, fuck yeah. I have nothing to worry about. I said to him, "Get up and get your clothes off." Not only did it sound good, but that would cover my discomfort over standing around naked in front of some white people we had just met.

I began stroking my shaft, hefting it whenever they looked.

April looked hungry.

Darren did, too. He had a small little pecker, limp and nothing. Was he the kind of guy I had seen in certain videos? I didn't want to disappoint them. I sat down and beckoned his wife. "Come down here and suck me hard." I pointed to her husband. "You come kneel next to her. Come on."

He was up, eager and did as he was told.

Yeah, I got lucky on that one. Okay, he's a definite player. I said to him as he knelt. "I want you to watch your pretty blonde wife suck a real cock."

Clairice was covering her mouth, jerking and twitching.

Fuck it, woman, don't ruin this. I'll tickle you until you pee. I shot her a warning look.

She uncovered her mouth and stuck her tongue out at me.

I tried not to laugh. Damn it, I got a role to play here. Trying not to giggle, I said to Darren, "You watch her now—"

That was when her hand touched my dick. That tiny little grip of silk.

Oh... fuck yes. I gasped and started to lay my head back but stopped myself. I had to look expectant. I gasped, "Yeah, stroke it, bitch. Get your mouth on it."

I really didn't want to treat her like this, but I knew they had a fantasy.

She was slow, more staring at it then doing much else.

I said, "Get your mouth on my cock, right now."

Darren quivered, his little dick twitching.

What am I supposed to do now? Oh... I said, "Watch her mouth suck on my big black cock."

Clairice twitched and jerked. Damn it woman, don't you say a word!

But my thoughts were snatched away when her thin lips slid around the helmet of my shaft. I moaned out, "Ohh..."

Her mouth was so sweet and small. Her tongue so soft and warm. Her beautiful, innocent face moved up and down a little as she sucked on the head.

Oh fuck, this was good. Damn!

My wife stuffed a hand between her legs and clamped them together. She was turned on, too.

I remembered myself. I scooted towards the edge of the couch, sitting upright. "Yeah, baby, that's how you do it. Now kiss your husband."

Darren's eyes grew big and eager.

Yep, figured you out. Hot damn, we're gonna have some fun.

They kissed, slow and then passionate.

I murmured, "Yeah, that's good. Very good."

Darren broke the kiss, bubbling over. "This is fantastic. Different than I imagined..."

Uh oh? I asked him, "How so?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. I thought you'd be more thuglike or something. Saying 'jeah' a lot."

I grimaced at him. Don't know many black people, do you? How the fuck am I supposed to talk again, Doctor Doolittle?

He waved his hands. "No offense."

I'll 'no offense' my foot up your ass.

My damned wife was trying not to bust a gut. Son of a bitch, was I going to have to have words with her. I smiled at her sweetly.

April was still holding onto my cock.

I said, "Feed it to your husband. He needs a taste of what's going inside you."

She blushed again, but immediately moved my pole over his way.

He blinked rapidly and then moved forward. His mouth sucked down on my shaft like an eager whore.

He wasn't a good cocksucker at all.

"All right, that's enough. I want a taste of your pretty little wife." I stood and

stopped. "Before we go any further..."

They were both kneeling, looking up at me. I remembered to toy with my erection. Handling myself, I said, "How many times you done this?"

Darren looked confused. "Huh?"

I said slowly, "How many niggers has she had?"

His eyes got big. "We don't use that word—"

"Well I do. How many?"

"N-none."

"I'm the first?"

He nodded.

"Good. I'm clean and I aim to stay that way. Otherwise, this would be a condom affair. I ain't going to be giving anything to my wife from all of this."

He firmed. "We don't want condoms—"

I leaned down, looking him in the eyes. "You have to be clean, understand me?"

"Oh, of course. We both are."

But I had that little tidbit for later: no condoms. Perfect.

I motioned to April. "Get up and go lay on the bed. I want a taste."

All of us moved into the spacious bedroom.

April sat on the bed and settled back. She still had scared, large eyes.

But fuck, she was beautiful.

I knelt down and devoured her little pussy.

CHAPTER 3

Fuck! This woman tasted great.

Darren watched, massaging his thing.

How had I gotten so lucky? I jacked my cocoa cock as I tongued his wife's pussy.

My wife was squirming in a chair, trying to act cool.

I got up and hefted my cock again.

Clairice snickered.

I ignored her. Instead, I hooked Darren's shoulder and hugged him to me. "Now take a look here." I moved between his wife's legs and laid my cock on her lower abdomen. "I'm going to stuff this much black cock into your wife. All of it. And I'm going to cum that far in her. Farther than you've ever been."

My wife let out several coughs and chuckles.

I glared at her and made a serious face.

Her tongue came out again.

I'll bite that off, woman, I swear... I turned back to Darren. "Can you handle seeing that?"

He was sweating. "Yeah, I think so."

"You have to understand, I'm going to wreck her pussy. She'll never have felt anything like this. She won't be the same afterwards."

He groaned in my arm and shivered. A long drop of precum oozed out of his cock.

"You have to understand, she might not feel you after this. She might need me all the time after tonight."

He groaned louder and a long rope of his juice dripped out and hung from his dick.

"And you know what the really great part is?"

"Wh-what?"

"You're going to beg me to do it."

He almost collapsed.

Fuck, am I good? Or am I good?

Clairice pretended to be sniffing to cover her laughing.

Damn it! I touched my cock to April's thin little pussy lips. My shaft twitched and swelled. I was going to live a dream – a fantasy I never thought would come true. My very own little blonde wife to fuck. I said to him, "Stroke me. Make sure I'm hard. At the same time, tell me what you want me to do."

His hand gripped my shaft, squeezing too hard.

I grimaced but said nothing. Fuck man, it's a cock, just like yours. Just because it's dark doesn't mean it's harder.

He began jacking me. "I want you... I need you to fuck my wife with your big black cock."

I couldn't handle his rough grip. "Okay, okay, I think I'll definitely need the oil to get in her pussy. Where is that?" The guy was going to scrape my dick raw with his hand.

"I'll get it."

I shot several warning glances at Clairice, but she was looking more turned on now than amused. Oh, she likes seeing white boy jack my dick? Isn't this some shit now? I didn't know... I gave her a sly look.

She gave me a sheepish grin as she squirmed on the chair – hand tightly clamped between her luscious thighs.

Darren came back from the closet with a glass bottle.

I held up a hand. "Before you put that on, I want you to suck my dick some more."

April sat up. "Do you want me to help?"

"No, but get down here and watch your husband. He's going to give my cock some respect."

Damn it, if my wife didn't moan. Ha! Figured you out, woman. I gave her another sly look.

Darren's mouth opened and took the head of my shaft in. He began sucking like a crazed hooker.

Fuck! It felt good. Not as good as his wife, but his energetic performance was tickling the balls of my feet. I played it up. "Yeah, suck it! Suck my cock good, white boy. Show your wife how it's done."

Clairice groaned with lust.

I looked over at her, smiling happily with the discovery. Shit, woman, how come you never said nothing? I whooped it up. "Oh fuck yeah, this is great!"

April was gasping, fingering herself and staring longingly at the part of the shaft that wasn't in his mouth.

I grabbed the back of his head and humped my hips, driving my cock to the back of his throat. "Woo! Suck on it white boy! Damn!"

Clairice groaned like a zombie hungry for brains.

I pulled out my member and offered it to his sweet wife. "Here you go." I looked at Darren's rapt face. "Aw, don't feel all left out. Lick my balls."

Another zombie sound from my wife. I looked over: her eyes were rolled up and

her hand was moving. She was definitely getting her freak on over all this.

And I was having fun.

I chanted, "Suck me. Suck my black cock. Suck it like you love it, bitch. Rub it all over your face."

She did and Darren had a great close up view as he licked and sucked my balls.

Shit, Clairice has never treated my dick this good. I arched a thoughtful eyebrow her way. I could get used to this. Fuck yeah.

She was busy fingering herself.

I said to April, "Okay, babe, enough. Time for that pussy to get this cock. Darren, lube me up and do it good. Use both hands."

He poured oil and rubbed his hands together. Then he began double fisting me. This was a lot better with the oil. "Work it, man." I leaned back, thrusting my hips forward. "Don't be afraid to kiss the head."

My wife snorted, despite her arousal.

April had sat back on the bed, looking jealous.

"Don't worry none, you'll get some." I relished Darren's hands on me a little bit longer. "Yeah, that's good. That's enough."

His wife was looking at me with cautious eyes.

"I'm going to positively wreck your pussy."

She gasped and laid herself back.

Was she playing a little game of being frightened? I wasn't sure. But she was still innocent and sweet-looking and I was going to have me some of that.

Right the fuck now.

No more playing.

"Get your hands off me and sit beside her. I want you seeing me violate her pussy."

My wife groaned again breathily.

Darren sat, looking like a proud husband watching his wife open a present.

I pulled on April's little hips and brought her pussy to me. I bent my knees a bit and lined up my cock. I pushed forward, splitting her lips open and pressing good and hard against her hole.

Damn, she was tight. This was going to take effort.

She was looking down her body with pure uncertainty.

I wasn't going to let a little tightness stop me. Not when this man's wife was spread open and wanting it.

I wriggled and pushed until the head popped in. I let out a loud breath. "Smooth sailing from here. Your wife sure has a tight pussy. You like seeing this?"

He nodded vigorously. His four-inch cock was up, hard, and bobbing with his heartbeat.

Okay, maybe he had four and a half.

I pushed, sliding it into her. Even greased, there was quite a bit of tight resistance. Oh... but it felt so fine...

I grunted, shifted, grunted some more – keeping a steady pressure as I pushed her pussy open, spread and stretched it out, and filled her with my thick shaft.

I was loving it already, and I hadn't even began fucking her. The tight smoothness was moist with oil and her juices. She moaned so loudly I couldn't even hear my wife anymore.

Damn!

I pushed harder, grunting louder. I was almost there. "Fuck, this pussy is so tight. But we're gonna fix that real fast." I grunted some more, feeling the head of my

cock push up into that narrowing area of her canal – the very end and limit of this little white woman's pussy. "I'm deep, Darren. Deeper than you can ever get. It feels good." I asked her, "Does it feel good, honey?"

Her eyes were squeezed shut and she just grunted with pressure.

I was so close to being all the way in. I felt the press of the end of her canal. It stretched... and I was in. I let out a loud groan of gratification. "Fuck, yeah; she took it all. She took it all, hubby. She's stuffed full of black dick."

Darren tried to imitate my wife's zombie moan. I think he did a fair job and I almost called him Clairice. His hand gripped his dick tightly and he began squirting cum. His other hand held his cell phone. He was going to have a shaky video.

I flexed inside her and her eyes popped open. She was holding her breath.

I said, "Breathe. I'm going to fuck you now and make this pussy mine." I pulled back, sliding my cock out to the head. "Darren, a little more oil."

He obliged as fast as he could, layering my exposed shaft with that stuff. It was good and slick.

I pushed back in, faster this time.

She gasped and shook, but I felt her relaxing. Her pussy was still tight, but not resisting my thrust.

I moaned, "Yeah, fuck this is good." It felt great. I began moving in and out and it was a bit slow at first. "Fine, white pussy."

Darren was loving it and I was playing it up good. At least my wife had stopped laughing.

I began heaving, able to move faster now. In and out I drove my cock into her little body. "Nothing better than blonde, married pussy."

My wife laughed.

Damn it, woman. I said to Darren, "You never shared this pussy before?"

He shook his head.

"Shame on you. Wives need extra cock all the time. You make sure you share this from now on."

Clairice snickered.

I gazed down at April's face. She was a fucking goddess. Not a goddess, a goddess – a goddess among goddesses and I was fucking my cock into her. There was no way I could last. I lifted her legs to my shoulders and leaned way over her. "Gonna fuck her full of cum. After a little rest, we'll go again."

Darren was bright-eyed and fucking bushy-tailed.

I drove down into her little pussy until my balls slapped against her ass. Barely. But it was more because I had big, full balls, not that I couldn't get it all in. But it was close. I wasn't grinding the very base of my shaft. Her entire body shook with the impacts as I drove down into her. I was fucking drilling for oil. I was making noise, too. Couldn't help it. I was groaning breathlessly as I felt that familiar surge build inside my hips.

That I was going to get to unload in this beautiful little blonde was almost more than I could handle. That her husband approved and wanted me cumming in his wife was like winning the lottery. Step aside, man, I'll fuck her. No problem.

And I drove down into her until my cock tensed and shot its first squirt. I pushed as far as I could and unloaded a torrent of cum so deep into her pussy that it would probably never come out.

A strange thought occurred to me as strong pulses ripped up the shaft of my cock and plastered her with seed: this felt so right. Maybe Darren was onto something with the name thing. But no, it was even more than that. It felt right because she was married, not single.

A single woman would be a threat to Clairice. A single woman might want to acquire that cock for herself. Whereas a married woman was already and had already acquired the relationship.

Yeah, made sense.

It was right because April was married. She'd go home with Darren. All was good. This was an agreement, no more. It wasn't an interview, like dating for marriage would be.

So as my balls squeezed and squeezed and shot my cum deep into her, it was right. It didn't just feel right, it simply was right.

I grunted heavily with the squirts. "Ungh... I'm filling... ungh... your wife... ungh... Kiss her."

Darren did.

April accepted.

I finished emptying into her and withdrew. "Oh, fuck yeah. Filled her up. Another half hour or hour and I'll go again. Darren, clean my cock."

Clairice chuckled suggestively.

But the little man was on me like an eager whore. He slurped and sucked on my dick so good that I almost stayed hard.

And my wife apparently got her kicks out of it.

CHAPTER 4

I tried to avoid drinking, even when Darren kept suggesting a refill. My wife drank, though, and that was good. She was always fun when drunk.

April tried to take it slow, but being so small, even a little bit of drink was enough to souse her up good.

My cum was leaking out of her pussy. It had gaped wide open like a yawning hole at first, but then closed up.

Darren had wanted to be at it, cleaning, right away. I told him to lick only the outside as I wanted as much of my cum to stay in her as possible.

We were now sitting on the couch and she was still making a puddle.

I asked, "How long you been looking for someone to do your wife?"

"Looking for a black man?"

I said, "Yeah."

"We just started. We came to the convention hoping..."

"And saw me."

He nodded.

"Grady Davis." I beamed.

Clairice suppressed a sexy smile.

Darren asked, "Are you going to take her virgin ass?" The look of hope on his face was comical.

I frowned. As much as I was trying to play the part, I didn't want to hurt his wife. "Has she been practicing?"

"What?"

April looked confused.

I said, "You know, shoving big things back up there?"

They both shook their heads.

I shook mine in return. "Nah, no good. The ass isn't like the pussy. It doesn't have multiple sheaths of skin. A big thing like mine up there and it's gonna tear on a little body like hers. Blood and shit get mixed together like that and there could be some serious infections."

They looked at me differently: he looked uncertain; she looked relieved.

I said, "I won't do that to her. Now if she had practiced..."

They looked at each other with an unspoken expression of "next time."

I motioned. "Up, woman. I think I'm ready again. Come here and suck me erect. You, too. Both of you."

My wife was smiling real big – space in her teeth showing in that sexy contrast.

I waved her over. "Come sit next to me."

She snuggled up as Darren and April began licking and kissing my cock.

I said to my wife, "Sure looks good, don't it?"

She was rubbing my chest and shoulders. "Yep." She reached down and grabbed my shaft as it hardened. She moved the head of it over April's lips and then Darren's. She lingered on the man's face. She said, "Suck my husband."

He eagerly obeyed, sliding his mouth over my helmet and sucking.

I leaned my head back and enjoyed the sensation.

She grabbed the back of Darren's head and forced it back and forth. There was a bright light in her eyes.

I asked, "You really like that, huh?"

She turned her lips to my shoulder and brushed across my skin. "It feels so right. You fucking his wife and him sucking your shaft in thanks. I love it. I want more; it goes together. I want his mouth all over your cock."

I grinned. "Then I'll have a little something for you to see later. To end it all."

She whispered, "I can't wait." Her hand was pushing his head down on my shaft and he was gagging. It felt good.

I pushed them away in the act of getting up. I was ready for April again. "Come on, let's put a black baby in you."

Both she and her husband groaned with desire. He gripped his dick and stroked fast.

Ah, like that, huh? Okay. "We're gonna make sure my first cum-dump gets ample reinforcement."

I lifted her and set her back over the arm of the couch, hips up and neck resting down on the cushion. Her pussy was thrust upwards invitingly. I sawed my cock back and forth over her slit and hummed with anticipation. "Mmm yeah, let's get you overflowing with my cum."

I pressed the head in and she gasped. But the insertion this time was easier. She was still tight, though. I pushed and shifted and pulled on her hips. I worked about half my length in and moved in and out.

Darren was up, stroking next to me as he looked around my shoulder.

I said, "If you cum, don't do it on me. That's not cool."

"Oh, sure."

Clairice snickered.

Good grief, I'm going to have to talk to that woman. I asked him, "Does this look good?"

"Very good." He was stiff and excited. His hand moved fast.

I liked it. I really didn't care if some guy wanted to polish his knob all day, but seeing him do it while I was fucking my cock into his wife was very enjoyable. I suddenly wanted to be deep.

I lifted her, pulling her up so that she was riding me while clinging to my shoulders. I hefted her up and down, but even her weight didn't drive her all the way down onto my erection.

I squeezed her to me and rotated my hips, holding her in place and driving my cock upwards further into her.

Her breath rushed over my skin and she laid her pretty blonde head against me.

I tried bouncing her, but she was really too tight for that. I decided the back of the couch was better – higher up and an angle that made pumping easier. I settled her back onto it and grabbed her hips to keep her in place. She wasn't going anywhere. I began pumping, working up some speed and depth of plunge. Her pussy relaxed as I assaulted it. "You want a black baby, April?"

She closed her eyes and just moaned.

I needed more stimulation if I was going to cum, so I moved my hands to her shoulders. I pulled on them with each thrust, ramming my cock all the way up her pussy. "Ah, yeah..."

Darren was oozing all over the place. "Do it! Cum in my wife."

His encouragement spurred me on. I grunted with each deep thrust. Her body jerked. Her mouth opened every push and closed when I pulled back.

I felt a tickle starting, but it was so distant that I knew if I didn't try harder, cumming was going to take a long time. I didn't envy how I was going to feel later – like my balls were bruised, but I needed another orgasm and the hint of one was enough to drive me like a spurred horse.

I cried out, ramming hard. If I didn't capture that tickle, I was going to lose it altogether.

Her husband was almost wild with delight. "Oh, fuck yeah..."

The tickle didn't go away, thankfully. My exertions fanned those flames and they began to spread. Excited that I had captured it and knowing my orgasm was tickled into coming, I strove harder.

I punctuated each word with a massive thrust. "Just... breed.... bitch!"

She wailed, thin and high as her body began to shake from its own internal workings. She was cumming on my cock.

I called out with the effort, blowing more breath out than noise, as the tickle turned white hot. With a heave that buckled my knees, I drove my cock all the way up her pussy and blew my load. I cried out with the effort and strain as my balls pumped another major wad into her womb. I pulled on her shoulders, holding her onto my spurting cock until my ejaculations were finished.

I pulled out of her and my knees gave out. I went down, sitting hard on my ass and flinging ropes of juice across the carpet.

I motioned to April with an exhausted gesture. "Come clean me off. Go easy on it."

Clairice said, "Maybe Darren should do it?"

He hadn't looked at my wife much, but his expression to her was curious. Then it morphed into delirium. His cock erupted, sending out copious dribbles of cum. He wasn't even touching it.

Damn, man. I waved her off. "He'll have a role here soon."

She gave me eyebrows of doubt and shrugged.

I was distracted right away by April's mouth on my very tender and sensitive cock. I said, "Easy, easy..."

I had one more effort to give them before calling it a victory for black on white power, but I didn't know if my dick was going to make it.

Twice in one night? Man oh man, that was tough. But three times? I was asking

for a physical miracle.

My balls were going to hate me in the morning.

Even April's oral ministrations were having no effect on my expended erection.

I just had to give it time.

Her head was moving up and down, but I wasn't even erect.

Some bull I was.

I said, "I think I need a nap, first. Why don't we grab one in the bedroom?"

Darren looked eager.

I wagged a finger at him. "Not you. Just me and April."

Clairice smiled smugly at the man.

Ah, finally. Thank you for supporting my role...

I got to my feet. I barely suppressed the series of groans and grunts of complaint that would have exposed my weakness. I needed to maintain the myth I was ready to defile white blondes at all times.

Did Darren appreciate it?

I didn't give a fuck. I needed a nap.

CHAPTER 5

I awoke an hour later. My dick felt like a dog's chew toy.

I rolled over and went back to sleep.

No way was I going to show I was too weak to get an erection.

April lay softly beside me. The bedroom door was closed and Darren was out there by the door, sleeping or listening – I didn't know which.

I didn't care.

I had already fucked the shit out of his wife and planted my seed so far in her that archeologists would be able to find fresh deposits in her remains after seven hundred years.

My wife was asleep on the couch, probably, and enjoying the effects of free drinks. I would be with her tomorrow and forever. For right now, I was playing my role.

I snored.

Actually, that was what woke me up. Too hard a snort and I was awake.

I laid there for a bit, staring at the ceiling in the dim light spilling from the bathroom. I knew I had an obligation to Darren to make this a night worth remembering.

It wasn't all about me getting off: they had expectations.

For a moment, I wondered if I was up to the task. I had to be their bull. I had to be a cock hard and ready to fulfill their fantasies.

Already, I wanted to go back to sleep.

And yet, Darren trusted me to be his fantasy lover for his wife. He needed an

erect black dick to impale and impregnate his wife.

I wasn't even sure she was pregnable.

Black guys are supposed to have twenty-four seven hard-ons? I breathed deeply, avoiding sighs. But I sure wanted to heave one.

I was on my side, my back to April. I had hugged her to sleep. But this was... my time. I needed a rest.

So I went back to sleep.

Time enough for more... later...



I showered while she slept.

April was a frail thing, huddled in bed and resting peacefully.

My dick was tender. I figured I could get one more act out of it. I wanted to fuck his wife again, but I knew it was that or a more pleasing demonstration that might also make my wife happy.

I opted for my wife.

Darren would have to deal.

Tough shit.

I'd already stretched out his wife's pussy and wrecked it. Came in it. Filled it with cum. His fantasy should be secure. But I needed one more. If Darren came twice, I needed to cum three times. A bull has to be superman.

I was out at four in the morning, rinsing out my mouth with nothing more than faucet water. It would have to do.

I saw her looking at me with sleepy eyes.

I said, "Shower. I'm going to order breakfast for myself."

She didn't answer; she was a very subdued and quiet woman.

I went out the bedroom door and saw Darren curled up on the floor. He looked up at me.

I continued past him without acknowledgment. At the couch, I stroked my wife's face until she opened her eyes. I asked, "You want breakfast?"

A slight nod.

I kissed her forehead.

At the phone, I ordered up scrambled eggs, oatmeal and bacon for two. I was

told the meal would be up in twenty minutes.

Excellent.

In the meantime, I knelt down by my wife and stroked her head.

She murmured, "Do I have enough time to shower?"

"Yeah... if April isn't in there."

Neither of us heard the water running.

Her eyes flashed towards the bedroom door. "How long are we staying?"

"Not long. I think one more display will please them both. And you, too."

She sat upright. "All right then, I'm going to sneak the shower."

"Go for it." I got up and sat in her vacant spot, eyeballing my half-finished drink from a few hours before.

Had I really boned his wife?

I felt it though, knowing I had.

I didn't know if I could get my dick working again, but I had to. After the rest, it probably would work okay. One more demonstration.

I exhaled long and quietly.

Breakfast was good and I paid cash to the server. I would've ordered for Darren and April, but that didn't seem very bull-like.

Had to keep up the mystique. It was more difficult than I'd imagined. I was a happy-go-lucky kind of guy – smiling at life. Sure, I was an alpha male. Definitely. But I was not an alpha-hole.

Trying to imitate one was taxing.

And then my Clairice laughing all the way... I'd have to spank that booty.

I figured the other Davis couple could order their breakfast when they wanted it. Maybe they didn't eat so early.

It was six before everyone was showered and available.

Darren was sitting naked, already hard.

I had on my slacks and shirt, but unbuttoned. I started it off. "I think I'll have another taste of her pussy before I go."

Her husband looked eager. Of course.

Well, so did she and I really felt good about that. I wanted to flood her with cum again, but I resolved a different ending.

I laid her on the floor right there by the couch and settled down to taste more of that little pussy. It was puffy and red, swollen and probably sore.

I licked and she shuddered. Her hand palmed her little nipples and her quiet moan said she was okay with it.

Darren was jacking near her head.

Despite my weariness, I got hard. I was ready to go and I was going to have one more good fuck of her blonde pussy. But I can't cum. Be careful.

I moved up between her legs.

Darren stuck his cock in her mouth.

Dammit, man. Now I gotta steer clear. I wasn't gay or anything; I didn't want his dick anywhere near my mouth. I would've said something – commanded him to go away, but I had made him sleep without his wife. I can imitate asshole only so much.

I let him get sucked.

I busied myself gently working my long black cock into her pale little pussy. It slid in a little at a time.

April was much noisier this time. Her breathy groans rose in fever and pitch as I

pumped more and more of my shaft into her.

My dick. His wife's pussy. It was perfect.

Darren had pulled back when she began groaning. He was grinning down at her with pride.

I said to him, "You know she's always going to think of my cock now when you two make love."

He sighed with lust.

I winked at him. "Her pussy was made for my cock."

He nodded like a bobblehead.

I pushed all the way in and held it there. "Yeah, when she needs black cock again, you be sure to call us." I said to her, "You have such a fine pussy, April."

She began bucking under me, feverishly working her pussy on my shaft. She was moaning louder, getting herself off on my cock while I just held still.

Damn, white woman is all hot for my cock. I loved it. I had to pull out after she finished; her moving had gotten me close.

I settled back on my knees and motioned both of them. "Get over here and suck me off." It was time. I stood up and spread my legs in a commanding pose.

April was first, crawling quicker than her husband. Less timid today, she tongued my shaft like she loved it. Her husband licked the other side and lower when she took the head into her mouth. They knelt at my feet and worked me over together.

She looked so sweet and innocent with her mouth stretched around my erection. She tried getting as much as she could into my mouth, but her husband had done better, really.

Still, I appreciated the effort.

Clairice settled close on the couch. She was the only one of us who had kept her

clothes on the entire time. Her face was alight with interest and she twinkled an eye at me.

Perfect. This was for my wife. "All right, April, just jack me. Stroke me into your husband's mouth."

Her little hand guided me to her husband's lips. He sucked me in and began slurping her juices off of my shaft. It felt great. And again, it felt right.

My wife loved it.

I whispered, "Yeah, suck it good. Suck the cock that violated your wife's pussy."

He moaned on my erection and the vibrations tickled up my back.

The tickles turned more serious; I was getting close. "Fucking her married pussy was so good, Darren. So very good..."

He groaned around my dick loudly and sucked harder.

"Show me how much you appreciate me fucking your sweet wife."

His head moved so forcefully that April released the base of my shaft.

I leaned back, enjoying the blowjob.

He was doing a better job of it today and he almost felt as good as a woman doing it. His tongue swirled all around my shaft and head.

Clairice was moaning low and desperate. She whispered, "Ah... yes..."

I knew it was coming. I pulled out of his mouth and began jacking. "April, get your hand up here. Right here. Come close. Darren, get your face right here." I indicated the spot. "I want you both seeing the cum I shot into her pussy last night and I want it on her wedding ring."

They were barely in place when I started shooting. I called out with relief and soreness, "Ohh...!" I shifted a little aiming the first burst across her face and onto his. His cheek took most of it.

He opened his mouth, excited and gripping his dick.

I sent another blast, not as strong, mostly onto her face. Some hit his chin. The rest of my squirts, so worn out now, were much weaker and landed on her fingers. I made sure a big glob coated her wedding ring.

My knees were on the verge of collapse. My balls protested with a violent ache. Fuck, too much.

I rubbed the head of my cock over her ring, smearing the cum around. Then I ran the throbbing helmet of my cock all over Darren's open mouth. He was trying to catch my dick.

His hot breath on my shaft sent a shiver and an aftershock through me that resulted in a small stream erupting from the head and onto his lips and tongue.

My wife growled like a savage and grunted through an orgasm so intense she couldn't keep still.

I was done. Whew. "Okay, April, just a quick suck to clean me off."

Darren looked up at me with rapt admiration. He croaked, "Thank you."

I winked at him.

EPILOGUE

In the elevator, my wife hugged my arm.

I asked, "I did good?"

"Quite a performance. But you still have one to go."

"Huh?" I was bone weary and my dick felt as if it would never work again.

She gave me a sly grin. "You have me to do."

"Oh, woman..."

"You're not getting out of it."

Fuck. I was really going to have to spank her.

She hugged me to her as we walked off the elevator.

I kept my voice low. "So you really liked what you saw?"

She nodded, then said, "The way you handled Darren seemed to make it all..."

"What?"

"I don't know. It all seemed to fit. I approve."

I chuckled. "I almost hope they don't call."

She laughed. "I have a feeling they will."

Thank you for reading A Bull for the Blonde. I certainly hope you enjoyed it and all reviews are greatly appreciated – even critical reviews!

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