



BBC Breakdown

A South Florida Universe Story

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1978

Jimmy and Linda Parker roared down I-95 in their '68 Chevy Impala convertible, top down, hot wind blowing through their hair. The twenty year old, high school sweethearts had been married as of six hours ago and were speeding toward a Key West honeymoon. Happiness glowed on them like the setting sun, both of them looking forward to spending their first night as a married couple together.

A Just Married sign flapped wildly on the rear bumper, streamers whipping and fraying in the breeze. Jimmy's 8-track blasted Sweet Home Alabama, the twangy guitar fighting against the engine's faint wheeze. He'd been ignoring that sound for weeks, calling it "character." The A/C had died years ago.



Linda lounged in the passenger seat wearing a tight red plaid halter top and tiny frayed denim cutoffs. The thin halter barely contained her very large heavy breasts, which bounced freely with the motion of the car, her fat nipples clearly poking against the damp fabric. The cutoffs were so short they rode high on her toned thighs, the frayed edges brushing the bottom curve of her ass. Sweat glistened on her skin, making the halter cling to her big tits and the denim hugged her hips. Her bare feet, with bright red painted toenails, were propped up on the dash, flip-flops tossed on the floor mat. She was looking so sexy, Jimmy was having trouble paying attention to the road.

Jimmy gripped the wheel, his broad mustache twitching. His shirt hung open, revealing a hairy chest matted with sweat and a gold chain glinting dully against his skin. Orange bell bottoms completed the look, glowing in the fading sunlight.

“Another three hours, babe,” he yelled over the music and wind, voice hoarse.

The Impala had other plans. The engine coughed, a wet, hacking sound, then sputtered. Smoke rose from beneath the hood as the car lurched and lost power. Jimmy cursed under his breath, wrestling the wheel and barely managing to take the Overtown exit. Gravel crunched under the tires as the Impala finally died on the side of the road, right in front of a faded storefront.

A buzzing, flickering red neon sign read:

BBC'S ADULT BOOKS • MAGAZINES • NOVELTIES • PEEP SHOWS • OPEN 24 HRS

Several letters were burned out or stuttering weakly in the humid night air.

The building looked like it had given up years ago. The windows were covered with curling brown paper. A dented cigarette machine stood crooked beside the entrance, its lights long dead the coin slot ripped out from a long ago robbery. The sidewalk was littered with cigarette butts, crushed beer cans, lottery tickets and scraps of newspaper that stirred lazily in the warm breeze. Above them cars sped past them on I-95. Beyond the adult bookstore was a maze of boarded-up apartments, a pawn shop, and a corner liquor store.

“FUCK!” Jimmy screamed, pounding the steering wheel with the base of his palms. “FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!” He yanked the top up with a grunt, the canvas creaking in protest, sweat pouring down his face. “Won’t stop thieves, but it’s something,” he muttered, kicking the driver’s door open. The headlights flickered once and died, leaving them stranded in a ghetto of broken streets. A distant police siren wailed through the humid dark. The air hung heavy with rot and desperation.

Jimmy popped the hood and stared down at the engine. He didn’t know shit about cars, but he made the gesture anyway. He slammed the hood back down.

Linda dropped her feet, scowling as she slipped them into her flip-flops and climbed out. “This place doesn’t look safe, Jimmy. You should’ve had the car checked out.” Sweat trickled into her eyes, stinging. Her halter clung to her breasts like a second skin, making a clear outline of her nipples.

Jimmy snapped back, sharper than he meant, “I’m a bit short on cash, babe.” The honeymoon and wedding ring had wiped out his savings. “Let’s go inside the store and see if we can use their phone.”

“I’m not going in that sleazy place,” Linda said, her eyes staring with disgust at the flickering neon sign.

“It’s that or wait out here, Lin. Overtown’s a ghetto. It’s safer inside.” Groups of black men could be seen in the distance, clustering on apartment steps and hanging around a liquor store half a block away. The distant bass of a “ghetto blaster” sounded like a heart beat echoing down the street. Jimmy locked the car. “Let’s go.”

Bells jangled over the door as they stepped inside BBC's, a shrill clatter cutting through the cool, damp air. The overworked window A/C unit struggled against the Miami humidity, leaving the large room clammy and chilled. The smell hit them immediately, a heavy mix of stale cigarette smoke, mildew, old paper, cheap cologne, and harsh industrial cleaner. Linda crinkled her pert little nose in distaste at the smell and the sight of the place.

Fluorescent tubes buzzed overhead, some flickering intermittently and casting jagged shadows across the store. The front section made a weak attempt at legitimacy. Wire racks held men's magazines, underground comics, sleazy paperbacks, and sex manuals. A cardboard display near the register advertised "COLOR SOUND SUPER-8 FEATURES." Beneath it sat stacks of film cans and mail-order catalogs thick as phone books. Behind the counter was a thick pane of plexiglass. The young black clerk with the towering Afro sat puffing on a cigarette, a full ashtray beside him. His bored eyes lifted from a tattered Power Man comic and widened when he saw Linda.

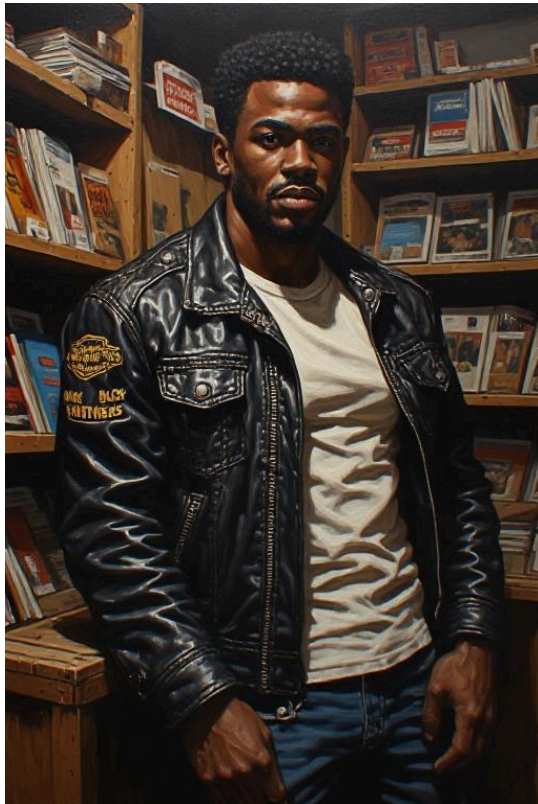


Rows of nudie mags and pulp smut sagged on the shelves, their covers curling at the edges from the humidity and too many sweaty hands. On the counter sat a display of dildos, small colored or pink at one end, gradually growing larger and darker through shades of tan until they

ended with a jet-black monster over a foot long that loomed like some grotesque trophy. Linda stared, revolted, her nose wrinkling. She couldn't believe anyone would actually buy something that ridiculously sized.

The lighting grew dimmer toward the rear. Narrow aisles created blind corners, and shelves leaned slightly under the weight of magazines sealed in plastic. Faded movie posters curled at the edges on the walls, held up with yellowing tape leading down a dark hallway with one sputtering light bulb.

In the large stockroom behind the store, Benjamin Blackwell Calhoun sprawled in a battered chair, a porno mag splayed open beside a half-empty whiskey bottle. The amber liquid caught the dim glow of a bare bulb. A Harley jacket hung over a nearby crate of unsorted magazines, the worn leather creased, *Black Panthers MC* stitched above a leaping black panther on the back.



At thirty-two, Ben was a big black man still built like the fighter he'd been in his twenties, broad shoulders, thick biceps, hard rippling abs, bigger than most men around Overtown. And he sported a fourteen-inch dark black cock that had become something of a legend among the local women. He glanced up at the monitor as the bells rang. His eyes locked on Linda. White women were rare here, and none had ever looked like her. Her Farah Fawcett-style hair caught him first, feathered and damp with sweat, but she looked more like the blonde who replaced Farah on *Charlie's Angels*. Gorgeous face, bright blue eyes, and a killer body. Those big tits strained against her thin halter, jiggling unrestrained with every step. Her ass looked fine and tight, barely contained by cut-off denims.

"Well, fuck me," Ben hissed, tossing the magazine aside. He leaned closer to the grainy screen, already hooked.

Jimmy leaned toward the clerk, who couldn't take his eyes off Linda. "Got a phone?"



The clerk jerked his thumb toward the back. While Jimmy headed for it, Linda wandered, trying not to look at the porn mags but failing as they were everywhere her eyes fell. An endcap full of interracial covers caught her eye, white women sprawled underneath muscular black men. A handwritten sign in black marker read *Staff Recommended*, with a crude drawing of a giant black cock beside it. She frowned.

Her eyes snagged on a corkboard covered with Polaroids. Six giant black penises, none under ten inches, all dwarfing Jimmy's five-inch prick. One held a tape measure to his crotch, the head stopping at the 12" mark. Phone numbers were scrawled underneath in smudged ink. Her stomach twisted. Guilt and a dark, unbidden thrill clashed inside her even as her rational mind refused to believe there were penises that large. A black-markered sign above the board read: **BULLPEN**. She quickly turned away from the forbidden images.

Jimmy slammed the payphone receiver down, cursing sharply. "Two hours. Maybe more."

"What do we do, Jimmy?" Linda asked. She shivered passing close to the A/C. It made her nipples ache and her damp skin clammy. "We can't stay here? In this filthy place? It's disgusting."

The clerk overheard and snorted, clearly amused. His eyes still staring with adoration at Linda.

Jimmy shrugged, a nervous edge to it, and nodded toward a sign: **Booths: 25¢**. "You ever been in a peep show booth?"

"Of course not," she said, one eyebrow raised. "Have you?"

"No," he lied. "But it might be an interesting way to pass the time."

Linda bristled, crossing her arms and unwittingly pushing her big tits up higher. She tapped one flip flop on the floor.

Jimmy pulled out some bills. "Get some change?" he asked the clerk.

The young black man opened the register and handed Jimmy his quarters. "Try booth three, it's cleanest," said the clerk.

"Groovy. Thanks," said Jimmy. He turned to his wife. "Come on."

"Porn's filthy, Jimmy. Sinful." But the streets outside were worse, so she followed him anyway, reluctance stiff in her spine.

The corridor beyond the magazine racks looked like a forgotten subway tunnel. The lone dangling bulb on the ceiling buzzed and flickered reminding Linda of a horror movie. A dozen plywood booths lined the wall, their doors scarred with initials, knife scratches, and crude drawings. The air was stale with cigarette smoke, old carpet, dust, and the sharp bite of cheap disinfectant. Sticky floors sucked at her flip-flops with every step. Graffiti scarred the paneling, crude dicks, phone numbers, and obscene messages scratched deep into the wood. A NO LOITERING sign hung crookedly on the wall.

They took the clerk's advice and squeezed into booth 3. The door creaked shut behind them and Jimmy flipped the lock. "This is the clean one?" complained Linda, crinkling her nose again. "It stinks."



They sat down together on the wobbly wooden bench. He dropped a quarter from sweaty fingers. The machine swallowed it with a metallic clank. For a moment nothing happened. Then the steel shutter rattled upward with a harsh grinding sound, revealing a small flickering 8mm screen. Two nude women were making out on a bed, their hands running all over each other's body.

Linda gagged, throat tightening. "That's revolting. Change it, Jimmy."

He liked it, but jabbed the button. The machine clicked and switched to a white plumber pounding a housewife. The loop stuttered mid-thrust while the woman squealed fake pleasure.

"Still disgusting," Linda sneered, "but better." Yet her eyes stayed locked on the screen, watching the man's cock slide in and out. Against her will, her nipples stiffened painfully against her halter. The

actor's penis was bigger and thicker than Jimmy's by several inches.

Back in the stockroom behind the booth, Ben watched the young couple through a peep hole. He smirked and switched the feed. He watched the young foxy snow bunny's eyes widen in shock. On screen, he played a pool boy, his fourteen inches proud and thick while an older white woman knelt before him, struggling to suck him. "Suck the black off that dick, slut," he growled, his deep voice rumbling through the thin wall.

Linda's jaw dropped. She couldn't look away from the sheer size of it, the way the woman's lips stretched obscenely, her eyes watering as she tried to take more. A slick warmth leaked into her panties. "Jimmy, change it!" she snapped, voice cracking.

"Jimmy!"

Jimmy's eyes were frozen on the sight, but he snapped out of it. He mashed the button, fingers fumbling. "It's stuck!"

"Let's go, Jimmy. I don't like this place."

A sharp knock rattled the wall making them both jump in surprise.

A small panel slid open revealing a hole to the next booth.



Then it appeared.

A monstrous dark black cock pushed slowly through the glory hole, fourteen inches of thick, veined, heavy black meat. It was rock-hard, glossy ebony, with a network of thick blue veins pulsing along the shaft and a massive, plum-shaped head already glistening with a bead of precum. The sheer size of it made Linda's breath catch in her throat. It looked impossible. Unreal.

She stared, frozen, her blue eyes huge with disbelief. "It's... as big as the one in the film," she whispered, voice shaky. A strange heat flooded her body. Part of her wanted to look away. Another part couldn't.

Jimmy blinked hard, sweat rolling down his temple. "Can't be real. It's gotta be that black dildo." He leaned in, catching the strong musky scent. "Looks real though. Touch it."

“Why me?” she whispered, but her hand was already moving, trembling as it hovered near the swollen head. Her pulse hammered in her ears. Her fingers finally closed around it. It felt warm. Alive. Fleshy. Burning hot.

“Touch it, white girl.”

Linda jumped at the deep, commanding voice. She yanked her hand back, then — almost against her will — returned it. Her small white fingers slid slowly down the thick shaft, wrapping around the impossible girth just below the head. They didn’t come close to touching her thumb.

This is wrong, she thought, heart racing. *Momma would die if she saw this. Races shouldn’t mix. This isn’t me.* But she didn’t let go. The heat, the weight, the way it pulsed in her hand... she was transfixed by it.

“That’s a real man’s cock, white girl.”

Linda stared, her blue eyes wide with disbelief. The cock thrusting through the glory hole was a monster. It was a deep, glossy black, almost ebony, with a network of heavy blue veins running along its length like thick ropes. The massive head was swollen and plum-shaped, a slightly lighter shade of purple-black, already glistening with a bead of precum at the slit. It bobbed heavily in the air, thick and powerful, far bigger than anything she had ever imagined possible. The sheer weight of it made it hang downward slightly despite being rock hard.

“It’s so big,” she gasped, her small white fingers sliding slowly down the thick, hot shaft. The contrast was shocking, her pale hand looked tiny and fragile against the dark, menacing cock. “And so black,” she added, almost in a whisper. She couldn’t remember if she’d ever even shaken hands with a black person before, and now here she was, touching this anonymous black man’s massive penis.

This is wrong, she thought desperately. *Momma would faint. This is a sin. Races shouldn’t mix.* But she didn’t pull her hand away. The heat pulsing under her fingers, the way it throbbed with his heartbeat... It was hypnotic.

The cock was hot in her grip. Thick veins throbbed under her fingers as she explored its incredible girth. She couldn’t close her hand all the way around it, not even close. “It’s so much bigger than yours, Jimmy,” she gasped.

“Hey!”

“It’s true,” she snapped back.

“That why you here, white girl?” Ben’s deep voice rumbled through the eyehole above the glory hole, rough and hungry. “Come to the hood lookin’ for some dark meat. Well, you found it. Jerk me off. Move those hands, I ain’t got all night.”

“Jimmy?” she asked, voice trembling, still holding the massive cock.

“Go for it, Lin. C’mon,” Jimmy hissed, unable to tear his eyes away from his wife’s small white hand wrapped around that enormous black cock. His own hand was squeezing the growing bulge in his bell-bottoms.

“Good white boy, Jimmy.”

“I... I can’t,” she hissed, but she hadn’t let go. Guilt stabbed through her chest like a knife. This wasn’t her. She was a married woman. A good girl. But her hand began to move anyway, slowly at first, then faster, stroking the thick shaft. Her small hand looked ridiculous on it. She added her other hand, pumping with both, her palms burning as the heavy veins throbbed like living ropes beneath her fingers.

Sweat stung her eyes. The heat in the tiny booth was suffocating. The black man’s strong musky scent filled her lungs, making her head spin. She tugged and twisted, wrists already aching as the minutes dragged on. His low, guttural groans pushed her to keep going, slightly thrusting his cock through her hands.

She paused, panting, overwhelmed by the sheer size and heat of it.

“Keep goin’, girl,” he growled. “You treatin’ that Negro cock right.”

She did. Even as her wrists burned. His penis was still mostly dry, but thick beads of precum started leaking from the fat head, helping lube it up. Not enough. She pumped harder, staring at the glistening tip, her own breathing growing ragged as she became more enthralled with it.

This is so wrong... Momma would faint dead away... Races shouldn’t mix... but God... it’s so big...

“Still dry,” he growled, a dark chuckle rolling out. “Spit on it, white girl. Lube it up.”

She hesitated, her mother’s voice echoing in her head—*Stick to your own kind*—but she brought her mouth closer and spat anyway, a thick glob landing on the swollen head. Her hands moved easier now, sliding up and down the shiny black shaft. She spat again, working up more saliva, her fingers gliding over every ridge and pulsing vein. The cock was nearly three times bigger than Jimmy’s. Its superiority made her pussy clench hard. A wet ache spread deep inside her.

“Use your mouth, white girl,” he ordered. “Suck that Negro dick. Get your lips on that black meat.”

It hypnotized her. She leaned forward, her mother’s warnings screaming in her head, but her lips parted anyway. The heat coming off it was intense. She closed her mouth around the fat head, stretching her lips until they stung. The salty, musky taste flooded her tongue. She pushed deeper, gagging as it hit the back of her throat. She pulled back, spit dripping down her chin, then tried again, forcing more of the thick shaft into her mouth. Her jaw ached. Her eyes watered. She bobbed her head, sucking hard, gagging repeatedly as spit drooled from her

stretched lips and pooled on the floor. Her pussy throbbed, soaking her panties and running down her thighs.



She prayed Jimmy would stop her.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” groaned Jimmy. He yanked down his bell-bottoms and pulled out his five-inch prick, already rock hard and leaking. He stroked it with short, frantic jerks while leaning over Linda. His other hand slipped down to her crotch, he could feel her wetness on her thighs and her shorts were starting to feel wet.. “Fuck, Lin, you’re soaked,” he rasped, thumb brushing her clit as it slipped through the tight gap between her shorts and thighs. She shuddered with lust, pushing down into Jimmy’s thumb.

“Ready to have that tight white pussy stretched?” the deep voice asked from the other side of the wall.

Linda pulled off the cock, gasping for air, spit stringing from her swollen lips to the glistening black head. “Oh my god,” she whispered, staring at the massive thing. She wiped her chin with the back of her hand, the taste of him still strong in her mouth. Jimmy’s ragged breathing filled the

booth beside her.

“Jimmy?” she asked, voice trembling.

“You’re hot for it, Lin?” he said, his voice hoarse. “Take it.”

Her eyes flicked down to Jimmy’s hand working his small penis, then back to the massive black cock. The man on the other side flexed it, making the heavy head bob up and down. “Jimmy, it’s not a safe time for me,” she said, voice shaky. She glanced at the huge black cock again, swearing it swelled even bigger at her words. “We haven’t had sex in a week.” Her voice faltered along with what was left of her reluctance. Guilt gnawed at her, sharp and cold, her vows, her mother’s warnings, but her body burned with a fire she couldn’t put out.

Jimmy rasped, jaw tight, still stroking his prick. “I wanna see you take it.” His voice cracked, torn between lust and something darker.

“Obey your husband, white girl,” Benjamin growled through the hole. His thick cock bobbed impatiently, a bead of precum glistening at the tip. “Hurry up, snow bunny. Back that white pussy up to the hole.”

Linda froze, chest heaving. “I can’t, but... I... I want it,” she whispered, barely loud enough to hear. *This is wrong, but why does it feel so right?*

“Damn straight you want this, white girl. Black dick gonna rock your world, you dig?”

“Jimmy, you got a rubber?”

“Yeah,” he hissed, digging into the pocket of his bell-bottoms around his calves.



Lust won. She stood up, eyes locked on the dark ones staring back at her through the hole. Her hands trembled as she pulled the halter off, her pale white breasts springing free and jiggling slightly.

“Dayumn, snow bunny,” he growled. “Them big white titties is out of sight.”

She stared at the dark eyes through the hole as she unbuttoned her shorts, opened the flap and started to wiggle them down over her hips. Jimmy helped her grabbing the frayed cutoffs and pulled them down to her ankles. She lifted her legs, stepping out of her flipflops. She winced when her bare foot touched the sticky floor.

“You a stone cold fox, white girl.”

The damp fabric of her panties clung to her skin. She stood frozen, trembling slightly. Jimmy helped, yanking her panties down her thighs. She stood naked in the dim light, big, heavy breasts swaying, fat pink nipples jutting out hard, wide rose-colored areolas flushed dark. Her waist tapered in before flaring out to full hips, and a thick, untrimmed bush of brown pubic hair framed her soaked pussy.

“Far out, baby. Yo body is built for big cock,” Ben said. “No way yo white boy hittin’ that right with that tiny dick.”

She slowly turned around. Her hands braced against the opposite wall, fingers digging into the scratched wood. Jimmy ripped the packet open, the one meant for their wedding night and pulled the condom out. He stretched the rubber over the massive shaft. It looked pitiful, stretched thin and only covering just past the head, but the tight fit should keep it from falling off.

“Back that fine white ass up, white girl,” said the deep voice in the other room. “Help her get it in, honky.”

Jimmy gripped the thick black cock, so different from holding his own penis. For a fraction of a second, he considered yanking it up and away from Linda’s pussy, but lust won out and he guided it toward his wife’s pussy as she thrust her ass out, then sat back against the wall, stroking himself slow while his eyes flicked between Linda and the screen where the black man was layin’ pipe to the white woman by the pool.

She felt it press against her, hot, blunt, impossibly thick. Benjamin thrust forward, slow but relentless. The pressure was brutal. Her tight entrance resisted, burning as the swollen head forced its way inside, stretching her wider than she’d ever been stretched before.

“Oh God...” Linda moaned, loud and raw. Inch after thick inch pushed deeper, forcing her walls open. She felt every heavy vein, every ridge as her pussy was pried apart. The fullness was overwhelming bordering on painful, pressing against places Jimmy had never reached

Her nails scraped desperately at the wooden wall. Her pussy clenched hard around the invading cock, fluttering and squeezing as it tried to adjust to the impossible girth. Sweat poured down her back and between her hanging tits. Each thrust rocked her forward, her big breasts swinging wildly, nipples aching.



Linda wasn't even sure she was enjoying it until the first orgasm hit her like a freight train. Linda screamed, her whole body convulsing as her pussy gushed around the thick black shaft. The pleasure was deeper and stronger than anything she had ever felt. Wave after wave crashed through her while the massive cock kept stretching and filling her completely. It was like a switch had flipped and suddenly she was loving every thick inch of the black cock inside her.

Jimmy's little penis never satisfied me, she thought, the realization hitting hard. Never will. This... this is what I always needed.

She came again. Her orgasm stronger than the last, ripping through her body as the anonymous cock fucked her with deep, powerful strokes. Her mind fractured with every thrust. She pushed her pussy back against the hole loving it. Guilt and shame warred with raw, animal pleasure. Her pussy was soaking wet, juices running down her thighs as the huge cock rearranged her insides. It was so good!

Her lover suddenly pulled out. Linda whimpered desperately, her stretched pussy clenching on nothing, aching with a terrible emptiness.

"Put it back," she pleaded, voice hoarse. Pressing her needy pussy against the hole. "Please... I want more."



Ben ripped the condom off and pushed back in bare.

Linda gasped with pleasure. For some reason his cock felt different, better, hotter, more defined. With no rubber between them, the sensation was overwhelming, hot, throbbing flesh stretching her even more intensely. He slammed all fourteen inches into her, the fat head battering her cervix with brutal force. The wall shook with every thrust.

“Sho’ nuff, you takin’ that Negro dick deep, white girl.”

“Oh god, Fuck me. Keep fucking me.”

Jimmy groaned, squeezing his penis. He’d never heard Linda talk like that.

Linda’s third orgasm was shattering. Her vision blurred. Her legs nearly gave out as pleasure tore through her like fire. She pushed back desperately against the hole, chasing more. Her

heavy breasts slapped loudly against her chest. Her voice broke into ragged, sobbing moans of pleasure as her pussy spasmed and gushed around the massive cock, milking it desperately.

“That’s it, good girl,” Ben growled. “Take that black dick. This what you been missing, snow bunny?”

“Yes,” she moaned as he fucked her with deep, relentless strokes. “I love it. Fuck me with that big black dick.”

“Right on. Now you talkin’,” said the deep voice with glee. “You my kind of woman.”

Each thrust sent another shockwave through her body. The stretch, the fullness, the way he completely owned her... it was changing something inside her.

I'll never feel Jimmy again, she realized with a mix of horror and dark euphoria. *This... this is what I need now.*

Ben tossed the used rubber through the eye hole. It landed hot and wet on her back, sticking to her sweaty skin.

“What was that?” she gasped, alarmed, head still spinning.

Jimmy picked up the stretched-out, cum-smearred rubber, his hand trembling while his other fist kept working his small prick. “It’s nothing. Keep going,” he muttered, stroking faster. His voice came out small and strained as he realized the black stranger was the first man to take Linda bare back.

“Fuck yeah,” Benjamin growled deep in his throat. “You ready white girl?” he asked, his voice gasping. “Get dat nut,” he grunted, slamming his crotch against the hole, and unloaded.

“Shit...” grunted Jimmy, “Linda wait...”

But it was too late.

A heavy torrent of thick, hot seed flooded her womb in powerful, pulsing spurts. At the same moment, Linda screamed, a raw, shattering cry, as the most intense orgasm of her life ripped through her. Horror and pleasure crashed together. She could feel every hot jet of his cum flooding deep inside her fertile pussy.

Oh God... he’s cumming inside me... The thought should have terrified her. Instead, it sent her spiraling even higher. Her pussy spasmed violently around the massive cock, milking every drop as wave after wave of devastating pleasure tore through her body.

“Fuck yeah... take it all, you white bitch,” Ben growled triumphantly, still pumping his load deep into her.

Linda's mind fractured. The mix of horror at what was happening and the overwhelming ecstasy left her sobbing against the wall, legs shaking, pussy gushing around the thick black cock as he finished filling her.

The warmth spread deep inside her fertile body as it spilled out, running down her thighs in sticky rivulets and matting her thick brown bush. Waves of satisfaction rolled through her body filling her with a sense of euphoria.

Her chest heaved above her pendulous dangling breasts. She glanced over at Jimmy sitting on the bench, staring at her in shock and horror. His tiny spent dick in his hand, limp and barely three inches long, the fingers holding it shiny with his weak runny seed. Pathetic, she thought, her pussy clenching tight around the massive black cock, squeezing it like she didn't want to let go.

On the screen, The black man's load coated the actress, thick ropes covering her tits and belly, a river of semen pouring from the actress's pussy onto the cement in amounts that rivaled the semen inside Linda. The screen clicked, flickering off and the screen went dark, the shutter slowly closing.



She collapsed against the wall, panting hard. Her hands slipped on the wood, leaving sweaty streaks. Her big tits heaved, nipples still throbbing. Her bush dripped with a black man's seed and her own juices. The huge spent cock finally slipped from her well-fucked pussy, still spitting semen. A thick white trail leaked out of her and pooled on the floor as the heavy black shaft disappeared back through the hole, leaving a glistening smear on the wood, semen still shooting through the hole to strike her ass and thighs.

Linda stepped forward on shaky legs. The warm load inside her felt strangely comforting and terrifying at the same time. She turned to Jimmy, eyes wide with panic. "Jimmy," she whispered, voice shaking. "He came inside me." Horror gripped her at the thought of carrying a black stranger's baby, even as the heat of it flooded her womb and a deep, primal satisfaction hummed through her body.

Jimmy tucked his prick away and wiped his hand on his bell-bottoms. He grabbed her arm, gripping too tight, jaw clenched. "Let's get out of here," he said, voice low and urgent. He pulled her toward the door. He had no desire to run into the man in the next booth. "The condom must've broken," he lied, quickly slipping the rubber back through the hole while she reached for her clothes. "Come on, Lin." His voice grew sharper as he unlocked the door, dragging her outside. She clutched her clothes to her chest, still naked. Her panties fell to the floor as she escaped the dirty booth.

In the hallway, Jimmy grabbed a wad of paper towels from the stand and handed them to her. They turned the corner and nearly ran into the young clerk with the Afro. The kid stood frozen, jaw hanging open as he stared at Linda's nude body. Jimmy had wondered if the clerk was the man, but it was hard to believe the skinny black kid had a fourteen inch cock.

"Tow's here," the kid stuttered, staring in stunned awe as the stacked white girl dropped her flipflops and wiggled back into her tight denim shorts, big white titties jiggling in front of him. Jimmy helped her back into her top.

Linda staggered out into the store on weak legs, the black man's seed running down her inner thighs. Two black customers and a white man in a suit looked up from the magazines, stunned to see the disheveled white woman suddenly appear. The tow truck horn blared outside, its flashing lights cutting through the grimy windows.

She paused at the counter. Her eyes settled on the row of dildos, stopping on the largest black one. "Jimmy," she said, voice husky. "Buy it, please?"

He nodded, jaw tight, and pulled out his checkbook. His fingers were still sticky as he wrote. The clerk rang it up, staring openly at Linda the whole time. He slipped the long black dildo into a brown paper bag and handed it to her. She clutched it tight against her chest.



The couple fled. The bells jangled loudly as they burst outside. The tow truck's lights blinded them for a moment.

The driver had already hooked up their convertible. The Just Married sign swayed mockingly in the breeze. Semen continued to pour from her well fucked pussy, the man's balls must have been as big as a bull's. She glanced back at BBC's Adult Books, a mix of longing and fear in her blue eyes, one hand brushing her belly over her womb.

Jimmy kicked the Just Married sign off the bumper in frustration. The cardboard crumpled under his boot while the tow driver stared at Linda's body. He held Linda's hand and helped her up into the truck, wanting to leave BBC's Adult Books far behind them.

The Just Married sign blowing in the hot wind.



Ben stepped out of the stockroom, all six-foot-two of coiled muscle, and watched the truck haul the car away. He held his hand out and dropped the wadded up panties into the kid's hand.

The kid stared at the panties in awe. "You da man, boss," he said, holding them up to his nose and sniffing them.

Ben winked, sauntered to the register, and opened it. He pulled out a twenty and handed it to the clerk. Good job sending the honky bitch to booth 3."

"Thanks, boss," said the kid staring at the nice bonus. "I knew you'd like that one."

"Dumb ass white boy paid with a check." Ben picked up Jimmy's check. James Parker, 1423 Oak Lane, Tampa. He pocketed the check, took a lit cigarette from the kid, and blew out a slow stream of smoke.

"Only four hours away, kid. You bet I'm gonna lay the pipe in the white pussy again," he muttered, a sharp, predatory grin spreading across his face.

"You da pimp, boss," said the clerk.

A plan was already forming behind Ben's dark eyes. In a month, he'd ride up to Tampa, maybe bring Abu along to film it with the Super 8.

Catch her ripe and begging for more.

He'd found a new star for his reels.

The End

Note: Ben Calhoun also appears in the story, "Wanna Try Something Better," set at a later date and featuring another woman's visit to his porn shop. An old Ben also appears briefly at the end of "Naughty Pictures 2020". His adult bookstore would eventually become the BBC Lover's Boutique, mentioned in "The Flag Girls Get Fucked," and "Flex Appeal," and it is the tie-in for all the South Florida Universe stories.