

Interracial/Cuckold Erotica

All-American cuck

Bobbi Love

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Part One: Delivery Room Regret

The reality of the situation didn't start to hit Joshua Reynolds until he was standing in the delivery room and watching his beautiful blue-eyed Southern wife breastfeed her new black baby.

"He's so beautiful!" Ginny Reynolds kept saying in her bubbly way. This was her first child and —like many new mothers— she was in heaven. Ginny seemed completely oblivious to the world as she clutched the small dark bundle to her plump ivory breasts.

Thankfully, it had been a very smooth delivery. And Joshua had to admit that his wife had never looked happier. In fact, the only other person who seemed as happy as Joshua's wife right now was the tall, well-built black guy standing on the opposite side of the hospital bed. His name was Delmont Jackson.

"He's so amazing and beautiful," Ginny Reynolds said, stroking and kissing the newborn as it continued to greedily suck on her nipple. "I feel so blessed!"

"See, I told you," Delmont said with a big shit-eating grin on his face. "We do damn fine work together!"

"You can say that again," Ginny said.

Delmont looked across the hospital bed and said, "What do you think Joshy?"

Joshua hesitated. "He's pretty... dark-skinned."

"I know, right?" Ginny nodded. "I bet he's going to grow up and be handsome and strong just like his daddy. I hope he does. I just want to cry right now!"

"Why do you want to cry, beautiful?" Delmont said.

"I just hope I can be a good mother to this child," Ginny said. "He's so beautiful. I just can't get over how gorgeous this child is. I don't mean to be getting so emotional, but I just hope I won't let him down."

"Nonsense woman!" Delmont declared. "You're going to be a great mother! I can tell. Joshy, tell your wife that she's going to be a great mother!"

Joshua didn't say anything. He was too busy trying to figure out how the baby's

skin color could be so dark. It would have been a lot easier for him if the baby had come out light-skinned. But now there was no way that he would be able to pass this child off as his own.

"Dear?" said Ginny, looking up at her husband now. "Are you okay? What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Joshua muttered.

"Look at how amazing our baby is!" she said.

"Yeah, he is—he looks very healthy."

"Damn right he does," Delmont said. "That boy has those healthy Jackson genes."

"Hey, wait a minute!" Ginny protested. She moved some of her shiny, voluminous brown hair from her face. Then she looked up at the man who had planted his seed deep inside her womb and frowned at him. "I think I had something to do with it also."

"You did?" the baby's father said facetiously.

Joshua, who didn't need to be reminded of any of this, nearly died when he saw Delmont give him a sly wink.

Then Ginny said, "Who do you think has been carrying him around in her belly for the past 9 months? Me!"

Delmont nodded. "And I'm the one who kept saying that you were the sexiest looking pregnant bitch I've ever seen!"

"Delmont!" Ginny said in mock outrage. "Don't say thing like that in front of the baby!"

Delmont laughed, opened a small wooden box, and handed Josh a cigar. "Take one, Joshy. You deserve it. Without you, none of this would have been possible!"

Out of politeness, Joshua took one of the cigars. Then—before he was able to stop himself—he sincerely thanked Delmont Jackson for his incredible

generosity.

Part Two: All-American Girl

Funnily enough, Joshua could still remember the time when he considered Delmont to be a friend.

After all they had more than a few things in common. Both men worked for the same company, both had started about the same time, both were the same age, and both had similar educational backgrounds.

At first Joshua found their friendship to be rewarding. It wasn't unusual in the early days for them to leave work together and grab beers and swap stories about their glory days as high school All-American football players.

Delmont was quite a character too. He was funny, very confident, and a great story-teller. Joshua even recognized that having someone like Delmont around him was a good thing since it would probably promote a more competitive environment. As members of the sales team, a large portion of their income was commission-based. And Joshua was eager to make as much lucre as possible. He had a wife to support now.

Ginny Reynolds was his one true love.

A former homecoming queen, Ginny was everything Joshua could have wanted in a partner. She was perfect in every way.

Brunette hair, laughing blue eyes, and a sparkling smile which often appeared mischievous. She was just a joy to be near.

Even better, Ginny was not just a pretty face. She was blessed with a body to match: perfect ass, soft skin that browned in the summer, and a set of D-cups which she normally tried to not show off in public. Plus her waist appeared to be cinched, giving the appearance of a wasp because of her small girth. Joshua could almost touch his hands when he put them around her waist.

And like Joshua, Ginny came from an affluent Southern family. When they moved away from their small town life because of her husband's burgeoning career, Ginny was just as eager to begin a new life in the big city as her husband.

It was an exciting time for the newlyweds.

It seemed like the whole world was waiting for them to take over.

Joshua told his vivacious young wife that within five years he expected to make enough money for them to start their family with every conceivable material comfort. He knew that his job offered that sort of financial reward. He knew that his whole life he'd been the best at everything he did. He knew that he wanted to support his family —give Ginny and their future children everything they could ever hope for.

But what Joshua didn't know was that Delmont Jackson was no ordinary sales guy.

Delmont turned out to be one of the slickest, trickiest, least moral, and most successful salesperson the company had ever employed.

Delmont was like this black hole for commissions. He took everything!

It wasn't that Joshua was ever in danger of being fired, or not able to pay his bills. It was just that —for the most part, financially speaking—it seemed like him and Ginny were just able to get by without ever getting ahead. So that after five years of big city life, they were still renting the same one-bedroom apartment with just enough disposable income to finance their weekly dinner/movie night and the occasional weekend vacation.

It wasn't a bad life.

Joshua was still in love with his wife and considered her to be his best friend. He could tell that she was doing everything in her power to not show him that she was disappointed with the prospect of entering her late 20's and not yet having a home or a child.

For instance: sometimes he would find baby naming books and interior decorating magazines hidden in the couch cushions.

Then there was Facebook.

Facebook made everything look worse. Facebook allowed Ginny the opportunity to sit around for hours —just scrolling through all the baby pictures and new house pictures posted by their childhood friends.

Joshua hated fucking Facebook. Hated it!

Sometimes Joshua would make snotty little comments about people who spent more time in front of their laptops than in the real world. Ginny had never been good with arguments and hostile criticism. Her natural defense was to retreat — withdraw and leave Joshua alone to seethe and drink his scotch in front of Sports Center.

Then five years of routine living, five years of just getting by, five years of childless marriage, turned into seven years.

Seven whole years!

Where did the time go?

Suddenly Joshua was no longer a young man.

Now he was nearly thirty years-old —with a thirty-eight inch waist. His dreams of becoming a CEO or entrepreneur were over too. Career-wise, middle-management was as high as he would ever get. And just holding onto that would require all of his natural resources. Joshua no longer exercised, found himself seeking refuge in junk food, experienced low energy, and masturbated to Internet porn more frequently than he fucked his own wife.

A lot had changed since his All-American days.

On some level, Joshua realized that things would have to change. There was no way that him and Ginny could keep living like this. But he would have never guessed —not even in his worst nightmare— that the catalyst for that change would be Delmont Jackson's love of Southern white girls.

Part Three: Delmont Jackson: HNIC

Ever since the promotion, Delmont Jackson had been out of control.

Seriously!

First of all, he had the unfortunate habit of calling Joshua into his office so that they could discuss things which ordinarily would have been dealt with in a quick email or text.

Other times Delmont would just sit around talking about one of his new cars or some new piece of jewelry he just bought. Whether or not Joshua had other things to do didn't matter to Delmont. It was clear that Delmont was one of those guys who really got off on the whole power trip thing. If Delmont had been an unscrupulous asshole before, he was an absolute tyrant now that he was Joshua's boss.

"This is not going to be a problem for you, is it Joshua?"

The two men were sitting in the darkly-lit bowels of a martini bar popular with the white collared crowd. Delmont wanted to celebrate the quarter's sales numbers and offered to buy the first round. He said it was the least he could do now that he was the HNIC.

(Josh had to Google that one.)

"What do you mean?" said Joshua, trying to pretend that he was happy to be there, trying to pretend that he didn't feel forced to answer his boss's every little whim.

"I mean, you don't have a problem with me being your boss, do you?" said Delmont.

"Why? Because you're black?"

Delmont erupted with laughter that lasted for several seconds. Then he said, "No man, I know you're not some racist hick."

"Thanks."

"I'm talking about the fact that we both started off at the same time and now you

have to answer to me. So I'm asking: that's not going to be a problem for you? Please, if you have anything to say, now is the time to say it."

Joshua, who was already on his second double, slowly brought the highball glass up to his mouth. He took a long contemplative sip, making sure that he'd swallowed all of his pride before continuing. "Delmont, trust me when I say that if I have to work for anyone, then I'm glad it's someone like you."

"Aw man, that's so great to hear," Delmont said. "What a relief, I was legitimately concerned for a moment."

Joshua drank some more, relishing every little drop of liquid courage sliding down his throat. "Yeah? How come?"

"Well, for starters I think you're a damn fine employee," Delmont told Joshua. "I like the way you hustle around the office. Sure, you don't close accounts the way some of these young bucks do, but you've got this consistency to your work ethic that I really admire."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. I'm glad you're on the team. I've always thought that a boss is only as good as his employees."

His employees? That's a good one, thought Joshua. Did Delmont secretly buy the company after getting the promotion?

Not sure how to respond, Joshua just sat there holding his drink, nodding.

There was a short pause at the table.

"I want you to be happy and comfortable," Delmont said.

"I am," said Josh. "It's all good."

"My management style might be slightly more hands on than my predecessor, but I think that it'll be mutually beneficial."

"How so?"

"Well, Joshy, who knows, maybe you can learn a few things under my tutelage."

Two things. First, Joshua hated it when Delmont called him that. He could tell that Delmont enjoyed treating him like a little brother when in fact he was several months older than Delmont. Secondly, his fucking tutelage? Who the fuck did he think he was? The arrogant prick!

Instead of reaching across the table and taking a swing at Delmont's stupidly grinning face, Joshua pasted a big corporate smile on his face and said, "I think it's all going to work out. I really do. Like I said, I'm happy to be working for you Delmont."

"Oh one more thing," the black man said.

"What's up?"

"It's probably better if you don't call me that. Things are different now. For the sake of keeping things professional, at least at the office, you probably better just call me Mr. Jackson."

Seriously? For a quick moment Joshua seriously wasn't sure whether or not this fucking guy was trying to be funny. But the longer they sat there, the more evident it became that Delmont was being as serious as a heart attack.

"You want another round?"

"Sure."

A few moments later Lamont ordered for both of them, telling their cute, perky, blond-haired cocktail waitress to put the drinks on his tab. When the stunningly beautiful woman turned to leave —wiggling that firm butt barely encased in a short black skirt— there was a very long silence at the table. It was the heavy, thoughtful, white-knuckled silence of older men salivating over fruit that had just barely turned ripe.

"They're wearing skirts shorter these days, aren't they?" Joshua said.

"Don't see me complaining," Delmont said.

"Nineteen," said Joshua. "I'd be surprised if she's twenty yet. Look at that ass!"

"I usually like a little more meat on them bones," Lamont said. "But you'll never see me kicking a sexy little snow bunny like that out of my bed. Fuck no!"

"College girls, man!"

"Why don't you ask her for her number?" Lamont said. "Come on, playa!"

"Naw man, I can't," Joshua said.

"Why not? You got some sand in your vagina?"

"I have a wife," Joshua said. "I'm married."

Lamont looked vexed. "Wait?!? For real?"

"Seven years," Joshua said, his teeth on edge.

"Shit man, I didn't know that."

Of course you don't know that, Joshua thought. You're too fucking conceited and arrogant to listen to what other people tell you. Over the years I've only mentioned my wife about a hundred times. DICK!

Lamont inclined his head in acknowledgment. He lifted one of his large hands and with its several pieces of heavy-looking jewelry, started scratching his chin. "Damn Joshy, that's great to hear! Congratulations with the marriage! A married man! I like that, Joshy. That's great to hear. I guess that just means me for me!"

Joshua pasted another smile across his face. Irritation and fear of losing his job warred inside. He wanted to smack that stupid fucking grin off Lamont's face. He wanted to choke all the fake-ass bravado right out of Lamont's throat. He wanted to tell Lamont that all of his attempts to humiliate Joshua were futile and ill-conceived. But —at the same time— Joshua still needed his job. "Yeah, you're probably right, Lamont..."

Lamont was adjusting his cuff links now. "You guess what, Joshy?"

Joshua enlightened him. "No offense, but neither one of us is getting younger. I'm sure that there was a time when you had a chance with a girl like that. But come on, man! Look at her!"

Lamont fixed his jaw, leaned forward, giving his bullish frame an even more commanding presence. "What's that mean, Joshy?"

Joshua knew that he didn't need to elaborate because he knew that his meaning had been crystal clear. Moreover, he knew that the arrowhead of his comment had struck a nerve with Lamont, who was clearly uncomfortable with the notion that he was getting old. So Joshua merely raised his glass as jovially as possible, toasting, "Here's to back in the day!"

"You're a funny dude."

"Am I?"

With a sullen, unfriendly smile, Lamont said, "Yeah, you're real funny. You're a funny man. Drink up funny man."

By the time Joshua got to the end of his glass he felt lightheaded and needed to go to the bathroom. When he returned to the table Lamont was signing the credit card slip. Then Lamont drew himself up to his full height and said, "This has been fun. It's almost like old times. We should do it again."

They started walking towards the door.

Already it was dark outside. The cars had their headlights on. It was bumper-to-bumper traffic. On both sides of the street the sidewalk was packed with people leaving work and going to bars and restaurants and theatres. Joshua would have loved to stay out a bit longer —just a few more hours, a few more drinks, a few more jokes between friends. In fact he felt so good that for a second, standing there underneath the awning, he had almost forgot that he hated Delmont Jackson.

"You headed home?" Delmont said.

"Probably," Joshua said.

"That's cool, man. I guess I'll see you later, homeboy!"

"Delmont?"

"Yeah man?"

"Hey, I just wanted to say I'm sorry. Back in the bar, I didn't mean anything when I was talking about us getting older. I was just —"

Delmont interrupted midsentence. "Please, Joshy, you got nothing to apologize for. We were just talking. That's all. That's what buddies do. But if it makes you feel any better, I got our waitress's phone number."

"Bullshit!" said Joshua. "When?"

"When do you think? When your drunk-ass was in the bathroom."

"No way!"

"I told her that she was fine as hell and —"

"What did she say? Exactly?"

"She said: Sure, as long as I didn't bring that 'old dude' with me."

That hurt. Joshua wasn't sure if Delmont's line had been well rehearsed or not. But it was certainly well executed. Suddenly, standing there with a stomach full of scotch and insecurities, he started to feel a little nauseated. "Delmont, man, don't take this the wrong way. I think you're a great dude. But fuck —you're so full of shit sometimes!"

"You think so, Joshy?"

"I fucking know so!"

"How about a little wager then."

"What wager?"

"The next time we go out. You pick a woman —ANY FUCKING WOMAN. And I guarantee that I will not only get her digits, but I'll fuck her THAT SAME NIGHT."

Clearly, Delmont was far more intoxicated than Joshua had originally thought. "You're on! How much?"

"Money?" Delmont paused, thinking it over. "How much do you got?"

"I got enough that says you're fucking full of shit!" Joshua said belligerently, feeling himself start to release years of built-up hostility towards Delmont.

"Do you got ten thousand dollars?"

"Ten thousand dollars?"

"Shit Joshy, that's too easy. Never mind. I can't take your money like that."

"Trust me, bro, you won't be."

"Okay, you want to do this, Joshy? Let's really make it interesting. You win: I pay you ten thousand dollars, no hard feelings."

"And if you win?" Joshua said waiting for the other boot to drop.

"You have to get my lunch for a month."

"That's all?"

"That's it."

"No money?"

"Not a dime on your end. Shit man, I got too much money as it is."

"Lamont?"

"Yeah Joshy?"

"You're fucking on!"

Part Four: Ginny Reynolds: PAWG

"Oh shit," Joshua said while looking into the bathroom mirror. "Ginny? How long has that bald spot been there?"

Ginny came into the bathroom wearing a lime green tank top and a pair of lacy black and green French-cut panties which made her hips look even more flared than they already were. Her hair was still drying in a towel. "I don't know, for a while now. I thought you knew about it."

"What? That I'm fucking going bald?"

"Yeah, well, isn't your dad a baldie too? You'll probably look like him."

Joshua frowned at his reflection in the mirror. He didn't like what he saw. His once athletic bushy-haired body was a thing of the past. Instead he saw a balding, pale white man who could stand to lose fifteen pounds. Maybe twenty.

No wonder his sex drive had taken a dive lately.

If he was a chick, he wouldn't have wanted to fuck him either.

Ginny, on the other hand, had barely aged since college. She couldn't buy wine at the grocery store without getting carded. She had great genetics: the thick and shiny chestnut brown hair, the perfect teeth, the fine bone structure, the clear complexion. Not to mention that curvy body!

"Hey babe," Ginny said casually, glancing over her shoulder, "what's a P-A-W-G?"

"I have no idea, dear," Joshua said, leaving the bathroom. "You tell me."

"No, it's something I heard," Ginny said. "I mean, this guy in the subway said that I was a total P-A-W-G. That's why I was asking."

While Ginny leaned in close to the mirror to remove her contacts, Joshua fired up his laptop and did a brief Internet search. "PAWG," he said, reading off the screen. "It stands for Phat Ass White Girl."

"A what?!?"

"I guess that's supposed to be a compliment," Joshua muttered to himself. Then he yelled out, "Phat Ass White Girl. Phat —with a Ph!"

"Ah, that explains it," Ginny's voice said from the bathroom.

"Let me guess," Joshua said, shaking his head disdainfully. "This guy was a black guy?"

Ginny stood in the doorway and put her hands on her hips. "He seemed pretty black to me."

"Sorry," Joshua said. "Dear, we don't live in a perfect world. I'm afraid. And one of the disadvantages of living in the city is that you're going to meet the occasional thug. I wouldn't worry about it though."

"Who said I'm worried?"

Joshua gave a slight, dismissive shrug, but didn't say anything.

"And for the record: he was wearing Brooks Brothers," Ginny added. "So I'm not sure if he was a thug. Actually, just so you know, not all black guys are thugs."

"Oh really?" Joshua said.

"Besides, honey, isn't your boss a black guy?"

Joshua didn't feel like arguing tonight, but also he didn't appreciate his wife's tone. She was almost starting to sound like her mother—who was famous for lecturing and belittling her husband in public venues. Joshua had seen it happen many times. It was always disconcerting to witness. In college Joshua and Ginny used to joke about how dissimilar Ginny was from her mother. They used to call Ginny's mother things like "Super Bitch" and "Crazy Lady" and "Psycho Mom." But now it seemed like every day Ginny was slowly adopting more and more of her mother's characteristics.

When Ginny walked back into the bedroom she removed the towel from her head and started to shake her hair dry. One of the things about having such thick, voluminous hair was that it took her all night to dry unless she used the blow dryer.

Joshua was watching her from the bed.

"What are you looking at baldie?" she said with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

"Don't call me that," Joshua said.

"I'm just playing. You should lighten up, baldie. You know I love you no matter what!"

"Whatever," her husband said. "Just don't call me that."

"I'll love you no matter how bald and fat and pasty-white you get!"

"Ginny?"

"Yes hubby?"

"Are those new panties?"

"Oh, these little things?" Ginny said, doing a quick little pirouette so that her husband could get a full view. "I'm surprised you even noticed. Do you like them, dear?"

"I do," he said without any emotion in his voice.

Her straight white teeth flashed and a devilish dimple cratered one cheek as she started to slowly approach the bed, moving her hips from side to side in her most seductive manner. "You know, I was thinking that we could see how they look on the bedroom floor tonight... that is, if you're interested?"

Joshua consulted his wristwatch. It was clear to him that his wife was obviously in one of her 'moods.' And there had been a time in his life when this would have been the best news in the world.

But those days were over.

Now Joshua just felt very tired —knowing that he would have to wake up in seven hours and do this all over again. Also, even if he did want to take care of his husbandly duties tonight, the scotch would have prevented him. And the last thing in the world he needed was another night of Ginny cupping his semi-hard

penis and asking him if everything's okay.

"Goddammit Ginny!"

"What? What's wrong, honey?"

"You always do this," he said. "You always wait until the last goddamn second to have sex when you know that I have to get up in a few hours! Jesus Christ! Not all of us get to sleep in all goddamn day if we want to! Some of us have to actually go to work and earn a paycheck!"

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," he said. "Just try and be a little more aware of other people, that's all!"

Joshua angrily rolled over and pulled the covers up to his chin. He tried to go to sleep while his wife scurried around the bedroom in her panties and tank top, turning off all the lights. Then she went into the bathroom and closed the door. The last thing Joshua heard was Ginny quietly sobbing while the bath water ran.

Part Five: Put Your Tongue Where Your Mouth is

The next day Joshua came home in a much better mood. He almost felt like his old self as he parked his Audi and strutted into the front door of his apartment. It had been a great day at work. Delmont had been out of the office all day and more importantly, Joshua had closed a big sale with another company that everybody thought was impossible to land. For a brief second it felt like this could be the moment when everything started to turn around for Joshua Reynolds.

"Oh honey, I'm home!"

Ginny was sitting at the kitchen table, her nose buried in a glossy fashion magazine.

Joshua put his attaché down on the counter and said, "Hey beautiful, didn't you hear me?"

Her apathy was obvious as she barely acknowledged him with a quick smile before going back to her magazine.

"Did you go to your yoga class today?" he asked.

Ginny was dressed like she'd just left the gym. She was wearing a black performance top that hugged her sizable breasts. And the fact that she was wearing Capri yoga pants meant that she was wearing a thong today since she always wore thongs when she wore yoga pants.

"Sure did," she said unenthusiastically.

"Cool." Joshua grabbed a beer from the refrigerator. "Is this about last night? I'm really sorry about that. I think I was just really stressed out about today. There was a big meeting. Turns out, I had nothing to worry about though since I closed the sale! Cha-ching!"

"Oh that's great dear," Ginny muttered.

Joshua sat down with his beer and studied his wife's face. "Everything cool?"

She gave him a withering look. "I'm happy for you, dear. I really am."

"Maybe if someone is a good little girl," he said, trying to coax her away from the world of high fashion, "I'll use some of that commission money and take her shopping! You still like new clothes, correct?"

Joshua smiled now, recalling the moment when the client finally agreed to his terms. He couldn't wait to see the look on Lamont's face when he told him what happened today. So many sales guys —Lamont included—had tried and failed to land this account. But Joshua had done it! This meant that Lamont could take his fucking tutelage and go fuck himself!

Suddenly, Joshua remembered something else.

He sat there sipping his beer for several minutes while he mulled over the details. Did Lamont really say ten thousand dollars? Was he really that fucking delusional? Was there really no legitimate risk for Joshua?

Man, this day kept getting better and better.

"Ginny?"

"Yes dear?" she said, not taking her eyes off the magazine.

"Do you remember my boss? Lamont? The black guy?"

"Of course dear," she said in the robotic voice of someone who is only trying to be polite.

"I think I know how we can pick up an easy ten thousand dollars," he said.

Ginny finally looked up from her magazine.

During the next ten minutes, as Joshua gave his wife a thumbnail sketch of how they could pull off their scam, Ginny Reynolds listened intently, nodding her head, asking questions, and never once doubting whether or not it was possible. In fact her only concern was whether or not Lamont would actually pay the money when the time came.

"I'm like 99.99% sure," Joshua told his wife.

"Why's that?"

"Well, I happen to know that Lamont doesn't have any of the usual weaknesses. He doesn't drink a lot, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't do drugs, and he's not married so he doesn't cheat on his wife. His Achilles heel, however, is his gambling addiction. He's terribly addicted to that stuff. He's shown me a few of his Las Vegas tickets —and let's just say that losing ten thousand dollars is nothing compared to what he usually loses during March Madness or the Super Bowl."

"And you're okay with this? With him hitting on me? You're actually okay with this?"

"It's not like he's going to get anywhere," Joshua said. "Also, I'll be there the whole time. I really don't see how this can go wrong dear. So: what do you say?"

"I have one condition."

"Name it."

"I want you to eat me out."

Joshua's jaw hit the floor. "What? Where did that come from? When?"

"Right now!" she said in a sharp tone.

Joshua followed his wife into the back bedroom, his eyes glued to the lush contours of her ass. It had been a while since they'd been intimate. And now he couldn't wait to get those fucking yoga pants off that sexy body.

She stopped by the bed. She kicked her shoes off and started peeling her yoga pants off so that a moment later she was only wearing a pink thong and the black performance top —making her look incredibly sexy.

"Damn baby," Joshua said. "I don't even need Viagra this time. That body has me going crazy!"

She turned, and his eyes focused first on her full breasts, then traveled down her belly to the triangle of cloth hiding playfully between her thighs.

"I hope you're ready to get fucked," Joshua said.

But when he started to unbuckle his belt, Ginny surprised him by reaching out and stopping him.

"What?" he said.

"That's not our deal."

"Ah, that's right," he said, "you first. I get that. I can handle that."

He pushed her back onto the bed and knelt between her knees and placed her legs over his shoulders. Right away he realized that he wasn't the only person turned on. The musky smell of his wife's arousal was one of the most intoxicating things in the world.

"I love how turned on you are," he said. "Sounds like someone is excited by my good news!"

"Joshua?"

"Yes dear?"

"Just eat my pussy!" she said impatiently.

Teasing her, he licked the inside of each leg a few times, from the knee to the top of the thigh. As he did so, Joshua worked two fingers inside her pussy and began to stoke her clit. In short order Ginny went from moist to wet. As he felt her pussy begin to open up like a flower in bloom, he buried his face in her engorged outer lips.

After a few moments of performing cunnilingus on his wife, Joshua came up to kiss her on the mouth.

They exchanged a long, slow, passionate kiss. Their tongues explored each other's mouths and then she began to suck his tongue. But again when Joshua started to fiddle with his pants—badly needing to get his erection out—she reminded him of their deal and started pushing his shoulders until his face was back where it belonged. Buried in her pussy.

"Now eat my pussy, little man!"

As Joshua continued working his tongue up and down the warm, wet folds of Ginny's pussy, he couldn't believe his ears. His wife had never been so forceful, so aggressive. And she had certainly never said anything like that before.

A moment later she entwined her fingers behind his head and pulled his nose deeply into her scent. There she held Joshua. His mouth was pressed up against those perfect pink pussy lips, feeling her juices begin to dribble down his chin.

"OOOOOOUUUUHHHHH, FFFUCCCK, THERE BABY! RIGHT THERE! KEEP LICKING ME THERE! I REALLY FUCKING NEED THIS!"

Not that Joshua could respond. His nose was still crushed into her slit, absorbing all of her smells. It was almost starting to get hard for him to breathe. His entire head was surrounded by her: her legs wrapped his neck, her hands pulling him deeper, her thighs pressing tightly against his ears.

Oxygen was needed.

For a second Joshua wondered if he was going to suffocate like this —and he started to panic, trying to push away.

All of a sudden, Ginny stiffened and Joshua knew that his wife was about to get off. She arched her back and came in a series of violent spasms. She clawed at the back of his head, and screamed till she was out of breath. Then she went limp, and lay back on the bed sheets, panting.

Joshua was just happy that he could breathe again. He got back on the bed and they laid there together, their arms and legs wrapped around each other.

"Wow, you're really getting better at that," Ginny said in her post-orgasmic glow. "Maybe there is hope for you yet."

"Um, thanks."

"Well, I need to take a shower. I'm supposed to meet some of the girls out for drinks tonight," she said, getting up and walking across the room.

"Hey!"

She already had one foot in the bathroom, stopped. "What's wrong dear?"

"What about me?" he said in a whiny voice.

"Silly man, I'm sure that you can figure something out. Once again, thanks for that! We should definitely start making that one of our things."

Then the door was closed and Joshua could hear his wife taking one of her legendary showers. He booted up the laptop and started looking for a video. His dick was still hard from earlier. Finally he found a video called "PAWG TOTATLLY GETTING IT."

The woman even sort of looked like Ginny, same body type and similar faces. They could have been sisters. For about five minutes Joshua jacked his hard little pecker while the gorgeous female flaunted her naked body outside by a large swimming pool. Then, just as Joshua could feel the first contractions of an orgasm, the white woman was joined by a large African-American male who wasted no time in getting his big black cock inside her. Joshua was already past the point of no return though and started shooting his cum onto the bedroom floor.

A moment later, feeling disgusted by what he saw on the computer screen, he closed his laptop, thinking that they really should warn people about stuff like that.

Part Six: Preparing His Wife for Her Date

When the night finally arrived, Joshua wanted to help his wife as much as possible. Despite everything she said, he could tell that she felt a little uncomfortable with this. She seemed a little insecure. She seemed a little unsure of herself. And in some ways this only made him love his wife even more.

He ran her bath and put a few drops of scented oil in the water to make her skin soft and satiny. Then once she was in the warm water and comfortable, he proceeded to bathe her sexy body.

"Are you okay?" Joshua said.

"I'm fine," she said. "Thanks for the bath."

"This is the kind of treatment my wife deserves."

"I like that talk," she said.

"Is the water too warm?" he asked.

"Hmm, it's perfect," she purred.

"I love you Ginny," he blurted out.

"I know you do, honey," she said with her eyes closed so that she almost appeared to be dreaming. "I love you too."

"Everything is going to be fine," he said. "This is easy money. All you have to do is just wait there at the bar and I'll pick you as the girl. Remember: don't shoot him down right away. I don't want him to have any reason not to pay up. By this time tomorrow, dear, we should be \$10,000 richer!"

"But you're going to be there too, right honey?" Ginny said.

"Of course I am."

She opened her eyes and looked up at him, saw that he was still carefully surveying her body. "By the way, dear..."

"Yes love?"

"Take a picture," she said. "It'll last longer."

They both laughed.

Joshua couldn't help himself. Ginny was so beautiful lying in the water, her large breasts floating on the surface, inviting him to suckle a nipple. He couldn't stop admiring her long sexy legs, from her painted toenails of her beautiful feet up to the junction of her thighs. He couldn't stop looking at her dainty hands and long red fingernails, especially the fingers that carried their wedding and engagement rings.

Where would he have been without Ginny in his life? What would he have become? No, he didn't even want to consider something as horrific as that.

After her bath, Joshua patted her body dry with a soft terry cloth towel and then lightly powdered her skin with a sweet sexy smelling talc.

"Alright, that's quite enough. Now I need a few minutes alone to do some lady stuff," she said, shooing her husband out of the bathroom. "I need to put on my war paint!"

Josh smiled, knowing that his wife hardly used any makeup. Still he did as she told him and went into the bedroom to change himself.

A few minutes later Ginny came out with her hair and makeup done.

"Well, what do you think?" she said.

Her hair was perfectly done —framing her angelic face. Her eyes had just a touch of eye shadow to bring out the sapphire blue tints.

Joshua didn't say anything, just stood there while his jaw dropped to the floor.

At that moment, posing there nude with her perfect hair and perfect makeup and perfect body, Ginny Reynolds might have been the most beautiful woman on the planet. Joshua could already start to feel his penis stiffen as he ogled the way her hips flared out at her sides, the way her large breasts were standing upright and perfect, the way her round sexy butt swayed as she strutted around their marital bedroom.

She knows, Joshua thought. This fucking chick knows that she's one of the sexiest bitches in the world. "Put my panties on me darling," she said.

"What?" he said, having never heard his wife make such a request.

"Well, it'll be more special later tonight when you take them off."

Joshua didn't need any more encouragement.

He grabbed the lacy black thong off the bed. He knelt down and held the flimsy leg openings and guided them over her bare feet, being careful not to snag the lacy material on Ginny's toes. He continued to slide the panties up her legs until they came to rest against her shaved pussy.

"Good boy!"

Satisfied that her panties were smoothed over her sexy ass, she told her husband to place her in the strapless black mini-dress she planned on wearing for tonight.

Quietly and dutifully, Joshua unzipped the small dress and waited for Ginny to step into the opening. Then he slowly rezippped the back and watched as the small short mini-dress enveloped her curvy gym-toned body.

"Good, now get my pearl choker from the jewelry box and put it around my neck."

"Ginny?"

"Yes dear?"

"I think someone is starting to enjoy this a little too much."

Seeing the small tent form in the front of her husband's pants, Ginny Reynolds laughed out loud and said, "Just do it, silly man!"

Part Seven: The Malcolm X Theory

Later that night Joshua and Delmont were sitting at a table in the back corner where it was slightly darker but they could see everything going on in the club.

Joshua was on his third scotch. He was just starting to enjoy himself. As he sat there, waiting for Ginny to arrive, he felt the deep, seductive bass of the music course through his body. It had been a long time since he'd found himself sitting in a crowded nightclub. But this is where Delmont wanted to meet up for their little wager. Joshua almost felt bad about how easy this was turning out to be — how effortlessly he was going to cheat Delmont out of such a handsome sum of money. He almost felt bad. But he didn't feel bad enough to call it off.

"You ever come here before?" Delmont asked, having to raise his voice over the music.

"Once or twice," Joshua lied.

"This is my spot," Delmont said. "Man, check out all these bad-ass chicks. There's so much talent here. I always get laid when I come here."

Joshua plugged one of his fingers in his ear and said, "WHAAAATTT?"

"I SAID I'M BATTING A THOUSAND HERE, MAN," Delmont yelled across the table.

Joshua got it, nodded. "We'll see."

"You sure you don't want to back out, Joshy? We can still have a good time. I'll even let you be my wingman tonight. Shit, you might even learn a few things under my tutelage."

"NO CHANCE!" Joshua yelled back.

"Alright," Delmont said. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

Breathing air heavy with smoke and sweat and the heat of the balmy summer night, Joshua scanned the room again. He kept expecting to see the image of his wife somewhere under the flashing lights. They had agreed that it would be better for her to show up later.

Meanwhile, Joshua was starting to relax and enjoy himself more and more.

He loved the crowds —seeing the interactions of people in different situations. He was starting to get in a really good mood and promised himself that he would take Ginny back here soon for a proper date.

Suddenly a young Asian woman walked past their table. She was wearing a black, pinstriped mini-dress with spaghetti straps. It amazed Joshua that the dress could hold her large breasts without breaking the thin straps. The large scalloped hem barely covered her front, reaching the very tops of her thighs.

"What about her?" Delmont said with a predatory grin.

Fuck that, Joshua thought. No way.

First of all, Joshua had never fucked an Asian girl before and he really wanted to. Secondly, the thought of Delmont fucking any chick that Joshua wanted was almost too much to bare.

"Naw man, I wouldn't do that to you," Joshua said.

"Do what to me?" Delmont said.

"She looks like the chick who delivers my Chinese food," Joshua said, lying through his teeth. "Let's find you a really attractive woman. You like white girls, right?"

Delmont's face lit up like a Christmas tree.

"I thought so," Joshua said.

"Man, Joshy, I know what you're doing, man."

Joshua flinched. This wasn't good. He could hear the seriousness in Delmont's voice which meant that in a second he would probably be called out for trying to cheat Delmont. With a giant lump in his throat, he finally said, "What's that, Delmont?"

"You're trying to cheat me, Joshy."

Joshua's heart sank. Rather feebly, he tried to laugh it off. "Ha-ha. You wish man. You're just getting cold feet. What are you talking about, trying to cheat you?"

"You think that you'll pick some outrageously attractive woman who is going to be way out of my league so that I'm guaranteed to fail."

"Doesn't sound like a bad strategy," Joshua said, feeling waves of relief crash all around him.

"But here's something that I learned a long time ago," Delmont said. "There's no such thing as a woman out of my league. Look at me! I got looks, I got money, I got swagger! And most importantly: I got a big ol' black dick that my daddy gave me!"

Delmont started laughing.

Joshua faked a few grins, but the whole time he felt like he was talking to a big time fool.

A few minutes later, Joshua looked over at Delmont and said, "Hey, I got a question."

"What's that, Joshy?"

"You like white girls in mini-dresses?"

"I don't know," Delmont said. "What do you think?"

"Well I've heard that some black guys really like white girls. But I don't know. That's why I'm asking. Do you?"

Delmont's face had been rather serious for the past several moments, but suddenly his big oversized lips pulled back, revealing a pair of large shiny white teeth. He had the most shady look in his eyes as he said, "Yeah man, they're sort of my thing. White girls. Especially Southern white girls."

This was music to Joshua's ears. It seemed like Delmont was only making this easier and easier.

"Southern white girls? Why?"

"I'm no psychologist," Delmont said. "But it's probably something to do with events in recent history. You ever read Malcolm X? His autobiography?"

"Not yet," Joshua said.

"He talks about that stuff a little, how some black dudes like white chicks because it gives them a chance to get back at all those old cracker-ass plantation owners who were always raping young and beautiful black women."

"Oh," said Joshua, desperately reaching for his glass of scotch now.

"No offense," Delmont said.

"None taken," Joshua lied.

"I hope I didn't offend you? I mean, I know a bunch of whiteboys and sisters that absolutely hate it when they see brothers and white women together. Drives them crazy! You're not like that, are you? I mean, you're cool, ainch?"

Joshua reached the bottom of his glass and nodded. "I'm cool. Real cool."

"Cool," Delmont said.

"I'll show you how cool I am," Joshua said.

"How's that?"

"I think I see the girl you have to bang."

Part Eight: White Girl on the Dance Floor

Joshua watched Delmont lead Ginny from the bar to the dance floor.

Delmont looked like a kid going to Disney Land for the first time. Only now it was Joshua's wife that Delmont couldn't wait to ride. His eyes seemed to drink in each bit of Mrs. Reynolds as she walked. The whole way Ginny stayed in character too. She was perfect. Her movements: smooth, sexy, and provocative.

"Poor bastard," Joshua muttered to himself, "he doesn't have a fucking clue what's really going."

As the couple reached the dance floor, Delmont put his arm around Ginny's waist and they began moving to the beat of the music. It was an upbeat hip-hop song with lyrics that seemed to be encouraging doggystyle sex.

It was obvious to Joshua that Ginny loved showing off her body while dancing. The gyrations of her hips and head, tossing her long dark hair, was noticed by everyone in the club. As the song progressed, a small crowd gathered around Ginny. No doubt each guy was waiting to buy her a drink or ask her for the next dance.

Then Ginny did something which even surprised her husband.

Bending over, Ginny literally showed her ass as the short mini-dress rode up, exposing her cheeks to her new dance partner. Joshua wasn't sure how he felt about this. Especially when he saw Delmont reach out, cupping Ginny's ass, his thumbs slipping between her butt-cheeks.

The animal part of Joshua's brain told him to immediately march over there and put a stop to this. But a quick second later another voice calmly reminded him of why they were there in the first place. That meant that Joshua had ten thousand reasons to just suck it up and trust that his wife knew what she was doing.

Which raised another important question.

What was Ginny doing?

Ginny was still bent over. She looked back, smiling up at Delmont as she wiggled her shapely ass in his hands. Delmont was holding her by the waist, pulling her body against his. They weren't really dancing so much as "grinding"

against each other like animals in heat. Delmont even started slapping Ginny's ass —trying to make it look like it was some kind of dance move. But Ginny only smiled, letting him have his way with her.

"What the fuck, Ginny?" her husband said, still trying to understand what was going on.

But she probably just knew that she was being watched by her husband and simply loved the attention. It had been such a long time since they'd gone out.

Then Ginny turned around, stepping closer to the big black man in front of her. It was a good thing that her parents back home couldn't see her now. They definitely would have had heart attacks if they saw their only daughter dancing with a black guy the way Ginny was doing right now.

Ginny allowed Delmont to wrap his arms around her, holding her tight to him, causing her rub her large breasts against his chest. Then Delmont's hands began to descend slowly from her waist, searching for the curves of that amazing ass which had just been thrusting itself against groin. As they continued to sway to the music, Ginny allowed her husband's boss to keep going —his fingers moving down until the hem of her dress was literally at his finger tips. However, this time she reached down and brought his hands back to her waist.

"Thank God!" Joshua said —and was even more relieved when the song ended and Delmont started coming back to the table.

A few minutes later, the three of them were sitting at the table with a fresh round of drinks in front of everyone. As Delmont introduced Joshua to his wife, Ginny couldn't help kicking her husband's foot underneath the table. If Joshua had any doubts about collecting on his bet, then they were all gone now. It was clear that Delmont had fallen for the trap —even if Ginny had been perhaps a little too slutty on the dance floor. But who could blame her? She was probably just nervous. She probably didn't want to be the reason that the plan didn't work. And there was something to be said for the libidinous atmosphere —with the lights, the writhing dancers, and the pulsing music created to emulate sex.

At some point, Ginny "accidentally" dropped her cocktail napkin and had to bend over to pick it up. She had to know that her short dress would ride up just enough to allow a quick peek of her black thong and plump white buttocks.

Wide-eyed, and nearly panting, Delmont looked over at Joshua and grinned. "I told you this is a great place to come."

Joshua felt a little relieved when Ginny took her seat again, looking perfectly composed as she sipped on her straw. "Yeah man, you were right."

Delmont put his arm around Ginny's shoulder, pulling her closer to him. "You interested in finding a place a little more quiet? Somewhere we can actually talk?"

Ginny flashed a quick, semi-nervous look across the table at her husband, before smiling back at Delmont. "Sure, I guess."

"What's up?" Joshua said. "You want to go to another bar?"

Delmont stood up, grabbed Ginny by the hand, and was already dragging her toward the front. "Yeah man, something like that. You'll see. You'll definitely see."

The whole way to the door, Delmont kept his big black hand on the Ginny's wriggling backside as if he already owned it.

Part Nine: Too Drunk, Too High

A couple of hours later, back at Delmont's apartment, Joshua poured himself another drink at the wet bar and walked back into the living room. He was shocked by how nice the place was. Everything looked expensive. There were high ceilings, black leather couches, and abstract paintings on the walls. This must be what happens when you have zero fucking scrupulous in the business world.

Then Joshua sat down on one of the couches and started wondering where Delmont was.

Come to think of it: Where was Ginny?

When they'd got back from the club everyone was in high spirits. They sat outside on the balcony together, drinking and laughing. Then Delmont pulled out a bag of marijuana. Neither Joshua nor Ginny had smoked up since they were in college, but considering the circumstances, it only seemed right to indulge a little. Joshua wasn't exactly sure how Ginny responded, but he knew that personally the synergistic effect of the alcohol and weed had left him feeling a little too disorientated. He found himself quickly heading for the bathroom. He didn't throw up, but he just sat there on the toilet until he felt balanced enough to stand up again.

How long had he been in the bathroom?

Five minutes?

Twenty minutes?

An hour?

In short, he wasn't sure. He only knew that he was now sitting on the couch, in the living room, feeling slightly better, but also a little distressed by the fact that neither Delmont nor Ginny were anywhere in sight.

Where could they have gone?

That's when Joshua heard the voices.

They were coming from the end of the hallway.

There was a bedroom with the door closed. As Joshua got closer and closer, he could hear Delmont's deep, masculine chuckle that resonated over the low throb of an R&B song. Was Ginny in the bedroom also? Joshua certainly hoped not. But after standing outside the door for a couple of minutes, he heard the very distinct high-pitch voice of his wife as she giggled and said, "Are you sure we should be doing this?"

"Of course I am," Delmont responded. "Why shouldn't we be? We're both adults."

"I know," Ginny said. "But —"

"But what?"

Joshua couldn't help himself. He turned the door knob and pushed the door open. It was only then, standing in the threshold of the doorway, that he realized how incredibly fucked up he was from all the scotch and marijuana. He was feeling lightheaded and his eyes were playing tricks on him. Because for a very brief moment it almost looked like Ginny was only wearing her bra and thong —the same thong that Joshua had helped her into earlier in the evening. It almost looked like Delmont was naked. It almost looked like they were together. It almost looked like they had been making out. It almost looked like a white woman and a well-muscled black man were sitting on the bed, clearly in the early stages of fucking or making love.

"Gross," muttered Joshua, not liking the sight of this unfortunate hallucination. "So fucking gross!"

That's when Joshua stumbled back, lost balance, and hit his head on the way down.

Part Ten: The Accidental Cuckold

When Joshua came to he saw his wife giving Delmont a blowjob.

LOUDLY.

Ginny was naked and on the bed. She was on her hands and knees and had her round pale ass hiked up in the air. Delmont wasn't on the bed. He was standing next to the bed, above Ginny, so that his groin was lined up with Ginny's face.

Meanwhile Joshua was seated directly opposite Delmont —so that he had a perfect view of his wife's ass as Delmont leaned forward, reached over Ginny's back, and began slapping her curvy white ass-cheeks, encouraging her to keep sucking his cock.

Was this really happening?

Was this just a terrible dream?

Was Joshua really back at his own apartment, sleeping off another bender?

Joshua hoped so, but the longer the scene unfolded the more and more difficult it became to write off as mere fantasy.

"Suck that dick, you sexy white bitch!"

"SLURRRP, SLUUUUUUURP! SLUUUUURRRRRR!"

"That's it, let me fuck that pretty white face with this big black cock! You look so good with some dark meat in yo' mawf!"

"GUUUUULP, SLUUURRRRRP, SLURPGULLLLP!"

After a while Delmont took his cock out of Ginny's mouth and pulled her up to him so that they could make out for a while. Delmont was still standing on the floor. And Ginny was still on the bed, on her knees, facing her new lover, her thin arms pulled in close to her body, with her pale butt-cheeks and pinkish feet bottoms facing away at her increasingly dumfounded husband.

So far Joshua still hadn't made eye contact with his wife. She was still facing away from him. She was still too busy making out with Delmont. It was

probably easier that way. At least for Joshua. But at the same time it was so weird —beyond disturbing!— to see another man reach around and play with Ginny's perfectly shaped ass. And it was doubly weird for that man to be a black man!

After making out for a couple of minutes, Ginny bent back down, wiggling her haunches backwards, so that she could perform oral sex on Delmont some more. This time when Delmont reached over her back to knead and slap her ass, he caught Joshua awake and watching intently.

Delmont grinned broadly, triumphantly. "Uh-oh! Looks like someone woke up in time to see the show!"

Ginny didn't say anything though. Not at first. She was too busy with what she was doing. Her head of chestnut brown hair kept furiously bobbing up and down as she sucked Delmont off.

A moment later Delmont too seemed to have forgotten that Joshua was there. He was far too captivated with playing with Ginny's ass and telling her how good her mouth felt on his cock.

It was only when Joshua saw Delmont wet some of his fingers, sliding his big dark African hand between Ginny's butt-cheeks to rub her pussylips in a circular fashion, that Joshua tried to speak. "Wait, Ginny! No! No! That's my wife!"

But Ginny kept sucking Delmont off.

And Delmont kept reaching over her back and rubbing her lips, sometimes slipping one of his big dark digits inside of her, causing Ginny to wiggle and arch her ass up even higher to meet him.

No way, thought Joshua. This had to be a nightmare. Stuff like this didn't happen to people like Ginny and Joshua Reynolds. They were a very normal couple. They came from good families. They were healthy and reasonably happy. They were well-educated. They shopped at Eddie Bauer. They weren't disgusting, drug-addicted perverts who chased sick thrills. And Ginny Reynolds DEFINITELY wasn't the type of girl you ever saw with black guys.

And yet... there they were, complete contrasts in skin tones, neither one with a stitch of clothing on.

What was happening?

What was the world coming to?

Delmont climbed on the bed. He grabbed Ginny by the waist and turned her 90 degrees so that she was facing the wall now —providing her husband with an unencumbered side-view. Without being told to, Ginny leaned forward, burying her face into the pillows and pushing her ass up in the air. She was offering her most sacred and vulnerable part to someone who was not her husband, someone who wasn't even white!

Delmont's look of intense focus was incredible as he looked down at the white woman's spread ass-cheeks. His upper body was packed with well-defined muscles that flexed in anticipation as he got ready to enter Joshua's wife.

That's when Joshua saw it. Sticking out and away from Delmont's body was one of the longest, thickest sex organs Joshua Reynolds had ever seen in his life. Delmont had to be at least twice the size of Ginny's husband —both in terms of length and girth. It was like he had a giant black spike ready to impale the first thing that moved.

Which unfortunately was Ginny's pussy, which she now offered Delmont in the most submissive way.

As Delmont gripped his black member by the base and started rubbing the oversized mushroom head against the outer lips of Ginny's sex, he looked over at Joshua and said, "Damn this pussy looks good! I can't wait to fill it up with my cream!"

When Joshua tried to get up —to put a stop this shit RIGHT FUCKING NOW—he was shocked to find that he could barely budge an inch. He was sitting in a chair with his hands tied behind his back. Both of his feet were tied to the chair legs. And a pair of woman's panties had been stuffed into his mouth, preventing him from even voicing his increasing outrage.

"Get away from her! Get the fuck away from my wife! You goddamn filthy niiiiii—" Joshua tried to say, only find that his wife's panties kept him from articulating his words.

Joshua's emotional response to the situation was one of pure, body-paralyzing

shock. As he watched Delmont line up his dark cockhead with Ginny's moist and welcoming pussy lips, ready to sink himself into her treasure, Joshua felt a lethal cocktail of overwhelming emotions: boiling rage, profound hurt, dizzying disorientation, and complete and total sadness.

Not only was this really about to happen...

Not only was Delmont really about to enter Ginny...

Not only was Delmont really about to start fucking Ginny...

Not only was Joshua going to be forced to watch his black boss fuck his beautiful white wife...

But in some way —however indirect— Joshua realized that he was personally responsible for all of this. It had been his idea in the first place. It had been his failure as a husband and bread winner that got the Reynolds in this situation to begin with. And it had been Joshua's inability to moderate his drinking which had kept him from controlling the situation before it got to this terrible point.

What was wrong with him?

He was thirty years-old, barely holding onto his job, barely providing a decent life for a woman who deserved everything in the world. So maybe, on some level, this is exactly what Joshua Reynolds deserved. And maybe, on some level, this is what Joshua Reynolds had wanted all along.

It was a horrible thought. It was the sort of thought that could rip a man's psyche to pieces. But at the same time, Joshua knew that he loved his wife more than anything in the world. All he wanted was for her to be happy.

There was certainly no doubt about how Delmont and Ginny felt about it.

"Damn baby," Delmont said, looking down as his cock slipped into Ginny's white pussy for the first time, "you're so fucking tight. I love it!"

Ginny moaned, started pounding one of her fists into the bed. "Go slow! Slow! You're going to rip me in half with that thing!"

Delmont laughed to himself. "Don't tell me you're a virgin, baby."

"No, of course not," she said between rapid breaths.

"You fucking feel like a virgin."

"It's just with you..." she broke off. "I mean, because you're so fucking big, it feels that way."

Delmont laughed again. "You never had black dick before, have you?"

"No. I'm sorry," Ginny Reynolds said.

"Naw, I like that. Makes me feel good to be introducing a fine-looking piece of white ass to some big black cock. Makes me feel damn good to be the one that gets to stretch you out for the first time."

"Go slow, baby, please. I'm begging you."

"Don't worry sexy, we got all the time in the world. I'm going to take my sweet time with this pussy. By the time we're done you're going to be addicted to big black cock."

"Hmmm... I like the sound of that," Ginny said, wiggling her ass from side to side as she got used to having Delmont's cock inside her.

Ginny's round ass-cheeks pushed higher almost instantly, allowing the powerful-looking man to penetrate her steaming pussy even deeper.

"OH SHIT! YOU'RE SO FUCKING DEEP!"

Delmont's expression was still one of intense concentration as he slowly worked his giant member in and out of the beautiful white woman. "Naw baby, we're just getting started. I ain't done with you yet."

Then he pushed some more, causing Ginny to let out a sharp yelping sound as she started to crawl forward, trying to evade the very tool that was bringing her so much pleasure as well as discomfort.

But Delmont wasn't having any of that. He wasn't going to let Ginny simply crawl away from him now that he had her exactly where he wanted her. He merely clamped down on her waist and pulled back, admonishing Joshua's wife

now: "Stop running, girl! You know you want this! Stop running from this black dick!"

With his hand he gave Ginny's ass a hard smack.

Ginny seemed to finally give up. Her arms lost all of their strength and she collapsed into the pillows, allowing herself to be held into place by the large black man behind her.

"Now that's what I'm talking about! Get that ass up in the air!" said Delmont. "We going to have some real fun now!"

Delmont slowly stroked himself in and out of Ginny for another thirty seconds before he started to quicken the pace. His big hands gripped either side of her narrow waist as he hammered himself into her with sheer brute force. Ginny didn't seem to mind his brutality.

On the contrary, she was moaning and cursing louder than her husband had ever witnessed before. She told Delmont that she loved his hardness. She told Delmont that he was fucking her like no man had ever fucked her. She told Delmont that she felt like she was getting fucked by a man for the first time in her life. Then Ginny reached suddenly between her spread legs to caress herself with eager fingers.

Delmont ordered down to Ginny: "Bounce that ass, sexy white bitch!"

"Oooouuuuuuuuhhhh, yyyeeesss!"

"Bounce that ass!" he said again.

You could tell she was really trying to do what he said. She kept moving her hips and haunches back until she slammed into Delmont's hard sweaty thighs. "Fuck, I'm going to cum, I can fee—feel it!"

"Don't cum yet, bitch! I didn't tell you that you could cum yet! Don't you even think about cumming on my black dick until I tell you to!"

"But I'm going to!"

"If you cum I'm going to fuck you in the ass tonight!"

"Baby...."

After a while Delmont said that he wanted to see those "pretty blue eyes" while he fucked her.

He flipped Ginny on her back and crawled between her legs. The length of his ebony tool was completely coated in Ginny's love juices. For a quick moment he just laid the big black cock against Ginny's mound, clearly enjoying the contrast in color. It seemed remarkable that such a beautiful and classy white woman was about to willingly receive something so big and dark and ugly as Delmont's cock.

Then Delmont was on top of Joshua's naked wife, slamming his big black cock deep inside her white pussy. He thrust his hips back and forth with such intensity that the corners of the bed slammed against the wall. He then leaned down and planted his big lips on Ginny's and passionately tongue kissed her.

Joshua felt like he was going to throw up.

Then Delmont raised himself up and looked down at the blissful expression of the white woman that he was inside of. Obviously this was something he loved to see. He started to pick up the pace.

"Who's your bull? Who's your goddamn bull?!?"

"Baby, you're my bull!"

"You like that big black dick inside you, doncha!"

"Fuck yeah, baby!"

"Who's your goddamn bull?"

"You're my bull!" she said this time without any hesitation at all.

"That's right, bitch! I'm your goddamn bull! Take that big bull cock in your pussy! Take it!"

"Give it to me, baby! It feels so good. You're so fucking amazing!"

"You're so fucking sexy like this," he said. "You have no idea how sexy you look taking some prime African meat!"

"I love it! I've never felt like this before!"

Delmont laughed rather sadistically. "Who's your new bull? Who's the bull that's making that pussy about to cum? Who owns this pussy now, Ginny?"

"You're my bull," Ginny said.

"Who's my sexy white wife?" he said

"I'm your sexy white wife!" she said.

"Who's your little cuck?"

Nearly exhausted, and definitely about to cum all over Delmont's unforgiving tool, she looked over and smiled weakly at her husband. "He's my little cuck."

"Say it again bitch! Louder!" Delmont demanded.

"You're my bull and he's my cuck!" Ginny was yelling. "Fuck me, baby! I love that black cock inside of me. I love it! Can I cum now? Please let me cum all over that big black cock!"

"Sure," Delmont said, "you can cum now Ginny Reynolds."

It took a moment for Joshua to realize what all of this meant. As though he was in a hypnotic trance, he realized that one of his hands was free and eagerly stroking his stiff little penis. He realized that Delmont knew that Ginny was his wife. As she twitched and shimmied on the bed, wrapping her arms around Delmont's glistening back, moaning as she came, Joshua felt his own balls start a series of contractions that would no doubt end in an orgasm.

And after that (Joshua told himself) they would get dressed and drive home. They would never talk about this again. Joshua would try to find a new job. And pretty soon, maybe in a couple of years, all of this would just feel like a dream. A bad dream. A dream with no consequences at all.

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