

Becky goes

BLACK

3

SALLY P

THE SPADES CLUB
SERIES

BECKY GOES BLACK 3

A Hot Taboo, BMWF BBC Cheating Erotica
Story

Sally P

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The insane stretch and pressure that radiated throughout the expanse of my lower torso.

"She a beast," Jarod says. "Can't believe she taking us both," I hear his voice from far, far, far away.

My thighs and pussy lips burned like they were lit on fire. I could feel the raw and searing heat where our bodies were pressed together. Both these guys were slick and slippery thanks to the abundance of moisture that emanated from between the junctions of our connected flesh. All three of us were sweaty. Two dicks, one fatter than a balled up fist, another long as a sausage, and a tight but stretched out pink pussy that squeezed them hard.

What escaped from me now was an animalistic grunt. The discomfort in my temple was maddening.

"Fffffuuccck," the breath gets knocked right out of me the moment the both guys push in as far as they could. My head feels light.

Voices sounded distorted. Unreal.

Time is slowed down. Seconds move slow, each passing moment draws longer and longer.

I was straddling against two black dicks in-where was I-Miami? Mikayla-was with me. I had a boyfriend Tim. I-I-

"MOTHERFUCKKKKERRRR!!!" I scratch Jarod's chest with utter contempt. My senses were coming back. "ARGGHHH-mmph."

BECKY

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CHAPTER 1:

"You are-just-wow!" Mikayla appears too stunned for words. "Wow! That is just intense, even for me!!!!!"

I give her a short shrug and a sheepish smile.

I had told Mikayla about everything; from the moment I had let with Jerome that night, how he went wild on me in the elevator and outside, to the events that followed in our room. Mikayla was the one who made all of this possible so she had the right to know.

She was speechless.

"See," she claps her hand with a delighted squeal that makes heads turn. "I told you. I told you, once you go black-."

"Stop," I hiss at her. "We're in public, what is wrong with you?"

"Really, what's wrong with me?" Mikayla raises an eyebrow. "What's wrong with you, bitch?" she giggles. "You're like a sex freak or something-."

"Mikayla-."

"No, seriously," she lowers her voice. "I knew this would happen. Jerome is THAT kinda guy, babe," she smirks. "Trust me, I'm not surprised. I mean, you got fucked fucked."

"I know," my voice trails off. "But babe, Tim-."

Tim. I'd messaged him earlier today between a romp in the bed with Jerome to ask him if he wanted to talk. He was busy with something and said we could talk some other time. I guess that would have to wait. I felt guilty. Terribly guilty. Sure, hot passionate sex with a big black guy like Jerome was great, but it wasn't going to erase the fact that I cheated on Tim. My boyfriend. I really didn't want to hurt him. He was always so sweet to me. So loving and kind. But I couldn't

help but be drawn to Jerome and his charm and his looks... and his cock. It was just so much better than anything Tim had to offer. Really, it's not like I hate Tim or anything but...but-what was I thinking? I really didn't know what I was thinking.

"Fuck, Tim," Mikayla rolls her eyes. "If you're going to be fucking a guy like Jerome, then you should stop caring so much about what Tim thinks, right?"

"Nooo," I pout at what she was saying. That was hurtful. Tim didn't deserve that. I couldn't bring myself to think that I had actually betrayed him.

"Yes!" Mikayla argues back. "Tim doesn't give a shit about you, he never cared about you in the first place!"

"That is not true!" I give her a quick tap on the wrist. "Tim isn't like that."

If anything, I was the one who didn't give a shit about Tim or cared about him. I mean, if I did I would have had more self-restraint. I would have somehow resisted the urge to get down and dirty with a stud like Jerome. If I loved Tim, I wouldn't have cheated on him. I would have kept my legs shut. But I didn't, and I let myself go with Jerome. I wouldn't have been so easily swayed by Jerome and his big black dick that simply drove me crazy even if I really cared about Tim. I was the one at fault, not him. I was the bad guy here. Not Tim. He was innocent.

"Oh, yes he does, girl," Mikayla argues with me.

Maybe Tim wasn't that innocent. In hindsight, if Tim really did a better job of pleasing me in bed, then I might not have been so eager to sleep with another man like Jerome. But it was too late now. The damage was done. There was no turning back. I had let myself go. Look at me, trying my very best to somehow convince myself that me cheating on my beloved Tim was actually his fault and not mine. As if Tim was the guilty one-

He was, a dark voice inside my head spoke. He was guilty of having a tiny little dick that simply did a shit job of satisfying you. Tim was

guilty of always putting his sexual needs over yours. Tim never ate you out-

I shut it down. I did not want to be having this conversation right now. It was too soon.

"Tim is never going to find out about this," Mikayla's voice brings me back to reality. "Do you understand, babe? No goody two shoes bullshit. You're not telling him jack shit, okay?"

"What?"

"You heard me," Mikayla was looking at me dead in the eye. She was serious.

"I can't hide this from him," I tell her. "Mikayla, he needs to know. We can work through this."

"You are not going to tell him," Mikayla says. "Becky, if you tell him, I swear-wait, hold on. What's the worst that could happen if you did end up telling Tim?"

I pause before I speak. "He'll leave me."

"Exactly," Mikayla nods her head with a smile. "Maybe telling him is the right idea after all."

"No," I shake my head. Was Mikayla fucking serious? I was not going to tell him.

"Yes, you are," Mikayla says. "Tim isn't going to stay with you if he finds out you've cheated on him with a guy like Jerome."

"I thought you didn't want me to tell him, Mikayla."

"That was before I realized telling him would be the right choice, Becky," she laughs. "If you told him, he'd break up with you, and you can go around screwing guys like Jerome."

"Mikayla, you're being ridiculous."

"Am I?" Mikayla gives me a questioning look. "You're the one who's ridiculous for not considering it."

Was that really what I wanted?

To be a total party slut like Mikayla, going around fucking black guys and getting banged by them every chance I got? That was not me. I was not a whore. I had standards. I had morals.

Did I?

Of course, I did, but then again, my actions didn't show it. I just did get raw dogged by a literal hunk of a man who proceeded to fuck my brains out all night long until I passed out. I let that happen. I let all of it happen.

Tim wasn't the kind of guy that you lived that lifestyle with. Tim was the kind of guy that you settled down, married, and had kids with. He was a normal, average white guy, and I was a white girl looking to settle down, get married, and have a family. I did not want to become a slut.

I definitely did not want to become like Mikayla, no offense to her.

"Look, can we change topics. Tell me about your night," I ask Mikayla.

"Oh, baby," Mikayla sighs. "You probably already know how my night went."

"I do?"

"Duh," she gives me a smile. "Take a guess. It was wilder than yours, by the way."

"What, you ended up fucking two guys instead of one?" I snorted at her comment. But the look on her face remained unchanged. She was dead serious. "Wait, you actually fucked two guys?"

"Three," she pauses for dramatic effect. "I fucked three black guys in the same night."

My mouth falls open.

"Mikayla," I was looking at her with an astonished expression on my face. "Three- don't tell me it happened all-."

"At the same time, yes," she takes a glass of her wine.

All around us were people dining and drinking and having fun at the restaurant we were sitting at. It was a nice place, not too fancy, but not exactly cheap either. I was glad that we picked the table in a nice, comfortable corner where we could have our conversations almost in private. The food was good, the service was nice, and it had a good vibe to it. But I wasn't interested in any of that. I was more interested in what Mikayla was saying.

"Oh my God," I cover my face. "Mikayla, that's insane."

"Is it?" she shrugs.

"Three people-like an orgy?" I ask in a hushed voice. "Like a gangbang?"

"Yeah," she says. "Kind of like that."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Three people all at the same time?

"How?" I ask her. "How did you manage to pull that off?"

"The way any girl like me does it," Mikayla takes a sip of her wine. "By being a total fucking whore."

I almost spit my drink out.

"And before you ask, all three of them guys were-."

"Black, that's obvious," I whisper.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Jesus Christ, my pussy was sore as hell from getting fucked by Jerome all night long but Mikayla just got done taking on three black guys at the same time. Three big, black men with giant, black dicks. At the same time. She was bluffing, wasn't she?

"You're lying," I say without any confidence in my words.

"No, I'm not," she smiles at me.

"Bullshit," I laugh. "There's no way you can do that."

"I can," Mikayla assures me. "And I did."

"Mikayla, don't play games with me."

"I'm not. I swear to God I'm not. I'm being dead serious, babe. I did it. I fucked three guys at the same time," she says with a hushed giggle that elicits a stare from a nearby couple.

I look around before I turn back to her. "What was it like?" I ask. "How did it happen? Was it good?"

"It was incredible, baby," Mikayla replies. "Probably the best sex that I've actually ever had."

"But how did you-three guys all at once?"

"Yessss," she rolls her eyes at me. "Asking me over and over again isn't going to change the answer, you know."

"You're fucking crazy," I tell her. "That's-insane."

"And I'm not even exaggerating when I say that my night was better than yours. I mean, like, I'm happy for you that you got a taste of Jerome's dick," she pauses. "But not three, right?"

"You're so full of yourself," I laugh at her. "Just for the record," I lean over to give her a hushed whisper. "I don't want to fuck three guys at once."

"Suuuuuure."

"No, I mean it," I tell her over the sounds of our forks scraping against our plates.

"Becky, I can't believe you're not even a little bit curious."

"I am-I'm just-I'm not like you, babe," I tell her. "Seriously, I wouldn't even know where to begin-with three guys all-standing around me-and three-."

"Big, black cocks," Mikayla adds to my description with a wicked smile. Her voice was low but not low enough. I was worried we were going to get kicked out even if no one could hear us from where we were seated.

"That," I point at her.

"How about you try-."

"No," I instantly refuse. Cheating on Tim with one guy-one black guy was an experience of a lifetime on its own. But three guys at once? Hell, if it were two, I would probably consider-no, Jesus. What was I thinking? What the hell was wrong with me?

"How would you know if you never tried?" she asks me with a mouthful.

"Mikayla, it's not going to happen. I'm not getting-three guys at the same time?"

"Two," she corrects me. "Leroy's mine. You can have the other two."

The audacity of this bitch! She was talking to me as if I already agreed with her.

"Yeah, no, that's just wild. I'm not into all that-I'm not that kind of person."

"Okay," she says. "You can keep telling yourself that. That's what you said about cheating on Tim too, you know."

I felt a pang of guilt hit my chest. She was right. I did cheat on Tim. With another man. And he wasn't just any other man, he was a black guy. A big, black stud who could make my pussy cum in ways that Tim never could. I cheated on Tim with a guy that knew how to eat pussy. A guy that knew how to fuck a woman and fuck her hard. Jerome knew what he was doing. He knew what buttons to push to drive me crazy and wild. I mean, I must have lost track of the number of times that I managed to cum in one single day. It's a miracle that I was even walking at this point.

This summer break was supposed to be a normal one where I went out with Mikayla, have a couple of drinks, chill out, buy new clothes....

But now, it was turning out to be one where I went around Miami cheating on my boyfriend with random black guys. At least for now, it was just one black dude that looked like he was sculpted by God himself.

The thought of me being surrounded by three black guys like that and getting fucked by them all at the same time made my heart race. How would I even start? What would I even say?

I mean, what would I even do with three big black cocks around me? Would I suck one, while jerking another? While the third guy would fuck me from behind? God forbid, would-would one of them have to fuck my ass?

Would I ever be able to go back to Tim after having three black cocks all at the same time?

"How did it even start?" I ask Mikayla. "I mean, I assume you met the first guy at the night club?"

I mean, seriously, how could I even look in the mirror at myself after something like that happened. I mean, the only reason why I managed to survive my encounter with Jerome was because it was a one-time thing. I'd never meet him again back in New York.

So, how would fucking two, or three, guys at the same time be any different?

"-and then we went up to their hotel room-."

Three big black dicks.

One in my mouth.

One in my pussy.

One in my asshole.

It could work. Just like in the pornos I watch. I mean, that's how they do it, right? That's how it happens in those wild, gangbang videos where they turn the girl inside out like she was some sort of sex toy.

"-and then I got on the bed on top of Leroy-."

I'm not a slut, I remind myself. I'm not a slut. I'm not a slut. I'm not a slut. Definitely not some cheating whore like Mikayla who goes around fucking guys left and right. I am better than that. I am-.

"-and then he just rammed his big, fat, black cock right into my wet pussy, and I just went wild from there, babe."

"Would you like some more wine?" the waiter interrupts us.

"Yes," Mikayla says to the waiter.

"No," I tell him. "I think we're fine," I glare at Mikayla. "Thank you."

"That wasn't fair," Mikayla pouts as the waiter leaves. "Bitch. Anyway, where was I-."

My mind was racing with thoughts. I hadn't had enough to drink but my head was feeling light. It was either that or my pussy was just going crazy thinking about having three black cocks shoved into me at once.

Maybe if Jerome was one of the three, I'd actually be okay with it.

I could manage a dick around the size of his in my pussy, but God, how could a dick that big even fit inside my tiny little tight ass-.

"I'll do it," I blurt out.

"Babe?" Mikayla raises an eyebrow at me.

"I'll do it," I repeat myself. "The-The," I lower my voice to barely a whisper. "Gangbang. Orgy. Whatever. I'll do it. I want to do it."

Mikayla looks at me with a surprised expression on her face. "I-Okay, Becca," she gives me a smile. "That's nice of you to say that, but what do you think I am? A gangbang event coordinator?" she laughs.

My face goes red with embarrassment. What was I even thinking? How the hell did I even get the idea-why would I ever think that I could just-.

"Oh my God, you're turning so red," she giggles. "You're so fucking cute. You're so fucking adorable, babe."

"Stop it," I give her a glare. "I-I didn't mean-you're the one who asked if I wanted to do it."

"Nooooo," she sneers at me with a smug expression on her face.

"Never. I don't ever recall asking you if you wanted to fuck three

guys at once."

"Shut up," I hiss at her. "Keep your voice down, you ass. And you did."

"No, I didn't," Mikayla smirks. "I said I can't believe that you weren't even a little bit curious."

I stay mum.

"But that doesn't mean I was asking you if you wanted to do it," Mikayla continues. "I know that you do. I know you do, Becks."

I felt like my cheeks were on fire. This was embarrassing. I was embarrassed. I was so ashamed. I needed to have some remorse about cheating on my boyfriend but here I was voicing my approval for wanting to be gangbanged.

"Babe, you are so adorable," Mikayla says. "I love it. I love your cute, innocent, shy little ass, but you gotta tell me what you're thinking, you know? Like, you can't just go around saying things like that and not expect me to think that you're crazy."

"I didn't say anything," I mutter.

"Yes, you did," Mikayla laughs.

I roll my eyes.

"You really want to do it?" she asks me.

"Do what?"

"The gangbang. The orgy. The-."

"Yes," I say before she can finish. "I do."

"Why?"

"Because-." I stammer. "I-I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"Look," I hiss. "Stop putting me on the spot, Mikayla-I just don't know why I said that-."

"I'll do it," she says. "I'll organize a gangbang for you, babe."

"Oh my God, shut up," I giggle with embarrassment. "You're not being serious, are you?"

"I am. But Leroy's mine," she says with a glint in her eye. "There's two other guys you can have fun with."

"You can really-."

"I can," Mikayla replies with a blank expression on her face.

"How-."

"Jesus, Becks," she gives me a playful smirk. "We're in Miami. I'll try to see what I can do. But in return, I'm going to need you to come clean about your, uh, infidelity with Tim."

I stare at her for a moment before I speak. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I mean," she says as a matter of factly. "Tell him. Tell him about Jerome. Tell him about last night. About today. About everything."

"I already told him that I had fun," I try to argue with her. "And that we went out drinking. That was it."

"No," Mikayla shakes her head. "You're not going to go around cheating on Tim and not tell him about it."

"But-."

"Nope," she says. "You agree to tell him, and then I'll help you do the gangbang. Otherwise-."

"You're not being serious," I frown at her. "I'm not doing that. Babe, it'll ruin our relationship-."

"It won't," Mikayla stresses. "It'll make it stronger."

"How can cheating on my boyfriend make our relationship stronger?" I ask her with an exasperated tone in my voice. "He'll break up with me. I'm not losing Tim-."

"Okay, fine," Mikayla shrugs. "I guess the gangbang's off the cards-."

"No," I snap at her quickly. "You are such a bitch, you know that?"

Mikayla just smiles at me. "Do you wanna do it or not?"

I look at her with a pained expression on my face. Why was Mikayla manipulating me into doing something like this? What was it to her anyway if I told my boyfriend that I cheated on him or not. It was none of her business.

"Fine," I finally say. "I'll think about it."

"Alright," she nods her head. "I'll call you once I get the details sorted out."

Mikayla crosses her cutlery over her plate and takes the last few sips of her wine.

"Meet me in my room after I message you later tonight," Mikayla says as we ask for the check. "It might take a while."

"What-."

"You'll see," Mikayla cuts me off. "We have a long night ahead of us, babe."

"Wait, you'll be there too?" I ask puzzled.

"Of course, I'll be there," Mikayla throws up her hands. "Jeez, what, you were planning to go at it without me?"

"N-No, I thought you'd be-.."

"Organizing it," Mikayla nods her head. "I am. But I want to be part of the action, too, babe."

"You'll-You're gonna join me-."

"Yeah," Mikayla looks at me as if I just said something completely ridiculous. "Don't you want that? You want me to watch instead?"

"No," I give her a quick shake of my head. "I mean, yeah-I mean-."

"Calm down, girl," she giggles. "Now, let's get going," she says. "We have a night in Miami to enjoy, right?"

"Hold on," I stop her by her hand. "Is Jerome going to be there too?"

Mikayla raises an eyebrow at me. "Looks like someone's developed a bit of a crush on Jerome, huh?"

"What, no, no," I shake my head. "I was just asking."

"Uh-huh," Mikayla laughs. "I'll see what I can do."

I smile at her, and we get up.

CHAPTER 2:

"Hey, baby," I pick up the phone almost as soon as it rumbles on the table.

"Hey, how's Miami?" Tim's voice comes through.

"It's good. Just came back from dinner," I reply. "How was your day?"

"It was alright," Tim sighs. "So, have you been having fun without me, Becca?"

I try my best not to hesitate.

"Y-Yeah, I have," I say as I look around my room. "Been having loads of fun. Mikayla has been showing me the sights around the city. It's really nice."

"Anything else?" Tim's voice seemed almost amused.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, is that all?" he asks in a sort of questioning tone. "No wild parties? No guys hitting on you?"

"Nope, just hanging out with Mikayla," I lie. "That's it. It's been chill. I miss you, though."

"Aww," Tim replies. "I miss you, too, babe. I can't wait to see you."

"I can't wait to see you either."

"And hey," Tim begins.

"Yeah?"

"I'll be watching you tonight. So, you better behave, young lady."

I gulp anxiously. What did he mean by that?

"I-I-Yeah," I giggle nervously. "I really miss you, babe. I can't wait to be back."

I couldn't wait to see Tim. I really couldn't. I was being honest about that part. Tim was innocent. He had nothing to do with any of this. All of this wasn't his fault. I wanted to just break down and admit it. I hated lying to him like this.

"Hey, Tim," I begin with half a mind to tell him everything. "I-."

My phone beeps. It was Mikayla. An incoming call that probably meant 'it's on'.

"What's up?" Tim asks me.

"It's nothing," I lie again. "I'll talk to you tomorrow before we leave, okay? Love you."

"Love you too, babe. Take care," Tim says and hangs up.

I sigh and bury my face in my hands. What the hell was I doing? I mean, I was doing it. But why? Why did I agree to something so stupid? It was so unlike me. The past couple of days...

What was I even up to?

It was just supposed to be a harmless night out with my girl Mikayla at the club. I mean, it was supposed to be fun and all. But that's not what ended up happening. I met Jerome. Then-.

"Hey, babe," I clear my throat. "So-."

"Meet me in my room," I hear Mikayla's voice. "It's done."

"It is?" I ask her in a surprised tone. "Seriously?"

"Yeah," she says. "Come on over"

"Ok, when?"

"Now," Mikayla responds.

"Now?"

"Yes," Mikayla lets out an annoyed sigh. "Babe, what else does now mean? Now as in now, now."

"Ok, ok. See you in a bit. Hey, wait. Mikayla! MIKAYLA!"

"What?"

"Is Jerome going to be there?"

I hear Mikayla laugh.

"Nopes," she says. I feel a pang of disappointment. "He's busy and can't make it. Don't worry, babe. The guys here are just as good."

The line goes dead. But Jerome was Jerome.

I can't believe it. She actually did it.

What was I getting myself into? What were you getting yourself into, Becky? God.

I mean, it was supposed to be a onetime thing. Cheating on Tim was supposed to be a onetime thing. Now, it spiralled out completely into a degenerate situation.

I didn't know if it was the guilt or the anticipation of what was to come.

My phone buzzes again. A message from Mikayla.

'Wear something nice'.

My stomach was in knots. What had I gotten myself into?

I was nervous. I was scared. I was anxious. I was also kind of excited.

Was I really going to go through with this? I mean, was I really going to do this? Tim, I'm so sorry.

Why are you sorry? It's not your fault, there was that familiar voice inside me again.

It's Tim's fault that he couldn't please you like a man should. It's Tim's fault that he didn't satisfy you in bed. It's Tim's fault that his dick was too small for you. It's Tim's fault that he never ate you out. Especially, the last part.

It was his fault that I've never had an orgasm with him. It was all his fault.

Me cheating on him with a guy that had dick that looked like a literal python wasn't my fault.

It was his fault.

With trembling fingers I go through my clothes. I couldn't wear the same party outfit that I wore last night to the club.

Yeah, none of this is your fault, Becky. You need this. He'll never know. Tim is never going to know. It's okay to do this. This is fine. This is all going to be fine.

I put on a nice pair of jeans and a loose blouse that hung on me well enough to show off my curves. A pair of laces-no, there was no point. They would be lying crumpled on the floor somewhere for the entirety of the night anyway. On second thought, I should probably wear something underneath anyway so I didn't end up looking unbecoming. I looked at myself in the mirror once I finished dressing myself up.

"What am I doing?" I ask myself out loud.

The woman in the mirror stares back at me. She smiles. She nods. Go get what you deserve, bitch, the reflection on the mirror seems to tell me. You deserve it.

"Okay," I whisper to myself. "I will."

But what if it goes wrong?

Three total strangers. Black and probably hung. I mean, of course they were going to be hung. Mikayla would have made sure.

What if they end up having their way with us-what if-w-what if something bad happens? What if the whole situation spirals out of control and they end up-they end up-.

All of a sudden, I wish Jerome could have made it. I'd have felt safer.

With trembling fingers, the perfume bottle slips out of my hand and tumbles to the ground. "Shit," I mutter under my breath. "Oh, God."

I take a deep breath and pick up the bottle. My hand is shaking as I spray a few drops on myself.

I shake my head. It was not going to happen. Mikayla was there, and I trusted her. She would make sure that everything went smoothly. There was nothing to worry about.

What could Mikayla even do? Two young white girls-what could she do? What could I do?

It was a stupid idea. What was I thinking?

It was too late to back out now.

"Everything is going to be fine," I tell myself as I turn around and leave the room.

I take one last deep breath after putting on my heels and lipstick. My lips were bright red, a dark shade of crimson that stood out against my skin. My makeup was hastily done; the blush on my cheeks looked heavy in the mirror. I tried to hide my nerves. The eyeliner was on point, though.

The hallways were empty as I made my way to Mikayla's room. My heels clacked against the marble floor as I walked down the corridor. I was a nervous wreck.

CHAPTER 3:

"Heyyy," Mikayla greets me with a small kiss on my cheek. "Becca, meet Jarod. Jarod, Becca," Mikayla points at a black guy who was sitting on the couch in her room.

The room was exactly like mine. There were two single beds pushed to the sides of the wall. The television was playing some random music channel on low volume.

"Hey," I say as I extend my hand towards him. He had a strong grip, damn.

Jarod was wearing a loose t-shirt that clung to his biceps. I couldn't tell how big he was with that shirt on, but he looked pretty solid.

"Hey, girl," Jarod gives me a smile. His face was handsome as hell. He had close, trimmed hair, wore a studded earring on his left ear.

"So, you're the one Mikayla was telling me about," he says as his eyes travel up and down my body.

"I guess so," I manage to stammer out with a small smile.

He was checking me out like I was some sort of prey. I could feel his gaze on me, burning a hole through my clothes. His stare made me uncomfortable. And yet, it was....it was hot. It made me feel wanted.

I felt a tingle in my pussy. I felt my heartbeat quicken. I felt my knees weaken as my mind drifted off to fantasies of being surrounded by a bunch of unknown men that were going to take me out for a ride.

"And that-," Mikayla points to the two guys sitting on the bed. "Is Leroy and Ray."

"Nice to meet you guys," I nod my head at them.

They looked a little bit younger than Jarod. They were handsome as hell too.

Ray was a bit shorter and slimmer than Jarod but he had a similar, well-trimmed haircut. Ray was the bulkiest of the lot. He was built like a literal tank. Ray was the kind of guy who looked like he would just manhandle you during sex with his sheer strength.

Good God, what have you gotten me into Mikayla?

"Make yourself comfortable, babe," Mikayla says as she disappears into the other room. "I'll be right back."

No, the voice in my head told me again, what have you gotten yourself into?

Leroy looked more like a model. He had a nice face, well-combed hair, and a pair of green eyes that looked at me as if they were staring right through me. He was lightskin and insanely gorgeous. Unlike Jerome, Jarod and Ray, Leroy's skin looked a lot more lighter. Leroy was, in one word, delicious to look at; his caramel skin tone and his pale grey eyes looked so gorgeous on him. I could see the outline of his chest under his white t-shirt. He was the tallest of the lot, easily towering over the rest of us. Leroy looked like he could lift me up with one hand and fuck me against the wall if he wanted to.

I could hear my breath go faster. I could feel my heart beat quicken. My pulse was racing, and I didn't know why. I mean, what did I expect from all of this? I mean, I knew what I wanted. I knew what I needed. But I also didn't.

It was so confusing.

I mean, I could barely think straight.

I could feel their eyes all over me.

"So," I manage to find my voice at last. "Y-You guys are here to-."

"What do you think?" Mikayla comes back from the other room with a bottle of whiskey and a couple of glasses. "Drinks? Anyone?"

She gives me a small wink.

Time looks like it almost crawls to a halt as I wait for them to speak. Jarod was the first to break the silence.

"We're here for you," Jarod laughs. "Mikayla told us all about you, Becky."

Mikayla passes the glasses around and pours each of them some whiskey. She looks at me and gives me a smirk. I give her a glare.

"So," she smiles. "Becky, how excited are you for your first gangbang?"

I felt my face flush red with embarrassment. My cheeks were on fire. I couldn't believe that she would ask me that in front of them. Her question elicits a wave of laughter. I could probably strangle Mikayla in embarrassment. Tension in the room was already high, and I felt like they were just waiting for me to give them the green light.

"Well," I manage to find my voice. "I guess I'm here because I want to have a good time."

"She said you got a boyfriend back home too," Ray says with a smile on his face. "Don't worry, girl. We're gonna treat you real good."

"And she's here to tell him all about it too," Mikayla adds. "Aren't you, Becks?"

My eyes go wide open in shock.

"Shut up," I hiss at her. "Don't go telling them everything."

"Why not?" Mikayla laughs.

"Hey, you don't gotta worry about all that," Jarod laughs. "We here, we ain't judgemental."

"Damn straight," Ray laughs along. "And we here to give ya'll white girls a good time. Your boyfriend-."

I get up to leave.

"Wait," Mikayla holds my wrist. "Babe, where are you going?"

No, this wasn't right. I should have never come here. I should never have agreed to do this.

"Babe," Mikayla stops me by my hand. "Sit down. Calm down, we're just playing with you."

"I'm not doing this," I mutter under my breath.

"Hey, chill out, Becky," Ray throws his hands up in the air. "It's all good, girl. We ain't teasing."

I glare at Mikayla. She's trying her best to keep a straight face. I take a deep breath. I was getting cold feet. I was going to duck out. I had to bail.

"Mikayla," I say with a shaky voice. "Can we talk for a moment?"

Mikayla rolls her eyes at me before following me into the other room.

"What the fuck is the matter with you?" she hisses. "You're embarrassing me."

"I'm embarrassing you? Bitch," I snap at her. "You can't just go around saying stuff like that about me."

"Relax," Mikayla says. "We were just playing with you. Look, if you don't want to do this-."

"I do," I cut her off. "Okay? I just don't see the point-why would you tell them about Tim and all that?"

"It's all fun and games," Mikayla says with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Well, don't do that," I whisper under my breath.

"Oh, you like Jarod, huh?" she giggles. "He's hot, right? Bet he reminds you of Jerome."

I blush and look away.

"I mean," I stammer. "He's okay-looking-."

"Sure," Mikayla laughs. "Don't worry, babe. You're not getting cold feet now, are you?"

"Stop. Okay, stop," I could feel the heat creep up to my cheeks.

"Let's get back. I'll be fine. Just-just don't tell them anything else about me. It's weird."

"Sure," Mikayla gives me a wink. "Just go along with whatever they say, and you'll be fine, babe."

"And you better keep your word," I add as an afterthought.

"Yeah, yeah," Mikayla smiles. "I will."

I take a deep breath as we go back to the room. The three guys were talking and laughing amongst each other. The sight of them made my stomach churn. My nerves were getting the better of me.

"So," I manage to find my voice again. "What now?"

Leroy gets up from the bed and walks over towards me. His body towered over mine. He was close enough that I could smell his cologne.

"Well," he says in a husky voice. "What do you want to do, Becky?"

I felt so small and insignificant next to him. He was huge, like a literal mountain. And I wanted to climb him.

"I-I want to have a good time," I stammer.

"That's what we want too, baby," Jarod says and fist bumps Ray.

I give him a nervous smile.

"Jesus, all this talking," Mikayla shows up beside me. She proceeds to take off her top and lets out a giggle. "Let's get this party started, shall we?" she looks at me. "I'll take Leroy, babes," Mikayla gives me a wink before kissing Leroy full on the mouth. "He's mine. You two boys show my friend a good time, alright?"

Leroy responds by cupping her ass.

This meant that I had to choose between the other two. Ray and Jarod were watching me with expectant eyes. I looked at them both nervously. They were both hot as fuck.

It's okay, I can do this. "So," my voice shakes with a mix of fear and excitement. "Who wants to go first?"

"Both of us" came the answer.

CHAPTER 4:

Sensory overload would be the right way to describe what I was feeling now. Electric sparks crackled through my body as I was being sandwiched by two hot men on the couch. The anticipation and the thrill of what was about to happen next was making me so wet and horny. For now, though, I was kissing Ray on his mouth with vigor while Jarod was kissing the nape of my neck while groping my tits. Ray was a good kisser and I couldn't wait for his tongue to make its way inside my mouth. I parted my lips slightly to allow him entrance and his hands gripped my hips tightly. His tongue explored the inside of my mouth and I kissed him back passionately; one hand around the back of his head while the other caressed Jarod's handsome face.

I could feel Jarod's hot breath against my back as his hands moved to caress my nipples. He pinches them hard, which sends jolts of pain and pleasure through my body. A soft gasp escapes my lips as Ray breaks our kiss and moves his mouth to my throat and shoulders. His tongue swirled across my collarbone as his hands moved to the front of my jeans. I could feel Jarod's manhood pressing against my ass and the sensation sent shivers down my spine.

As Jarod continued to play with my nipples, Ray unbuttoned my jeans and pulled them down. I lie back to make myself more comfortable. My panties came off in one swift motion and my blouse soon followed thanks to Jarod's eager fingers. Ray took in the sight of my naked body. Although the cold air of the room made me shiver slightly, the fact that he was ogling my nude figure made me feel excited and wanted. I was filled with a comforting sense of warmth. From behind, Jarod's hands had found their way to my bare ass cheeks and were squeezing them gently. His touch felt electric and I

couldn't wait for his fingers to explore my pussy lips. I needed to be touched, to be fucked.

"Shit," Ray growls. "You fine as hell, Becca."

"She got cake too," Jarod gives me a playful smack that elicits a small moan from me. "Bet she likes it rough too, don't you, girl?"

"I do," I nod my head and moan softly. "I like it rough."

I couldn't believe how easily I was throwing myself at these guys. But what could I say, I was already drenched in my own juices, and they hadn't even taken off their clothes yet. I had to show some restraint and at least put on an image of being a woman of virtue. Nope, there was no point of that. What woman of virtue was I to end up agreeing with a threesome with men that were totally complete strangers to me. Hell, what woman of virtue ends up cheating on a boyfriend she loved so dear?

"Look at them go, shit," Jarod laughs. "Ay, yo, Leroy, you having fun?"

I look over at Leroy and Mikayla on the other couch. They acted unbothered. Mikayla was lying on top of Leroy with her head between his legs. Although I couldn't really see what she was up to, it was pretty obvious from this angle; the way I could hear the wet, squishing sounds of Mikayla's mouth as she gave his big, black cock a blowjob made my clit tingle. It was so fucking hot. Mikayla's head bobs up and down, sideways and around as Leroy holds her by her hair.

"Fuck," I whisper as Ray spreads my legs to reveal my smooth, glistening pussy lips. I'm soaking wet and I know he can see it. I close my eyes in embarrassment. I would have covered my face too but my hands were too busy unzipping Jarod's pants. I was so red in the face that I felt like I could die of embarrassment.

"Damn," Ray says. "You so fucking wet."

"Mhm," I nod my head as my fingers fumble with the elastic waistband of Jarod's red boxers. I watch Ray as he dives in between

my thighs. I reach inside his boxers to fish out his massive black cock that plops out with life.

"Shit," I kiss it as Jarod's manly musk hits my nostrils. A whimper flies from me as Ray's tongue slides along my wet slit before making contact with my throbbing clit. A shockwave of pleasure courses through my body as his tongue begins to swirl around my sensitive nub making me groan in ecstasy. "You're so big, ahhh, fuck," I coo as I look at Jarod who strokes my soft hair with a smirk on his face. I could feel it throb in my hand as I gave it a gentle squeeze all while Ray continued to pleasure me with his tongue.

I was leaking. All of this was wild. This was already exceeding my expectations.

"Mhm," I moan as my tongue glides across the shaft of his black cock, making sure to cover every inch of his skin with my saliva. The smell of his musk was so intoxicating and I just wanted to savor his scent for as long as possible. The taste of his precum as it oozed from the tip of his shaft was so gross and salty. I could feel my body quiver with anticipation as I wrapped my lips around his swollen head.

Ray kneels down on the floor in front of the couch and leans in to press his tongue flat against my aching clit. The harsh contact made me cry out in delight as he licked along my slit, tasting my juices. I looked at his face buried deep between my legs and it only served to make me even more aroused. I wrap my mouth around his veiny cock and begin to suck it hard. He groans in delight and I smile internally.

"She's a noisy one, ain't she," Ray laughs and kisses the pinkness of my sopping, wet pussy.

"Go easy on her, boys," Mikayla giggles.

I couldn't say anything back because my mouth was full of Jarod's dick. I close my eyes and let out a soft moan as I slide my lips up and down his cock while I stroke it with my hand. I could feel him pulse in my mouth as his thick, black shaft stretches my lips wide.

His size was intimidating, but I knew that I could take it. It was almost the same size as Jerome's. Every nerve in my body was set on fire as I simply couldn't cope with being pleased by two guys at once. My body was on overdrive. The moans that escaped from my throat were uncontrollable. I felt like I could already explode at any moment. "Mmmmmm," the warmth of his mouth against my sensitive clit was driving me insane. I could feel my heart beating rapidly as my breathing became more erratic.

"Fuck," I whimper as Ray slides his thumb along my slick opening before pushing it inside my warm hole. The feeling of his fingers inside me was amazing. I sucked Jarod's cock even harder while Ray began to finger my pussy with a vengeance. I couldn't believe how good it felt to have someone else's fingers inside me. Well, two fingers now. The feeling of my mouth being filled with a man's big, fat cock while another's fingers penetrated my tight cunt made me feel so dirty. The sensation was pure bliss. I was so turned on that I didn't care who saw me or what they thought at this moment. All I cared about was my pleasure. It was pointless to feel guilty now. I'd be back with Tim by this time tomorrow and all of this would seem like a distant memory. I wouldn't remember any of this once I was back in the loving embrace of my boyfriend.

No. No, that was a terrible lie.

All I would remember was the way they made me feel. The way they satisfied me. Jerome, and now Jarod, Ray.....maybe even Leroy..

"She tight, fuck," Ray growls. I was spurting out sick juices all over his forefinger and his middle finger. At the same time, his pink tongue teased and jabbed at my now erect clit, causing me to suffer in pleasure. The feeling of it all was so intense that I felt as if I were about to implode.

"I can't hold it," I moan as I pull Jarod's dick out of my mouth. Spit flies all over his member as I lean forward to wrap my lips around the thick underside of his throbbing shaft and lapped at it furiously. The feeling of his cock lying flat on my face was so humiliating as if I was some sort of cock stool. My feeble lips moved on further down

to his smelly black balls that were neatly trimmed and smooth. Slurp, suck, lick, I went for them. The sounds I made with my mouth as I swallowed his heavy black nuts in my mouth were obscene.

"You like that, don't you?" he whispers to me. "Tell me you like sucking on my black nuts, bitch."

"Yess," I wince at being called a bitch. I didn't complain. I mean, what was I? At this point, it was useless to feel offended. "I love sucking on your big black balls."

The way Ray looked up at me with those smoldering dark eyes made my pussy gush. The look of lust in his eyes told me that he wanted me as much as I wanted him. It was as if his eyes were warning me of what was about to happen next.

And I couldn't wait for it.

"Fuck," I murmur. "Please fuck me, Ray. Please."

"You want my dick in you that bad?" he growls.

"Yes, I can't take it anymore," I moan. "Just fuck me, please fuck me, Ray," I plead with him as I rub Jarod's black cock all over the paleness of my cheeks. It was as if I was marking myself with the musk of his big black dick. "I want to be fucked," I whisper as I take a long lick of Jarod's veiny shaft before wrapping my lips around his head once more.

"Get her ready," Ray says.

"Shit," Jarod says as he pulls away from me and gets up from the couch. He was done with my pathetic display of self-gratification.

"Get on your fours," he commands. "Now," he barks when I hesitate to follow his orders.

With my mind still fuzzy from the pleasure that Ray was giving me, I got up from the couch and got on all fours. I could feel myself dripping from anticipation.

"Don't stop," I whimper as I look back at Ray. Ray was on his knees behind me as he continued to eat me out while Jarod knelt beside my head with his cock dangling above my face. "Fuck," I groan as I

feel Ray's fingers enter my aching cunt again, filling me up with two fingers as he fingered my wet hole further. He was preparing for my punishment. "Fuck me, fuck m-grghh," I'm cut off as Jarod shoves his meaty man meat right into my open mouth. My eyes bulge out in surprise. "Mrggh."

"Shut your mouth," he barks at me again. The sheer dominance of his was so different to how Jerome treated me. I knew there was something wrong with me when instead of welling up in tears, I giggle back at him. I should be offended hearing a stranger like him talk to me that rude but I wasn't offended at all.

I felt like a piece of rag for them to use.

I felt like their own personal toy.

I was nothing but a slut to these black men, and I loved it.

I let out a muffled moan as Jarod starts to fuck my face while I rocked my hips against Ray's tongue. The feeling of his fingers inside me while his tongue teased my clit just wouldn't stop feeling amazing. I was getting close to my release. I knew that it wouldn't be long before I exploded all over his face. "Fuck, I'm going to cum," I whimper with a stretched-out mouth as Jarod holds my head in place. Drool and snot begin to well up and dribble down the corners of my mouth as he uses me like a rag doll.

"Mhm," I hear Ray say in response. "Then cum, girl," he growls. "Cum all over my face. Show me what you got."

His fingers were like magic. Every stroke made my body spasm and shiver. The way he curved his fingers as they hit all the right places inside me drove me insane. "Ahhhh, ahhh, argghhh," I pant as he continues to finger me harder and faster. His fingers curl up exactly at that bumpy spot in my cunt that made me so weak. In front of me, Jarod was beginning to increase the pace of his thrusts and every time his hips collided with my face, I could feel my entire body jolt. The tiny, trimmed hairs on his pubes bristled against my nose. He was balls deep into my mouth and I was gagging on his black cock. It was so fucking hot. Sheer stinky, salty, muskiness

overwhelmed my senses. I loved it. I loved being used by them. I felt so dirty. I felt so cheap. I felt like a whore. And I loved every second of it.

"Arggggh," I moan out loud as I feel the tension descend from my lower belly to my cunt. I could feel myself drenching his fingers as he continued to pump them in and out of me while his face was buried there-right there where he needed to. "FURGGHHCKKKK!!" I gag as Jarod pumps his dick into my mouth faster and faster. I hold on to his leg for support with one hand while the other reaches behind and grabs hold of Ray's head. My fingers dig into his scalp pushing his face into me.

I start to spasm uncontrollably as I feel my orgasm about to arrive.

"I'm ghon-ghonna-," I warn Ray as my body begins to quake with an indescribable pleasure. I let out a muffled moan as my body convulses and trembles uncontrollably. I could feel my cunt gushing all over his face like a broken faucet.

"Ohhh my ghoddd," I scream out with a mouthful of black cock as I orgasm. "I'm GHUMMINGGG-GLUCK-GLUGHHH-GLUHGHGHH-."

I was wrong.

My pussy didn't gush like it was a broken faucet.

It erupted with a ferocity like it was a broken dam. Like a damn that had been waiting to burst for so long.

My orgasm came with such a force that I felt like I was going to blackout. A blast that sent me reeling forward further onto Jarod's crotch while at the same time sent my hips flying back on Ray's head. I could literally feel my pussy juices splatter all over his face, my inner thighs and his hands. My inner walls spasmed and clenched around his tongue as if it didn't want to let go of it. It was that intense. Ray's fingers didn't stop either the entire time. They kept pushing into me and fingering me until I had fully drained myself. Short and explosive, my orgasm left me shaking as I looked up at Jarod who had a look of shock on his face. His thrusts had stopped as he looked down at me with a lust filled smile.

"Blughhh" my lips made a squelching sound as his dick left my mouth and it made me feel so embarrassed. My face was wet with drool, spit and snot. I was a mess. I was a fucking mess. I coughed and belched in the most pathetic way possible. "Ohh God, ohh God," I moan as my body collapses onto the softness of the couch. "Uh, fuck," I gasp for air. Breathless, I could feel my heart racing in my chest. I couldn't believe how good that felt.

I felt so spent and exhausted.

I felt so used and satisfied. I honestly felt content that I could go back right now to room happy with this experience.

But as Ray props my hips up and Jarod shifts underneath me, I realized that this night wasn't ending any time soon.

"Oh, shit," I blurt out as Ray slaps his cockhead on my slimy, wet cunt.

CHAPTER 5:

"JESUS, FUCK!"

Ray's cock, to describe it in the simplest of terms, was a literal coke can that was made out of flesh covered in veins. It wasn't as long as Jarod's or Jerome's but good fucking God it was three times their width. He was literally stretching my cunt to its limits. I could literally feel the wind get knocked out of me. The feeling of having something that big inside me was indescribable; it was painful, yet pleasurable at the same time.

"Oh, oh," I whimper as he spreads my ass cheeks with his hands. I can feel the tip of his thick, fat cock press against my wet lips. "Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck."

"Fuck, she's tight," he growls. Jarod begins sucking my pink nipples while I lie flat on top of him. "Tightest pussy I ever done been in."

"Shit, shit, fuck," I whimper as I could feel myself stretching to accommodate his girth. It hurt. Taking Jerome's dick in me didn't hurt at all. Not one bit but this guy's dick? "Ah, ohhhhh," I cry out in pain. My eyes are shut tight as tears streak down my cheeks.

"Yeah, you like that shi', don't you, white girl?" Ray slaps my ass cheek while Jarod's mouth wraps around my hard nipples. My flesh ripples at the impact and I let out a pained yelp. "Oh, you think it hurts now, wait till you see what I'm gonna do to your tight little pussy, bitch."

"You can do it, baby," I hear Mikayla's encouraging voice.

"Fuck, it hurts," I wince as I feel myself tearing up. "Mikaylaaaa-."

"Relax," Mikayla giggles. "Breath in, breath out."

"Oh, God," I gasp for air as Ray starts to push his cock into me slowly. "Fucking-motherfucker," I hiss.

"She's fucking tight as hell," Ray laughs. "It's like, her pussy won't let me go in."

"She ain't a virgin," Mikayla laughs.

"Shit, with a pussy this tight, she might as well be."

"You're so fucking big-I can't-," I whine as I could feel Ray's dick forcing itself into my tight cunt. I can feel his thick cockhead spreading my pussy walls apart with every inch he pushes in. I shake my head with a painful contortion plastered on my face. "I can't do it."

"You doin' just fine-."

Jarod in the meantime wraps his around my torso holding me in place. He had his face buried right between my breasts, suckling, kissing, licking and biting me. Pleasurable, but I was numb to the feeling of his tongue and mouth. All I could focus on was the monster being rammed inside my tight pussy.

"Argggghhhhhh!" I wail in agony as Ray continues to force his meaty black cock further inside me. It felt like I was getting split in half by an iron rod. Every inch he pushed inside me was so painful, yet so satisfying at the same time. I could feel my inner walls stretch and clench around his thick shaft as if it were trying to milk him for all his worth. "Oh, fuck yes!" I yelp as Jarod now teases the slit of my cunt with the tip of his cock.

My head rolls in place from the sizzling pain of Ray's enormous cock. The feeling of his throbbing shaft rubbing against my insides made me moan in ecstasy. It was indescribable; it was as if my body was both rejecting him while also wanting to welcome him wholeheartedly. It was the most confusing feeling ever.

"Goddd," I groan as I look down to see Jarod's veiny black cock poking at my swollen bud. My clit sizzled as if it were a piece of meat thrown into a frying pan. "Oh, oh, ahhh," I close my eyes and lean forward onto Jarod's chest. "Fu-fuuuuuuuuck," I groan as Ray finally gets half his cock inside me. I felt sick in my stomach. I could literally hear the veins on his girthy dick pump with life. I was now

sweating profusely. My heart was thumping like a race horse. My cunt throbbed with pain. This wasn't what I signed up for. This guy had a dick that was wide as Jerome and Jarod's dick combined.

"Fuck, R-Ray-," I whisper. "Mikayla, tell him to take it out. Please-God, he's so fucking big."

"Just breath," Mikayla giggles. "Now-shtop bothering m-eh," her voice trails off as I hear Leroy slide his dick right back into her mouth. I can hear the sounds of her gagging on his big, black dick. She was enjoying herself unlike me. "Mmm, mhm."

"What's the matter?" Ray growls at me. "You can't handle this dick?"

"Fuck," I respond quickly. "You're way t-OW, FUCKING JESUS!"

With a soft thud, Ray plunges himself into me.

I was never going back to who I was before. Physically nor mentally. Especially not with my cunt literally stretched out by Ray's cock. This guy was a fucking monster.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," I whimper as Ray starts to move his hips back and forth. The feeling of his thick cock sliding in and out of my cunt made me moan. "Ahh, ahh, ugh, ohh, fuck."

Even though I could hear my cunt plop and squelch with every thrust Ray made, I was still wincing in pain. It was impossible to get used to having a dick of that size in your pussy. I felt full. I felt like he was breaking me.

"She's tight as hell, dude," Ray tells Jarod. "This bitch is so fucking tight, man."

The sound of his groans as his dick penetrated my wet cunt was filthy. I felt so dirty and used but I loved every second of it. The pain was now slowly turning into pleasure. Every thrust from Ray caused my clit to rub against Jarod's cock underneath me, which only increased my arousal even more. I was starting to grind myself on top of Jarod's pelvis.

"How does it feel?" Ray asks me as he slows down his strokes.

"I can't-ahh, I can't describe it," I pant as I try to catch my breath.

"Yeah, you want it, don't you?" Jarod teases me. "Tell him what we wanna hear, white bitch."

"Yess," I nod my head and whimper. "I wan-ahhh, fuck," I cry out as Ray slaps my ass cheek once more. I was their white bitch alright. A nasty cheating white bitch. "I want your big, black dicks in me, please."

"That's right," Jarod says. "You a nasty little slut for some black meat, aren't you?"

"Yeah, yeah," I nod my head frantically. "I love big black cock. Give me more. I want more."

I let out a painful groan as Ray frantically increases the pace of his thrusts. Thud, thud, thud went the couch as his cock slammed deep inside me. "Oh, Godddd," I moan as I lean forward and wrap my arms around Jarod's neck. My forehead rests on his chest while I begin to grind myself onto his pelvis. The feeling his cock rubbing against my clit was indescribable. I couldn't believe how good it felt to have two huge black men fucking me at once. It was beyond anything I could ever imagine.

"Say it again, white bitch," Ray spanks me. "Tell us you love our black dicks in your tight little pussy."

"I lovvveeee itttt," I scream out loud. "I want your black dicks in my tight little pussy. My tight pink little white cunt. Your big, black cocks feel soooo good," I say through gritted teeth. "Shit," I moan as I close my eyes and bury my face in Jarod's chest. His body smelled amazing. I could feel myself getting close to cumming again. "I'm gonna cuuummmm."

"Shiiiiit," Ray growls as his fingers dig into my hips. His thrusts were getting faster and rougher. Precum spilled into my cunt with intensity.

"Fuck, baby, I want to ride your dick," Mikayla whimpers as I hear her lips smack from Leroy's dick. "Let me ride your big, black dick, please."

"Get that pussy over here then," I hear Leroy say.

"Yes, yes, fuckkkk," I hear Mikayla yelp in excitement-.

"I can't-I can't, oh my God, I can't-," I say in the coarsest voice possible. "I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna-FUCK! NO!"

Literal wetness ejaculates from my cunt as my body tenses up. I squeeze Jarod's neck so tightly as my body spasms uncontrollably. But this doesn't feel like any other orgasm I'd had before; something else is happening down there. I feel my muscles contract and clench around Ray's throbbing member, which only causes me to squirt even more.

"GODDDD," I cry out as a sudden gush of liquid sprays out of me with a force so powerful, I literally soak both of them. "NOOOOO-oh, fuc-fuck, FUUUCK."

This orgasm felt so-so tame. My body tremors just the same and my pussy belched out a fat load of fluids but this one felt so different. I didn't really know how to put it into words but it felt like I was pissing. I wasn't peeing, no. It definitely was not pee. Was it? This was...a different type of release.

A release that came from deep within my gut and the feeling of an orgasm accompanied it but still it wasn't the same. My head feels light as if I were going to black out. But the feeling of Ray's cock still pumping in and out of me keeps me conscious.

"Oh, shit, oh-oh-wait, what are you d-no, no, no, YOU CAN'T!" I snap out of my daze. "What the fuck are you doing??" I hiss at Jarod.

"You said you wanted our dicks in your pussy, didn't you?" Jarod laughs.

"You crazy, Jarod," Ray laughs back and pulls out.

"Wait-what-," my eyes widen in fear and shock as I realize what was about to happen. "Oh, fuck, you can't. It won't-FIT! Oh, God, oh, SHIT!!! MOTHERFUCKER!" I scream at the top of my fucking lungs. And accompanying that was a bloodcurdling scream of pleasure that would make anyone shiver.

CHAPTER 6:

I hear Mikayla say something over the din but I simply couldn't care. I was seeing white stars everywhere. I was screaming insults that I didn't even know I could come out of my mouth.

I was only given a moment of reprieve when Ray pulled his fat cock out of me leaving my cunt gaping. I could feel the cold air rush inside as if it were being sucked in. My mouth is wide open. My eyebrows are furrowed. My cheeks are flushed red. I look like I'm about to pass out. The pain was unbearable but the feeling of sheer bliss was supreme. However, my orgasm seemed to have been a false start or at least that was what I convinced myself.

What followed this moment was something that I'll never forget in my life. Ever.

The sheer pain of having two dicks in your pussy will make anyone lose their sanity. And more so, if one of those dicks was girthy as a meatloaf.

There was nothing in the world that could compare to how I was feeling right now. Pain ripped right through the fabric of my being. "Argggghhh," I wail like I was being tortured. "AHHHH," I whimper again. "AHHHH, AHHHHH, FUCKKK!" I scream in agony as Jarod forces his veiny, black dick inside my aching cunt.

Jarod's thick cockhead pushes into my tight, pink lips apart as he begins to inch himself in. But that wasn't the problem. His cock slid in almost easily on its own.

What the problem was, was Ray pulling my flesh up by the taint giving him more room to slide his dick inside my pussy next to Jarod's. He was literally trying to push his fat black cock next to Jarod's and get in there with him.

It was impossible to even think of. My cunt couldn't fit both dicks at once. Maybe if Ray's cock was the size of Jerome's, maybe. I doubt anyone had never done anything like this before and I didn't know if I ever will again after this night. This was certainly not humanely possible.

"OH FUUCKKKKKK! MIKAAAYLA!!!"

Searing white hot pain ran straight up my spine as I found myself creaming liquid warmth all over their big black dicks.

"Shit's already halfway in," Ray growls at me as his hips buck into me. "Damn, she wet as a river, bro."

"Ummm-please, fuck me-AHHHGGGHHH," I whine at the top of my lungs as Ray rams his enormous dick into the hilt. I could feel tears pour down the corners of my reddened-closed eyes.

"SHIIIII," the voices all cried out in delight.

I was hearing static. Nothing but a loud ringing filled my ears.

The insane stretch and pressure that radiated throughout the expanse of my lower torso.

"She a beast," Jarod says. "Can't believe she taking us both," I hear his voice from far, far, far away.

My thighs and pussy lips burned like they were lit on fire. I could feel the raw and searing heat where our bodies were pressed together. Both these guys were slick and slippery thanks to the abundance of moisture that emanated from between the junctions of our connected flesh. All three of us were sweaty. Two dicks, one fatter than a balled up fist, another long as a sausage, and a tight but stretched out pink pussy that squeezed them hard.

What escaped from me now was an animalistic grunt. The discomfort in my temple was maddening.

"Fffuuuccck," the breath gets knocked right out of me the moment the both guys push in as far as they could. My head feels light.

Voices sounded distorted. Unreal.

Time is slowed down. Seconds move slow, each passing moment draws longer and longer.

I was straddling against two black dicks in-where was I-Miami? Mikayla-was with me. I had a boyfriend Tim. I-I-.

"MOTHERFUCKKKKERRRR!!!" I scratch Jarod's chest with utter contempt. My senses were coming back. "ARGGHHH-mmph."

Someone grabs me by the hair and forces me face-down on top of someone's flesh. Rough hands reach under my armpits. Someone grabs a hold of my chin. Black skin and manly musk. Sweat. Pheromones.

"HUH-HUH-HUHHHHHH!" I let out another animalistic groan as the guys began pounding and crashing into my insides.

They were using and abusing my cunt for their pleasure.

My vision comes into view and my awareness focuses itself. I couldn't speak. Couldn't use my voice. All I could do is cry. So, I closed my eyes.

"NGHHHH," I could practically see stars. Every stroke. Every plunge. The sound.

Cranium rattling.

I could feel both their cocks inside my stomach. Their mighty black spears tore through me and burst into the depths of my soul. They both held nothing back, and neither did I.

I could feel the pulse of their dark, angry shafts hammering away, deep, deep, into my core. Every time they slammed their full mass into my walls. There was no escaping, and my muscles could only give way and accommodate the sheer width and length.

"Oh, sweet, holy, Christ-."

Flowing out of my insides were the warmest juices that I've ever squirted out. It was flowing, gushing, out of my battered, stretched out hole.

All the sounds and groans merged. Everything was distorted. All coherent thought left my consciousness. My mind went completely blank. I was but a rag doll, no more.

Pummel, smash, slam, thump.

"You our bitch, ain't you?"

"ARRGH-YES-F-F-FFUCK-," I try to struggle. "FUCK MEEEE!!!!!" I finally make sense. "FUCK ME FASTER YOU FUCKING ASSHOLES!!!"

"You got a mouth on you, girl-."

"AH!!!!AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

"You talk to your boyfriend with this mouth, slut-."

"UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

My pussy was stretched to its limits. I was literally getting split open by these black dudes' big dicks. I was being impaled on their cocks. Impaled in the most satisfying, orgasmic and mind numbing way possible.

"Tight little white bitch," Ray says.

"You want it deeper, baby?" Jarod asks.

"Yesssssssss," I hiss with the utmost urgency and desire. "Please, fuck me faster. Deeper, harder. Ohhh, God, please-."

The feeling of utter bliss and ecstasy was overwhelming. The pain was now a distant memory. I was ripping at the seams of my cunt. Any more and I would burst open, or so I thought.

"Fuck me with your big black cocks!!!!" I moan. "I can feel two of you deep inside me-."

"You ain't never going back to your boyfriend the same again," I hear one of them say but I can't figure out who.

Boyfriend? What boyfriend? Who?

"Bitch, let's hear you say you love yo' boyfriend," one of them grabs a fistful of my hair and yanks me back. I hear his voice in my ear.

"Say it, white bitch."

I was sure that I had something lodged inside my throat. Surely that must have been the reason why I couldn't make a sound. But, oh, my god.

I could feel the air in my lungs get knocked out as the both of them start slamming into me even harder than before. The couch below us shook and rattled. Both our bodies colliding into each other at an unimaginable speed and force.

It was almost inhuman how fast they were fucking me. I felt like a piece of meat being fucked by two animals.

There was nothing else that I could do except lie there and take it. Two black animals that took great pleasure in making a weak little white girl like me squeal for mercy. I was the prey that they caught- no, I was the prey that walked straight into them. My feeble arms flopped around as I felt paralyzed. I couldn't move a muscle.

I was nothing more than a white fuck doll for two big black dicks. I could just be there and let them violate my cunt like it deserved to be violated.

Torrents of nasty, smelly, cunt juice splashed all around below me. I could hear it. The wet, disgusting, noises.

"SAY IT!" Ray slaps my face. But I feel nothing. I was numb. "SAY IT, BITCH!"

The moment I try to speak, no words come out. Instead, a loud moan escapes my lips.

I was close. So close.

"Arrgh-ahhhh," I groan as Jarod reaches forward and begins to rub my clit while Ray continues to hold me in place by pulling me up by the hair.

"TELL US YOU LOVE YO' BOYFRIEND!"

"I-I-," I croak. "I love my boyfriend!"

"But he ain't shit," Jarod slaps my breasts. "Is he?"

My body feels light and my head is heavy. I'm so tired yet I've never felt better in my life.

"No!!!" I say out loud in a drawl. "He ain't shit!!"

It felt like I was floating on top of a cloud. "Say it again, white bitch!"

"I-I love my boyfriend! But he ain't shitttttt!!!!!" I repeat.

"Why you here if you got a boyfriend, slut-."

"I-I," I stammer. "I-."

A cloud that was ever so light that carried me high up into the heavens. I felt like I was losing control of my own self. A feeling of sexual euphoria was setting in. A sense of literal joy that was convincing my mind to give up resisting.

It felt liberating.

"Because I love your big black cocks," I speak in the most unintelligent manner. "I love black dick. I fucking love your big black cocks stretching out my tiny little white cunt."

My voice did not belong to me now. It belonged to someone else entirely. Someone who was at least twenty IQ points lower, someone who was dumb, stupid, and of a lower intellect. Someone whose only existence revolved around pleasing men who were in lust for a hole to fuck.

"Big. Black-," I say mindlessly. "I lo-oveeee big, black cocks-."

"Yeah, you do, white bitch-."

"That's right. You love our dicks, don't you?"

"Yes, I do-oh, God!" my eyelids were droopy and my mouth was agape. There was no pain in my pussy anymore. Just a floating sense of bliss. The warmth was now replaced by a radiant sense of normalcy that made squirting out depraved pussy wetness like a degenerate whore look like it was the right thing to do.

Like how I came to accept the fact that it was completely normal to have two cocks fit inside my pussy. I did not fight it anymore once I came to love how otherworldly it felt. I was stretched far beyond any woman could ever be stretched.

"I love big black cocks-."

What was I saying? Why am I saying these things?

My eyes are rolling back in their sockets. I could feel my eyelids growing heavier by the second.

I couldn't even hear Mikayla anymore. I didn't bother to glance in their direction. My eyes had no use. What was the point of observing things when your most important sense was heightened to a point of frenzy? The sense of touch that now was being abused with the utmost disdain by two black guys who were sharing a pink hole to fuck.

"Tell us who you belong to, slut."

"I belong to you," came the reply almost instantly. My mind was beyond broken at this point. It couldn't be mended no matter what. This was what my place was now.

Two black dudes who understood that the best way to dominate a white girl was by putting her in her place. A white girl that knew what she was signing up for the moment she decided to show up here.

"-big black cock," I find myself repeating endlessly. "Big. Black. Cock."

There was no rhyme or reason behind why I was saying it. I just was.

"B-Big, b-b-bla-black, c-co-cock," I say in an incoherent fashion as if my brain was short circuiting.

"Say it again," their voice commands me and I comply.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

"Big-biggg, bla-c-ckkkk cooooc-ck."

"Again-."

"Big black-."

"Yeah, you got that shit down, bitch-."

"Fucking hell," one of them lets out a grunt.

"You want this nut in your womb, slut?"

"Yesssss," I moan in delight.

"Who owns your pussy, whore?"

"You-."

"Yeah, us black men own your pussy, don't we?"

"Yesss," I nod my head. "You do. You-you o-own my puss-pussy."

The sound of my lips smacking and gurgling is all that can be heard. I'm panting uncontrollably. I know I'm close. I am so close.

"Ahh, ahh, ah," I whimper and groan like a wounded animal. My throat feels sore and dry. "Black men-," I say weakly.

"What did you say, bitch?"

"Black men own this white pussy," I repeat with a groan. "My pussy isn't for anyone else."

"White bitches like you were made to serve black dick," the other one says.

"White women like me were made to serve black dick," I find myself repeating what they tell me with a monumental shame rocking my body. "Black men own my white pussy. White bitche's were made to s-sserveeee," my voice sounds so weak and pathetic. "-serve your big black coooockkk."

It felt humiliating to turn so submissive and me self-flagellating myself and my race only served to make it even more embarrassing. Their grunts grow louder and their breathing more frantic. The speed at which BOTH their heavy, black balls swung back and forth on my cunt was frightening. It was as if they were fucking me at the same time with a purpose.

"Your boyfriend ain't never gonna make you this horny, is he?"

"Noooo," I moan as I feel the first stirrings of yet another orgasm starting to build inside me. "Tim doesn't know how to fuc-fuck me right-."

"That's because you belong to us now-."

"I belong to you, I belong to you-."

"He ain't never fuck you this good, did he?"

"Noooo, Tim isn't ever going to fuck me this good."

I didn't care about Tim. Not one bit.

I felt sorry for him. Poor guy didn't know how to please his girlfriend. How to satisfy her. But it wasn't his fault, was it? He couldn't even compare to these guys.

It was funny, really. It was hilarious. A fucking riot. The situation was absolutely ridiculous.

I was laughing at Tim while getting fucked by two black dudes who were literally impaling my insides with their thick, fat, black cocks. I laughed while I was being spit-roasted on a couch in a Miami penthouse rented out by Jerome and Leroy. I was laughing. Why was I laughing?

Why am I laughing??

"Ohhhhhh," my eyes roll back into my skull. I could feel tears pouring out from my eyelids. "Fuck meeee," I plead. "FUCK ME FASTER!" I shriek out loud out of nowhere.

"Say it again, bitch."

"Big black cock! Big black cock! Fuck me with your big black cock-."

"Good girl."

"Yeah, you love that shit, don't you?"

"YESSSS!!"

And that was when it happened. The most unique orgasm that I've ever had so far in my life.

Slowly, pore by pore, the sensation began to creep through my flesh. I felt light as a feather. My head rolled up and my body fell limp.

"HUH-HHHHNNGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!" I let out a guttural and primal scream as my whole body convulses uncontrollably.

My arms fall down to my sides and I flop on top of Jarod. The orgasmic explosion that eluded me the previous time was now here. The sound of splattering liquids fills the room once more. Loud, incessant splurts of disgustingly thick, white, foamy, juices escape my ravaged cunt. I could feel the warm liquid flow freely all over my lower half and coat my thighs in the most disgusting way possible. This time however, I literally felt the inner walls of my cunt almost squeeze and push as if they were trying to force something out of me. It was unbearable but felt so amazing. I loved every second of it. Like I was being vacuumed clean inside.

"Shiiit, you made the bitch squirt again, man-," someone says in my ear. "She's cumming like a motherfucker, dude-."

Was I? I couldn't feel anything. I only felt the first bit-.

"She still cumming-."

I was crashing down now. The feeling of euphoria was leaving.

And that was when my senses were returning. My sexual high faded almost instantly. Ray and Jarod's voices were now recognizable. My vision returned and I could observe again.

I had no idea what happened. But whatever that was, it seemed to have awakened something primal inside my loins.

CHAPTER 7:

"Faster," I hiss. "God, can't you fuck me faster???" I complain.

"Shit!!"

I wanted to hear them talk more. Their voices sounded so sexy and manly. They were so dominant over me. So, utterly in control of me. My body shook violently as if I were having a seizure. My thighs felt wet. Wetter than before. The warmth radiating off of me was something else. I was going to get dehydrated by the end of this all. Two cocks.

Two big black cocks sliding with each other in rhythm. In and out of my now gaping wet cunt. The pinkness of its inside made visible for Ray and anyone else to see. It didn't hurt anymore. No, it hadn't hurt in quite a while.

"Talk dirty to me-," I blurt out. "Fuck. Talk dirty to me like I'm your little white whore-."

"You are our little white whore, slut," one of them says.

"We're gonna pump your tight little pussy full of cum, girl," the other one speaks. "You want that nut inside your womb, baby?"

"Yes-yes, fill me up, breed me," I say in an almost animalistic fashion. "Breed me with your seed. Fill me with your black babies! I want your babies."

Jesus Christ, what the hell was I saying? It didn't matter. I didn't care what came out of my mouth. It wasn't embarrassing at all. The old Becky would feel humiliated hearing her say all this.

This Becky didn't give a shit.

All I knew was that I wanted to be dominated and used. That I wanted to serve these black men.

"Talk dirty to me!!!!" I demand.

"Take it, slut," one of them growls. "Take that fucking dick-."

"Yeah, take it, bitch-," the other one echoes.

"Your cunt feels so good squeezing my dick like that."

"Your boyfriend doesn't know how to fuck you right, does he? You never had a man like me before, did you?"

"Nooo," I shake my head vigorously. "I've never had a man like you before. I've never had men like you before. You're all way too big, way bigger than my shrimp dick boyfriend," I laugh like a madwoman.

I found no possible way to explain what was going through my head. I felt like a cumrag, a two-bit good for nothing whore white bitch that wanted to get treated like a fuck meat. I wanted the punishment to last longer and take a dirtier turn. But that was in my head.

However, my pussy was numb by this point. I could even probably fit another dick in there, probably Leroy's and I still wouldn't wince a bit. I could take more and more. "Fuck," I whisper as I feel one of them tense up inside me. Which one was it? I don't know and I don't care. They were going to shoot their cum inside me bare. Just like I asked them to. Just like how I begged them to give me their black babies.

"NGGHG," Jarod grunts. Ray heaves into me as he thrusts himself faster and faster.

I could hear Mikayla moaning somewhere behind me but I didn't pay attention to her. I couldn't focus on anything except the sound of my cunt getting stuffed and split open by two huge black dicks.

"Harder," I grunt. "Faster. Fuck my white cunt faster, daddy," I beg.

"Yeah, we your daddies now, dumb bitch," Jarod spits on my face and I groan.

"Mmmmm," I moan. "Yeah, spit on me more, daddy-."

Another sick, disgusting glob of saliva hits me in the cheek. And then another. And another.

"You love breeding my pink pussy?" I coo.

"We gonna breed your white pussy real good, bitch."

"I'm ready for it, fill me up with your seed," I let out a deep moan and lay my head flat on Jarod's chest. "Please, please," I whimper. "Give me your black seed."

I couldn't cum anymore. I was spent. The least I could do was let them use my cunt hole like it was purposed to be so. I wanted to lie there and just let them knock me up. My clit was as numb as my pussy. There was nothing that could even make me want to orgasm again. There was nothing left, my pussy was squeezed dry. It didn't make their pounding my cunt any less pleasurable however but I was done. To even think that something like this was possible, getting penetrated by two guys at once was something you thought possible only in porn. I sincerely doubt that I could ever have another orgasm like the ones I had. This was the best sex of my life. But at this point, the furnace had been put to rest. The fire had been smothered. Nothing was going to get it started again. Not until these boys came inside me anyway.

But they weren't there yet. Jesus, what were these guys made of?

They were still going while I was tired and sleepy. I could fall asleep this moment if it weren't for the loud thuds and slams of our loins colliding. I just had to lie here, relax, and wait till this was over. I giggle to myself. Relax? Wow. Imagine deciding to relax when you have two dicks inside you. Forget Ray and Jarod, what the hell was I made of? This was a superhuman feat that I doubt any other woman could even achieve.

"Shit, shit, shiiiiittt," Jarod says from below me.

"We gon' cum inside you and make your boyfriend come lick you clean, bitch," Ray grunts. "Fuck, I'm so close."

"Yeah, bet he a do a great job of cleaning your pussy out-."

Hearing them talk shit about Tim felt so good. It felt empowering.

"Say it again," I plead with my eyes closed. "Please."

"You think he'll do a good job of licking out our cum?"

"Oh, I bet he will," I smile. "Tim would love that," I say gleefully.

"He'd love slurping all that black cum out of my tight little pussy."

Honestly, I wish Tim was here right now. Watching me get bred by two guys in the same hole.

"I wish he was here now," I groan. "Fuck-I love how your balls slap up on my cunt," I giggle. "He'd be sitting over there jerking off to me getting used like a worthless cumslut. He'd probably be crying after seeing how much bigger you two are than him."

Ok, this was hot. My own words were turning me on. What on earth was happening?

"Fuck, I'm close," Jarod growls.

Ray says something through gritted teeth.

"Oh, fuck," I begin to moan again. "Yeah-he, fuck, he would tug on his little worm of a dick-shit, while I take your huge fucking cocks-oh my God!!!"

"Nnnghhh," both of them grunt at the same time. This was clearly turning them on.

"I'd scream-so fucking loud, even louder, ahhhh,-I'd tell him to keep watching-and keep jerking off," I giggle but it comes out as more of a gurgling sound. "Ahh-ahhh, fuck, I can't-can't believe I'm saying this shit but it feels so fucking goooood!!!"

"I'm gonna cum," Ray begins to pant. Honestly, their stamina amazed me. To last for so long all while pounding away relentlessly and not even cumming once. Mikayla truly had found herself two monsters.

"Cum inside me, please, breed my pussy," I say in the most degrading manner possible. "Cum inside me so my useless faggot white boyfriend can crawl over and lick it clean."

"Shit, shit, shit, I'm about to nut-fuckkkk-."

"Tim, Timmmmm," I moan. "Oh, my fucking God. I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cummmmm," I begin to shake. I couldn't believe it. I was down and out for the count but wow, did these guys know how to push all the right buttons. "Fuck, cum inside meeee, give me your seed-."

"ARGHHH!"

"Cum inside me!!! Cum inside me, knock me up!!!!" I beg. "CUM INSIDE ME!!!! TIMMM!! TIM, OH FUCK!!!! I'm GONNA CUM, TIM!!! I'M GONNA CUM ALL OVER THEIR FUCKING BIG BLACK COCKS!!!!"

"I'M GONNA CUM!" Jarod yells.

"YEAH, YOU FUCKING SLUT," Ray kneads my ass cheeks. "Gon' send you home to your boyfriend with our cum leaking out of your cunt."

"Oh, please, don't pull out," I whimper as I feel the first few spurts of their warm semen start to fill up my insides. "Ahh, ah, ah," I moan uncontrollably. "Don't pull out, don't pull out, don't you dare fucking pull- OUT! I'm CUMMMMMMMIINNNNNNNNNGGGG!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"OH, SHIIIIITT!"

"FUCKING-."

Blast after blast of cum exploded into my womb. Two big black cocks spurting out their jizz in the depths of my unprotected pink insides with the sole intent of breeding me. I couldn't think, couldn't speak, and couldn't breathe. There was simply no escaping the inevitable. My pussy squelched and squelched but nothing came out from the depths of my pussy. Instead, the inner sanctum of my womb was now being flooded with the most virile of male essence. The cum of two different, powerful, and handsome, dominant, and well-endowed black studs was injected straight into the very place that would determine whether or not I would have mixed black babies. Lightskin like Leroy. Like two steamy hot pistons firing at full throttle, they pummeled me with their ejaculation. Their hips crashed into mine, and my pussy accepted everything. The numbness never

really subsided and I doubled up on my bragging about fitting another dick inside me. I could and I wish I did. My uterus was already overfilled and the cum had no other place to escape.

It was dribbling down outside of my cunt.

"N-No-," I cry, almost delirious. "No, not outside, don't-fucking-."

The disappointment was simply immeasurable. That my uterus did not have enough room for the amount of baby making juice that the both of them had to offer annoyed me. The semen that was overflowing out of me was simply being wasted. It would be so much better if my insides could've contained all the potent sperm and made me pregnant with their kids. How I wished to go back home to Tim with a big, round belly that was swollen and bulging with a set of their children.

"Fu-fu-fucking-," I try to curse at the loss.

Their balls still weren't spent. There was still more waves of their delicious white liquid cum. And then they were spent.

They had filled me up and were done.

"Fuck, this bitch got a magic cunt," one of them growls.

"Tightest I've ever been in," the other says.

That was all I heard before my vision went black. That, and a loud sick fart that flew from my cunt blowing out a gross, thick, spurt of cum as Ray and Jarod pull their cocks out of me.

EPILOGUE:

"Babyyyyyyyyy," I threw my hands around Tim and pull him into a tight embrace. "I missed you so much!!!!"

Tim smelled so nice and familiar. I'm so sorry, Tim. I'm so fucking sorry.

"What happened," Tim says in an almost panicked voice.

"What-what happened-," I laugh hysterically and kiss his cheek before walking into the comfort of our house.

"Your face-."

"I got mugged-," I explain.

"Oh, my god," Tim holds me by the shoulder and looks me dead in the eye.

"And they beat the crap outta me."

"Becky," his tone sounded angrier and more serious.

"Just kidding," I laugh. My eyes were bloodshot red and there was an almost crazed look on my face. I had to tone down the acting or he's gonna suspect something.

"What-," I frown and turn to face him. "Did-did you not miss me?"

"Of course, I did," he nods. "Jesus Christ-," Tim caresses my cheek.

"You're a mess. Is everything okay?" he asks. "You look different. Like you've changed," he grins.

I blink. Did he know? How did he find out? Did Mikayla tell him? No, I was being paranoid.

"Yeah," I say as the faint images of my gangbang flash in front of my eyes. "Everything's perfect, baby," I hug him.

I had changed alright. I was a different Becky now. A Becky that was finally liberated from the confines of her previous life. A Becky that knew how it felt like to be treated like a queen and a whore at the same time. I couldn't get over the feeling of absolute bliss that came after the gangbang.

The orgasms, the way they treated me, and how it felt so right. I fell asleep right there in their room. The soreness was never going to go away for a month at least no matter how many pain killers I took. Even now, I was aching everywhere like I'd been through a twelve-round boxing bout. It was the experience of a lifetime. I never did end up fucking Leroy because I tapped out early. Mikayla refused to fill me in on the details about what happened between her and him; in her own words, I had a wilder, more intense experience-sexperience than she ever did.

But the guilt was terrible. Horrible. It was gnawing at me.

Why the hell did I just let this happen? What had I become? I should have never listened to Mikayla. Jerome, Jarod, Ray-all these characters I wish I had never met. I should have gone back to my room after we had our drinks. This was not who I was.

I cried over the duration of my flight back from Miami. Sniffling and holding back even more tears all while sitting next to Mikayla whose indifference towards my ordeal was unsettling. She was acting normal. She was the same old Mikayla. Nothing seemed to bother her. She didn't understand the gravity of what had just happened.

I was a broken woman. But a new and changed Becky, regardless. I didn't belong there in that club. Nor did I belong on that couch getting stretched the fuck out.

Tim, oh, sweet, naïve, trusting, innocent, kind, Tim. He didn't deserve someone like me.

That was why I had to tell him. But how was I going to break the news to him? Tim was going to have an absolute heart attack the moment I come clean about it.

"Becks," Tim says. "Is there something you want to tell me? You're being weird."

"What?" I pause.

I spent the whole night snoring my ass off on the couch, waking up every couple hours to change position. Every time I woke up, the soreness would hit in newer places. It was difficult to even sit on the plane without being in a considerable amount of discomfort. I had to doubly make sure to take my Plan B the next morning. Would it even make a difference considering the amount of semen that was pumped into me?

I didn't speak a word to Mikayla on the plan. Nor at the airport once I was back. She dropped me off outside my house like nothing had ever happened.

My lips trembled. Come clean to your boyfriend, Becky. Tell him everything. He deserves to know. You owe it to him.

"Hello?? Earth to Becky," Tim calls out to me.

"There is," I begin. "But you gotta do something for me first."

Tim crosses his arms. "And what's that?" he rolls his eyes at me.

"You have to tell him, Becky," I hear Mikayla's voice in my ears. The last and only thing she said on our way back from Miami. "That was the deal."

"It'll make your relationship stronger."

I don't know where I got the confidence from. But I walk over to the couch, plop down with a soft thud, hike my skirt up, pull my moist panties down and spread my legs wide and far for Tim to see.

"Come lick my pussy," I give him a wicked smile. "And I'll tell you everything."

I half expected Tim to react in disgust like he always did. Or I expected him to chide me and walk away thinking I was joking.

Instead, he complies.

"Ah, fuck," I moan the moment Tim's tongue touches the crevices of my pussy folds.

I was yearning for release throughout the entire flight back home to New York. I did admit that I was crying my eyes out but I just couldn't stop leaking the entire damn time either.

BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR:

Becky Goes Black!

[Read here!](#)

Sophomore student Becca Channing's summer break vacation in Miami goes better than expected when her best friend Mikayla Monroe gets VIP passes for the both of them at a high-end nightclub in town! What was supposed to be a normal night out with her bestie turns out to be the wildest night of her life as innocent Becky falls for the charms of Jerome, an acquaintance of Mikayla at the club. Jerome's muscled stature, his height, and beautiful dark skin are too much for Becky, and she ends up falling head over heels for him the same night they meet. What follows is a whirlwind story of the sexual awakening of a young woman who just didn't know what her body or mind were capable of! Will Becca regret cheating on her faithful yet nerdy white boyfriend Tim? How will her life change after sleeping with a black man for the first time? Will she hide her infidelity from her boyfriend and continue to pursue this illicit affair with a powerful black man like Jerome?

Blacked! By the Boxer Who K.O'd My Boyfriend!

[Read here!](#)

In the aftermath of a tragic boxing match, Katherine grapples with the loss of her boyfriend, Mark. The ring was meant for glory, not tragedy, but when Mark faced off against the formidable Demarcus, fate dealt a cruel hand—Mark was dead, killed by a fatal blow from Demarcus's fist. Now, left to navigate the void that Mark's absence has created, Katherine seeks solace. As grief intertwines with desire, she discovers unexpected avenues for healing, drawing her into a world where pain and pleasure collide in ways she never imagined.

Molly Becomes a Hotwife

[Read here!](#)

Steve, harboring a fantasy he's hesitant to unveil, broaches the subject of introducing another man into their intimate world. Intrigued yet unsure, Molly's curiosity sparks as Steve's inquiries delve into her past, igniting a conversation that leads them down a path neither had anticipated. They find themselves drawn to Luke—Molly's black ex-boyfriend from college. Despite initial reluctance, Molly agrees to Steve's fantasy, and what unfolds is a journey that neither of them could have predicted.

Cheerleader Stacey Betrays White Cuckold Boyfriend to Get Blacked!

[Read here!](#)

In the pulsating world of college rivalries, Stacey, the cheer captain, cheers on her beloved team from the sidelines. The underdog football team, led by the charismatic Tyrese, faces overwhelming odds in the state finals. Stacey, convinced her team won't win, agrees to a date with Tyrese if they do. To her shock, they claim victory! But now, with her insecure white boyfriend Patrick unaware, Stacey must navigate the growing attraction she feels for Tyrese, the man who just led his team to glory.

Blacked! On My Wedding Day by My Black Ex-Boyfriend!

[Read here!](#)

In the moments before her wedding, Cassandra stands at a crossroads. About to marry Jason, the epitome of stability, she is haunted by memories of her passionate past with Darius, her black ex-boyfriend. When Darius shows up unannounced, the flames of their old relationship ignite again. Today, she must choose between her safe, predictable future with Jason and the raw, untamed passion she once shared with Darius.

Jessica's Night Out! Blacked by the Rapper! And His Friend!

[Read here!](#)

Jessica is swept up in the energy of the concert, thanks to her best friend, Mackenzie, who surprises her with tickets to see the famous rapper ZeeJay. What starts as a night of dancing and fun soon turns into a night of temptation, as Jessica finds herself grinding on a black stranger who awakens her inner desires. Caught between her stable boyfriend Brandon and the allure of the night, Jessica must decide how far she's willing to go.

A Black Thug's White B****

[Read here!](#)

I am Molly White. A 49-year-old conservative Christian mother of two, living a boring life in Illinois. I was faithful to my husband, Mark... until I met him. The thug who awakened a carnal pleasure inside me. I don't regret submitting to him, nor do I regret the dozens of encounters we've had since. My marriage? The sanctity of it all? Thrown away, all thanks to him. And I feel sorry for none of it.

Blacked by Her Bully Ex-Boyfriend!

[Read here!](#)

Timmy, a nerdy white guy, is thrilled to be dating Stacy, a stunning blonde from his class. But his excitement quickly fades when Rashad, Stacy's charismatic black ex, reappears. Timmy's insecurities about Rashad fuel his desire to please Stacy in ways he never imagined. As Stacy rekindles her relationship with Rashad, Timmy is drawn into a cuckold fantasy that pushes the boundaries of his comfort zone and leaves him questioning his place in Stacy's life.

Her Anniversary BBC Affair! Hotwife Jennifer seduced and BLACKED by a stranger!

[Read here!](#)

On what should have been a romantic wedding anniversary getaway in Miami, Jennifer finds herself yearning for more than her husband

Tom can offer. In the heat of the night, a chance encounter with a bold and seductive stranger ignites passions she thought were long extinguished. As Tom's lack of interest leaves her frustrated, Jennifer is swept into a forbidden world of intense desire with Marcus, a man who awakens parts of her she never knew existed. What begins as a simple escape from her mundane marriage spirals into a night of wild, illicit pleasure that pushes all boundaries.

Faithful No More! Desperate Girlfriend Lisa Gets BLACKED in Public!

[Read here!](#)

On what should have been a romantic wedding anniversary getaway in Miami, Jennifer finds herself yearning for more than her husband Tom can offer. In the heat of the night, a chance encounter with a bold and seductive stranger ignites passions she thought were long extinguished. As Tom's lack of interest leaves her frustrated, Jennifer is swept into a forbidden world of intense desire with Marcus, a man who awakens parts of her she never knew existed. What begins as a simple escape from her mundane marriage spirals into a night of wild, illicit pleasure that pushes all boundaries.