

Ashley Gets
BLACKED

by the
Neighbor
(A Reluctant
Cuckold
Story)



Bobbi Love

Ashley Gets BLACKED by the Neighbor (A Reluctant Cuckold Story)

Interracial, Cheating Wife, Cuckold Erotica

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Part One

Shaking her shiny shopping bags like trophies, Ashley still had the glow of a young woman who'd spent most of the day spending money on herself. During her latest shopping spree, she'd bought plenty of new clothes, high-heeled shoes, and expensive jewelry; and even splurged on lacey panties and negligee, which was also very expensive. At the mall she had her makeup done and bought whatever products they suggested. Her long blonde hair was also freshly cut and her nails polished. Ninety minutes after returning home and her blissed-out energy levels were still through the roof. Confidently, Ashley strutted past her husband, heels clicking, with her large bouncy chest pushed out.

"Find any good deals?" Timothy gulped, focusing more on his wife's short white summer dress. It was a replacement for a previous short white summer dress, which the couple soon found out (in their horror and shame) that when the light was at the right angle, anyone could clearly see the outline of the white thong Ashley always wore with the dress.

His lovely wife beamed her vivacious smile at him. "Tons! I saved us so much money, babe!"

"Yeah, somehow every time you decide to save us money, I always end up owing more money."

Ashley stopped and looked at him with her brown eyes that looked like they belonged to a baby deer. Thanks in part to her ability to turn her skin slightly brown in the summer, her entire body radiated this All-American healthiness and beauty and satisfaction. "Ha, you're so funny, dear. I think that's why I married you. You can always make me laugh."

Timothy was too tired to argue. It was a Friday night and he still had papers to grade. He taught history for 9-11 grades. As a high school teacher, he was good at his job, mainly because of his boyish good looks that gave off a disarming quality to everyone around him. Timothy's favorite was learning about the Civil War days, probably because he was related by blood to General Dalton, an enormously successful military strategist who retired to his Alabama plantation once Lee surrendered to Grant following the Battle of Appomattox.

Growing slightly aroused by her sudden presence, Timothy's eyes fell on the fullness of the front of her dress. There were some women in the

world that had naturally small tits and wanted everyone to see them. Ashley was exactly the opposite.

It was only through endless pleading and cajoling from her poor hubby that she was starting to wear tighter and skimpier tops out in public. It was like Ashley's confidence was growing; and maybe she was growing into her body.

Timothy had plans. The couple had already laid aside the money to install a swimming pool and privacy fence before next summer. And Timothy had designs on getting his semi-conservative wife to wear a thong bikini for him. He knew she'd instantly say no to him if they were at the beach, or the pool, but the sense of privacy gave him a decent shot. Besides, he wasn't sure that he would be okay with his wife walking down the beach in a thong. It felt wrong. Exciting, but definitely not something Timothy would want to pursue.

After disappearing into their bedroom for nearly an hour, Ashley walked back into the young couple's stylish living room. She was wearing one of her latest purchases. "Honey, I got these for the gym. But I didn't realize that the shorts were so *short*. So, what do you think, do these show too much?"

Her dutiful husband bolted upright on the couch; and picked his jaw up from the floor.

Across the room, his gorgeous wife had just started to do a slow, seductive twirl for him, her blonde hair swishing in the air. Once she did a DNA test and found out that she was mostly Swiss, German, and Austrian – with just a tinge of Irish.

Right away Timothy could tell that her new gray cloth gym shorts were way too short for a woman like Ashley. Half of her derrière was hanging out, for the whole world to see. It looked like the sort of shorts you'd see girls in rap videos wear, not women who once attended a prestigious university, speaks four languages, and regularly drags her husband to church.

"Can you see too much?" she pleaded for an answer now.

"Too much what?" he asked, playing dumb while definitely enjoy the display. He gestured for her to do another 360.

Over the shorts, Ashley had no bra. His wife just wore the "comfortable" *wife beater* she normally slept in. It was ridiculous to think that such a small amount of cloth could cover up a woman who was so

blessed up top as Ashley was. The only question was whether one or both of her big mouth-watering breasts would fall out while she slept. Currently the wife beater was pulled down taut against her perfectly flat tummy, where the gleam of a dolphin piercing could be seen.

"You know, *my butt*."

"Your what?" he said, playing dumb.

"My ass, silly. I'm worried these are too short. Are they?"

"That depends," he chuckled, enjoying the show immensely.

"Oh really?" She paused, placed a hand on her womanly hip, giving him one of her skeptical looks. "On what – exactly?"

That mischievous grin spread across Timothy's face. "On whether or not you want everyone to see half your bubble butt, your ass cheeks, Ashley."

"Crude." His wife frowned at him, letting him know that this was not a good time to be teased. While Ashley was usually confident with most matters of the world, especially social matters, she could also be easily wounded by the lightest teasing of her appearance. Not only was she aware of this chink in her social armor, but she openly blamed it on being raised by an overly critical mother and three just as critical sisters.

"Sorry, babe," he said, defensively holding his hands up in the air, "I think they're great... But they might just be 'around the house' shorts. Know what I mean, babe?"

She balled her little white digits into a pale fist, shaking it at him. "You suck. You're supposed to be on my side!"

He grinned harder. "While you're over there, give me another little twirl, babe."

Obediently, she complied with her hubby's request, genuinely pleased with the effect her new clothes were having on a man.

Timothy, meanwhile, couldn't believe how sexy Ashley looked. It had been nearly 9 months since his wife had started to regularly go to the gym and it was showing in her physique. While she had never been anywhere close to fat, Ashley had a girly plump curviness to her body which had gained around a dozen pounds since their college graduation, several years ago. But the frequent gym visits had fixed that. She said that she particularly enjoyed the lower body exercises like squats and leg curls. At first, it really bothered Timothy that his wife's ass was becoming the subject of observation for so many pervert dudes in that gym, but their marriage

had never seemed stronger, and he'd finally just gotten use to the idea. The basic idea was simple. Guys could look, but they definitely couldn't touch.

"Come here, I want to touch you," he pleaded, hornily.

"No way, like, forget about it," she said, doing her Valley girl impression. "Like, you already ruined my day by saying my shorts weren't suitable for public."

This made it even worse for Timothy, because every time she did that impression, he became even more aroused.

And then –finally– they were in the bedroom. They didn't bother with the lights and there was lots of kissing, groping. They'd talked about Ashley getting off birth control, but they agreed it would be better to wait. Then Timothy was on top, pinning her down, kissing the slope of her white neck, perfectly tanned skin, and then nibbling her earlobe, warming up the engine inside her... But the engine was also very hot and wet and when something fell inside it, it felt like his entire being was being zapped out of his body, and then less than a minute later he was staring up at the ceiling, getting his breath back, and apologizing for the abrupt ending.

"Sorry, I'm sorry, babe!"

"Stop apologizing," Ashley said, pulling the covers over her breast while she also stared up at the ceiling. This was starting to become a real issue. It was like they were on two opposite trajectories, with her gaining confidence in the bedroom and her husband losing confidence with year closer to middle age.

"I know," he mumbled, ashamed, "I'm sorry."

"You're still doing it. You're still apologizing."

"I know, I know. Sorry."

Ashley didn't respond aloud, but she inside she wondered if it was wrong to think that she might have married a bit of a wimp.

Part Two

To put it simply, there were two ways to look at it. On the one hand: Timothy was living a nearly perfect life.

He was married to a wonderful woman, owned his own house, and worked a job he actually liked. In the decade+ since college graduation with a BA in history, he'd managed to establish himself as a reliable leader in the community, whether it be chaperoning a school trip, sponsoring the high school chess club, or picking up trash alongside the highway with his church on Saturday morning. Timothy's boss even hinted that a raise was in store, which would be a big help since Ashley had abruptly decided to stop working her lucrative job as a pharmaceutical sales rep, to now being a substitute elementary school teacher, explaining that she also found her new line of work immensely satisfying.

At first, Ashley's decision to suddenly change career tracks (and make a lot less money) irked Timothy because of the financial implications to their family. But soon a hidden value began to emerge. It was almost like now that Ashley was basically financially dependent on her husband, she started to act differently around the house. She cooked more, she did more of the cleaning, she always did the laundry now without having to be asked, and overall she'd adopted a more submissive, feminine attitude. This pleased Timothy and he felt like their marriage had never been stronger.

On the other hand: Timothy was in some serious trouble. Recently, he'd gotten into hot water with his neighbor, Leroy.

The trouble started last fall when Timothy made the stupidest bet of his life. After being hounded relentlessly by his neighbor, Leroy, to come over and have a beer and watch some fights. When questioned by his wife, Timothy even assured her that he wouldn't be gone more than hour, that this was the only way to finally get the old black man off his back.

It was a Saturday night and Leroy ordered a boxing PPV. Timothy hadn't drank any form of alcohol in over a year, maybe two years, when Ashley dragged him to this wedding in Vermont for one of her sorority sisters. So Timothy knew his tolerance wasn't high. And even though Leroy assured him that he was only using a single shot of liquor, every drink Leroy made seemed to run over Timothy like a Mac truck. Before he knew it, the skinny-armed white man was drunk –and actually enjoying himself.

After the prelims, they started showing the 4 other fights that led to the Feature Fight. Timothy's interest in boxing was relatively small; and was largely due to brash charisma of the new white Heavy Weight Champ. Undefeated, it seemed unfair to match him with another guy, some random black guy, who barely had a 50/50 record.

"How is this even a fight?" Timothy slurred, reaching up as Leroy handed him another drink. "I, I, I, need... to slow down. At this rate, I might not make it to the main event."

Leroy grinned evilly, the cheerful force of personality from earlier in the day was now replaced with something much darker. It was like Timothy was seeing Leroy for the first time. The old black man's face was ugly, Africa dark, and gnarled with over half a century on this planet. He also had a look that suggested devastating violence, which wasn't physical, but spiritual, like a rottenness that had eaten at him for years from the inside and was only now making itself manifest on the surface... *Or maybe,* Timothy wondered, *I'm just way too drunk.*

But even someone as twisted and manipulative as Leroy couldn't believe how easily his little joke worked. The whiteboy was either so dumb, or so drunk, or both, that he didn't realize that the fight had happened two weeks ago. This was just a recording. Unbelievably, the outcome was all over the sports news, the Internet, etc. Obviously, the whiteboy just liked to pretend he liked boxing, which made it so much easier and fun for Leroy to continue fucking with him.

Leroy jumped back into the conversation. "I know Timmy, who has ever heard of Latrias Marshall? Not me. Ask me, this brother doesn't have a chance. That dude on the screen, your dude, he is the Great White Hope."

Timothy's eyes returned to the flickering TV screen, which currently brandished another montage of the white heavyweight boxer knocking people out all over the world. Timothy couldn't pinpoint the origin of the feeling, but seeing that other man made him feel so proud. "Leroy, if I had a million dollars, I'd bet it on that guy tonight! Easy money."

Leroy's grin fell off and he was staring at Timothy now. "White guy? Not the black guy? Oh, shit, I see how it is."

"No, no, no," Timothy pleaded, "I didn't mean it like that. Honestly, I swear!"

Leroy didn't respond, but let the feeling simmer. He already knew his next step. He'd planned everything out in his head. Then he got up in a few

minutes and returned with a stack of hundred dollar bills. "I don't have a million, but I bet you a thousand bucks! On the black guy."

"Wait, are you serious?" Timothy said, struggling to sit up straight in his chair.

"Do I look like I'm being serious?"

It took a moment, but the answer finally returned to Timothy. "Well unfortunately I don't even have a thousand dollars to bet. So there goes that. But shoot, if only..."

Expecting this exact response from the whiteboy, Leroy paused just long enough before he deployed his ultimate trap on the clownish, unsuspecting wimp husband. "Damn, that does suck. I guess... Wait, no, I got an idea!"

"Yeah?" Timothy said, drinking again from his glass. "What kind of idea?"

"How about if you win, you get this here \$1,000. But if I win, I get ... a date with your wife."

"What? No!" Timothy shook his head, "No way, that's too crazy!"

"Just a date, a few hours at night, a dinner, nothing else."

"I can't, sorry."

"Timmy, don't you want to walk out of this house with this roll of thousand dollars?"

Thinking about all the things Timothy could do with that money, including finally getting his door to his Prius fixed, Timothy started to suddenly nod, transfixed. His brain was on autopilot. "Okay, but only on two conditions: If you do win, which you won't, obviously... It has to be safe, only pre-approved locations. And also my wife has to be back by 10:30 P.M."

Leroy chuckled, feeling the same jolt of pleasure he got from reeling in a large fish from the river. "I thought you said you were positive the whiteboy would win? What are you so worried about, Timmy?"

"Nothing, just saying."

"11:30 PM," Leroy tried.

"11:00 PM," Timothy countered, feeling a small rush as he used his wife as collateral.

"Ok, you got the whiteboy, whiteboy. We have a deal!"

The rest, as they say, is history.

And about an hour later, the saddest man on the planet left Leroy's house and tried to enter his own house without making a single sound. Ashley, thankfully, had already gone to bed. She always left the bedroom door cracked open slightly and she was lying on her side, her silky turquoise negligee riding up high on her glossy hips. Ordinarily, the sight of his half-naked wife asleep would have turned Timothy on. But the events of the night –the booze, the lost bet, the old black man's gloating laughter– had zapped him of all erotic energy.

Part Three

Meanwhile, just next door, the erotic energy seemed to be growing, exploding... Leroy was completely nude. The older black man had a towel wrapped around his waist as he stroked the massive ebony pole sticking up from his lap. He was thinking about her.

Truthfully, Leroy was getting as aroused as possible with thoughts of that white girl next door, Ashley. The one married to that wimp whiteboy. No way whiteboy was man enough to deal with them baby feeders and hips and that ass she got. Leroy scratched the white bristles of his chin, pondering the theological elements behind this new cultural phenomenal of white girls having asses like black girls. Were they evolving? Were white bitches evolving for BBC? It was like God wanted them to have black babies in their white wombs. Then Leroy wondered if big butts were Nature's way of keeping little small peepees outside. Lucky for Ashley, Leroy knew that he had more than enough big black snake to get past those soft cushion white cheeks. Leroy didn't even feel bad about seducing a married woman because it was clearly what God and Nature wanted to happen.

That night, Leroy did something he rarely did.

He was so aroused that he booted up his laptop and went to one of those sites. Some of the websites were already favorited and Leroy quickly found himself on a webpage that was filled with thumbnails. Officially, the subcategory was "interracial" but the kind of interracial video you saw displayed white women submitting to black men.

Leroy further defined his search. He started typing, " C...u... c... k...o..."

Then he clicked the play button in the middle of the screen and started to watch.

The scene started with just a strong black hand tightly gripping a handful of stringy blonde hair. The camera then zoomed out to show the voluptuous beauty was on all fours, which pronounced her small waist and baby-birthing hips. The hand was connected to an enormous forearm and well-muscled arm and a scowling face with a shiny ebony dome. The man had to be at least 20 years older than the white woman. He was probably around the same age as Leroy.

The blonde BBC video was starting to become one of Leroy's most visited sites. And he could even see himself making his own little video and

uploading it for the world to see: "Leroy Creampies Ashley In Front of White Cuck Timothy." Or, maybe it would be better to be more generic, something like, "Mature BBC Bull Destroys PAWG." Leroy decided that he would have to return to this topic and think more about it later.

Part Four

As per their agreement, Timothy was given a week to tell his unsuspecting wife and get their dinner date sat up, as Leroy was adamant about getting this done as soon as heavenly possible. Leroy had found an amateur porn star who was black and around his same age; and the black guy specialized in fucking white wives in front of their husbands. Leroy wondered if he could be that kind of porn star too. His cock was certainly big and black enough. And he could tell that Ashley was the sort of voluptuous white girl who would melt right on that BBC.

Timothy, meanwhile, was miserable. The hapless, low-T, small-endowed hubby waited until late Thursday night, after dinner. He walked into their kitchen and Ashley had her back to him at the sink, washing dishes. After he blurted out the gist of it, she shook her head in utter disbelief. He could tell that she was still waiting for him to announce that this had all been a huge, dumb, totally miscalculated joke. For a moment there was no sound in the room other than the dishwasher cleaning their dirty dishes.

"Ashley, please. I need you to understand..." Rigid with shame, his voice lacked the will and conviction to continue.

She shook her head in genuine repugnance. His wife gazed at him with genuine puzzlement. "I'm not some horse you can trade and use as collateral. This is BEYOND belief. This is too much. Timmy, babe, I'm your... WIFE."

Silently, Ashley lowered her slim neck, holding her worried little face in her hand. She then drew a shaky breath. "How could you even ask me that?"

Timothy felt his spirits slump even more, watching her grab her bag and keys. He watched her car lights flick to life, the car backing out of the driveway in the dead of night.

The rest of that night was long and messy. But Ashley eventually came back home a few hours later, having reigned in her temper and adopted a more conciliatory tone. To Timothy's surprise, his wife said she just needed to get some rest. She was too tired to think about this sort of stuff. It didn't even feel real.

When he woke up the next morning, his wife was already gone. Usually she would leave notes or send texts. Not today.

Trying to remain calm, Timothy decided to give his wife some space, so he didn't call or text. It was nerve-racking. All day he felt like a little boy waiting for his mommy to return home. Then, somewhere after 10 PM, the headlights of her car swept over the living room blinds and Timothy could hear an engine turn off and a car door open, slam shut. He tried to make it look like he was reading a book in the living room. However, since he never read books, this only made him look that much odder when his wife walked into the house, her arms loaded with expensive-looking shopping bags.

It was obvious that Ashley had medicated herself with shopping again.

To her worried hubby, it seemed like forever ago since they had reenacted this very scene, only now the tone was much different. Less Paradise. More nightmare.

"Need some help?" Timothy asked in a high-pitched voice.

"Sure, if you don't mind."

Still feeling like a little boy helping his mommy, he hopped up and headed for the Ashley's 2020 BMW, its left side door sticking out.

When he came back into the house she was in the kitchen. She was at the sink, staring vacantly out the window into their backyard. On the counter sat a freshly poured glass of Merlot. "Okay," she said, after a long stretch of hostile silence, "okay, fine, I'll do it."

"Ashley –"

On her heels she turned swiftly to halt the rest of his words. "Oh please, don't you Ashley me! I hate it when you act like this. I swear you remind me of one of my sisters sometimes. After all, you're the one that got us into this trouble!"

Part Five

There were still two more days before Ashley's dinner date with Leroy, but it didn't start well for the couple.

In the morning, Ashley started yelling at Timothy for not cleaning up again in the kitchen, and was so not in the mood that she distractedly left the house without the coffee mug she'd just filled. Then after work Timothy found the house strangely empty and had to wait nearly two hours before he heard Ashley's car pull up and the front door jingle with her keys.

He was going to suggest they go out to dinner that night, but found that he'd lost the ability to talk after seeing what his wife was wearing. It was the same grey booty shorts she'd bought earlier, the ones that were the size of panties. *She had actually worn them out in public!* His eyes bulged out like an old-fashioned cartoon. Based on the rest of her wardrobe and level of perspiration, he guessed that she was returning from her gym.

"*Babe?* I thought, well, that you were returning those? The *short* shorts," he said, not sure how he felt about his wife's wardrobe selection.

Ashley ignored his comment and walked over to the largest mirror in the living room. Timothy's eyes connected with hers in the mirror and he repeated his comment.

"What?" she said in a challenging tone. The sight of her husband's dumbstruck expression seemed to annoy her and she defiantly lifted her little chin in the air. "Got something to say?"

Her husband backed down right away. Instinctually, he held his hands up in a defensive manner. "Just going to say don't worry about dinner tonight. I got it taken care of."

"Good boy," she said, for the first time in their marriage. "I'm hitting the showers. So give me a few minutes."

"Yes ma'am," Timothy found himself replying his wife's dominant tone.

She looked at him weirdly before walking away.

That night he waited until they were both in bed to address what had been weighing on his mind all night. "So earlier," he said, barely louder than a whisper, "what was that?"

She reached over to turn off the lamp next to her pillow. Her voice was firm. "What was what, dear?"

"With the shorts, you know. Were you trying to teach me a lesson, or something?"

Ashley turned and gazed up at him with an expression too sweet to be sincere. "Ha, no. Of course not. Not everything revolves around you, dear."

He sighed, distressed. He was starting to hate how comfortably his wife was getting with talking down to him like a child.

"Why are you pouting, Timmy?"

"Well, then you sure picked a weird time to suddenly become an exhibitionist."

"Well if I'm an exhibitionist what does that make you?" she asked. Then, after allowing the tension to build in their bedroom, she answered her own question, "A cuckold?"

The word slammed into him like a 2X4 against the softness pinkness of his midsection. "No! I'm not a..." Timothy wished his words had carried a more authoritative ring and hadn't sounded so breathless.

"The word you're looking for," his wife viciously explained, "is cuckold. A cuckold."

He felt the first swell of anger rise through his narrow chest. "How do you even know about that stuff?"

"Well, dear. I do have the Internet. And I do happen to know that men who ask their wives to go on dates with other men are cuckolds. I mean, it's cool if you are. I just wish you'd told me earlier," she said, her voice dripping with sarcastic vitriol. "Great, I'm married to a fucking cuckold!"

"Ashley!" Timothy was nearly in tears. "For fucks sake, for the last time, it wasn't my idea. It was a bet, a stupid fucking bet! Of course I'm not a..." He still couldn't even bring himself to say the hurtful word. The very idea revolted him and he hated that he'd even heard his wife's voice bring up the word in the sacred nature of their marital bedroom. Every time she said it, it felt like she was casting a wicked spell that would change their lives forever.

Part Six

When the day finally arrived, it was *way too soon* for both Timothy and his wife.

However, Ashley's so-called "date" with Leroy wasn't supposed to be until 8:30 PM, so the white couple was quite surprised to hear their doorbell ring just past 6 PM. Ashley, having already changed out of her work clothes and into a pair of pink sweatpants and white halter top, headed for the door. Timothy jumped up to stop her, protectively insisting he would get it. The doorbell rang out again before Timothy could get to the front of the house. The sun was still out and there was a group of children riding bikes down the quiet suburban street. At the sight of the old black man grinning ear-to-ear on his porch, Timothy had to focus all of his self-control to render a polite smile. "Hey Leroy. What's up?"

In that extra deep voice, Leroy chuckled maliciously. "Mind if I come inside for a moment, little buddy? There have been some developments. Changes. No big deal."

Timothy could barely contain himself. His first impulse was to rush through screen door and brutally attack the other man who had already caused so much damage to their marriage. But at the same time, he didn't want to cause a scene, exposing himself as a jealous and angry fool of a husband... Having done a lot of soul searching lately, Timothy was still clinging tenaciously to a few shreds of pride, even though it would have been beyond satisfying to witness his small white hand punch his neighbor's ugly, heavily lined dark face. "Sure Leroy, it's good to see you man!"

Ashley was waiting for them in the living room, her ass up in the air as she bent over to grab a pink flip-flop that was sticking under the couch. Her curvy ass did a little wiggle just as Leroy entered, and the older man admired her blonde ponytail, which hung down like strands of silk. When Ashley saw his dark admiring eyes, she gave him a fake smile and tried to act nonchalant as hell, but it was apparent that she was unnerved.

Shooting him another fake smile, Ashley's voice was dripping with sarcasm as she said, "Everything okay, Leroy? This can't be good. *Oh no, I hope we don't have to cancel our plans tonight.*"

"No. Nothing like that, beautiful" Leroy said, brazenly, his smile brightening at the sight of the ideally proportioned blonde, with that cute face and blue eyes and blonde mane and child-birthing hips and black baby

feeders bouncing on her chest. "Ashley, it's just that we need to make a few changes for tonight. No big deal. I just need a second to explain."

Timothy came over to Ashley and put a protective arm around her shoulder, while Leroy launched into a somewhat lengthy description of an unlikely scenario.

Leroy was in quite a predicament, was the gist of it. The problem was that Leroy just found out that he'd forgotten about a dinner party he'd consented to eons ago. The dinner party would be at his house, tonight, and would consist of him, a few longtime friends, and *Ashley*. As the only single man in the group, Leroy was hoping that Ashley could help him avoid embarrassment by pretending to be his girlfriend.

As Leroy explained all of this, his eyes lit on Timothy. "Obviously, we'll still be done by 11 P.M. Just like we agreed. Plus you'll just be next door. You guys would be doing me a HUGE favor!"

No one spoke for a while.

Finally Ashley said, "Sure, whatever, Leroy. Let's pretend ourselves silly."

"You good with that, little buddy?" Leroy asked Ashley's hubby.

"Fine," Timothy said bitingly. "Just remember 11 P.M. *Not a second later*. Trust me, I'll be waiting."

"Speaking of that, I have one last request," Leroy said. He then explained that the catering company called earlier today and said that the staff member who was supposed to work tonight had called in sick, meaning that Leroy needed someone to fill in as the waiter/bartender. "I hate to ask, Timothy, but I got to. Besides, it's not all bad. This means that you'll be able to keep a close eye on your woman. Honestly, there will hardly be any actual work. Just bring out a few dishes. Easy peasy lemon squeezy!"

Timothy's disbelief soon melted into reluctant acceptance, and he was looking forward to the day that he would never have to see Leroy's ugly mug again. In fact, the entire situation seemed like a nightmare that Timothy couldn't wake up from. Now Timmy must play the role of the house servant... while Leroy used Ashley's youth and beauty to show off in front of his friends? For fuck's sake! Fury radiated off the husband's soft white skin like heat from a stove. He felt like he was on the brink of reversing roles and becoming the aggressor.

Only, Ashley stopped him in his tracks. After casting an apologetic glance in her husband's direction, she told Leroy, "We can do that. It's only fair. Anything else, Leroy?"

Elated, but not daring to show it, Leroy walked over to the white couple, his much larger frame looking even bigger as he towered over them. Taking up Ashley's hand, he kissed the back of it and clasped it warmly between his. "See you soon, my little snowbunny."

"Snowbunny?" Timmy and Ashley said at the same time.

Despite his age, the black man's easy, athletic stride carried him quickly outside the house. After Leroy was gone, the silence that followed was brutal.

Part Seven

It didn't take long for Ashley to start getting prepared, peeling off her sweatpants, panties, and halter-top, and wrapping her flawless white skin in a big terry robe – a honeymoon gift when they were in the Bahamas, a time that seemed about a million years ago.

Timothy could tell that Ashley was trying to be brave for him. That was why she wasn't showing any signs of apprehension about tonight's pseudodate, not the slightest; because she obviously didn't want to upset him anymore. But as she disappeared into the bathroom, singing a popular R&B song, her husband wondered if they would ever be able to forget the humiliation and awkwardness of tonight. In particular, he hated these latest stipulations to the agreement, especially since it meant that he had to lower himself to the role of servant. Stupidly, he had consented. Or was it Ashley who had consented? All Timothy knew for certain was that *tonight was going to suck*.

With that, he stalked into the bedroom, making a mental note that it had been an hour since Ashley had started to get ready.

Unsure of what to do while his wife prepared for a date with another man, Timothy showered in their second bathroom, which made him feel like a guest in his own home. It was a quick shower and after he got out he was greeted with the unflattering reflection of his pale, thin-limbed, pot-bellied, naked body. In high school and college he'd been slim and boyishly handsome. But now, after too many cocktail parties, and too many drive-in dinners, his stomach was no longer flat and trim. His buttocks were also getting flatter and even his hips were slightly wider. He also noticed that he desperately needed to trim his pubic hair, which had grown bushy enough to obscure almost the entire length and width of his small flaccid pink penis. Shriveled and hiding, he could barely see the head of his penis start to peek out, like a Vienna sausage seeking shelter and protection in an unruly patch of black vines.

Timothy turned his back to the mirror; and got dressed quickly and headed back to check up on his wife, his body sagging under the weight of tonight's insult to his manhood.

Timothy walked into the bedroom just in time for an incredible sight. When Ashley came out of the steamy bathroom, she was wearing the sort of

undergarments women wear when they want to get fucked. He was already hard.

Ashley looked nervously toward Timothy, who was slouched in the corner of their bedroom. Feigning indifference to the humiliation, he whistled long and low. "Victoria's Secret?"

"Of course, yeah, thanks for noticing," his wife said, shrugging anxiously, approaching their full length mirror to see herself. The black silk panties and matching bra highlighted Ashley's hourglass figure, making her hips look even wider, her waist narrower, and her breasts larger and fuller. Ashley's hair looked dark blonde now because it was still wet. Timothy saw a small droplet of water slide down her neck, down her slender back, and land on one of her plump ass cheeks that was poking out behind her.

He was confused. "Ashley, babe, you're not enjoying this, are you?"

"Ew, gross!" she said, shaking her thonged rear at him playfully. "Leroy is old enough to be my father and also, just, ew, I can't even believe that you went there, babe!"

Timothy didn't believe her, not exactly.

From his perspective, it almost seemed like Ashley was taking this date seriously. Now that he had recovered from the initial shock of seeing Ashley's brand-new black thong panties and matching bra, he started to get angry. Other men –and there were plenty of them out in the world– had affairs and never had to account for them. And here he was, poor Timothy, on the opposite side of the spectrum, forced to watch his wife prepare herself for a romantic liason with a black man old enough to be both their fathers. "Nice."

"What? Oh, the thong." Ashley smiled at her gawking hubby while he appreciated the luscious shape of her backside. She reached both pink-nailed hands around, lifted the bottoms of her cheeks, squeezed the fatty meat, and then let her bottom drop with an enticing little jiggle. "Do you think Leroy will like?"

Groaning with distaste in his mouth, Timothy glanced at his wife, who actually responded with a challenging grin. "Funny, Ashley. I hope you're kidding."

Grinning harder, she cupped her breasts, mashed them together, and wiggled them at him like she was using her special weapon. "Actually, these were the only option, since you forgot to do the laundry like I asked.

So Leroy gets the new panties and new bra. I mean, he obviously won't ever get them, obviously."

"Sorry, I forgot," Timothy said, thinking about the laundry and feeling slightly better now.

His wife's hands fell from her tits, landed on her curvy hips, hips that looked like they were taken from a fertility statue. "Anyway, I'm actually glad that you're going to be there tonight, because I feel safer."

"Yeah, I'm looking forward to it!" Timothy said sarcastically, still trying to process how he got into a dismal situation where Ashley was Leroy's girlfriend and he was the help.

"I already told myself that I would just try to make the best out of it," Ashley said. "And I suggest you do the same thing."

"I mean..."

"Anyway, tonight should be interesting," she said. "I'm actually almost a little excited."

"Exciting?" Timothy nearly had a heart attack. "Why the fuck is that?"

Ashley rolled her doe-like eyes in a patronizing way. "This sort of reminds me of my high school days when I was theatre. I did theatre all four years at Greenwood Academy. Come on, babe, we better get ready now, Leroy is waiting for us."

"Fuck Leroy!" Timothy said, showing a rare bit of confidence for these days.

"I hope that's not what you're hoping for," his wife said, in a tone that was both playful and searching. "Because that's definitely not happening tonight. No nookie for Leroy. Not this cookie..."

"I hope not, babe."

Ashley added, "I'm not that kind of wife, Timmy, so forget it!"

He recoiled in disgust. They'd never joked about this topic and he found it debilitating. "You're kind of humor, Ashley, is not very funny."

Ashley smiled again at him in a flirty way, blew her husband a big kiss. With him seated a few feet away, she made a show of walking over to the dresser and putting on the matching black silk garter set. She snapped it into place; and with her backside still to him, she slowly bent over without bending her knees, causing the roundness of her backside to bulge out invitingly.

PAWG. Phat Ass White Girl. That's what she was.

"Ashley? Are you doing that on purpose?" whined Timothy, the color draining from his soft, round face. He loved Ashley but there were parts of her that he would have changed. In truth, it had always annoyed Timothy that he didn't have enough in the dick department for women with big bouncy backsides. It was especially frustrating because Timothy found these women to be so arousing. Sometimes he thought that being attracted to PAWGs and having a small little pecker was one of life's cruelest jokes.

"Yes, Timothy?" Under the pretense of picking up a hairclip on the carpet, his wife stayed in this position until her husband couldn't help himself.

"That's it, you're going to get it now," he informed her, struggling to toss his wife onto the bed since they were practically the same size. "I'm going to show you!"

For a moment his tiny pink penis was a thing of hardness and he whipped it out just in time to see Ashley's perfect white ass rise in the air, offering her most intimate parts to his throbbing "manhood."

He pulled her black thong to the side, thinking that Leroy would die if he could see this...

He wanted to mount her from behind. As always, Timothy reached down and spread her curvaceous ivory cheeks as far as possible, stretching the skin taut, so as to remove as much resistance as possible for his pussy-crushing 5-incher. Timothy had been comforted many times by the fact that five skinny inches of man meat was plenty to make any woman weak with desire. And Ashley was so wet, so fucking wet.

"Someone's turned on down there," said Timothy, still trying to line himself up at Ashley's opening. But when he finally started the actual process of insertion, she wiggled her round ass and purred, "Nooooo, baby, use the mouth first. You're good with your mouth. It's my favorite."

Growing dismayed, hubby said, "So you prefer my mouth to my penis?"

"Well I wouldn't say it like that," she said, obviously trying to save his feelings. "It just feels good, so good."

It was the first time that they had ever tried oral sex from this position. Eagerly complying, Timothy crouched behind Ashley in the doggystyle, his little boy hands spreading her perfect ass cheeks far part while he ate her out. Timothy had licked his wife's pussy plenty of times, but never like this, always with her on her back. This was new, felt more

primal. He could smell everything about her and at a certain point she started bouncing her haunches back and forth, causing her wobbly ass cheeks to bounce across his face while she fucked his tongue.

The longer it went on, the more Timothy felt like he was being used.

But Ashley wasn't thinking about his feelings now. She was only thinking of her own pleasure.

Annoyed by her husband's recent poor life decisions, Ashley decided not to feel guilty by focusing on her own hedonistic abandon, closing her eyes, and using her husband like one of those suction cup dildos (she'd seen them, but never dared to try) by fucking his little penis-sized tongue with her pussy and ass. "Oh fuck baby, yes baby, just like that, fuck, let me fuck that tongue, keep that good tongue just like that. God your tongue feels so good, don't move a fucking muscle!"

Strangely, Timothy was starting to get used to obeying his wife, who had shown remarkable mental strength lately. He wanted to apologize for his recent stupidity; and so he offered his stiffened tongue for her womanly pleasure. He even had her juices all over his face, reminders of what it was like to be in the presence of her divine womanhood.

Gripping the sheets, the blonde goddess's tiny knuckles whitened on the bed. Making these private little moans, she started slamming her bubble-shaped backside against her husband's submissive face. She could tell that the power dynamics were starting to change in the bedroom; and wondered if this was just the natural course of a healthy marriage. Then, after a while, a chill shot up her spine, her little pink toes curled, and suddenly there was a great explosion, which spread to the very end of every single nerve of her the body. "Of fuck, baby," she cried, sounding drugged as she bounced her ass harder against her husband's face, "I'm coming, coming, you-you-you don't move, baby, baaabbbbyyyyy, don't fucking moooovvveeee."

Timothy opened his eyes for a second and then closed them immediately. He felt his wife pound her ass against his face a few more times, and then one more time, then she started uncontrollably shaking all over... When the last aftershocks were over, she rolled over onto her back, staring up at him from the bed, her face beautifully flushed with color and pleasure. "Fuck, you made me cum, baby! You're so good at that!"

"Glad you approve," he mumbled, eyes averted, wiping her juices off his face, definitely feeling slightly used now.

"Well, Timmy, I'm definitely glad we tried that position," she said. "I think it's my favorite position now."

Timothy wasn't sure how he felt about this news, considering that the pleasure was distinctly one-sided. "Yeah, cool... Can I put it in now?"

Still on her back, Ashley was running her hands down her body, like she was getting to know herself for the first time, glazed brown eyes half-closed in pulsating pleasure, smacking her lips wet like she'd just waken up from the best dream ever. But when she heard her husband's request, she sat straight up and shook her head no, no, no way.

"Why not though?" her husband whined pathetically again. "You got to! I did it for you! ...It's not fair!"

Darkness flashed across the features of her beautiful face. "Oh, we're keeping score now? That's funny, because if we'd been keeping score since Day One, you would definitely be up by like a factor of a million percent!"

Dejected, Timothy could see her logic. But his raging little manhood demanded attention. "Please, just a few pumps. You know I don't last long, baby."

His wife rolled her eyes at him. "Yeah, no shit, Timmy. Why do you think I have that pink vibrator next to the bed?"

Ashley's vibrator, small pink, had never been an issue with her husband. He enjoyed watching her using it on herself. He still recalled the day it showed up in the mail, several months after their wedding night.

Actually, funnily enough, he just recalled that the first package they sent had been a 12 inch, life-like, super realistic, black dildo. The company had fucked up the shipping. Timothy recalled the funny face his wife made when she first opened the discretely marked box, shocked to see the wrong product. "Forget it, there's no way I'm ever putting something that big inside of me, never!"

At the time, Timmy nodded his head, disturbed by how small her pale little hand looked just holding the black dildo. He told Ashley he would return the item immediately; and also he would bitch to customer service until they got a free replacement. When the small pink one showed up in the mail and Ashley liked it, Timothy couldn't have been more relieved.

Part Eight

It made sense to go at different times.

Pouting the whole time, Timothy watched his wife doll herself up for tonight's big charade with Leroy and his friends. She grabbed a black mini-skirt and matching top with Spaghetti straps. The revealing outfit perfectly hugged her hourglass figure. Then she chose her favorite pair of shoes: black leather with sexy straps and four inch heels – way too tall for Timothy's liking. He asked her why she was wearing them now and Ashley responded that since she wasn't "allowed" to wear them in public, she might as well get some use out of them tonight. After that, all his wife needed was a coat of sultry red lipstick and some eye shadow to make her big eyes pop.

"How do I look, babe?"

"Ashley, you look like an expensive call girl."

"Fuck you!"

"You asked."

"Lesson learned," she said, with another eye roll, turning her back to her despondent husband.

After Ashley left and walked across the lawn, Timothy waited an hour, or so, feeling this terrible pit in his stomach. By the time it was his turn to make the sad walk across the lawn, to join the party, there was already a contingent of unfamiliar cars and SUVs in Leroy's driveway. The older black man grinned broadly when he saw Ashley's pale little hubby slink towards his house, which waited like a trap.

Timothy was halfway up the porch stairs when Leroy heartily greeted him: "Ah, looks like our help finally decided to show up! Come on in, whiteboy!"

Biting his tongue, head down, the white man walked into a living room full of scrutinizing African-American faces, presumably Leroy's guests. In fact, the only non-black faces in the room was Ashley's face, which remained fixed in a polite smile as she sat on the couch, next to Leroy. To his chagrin, Timothy noticed that their legs were touching. The older black man also had his arm around her bare white shoulders; and he noticeably had the smugness of a man showing off his latest trophy. Then his big dinner plate hand dropped to Ashley's bare knee, covering the white mound of flesh, which offered guests the decidedly mesmerizing contrast of their skin tones. Black on white.

Instantly, Timothy knew that he would never forget the first time he saw Leroy's big black hand on his wife's white knee. There was almost something artistic about it. It made him feel a lot of strange, conflicting emotions.

However, the white husband's thoughts were interrupted by Leroy's deep, authoritative, demanding voice. "Whiteboy, hey, everything is in the kitchen. We'll start with the wine, but let's have dinner ready in around an hour. Ok, whiteboy?"

Timothy hated it when his neighbor called him that: whiteboy. But after reading the room, he realized that this was no place to make a scene. Before exiting, his eyes darted over to Ashley's, searching for any signs of distress. But she seemed reasonably comfortable and was already holding a glass of red wine.

Timothy had one foot out the room when he heard Leroy snap at him, like a dog. "Hold up, whiteboy!" Leroy then turned to Ashley. "Would you like another, my little snowbunny?" Then the black man snapped his fingers at the whiteboy for the second time. "Fetch a glass of that bottle that's already opened. It's on the counter, whiteboy. You can find it. I have faith in you."

Feeling ashamed, turning his head away from Leroy and Ashley, Timothy shrugged his narrow shoulders and said he'd be right back in a minute, or so.

He began serving drinks to the group, which was composed of four black men and four black women, Ashley, and of course Leroy. With Leroy's giant arm protectively wrapped around her shoulders, Ashley was obviously doing her best not to let everyone know how nervous she felt. Her husband could see it in her eyes every time he entered the room with a new tray of drinks. Leroy's recent additions to the bet had come out of nowhere and Timothy was starting to feel really humiliated by this scenario. The last thing he needed was for Ashley to have another reason to doubt his crumbling masculinity.

An hour or two later, Timothy began serving dinner, where the 8 guests sat around, calling out for Timothy, or simply "whiteboy!" whenever they needed a glass filled or new utensil, etc.

To Timothy's ultimate horror, at a certain point in the dinner, the general conversation turned to the topic of interracial dating – in particular, to black men and white women in relationships these days.

As he walked around the table, obediently holding his little tray, Timmy couldn't tell if they were trying to mock him or belittle him, or if they genuinely didn't realize how humiliating it was to hear them talk about how black men still see white women as a trophy for society, and how white women were obsessed with the idea of having a black baby these days, and how it was only natural for Nature to take its course.

The whole time Timothy kept his eyes down, demurely, not wanting to meet the stares of these extremely certain people. Nor did he particularly care to meet the quizzical stare of his own wife, who probably found this talk as comically ludicrous as her husband did. At least, that's what Timothy hoped she was feeling. But then he heard someone snap their fingers at him again; and Timothy found himself bringing over a bottle of wine, opening it, then pouring out two glasses, all while Ashley sat silently across the table, no doubt taking the spectacle all in.

"So I guess the question is how long before you two have some little ones running around?" joked one of the guests, the grandfatherly black gentlemen with the white hair on the sides and his eyebrows.

Leroy took the opportunity to look at Ashley meaningfully. He then collected her little white paw into his own gargantuan collection of long African fingers, and said, "Trust me, I'm going to have that flat white tummy big and full in no time. Hell, give it a few months. My little snowbunny will be hollering at me, calling me names, on account of her pregnancy... Shit. I've been down this road before."

"I heard that," a couple of the guests, both black men, said at the exact same time, exchanging knowing looks. "Hell, if I was in your place, I'd be doing the same thing, brother."

"Ain't that a fact, "another male guest added, his dark eyes appraising the figure of the young sexy white woman, provocatively dressed for her black boyfriend. "Times done changed!"

The grandfatherly black man slapped his knee in delight. "I never thought I'd see the glorious day when the time came and you'd see the hottest white women in the world proud to show off their black kids and husbands."

"You're just getting off on the power," snapped one of the black female guests. Earlier she'd told Ashley that she worked at the DMV; and she must have been over 250 pounds. The woman pointed at Leroy. "Plus you just

want something submissive to you, that's why ya'll be chasing those white bitches down!"

"Scientifically speaking, they are naturally more submissive," said the black male in the glasses, who apparently taught classes at a local HBHC. "It's in their nature. White people. Caucasians. Much more submissive, in general."

"How many black babies you want me to give you?" Leroy asked Ashley, drawing her into an affectionate side hug at the table, while the dinner guests and Timothy looked on silently. Still with his arms around her, Leroy leaned in and peppered Ashley's neck several times with his kisses, causing the woman's delicate white skin to redden underneath her embarrassed blue eyes.

Leroy caught little Timmy staring at the interracial couple and demanded, "What about you whiteboy, do you have any thoughts on the matter?"

Timothy was totally caught off guard and searched for the right words. He was like a blind man groping for a light switch that didn't exist.

"Don't call them whiteboys," one of the black female guests said, surprisingly. "They don't like that. It's *very* demeaning."

"That's crazy, you're so crazy," said a male guest. "Whiteboys know that they are whiteboys."

"Especially the ones they got now," said a different black female, a thin, pointy-faced black woman in her late 50's who claimed to be an administrator at a local hospital. Her name was Lucinda. "Most of these *so-called men* couldn't change a flat tire. They say that testosterone is down in the white community. Big time. That's a fact."

"Oh really?" Leroy said, smiling, trying to egg her on.

"Yes oh really," said Lucinda. "Wanna know what our most popular surgery is these days, at the hospital? Well, I'll tell you. Whiteboys getting sexual reassignment surgeries! For real, I'm not even kidding. Now, you never see a brother or a Spanish guy ask for this surgery. No, from my experience, it's only the whiteboys. It's like all the whiteboys woke up one day and wanted to be whitegirls."

Several of the African-American dinner guests nodded contemplatively, while the two white people blushed like there was no tomorrow.

"Thank you, Lucinda. You have a very enlightening perspective. And actually, that does explain why white girls are getting those big white booties these days. Like Ashley here," Leroy chimed in, making it sound like he was a professional on the subject. "They got all these white women out there knowing that to get a real man, not just some emotional whiteboy, who is basically a whitegirl, these snowbunnies know that they got to actually put in the work on their bottoms, you know, to attract the brothers. It's the Era of the Snowbunny and the BBC!"

"Amen to that," said a few of the older black men, raising their glasses over the table. "Times have changed!"

Then the oldest black man at the table, the grandfatherly one, looked at Ashley again and said, "You don't got any sisters or whitegirl friends who need a date, do you?"

"You old dawg!" howled one of the male guests.

"Pig," countered a female guest.

"No, sorry, I don't think I do," said Ashley, blushing even more now. Like Timothy, she didn't like where tonight's conversation had landed. All this focus on race and babies and submissive natures made Ashley feel like the whole room was quietly laughing at her expense. That her husband had failed to do anything about it was also quite alarming, but she figured that Timmy was trying to keep his cool until this whole nightmare was over.

"Actually you do have a sister," Leroy offered, openly rubbing one of Ashley's lightly muscled arms. The one with the short brunette hair, who drives the red convertible, and has that big ass and tits too!"

Ashley wanted to die on the spot. "I mean, I do have a sister, sure, but I don't think..."

"Think what?" Leroy's voice deepened enough to make the whole room turn and look at the couple. "That shouldn't wouldn't date a black man?"

Ashley couldn't help but to crinkle her upturned nose at the funny idea of her 19 year-old sister with a black senior citizen. That would be the craziest thing ever. Literally. But she could also tell that other people were looking at her, demanding that she prove that she's not some normal secretly racist whitegirl. It was a ton of pressure. "No, I just meant, like, she isn't available. My sister, she has a boyfriend."

"You mean a whiteboy?" one of the male guests clarified.

"Give her time," Leroy said, confidently, scooting Ashley's chair over so that they their legs were physically touching again. "And if she ever does

break up with that whiteboy you promise me that you'll set her up on a date with ol' Roscoe, right?"

"Okay," Ashley laughed, wishing that they would stop dragging her family members into this inane conversation. "I will do that, Leroy."

But it wouldn't be that easy. Roscoe, the grandfatherly black man said, "What's she look like, this sister?"

"She mighty young and pretty," said Leroy, turning to Ashley for information. "Tell Roscoe about your sister."

"Well..."

"What's her name?"

"Kendra."

"Sexy!"

"Good name for a PAWG."

"Thanks." Slightly out of her body, not realizing that she was even talking, Ashley found herself suddenly describing her younger sister, as if this fantasy about Kendra and Roscoe had any actual bearings in life.

Politely, Roscoe stared at Ashley's tits as he waited for her babbling to end. "And in the looks department, how is this Kendra?"

"PAWG, just like her big sister," Leroy jumped in. "Younger though. Cute face. That pale, creamy skin. Really dark hair. Short hair. Cute haircut. Decent tits. Big ass. Way too big ass for them whiteboys."

While the black men at the table chuckled and pounded each other's fists in amusement, their female counterparts all shook their heads in quiet womanly contempt.

"Sounds like just my type," Roscoe declared, drawing laughter from the other men, while simultaneously drawing more scorn from the black females.

"Well, speaking of babies and stuff..." said the plumeiest and happiest-looking of the black female guests. "Me and Dontell, we got you pair a gift, to celebrate your new relationship. Now, it's just a small thing. But when we saw it in this store at the mall, well, we started laughing and cracking up, you know, the way we do. So we bought it for you! Well, for the whitegirl, Allison."

"It's Ashley, actually," said Ashley, angrily folding her arms across her chest.

"That's what I said," the black woman laughed. "You whitegirls are so touchy."

Everyone at the table now watched as the same formidable black woman got up and walked over to the corner of the room. There was fancy shopping bag sitting on top of the stool. She pulled out what looked like a small white t-shirt and tossed it at the whitegirl, whose stuck-up face was becoming red.

Ashley caught the shirt against her D-cups. Confused, she opened it and looked down. The redness intensified further. It looked like she wanted to cry.

Then Leroy let out a big shit-eating grin when he saw the front of the shirt. He slapped his knee and made Ashley hold the shirt up so everyone could see.

In big bold black letters the shirt announced: **BLACK BABY FACTORY.**

"Jesus," said another black female guest, who obviously wasn't okay with the joke. "Couldn't you find one in adult sizes?"

"You know how whitegirls are," said the generous gift giver, still towering over the dinner table with a big pearly smile. "You like your gift, right Allison? Tell me I'm wrong."

Ashley, who had been getting this sinking feeling in her stomach all night, suddenly felt like she was ready to call it a night. So when they insisted that she go try on the T-shirt, presumably for everyone's amusement, she got up mechanically. Now she was thinking that she just needed the bathroom because she was going to be sick.

"Check out that caboose!" someone cheered as Ashley headed to the bathroom with her gift. "She got some black in her!"

"Hm-mmm, I bet she do," said one of the no-nonsense black women, drawing more laughter from the table.

Sitting there on the closed commode, Ashley felt out of sorts, and started to remove her own top and actually trying on the "gift."

This was such a nightmare. Her whole life Ashley went out of her way to make people think she wasn't rude, or just another stuck-up rich girl from the suburbs. But this shirt, this fucking T-shirt... It was just such a stupid gift. **Black Baby Factory?** Why would someone make such a shirt, much less wear it? Ashley wasn't sure why *anyone would want to even see that...*

And then her black top with the spaghetti straps was draped over the shower's curtain rod and she pulled her blonde hair up, allowing the white fabric of the T-shirt to fall across her shoulders and breasts and tummy. It fit

snug and was way too revealing. Ashley studied her reflection. In utter disbelief, she saw a beautiful white woman dressed in a way that proclaimed to the world her preference for another, more powerful, more dominant race.

It was strange, but weirdly... arousing. Was that the right word?

Ashley was confused. Earlier she felt how excited Leroy had become by the idea of her wearing a T-shirt like this. She knew it was a sex thing; he was clearly getting off on the situation. But standing there in front of the bathroom, she couldn't pinpoint the origin of this adult fantasy. She guessed it was probably a subgenre of the master/submission genre. And like most girls, Ashley had her fantasies of being at the beck and call of a master. And even though she knew that this was only a fantasy to extend no farther than the very back reaches of her mind, she found herself slowing peeling down her pants to reveal herself in what appeared to be just a pair of black lace panties and tight white tank top that read BLACK BABY FACTORY.

There was a knock on the bathroom door, the handle jiggled, and then her husband was standing next to her.

"Baby, are you okay? "

They were standing next to the black marble bath sink and he had that bewildered look in his eye.

"No, forget it," he declared in the small space of the bathroom, "I'm calling this off. This has gone way too far. I'm sorry. Don't wear that. Actually, babe, take that fucking thing off because we're getting the fuck out of here, Ashley!"

Timothy's wife felt like she had received her first little ray of sunshine in years. Her passive history-teaching hubby had finally hit his limit. Ashley shook her head in amazement and relief. "Oh dear, of course. I would never –"

The couple's eyes met and without opening their mouths they were able to communicate that it was time they finally stuck up for themselves and regain some control in their lives.

Part Nine

It took some work, even a few months of couples counseling, but eventually Timothy and Ashley were able to put that awful night behind them. By the time Spring arrived, it was starting to feel like anything was possible again. In fact, the couple began the arduous process of installing their backyard swimming pool. The first thing Timothy had the builders work on was the privacy fence. It soon became recognized as the tallest privacy fence in the neighborhood. Timothy never explained why he wanted such a tall fence and Ashley never asked questions. It only took a couple of months to complete everything; and not the full three months they quoted. This meant, fortunately, that Timothy and Ashley now had access to their very own swimming pool by early June, which was right as the temperature increased enough to use it.

"Do you like your new swimming pool?" Timothy teased his wife.

"Oh, baby, I love my new swimming pool! Do you still think I was too spoiled as a kid?"

"Definitely too spoiled, total brat," he said, grabbing her by the womanly hips and pulling her backside into his boy-sized dicky. "Now get over here, woman!"

She felt the tiny prick in the front of his pants and broke free from his clutches, moving the hair out of her face and laughing. "No way, not now. Save that energy for later tonight, macho man!"

"You promise?" he said, sagging with frustration.

"I demand!" she said, slamming the side of her hip into his waist, causing him to stumble forward. They both were laughing now.

It was a miracle. They'd never been happier.

Since that whole fiasco next door, on that nightmare night, it seemed like both Timothy and Ashley were content with simply moving on and pretending as if nothing bizarre had ever happened... Furthermore, Timothy had made a point of finally clearing out their garage so that both of their cars could fit in it. That didn't hurt. Suddenly it felt like they never even saw Leroy anymore. Then the rush of life continued with its usual onslaught of work and family and scheduled weekend trips. For Timothy, at least, it felt like life had finally returned to normal. Maybe even better than normal.

He had plenty of examples to chose from.

One day, for instance, Timothy returned home from a long day at the high school, yawning and bleary-eyed. All he wanted was a hot shower and sleep. It had been one of those days. Earlier in the morning, he was called into the principal's office and informed that his requests to lessen the number of hall monitoring duties had been respectfully declined. Then, after his very last class of the day, Timothy was roped into helping out with the concession stand for that night's varsity football game.

When he finally dragged his tired bones back home, Ashley splayed across their couch, watching a TV crime show about a big-busted redhead in a mini dress who went around solving sex crimes. But as soon as her husband walked into the room, Ashley giggled, got to her feet, and told him she had a surprise for him.

"What kind of surprise?" he asked, yawning, noticing for the first time that there was a bottle of wine on the coffee table.

"The good kind!" The flush in her cheeks and glassiness of her eyes told Timothy that Ashley was past her first drink of the evening. "Wait right there! If you ruin the surprise, you'll regret it!"

He did, but he shook his head. He could hear his wife opening the door to their bedroom. He wondered if this had anything to do with the previous night's failed attempt at lovemaking. Timothy had already told his wife a thousand times that it wasn't a good time the night before he had a big day at the high school planned. And it had been a lousy day. Parking lot duty, a literal fistfight in his second period, a professional development course in his planning period, and after school meeting between administration and all the teachers, not to mention the favor he did by helping out the football team by agreeing to oversee the washing of their uniforms and jockstraps.

But when Ashley walked into the room again all of his problems abruptly left him.

Ashley wore a pair of denim shorts that looked about three sizes too small and a thin white tank top. Her husband could see the outline of a red bikini top, but questioned whether or not she had the matching bottoms on. Then he caught a perfect side view of her full large breasts spilling out as she turned to present her profile, first the left, then the right. Timothy's breath hitched in his throat, and his pants suddenly became a little tighter.

"I thought we could do some swimming before dinner. Break in the pool," she said. "I'm thirsty. Want something?"

As she walked away from where Timothy stood, he couldn't help but watch her firm-but-bouncy ass swaying back and forth with every step she took. His eyes remained pinned to her the entire time. "New bathing suit, babe?"

"Well let's see. Looks like a bathing suit, I guess," Ashley smiled at him, the wine having made her more flirty and seductive than her normal self. "But it's more of a 'suit I only wear in the privacy of our back yard' kind of swimsuit. Know what I mean?"

He shook his head no at her. Swallowed hard. "Planning to swim in that tank top?"

She accepted his invitation to remove her top, setting her glass of wine down and then pulling the flimsy white cotton over that heart-shaped face contoured by shiny blonde tresses. Her big tits flopped out, wobbled in the aftermath, and the flat dolphin-pierced tummy rose and lowered as her heart rate obviously sped up. Still, she tried to play it cool in front of her husband. "There. See. Better?"

"Much better." He nodded, mesmerized as she adjusted the strings on her bikini top, tugged at them to make her boobs bounce. Her nipples stood hard, pressing against the thin top. He couldn't believe it. He was standing in front of a goddess, a blonde goddess, an actual goddess. There wasn't a straight man on this planet that wouldn't have lost his mind at the sight of Ashley in her Daisy Dukes and tiny bikini top desperately trying to cover up all that big milk-producing floppy bosom. With her tits hanging out on display, it almost looked like she was begging the world to put a baby on one of them. Hell, it almost looked like she was begging to finally be a mom.

Timothy was tired and horny at the same time. It was a weird feeling. "What's gotten into you tonight, Ashley?"

"Nothing," she responded with the mock innocence of a tipsy whitegirl. "It's just little ol' me."

"Those don't look very little to me," he chortled back. "How much wine have you had?"

"Not sure. But I do recall reading this article recently about how women in ovulation are less risk-adverse and more willing to try new things," she said, batting her long silky lashes at him. "So maybe..."

Eagerly, he said, "Um, try new things?"

She gave him a sexy look. "That's what I said. Try new things."

"What kind of ne things, Ashley?"

"What kind of things do you want to try out?" she said. "Wait, I know. Remember that thing you asked me to do a couple months ago? But I said no, no way."

"Hell yeah I remember!"

"Well..."

"You're actually going to let me fuck you on the living room floor?" Timothy wasn't sure why, but this had always been one of his fantasies. Sadly, for some reason, Ashley had been staunchly against it.

They met in the area right under the mounted flat screen in their living room. Timothy's jaw dropped when he saw his wife lose the shorts, revealing that her new swimsuit was a... thong! The night was just getting better and better. It was like he was in a dream.

"Oh shit, babe! One second!" He left the room and returned a couple minutes later, his with a rubber already wrapped around his pale dick. It wasn't a particularly flattering look for Timothy, who'd recently grown paunchy with early onset middle-agedness. The condom looked a little baggy on him, like his penis was a little boy trying to comically wear his father's clothes.

Ashley saw the small dick and baggy condom and closed her eyes, saying a prayer to herself. "You don't have to wear that, Timmy. Okay? Do you understand what I'm trying to say? Not tonight. You don't have to wear that silly thing for a while..."

"Really? Why though?"

"Because I'm ready, Timmy." She placed her hands over her flat tummy, to show him. "We're ready."

The weight of her words hit him like a ton of bricks. He'd been looking forward to this moment since the first time he sat eyes on her. "Seriously?"

"Yes dear, you can finally cum inside me," she said.

It was a moment of true bliss. Hearing these angelic words, Timothy had never felt more loved or wanted in his entire life. An actual goddess was asking him for his seed. His eyes took it all in as Ashley did a seductive 360. To his growing shock, his conservative Republican-voting wife was wearing the tiniest thong bikini. The intelligence of her eyes and the classiness of her face said woman, but those tits and ass screamed slut.

"Wonders never cease to amaze," Timothy said, his head leaning to one side as he admired every micro jiggle her flesh produced.

"What?" she said, playfully acknowledging her husband's pathetic gawking. "It's for the tan lines. Obviously, I wouldn't get caught dead in this in public. You know me, dear. I don't even wear two-piece suits on the beach. One piece is fine with me."

Timothy had more clothes on and took longer to get to a state of semi-nakedness with the beautiful blonde who was on her back and staring up at him with this ultra-feminine look of love and submission. Then they got on the floor and he slipped it in, finding her mouth too, and the couple kissed each other passionately, aggressively, loudly. He was on top and she had her legs spread wide for his pink hard-on. His pale, narrow buttocks rose in the air and came collapsing back down again, again and again, until Ashley finally complained of the linoleum burns to her back.

"Aw babe," Timothy whined like a 4th grader, "you promised!"

"OK, doggystyle," she said, exasperated. Then she dove into her sarcastic mode. "Screw my knees! Who cares about my knees! Who doesn't love major burns on their knees?"

Timothy was behind her now. It still wasn't his favorite position either. Ashley was on her hands and knees with her pale white ass raised high in the air.

Looking down, he resembled a little boy who knew that he didn't have the necessary tools for the job.

Huffing and puffing, he managed to get it inside her. Then he was anxiously watching as his tiny-but-hard pecker withdrew from her special little hole. His hands were tightly gripping her by her waist, which was small and made her ass look especially plump – especially in this position.

At one point, during his sporadic rabbit pumps behind, Ashley made an erotic sound that caused her husband to increase the speed and intensity of his thrusts even more. But he also kept slipping out, desperately wishing that his wife's bubble-like booty was smaller and flatter and easier to bypass – like both his college girlfriend's asses were. He never slipped out of those skinny white butts. But the big white butts were a problem for a little guy his size.

"You okay back there, big guy?" Ashley said, presumably getting annoyed with all the false starts and lack of duration.

He looked down with a sense of anguish. Most men would have chopped off their left foot to have Ashley like this. But Timothy wasn't most men. The inability to keep from slipping out of Ashley in doggystyle

was killing him. When she was in doggystyle, she intimidated him and his sense of manhood. His wife made him feel small and inadequate, like a tiny doll-sized man trying to break-in a bucking bronco. "I'm fine, ha. Everything is fine, babe."

"Is it? If you say so, dear," she said with the deep primal aches of a young woman more than ready to start a family.

More than anything, Ashley couldn't wait to start filling up the walls of this house with photos of her smiling, perfect, genius, blue-eyed, blonde-haired children. She knew that her babies were going to be cute and angelic, the way all the blonde-haired children are in her family. To get what she needed, Ashley wiggled her hips back and forth, trying to entice the man to mount her again. There were times when Ashley needed it so bad she felt like someone had drugged her. "Feel free to put it back in, anytime, like noooowwww, pleeeaaasse."

Holding his breath, he spread the flesh of Ashley's ass cheeks apart, his expression that of a drugged man; and then he spread them wider because he was trying to make space and reduce the amount of length he would need to get comfortably inside her. Across the kitchen there was a mirror, reflecting the lascivious scene.

Blonde strands of hair fell like curtains over Ashley's flushed face and her tits swayed beneath her. Her husband surprised her with a thumb in a "no-no area" and even ignored Ashley's plea to take it out. Still, she couldn't help but to groan as he began pushing her ass back on him, swallowing him inch, by inch. But soon it was only three, four, or five strokes at the most and Timothy's small pink dick became dislodged by Ashley's big white booty.

"Put it back inside, back inside, babe!" Ashley complained.

"Just a second, wait, *wait*." Sucking his teeth in frustration, he reached over her body, clutched her massive swinging tits to get himself as hard as possible. He massaged the back of her head, then rubbed her upper and lower back and her white bubble butt. Timothy had a new plan. He just wanted to cum so badly that he decided he'd get himself almost completed and then stick it inside his wife and finish off in a few quick rabbit strokes.

"Put it back in me! Please!" Ashley said, unaware of her husband's new designs; and unaware of how he was currently staring down at her body and jerking his hard little dick. Forgoing all sense of shame, she started wagging her ass from side to side, like a dog-bitch in heat. Hormones were obviously

hitting her hard and Ashley was losing the ability to think like a normal person. "Please just put it inside me now, please!"

He ignored her request, deciding that he'd better get himself closer to the finish line before he tried to mount his needy wife. They never openly discussed Timothy's small dick. Thank God. But Ashley did say that he was about the same size as the three other guys she'd been with, all of them also skinny whiteboys.

Little Timmy was jerking off still. His eyes lapsed into one of those staring spells, and the world faded into the background and his eyes were transfixed by the inviting shape and wiggle of her ass cheeks. Then, just as he was reaching to touch her butt with his hand, his hand shaking at the base of his swollen junior-sized peepee, he felt a great tingle in his loins and before he knew it, the payload of three or four small dollops of baby batter arced through the air and landed next to them on the floor. A deep sense of calm swept through Timothy, only to be interrupted by the angry face his wife was making at him once she figured he'd already climaxed, and not inside her.

"Timmy! What the fuck!" She stood up, reached back, and adjusted her thong, and then adjusted her top and crossed her arms at him. "Seriously? You already fucking came? What's wrong with you?"

Dumbly, he nodded and said, "Oh God yeah, damn, that was crazy."

She looked at him, gorgeous glittering eyes slanting, growing more and more annoyed. "I thought I told you that you could cum inside me!"

"Oh, wow, yeah, thanks," he said, sounding like a man coming out of a long stupor. He smacked his lips some, "Sorry, babe, I guess I got carried away. We can do that other thing as soon as I'm ready again."

Ashley still hadn't calmed down. "I guess some men are less than..."

"Please..."

"Stop sniveling! You know I hate it when you do that, Timmy. It sounds like I'm arguing with one of my sisters."

"Well, let's not argue," he offered desperately.

"You know where to find me," she said, grabbing a large fluffy pink towel and sliding the back doors open. "I need to cool off. And I'm going to go try out my new swimsuit. So if you decide to stop acting like one of my sisters, you're welcome to join!"

Part Ten

Outside the pool lights were already turned on and there was plenty of artificial light for Ashley as she stood at the water's edge, again adjusting the thong up her ass crack and then diving into the glinting blue waters, surfacing with that long blonde hair streaked across her angelic face.

"Is this a good idea, babe?" Timothy said, peering over the rippling pool water as his near-naked wife paddled away in the water. "You know, combining the wine and the swimming?"

"Relax grandma, I'm fine."

"Well, I'm worried, Ashley."

She laughed for a few moments, kicking her dainty feet to stay afloat. When she got to a shallow area, she submerged and came up with a spray of water with her tits practically bare except for the nipples. "You just want to watch. Don't you? Ha, look at your face... Look, it's fine, whatever, I just didn't know that until a little while ago. What a perv... Well, I guess, we like what we like, whiteboy."

Timothy reacted like he'd just been stung by a hornet. Ashley had never called him that word, a "whiteboy," and it seemed especially wrong because of its associations with the night they agreed never to talk about again.

Whiteboy? While the word was already demeaning, it was even more demeaning from his wife. To calm himself down, Timothy convinced himself that it was just the wine talking. This only made him more concerned and watchful, standing by the pool. The minutes ticked as he stood there, getting aroused again from watching her slender tan-skinned limbs masterfully stroke from one end of the pool to the other. Ashley may not have been completely sober, but she definitely knew what she was doing in the water. Plus little Timmy really liked it when she got to the end of the pool and did her flip-turns which put her incredible thonged ass up in the air for a brief moment. In fact, Timothy was even on the verge of dropping his pants and giving her his long-awaited seed when there was the sound of his doorbell.

Cursing the interloper's lousy timing, and folding the elastic waistband of his shorts over his diminutive hard-on, hubby made his way to the door as a second round of thumping ensued. He called out to the disturber of his peace: "Okay, wait, Jesus, hold on! I'm coming!"

Leroy stood on the other side of the door, stroking his thick lips with his fingertips. "Hey whiteboy! Long time no see... I'm so sorry if I have found you at a bad time. What do you have going on tonight?"

Before Timothy could get out a reply, the older black man was already walking past him, down the long hallway that was decorated by mirrors and silver framed photos of family members and friends and vacations.

Crossing his arms over his flat, narrow chest, Timothy said in his most intimidating voice, "Excuse you! Leroy, come back here! Can I help you, Leroy?"

The older black man's pleasure was evident as he spoke. He was already in the living room, not far from where Ashley was currently swimming around in a thong bikini. "Hey man, it's cool, whiteboy, I just wanted to apologize for all of that stuff that happened a few months ago. Where have you guys been hiding, by the way? Damn man, it's like you guys disappeared and shit. Shit, I could almost swear that you and Ashley are going out your way to dodge me, whiteboy!"

Timothy did a poor job of hiding his awkwardness and intimidation. "We're not, Leroy. I promise. We've just been busy, I'm sorry."

"Busy? Right, oh right." Leroy chuckled like he was just hanging out with a drinking buddy. "Anyway, my man, I just wanted to apologize. I've been meaning to come by earlier."

"No worried, Leroy. You didn't have to do that, man." Timothy mistrusted the other's man's intentions, wanting only to get him away from the backyard as quickly as possible. "Water under the bridge, as far as I'm concerned."

Suddenly seriously, or at least appearing to be, Leroy shook his big fire hydrant head at the smaller man. "I fucked up. I shouldn't have been talking about all that talk about interracial dating, white submissiveness –"

Timmy interrupted, "I get it!"

Leroy continued without missing a beat, "And the whole **Black Baby Factory** T-shirt on your wife... Just so you know, I felt bad about that later, whiteboy."

"Well, that actually was *highly fucking inappropriate*," Ashley said through her teeth, surprising both men with her unannounced presence.

Dripping head to toe with chlorinated water, her eyes were completely bloodshot now, her blonde hair looked slightly darker because it was wet,

and her string thong bikini had the effect of making her look even more naked than when she actually was naked.

Leroy was studying her like a scientist trying to get his doctorate in Ashleyology.

The first thing Leroy noticed: this was a totally different woman than the one he knew, the one that was always rushing around with a grocery bag of organic fruits in one hand and a Starbucks in the other hand. The reading glasses she normally wore were gone too. Now the plump whiteness of Ashley's bust was fully exposed, save for her areolas modestly concealed by two slender triangle patches of ruby-colored fabric connected by strings at the back. It was evident that any slight movement posed a risk of upsetting the delicate equilibrium of her top, potentially unveiling more of her bosom, including her delicate pink nipples. Leroy's mouth watered painfully. Furthermore, the lower part of Ashley's bikini offered little modesty either. While a red triangle –just a patch of cloth– covered her most intimate area, the remainder resembled dental floss that disappeared up her ass crack and fastened on the side of her flared white hips.

Leroy was in love with whiteboy's wife. At least, his big black cock was in love. The mature African-American man thought: This is what a woman should look like when you get home after a long day. Every BBC needs a Ashley. And this Ashley would make an amazing prize.

Leroy also liked how she was still wearing a pair of big golden hoop earrings. And her long wet blond hair was held in place with an American flag hair band that matched nicely with her red bikini.

"That's what I'm talking about!" exclaimed the older neighbor at the sight of Ashley, who's confidence under Leroy's scrutiny was now wilting into a form of noticeable self-consciousness, or forced humbleness, causing her to avert her innocent brown eyes to the ground.

Slowly now, a grin of exultation stretched across Leroy's shadowy face as he savored the spectacle of Ashley's near-nakedness. He couldn't help but to think: *Talk about good timing, Leroy!*

Meanwhile, Timmy was trying his best not to notice what was going on in his back yard. But in the periphery of his vision, he observed his neighbor's predatory stare fixating on Ashley's flimsy red top, which jostled as she shifted her weight from one foot to the next. The bikini material was so thin, almost transparent now that she was soaking wet. Unable to stop the momentum of the scene, Timmy concluded that his wife's bikini must have

also been flame retardant, given the black neighbor's gaze, which was attempting to sear through it.

Leroy rubbed his big hands together, licked his oversized lips at Ashley. "Baby, I thought all the angels were in heaven. Did you wear that for me?"

Ashley didn't take kindly to being openly flirted with while her husband was a few feet away. She knew that it was disrespectful as hell. "Yes, Leroy? Can we do anything for you tonight?" She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest, wondering who the hell this black bastard thought he was.

Leroy explained how he was just getting around to finally making his formal apology. Then he chuckled, fondly reliving that night for a few moments. "It started as a funny joke, but things got out of hand. That's what I'm saying. You get it, baby?"

Timothy would have paid a million bucks if Leroy disappeared that second. He shook his head of mousy brown hair, getting angry. "Started as a funny joke? What was so funny about that?"

"Relax, whiteboy, calm down." The older man chuckled again. "Man, I didn't want to mention this. But back then I was really into porn, online porn sites, like interracial porn. But just black men and white women only. I don't know why, man, but it's hot, and it quickly became my favorite thing to watch. I signed up to some hotwife websites. I posted some cock photos, but not my face. Then I had all these whiteboys, whiteboys like you, who started hitting me up and asking me if I'll give their white wife some BBC. Look, I know that most of the stuff online is bullshit. But after a while, you start to think that every whiteboy you see in the street is dying to have you cuck him. You know, breed his wife with some black babies."

"Wait," Ashley interjected, "is that honestly what you thought of us? Why? Since when, like when you first met us?"

Timothy quickly added with increasing incredulousness, "That I wanted you to cuck me? Ha!" He face was beet red and his voice cracked as he said, "Talk about fucking delusional!"

"Listen, that's why I'm apologizing," Leroy said coolly. His eyes continued to gorge on Ashley's perfect contours, everything bursting out of her string bikini. When his stare finally caught hers, the white wife turned away, blushing as deeply as her hubby, and for the first time, Leroy saw the

lights of the swimming pool beckoning him. Instinctively, Ashley backed away as her neighbor trudged past and slid open the door to the patio.

Panicking, Ashley's head snapped around, her eyes meeting Timmy's.

Her husband's voice cracked with a combination of incredulity and fatigue. "What the hell? Is this guy a fucking psycho? Maybe we should call the cops."

Ashley pointed, scared. "He's taking his clothes off now!"

The young white couple scampered out together onto the pool deck just as Leroy lost his shirt and pants and socks. His back was huge and coal-black, bulging with muscles. As if by design, Leroy was wearing a pair of the tightest Speedos in the world. Ashley and Timmy turned away, mortified. Leroy eased into the summer-warm swimming pool, turned, and started beckoning for Ashley to join him. "Calm on, my little snowbunny, I'll teach your fine PAWG ass how to swim. I'm a good swimmer."

"Thanks, but I already know how to swim pretty good!" Ashley said with an artificial laugh at the end.

"Actually," Timothy added, "she's being modest. Ashley was a –"

She cut him off, self-consciously touching the sides of her American flag hair band. "That's enough, Timothy!"

Leroy ignored the whiteboy and looked at Ashley's tits again, then the flat tummy, then the full hips and thighs and small pale feet. If there had ever, ever, ever, been a whitebitch begging for one of Leroy's black creampie, it was definitely this Ashley. "Well, you should still come over here. The water is perfect. And I'll teach you something else..."

Part Eleven

Nervous and uncertain, Ashley and Timothy huddled next to the edge of the pool, watching as their older black neighbor took command of the situation. He was a good swimmer though. Leroy did nearly 20 laps and then got out of the water and came over, looming over the fretful young white couple with a huge brilliant smile that stood out in the night. Every inch of his deep ebony skin was dripping with water now, inviting everyone to take stock of his wide shoulder, big chest, and enormous tree trunk-like arms. And that was just his upper body. Leroy could tell that the white couple was going out of their way not to look just below his waist, where his horse-sized genitallia strained against the Speedos. He chuckled appreciatively, looking down at their anxious pale expressions. "Care to join me, Ashley? The water is amazing! Did I tell you how much I like your swimsuit? You're just full of surprises, aren't you, my lil' snowbunny?"

Neither one of them answered, since looking up at their black neighbor, meant having to look past that enormous bulge in the front of bathing suit. Sadly, Timothy could feel his own manhood suddenly start to shrivel and disappear as he gazed at his wife, who was finally looked up at the near-naked black man, appearing mesmerized, leaving Timothy to wonder if she was consciously comparing the size of Leroy's bathing suit bulge with the size of her husband's. Timothy hoped she wasn't. He couldn't believe this was actually happening. He wanted to wake up from the nightmare. But the longer Ashley smiled up at Leroy's chiseled ebony physique, the more doubt and insecurity filled Timothy's sick little mind.

"Glad you enjoyed," Ashley said, trying to sound sardonic probably. "Your happiness is the only thing we care about."

"Look at that mouth on her." Leroy whistled, still towering over her, grinning down at her with those perfect teeth. Without warning, he grabbed Ashley's little wrist and pulled her up. Timothy didn't say a word. He was too shocked and confused. Still buzzed with red wine, Ashley's face equally confused face reached the black man's well-muscled dark chest. She stumbled, prompting Leroy to catch her, and steady her pose with his hand against the small of her back. Leroy's fingers were very black and as large as bananas. Then he released her, stepped back, and insisted she twirl around for him, thus revealing how little of her white backside was covered by the raunchy thong between her ass cheeks.

With a lost look clouding the lovely features of her face, Ashley obeyed the man. Timothy still didn't say anything. He was in shock.

"Oh baby, that's what I'm talking about! It's like they made a whitegirl especially for BBC! You're built for BBC, Ashley!"

"Thanks," she giggled, before catching herself and feeling like she wanted to die from shame, since that wasn't what she meant at all.

Grinning wider, Leroy reached around and gave Ashley's exposed ass the lightest of taps. "My pleasure. You're such a treasure. You're definitely built for a real man."

"Hey!" Timothy said, finally breaking out his own spell.

But Leroy instantly shut him down by shushing him. Then Leroy went back to Ashley, his confidence surging as the reflections of the water danced around them. "Damn, Ashley, I almost feel bad for that string! Trying to cover up so much cake, dayum! You better be paying your thong overtime!"

"Heeeeeey be nice!" Ashley protested, adorable reaching behind and trying to conceal as much of her butt as possible. "Don't be rude, Leroy!"

The man chuckled, the front of his Speedos twitching with blood come alive. "Aren't you a sexy little thing now, miss Ashley. You always was sexy. But now you really got it going on!"

"Mrs.!"

"What?" Leroy said, scratching his bald black dome.

"You heard me. It's Mrs. *Not Miss*. Get it?"

"Got it." Leroy nodded, licking his lips, not willing to get sidetracked. "Now Ashley, baby, bend over. Can you do that for me?"

Ashley's face went fully red with embarrassment and she even looked over at her husband, the couple's pitiful eyes locking for an unbearable instant. But at the moment, when she needed him the most, Timothy couldn't help her out. Instead, all he could do was sit there idly, twiddling his thumbs, hoping this awkward fiasco would come to a timely end. He didn't want any more hostility. Timmy already knew that next time he wouldn't even open the front door for Leroy, let alone allow entry to the house.

"Seriously, Timothy?" Ashley frowned at the knowledge that her husband wasn't going to save her. She knew what she would have to do. Ashley would have to save herself.

But Leroy surprised everyone. "Come on, let's go have ourselves an ol' fashioned swimming race. Me and you, Ashley. Hell! If any of you beat me, I'll leave and promise I'll never come back to your house."

Moving mostly from the urge to cover herself up, Ashley surprisingly started walking toward the edge of the pool for the race. Both men gawked at the sight of her white butt cheeks wobbling all over. Then Ashley jumped in the water, bobbed, and grabbed the side. "Leroy, just remember: Never means never!"

In the water, she was smiling like a woman who had a secret weapon.

Many, many years ago, Ashley had been a competitive swimmer, representing her father's country club; and also a 2X state champion in the 400 backstroke. But this was freestyle and right from the beginning of the race between Ashley and Leroy, it was clear that she'd underestimated how much the alcohol affected her technique and endurance. Leroy won by miles.

They both got out of the water and stood by the edge of the pool, both barely wearing a thing. Timothy couldn't help to notice the contrast of their body size, skin color, and body shape. The pair was on opposite ends of each spectrum.

"Ok, Ms. Ashley, so what do I get? Since I won?" Leroy asked, his eyes burning with sin.

"You didn't ask for anything," Ashley said, throwing a hand up on her hip in defiance. "Oh no!"

"Ok, a kiss," the older man said. "Just a quick little kiss between friends. Is that too much to ask for an old geezer, like myself?"

Glistening with pool water now, Leroy looked even more impressive. Men in their mid 20's would have killed to have the size and shape of his physique, with its perfect V-shape and wide shoulders and bulging arms. Also, both hubby and wife couldn't help noting the sizeable cock and heavy balls that formed a generous lump in the front of the white fabric of Leroy's wet crotch area.

Looking at her neighbor now, Ashley's heart-shaped face flushed as goose pimples erupted on her arms. She knew without looking that her nipples were sticking out like pencil erasers. Ashley promised herself that she wouldn't look at the black man's package.

"See anything you like?" Leroy asked, catching her staring at his horse-sized bulge. "Don't be shy, Ms. Ashley. We're all adults."

"Stop it," she demanded in a bossy tone now, her hands on her flared hips.

"Now, Ashley, my little snowbunny," Leroy said, impatiently, "how about that kiss?"

Timothy's sweet little wife went into a defensive pose, back peddling and shooting her neighbor the stink eye. "Leroy?"

The man advanced, grinned down at her, slowly eclipsing her entire being. Then the older gentleman leaned forward and put his arm around her wet buttocks, pulling her white body against his black Adonis torso.

Encouraged, Leroy bent down and touched his big, soft pillow lips to the softness and wetness of her mouth. Ashley's lips opened instinctively. They formed a seal against each other. Then the white woman felt his tongue flicker against her lips. She opened her mouth wider and accepted the stranger's probing. It felt intimate and wrong – in so many ways. But her knees had suddenly went weak for a second, her face flushed even more, and she felt her pussy becoming hot and moist. Ashley knew she needed some attention. It was getting beyond her control.

Leroy slid his hand to her thonged ass cheek and squeezed before breaking the kiss.

"That's what I thought," Leroy sneered. "You horny as hell too, my little snowbunny. You need someone to finally fuck you right, woman. You need a man, a real man."

Ashley's body stiffened at the contact but she didn't exactly fight back as the pair of strong black hands lifted her into the air. At first it looked like he was going to gallantly carry her back into the house like a fireman, but then he changed his mind, and he arranged it so that the white woman was chest-to-chest now.

To lessen the awkwardness, Ashley was forced to wrap her bare legs around the black man's torso. Those big dinner plate hands reached under and grabbed both of her exposed cheeks. Grinning ear-to-ear, he carried her away from her silently gawking husband and back into the house. There Leroy dropped the white wife onto the designer couch.

Leroy leaned down, smothered her. "Now how about a real kiss woman?"

When his large flat nose was inches away from her own pert little pink nose, Ashley retreated, but with her head and body pressed into the cushions, there was no escape.

"Wait, no, this isn't right. I'm married," she cried, trying to put up a last line of defense.

It was no use. Overwhelmed, Ashley closed her eyes and returned the kiss, parting her lips to receive the older man's probing tongue. The kiss wasn't really that bad, she grudgingly admitted. In fact, it was better than all but a few times that any man had ever kissed her. She forced herself to extend her tongue, but pulled it back at the first contact with Leroy's teeth. Leroy backed up and brushed Ashley's blonde hair from her forehead, kissed her on both cheeks, and then nuzzled the white woman's neck.

"Damn you smell so good, baby. I'm gonna treat you right. Leroy gonna take care of your fine white ass."

Unfortunately for the couple's marriage, the contact of Leroy's lips on Ashley's neck sent a spark to the pleasure centers in her brain. A small moan formed in her throat and escaped through open lips.

"I knew we had chemistry," Leroy gloated. "I saw you checking out of Leroy. I knew what you wanted. You're too much woman for a whiteboy. Way too much. You need someone to handle yo' ass, Ashley!"

"Oh, shut up!" Ashley cried, suddenly wondering where the whiteboy was at the moment. Where was her husband? Timmy? Had he stormed off and drove directly to the office of a good divorce lawyer? That seemed reasonable enough, to Ashley.

So she was more than a little relieved when she saw Timothy standing in the living room. He was standing off to the side, quietly, meekly – appeared to be undergoing a great storm of conflicting emotions. Then Ashley noticed that among her husband's reactions, physical arousal was certainly present. She smiled when she saw the familiar small tent in the front of his dorky cargo shorts. Sometimes Timmy really did look like such a little boy. Especially in the bedroom. Which was rotten luck for a woman like her.

Ashley smiled, glad that Timothy was happy, happy down there, right now, at the sight of her and Leroy together. For Ashley, it was a lot easier giving into the black man's manly demands, knowing that at least her husband was enjoying the scene. At least, he was complicit.

Leroy stood up. The kissing and foreplay caused his giant-sized manhood to swell so that it looked obscene in his white Speedos. The large intimidating-looking purple head was even sticking out of the waistband, pressed tautly against his shiny coal-black skin. Leroy glared down at his

blushing blonde prey. He could tell that it was the first big black cock Ashley had ever seen. He'd seen the look many times.

"Good girl." Now Leroy felt secure enough to throw Ashley over his shoulder and slap her large white rump, causing her to squeal. Just like a pink piggy. "I just remembered! You guys never gave Leroy the grand tour. So, um, let's check out the master bedroom first!"

Conflicted beyond repair, Timothy followed Leroy and Ashley into the house. They were somewhere and in the middle of the hallway, with Ashley over Leroy's shoulder, when Timothy's eyes met Ashley's eyes. It was clear that both partners were far from feeling certain about this; but by now things had gotten out of hand so quickly. Leroy came through the bedroom door and flicked the lights on like he lived there already. He threw Ashley on her marital bed and then pounced on her, leaving Timothy to skulk into the marital bedroom like a scared little animal. Timmy took a seat, pouted and watched.

Leroy was playing with Ashley's tits now. He was tasting them, being all studious, like a man shopping for a product he planned on giving to his future son. He pushed Ashley's tits together, squeezed the white meat lightly, sucked the darker nipples, and then teased his teeth on the nipples, drawing more soft moans from the aroused white woman.

"Damn, I like these big white titties!" Leroy complimented Ashley.

"Thank you," she said, batting her long eyelashes at the older man.

Surprisingly, he took his time before entering Ashley.

Leroy clearly wanted to prolong the moment, to savor every second of his first time with this conquered white beauty, looking so sexy and vulnerable as she prepared herself to be invaded by a strong black army of African seed. From Leroy's perspective, the look of anxiety and nervousness on Ashley's princess features was priceless, made her look even sexier. Leroy wished that someone would take a photograph of her biting down on her lower lip like that, those pale heavy legs instinctively wrapping around her ebony conqueror.

"Fuck you're hot! I'm going to pound this fucking white pussy... I'm going to be the Master of this white pussy..."

Ashley, who enjoyed this talk way too much, closed her eyes and bit down on her lower lip again.

The black man stood up, unceremoniously removed his taut Speedos – which had long ago lost the battle of the bulge – and he turned quickly and

saw the seated figure and slumped posture of the other man. Leroy had forgotten Timothy was even there. The sudden realization made Leroy laugh. The sad pale figure looked like he was still trying to come to terms with what was about to happen. When the Speedos dropped to the floor an enormous Heart of Darkness-black pole that measured close to 12 inches playfully bounced in the air in front of him. Underneath, a pair of massive DNA-filled balls swung between the knotty muscle of his powerful ebony legs. There was no turning around now. Even if hubby had changed his mind, it was way too late.

They'd officially gone past the point of No Return.

Leroy stroked his big black cock, which was perfectly eye level to Ashley now. She was biting her lip, nervous and aroused. Leroy grinned down masterfully at her. He began patting Ashley's blonde head and talking to her like a child. "Now, are we ready to show everyone that we can suck some big black cock? Do you think you can handle that for me? Show me you can be a big girl, Ashley."

Timothy couldn't believe it. It was weird seeing a woman as independent and confident as Ashley allowing herself to be talked down to by a man she barely knew. Timothy knew that there was no way she'd ever let him talk to her like that. Nonetheless, he watched as Ashley dutifully nodded back to their ugly-looking neighbor, appearing almost eager to show Leroy that she wouldn't let him down.

"Open up, baby. I got something for you to taste. You like chocolate? Of course your pretty white ass does! You're going to like it, baby, put that African cock in your mouth. It's going to be your favorite."

Ashley giggled for a few seconds, and then let out a sharp gasp, her soft eyes rolling into the back of her head. Slowly, her mouth opened in complete surrender.

"Good girl, what a good white girl," Leroy murmured.

The angry purple helmet on Leroy's ebony monster had wetly pushed past Ashley's lips. He paused, letting her get used to the size difference. His cock felt good in her mouth, it felt natural. He liked the way her cute white nose felt, he liked how his chin was rubbing against the dark folds of his drooping sack, which was covered by coarse gray hairs. Leroy kept his big hand on Ashley's head like a General that had just conquered a nation. He didn't face-fuck Ashley though. Not at first. There would be plenty of time to abuse her mouth whenever he wanted. This was just the beginning.

From his chair, Timothy was mystified by what he saw. A large pool of saliva formed underneath Ashley's chin as Leroy's giant buttocks (which reminded Timothy of some animal that lives in a barn) began to clinch and relax and sway at a more rapid pace. A pair of angry black hands were wrapped around Ashley's stringy blonde hair.

"Fuck bitch, your mouth feels so good! Me and you are going to finally have some fun together. You were made for sucking this big black cock, baby. This is what you were literally put on this planet for."

The orbs of Ashley's pretty eyes were starting to water and drip as she replied, "Gmmmmrrrrmmpppphhhh, gggggrrrrmmmmmmpppphhhh!"

"Look at you, already falling in love with my cock. You better not turn out to be one of those possessive, jealous PAWGS. I know how you whitegirls feel like you are owed BBC anytime you want."

Ashley was having to breathe through her nose. When she opened her mouth to reply, no sound came out, only the wet slurping sounds and Leroy's big heavy balls slamming into her chin.

At one point, Timmy realized that both Ashley and Leroy had looked over out of curiosity. They were both looking at him, watching, pitying him.

Then Ashley looked like she was taking Leroy's cock out of her mouth to say something to her husband, but the older black man quickly shot that idea down by grabbing the back of her head, forcing her face back onto his rigid member, and saying, "There, there, my little snowbunny. You can talk to hubby later. Right now you gotta suck this cock. Pretend you're doing your part to help race relations, hell, I don't fucking care. But believe this. After tonight, you and hubby gonna have a whole new respect for the black experience. That's Leroy's Guarantee."

Leroy laughed and gave Timothy's a big thumbs up, letting hubby know how much fun he was having with his wife. Then the older man gave Ashley a false ponytail with his strong dark grip and began to fuck her mouth at different angles, stretching her lips until they looked bizarre and obscene, rubbing his cock down hard onto her tongue, letting the sexy fat-titted white bitch get used to having her pretty face slapped by his low-hanging ebony balls – big African-American balls which always seemed to be too full for Leroy.

"Yeaaaahhhh, get that nut, snowbunny. I knew me and you were going to have great sexual chemistry. You're built for it. Look at you, on your knees, drooling all over this BBC like we're newlyweds."

Both Timmy and Ashley flinched at the reminder of their marriage vows, but neither had the gall to say something.

With one hand on the back of Ashley's blonde head, Leroy playfully squeezed both of her flaring pink nostrils, halting its wild rhythm as she fought for oxygen. He obviously had a sadistic streak. Ashley's mouth was still crammed full with his BBC and when she tried to move back, he pressed her face deeper onto his cock, making her gag and caught for air, her eyes already starting to look fatigued and distant. Leroy always called this part of sex "Mouth Training." Leroy, having some experience in this department, knew that it would take a few more sessions before Ashley would really be mouth trained.

At present, the man finally let go and patted her head gently, smiling down at Ashley as she leaned back on her knees, gasping for air, using the back of her hand to wipe off all the saliva and pre-cum coating her lips and face. "Good girl."

"Yeah?"

"I'm gonna have some fun training you, Ashley. Your white ass is going to be my star pupil. You have real snowbunny potential."

Thick strands of saliva still hung from Ashley's jaw line as she glared up Leroy, frowning and glassy-eyed, unsure if she should feel flattered or threatened by the man's harsh words.

Leroy belly laughed and turned to Timmy's wilted frame. "Isn't that funny, whiteboy?"

"Ha, yeah, sure," Timothy said, grimacing.

Leroy patted Ashley's bobbing, slurping head. "See that, snowbunny? Whiteboy likes my idea too. You both are going to be my star pupils. Just think of me as your guide on this new and exciting journey in your life, as you both embrace your true natures and enter the cuckold lifestyle. Trust me, you both need a mature bull that can mentor you and bring a whole new dimension to your relationship."

Leroy pushed Ashley back onto the bed and started to crawl on top of her writhing body.

Unfortunately, this position gave Timothy a really good view of his wife's feet and Leroy's heavy black ass. He looked away, but only long enough to turn back and see the moment that Ashley was about to get penetrated by her first black cock.

Leroy's long fingers gripped the base of his fat veiny African snake, the other arm used to brace his weight over the white beauty. Ashley kept her big brown eyes closed, like someone trying to convince herself that all of this was a dream. Things like this didn't happen to women like her. She wasn't some cheap harlot. She was married for god sake, so this couldn't really be happening!

Leroy's heavy grunts interrupted Ashley's train of thoughts and she felt the enormous head of his black member start to push inside of her, filling her up more than she ever imagined possible. On instincts, she dug her perfectly manicured nails into his midnight-black skin and wrapped her tiny feet around the back of his trunk-like legs. It was like having a giant on top of her, a big black giant.

But, at the same time, Leroy was surprisingly gentle and tender with his little white prize. At first he was.

Very slowly, gently, the black man fed her a couple more inches of BBC and paused the movement of his powerful-looking hips, letting her get used to the size difference of black meat, which was so much longer and fatter and veinier than its pink counterparts. He stared into her eyes.

"Damn, you're tight, baby, like a virgin. Tight little white bitch!"

"You're so, ughhh, big," Ashley cried, sounding far, far too ecstatic for her husband's liking. "Leroy, I didn't know that it was going to be like this."

"No more talking. Daddy's got to resize his little snowbunny. Make Ashley BBC ready."

The dirty talk was a surprising turn on for Ashley, who felt herself get even wetter around Leroy's rod. It was starting to hurt less and feel better – much, much, *much* better. Leroy was just starting to pull his heavy hips back and feed the blonde bombshell a few more inches of pure BBC, stretching her, molding Ashley to be the perfect fit for his black cock. With internal pressure mounting, Ashley moaned and looked up at her dark-skinned neighbor: shocked. They both looked down and saw that Leroy could still feed her a few more inches of his dark meat before he was all the way in, the gray prickle of his balls bumping against her pink puckered virgin anus.

Once he bottomed out in Ashley, Leroy left it in and started sloppily kissing his new lover, kissing her neck and earlobes, then trapping her tongue in his mouth, then pushing his fluids into her mouth. Leroy wasn't sure why the kissing was so important. But he figured it had something to

do with tricking women into thinking that you two are in love so that they behave with 100% submission to your will, which Ashley seemed to believe already.

Already her eyes were crossed with a mixture of fatigue and arousal. As she was moaning underneath his dark bulk, and moving her wide hips around, Ashley looked like she was on the verge of passing out. She looked drugged; and lucky for Leroy, he had plenty of supply to keep his little addict happy, keep her pumped full of her new favorite drug: BBC.

After Ashley squealed like a school girl, Leroy's wide left nostril began twitching with animal pleasure. He also got a major whiff of the musty sex smell their two bodies were making, filling the room up with the dank, sweaty smell. "You like, baby? You like that BBC?"

"Ohhhhh, gaaawwwddddd, yessssss! Oh, baby, Ohhh, Leeerrooooooyyy!"

"Damn you sound so sexy screaming my name," Leroy sneered.

"Leeerrooooooyy!" the white wife exploded.

"You know what they say. *Once you go black, you don't go back, baby.*"

"Yeessssss!"

Then they both went silent, not saying a word, just locking eyes as Leroy started to give Ashley the slow and deep fucking she'd always deserved.

Confounded by everything, Timothy switched from looking at the carpet and looking at the couple on the bed. It occurred to him to just get up and leave. But he wasn't sure if he should just leave the room, or maybe just leave the house, or maybe just leave his entire life behind. But something in his mind told him not to move a muscle, that leaving would be the coward's way out. No, Timothy decided while sitting in the cuck chair, he wouldn't give them the satisfaction of running out of the room because of their disgusting animalistic natures.

Also, it was one thing for him to fuck Ashley, but did Leroy really have to do so much kissing? Timothy also didn't like how Leroy kept calling Ashley a snowbunny, which felt like an attempt to reduce her from a real-life 3D person into something far less. Like a caricature of a person. An object.

That said, it wasn't all bad. If there was one thing Timothy liked, it was the contrast of their skin colors. Never in a million years would Timothy

have figured that white and black together would be so sexy.

He kept watching, the front of his pants painfully tinted, as he sat there awash with arousal, humiliation, anger, and lots more arousal.

Forcing Ashley into giving him more long, sloppy kisses, Leroy started to slowly withdraw his hips and push himself back inside her, repeating the process, loosening her up until their bodies were able to fall into a highly pleasurable rhythm of fucking, with Ashley on her back, staring sexily up at Leroy, who had his hands behind her knees, and was pushing her white legs down so that she was trapped and pinned to the bed while she took that big black log.

Awash in her strange concoction of swirling emotions, Ashley struggled to take something so large in a place that was so small...

She had never complained about Timothy's undersized equipment, but it wasn't like he was going to be calling clinics about penis size reduction anytime soon. Previously, Ashley only had sex with four men and the biggest was barely 6 inches, so she had always figured 5-6 inches was normal. Now she knew that the myths about black men were true. Leroy wasn't fucking her. He was impaling her, resizing her, claiming her like no man had ever had before. For a second, Ashley was so fuzzy-headed that she nearly looked up at her black neighbor and said, "I love you."

He pushed it back in, causing her to queef. "Damn you look good taking this black cock. Your ass needed this, Ashley! Ever since I saw you in that fucking **BLACK BABY FACTORY** T-shirt, I've been thinking about this shit. God Bless America!"

"Yeah, me too," Ashley actually moaned, shocking both men in the room. "I've been thinking about it tooooooo."

Leroy sneered in exultation, pulled his big ass muscles backward, taut like a rubber band, and then came down with merciless force into Ashley's body, causing her leak more lubricant onto the surface of her marital bed. "This. Some. Best. White. Pussy."

"Oh... Leroooooyyy..."

Still, there was place in Ashley's mind, a place that was still lucid enough to know that this was probably a huge mistake. Her and Leroy. Life-changing mistake. Especially considering that the older black man didn't even have the decency to wear a condom... And considering this time of the month... But soon all access to logical thought patterns was erased when her

neighbor began to pick up the pace. The black beast started giving her the longest, deepest, most merciless strokes.

At first Ashley couldn't tell if she was going to be able to keep doing this for much longer, her toes curling automatically. Leroy was too big. He was the first man to make her feel airtight down there. At any moment Ashley knew that she was going to tap out, beg for a small break so that she could recuperate, take a few aspirin for all the future soreness. But then a funny thing happened. Through some weird magic of slow, long strokes – and copious exchange of saliva— Ashley's body began to grow more receptive to the man inside her. It must have been some evolutionary trigger, but suddenly Ashley was growing more and more attached to this man. Even has he pounded her like an animal, called her something a little racist, and then looked down at Ashley with contemptuousness.

"Good girl. You like that, whitebitch?" He gave her three of his hardest pumps of the night.

Ashley couldn't believe how aroused she became when her black neighbor called her a whitebitch. He was pushing all of her buttons. She knew she would explode at any moment. "Oh, owwww, owwww, Leroy! Leroy! I can't believe I'm taking it."

The man laughed. "That's why you've been strutting that big white booty around, and strutting those big juicy white tits in front of me. You knew what ol' Leroy was going to come for you. Well, I'm here. And my BBC is coming for you, my little snowbunny!"

Timmy grimaced at the unnecessary talk. He was experiencing new levels of humiliation.

"Oh baby, oh baby!" Ashley cried out hysterically.

Leroy suddenly stopped and sounded angry, serious. "Turn. Over."

"What?" Ashley asked, her All-American heart-shaped face covered in her saliva and Leroy's saliva. Her tan PAWG arms crossed over her chest protectively.

There was a loud *plop sound* as the older black man pulled himself out of her pussy. An hour ago, those lips looked so thin and pink, and now they were so red and engorged. Already he'd been to places that nobody had ever been. "Turn over, snowbunny. And don't make me ask again. Hands and knees. Face down, ass up! That's the position I want you in now, Ashley. That's where you belong. Don't make me tell your ass again!"

Staring at him in disbelief and confusion, Ashley slowly complied. She rolled over on her belly, then turned away from him on the bed. The older black man grinned with two rows of perfect white teeth. If Leroy had thought this white girl's ass looked good in stuff like jean shorts and business skirts, then he was even happier now that she was in doggy style for him, the bottom of her thong still pulled to the side, waiting for him to mount her from behind like some farmyard animal that was ready to be bred.

Due to the nature of Ashley's normal conservative swimwear, her ass was perhaps even whiter than the rest of her body. But it was also the size and shape that Leroy loved. To put it bluntly, Ashley had a suburban face, but a ghetto booty. At least, this is what Leroy thought as the white woman's voluptuous cheeks waited for him, submitting her long Caucasian ancestry to conquering warriors of the Dark Continent.

"Whitegirl." Her black neighbor slapped Ashley's right cheek painfully. "Now that's what I call a fucking ass, a fucking PAWG!"

Ashley yelped in surprise. It stung badly and she didn't realize that his red handprint was already imprinted on her backside.

Leroy slapped the left cheek, but this time not as hard. "This is too much ass for hubby, I bet." Holding Ashley's hips firmly in his black hands, Leroy looked over at her hubby, who looked like he was about to cry. "Hey whiteboy, you ain't got say yes or no. I know. We all know. This round white booty needs those long, slow strokes every night. Built for BBC."

Leroy laughed at his own joke, his cock looking amazing as it rested on the white woman's ass. He moved back.

Ashley was about to say something, but then her ankles were grabbed and pulled backwards so that her knees rested at the edge of the bed. Before she was near the center of the bed, now she was at the edge, still on all fours. Leroy was in no rush. He knew it would feel even bigger in this position and he wanted to soak in the moment. He started rubbing the globes of her white booty, squeezing the meaty flesh like ripe fruit at the market. His cock was rock hard, painfully erect. It was wet with her juices and stood out from his body, straight as a flagpole. Ashley could feel him when he sat it down her backside, using her ass like a ring cushion for black cock, letting her feel the weight of his BBC it on her PAWG ass. There was no turning around by now. Then she felt the nudge and push as Leroy worked to fit himself back inside her.

"Wait, wait, slow, please go slow...." With a jolt of actual fear, Ashley realized that this position could be bad since it meant the angle was allowing the man to get even deeper inside her. Would it push through her stomach and come out of her mouth?

He was holding Ashley by the hips, letting the big firm-but-soft cheeks bounce off him, constantly making his big black cock appear and disappear. Then, out of primal instinct, he reached down and grabbed her by the scruff her neck.

Gripping her until it was almost painful, the older black man began pounding the white wife even faster, like he was trying to fuck the marriage vows out of her, making those big white tits swing clockwise, making her big fat white ass obediently flop against his black frame. Leroy had 9 children, with 7 different wives. He knew deep in his soul that he was about to hit the double digits with this one. Scowling down at his newly conquered young white wife, he wondered if she even realized that she was doing all the work, moving her hips and ass back as she tried to fuck the baby juices out of his black cock. Removing the dark spread of his hands from her hips, Leroy watched and smiled as Ashley tentatively began bouncing herself against him, her hips moving, her gorgeous pale body trying to eat up as much of his BBC as she could. She was loving this. Whore. White whore. Their bodies felt like they were made for each other now, combined like a circuit of pleasure. Leroy resized her pussy.

"Oh shit!" Leroy gasped, drawing Ashley's attention to her pathetic beta-bitch husband.

She stared at him while still in the doggystyle position, their neighbor positioned behind her. "Everything okay, dear?"

It looked like Timothy had been crying, but he was somehow keeping it together now. Perhaps more surprising, the front of his pants was half-tented and wet. Ashley smiled when she saw that. She felt relieved. To be honest, she'd momentarily forgotten he was even in the room (or what planet she was on) but seeing Timothy now, obviously turned on the little live porno his loving wife was giving him right now, made Ashley feel decidedly less guilty now.

Helplessly, Timothy watched as his older black neighbor rubbed his cock all over Ashley's ass cheeks, like a dog marking his new territory. It was then, or slightly before, when part of his brain seemed to detach from the reality of the situation.

This made it easier for Timothy and soon he felt like he was out of his body, hovering several feet off the ground and looking down at the terrible cuckolding scene being played out in the couple's bedroom. This sort of thing didn't happen to normal couples like him and Ashley, Timmy thought. So this must be a dream, just a bad dream.

His mind was doing a lot of spinning and reversals, where one moment he was disgusted at his core and the next moment he couldn't help but to admire how perfectly matched Ashley and Leroy look, with those big, rough, blue-collared hands on her white curvy ass and tits and hips and face, riding her into a sexual and spiritual exhaustion, taking Ashley to places she'd never got before in the bedroom, as if the ideal form of femininity had finally found its ideal masculine match in the form of a 52 year-old black man.

"Look at him," sneered Leroy in disgust. "Rubbing himself. Like a clit. Like a woman. He's not even man enough to at least take it out and masturbate like a man."

Timothy froze in humiliation, just now realizing that he was making these slow, sensual circles on the outside of his khakis. Four or five inches of manly pink dick was straining against the zipper of his slacks, dying to get out.

"Enjoy the show, whiteboy, ha!" Leroy said, returning his attention to Ashley's bent over body.

Now Timothy kept rubbing himself, enjoying it, edging to the deeply erotic sight of Leroy manhandling his wife. She'd finally met her match, more than her match. It was sexy to see. If Ashley needed a big black cock to make her happy in the sack, who was Timothy to stand in her way.

"Take it out, Timothy, it's okay," Ashley pleaded from the bed, her arched body looking amazing in the doggy style position. "If you want to, baby, it's up to you. But you can take it out while we play."

"Or just sit there and rub yourself like a goddamn woman," Leroy chuckled, slapping Ashley's ass for good measure. "It's up to you, whiteboy. Hope you're enjoying the show."

Timothy could tell how much Leroy was getting off on fucking Ashley in front of her husband. This was obviously more than just about sex for him. Leroy was getting off on the power dynamic involved. Timothy mumbled something nasty.

The black man's body, while not as hard and muscular as it was 20 or 30 years ago, was nonetheless more than anything Ashley could handle. Even his slight gut felt granite-hard against her body as he slammed into her from behind. In so many ways, the pair looked so different, but at the moment, it looked like their bodies were locked in permanent entanglement. It looked like art, like a fucking Greek interracial statute celebrating ultimate sexual fertility.

Leroy looked down, his own eyes glazing over with lust. The part of his brain that was still functioning liked how Ashley's white meat wobbled every time it got impaled on black meat. It was like the promise for a better future. He could almost hear his ancestors cheering him on. Leroy grabbed the woman's small waist, closed his eyes, and made that white ass bounce several more times in rapid succession, the round white booty wobbling around on his cock. Fucking PAWGs would always be a narcotic for Leroy and now he looked like a man high on drugs.

In fact, they both looked drugged now, their contrasting bodies shooting all sorts of pleasure molecules through their brains as Leroy prepared Ashley for her first load of thick gooey black cum.

"Don't cum in me. You're not wearing a condom, *baby*," said Ashley, looking like she was using her last brain cell to get the important message out.

"Why not?" Leroy frowned, tightening the black grip on her waist, making sure that his little snowbunny didn't try to hop away at the last second. "Relax, baby. Let Leroy do what he do. Don't this big black cock feel good inside you, Ashley?"

"Yeeeeesss, yeaahhhh, but... "

"Let your black bull worry about the butts around here," Leroy said, his heavy hand punishing her with a loud slap to one of her bare cheeks. After Ashley stopped squealing in doggystyle, he said, "In the bedroom. You listen, whitegirl! Now bend over further and show me that big white ass and let Leroy keep feeding you this BBC. I know you love this BBC, Ashley. Your pussy has been talking to me all night," the older man laughed, referring to all of the unfortunate "pussy farts" Timmy's wife had been making in bed.

"Leroy, please, no. I might be..."

"Ohhh," Leroy said with dawning comprehension. "Oh, I get it. It's that time of month for you, Ashley?"

"Yes, baby, exactly."

"Fuck," he said, feeling his cock twitch at the news.

She misunderstood his pause. "Thank you, Leroy. So that's why you can't cum inside me, baby," Ashley said, the top of her forehead covered in beads of sweat, relieved that her new lover finally understood.

But Leroy's eyes clouded over with an animal darkness and it wasn't obvious whether or not he heard Ashley's warnings. He started to grunt, fucking Ashley with the longest and hardest strokes of the night.

Sopping wet, Ashley tried to say something else, but failed. She had never been fucked like this, not even close. Her pussy juices were now visibly shining on the surface of Leroy's cock, coating him in her pleasure.

This aroused Leroy even more and he smiled down with the satisfaction of a man who just found a new favorite play toy and said, "Told your white ass. I wanted this pussy. You should have given up this white pussy a long time ago. But instead you made Leroy wait. So now Leroy is going to make your pretty ass PAY!"

He was serious too.

A moment later, Ashley found both her legs wrapped around Leroy's flexing shoulders as he grunted and lowered the huge pair of African balls against her exposed backside. Leroy was standing on the carpet, still wearing his socks. The angle easily put him next to her cervix, brushing the huge angry African-sized head against her most intimate parts.

"Wait, wait!" Her marriage ring glinting, she put her hands up and pressed against his heavy body. She was trying to stop him. This new angle intensified the sense of being impaled and Ashley panicked at how deep Leroy was in her birth canal. "Baby, Leroy, please wait, baby..."

The old black man was too heavy and impatient for such things and sadistically smiled with every thrust. "Shush, quiet down, snowbunny. Gotta empty these big black balls somewhere!"

Her panic intensified. "Wait, no Leroy, please!"

From Timothy's experience in the chair, it looked like Ashley's and Leroy's bodies were collapsing into one, as they narrowed the perimeter separating their bodies with each one Leroy's long, wet-sounding strokes, pushing up into Ashley and making her wince, wide-eyed, and yet completely receptive.

The pain and sense of humiliation was beyond brutal, but the weird thing was that Timmy hadn't gotten up yet. He was still in the chair, still

watching, still hard with cuckold pleasure. By all accounts, any normal man would have done the sensible thing and broken a chair over Leroy's bald black dome, or at least left room, left the house, left the marriage behind. But no, that was the weird thing. Timothy had never seen his wife so physically aroused, not even on their honeymoon night, it was like he was watching a totally different woman altogether. It was confusing and excruciatingly exciting to watch.

Oh fuck, panicked Timmy in his chair. He thought: This is what it's like to become a cuckold, an actual cuckold. I'm literally watching my wife with another man, and this was actually happening. I used to make jokes about this shit; and now I actually am one.

As Leroy peppered her smooth white neck with kisses, making her close her eyes in rapturous excitement, the experienced lover ran those big black hands up and down her baby-smooth thighs, first the outsides, then the insides.

"That's my pussy now. Leroy owns that."

Ashley giggled and played along, "That's Leroy's pussy."

"Damn you're one cute whitegirl, Ashley."

For some reason, Ashley's husband still couldn't turn away from the scene.

Holding her by both ankles, Leroy kept Ashley's legs high in the air as he drilled her with his angry BBC. "Spread that shit open, white bitch, I ain't done with your fine ass. Spread it open, no, like that, like THAT! Good girl, don't move. Just take this big black cock and be a good snowbunny."

Ashley's pussy farted again loudly and she blushed with extreme *good girl embarrassment*.

They were staring at each other in the eyes very deeply. Timothy suddenly realized that his penis was out and he was stroking it to the disturbing scene unfolding in their marital bedroom.

The older man licked her earlobe and hoarsely whispered, "It's okay, baby. That's just a pussy fart. She just talking to me down there. She likes BBC, see? I got you. You're safe with me."

In a show of masculine strength, Leroy stood up with all four of Ashley's white limbs helplessly wrapped around his shoulders and torso, clinging to his powerful black body for dear life. Unbeknownst to Ashley, this was the position Leroy had decided he would use to cum inside her pussy. In one slick, athletic movement, he managed to get both his forearms

underneath her bottom so that he could literally raise and lower her onto his cock with total control. Their faces were inches away too, allowing Leroy to steal some more kisses while exchanging long stares. His balls were tingling. And after a series of some of his hardest consecutive pumps, the well-muscled ebony frame tensed up and he let out a roar that would make a wolf blush.

Right then everyone in that room knew what was about to happen next – which prompted Ashley to suddenly go into panic mode as she tried the arduous and ignoble process of unimpaling herself from Leroy's massive black donkey cock.

He only chuckled at her, amused by the childlike panic in face now.

"Where you going, whitegirl? No, sorry, you ain't running from this cock. Get your pretty white ass over here! I ain't done with you yet. You started this," Leroy said, roughly yanking a nervous-looking Ashley to the edge of the bed, where he pinned her down, with her knees bent over his shoulders while he leaned down so that his beautiful, thick, African lips were right next to her trembling ones: "Now we gonna finish this together."

He put it back inside in, more than eager to give her his special present. The fact that Ashley and whiteboy didn't insist on Leroy wearing a condom still astounded him, but now that he was this close to coming, the older man couldn't give a shit.

He looked down, saw the beauty and contrast of his black python disappearing into her bubble gum-pink pussy lips. She was stretched out nicely by now and the man knew that the whiteboy was going to have a hard time trying to compete. Soon Ashley would become Leroy's own personal BBC addict. This was inevitable. Grinning ear to ear at the thought, ol' Leroy gave her soft, lily white, obedient body a few more pumps, then froze as the massive set of black balls twitched against her perfect asshole.

"Wait, Leroy, don't cum inside me!" Ashley squealed, still folded up like a yard chair on the bed. "I told you not to! I might get –"

"Hey man, you heard her!" Timmy said, surprising himself with such courage.

Leroy was indifferent to the submissive white couple's wishes though. As the alpha in the room, it wasn't his job to worry every time one of his new couples got a bad feeling. So instead, Leroy moaned and grunted deeply just as he first began painting Ashley's highly receptive insides with

a long history of proud Zulu seed. And Leroy felt better seconds later when Ashley started to moan from the feeling of so much warm stuff in her body, filling her up like a human Twinkie. Then he heard whiteboy let out a much small, confused-sounding moan as he witnessed Leroy pull himself out of Ashley, revealing a badly beaten up snatch that instantly started leaking thick white strands of the old black man's DNA.

Far from embarrassed, their neighbor smiled proudly, spreading Ashley's legs to show off his hard work. It seemed like every few seconds a new strand of black cum was squirting out of Ashley's pussy and onto the bed sheets until it looked like someone had had a small accident.

"Alright whiteboy, show's over. On your way out, close the door. Me and my little snowbunny here need some time to ourselves. See, whiteboy, you can't just blow your load in a woman as beautiful as Ashley and leave her alone. Don't worry, we'll call you in when we're ready, whiteboy."

With his cargo shorts badly stained, Timmy left the room, reheated some food, and looked for something on television that would keep him from thinking about how drastically his life had changed in such a short time.

THE END

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