

Interracial/Cuckold Erotica

**BIG
BLACK
\$ BANKERS \$**

Bobbi Love

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Big Black Banker

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Part One

Stacey Johansson held onto the handrail with a trembling hand. Her small white fingers were gripped so tightly that even the knuckles were white. It was everything she could do to not breakdown before the subway arrived. Only when she got home, only when she could lock herself in the sanctity of her bathroom, would she finally be able to let loose the great torrent of sadness in her heavy heart. Until then she would just have to hold on. She kept telling herself to be strong. Hold on!

Later, she was sitting in the subway car, lost in thought, when something grazed her hand. Because she was so tense with anxiety, Stacey overreacted a bit, jerking her arm back like she'd just been bit by a poisonous spider.

"Sorry about that," he said. "It was an accident."

Sitting next to Stacey in the subway car was a black man. He looked distinguished, well-dressed, and carried a briefcase. Right away Stacey could see that their touching had been purely accidental. And she regretted her reaction. "Sorry."

The older black man looked at Stacey and gave her a warm smile, presumably meaning that he didn't take offense.

No big deal. Stacey had other things on her mind. She smoothed the folds of her skirt over her legs and went back to feeling sorry for herself. Well, not just herself. She also felt bad for her husband Rick and wondered how he would take the news when she told him that their request for a bank loan had been denied. How many times had they been through the ringer now? Stacey wasn't exactly sure, but she was quite certain that it was far too many times.

Not that it mattered.

Now Stacey and Rick were going to be evicted from their own house —denied their claims to the American Dream. It made it even worse because owning a home had meant so much to Stacey and her husband who both grew up in lower-middle class families. Stacey could still remember that day when they signed the papers and popped the champagne. Besides her marriage day, it was one of the happiest days in Stacey's life. Rick was happy too. He even promised the realtor that the Johansson's would name their first child after them.

How was she going to tell him the bad news? How was she going to leave that precious house? How was she going to get through the rest of her day?

"Penny for your thoughts."

Stacey looked up, confused. The older black man continued to stare at her, his eyes warm and interested.

"Excuse me?" she said.

"It's just that you seem to have a lot on your mind," he said. "Am I wrong?"

She shook her head. "No, you're not exactly wrong. But I guess we all have problems. Right? Ha-ha."

She tried to smile, but the attempt only yielded a feeble facsimile of a smile.

The older black man shook his head. "Can I be so bold as to inquire what's got such a pretty woman down?"

Stacey sighed, failing to register his compliment. Besides, at the moment she certainly didn't feel very attractive. Today she felt like she was the opposite of attractiveness. Though others might have disagreed with her.

Quite a petite woman, Stacey had a pixie like face, with a sweet little smile and wonderful strawberry blonde hair. Quite busty, her short stature just emphasized her large breasts and her petite bottom.

"It's just been," she said, hesitating.

"One of those days?" he guessed.

She looked at him, paused, and they both started laughing.

After a beat, Stacey said, "Let's just say, if I never see another banker in my life, it'll be too soon!"

His heavy jaw clinched and his eyebrows made two identical peaks of concern. "Really? Do tell."

Stacey paused to take a breath. "I mean, bankers, talk about scum of the earth!"

Talk about heartless vultures! What kind of person goes into banking anyway? I'll tell you. It's the sort of person who only cares about money. Part of me feels sorry for them. But another part of me thinks that if every banker in the world dropped dead right now the world would be a better place. You know what they are? Assholes!"

The words Stacey was speaking seemed to come from the very depths of her soul. Clearly this had been something building up for a very long time.

And at first it looked like the black man would let that pass without comment. But there was something about this feisty young woman with her sharp-looking business skirt and fiery blue eyes that wouldn't let him turn away. So, after clearing his throat, the man said, "I'm very sorry to hear that. I hope you believe me. But I'm not sure that I agree with you."

Stacey was still feeling hot-tempered. She had that look in her face that said she was scared of nobody. "Why's that?"

Her interlocutor was about to respond when the subway came to a grinding halt. It was a very popular stop. The mechanized doors opened and suddenly the passenger car started to fill with people, many of them dressed in business attire. Then the doors closed and the subway was off again, rumbling through its dark tunnels.

The man fixed Stacey with a hard stare and said, "I'm one of those assholes."

If the black man had been expecting Stacey to turn squeamish then he was disappointed. She just sat there, looking at him with no discernable expression on her face.

Several seconds elapsed before he said, "Don't worry, you're not the first woman to call me an asshole. But usually they have to get to know me first."

Stacey's phone started to vibrate with a new text message. It was from Rick. She didn't even have to read the text to know what it said. He wanted to know how the meeting went today. She frowned. She knew that it would be easier for her to break the news later on, when she had time to process everything —preferably with a couple of glasses of Chardonnay in her tummy.

So she chickened out. She told him that she was still waiting to meet with the

banker. After she pecked out the letters on her phone —with blinding speed— she put her phone back up and sighed like a woman with the whole world on her shoulders.

"Anything I can do to help?" he said.

Stacey —again trapped in the prison of her despair and anxiety— looked back up at the black man. Because more people had entered the passenger car, they were sitting very close to one another. They were almost touching. The proximity of her face to his body and the intimacy it suggested, was disconcerting and she wondered if he had intended that.

Her eyes narrowed. "I'm married."

"Good for you," he said. "Anything I can do to help?"

"Do you have an extra twenty thousand dollars lying around?"

He held her stare as though gauging the necessity of the number. "I assume that's how much the banks denied you today?"

"Today," she said. "And many other days."

He studied her face for another long moment. "I won't lie. My personal financial situation is quite comfortable. I've been very fortunate."

At this point, Stacey saw no point in diplomacy. "Ha! Hilarious! I guess we tell ourselves what we need to hear, huh?"

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"It means you're an asshole!"

She broke off and looked away from him, but he caught her chin and jerked her head back to him.

"You're a very beautiful woman," he said, still with his big dark hand on her face. "And it pains me to see you in such distress. It also pains me to not know your name."

She looked at him sharply and said. "Stacey."

"Clive," he said.

"And I'm still married," she said again. "Happily. Very happily."

He absorbed that, then released her chin. "What do you do, Stacey?"

"Marketing," she said. "I work in a boutique, downtown, it's a little small. But I love my job."

Another few seconds ticked past.

Stacey still wasn't sure why she'd allowed this strange man to touch her, to lay his dirty banker hands on her face. It was the most bizarre thing. She wanted to lash out at him for daring to paw her so casually —as if they'd known each other their whole lives. As if he was her father or husband. She did, however, continue to remain sitting there, waiting for something to happen.

Again her phone vibrated with a text from Rick. Stacey replied quickly and put her phone back up.

"You're very popular," Clive said. "I can see why."

Catching the inappropriate implication, Stacey's gaze went beyond his shoulder and towards the opposite end of the passenger car.

"How old are you?" he said.

She turned. She defied him with her glare, her upright posture, her sheer force of will. "Old enough to not be playing games with a strange man on the subway. How old are you?"

"Fifty-two," he said. "And nobody is playing games. Just so we understand each other, I am definitely not playing games."

She looked at him.

His dark brown eyes turned even more implacable.

"Then what are you doing?" she said. His sheer physicality made her feel

trapped. Because of the new passengers, it was hard to move away from him, but she refused to be toyed with. Nor did she want to give him the satisfaction of knowing that she was overwhelmed by his nice suit, his wide shoulders, his heavy jaw, or his deep sonorous voice that sounded like velvet in her ears. But just before she was about to tell this man to go straight to hell, he spoke again.

"I have a proposition for you," he said. "Three hours."

"Three hours what?"

"Give me three hours of your time and I'll wire the money you need into your account. Three hours. By tonight all of your worries could be over. One hundred and eighty minutes."

Stacey's bravado evaporated. She lowered her defiant chin, and rather than telling him to go to hell, she said, "What do I have to do?"

Part Two

Having entered the luxury penthouse only seconds earlier, the maid stumbled into the living room to greet her master.

"Oh Mr. Maxwell, I'm so sorry, but I'm afraid that dinner isn't quite ready. Truth be told, I wasn't expecting you home for another couple of hours."

Clive waited for her to take his coat and briefcase. "That's fine, Jenny. I wasn't expecting to return so early myself. But something came up. By the way, this is my new friend, Stacey."

Stacey was still trying to take in the breathtaking apartment. She had never been in a penthouse before. The living room was extraordinarily large with remote ceilings, modern art on the walls, beautiful pieces of furniture, and shelves filled with endless rows of books.

As Stacey paused to get her bearings, her gaze moved back to the maid. Only now did she realize how beautiful the woman was. Usually when Stacey Johansson thought about maids she conjured up images of small, squat, brown women from Mexico or Honduras. Clive's maid, on the other hand, was anything but.

"Can I get your coat?" the maid said.

"Thank you," Stacey said.

"That's my Jenny," Clive said. "She keeps my place clean. But she also keeps me in line too."

Hearing the compliment, Jenny started to blush furiously.

Jenny was tall, blonde, and had some of the bluest eyes Stacey had ever seen. It was hard to believe that she was anybody's maid. Instead she looked better suited for the runway or the cover of Playboy magazine. And yet: there she was, in the flesh.

She was even dressed in one of those French Maid outfits. Until now, Stacey had only seen people wearing an actual French Maid outfit on Halloween. But Jenny's dress had the lace ruffle trim, the attached apron, the headpiece, everything.

Stacey didn't want to be crass. But she couldn't help herself from wondering why this man was willing to pay her 20 grand for three hours of sex when clearly he had a much more attractive woman already fetching his newspaper for him.

"I was just about to head towards the store, sir," she said, her hands clasped behind her back. "I was going to pick up those steaks you wanted for tonight. Does that sound okay?"

"Yes Jenny," Clive said. Then, with a sly grin, he looked at Stacey and said, "Something tells me that I'm going to work up an appetite."

Now it was Stacey's turn to blush. She looked up just long enough to see that Jenny was smiling at her, but it wasn't a condescending smile. It was more like the smile one sister gives to another sister.

"Stacey," Clive said once they were alone, "would you like a glass of wine?"

"Yes please."

Once Clive was in the kitchen, Stacey gave the surrounding area another quick survey. Carpet. Sofa. Easy chairs, everything was so tastefully chosen. Apparently not having any morals or scruples paid handsomely in this world.

"I hope you don't mind Chardonnay," Clive said, walking back into the room with a couple of wine glasses. "But I'm in the mood for something white."

As he approached her, Stacey saw the mischievous twinkle in his dark eyes. Almost immediately that nauseous feeling in her stomach returned.

Clive was looking at her now the same way Rick looked at a big juicy steak.

How did she find herself in this situation? How did this happen? Stacey Johansson was no prude, but she was far from being a harlot. Including Rick, she'd only slept with three guys. She didn't even lose her virginity until she was twenty-one. And now she was standing in this den of seduction, drinking wine with a man nearly old enough to be her father. Not to mention, he was black! Black! Black as coal! As black as they came!

It was very confusing and quite humiliating. This would be a secret she would have to take to her grave. Because Stacey knew that if her mother or father knew

how far their precious daughter had fallen it would have killed them, broken their hearts. And of course there was no way she would ever be able to tell her husband. Rick was so jealous —not to mention a little on the racist side.

When she reached for the proffered wine glass she could tell that her expression was full of uncertainty.

Clive must have saw it too because he smiled at her and said, "Are you nervous?"

"A little," she said, taking the first sip already. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," he said. "But you really don't need to be nervous. Come, let's sit down and relax."

They walked over to the enormous black leather couch sitting against the wall. Before Stacey sat down she looked at the equally large oil canvass on the wall. She remembered seeing something similar in a Modern Art class she took in college.

"Is that real?" she said.

"I hope so," he said. "If not I need to find a new dealer."

They both laughed, which helped to slightly alleviate some of the tension, which was palpable in the room.

After sitting down, Stacey turned her head and looked in the direction of the sliding doors that led to the balcony. Part of her kept hoping that he would suddenly start to grab her and paw her aggressively. She almost wished for this to happen because she knew that any attempt at coercion would send her running —trigger her more primal instincts of self-preservation. They might even save her from seriously impinging on her character. Maybe her soul.

"What's wrong, Stacey?" he said, his deep voice soft as velvet in her ears.

She pulled in a breath, released it slowly, shakily. "Nothing, I guess."

"Would you like me to put on some music?"

"Sure."

Clive got up, turned on some music, and sat back down next to her.

Stacey sat there, nursing her wine, focusing her attention on the decreasing tempo of the song. She was surprised to hear that he'd chosen Classical music. She would have expected something like Jazz or R&B or rap music. The Classical music, however, was perfect. It was both relaxing and seductive. Now, the couple still wasn't touching, but she could feel Clive. She could feel the heat emanating from him. Why did he have to be so large? So black? So incredibly black?

Then, without warning, she jerked her head at him and stared.

"Why?" she said, looking at him incredulously.

He smiled back. "Why what?"

"Why would you do this? Pay so much money just for sex? With me? I mean, I'm sure you can get a better ..." She broke off, suddenly tongue-tied, unsure of how to phrase the rest of it.

Seeing her confusion, he held up his palm in the air. "You're right. I'm sure that I could get a better deal in town. More bang for the buck if you will," he said, chuckling at his own joke. "But you see, that stuff doesn't interest me. Been there, done that, got the T-shirt. Isn't that the expression?"

"Oh."

"I like real women," he said. "But at the same time, I don't want any of the emotional baggage that goes along with seducing a real woman. I'm a very busy person, Stacey. Personally, I find that with married women, there is much less of a chance of this happening."

He stopped, looked at her closely.

"I'm assuming the reasons are obvious," he said, still looking at her.

Stacey could tell that he was judging her response. But she got it, she totally got it. "Yeah, that makes sense, I guess. It's just..."

"Weird?"

She nodded several times.

"Lots of things are weird," he said. "But I don't have any interest in what other people think is appropriate. That's the way I've always been too. I know what I like, whether it's abstract art or beautiful women."

Then he stopped again, looked at Stacey, his eyes narrowing with meaning.

"And I like you," he said. "You're a real woman and I think that if you gave it a chance you could have some fun too. After all, I don't get any pleasure unless I know the woman is having pleasure too. It's one of my things."

"Really?" Stacey said, partly wondering how she could be having this conversation.

"Guaranteed," he said, with a sly grin. "So what do you say?"

"When do we start?" she said. "I mean, theoretically when would we start?"

"You mean when does the three hours start?"

"Yeah?"

"It started as soon as you walked through the door," he said.

This pleased Stacey; and she quickly calculated in her head that she must have already made over two thousand dollars. Not bad for less than half an hour's work.

Then, before Stacey had time to respond, she felt herself being grabbed and pulled onto the big man's lap. He kept one of his hands on her lower back, while his other hand grabbed her by the scruff of her neck. She felt his power as he effortlessly pulled her head down so that their lips smashed into one another. At this point there was nothing she could do but comply. Fighting his strength, fighting his financial resources, and fighting the intensity of his physicality was useless. She closed her eyes. It had been years and years since she'd kissed a man other than her husband. Surprisingly, Clive had big, soft lips that immediately sent little electrical sparks through her body.

Then they stopped kissing and Stacey could feel the imprint of his hand at the base of her neck.

Stacey looked at Clive.

Clive looked at Stacey.

"Wow," she said, feeling a little lightheaded, most probably from the wine she'd gulped down to calm her nerves. "Um, some people think that you can really tell a lot from a kiss."

Wait, she thought. Why did I just say that?

He'd let go of her, but now he curved his arm around her waist and drew her close, their faces separated but a few inches. If Stacey even flinched her cute Irish nose then it would rub against Clive's broad, flat African nose.

"You ever kiss a black man before?" he inquired.

She shook her head.

"First time for everything, huh?" he said.

She nodded.

Stacey gasped when she felt both of his huge hands grab her ass, squeezing the meat of her butt cheeks with more pressure than she'd ever felt. She couldn't believe how strong he was, how effortlessly powerful his body seemed. Rick had never grabbed her ass like that. Rick had always focused more on Stacey's breasts —and she was also surprised by how her body responded to having a pair of large, muscular hands work the flesh of her backside. Clive continued to stare up at her with lust and fascination.

"We're going to have so much fun," he told her.

"We are?"

"The moment I saw you," he said. "I knew I had to have you. Even if it's only for a few hours. I would have paid several times more than what you asked."

Stacey was starting to really enjoy his hands on her ass. He slipped some of his fingers underneath her skirt and started to slowly work his way up her supple thighs. It was beyond strange to have another man touch her, but it wasn't altogether uncomfortable. Her senses were bewildered by this very different kind of man. Closing her eyes the most noticeable difference was the heavy musk Clive had. It seemed so exotic and aggressively masculine compared to Rick's natural smell. Stacey found herself leaning into his shoulder, her nose twitching as she inhaled the big man's smell. Her body was responding to everything that was happening too. Because a slight, but noticeable tingle was truly beginning to develop between her legs. Suddenly she started to feel warm and —while not exactly wet— certainly a little on the dewy side.

"Stacey?"

The voice seemed to be coming far away and she had to snap out of it. "Um, yes?"

Clive continued rubbing her ass, her hips, her lower back. He'd already worked her skirt up to her waist so that now her entire lower bottom was exposed completely. "Do you suck cock?"

She hesitated, having never been uncomfortable with the deed, but always uncomfortable with talking about it. It embarrassed her. "Sometimes, I guess."

"Well guess what?" he said. "You're going to suck cock tonight. You're going to suck my cock. You're going to suck your first big black cock. Got it?"

She bit her lip, obediently nodded her head several times while he continued to rub his hands all over her butt, which was only covered now by a flimsy pair of panties.

Stacey didn't always walk around in thongs (because she wasn't actually a slut who needed constant male attention) but the skirt she'd chosen that morning required either a thong or nothing at all. Now, of course, she was glad that she at least had something on. It would have been all the more embarrassing to have this random man undress her and find that she didn't have any panties on.

"Get on your knees," he commanded.

Stacey couldn't believe that she was really doing this. Her little heart was going a

million beats per second as she maneuvered onto her knees. Knowing what she was about to do —and who she was about to do it with— she felt a great mixture of embarrassment, insecurity, and anxiety. Part of her still wanted to get up and run out of the apartment and never think of this awful day for the rest of her life. In fact, if she had known how bad this day was going to be, she probably would have just stayed in bed and never left the house.

Then Clive was standing up, looming above her, with her pretty face eye-level to his groin.

He allowed the moment to draw out, not rushing anything.

"Look up at me," he said.

Stacey looked up at him, her cheeks red with embarrassment as their eyes locked. He had such dark, menacing eyes. He also had the strongest jaw she'd ever seen. He almost would have been attractive if not for the unfortunate proportions of his African facial features.

"Kiss it," he said.

Stacey nodded, started to unzip his pants.

But she was surprised when he swatted her hands, making her stop.

She looked back up at him, confused. He didn't have to hit her hands that hard!

"Can't wait to get that cock out, huh? Someone must be starving," he gloated from above. "No, I said kiss it. Kiss it before you take it out."

Stacey didn't like the way he was making fun of her, especially in such a demanding moment as this one. Why didn't he understand how difficult this was for her? Did he understand? Or was the point that he understood completely and this actually turned him on?

Stacey, as confused as ever, wasn't sure.

Now she felt like she was doing her best just to maintain composure. And it seemed like he was doing his best to mock her and belittle her — despite the fact that she had never felt smaller and cheaper than she did right now, red-faced,

skirt hiked up to her waist, ass sticking out, kneeling in front of this gargantuan-sized man who clearly had a sadistic side.

"Kiss it," he said again, clearly losing patience.

Already there was a prominent bulge in his pants.

Stacey swallowed hard, closed her eyes, and leaned forward. When she felt the fabric of his pants against her mouth she began giving him little kisses like she was worshipping his cock.

She could feel the unmistakable outline of his cock. The outline alone scared her—and she told herself not to think too much about how she was going to accommodate such a large man. As she worked her lips up and down the outside of his pants, Stacey remembered being a teenager and giggling with her friends when someone mentioned that old myth about black men having bigger cocks. But clearly there was something to the myth.

What have I gotten myself into? Stacey kept saying to herself, over and over again.

Clive growled low in his throat, a rumbling animal sound of approval, as he focused his attention on the beautiful white woman. Licking his thick purplish lips, he undid the fly of the polyester barrier. He wasn't wearing boxers or underwear; and something big and dark sprang out, aimed directly at Stacey.

"Holy fuck!" Stacey said, despite the fact that she rarely used foul language.

Clive laughed at her reaction. "Yes ma'am, I might be living the city slicker lifestyle, but below my waist, that's 100% pure Alabama black snake."

Then he kept laughing.

Stacey didn't see what was so funny. She tried to smile up at him, but she knew that she wasn't fooling anybody.

It was the biggest, darkest, scariest-looking thing she'd ever seen connected to a human being. As Stacey wrapped her fingers around the base of it, she vowed to never complain about Rick's penis again. Until now, she'd always found her husband's penis to be necessary, but gross-looking. That said, compared to

Clive's monstrous tool, Rick's penis was almost cute!

She felt him come alive in her hand.

"Oh fuck!" Clive said, leaning his head back as he looked up at the ceiling. But then he jerked his head back down, not wanting to miss the sight of the beautiful white wife struggling to hold his cock in her hand.

"You have small hands," he said. "Petite fingers."

"Sorry," she said, laughing nervously.

"You can't even get all your fingers around my cock," he said. "But with little fingers like that, that must be a problem for you all the time, huh?"

"Not really," she said.

Then, the sound of Clive's manly laughter told Stacey that she had just inadvertently divulged some personal information about the size of her husband's penis. She blushed deeper than ever.

"That's okay, I figured. Keep jerking me like that. That feels good. That looks good too. See the contrast? Sexy!"

Stacey did as she was told. She started noticing the stark contrast of skin color. She wasn't sure if it was sexy, but it was quite fascinating. Her hands were so white and small and his cock was so big and dark. After a while, he was fully hard, and her whole arm was going tired, so she switched arms, and then she started using both of her arms, hoping that this man reached climax as quickly as Rick did.

But no, not only was he unbelievably large, he was also unbelievably difficult to make cum.

"Is everything okay?" she said, pausing to look up at him. "Am I doing it right?"

"Oh yeah, baby. You're doing it perfect."

"Tell me if you want me to do something different."

"I will," he said, liking how she was begging for directions. There was something about white women and submissiveness. Clive had seen it thousands of times. It always drove him crazy. Even the white women who acted like ball busters around their husbands —you get them in the bedroom with a big black cock and they turn into the most submissive little sex bunnies. It was incredibly gratifying.

"Open your mouth," he said.

"What?"

"It's time for you to show me that you can be a good little cocksucker. Open your mouth."

Stacey reminded herself why she was doing this as she felt the tip of the cock slide past her lips, into her mouth. It was large in her hands, but it felt even bigger in her mouth. Immediately she had to fight the urge to gag on it.

"Good girl, that's a good girl. Just keep your mouth open. Let me fuck that pretty face. Keep your mouth open. Yeah baby, you're doing a good job. Look up at me. I want to see those pretty eyes. Those sexy eyes. And make sure to keep that fucking sexy mouth open for me."

Stacey looked up, her stare challenging.

Clive loved it.

He had both of his hands on her head, holding her still. The pressure of his fingers was so tight that Stacey thought it possible for him to squeeze her skull like it was a grape. Despite herself, this made her want to please him even more, if only to ensure that he had no reason to be upset with her. Although not attractive in the conventional way, everything about this man radiated strength and power: his penthouse, his gorgeous maid, his taste in modern art, his business suit, his body, his voice, his eyes, and especially his grotesquely-sized genitalia.

There was saliva all over Stacey's face now. It was the messiest blowjob she'd ever given. Clive was bucking his hips, thrusting himself in and out of her mouth. Every time Stacey inhaled, she was overwhelmed by the animal musk emanating from his body. She reached around and grabbed the back of his

thighs, bracing herself while he kept fucking her mouth like it was a pussy. Thoughts of her loving husband kept popping up in her mind. Rick had never fucked her mouth like this before. Rick was so gentle, so smart, so funny. Oral sex was not a regular occurrence in their bedroom; and when it did happen Rick preferred to lay on the bed. It was never like this. Rick had never stood over Stacey and slapped her face with his big cock, slapped her lips with his big cock, told her that she was a good cocksucker, and then slammed his meat back into her mouth so forcefully that she started gagging and coughing.

Clive removed his hands off the top of Stacey's head, giving her enough time to gather herself again.

Stacey had the back of her hand against her lips now. She was looking up at Clive.

"Everything okay, sexy?" he said.

She nodded.

"You're doing a great job."

Stacey inwardly winced. Doing a great job? What did that mean? All she was doing was sitting on her knees, keeping her mouth open while he did all the work. "Thanks, I'm glad you're happy."

"I'm very happy," Clive said. "I bet you never thought you'd be choking on black dick one day."

She shook her head.

He smiled warmly, patted the top of her head several times. "Why don't you lay down on the couch now. On your back. Spread your legs. We're just getting started, me and you."

Stacey was happy that she wasn't going to be subjected to the brutal throat fucking anymore, she was happy that she wasn't going to be slapped in the face with his cock anymore, but she was more than a little nervous about what he would do to her next.

She got up off her knees, her hair and makeup a mess now.

"Sorry," she said, straightening her skirt back into place. "I bet I look horrible."

"On the contrary, you're one of the sexiest women I've ever had the pleasure of laying eyes on," he said.

For some reason, this caused Stacey to relax. Like many young women, she'd always been a sucker for a compliment, but it helped being reminded that other people saw her as a sexy woman. In some ways, it made her feel less guilty about using her body to get the money her family needed. Again, she reminded herself that all of this would be over soon and her and Rick could go back to their normal lives.

That's when Clive grabbed her. His big hand went right to her ass and he pulled her into him so that her breasts were smashing into his chest.

Jesus, she thought. Was this guy wearing a steel plate underneath that shirt? Or was he some kind of body builder? Because she had never felt a man's torso that was so hard and unyielding as his. And if he was this well-built at 52, he must have been pure rock in his 20's.

As soon as Stacey dared to move her gaze upwards, meeting his, Clive bent down and pressed their lips together. His hands were still clamped to her ass.

It was a long, slow, sensual kiss—which contrasted sharply from the sadistic blowjob he'd just put her through moments ago. It was the sort of kiss that Rick would give her when he was feeling exceptionally romantic. Stacey kept expecting Clive to release her at any moment. But the kiss continued, his tongue eventually snaking its way between her teeth, and into her mouth. Then their tongues were rubbing against each other.

Clive's lips were so much bigger and fuller and softer than her own. She was surprised by how they made her feel. Stacey had never kissed a man with lips like that. Her body started to betray her. Suddenly she felt warm all over. New sensations, which felt erotic and electrical, started to shoot down her spine, causing her pale knees to wobble a little. She wasn't afraid of falling down though. Clive was holding her up. His hands were still gripping her ass.

"Lay down," he said, finally letting her go. "Get on the couch."

The black leather couch was big enough to accommodate two Staceys. There

was plenty of room. Stacey could hear her own breathing as she backed up. Then she sat down, her stare locked on Clive's eyes. His massive cock was still sticking out of his pants. Whenever he made the slightest movement, the purplish-head would sort of bounce up and down. His cock must have been the size of Stacey's forearm. Stacey wasn't exactly sure how long it would take for her to be done, but she did know that once she walked out of this apartment, nobody could ever accuse her of being racist again.

"Lay down, spread your legs."

Stacey turned to find a pillow for the back of her head. But while she was still looking, she felt the force of Clive's hands as he roughly pushed her down.

"Unwrapping a sexy white woman," Clive said. "This shit is better than my birthday!"

Stacey tried to laugh too.

He placed his palm against her cheek, held her, then started to finger the golden necklace around her throat, before slipping his hand underneath her shirt, causing her to gasp while he massaged one of her firm breasts. "Looks like it's going to be a white Christmas for me!"

Stacey softly moaned at the man's massaging. Against her will, her nipples started to get erect, almost painfully so.

Clive removed his shirt and tie and shoes. With his cock still sticking out of his pants, he grabbed Stacey's trembling hand and placed it on the large mushroom head for several long seconds. Stacey could feel it throbbing in her tiny grip. It was so warm. It was like a furnace in her hand. While she lay there, looking up, stroking the man's cock, it occurred to her that she wasn't nearly as uncomfortable as she was the first time he had her touch him.

Then Clive removed his pants. He was so big and so black, his big heavy ball sack being the darkest place on him. It was truly amazing how athletic and ripped his body was, Stacey kept thinking. She'd never spent too much time deliberating on the subject, but black men really did seem to have naturally better bodies. Was it genetics? Was that why so many black athletes dominated the world of professional sports?

Her eyes went back to the tip of his black meat. That's going to be inside me, she thought, licking her lips.

Then Clive started to tug the fabric of her skirt down her smooth legs, exposing the underwear beneath. He smiled at her choice of undergarments: a sexy pair of thong underwear. They were black and contrasted amazingly with her white skin. Clive liked the way the satin hugged her upper hips, the black fabric strip barely covering her sex before disappearing between the soft cheeks of her rear. The sight of Stacey laying there on his couch, just in her panties, flamed his libido.

He took his time though.

He wanted to enjoy every second of this.

The big man squatted down beside the couch.

Then Clive pushed aside the bottom of her panties to look upon her. His dark brown eyes drank in the sight of her exposed sex, the prominent mound of her sex capped with a triangle of hair the same shade as the hair on her head. Clive traced the pink flower with his dark hand, causing her to shudder and raise her hips.

"You like that?"

She nodded, her eyes closed while she mentally fought her bodily responses.

"Tell me."

No response.

"Tell me," he demanded.

"I like that."

"Does it feel good?"

She nodded, squirming on the black leather couch. "Yes."

"Tell me!"

"It feels good," she said, her voice shaky with burgeoning lust. "I like it."

He leaned over, placed those big full lips along the side of her neck, which had always been one of Stacey's most erogenous zones.

This time she moaned out loudly.

"Does that feel good?"

"That feels amazing," she said. "Don't tease me."

"Be a good girl."

"I am," she said.

"I know you are," he said.

He brought his index finger up to his mouth, sucking it to wet it, then brought it down and slid it all the way in her hot slit. Stacey was virgin-tight as he worked her with his fingers, only able to expand around two of them. He used his other hand to find the pearl of her clitoris, exposing the semi-aroused kernel and tracing small circles about it, until her juices were sufficient enough for his black fingers to move freely within her body. She let out a small whimper when he removed both hands to turn her over.

"Hm, so tight," he mused happily. "You sure you're not a virgin?"

"I'm sure," she said.

"But you're a black cock virgin?"

"Yeah, I guess so," she said.

"Well let's do something about that!"

He pushed his index finger back inside her. She was warm and wet and ready. She looked so unbelievably sexy right now. He could tell that she was finally starting to get turned on too. Before, when she'd been sucking his dick, Clive knew that she wasn't enjoying herself. He figured that nobody had ever treated her like that: choking her, slapping her face, holding her head while viciously

face-fucking her. But in his experience, it was women like Stacey, women who looked so innocent and conservative, who enjoyed it more than anybody.

For Clive, it was strange to think that a few hours ago they didn't even know each other's names, but through the sheer force of his will, her pussy was getting ready for his big package. A hundred years ago, something like this would have been impossible. But the world was a different place now. And people like Clive were thriving!

Now Clive propped Stacey on her knees, her upper body pressed flat against the black leather while he tugged the thong panties to her knees. Clive had never seen anything more beautiful than this. He got behind her on the couch. He was fully erect, painfully erect, and he gripped her hip with one hand and guided his engorged member with the other.

"Awww," Stacey moaned in anticipation of receiving such a large man.

Several drops of the black man's precum dripped, sliding down the curve of Stacey's ass cheeks and onto the leather.

"Go easy. Be gentle."

"You positive you're not a virgin?" he teased.

"Just a black cock virgin," she said. Then as soon as the words were out of her mouth, she realized what she just said, and regretted it.

He smiled, slapped one of her ass cheeks just to see the white flesh wobble for him. He could tell she was really letting go, really submitting to him. Twenty thousand dollars for this pussy? Clive would have gladly paid three times that amount. "Then why should I be gentle?" he said.

"Because, you," she hesitated, looking for the right words. Finally she just blurted out, "I'm not really accustomed to being with a guy so well-endowed."

He laughed at this. "You mean you're afraid this big black cock is going to do some damage to that white pussy?"

She didn't say anything, but her silence was louder than any scream.

Looking down, Clive could see her nails dig into the couch. "Don't worry, baby. You're going to love this," he said. "Lots of white girls get nervous when they see their first negro dick. Their whole lives they've been told that black men are natural criminals who only want to cause you harm. And yet, it curiously turns them on. Shit, one day, I'm going to have to write a book about this stuff."

While Clive talked, Stacey started to rock her hips back and forth, wiggling her ass —though not even realizing that she was doing it!

Clive smiled and continued. "That's part of the attraction, really. But, don't worry. Pretty soon you won't be able to get images of my big ugly black cock out of your dirty little head. Once white girls find out how hard they can cream when they're with a real man, they always come back. Hence, the very familiar expression."

"Once you go black you never go back?" she said, rocking and wiggling.

"Exactly," he said.

"I am worried though," she said rather matter-of-factly. "You could tear me in half with that thing. That huge goddamn monster!"

"You can take it," he assured her. "Your body was made for a big bull cock like this. You'll see. You'll see how good it feels to finally be fucked by a real man."

"Yes baby, yes," she moaned.

Clive allowed himself the pleasure of rubbing the length of his thick coal-black shaft against the crack of her bottom and the damp lips of her sex, lubricating himself. He pressed the head of his cock against her tight opening, and pushed in slowly. Stacey's body engulfed him like a glove, the walls of her pink pussy opening to receive him.

"Oh damn! Damn, damn, goddamnit!" she said, her breathing labored as she struggled to accommodate such a sizeable lover.

"You like that?" Clive said.

"Oh yes! Goddamnit fuck yes!" she said, feeling true pleasure for the first time in her life.

"I told you, baby. Didn't I?"

"I'm so full," she said. "I've never felt this full before."

"You need a man like me to fill this pussy up."

"Yes, yes, fuck yes!"

Clive withdrew and thrust again, until the roundness of Stacey's cheeks was pressed against the muscular planes of his abdomen. Leaning over her, wrapping his body around her, the black man began to move within her body. Clive claimed her with an even tempo, his hands moving from her breasts to her hips, leaning forward to press his belly against her back so he could feast on her neck with hot licks and kisses. But the way the slick inner walls of her pussy were sliding against him, combined with the feel of her rear slapping against him made him realize that his excitement wouldn't allow him to last as long as he would have liked.

He needed to slow down.

White pussy always made him cum so damn quickly.

Clive withdrew and turned Stacey over again, pulling her up like a rag doll to impale her on his lap. Her legs closed Indian-style around his waist, and his hands guided her to resume the tempo they had started.

Clive grabbed a fistful of her silky hair, claiming her mouth with his. He reached between them, and with a single finger rubbed the swollen bud of her clit while she rode him, desperately wanting her to reach her pinnacle before he came. He needn't have worried; the combination of his tongue and his cock invading her at the same time was enough to send her starved body soaring.

"Oh Clive!"

"You like that?"

"Fuck me, yes baby, Clive! Fuck me with that big cock! I want it! Give me all of that big black cock!"

"Damn you look so sexy right now," he said, her soft white body desperately

slapping against his. "Give me that pussy, that sexy body, those beautiful eyes!"

And so she did, surrendering both body and mind to this man she barely knew, this black man who seemed so different from her, but had this magic power to pleasure her body like no one had ever done before.

Stacey's eyes flew open, and she moaned incoherently against his mouth over and over as her slit went into crazy spasms. Clive rode her climax towards his own, feeling her milk his black shaft until he knew he was about to push over the edge himself. He laid her back on the couch, her legs still about his waist, and pumped her fiercely until his heavy cum-filled balls rose and he felt the wave of heat rising through him.

"Oh shit, oh fuck!" Clive yelled. "I'm gonna cum!"

In a hot, breathless voice, Stacey yelled back, "Oh yes, cum! Cum for me, baby!"

"I love this pussy!"

"Your cock is so wonderful! I can't believe it even fits! I've never felt so amazing!" Stacey enthused. "Cum for me, baby! I can't wait for you to cum!"

For a few intense moments, the lovers locked eyes. Clive continued hammering his meat deep inside her, stretching her out, giving her exactly what she needed.

"Do you want me to cum on your face? Or inside you?" he asked.

Stacey, whose mental state was less than balanced, simply rolled her pretty eyes back into her head, dug her nails into the couch, and said, "Not on my face, please."

Clive's face brightened. "Inside you?"

"Cum for me baby," she whimpered, only half aware that this man was fucking her senseless.

"Inside you? You want me to cum inside you?" he said.

Her third orgasm hit even quicker than the last. She was no longer on the planet. Her body was shaking, the inner walls of her pussy were convulsing. She was

only vaguely aware of the large man looming over her, driving his huge cock inside her, over and over again. "Yes baby, yes! Cum inside me! Cum for me baby! I need that cum!"

That was all Clive needed to hear. With a loud animalistic roar, he drove himself one more time, pushing his cock inside so that his balls were now pressed against her anus. He could feel her tightness milking him, desperately needing all of his life essence. He leaned forward, wrapping her small body into his arms, possessing her mouth too while he shot stream after stream of hot, thick, potent baby batter.

Afterwards, Clive lay on top of Stacey, still holding her down while his cock barely deflated from its original size. He could have pulled back at any moment. But he knew that as soon as he did, there was going to be such a huge sticky mess to deal with.

Part Three

Rick had called before just showing up at the office. Located downtown, across from the courthouse, it was a towering four-story building made up of lots of metal and reflective glass. Showing up today was so important that Rick had decided to take the day off from work. He parked his Subaru in the parking deck and took the elevator to the top floor. There was a large ultra-modern lobby with lots of young professionals milling about.

Feeling great, really terrific, Rick briskly walked over to the secretary, having to remind himself that he was a married man. When the secretary looked up at him and smiled, Rick's heart nearly melted. She was incredibly beautiful. She looked like she could have been a model. She was blonde, blue-eyed, and obviously had a perfect body underneath her stylish business clothes. The nameplate, Rick noticed with interest, said: Jenny.

"Can I help you?" Jenny asked.

"Yes, I'm here to meet Mr. Maxwell. But I think I might be a few minutes early."

Jenny nodded, smiled, and started typing on the keyboard. While she was pulling up her boss's appointment schedule, a rather curious grin flashed over her face. And yet, by the time she turned back to Rick, the curious grin had been completely wiped away.

"Ah, you must be Mr. Johansson."

"Yes, that's right."

"One o'clock?"

"I believe so, yes."

Jenny gave him another million dollar smile and said, "It won't be long. Maybe just a couple of minutes. Would you like anything to drink while you wait?"

Rick said no and thanked her for her help. He took a seat against the wall. There were a bunch of magazines available, but just as quickly he saw Jenny answer the phone, nod, and call him over.

"He's ready," she said. "Mr. Maxwell is ready to speak to you."

Trying not to stare too hard, Rick walked past Jenny, straightening his neckwear.

There was a pair of large Mahogany doors. And when Rick stepped through them he was somewhat surprised to see the man inside the office.

It wasn't a devastating blow, but for some reason Rick had never considered the possibility that Mr. Maxwell was a black man.

"Mr. Maxwell," Rick started, "thank you so much for seeing me —"

Clive was reading a document when he held his finger up, suggesting that he needed another moment.

Rick just stood there, quietly, waiting.

A full minute ticked by before finally the black banker put the document down. That's when he turned to look Rick up and down. A smile that seemed quite genuine flashed across the dark features of the banker. "Ah yes, Mr. Johansson. Sorry about the delay, they just keep sending me their fires, assuming I have all the time in the world to put them out."

The two men shared a brief and professional laugh.

"At any rate," Clive said, interlacing his fingers behind his head, "what can I do for you Mr. Johansson? Frankly, I was a little surprised to hear from you. But — let's just say— my curiosity was peaked."

"Well," Rick started, then paused. Truthfully, he had worked on this big speech which he wanted to deliver face-to-face, man-to-man. He had spent hours, literally hours, in front of the mirror, rehearsing the speech too. But now that he was standing in this impressive office, in front of this shockingly dark-skinned man, Rick found himself on shaky legs. When he finally began to talk, he realized that he wasn't 100% coherent. Moreover, his breathing was strained, and it sounded like his words were coming from the top of his throat.

Clive, having seen enough, gestured for Rick to stop. "Please, you don't have to do this."

"But I wanted to. I felt compelled to," Rick even said. "Do you know what this has done to my family?"

Clive seemed to glance down at his feet, before looking back at Rick. "It was the least I could do."

Rick shook his head. "Listen, I know that it might not be a big deal to you, but when I heard that you signed off on my wife's loan... it was one of the happiest days of my life. Our life. That's all. I just wanted to stop by, put a face to the name. Sometimes it seems that people today get so caught up in the numbers that they forget that real people are behind all of this. That's all. I just wanted to give you my personal thanks for helping my family."

"Honestly," Clive said. "One of the reasons I got into this business —and this might sound weird— was because I like helping families. Giving people services they might not be getting elsewhere."

This went on for another minute or so, until finally Clive recalled that his next meeting was about to start. Rick thanked him several more times before turning to leave.

Once the Mahogany doors were shut, the office lapsed into a stunned silence.

A big fat smile was still pasted across Clive's thick lips. His fingers were still laced behind his head and he was leaning back in his office chair.

"Your husband seems like a very nice man," Clive said, looking down at Stacey, who was kneeling underneath his desk. Her hair was slightly mussed and her lips were swollen from sucking that black cock for so long. She was getting better at it though; and had even surprised Clive that morning by successfully deep throating him for the first time. "But thank God he didn't come around the desk to hug me. Whew, that would have been a little awkward."

Stacey took her mouth off the big black monster, but kept her hand on the pulsing shaft. She looked at Clive, shook her head, and started to say something.

But before she could get the first words out, Clive pressed down on the back of her neck, filling her mouth with his cock.

"There is a time for talking," he told her, "and there is a time for sucking cock. Right now, let's just focus on what you're really good at. Ah, yes. That's it, baby. Be my good girl."

THE END

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