



Black Switch Cures White Bitch

Copyright 2025 by Stormbringer

John Miller hunched over his whiskey at the sports bar, the chaos of Saturday night a dull roar in his ears. The neon signs—Budweiser, Coors—cast a crimson glow across his tense face, deepening the lines carved by years of outdoor work. The air hung heavy with the stench of stale beer, sweat, and the electric buzz of anticipation as the large wall-mounted plasma TV behind the bar blared pre-fight hype for the boxing match. Jack “The Hammer” Callahan, an Irish bruiser with a 22-0 record, flexed his chiseled frame, his pale freckled skin glistening under the ring

lights. Titus Jackson, a massively muscled black newcomer, got a passing nod from the commentators, his hungry eyes ignored. John was looking forward to the fight. He could have watched it at home, but there was something about the atmosphere of a sport's bar that drew him out even if he was drinking alone. Truthfully, there were several tables of friends and coworkers he could have joined, but tonight he preferred to drink alone.

An hour ago, he'd popped an ED pill, its bitter aftertaste still clinging to the back of his tongue like a bad memory. Tonight was supposed to be special. Tomorrow was his and Sarah's seven-year anniversary and they'd finally decided they were financially secure enough to start a family. She was out with friends, hopefully home just after midnight. They'd start their anniversary right, no condom, just raw, primal sex like he'd always wanted. They were trying for a baby, a milestone that would start the next phase of their lives. Tonight was supposed to be special, but his anxiety was consuming him. He needed to prove he could still perform. He'd never felt his five inches were adequate. He'd never given Sarah an orgasm or either of his two previous girlfriends for that matter. His penis was never rock hard, but his real problem was stamina, sometimes cumming in the condom just as he was sliding the head inside his wife. He hoped the pill would help with that, just last long enough he could get it inside and plant his seed in her. Luckily, he was Sarah's only lover and she didn't know any better. She probably could have gone without sex entirely and when she was younger, she'd considered becoming a nun. A nun built like a stripper, but a nun nonetheless. That was part of the problem. He couldn't handle her body. It made his penis want to explode just looking at her. They had to have sex in the dark and even then, he was lucky to get five strokes in.

He glanced at his watch—10 p.m. Sarah was out with her girlfriends, probably sipping wine, her uptight shell cracking under the alcohol's spell. Booze always loosened her, made her less of the prim, church-going wife. Tonight, they'd make love without protection for the first time, and he'd show her he could be the man she needed. The thought sent a jolt through him, but it was tainted by fear—fear of failing her again. John secretly popped a second pill into his mouth, chasing it down with the whiskey.

The bar's door slammed open, Marcus and Tyrone swaggering in, their presence slicing through the crowd like a switchblade. Marcus, 6'4" and built like a goddamn tank, his dark black skin gleaming under the neon lights, radiated raw menace. His flat nose and broad lips framed an angry sneer that made John's stomach twist, a sneer that said he owned every room he walked into. Tyrone, 6'1" and leaner but no less imposing, his dark brown skin taut over rippling muscles, moved with the easy grace of a predator as he scanned the room for female prey. His lips curled up in a cocky grin, easier going than Marcus, but loud-mouthed and full of himself. Both reeked of pot and cheap beer, their clothes—a mix of faded tees and worn jeans—stretched tight over their frames. They were John's construction crew, insubordinate pricks who slacked on the job and mouthed off daily, but with the labor shortage strangling the warehouse, he couldn't

fire them. He was stuck, their arrogance a constant thorn in his side. He looked away hoping they would leave him alone with his thoughts.

Marcus slid onto the stool beside John, his bulk pinning him against the bar, the wooden edge digging into his ribs. “S’up, Bossman,” he boomed, smacking his shoulder hard enough to spill whiskey over the rim of the glass. “You here for the fight?” He sat on the stool backwards, facing the crowd.

John forced a tight grin, wiping the spill with his sleeve, the damp fabric sticking to his skin. “Just waitin’ on Callahan to smash Jackson. Shouldn’t take long.”

“Bullshit. Ain’t know white man can keep up with a black man,” said Tyrone, sitting on the stool on John’s right.

John stared at him. “Callahan’s undefeated!”

“So what?” said Tyrone.

Marcus chuckled. “Always bet on black.”

“Fifty bucks says Callahan wins,” said John.

“You’re on,” said Tyrone.

John was feeling cocky. “And with the odds in my favor, I’ll give each of you fifty if Jackson wins and you two only have to give me fifty if I win.”

“It’s a bet,” said Marcus reaching out for a beer, his biceps rivaling the black boxer on TV.

John took another sip. “But if I win you two have to show up to work on time for the next two weeks.”

“Keep it realistic, Bossman” said Tyrone laughing.

Marcus leaned with his back to the bar, his eyes scanning the bar—mostly white women in tight skirts and low-cut tops, giggling over margaritas with their husbands and boyfriends. Where John and Sarah came from, a small town where everyone looked like them, interracial hookups were unheard of, whispered about like scandals. But Marcus and Tyrone seemed to pull it off with ease, their charm—or maybe their audacity—drawing women like moths to a flame. John couldn’t understand it, they were big men, but not particularly attractive and Marcus was downright ugly with broad lips and a nose that looked like it had been smashed with a hammer.

For the next fifteen minutes, John sat and listened to the two black men commenting on every woman in the bar. “The redhead with her man over there keeps checking you out, Marc,” said Tyrone.

“Already fucked her. I was hoping for some fresh P, but if the place doesn’t pick up, might have to steal her from her white boy.”

John rolled his eyes. He knew the redhead, her “white boy” was her husband, married ten years, went to church with Sarah, Marcus was full of shit about fucking her, but she was flashing eyes at Marcus.

Tyrone threw his head back and laughed, a deep, rumbling sound that turned heads. His eyes locked on a curvy blonde by the jukebox, her ass swaying to some twangy country tune, her skirt riding up her thighs. She danced her way back to a man wearing a cowboy hat. “O’Malley’s ain’t the best place for finding pussy,” he complained. “Mostly a sausage party, but that blonde’s got a fine ass. Speakin’ of fine asses, where’s that hot wife of yours?”

John’s jaw clenched, his teeth grinding. “She’s out with friends until midnight. We’ve got a romantic evening planned for later. It’s our anniversary tomorrow.”

“Bossman gonna get laid tonight,” said Tyrone. “Happy anniversary.”

“Good for you, bossman,” added Marcus. He turned around as the boxers were entering the ring.

The TV flickered, static shredding the screen before cutting to black. All the TVs went out. The bar erupted in groans, glasses clinking in frustration. “Fuckin’ cable,” Marcus growled, slamming his beer bottle down, the glass wobbling on the sticky counter as foam poured out of the top.

“John, you been bragging about that big 50-inch at home, right?” Tyrone leaned in. “I heard about your super bowl party.”

John’s gut twisted, a cold knot forming. He deliberately hadn’t invited them to his disaster of a super bowl party. Sarah did not care for black people and she especially didn’t like Tyrone. She didn’t know Marcus, but had freaked when John told her they’d hired an ex-con. “Sorry guys, Sarah’ll lose her shit if you’re there. Plus, I just told you, we got plans for later?”

Tyrone grinned, all teeth, his eyes glinting with mischief. “Relax, boss. The fight ain’t gonna last that long. We won’t cock block you.”

“Yeah,” added Marcus. “Just long enough to win the bet. I ain’t given up getting some pussy tonight. I need to bust a nut something bad.”

John’s cheeks flamed, his pride bleeding out under their taunts. He’d never known men that talked like this. The whiskey and desire to win one over these two dulled his resolve. “Just until the fights over,” he muttered, hoping it wouldn’t go on too many rounds, but it never did with Callahan. Sarah was out until midnight anyway. “Then you two have to split.”

John’s beat-up Ford pickup rattled through the quiet suburban streets, the white picket fence outside his house glowing faintly under the headlights—a fragile barrier guarding the life he’d built with Sarah. His knuckles whitened on the steering wheel, his mind racing. If Sarah came

home to find Marcus and Tyrone sprawled in their living room, she'd erupt, her bitchy streak a force of nature that could shred him to pieces. Her temper was legendary, her tongue sharp enough to draw blood when she was crossed. Only her looks made her attitude tolerable. He glanced in the rearview mirror, Marcus's black Charger tailing close, its bass thumping like a heartbeat through the night so loud it was rattling John's windows. "Black folk," he muttered shaking his head.

In the Charger, Marcus gripped the wheel, his thick fingers flexing, his mind on pussy—or the lack of it. "Bar was a fuckin' desert," he bitched, adjusting his bulge, the denim straining to contain his monster cock. "Five years in the pen, and I'm still huntin' tail that ain't there. Balls are achin', bro."

Tyrone sprawled in the passenger seat, his long legs stretched out, a lazy grin on his face. "How much pussy you need to make up for them five years?"

"All of it," Marcus shot back, his voice rough. "I'm gonna take as much of the white man's pussy as I can to make up for lost time." He blamed society for putting him away, white cops, white judge, white jury, didn't matter that he'd robbed a liquor store.

Tyrone opened the glove compartment and flashed a VHS tape—Black Cocks, White Sluts—its cover worn from use. "Here's that tape I told you about."

"Thanks. It's lookin more and more like me and my hand got a date tonight with that grainy old video tape."

Tyrone snorted, scratching his jaw. "Fight will be quick. Then we'll ditch and hunt real pussy." "Speakin' of," added Tyrone, squeezing his cock through his jeans, the outline clear even in the dim light, a thick tubular lump running down one leg, "John's wife—Sarah? Bitchy as hell, but stacked—tits like melons, ass you could bounce a quarter off, resting bitch face, but gorgeous when she smiles. Saw her at the company Christmas party last year. Bitch wouldn't kiss me under my mistletoe hat. Didn't even find it funny. Heard her givin' John shit about it later. She wanted him to fire me. Gorgeous fair skin, blue-eyed and blonde like you like them."

Marcus's eyes glinted, his interest piqued. "She that hot?"

"Yeah, but wound tight," Tyrone replied, his grin widening. "White boy ain't hittin' it right—little white dick don't cut it for a woman like that. She needs dark meat to loosen her up."

Marcus laughed, deep and throaty, the sound filling the car. "Bet she'd shit herself seein' my black meat."

Tyrone nodded, his mind already fantasizing about John's wife, his cock twitching at the thought of Sarah's curves under his hands, but knowing she was unattainable.

John's house stood as a shrine to suburban wholesomeness—white siding gleaming under the moonlight, the lawn manicured to perfection, a cross-stitched “Home Sweet Home” pillow perched on the plush beige couch. The living room was a snapshot of Sarah's meticulous care: a polished oak coffee table held an old Bible, its cracked leather cover worn from generations of use. Inside, faded ink traced the genealogy of Sarah's family going back generations—births, marriages, deaths, her own entry scrawled thirty-two years ago in looping cursive. When they had children, their names would join the sacred list, a tradition Sarah clung to like a lifeline, her faith woven into every page. The air carried the faint scent of lavender from a candle she'd lit that morning.

“Beats our dump,” said Tyrone, taking a seat on the couch while John got them three beers out of the fridge.

Marcus paused at the photos on the mantel, their wedding picture, Sarah lovely in a sleeveless white gown, smiling and radiant, a couples portrait, a bitchy annoyed expression on her face, An older picture showed two stern looking parents and a younger Sarah dressed for Easter church service where no one was smiling. His eyes locked on one in particular: Sarah in a red bikini on their honeymoon, standing on a sun-drenched beach. Her 5'4" frame was a masterpiece of curves and contrasts—E-cup breasts strained the bikini top, their heavy, natural fullness spilling over the edges, the fabric barely containing their weight, her nipple indentations visible. Her narrow waist flared to wide, curvy hips, her round ass barely covered by the thong bottom, the cheeks firm and high. Her long blonde hair spilled over her shoulders, catching the sunlight, framing a heart-shaped face with piercing blue eyes that smoldered despite a forced smile, unhappy having her picture taken in such a scandalous bikini. Her toned legs, smooth and shapely, stretched down to delicate feet, toes curled in the sand. Her flat stomach, sculpted from hours of yoga, glistened with a sheen of sweat, her creamy porcelain skin flushed pink under the tropical sun. Marcus's cock twitched in his jeans, a low whistle escaping his lips. “Goddamn, John,” he said, his voice thick with lust, “you bagged a fuckin' porn star. Her ass is perfect. Titties like a strippers! Shit, man, she's built for fuckin'.”

John squirmed, the whiskey making his tongue sluggish as he handed Marcus a beer can. “Knock it off, Marcus,” he muttered, his voice tight, but the words lacked bite. His eyes flicked to the photo, a pang of jealousy mixing with the pill-fueled arousal stirring in his groin. Sarah was his, but Marcus's leer made him feel small, inadequate, like a boy playing at being a man. “She'd kill me if she knew you were staring at that picture.”

“Doesn't like black men?” he asked, still staring, her bikini clad image reflecting in his dark pupils.

“Yeah, well no, I mean, men in general. Well, she doesn't like anyone in her home.”

“You mean since your super bowl party?” chuckled Tyrone.

John blanched at the memory. He'd bought his new style Tv for super bowl XL to watch his beloved Steelers beat the Seahawks. Sarah had reluctantly agreed to allow a few of his coworkers over and it had been a disaster. She'd yanked the bikini picture off the wall when she caught the men staring at it, corrected the men every time she heard a curse word, and screamed at a man for placing his beer on the table without a coaster. She grabbed her beloved family bible off the table just in time when a beer was spilled, the liquid flowing towards it as if in slow motion. One by one, his coworkers had gotten up, heading to O'Malley's for the game and some peace and quiet until John was left alone with his still grumbling wife as his Steelers won the game. What should have been one of the happiest days of his life had become the most embarrassing. John was married to the hottest woman around and his coworkers felt sorry for him. He hadn't invited Tyrone, Sarah wouldn't have stood for a black man in her home and John couldn't stand Tyrone either, but apparently word had gotten back to him that he'd been left out. If it bothered Tyrone, he hadn't been invited, Tyrone didn't bring it up.

Tyrone flicked on the 50-inch TV, the screen flaring to life with ESPN reporting the fight's conclusion—Jackson's fist had smashed Callahan's jaw in round one, dropping him like a sack of bricks. Marcus and Tyrone whooped, their fists pounding the air, high-fiving, their laughter filling the room. "Black power, baby!" Tyrone grinned, his teeth flashing. "White boys don't measure up—on the mat or in the sack. Pay up, boss."

"Always bet on black," said Marcus, sitting on the couch and sipping his beer.

John bristled, staring at the TV in disbelief. Callahan was staring off into space swaying on his feet while a couple men were splashing water on his face and slapping his cheek. The fight was over twenty minutes ago and Callahan was still dazed. John fished a crumpled fifty from his wallet and tossed it onto the coffee table, the bill landing beside the Bible. He pictured Sarah screaming at him, "Dishonest money dwindles away, I don't want you gambling, John."

"Well damn, guess you two can get going then." He checked the twelve apostles wall clock. It was ticking on Simon the Zealot, 11:00pm. An hour to go until midnight, Judas Iscariot. John could be naked and in bed by the time Sarah got home for their first baby-making session.

Tyrone snatched up the fifty, his grin wicked.

"Where's mine?" asked Marcus, standing and looming over John.

Damn, Marcus was big, thought John feeling threatened as he looked up at the giant. "I'll bring it to work on Monday. Wasn't planning on losing a hundred bucks tonight." He stepped away from the hulking black brute and opened his door for the two men.

"Hold up, man, let us finish our beers," said Tyrone, slipping the bill into his pocket. "I Got somethin' else we can watch." He bolted to the Charger.

John stepped outside, suddenly smelling dope. Marcus stepped beside him, lighting a joint. “Put that shit out, Sarah’s got a nose like a bloodhound.” The air was sucking the smoke through his open door.

Marcus just inhaled and stared at him like he was a gnat he could swat away.

Tyrone slipped the Black Cocks, White Sluts sleeve off the cassette. The title sticker was marked out when he’d hid it from his parent years ago. He returned with the tape in hand. “Lighten up, boss. Take a hit, you wear the pants in the family.”

“Does he?” asked the brute, handing John the joint.

John felt goaded, but he took a hit just to show Marcus he was the man of the house and could make his own decisions. He coughed, holding it in. He hadn’t smoked pot in fifteen years and it hit him hard. “What’s that?”

Tyrone help up the cassette. “An action flick we can watch.” He took the joint from John and took a hit.

“But Sarah?” said John.

“Just until we finish our beers, then we’re gone,” replied Tyrone. He passed the joint towards Marcus. The black man grinned, his teeth reflecting white in the streetlight. He passed, nodding towards John.

Tyrone grinned back, skipping Marcus and handing John the joint. The man of the house took a deep hit. “Finish it, boss.” John hesitated, but took a drag—then another, deeper, at their insistence, the heat burning his fingers. The world tilted fast, his head swimming, limbs heavy as lead. His thoughts blurred. He stood silently, swaying slightly, as out of it as Callahan had been after getting knocked out.

They stumbled back inside, Tyrone slotting the tape into John’s VCR/DVD combo machine. John collapsed in his recliner staring at the TV while the black men sat on the couch. He was with it enough to check the time. 11:20, forty minutes until Judas.

The screen flared to life, grainy and flickering—a blonde, Sarah’s spitting image, stepped from a shower, water beading on her obviously fake EE tits. She dried her buxom figure off and slowly began rubbing oil into her breasts and belly. John’s dick swelled, the ED meds kicking in.

“What’s this?” he slurred. “You said it was an action movie.”

“Wait until you see the action, boss,” replied Tyrone.

Her doorbell rang. She wrapped a towel around her body and answered the door. Two black studs burst in, hawking “marital aids” with exaggerated grins. They were pushing a large foot-long black dildo. She told them she might be interested in a realistic one, six inches like her husband’s. “These realistic enough for you,” they said. Their pants hit the floor—12-inch and 11-

inch cocks sprang free, thick, veined, and pulsing. John's blurry eyes widened, convinced the pot was playing tricks on him. She sank to her knees, sucking one while jerking the other, her moans filling the room, the wet sounds of her mouth obscene. John's penis was rock hard, trying to break out of his pants. He hadn't seen porn since he was a teen and never an interracial one.

Marcus leaned back on the couch, his legs spread wide, smirking. "Check that white pussy takin' black cock. She's lovin' every inch."

Tyrone nodded, his eyes locked on the screen, his favorite movie from his childhood years. "Big black cocks stretchin' her wide. Told ya white boys don't measure up."

John stared, mesmerized, his cock throbbing under the pills' spell. Shame burned in his chest, but he couldn't look away, the blonde's face blurring into Sarah's, her moans echoing in his skull.

The clock ticked closer to midnight.

The blonde kneeled, smiling up at the men, tongue out while they jerked off their black cocks, voluminous cum landing on her tongue and splattering her face.

Marcus lit another joint on the couch, sharing it with Tyrone. The room filled with the sweet-smelling smoke, but John barely noticed, his eyes glued to the TV.

The next scene started, another blonde, huge tits, white blouse, black skirt was supervising detention. Two, obviously adult black men were in student chairs. She'd caught them fucking cheerleaders in the lockers. They asked if she liked what she saw. Soon they were rubbing their teacher's legs as she sat on her desk. She kneeled, jerking off two-foot-long dark black cocks.

"Best movie ever," said Tyrone, finishing off the joint and dropping the roach on the table. He turned his head noticing headlights in the drive. Sarah's friend was dropping her off. The car backed up and drove off. He elbowed Marcus, looking forward to the bitchy wife giving their boss hell. The entertainment had arrived.

Sarah stumbled through the front door at midnight, her tight skirt clinging to her hips like a second skin, her blouse stretched taut over her curves, dressed sexier than she preferred, but her friends encouraged her to flaunt it. Drunk, her long blonde hair a wild halo around her heart-shaped face, her blue eyes glassy from too much wine, she froze in the doorway, eyes ablaze with rage. It was difficult for a woman so beautiful to look unattractive, but the scowl on her face somehow managed it. "JOHN!" she screamed. Her husband jumped in the chair. He'd been so engrossed in the movie; he hadn't heard her arrive. The acrid stench of pot hit her first, curling into her nostrils, followed by the sight of the two black men sprawled on her couch, their bulk dwarfing the delicate furniture. She coughed, waving her hand before her face, her lungs filling with marijuana smoke for the first time. She gasped, inhaling more. The TV blared porn, the blonde's moans a knife to her senses. Her eyes flashed to the TV screen, eyebrows raising in

shock and horror before darting back to the black men. She recognized the lazy black Tyrone, but he was almost invisible behind a huge giant of a man that could have been a black-skinned version of the Philistine, Goliath. “What is the meaning of this?” she snapped, her voice sharp despite the drunken slur, her hands planting on her hips. “Why does it smell like a drug den in my house? And why are these nig... men here, in my home?”

John, stoned and sluggish, fumbled to his feet, his tongue thick in his mouth. “Sarah, I—we were just watching the fight, I—” His legs gave out and he fell back in the chair.

Her gaze snapped to the screen, where a blonde rode a black stud, her pussy gaping around his massive cock, the wet sounds of penetration filling the room. “PORN! My god John, what were you think...” Sarah’s tirade choked off, her jaw dropping, her blue eyes widening in shock. A second black man had appeared, a massive black penis sticking out from his crotch. To Sarah’s horror, the blonde, a white woman, wrapped her lips around the man’s penis, sucking it while still riding another black man the base of his penis appearing as thick as her wrist. Their things are so big, she thought, her pastor’s warnings—pornography corrupts the righteous, leads good Christians to ruin—drowned by a surge of heat between her legs that betrayed her faith. Her nipples stiffened, pressing against the sheer fabric of her bra, a flush creeping up her neck. She wanted to scream, to throw them out, but her body rooted her to the spot, her thighs pressing together instinctively. She was aware of pornography, but had never seen such filth and her eyes were frozen on the screen, her breathing slowly increasing, inhaling more of the sweet smoke, feeling strangely relaxed by the situation.

“Like what you see, Sarah?” asked Tyrone, noticing the change in her. “You ever seen a big black cock before? Look how it fills that white pussy. That blondes never been fucked so good.”

“Stop talking filth in my home, Tyrone!” she muttered, no longer yelling, her voice trembling as she stared in fascination at the TV screen. “They’re so big,” she muttered. “This is... it’s disgusting! This is a Christian home!” Yet she stood frozen, staring at her TV.

Marcus chuckled, undeterred, his eyes raking over her body. “Just callin’ it like it is, bitch. Look at that white slut take it—lovin’ every black inch.”

“What did you just call me?” Her voice rising again, finally turning to look at the giant black man. “Who are you?”

“This my boy, Marcus,” answered Tyrone.

Sarah’s jaw fell open and she staggered backward. “THE CRIMINAL!” She turned her attention back on her husband. “JOHN!” He’d shrunken into his chair, trying to disappear in it. Her eyes fell back on the TV behind John. Again, she froze in shock. The black man was jerking off a foot long penis ejaculating his seed across the white woman’s face and breasts. She laid down, the second black man kneeling between her legs, jerking off a cock slightly smaller, but immensely thick. Semen blasted out of it, plastering the woman’s breasts, belly, and matting her blonde

pubic hair. “So... disgusting,” she muttered, again frozen in place. The woman slowly rubbing the man’s seed into her breasts like she’d enjoyed her filthy baptism.

Tyrone stood. She didn’t resist when he grabbed her shoulders, the first time she’d ever been touched by a black man. He led her backward, sitting her down between him and Marcus on the couch. John frowned, seeing Sarah sandwiched between two black men was something he wouldn’t have believed possible.

“Take a load off, Sarah. Let’s watch the next scene. It’s one of my favorites.” Tyrone’s hand started rubbing her back, a casual touch that sent a jolt through her. Marcus placed one dark black hand over her bare knee, squeezing it.” She reached down and pulled his hand away just as Tyrone pulled up the back of her blouse, his hand slipping inside rubbing her bare back. She reached behind her to stop him, but he grabbed her wrist. “Keep watching, Sarah,” he ordered.

The screen showed another blonde, laying spread eagled on a bed. Her wrists tied; her eyes blindfolded. “This is kinky, honey,” she said, squirming, pulling on her bound wrists. “Hurry up and fuck me.”

A naked white man opened the door and let two black men in the room. They were nude, two more huge cocks hard and ready aimed at the blindfolded blonde. One of the men looked like an actor in the last scene. The white man sat down in a chair stroking a penis, slightly bigger than John’s, but dwarfed by the negroes, while a black man crawled between the woman’s legs and started licking the woman’s vagina. Sarah gasped loudly. “Look at those big black cocks, Sarah,” whispered Tyrone. “The blonde slut doesn’t know what she’s in for.”

“They’re so big,” she whispered. Marcus put his hand back on her knees. She grabbed his wrist, trying to remove it, but he kept it there and she gave up.

“How big is John, huh? Tell us.” Tyrone’s fingers slid under her bra strap, arching, his nails scratching her back. He stopped at the small of her back, gently massaging it. She fought off a moan. His hand felt good. Marcus slid his hand up and down her thigh squeezing tightly. It felt kind of good, also. “How big?” he asked again.

Sarah flushed, her cheeks burning, but the wine loosened her tongue. “Five inches, maybe six, I don’t know,” she admitted, her voice barely above a whisper.

Her eyes watched the black man feed his giant penis into the blonde woman. She seemed confused, struggling, calling for her husband, slowly raising her hips into the black man’s cock. “I don’t know who you are, Mr. Big Cock, but fuck me,” she squealed. The second black man came around and kneeled by her head bending his mighty shaft down and turning her head. She began sucking his huge penis. Maeve gasped, the forbidden images on TV reflecting in her eyes as she stared.

Marcus snorted, leaning closer, his breath hot on her ear, his hand sliding further up her thigh, the sensation sharp and unwelcome. “Five inches ain’t so bad for a white boy. How big is it hard?”

She tore her eyes from the screen long enough to stare at her husband. He was squeezing an obviously erect penis through his pants. Her lip briefly curled up in disgust before turning her eyes back on the TV. "Five inches when erect," she muttered, staring at the blonde woman, now on all fours, no longer blindfolded. The black man was rapidly taking her with his entire penis, pushing her mouth down the other black man's penis while he kneeled in front of her. How was she taking that ungodly monster? It had to be fake.

Sarah swatted Marcus' hand as it was getting dangerously close to her arousal soaking her panties. Undeterred, he moved his hand to her breasts, squeezing and kneading it, her resistance feeble, her eyes flicking from his hand to the screen despite herself. The blonde's moans were relentless, her body twisting in pleasure. "It's manipulated," Sarah said, her voice unsteady, clinging to denial, fighting a moan as Marcus' finger rubbed over one nipple. It was so hard it was poking through her top. "Some kind of trick, CGI. They're too big to be real."

Tyrone was still holding her wrist. He moved her hand down to his lap. "That feel real to you?"

Sarah gasped, resisting the urge to squeeze the bulge beneath his jeans, but she could feel the growing pressure, the heat coming off it. He released her wrist, her hand slowly sliding down the thick length before she jerked her hand away.

"Still don't believe it, Sarah?" he asked.

"I don't," she said, struggling and using both hands to pull Marcus' hand off her breast. "Some kind of trick."

"Mines as big as the actor she's blowing. Marcus' is even bigger."

"I don't believe you."

"Wanna bet?" Tyrone stood, his movements slow and deliberate, his fingers unbuttoning his jeans. "If I'm as big as I say, you strip off that blouse and skirt," he said, his voice a low challenge.

Sarah scoffed, the alcohol and contact high making her reckless, her blue eyes flashing with defiance. "Fine," she said, her chin lifting. "If it isn't, you're out of my house." She looked smug. "And you quit your job," she added.

Tyrone unbuttoned his pants, watching her eyes follow the downward movement of his zipper. They widened slightly when his bulging white underwear appeared, his cock already swelling and trying to push up through the hem. Sarah's breath caught in her throat when he pulled his underwear out and down. His 10-inch penis, thick and uncut, pulsed in the air, the dark brown skin glistening under the living room lights. The thing was hideous, reminding her of a bloated sea cucumber she'd seen snorkeling on her honeymoon. The head was partially covered by a darker wrinkly fold of skin, the tip of his glans peeking out through it, so different from John's thin five-inch penis. Tyrone was twice as long as John and nearly four times as thick. "Dear

god,” she gasped, her hand flying to her mouth, her eyes wide with shock and a forbidden curiosity. Marcus leaned in, unbuttoning her blouse while her attention was on Tyrone’s penis. Her eyes widened as Tyrone grabbed beneath the crown and pulled the foreskin back, the head, smooth and serpentine, emerging and suddenly it didn’t look so ugly. The urethra was long and dripping pre cum. She wiggled her shoulders letting Marcus slide her blouse off.

“You try,” urged Tyrone, releasing the hideous black monstrosity. It bobbed hypnotically before her eyes.

Sarah reached out, her curiosity getting the best of her, shuddering as she touched it, grabbing the thick part beneath the head. Her fingertips didn’t even touch it was so girthy. She’d only touched John to guide him inside her, but this was something unimaginably different.

She jumped, confused. Marcus was kneeling between her legs, pulling on the hem of her skirt. She didn’t fight it, raising her hips to help him pull her skirt off.

He threw her skirt aside, removing her heels first tossing them under the coffee table, leaving her clad in a lacy black bra and matching panties, an anniversary surprise for her husband, supposed to be for his eyes only. Her EE breasts strained the bra, their full, natural curves spilling over the edges, the sheer fabric revealing pink nipples already hard and straining at the fabric. Her wide hips flared from a narrow waist, her round ass firm and high, the panties cutting high to expose her creamy thighs. Her flat, athletically toned stomach led to a shaved blonde strip peeking through the lace, her long, shapely legs trembling slightly, her delicate feet bare on the carpet.

John gaped, his stoned haze thickening, his prick throbbing despite the betrayal unfolding before him. Sarah had worn the bikini for him once, one their honeymoon, and one-piece suits since. Her underwear was practical, white, bras designed to hold her bosom still. The closest she came to the sexy underwear was her tight two-piece workout clothes, but she didn’t keep in shape to show off her body. She believed it was god’s word. Bodies are temples to the holy spirit, honor god with your bodies. Seeing Sarah in her underwear wedged between two black men, staring fascinated at Tyrone’s fat ugly cock combined with his ED meds had his penis rock hard. He slowly unbuttoned his pants and lowered the zipper.

Tyrone stared down at Sarah’s hand gliding along his shaft. She raised it slightly, jaw dropping when she saw the size of the testicles dangling beneath. “It’s so big,” she gasped.

“Marcus is even bigger,” he said.

“No,” she said, shaking her head.

“Another two inches at least.”

“Impossi...” she froze, her brain suddenly comprehending that the huge black man probably did has a foot long penis.”

“If he doesn’t the underwear comes off?”

Sarah nodded, looking over at Marcus. Her hand seemed reluctant to release Tyrone's penis, but she willed herself to let go. Her attention turned; Tyrone pulled his shirt off over his head and started pushing his pants down. His fat cock bobbing before him.

Marcus rose, unbuckling his belt with a slow, deliberate motion. "My turn," he said, his voice a growl. His jeans fell with his underwear, revealing a 12-inch cock, darker, veined, and circumcised, the head a deep purple, pulsing with raw power, thicker than the shaft. It was rock hard, had been for a while.

Sarah's breath hitched, a soft "Mercy..." escaping her lips, her eyes locked on the monstrous shaft, so much larger than anything she'd imagined. It was actually magnificent; a perfect purple black shaft compared to the bloated ugliness of Tyrone's hooded penis. He stepped closer and she reached out, pausing, staring mesmerized at the huge bulbous head. It was the size of a small black apple with large flaring glands.

"Touch that black snake, woman," he growled. "It don't bite."

Sarah gasped. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die. She raised her hand, fingers outstretched. She shouldn't touch another man's penis, but it was too tempting. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be open. Marcus moved his hips, letting the dark apple brush her fingers. Sarah closed her fingers around the head, shuddering as she took the bulbous knob in her hand. And the woman saw that the tree was good for food and was pleasant to the eyes. She ran her hand down the long shaft, the head spitting precum. Now that she was touching it, she didn't want to let go. And the woman took of the fruit thereof, and did eat.

Tyrone unhooked her bra, her EE tits spilling free, firm and heavy, their pink nipples already sticking out. The tip of his penis grazed the pale flesh of her breast as he pulled her bra off. It left a slimy trail on her. Marcus leaned in, her hand slowly stroking his shaft, yanking her panties down, baring her blonde strip, another surprise for John, her womanhood glistening with arousal, the lips swollen and pink. "Look at this tight white pussy," he growled, sliding a thick finger along her slit, the touch sending a shiver through her.

A river ran within her, and it's swelling made glad the temple of her body.

Sarah was soaked, her body betraying her faith, her thighs trembling as she stood exposed. The contact made her stroke his penis faster. She gasped as he pushed his meaty finger inside her before withdrawing it.

He stood, sniffing his wet finger once before reaching down and pulling the T-shirt over his head. Marcus's prison-honed bulk, his dark black skin sculpted from years inside, every muscle carved like stone. He stepped back, her hand sliding up his shaft until she let go. He bent pushing down his pants. "So big," Sarah murmured, her eyes tracing Marcus's biceps, his broad chest, his abs like a washboard. "I've never seen so many muscles."

“Five years liftin’ in the pen,” Marcus grinned, flexing his bicep, his cock thrust out like a battering ram.

Tyrone stepped closer. Tyrone’s lean, rippling muscles, his dark brown skin taut and smooth. Marcus stepped next to him, darker, bulkier, their huge penises bobbing hypnotically a foot from her face.

“Why are they different?” Sarah’s hands trembled as she reached out, her fingers brushing Tyrone’s cock first, pausing at the foreskin. “What is this?” she asked, her voice soft, almost childlike, as she gently pulled it back, revealing the glistening head, the texture foreign and fascinating.

“Uncut,” Tyrone said, his voice low. “More cock for you, Sarah.”

“Unclean,” she hissed. The uncircumcised male has broken the covenant with god. She pulled back, but kept her left hand on his shaft, pulling his foreskin up to cover the glans before pulling it down, watching the plum-sized head emerge.

“Why don’t you compare us?” asked Marcus.

She raised her right hand grabbing the longer shaft. She stroked him, her fingers tracing the thick veins, the skin darker than anything she’d touched, not as bloated as Tyrone, but still so thick her fingers didn’t touch. “You’re just like the men in the movie,” she gasped, her eyes flickering from fat brown shaft to the darker black one. How big?” she mumbled, stunned, her blue eyes wide.

“Ten inches,” Tyrone said, nodding to his own.

“Just over a foot long.” Marcus said, smugly, his broad nostrils flaring.

“So much bigger than John’s,” she murmured, her voice barely audible, her hands stroking both, marveling at their girth, the dark skin, the massive balls hanging low and full—nothing like John’s skinny white penis. “Why are your penises so big?” she asked, her mind reeling.

“They ain’t penises,” growled Marcus. “Their cocks.”

“What’s the difference?”

“Cocks,” Tyrone added, “Are bigger, blacker.”

“Made for fuckin’,” added Marcus. “Those ain’t no tiny white boy penises you’re holding.”

“No, they’re not,” Sarah agreed, their language causing inner turmoil. Made for fuckin’. Her vagina was quivering at the sight of these monster... cocks. Ezekiel 23:20 “She lusted after her lovers, whose members were like those of donkeys and whose issue was like that of horses.” It was about the lust for foreign men, and black men were foreign to her mind set.

Marcus and Tyrone closed in, leaning over her, their presence overwhelming, their hands claiming Sarah's trembling body with a confidence that made her heart race. She released their shafts, her hands on their chests trying to push them away. Marcus's lips scorched her neck, his breath hot and rough, his teeth grazing her creamy skin, sending shivers cascading down her spine. Each nip was deliberate, a spark igniting her nerves, her body betraying her with a flush that spread from her cheeks to her chest. Tyrone knelt before her, his dark brown hands cupping her breasts, his thumbs brushing her pink nipples until they stiffened so hard they raised her areola off her pale breasts. He sucked one into his mouth, his tongue flicking the sensitive tip, then pulling it deep, the suction sending a jolt straight to her core. Sarah's breath hitched, her hands quit pushing against their hard chests, instead sliding over their black slightly sweaty skin—Marcus's bulging biceps, Tyrone's chiseled abs—marveling at the stark contrast of their dark flesh against her pale, porcelain hands. Her breasts heaved with each ragged breath, their heavy curves swaying, the skin flushed pink, her nipples throbbing under Tyrone's assault. Her wide hips flared from a narrow waist, her round, firm ass quivering as she shifted, her creamy thighs trembling, her shaved blonde landing strip glistening with arousal, her vaginal lips swollen and slick. This isn't right, she thought, her pastor's voice echoing in her mind—flee from temptation, lest you fall—but her body burned, a traitor to her faith, her womanhood dampening her inner thighs with every touch. Her hands sliding back down to grasp and stroke their large black... cocks.

“Honey?” she whimpered, her blue eyes catching a glimpse of John between the two black bodies. He sat frozen on the armchair, his hand wrapped around his pitiful five-inch penis, stroking slowly, his eyes, zoned out glassy with a mix of lust and shame. His face was flushed, his breaths shallow, the ED pills fueling his arousal even as his marriage unraveled before him. Sarah's heart twisted filled with contempt John's behavior—He's my husband, my covenant with God—but the heat in her core drowned her guilt, her body craving the men who now owned her attention, her lust growing by the second.

Marcus silenced her with a rough kiss, his lips crushing hers, his tongue plunging deep, claiming her mouth with a hunger that stole her breath. The taste of beer and pot smoke overwhelmed her senses, his broad lips pressing hard, his hand tangling in her blonde hair, pulling just enough to make her gasp. He broke the kiss, pulling back. Tyrone slapped his 10-inch cock against her cheek, the heavy thud jolting her, the musky scent filling her nose. “You a good cocksucker, Sarah?” he taunted, his voice dripping with challenge, his dark brown eyes glinting with amusement.

She flushed, her cheeks burning, shaking her head, staring cross-eyed down his unclean cock while Marcus licked her ear, her neck. “Never... not even with John,” she admitted, her voice soft, almost ashamed. “It's unnatural, dirty.” Her pastor's sermons rang in her ears—Honor god with thy mouth—but her eyes darted to Tyrone's cock, so close to her lips.

Tyrone grinned, gripping her hair gently, guiding her face closer. “Guess it’s time for you to get dirty then,” he said, his voice low and commanding. He pressed the thick head to her lips, smearing precum across them, the salty tang flooding her senses, both repulsive and intoxicating. Sarah trembled, holding her lips tight. “Open bitch,” he growled. She jerked at his sharp tone, his voice authoritative and commanding. She parted her mouth, tentative, her tongue grazing the foreskin, marveling at its texture—smooth yet firm, sliding back to reveal the glistening head, the ridge catching her lips. She grabbed the base of his shaft to hold it steady, opening wider as he pulled her head forward. Her jaw stretched, struggling with his girth, her lips wrapping tight around the shaft, the weight heavy on her tongue. She gagged as he pushed deeper, drool dribbling down her chin, pooling on the tops of her breasts, but his hand held her steady, guiding her into a clumsy rhythm. Lord, forgive me, she prayed, her mind screaming, but her tongue swirled, exploring the ridges, the heat, the sheer size overwhelming her senses. The foreskin moved under her lips, a new sensation that fascinated her, her fingers brushing the shaft, feeling the veins pulse. Her hand slid under, cupping his heavy scrotum, one full testicle filled her palm. He pulled her head, bucking his hips. Sarah choked, struggling until he released her and she could pull back.

Marcus watched, stroking his 12-inch cock, its dark length glistening, the circumcised head a deep purple, veins bulging like cords. “My turn, slut,” he growled, slapping it against her other cheek, the weight making her flinch. She turned, her lips stretching wider, her throat constricting as she took him in, her blue eyes watering, tears streaking her flushed cheeks. His cock head was bigger, harder to manage, the head hitting her gag reflex with each bob, the musky scent stronger, filling her nose with every breath, overwhelmingly masculine. “Fuck, yeah,” he groaned, his hips rocking slightly, feeding her more, his hand tangling in her hair, pulling her closer. She stared up Marcus’ torso, his body ebon masculine perfection, his ugly negroid face sneering down at her. It didn’t seem so unnatural anymore to be servicing such a perfect black cock. She felt strangely grateful. A moan of lust rose in the back of her throat as she submitted and she began sucking Marcus’ cock harder. Her moans vibrated around him, a deep hum that sent pleasure shooting through him, her resistance crumbling as she surrendered to the act. His cock was a beast, the veins stretching her lips, the smooth head pressing against the back of her throat, her jaw aching from the effort. He released her head and she grabbed the base of his shaft with both hands, bobbing her head rapidly, staring up at him, filled with a desire to please the man.

Tyrone grabbed her arm and pulled her off the couch. Sarah fell to her knees, the two men towering over her. She grabbed Marcus’ shaft, pulling his cock back toward her mouth, but Tyrone grabbed her hair twisting it back towards his cock, pushing it past her lips. She sucked, relaxing her gag reflex though still not managing to get much past the head in her mouth. Her hand stroked Marcus while she did her best to please Tyrone.

She alternated, sucking Tyrone, then Marcus, her hands jerking what her mouth couldn’t take, her fingers barely circling their girths. Her technique grew bolder, sloppy but eager, her lips

sliding along Tyrone's shaft, the foreskin gliding under her tongue, then stretching to accommodate Marcus's less thick, circumcised length. She cupped their heavy balls, rolling them gently, marveling at their size—each pair dwarfing John's, hanging low and full, the skin taut and warm. So wrong, but so good, she thought, her pussy clenching with need, her juices dripping onto the carpet, her EE breasts quivering with each movement, her pink nipples brushing their thighs, her round ass swaying as she leaned forward.

The porn played on the TV, the blonde that so resembled Sarah now kneeling before two black men in a parody of what was happening in the living room of the Miller's good Christian home. The blonde's moans mirroring Sarah's own rising desire, the bassline pulsing through the room, amplifying the heat in her core.

Tyrone's breath quickened, his balls tightening under her fingers. "Gonna cum, bitch," he growled, thrusting faster, his cock hitting the back of her throat. She tried to pull back, her eyes wide with panic, but his hand held her firm, her blonde hair wrapped around his fingers. He erupted, hot spurts flooding her mouth, the tangy taste overwhelming, a mix of salt and musk that shocked her senses, not at all unpleasant. She swallowed, her throat working, gulping down several more mouthfuls, liking it more and more with each gulp, the warmth sliding down, some dribbling from her lips, streaking her chin and splattering her EE breasts. "Good girl," he rasped, pulling out, a strand of cum stretching from her mouth to his cock, snapping as he stepped back. She licked her lips, lusting for it, wanting more of his seed.

Marcus fisted his cock, his eyes locked on her cum-streaked face, her blue eyes dazed with shock that she'd just swallowed a black man's seed and liked it. "Open wide, slut," he ordered, his voice a command. She obeyed, her mouth a perfect O, her tongue extended, and he blasted her, ropes of thick cum streaking her cheeks, forehead, and tits. One strand caught her eyelash, another dripped to her collarbone, a third splattered her EE breasts, coating her pink nipples, the sticky warmth pooling in the valley between them. She gasped, dazed, the sensation a brand of her submission, her body humming with forbidden pleasure as he marked her. Forgive me, lord, she thought, her thighs pressing together, grateful the two men were spent and her womanhood was safe from their voluminous seed.

Marcus grabbed her chin, tilting her face up, his thumb smearing his cum across her lips. "Look at you, baptized by black jizz," he said, his voice low and mocking. "Ain't no goin' back now, Sarah." He pushed his semen covered thumb in her mouth, her lips clamping down around it to suck his seed off, knowing that was what he wanted and filled with a strange desire to please him.

Tyrone stepped closer, towering over her, his cock already hardening again, the foreskin sliding back as he stroked. "Ready for round two, baby?" he asked, guiding her hand back to his shaft.

"How?" she mumbled, feeling it swell in her hand, believing she was safe from further sin. She stroked, mesmerized by its weight, the texture of the foreskin under her fingers, the veins pulsing

with renewed life. Marcus joined, their cocks looming over her like twin towers, dark and imposing. She sucked them again, alternating, her lips swollen, her throat sore but hungry. She took Tyrone deep, her nose brushing his pubes, the musky scent intoxicating, then switched to Marcus, gagging as he hit the back of her throat, her tears mixing with the cum on her face. Her hands worked in sync, jerking one while sucking the other, her moans a constant hum, her large breasts bouncing, her nipples grazing their thighs, her ass swaying rhythmically.

“Damn Sarah,” grunted Tyrone when her lips nearly kissed his pubes. “We’ll make a cocksucker out of you yet.”

“Sluts a natural,” agreed Marcus when her lips managed to get two-thirds of the way down his shaft.

Sarah flushed with elation and pride. She was getting better sucking their black cocks and so far, they seemed satisfied with blow jobs, keeping her marriage vows safe from their weapons.

She explored every inch—licking Tyrone’s foreskin, sucking the head, tasting the precum that leaked from the slit, then tracing Marcus’s veins with her tongue, her lips stretching to take his girth. Her breasts swayed heavily, their weight pulling at her chest, her pink nipples aching for touch, her round ass jiggling with each movement. The porn’s bassline pulsed, the blonde now taking two cocks on screen, her screams echoing Sarah’s own rising need. Good Christian wives don’t suck black cocks, she thought, her mind clinging to fragments of her vows, but her body craved more, her hands and mouth worshipping their cocks with desperate fervor, her pussy throbbing, begging to be filled. She fought the urge to touch herself sinfully.

They pushed her further, Tyrone guiding her head to keep taking him deeper, her throat constricting, her gags muffled by his girth. Marcus slapped his cock against her cheek, then her lips, the head leaving a trail of precum. “Say you love black cock?” he growled, his voice thick with satisfaction. He swung his cock back and forth, smacking her cheeks with the hard head. “Say it!”

“I love black cock,” she moaned, turning her head in an attempt to take him back in her mouth, her pussy dripping, her breasts heaving, her blue eyes glazed with lust.

John gasped when she said it, his hand a blur on his five-inch cock, his face a mask of arousal and despair. He wanted to stop this, to reclaim his wife, but the pills and pot kept him rooted, his body betraying him as much as Sarah’s betrayed her vows. Her moans, her eagerness, her transformation into something he didn’t recognize—it tore at him, but his cock throbbed, leaking precum, his shame buried under the haze.

Tyrone pulled out, his cock slick with her spit, glistening under the living room lights. She turned to take Marcus, but Tyrone held her still, his eyes glinting with hunger. “Time to black that white pussy.”

“No,” she gasped as they grabbed her arms and pulled her to her feet.

“Gonna turn you out for the black man,” he added.

“Please,” she begged, her vagina quivering with need. “Let me suck you.”

Tyrone flipped Sarah onto all fours on the couch, her knees sinking into the plush beige cushions, her round ass high and vulnerable, the creamy skin flushed a deep pink. Her huge breasts hung heavy, swaying with each ragged breath, their heavy weight pulling at her chest, her pink nipples hard as pebbles, brushing the fabric below. Her wide hips flared from a narrow waist, her toned stomach taut, her long, shapely legs trembling, spread wide to expose her shaved blonde landing strip, her pussy lips swollen, pink, and glistening with arousal. Her long blonde hair spilled over her shoulders, sticking to her sweaty back or falling over her shoulders, her blue eyes wide with a mix of fear and anticipation, her heart pounding like a drum. Her eyes frozen on the TV, the blonde slut on all fours like she was, getting fucked like an animal from behind. This can't be happening, she thought, her pastor's voice a faint whisper—Thy marriage bed kept pure, for God will judge the adulterer and all the sexually immoral. —but her body ached, her pussy throbbing, begging to be filled, her faith crumbling under the weight of her desire. She had to know.

Tyrone knelt behind her, his 10-inch cock glistening with her spit, the foreskin partially covering the head, He placed his hands on the firm outthrust contours of her rear end, the dark brown skin a stark contrast to her pale ass flesh. He pressed the thick head to her entrance, teasing her slick folds, the touch sending a shiver through her. “Gonna be black only when I'm done with you, Sarah?” he rasped, his hands gripping her hips, his thumbs spreading her cheeks to expose her puckered rosebud and her quivering pussy, the pink lips parting slightly, eager, revealing the tight entrance within. He grinned in triumph when he saw how wet she was, her lips, clit and both inner thighs glistened in the light. The head of his cock, drooling precum, bobbing slightly barely touching her wetness.

Sarah's breath caught, her body tensing, her mind racing. “Please... use a condom,” she begged, her voice trembling, her blue eyes darting in fear to her glassy-eyed husband, then to Marcus, who stood nearby, stroking his cock. “It's a bad time, too risky. I've never been... not without protection.” Her voice cracked, her fear real—her cycle was at its peak, her womb fertile, her and John's special night, ovulation on their anniversary, perfect timing... or not. The thought of pregnancy terrifying, especially under these circumstances. “Please?” she begged, her hands gripping the armrests, her knuckles white. “Put a condom on.”

“Don't have any, Sarah,” he said, pressing his cock against her pussy. Sarah jerked, feeling the hard weapon slowly pushing her vaginal lips apart. “Better fucking bareback anyway.”

“JOHN!” she squealed, eyes wide with alarm. Her vagina was being stretched wide open by Tyrone's huge cock head. “Get one of your condoms.”

John tried to push himself up while pulling on his pants. Marcus turned, stepping closer, his black cock bobbing in front of him, the circumcised head glistening. John stared down at the monster in horror. “Sit down, white boy. Your little rubbers wouldn't fit us,” he said, his voice a

growl. “Too small for real men.” He nodded down towards John’s skinny five-inch dick still rock hard and covered in dribbled runny semen. John sank back down in his chair, staring at Tyrone. He could see most of that fat black dick sticking out from his wife’s thighs. The arrogant black bastard was taking his prize, the first man to have Sarah bareback.

“OH!” she said in surprise, her vagina stretching further than ever as the head slipped in. Sarah’s cheeks burned, her panic rising, her voice desperate. “Please, I can’t get pregnant by a nig— another man,” she gasped, catching herself mid-slur, her eyes wide with horror at the word she’d nearly spoken. Her pastor’s sermons on purity, on the sanctity of marriage, flooded her mind, but her body trembled, her vagina squeezing around the head, contracting inward in an effort to get more, liking what it was feeling so far.

Tyrone grinned, his cock pressing harder against her entrance, the thicker part under the head parting her lips. “Never had it raw before?” he asked, his voice thick with satisfaction. “I’m honored you want me to be the first. Once I get every inch of bare black dick up in yo pussy, you’ll be begging me to fuck you.” Her hard pale ass was starting to quiver. Tyrone squeezed her cheeks, pulling back and forcing more of his cock in her.

He pushed in, the thick head pushing deeper, her folds parting under the pressure, the sensation a mix of pain and pleasure that made her cry out. “Oh, Lord, it’s so big,” she gasped, her voice raw, her body shaking, her breasts jiggling with the motion. “Too thick.” The pressure was intense—John’s five inches had never prepared her for this, the girth reshaping her, the foreskin rubbing her walls, a foreign texture that sent sparks through her core. “Don’t cum in me,” she pleaded again, her mind clinging to her plea, but her body yielded, her pussy clenching around him, easing his entry with her juices. “Please pull out.”

“You’ll know when I’m close,” he grunted, pulling back and pushing in.

It wasn’t a promise, but his words reassured her. Sarah relaxed focusing on what she was feeling, the fullness in her pussy... womanhood, the awakened nerve endings. She pushed back into his thrust, the giant head of his cock pushing deeper than John had ever been. The intensity, the building pressure in her core... no her womb, it was making her body tremble. John had never felt this good. Nothing had ever felt this good. She moaned loudly, pushing back into the thick black cock, trying to get the tip as close to the building pressure as possible. It was so intense she was starting to fear this new feeling... “JOHN!” she screamed in fear as her womb exploded sending waves of pleasure outwards through her body. She threw her head back and wailed as her vagina squirted all over the black cock, squeezing the girthy shaft, contracting inwards like it wanted more.

“That’s it white girl, cum all over that black dick,” grunted Tyrone, pulling his hand off her cheek and slapping her ass.

John moaned in defeat, his little prick hard again, his hand jerking. There was no mistaking it, his wife had just cum. Sarah had just orgasmed all over Tyrone’s thick black monstrosity. She

had never cum for him. It took more than he had. Her head was down, forehead pressed on the armrest, gasping for air, her beautiful pale skin appeared sweaty.

“I don’t...,” she gasped. “What?”

“Goddamn gurl,” said Tyrone, slapping her ass again. “That your first cum?”

“Yesss,” she hissed. He leaned in and wrapped his fist around her blonde hair, pulling her back up on all fours.

“Well damn, guess I’m your first at a lot of things tonight. Want some more?”

“More,” she mumbled.

“What was that?”

“I want... that again.”

“More of what?”

“More of your big black cock.”

“Fucking you in your white pussy?”

“Yes.”

“Say it.”

“F-fuck my white pussy with your big black cock.”

“Good slut,” said Tyrone, playfully slapping her ass again.

John gasped. Fap fap fap. His hand a blur, semen dribbling out of his penis, but he kept going. The “F” word had never passed his wife’s lips in her entire life.

“Let’s get the rest in and I’ll give you what you need.” Tyrone worked his cock in and out, slowly pushing more in.

Sarah released a loud, “Aaahhhhh!!!” Her eyes rolling up in her head. She was trembling again, raising her ass up into Tyrone’s thrusts.

“I feel it, white gurl. That pussy tryin to milk my cock. You never gonna want John’s little dick again. Yo white hubby doesn’t measure up to black meat. You gonna be black only soon. Beggin me to come over and fuck you. Come on Sarah. Do it bitch. Cum for Tyrone.”

“F-aahhKK!” She squealed, her body betraying her. The second explosion from her womb coming quicker and feeling even better now that she had more of Tyrone’s cock in her. Tyrone groaned, sinking deeper, inch by agonizing inch, his balls brushing her thighs as he bottomed out, his cock filling her completely. Each inch prolonged and increased her orgasm. “Sorry,” she mouthed to John, tears running down her cheeks, but when she saw her husband’s glossy eyed

stare, a dumb expression on his face with his tiny penis disappearing in the blur that was his hand, she wasn't that sorry.

"Tightest white pussy I've ever had," Tyrone said, his voice rough, his hands gripping her hips harder, his thumbs digging into her flesh. "You gonna love it, Marcus." The other black man just grunted in response, watching the action. He thrust slow at first, each stroke stretching her further, igniting nerves she didn't know existed, her pussy molding to his girth, the foreskin gliding inside her, adding a layer of sensation that drove her wild.

"Fuck me," she said, suddenly. "Fuck me. Gimme that black cock, Tyrone." Her moans rose, her conservative facade crumbling, her body rocking back to meet his thrusts, her round ass slapping his hips, the sound echoing in the room. "I wanna cum again."

"Now that's what I'm talkin about," he cried, in triumph.

"Oh yes," she moaned, humping back into his cock. "Yes. Fuck me. It's so big. So good."

Marcus moved to the side of the couch, his foot-long cock hard, wagging it in her face, the veins pulsing under the dark skin. "Put that mouth to work, slut," he ordered, his voice a command. She opened her mouth, taking him in, her lips stretching wide, her tongue swirling around the circumcised head, the musky scent filling her nose. The dual sensation—Marcus in her mouth, Tyrone in her pussy—drove her to the edge, her body syncing to their rhythm, her moans muffled by Marcus's girth. She came again, gagging around Marcus' cock as she tried to scream out in pleasure. I'm damned, she thought, her pastor's voice a ghost, but these orgasms might be worth eternal suffering. Her pussy clenched, hungry for more, her breasts slammed against the armrest with each thrust, her round ass bucking up into Tyrone's pleasure giving black cock. She stared up at Marcus' well-sculpted body thinking he must be the most masculine man she'd ever seen.

Tyrone's pace quickened, his balls smacking her thighs, the sound a rhythmic slap that filled the room. "Feel that black cock resizin' your white pussy?" he growled, his hands spreading her cheeks wider, his thumbs brushing her tight anus, the touch sending a jolt through her. "Ain't never goin' back to white dick after this." He angled deeper, hitting a spot that made her scream, another orgasm building fast, a tidal wave she couldn't stop. It crashed over her, her body convulsing, her pussy spasming around Tyrone's cock, juices flooding his shaft, dripping down her thighs. "Fuck, she's squirtin'," he said, thrusting through her climax, prolonging the tremors, her round ass jiggling, her blue eyes rolling back. "Love a squirter." His crotch was soaked, her fluids ran down the front of his thighs, dripping all over their couch.

Marcus pulled out of her mouth, his cock now rock-hard, glistening with her spit. He stepped back, grabbing her chin, forcing her to meet his eyes. "Look at you, cumming for black cock like a common whore," he said, his voice thick with satisfaction. "Say it—say you love it." He slapped his massive rod against her face.

“I... love it,” she gasped, her voice hoarse, the words a betrayal of her vows, her faith, her life.

“Love what, white gurl?”

“Black cock. I love black cock,” she gasped. “So big... so thick... so full. Never been... fucked so good.”

John sat frozen, his hand a blur on his cock, his face twisted with arousal and despair. He'd never heard her speak like this, never seen her so alive, so lost in pleasure. His dick was starting to hurt; he was rubbing it raw. His balls ached they were so drained, four orgasms, the volume pathetic compared to just one squirt of semen from Marcus' cock.

Sweat was flying off Tyrone's head. He had slowed down, rhythmically fucking her with his entire shaft. She was starting to let out a little “oomph” each time he buried his cock. He nodded at Marcus who caught the cue and pressed his cock head against Sarah's lips. She open her mouth, moaning as the end of his cock began sliding in and out, the flared glans flickering over her uvula. Tyrone started picking up speed, fucking her faster harder. She groaned in lust around Marcus' cock.

Tyrone's thrusts grew erratic, his breath ragged, his balls tightening against her thighs. “Gonna bust a nut in this white pussy,” he warned, his grip tightening, his thumbs digging into her hips, leaving faint red marks on her creamy skin, pulling her back into his thrusts.

Sarah moaned, yearning for it, for a second that sounded like a wonderful idea. Unprotected... fertile... ovulating... black cock... Reality hit her and she came to her senses, struggling, trying to push off the couch and pull away, but Marcus wasn't budging. He grabbed her head fucking her throat with half his length. NO! PULL OUT! PULL OUT!

“You want it, slut?” he grunted. “You want my black seed in your white pussy?”

NO! She raised a hand off the armrest, pushing against Marcus' thigh, but he wouldn't budge. She clenched her hand into a fist, futilely hitting it against his thigh. DON'T CUM IN ME!

“Damn, another first for me.” Tyrone roared, his body tensing, and he flooded her fertile womb with his seed, the heat searing her core, each spurt a violation of her deepest fears. Her objection disappeared as another orgasm crashed over her and it put her previous orgasms to shame. Her pussy clamped down around Tyrone's cock, she could feel it bucking, spraying his fertile seed directly over her cervix, she could feel it's heat. Her pussy loved it, orgasmic contractions exploding, sucking his seed deeper, milking his cock, her orgasm lasting through four or five strong spurts of his seed. She squirted again, gagging around Marcus' cock head as she tried to scream out in joy.

Tyrone held her hips against his thighs, making sure his cum went deep. Sarah was grinding her ass into his crotch, squeezing her pussy around his shaft, coaxing every drop of virile seed out of his balls. Knocking up a prize like Sarah, his loser bosses' wife would be his greatest triumph.

Finally, he thought he was done, slowly pulling out, her pussy clinging to every inch of his shaft reluctant to let it go. His cock sprang up, one last long strand of semen flying from the head of his cock leaving a line across her ass and lower back, the large wad at the end splattering down over the “Home Sweet Home” pillow, defiling it with a permanent stain.

Tyrone stepped back, his 10-inch cock still dripping with a mix of Sarah’s juices and his cum, the dark brown skin glistening under the living room lights. His chest heaved, his lean muscles rippling, a sheen of sweat coating his frame. Sarah slumped forward on the couch, her body trembling, her breasts heaving with each ragged breath, their heavy weight pulling at her chest, her pink nipples hard and glistening with traces of cum and spit. Her wide hips quivered, her round ass flushed a deep pink from Tyrone’s thrusts, the creamy skin marked with faint red prints from his hands. Her long blonde hair clung to her sweaty back, strands sticking to her flushed cheeks, her blue eyes glassy, dazed with pleasure and shame. Her shaved blonde landing strip was soaked, her pussy lips swollen and red, cum leaking from her stretched entrance, pooling on the beige cushions below, a stark contrast to the “Home Sweet Home” pillow now stained with Tyrone’s seed. Keep thy marriage bed pure, she thought, her pastor’s voice a faint echo—for god shall judge the adulterer—but her body hummed, her pussy throbbing, craving more despite the guilt tearing at her soul, the pleasure too great to deny.

Marcus was working the end of his cock in and out of her mouth, letting the flare of his glans slide back and forth under her lip. She kissed and nuzzled, staring lustfully up at the black giant. She leaned forward, trying to take him in her mouth again, wanting to taste his seed again. He had other ideas. Marcus stepped back, grabbing the base of his cock. He placed a beefy hand on her head and pushed her face up so she was looking at him. He smacked his hard rod against her face, her eyes flinching with every slap. “Stand up,” he ordered, grabbing her upper arms and helping her get off the couch. He spun her around.

Marcus moved with purpose, his prison-honed bulk dominating the space as he sat on the couch, his 12-inch cock upright like a monument, the circumcised head a deep purple, veins pulsing under the dark black skin. “Ride me, slut,” he ordered, his voice a low growl, his eyes locked on Sarah’s trembling form. He patted his thick thighs, his hands scarred from years inside, his muscles flexing with raw power. Sarah hesitated, her blue eyes flicking to John, who sat frozen, his hand still wrapped around his little penis, spent and shriveled, barely two inches long, tugging frantically to bring it back to life, his face twisted with arousal and despair. He’s my covenant with God, she thought, but the sight of Marcus’s cock—magnificent, thick and unyielding, —drew her like a magnet, her body moving before her mind could stop it. Compared to Tyrone’s ugly bloated uncut cock, Marcus’ was sculpted perfection. It deserved her pussy, her worship. She felt herself falling into idolatry for it, felt the call the second she laid eyes on it. Instinct telling her that this was another cock that could give her the orgasms she was quickly becoming addicted to. He pushed it up by the base, making it rise magnificently from his crotch.

She stepped forward, her breasts swaying, their weight pulling at her chest, her pink nipples painfully erect, trails of sweat and cum still running down the tops of her breasts. Her round ass jiggled with each movement, her long legs trembling as she straddled Marcus, her creamy thighs spreading wide, her shaved blonde landing strip glistening, her pussy lips parting to reveal the slick, pink entrance within, Tyrone's semen trickling from it. She hovered above his cock, the head brushing her folds, the contact sending a shiver through her. "Please... go slow," she whispered, her voice soft, her blue eyes wide with fear and anticipation, her hands resting on his broad, black chest, her fingers tracing the hard ridges of his pecs, the contrast of her pale skin against his dark flesh igniting a spark in her core. It was exciting, erotic to see her white hands against his black chest.

"Put it where it belongs, slut."

She shuddered with desire, confused why his belittling of her made her want him even more. She braced herself against his chest and reached down, gripping his cock just under the head, she poised it against the entrance to her vagina... her white pussy, so different from trying to guide John's limp little penis inside her.

Marcus grinned, his hands gripping her hips, his thumbs digging into her creamy flesh, spreading her cheeks slightly. "You're gonna take every inch, Sarah," he said, his voice thick with satisfaction. He pulled her down, the thick head splitting her open, the stretch deeper and more intense than Tyrone's, her pussy walls straining to accommodate the girth of his apple-sized cock head as it began to push deeper than Tyrone's had been.

She gasped, "Oh, Lord, it's too big," her voice raw, her body shaking, her huge titties bouncing with the motion. The circumcised head rubbed her walls, the veins adding texture, each inch filling her beyond her limits, a bulge visible in her toned stomach as he bottomed out, his balls pressing against her ass. The sensation was overwhelming, a mix of pain and pleasure that lit her nerves on fire, her pussy clenching around him. She came hard, her pussy milking his shaft, wanting his seed, her arousal spraying his balls and soaking the edge of the couch. Sarah collapsed forward, her head pressed against his, breasts mashed into his chest, gasping for air.

"Damn gurl, you is a squirter."

"Feels good don't it," said Tyrone, coming out of the kitchen with a fresh beer in his hand. His fat cock swinging from thigh to thigh as he stared at Sarah sitting in Marcus' lap.

Marcus turned his head, his nose pressing against hers, he pressed his lips against hers, kissing her.

Sarah kissed him back, her lips soft against his broad, rough ones, her tongue tentative at first, then bolder, tasting the beer and smoke on his breath. She moaned, grinding her crotch into the base of his cock as their tongues dueled in his mouth. He grabbed her ribs and pushed her back, lowering his lips to the tops of her breasts. Her huge tits pressed against his face, his lips sucking

her pink nipples, his teeth grazing them, sending jolts to her core. Her hands roamed his chest, her nails digging into his black skin, aroused by the stark contrast, the hardness of his prison-forged muscles under her fingers. He's so strong, so different, a real man, she thought, her hips grinding instinctively, her pussy adjusting to his size, accepting him, belonging to him, the bulge in her stomach shifting with each movement.

"Better than John's skinny white dick?" Marcus growled, thrusting up, his hands gripping her ass, spreading her cheeks wider, his index finger brushed her tight anus, the touch sending a shiver through her. His cock hit deep, sparking pain and pleasure, her pussy stretching to its limits, the veins rubbing her walls, igniting sparks with each stroke.

"So much better," she panted, riding him hard, her hips grinding, her pussy clenching his shaft, her juices dripping down his balls. "I only want black cock now." Her voice rose, her words shocking John, a groan of despair escaping his lips. He'd never heard her speak like this, never seen her so alive, so lost in pleasure. Her breasts bounced wildly, their weight pulling at her chest, her pink nipples brushing his chest, her long legs trembling as she rode him, her round ass slapping his thighs, the sound echoing in the room.

"Get off," he suddenly ordered.

"No," she squealed, slamming down and grinding her crotch into the root of his shaft.

"Get off." Marcus slapped her ass hard. He grabbed under her thighs and raised her off his cock.

"Please," she begged, trying to squat down over his shaft until his cock cleared her pussy and fell on his stomach with a wet slap.

"Turn around."

Sarah turned around. He raised his cock up, helping her guide it back in as she backed up into his lap, moaning as she was penetrated again. She found herself staring at John, He was staring back, his hand gripped the armrests of his chair. His tiny penis was erect, the hardest she'd seen it in a long time. It was also bright red and twitching, covered in sticky slimy semen. Beside his recliner, the TV was still playing the porn, the blonde was sitting in the black man's lap, reverse like Sarah was, leaning forward and pushing off his thighs, the second man's cock in her mouth.

"Hey bossman," said Marcus, reaching around to cover Sarah's pale tit flesh with his large black hands. He squeezed, her nipples pushing out between his fingers. "Your wife's got a great pussy."

John sat frozen. He looked anguished, but his five-inch red cock twitched.

"I ain't never had white pussy this good," Marcus continued. "I'm gonna come over and fuck you whenever I want, slut."

“Oh god,” she moaned. “Fuck me. Fuck me, Marcus,” she cried, feeling her orgasm building. “Whenever you want.”

“Bossman, you gonna let me leave work early to come fuck your wife?”

“No,” said John, groaning. His penis twitching like crazy.

“Yes,” said Sarah, sinking down on Marcus’ shaft.

“See your man’s little dick?” Marcus taunted. “Compare it to mine.”

Sarah stared, her blue eyes dazed, John’s skinny penis a faint shadow of Marcus’s 12-incher.

“Yours is... so big, you fill me up so good,” she said, her voice soft, almost reverent.

“Who owns this pussy?”

“YOU MARCUS!” She screamed as the black man grabbed her hips raising her up and down his cock. He held her down, feeling her pussy walls pulse and clench around every inch of his shaft as she squirted again. These feelings, they were too intense, too good. Sarah didn’t think she could live without them. She’d need to cum again. “I’m your... slut,” she gasped staring at Tyrone approaching, He was tugging on the end of his cock, trying to make it hard again and it was swelling. “I’ll be both of yours slut,” she said, staring hungrily at Tyrone’s cock.

“Black power, baby,” laughed Tyrone, stepping in front of John’s wife and slapping his thick hog of a cock in her face. “White boys don’t measure up John, on the mat or in the sack. Tell him, Sarah?”

“White men don’t measure up,” she repeated. The words cut John deeper than any blade, his hand slowing, his face twisting with shame, but his cock throbbed, jerked twice. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a thin strand of semen fly from the tip. John groaned as if cumming was painful, his angry red penis bobbing and dribbling more semen.

She caught a glimpse of the TV, the one black man was cumming all over the blondes face. The second black man’s cock was sticking up between her thighs, her tits and stomach already dripping with semen. “Your just like the men in the movie,” she repeated, turning her attention to Tyrone’s cock and wrapping her lips around the head.

“And your just like the woman,” he told her, holding her blonde head and thrusting his cock in and out of her mouth.

Marcus grinned, slapping her ass, the sound a sharp crack, the creamy skin jiggling. “Fuck yeah,” he said, his voice thick with triumph. “Another white pussy turned out for the black man.”

Sarah moaned in lust. She leaned forward her lips pushing down Tyrone’s shaft, her mouth opening wide around his girth. She spread her legs, grinding her newly resized pussy back into Marcus, her ass outthrust and pushing against his abs.

Marcus leaned back, grabbing her pale blemish free rear end. He spread her cheeks, thumb touching her anus. He pushed down on her rosebud, her sphincter slowly opening.

“Mmmpph!” she grunted, eyebrows shooting up in surprise. She struggled to tell him to stop playing with her anus, but Tyrone had half his shaft down her throat and, Marcus’ large finger was slowly disappearing into her ass. “Mmmpph!” She struggled, humping Marcus cock and pushing into the finger. “Mmmmm,” she said, relaxing. Not only was his finger starting to feel good, but she could feel the pressure in her womb growing again.

Marcus slammed into her, his cock hitting her cervix, the sharp pain blending with pleasure, her moans rising to muffled screams. “Beg for my seed, slut,” he said, his voice a command, his hands squeezing her ass, leaving faint red marks as he thrust his thumb in and out of her anus.

Tyrone stepped back, rubbing his cock along her face, covering her cheeks in slimy trails. “Answer him.”

“Cum in my white pussy,” she begged, lost in the race play, her body trembling, her blue eyes wild with lust. The orgasm burst from her womb. “Fill me with your black seed!” The words poured out, a betrayal of her vows, her faith, her life, but she meant them, her pussy throbbing, her orgasms building, each one stronger than the last.

“Take my nut, slut!” Marcus roared, his body tensing, and he came, his hot load flooding her womb, each spurt searing her core, triggering another massive orgasm. She screamed, her body convulsing, her pussy milking him dry, her EE breasts shaking, her round ass quivering, her vision blurring as she sank down on him, leaning back against his hard chest as she gasped for breath.

His cock plugged her good, but there was still so much semen it rolled out over his massive testicles, to pool on the edge of the couch, slowly soaking in to the cushion.

Tyrone shoved the coffee table aside, the old Bible tumbling to the floor with a heavy thud, its cracked leather cover splaying open. Sarah’s sacred relic, god’s word, her family’s history—exposed and vulnerable. Sarah moaned, her body aching, she leaned contentedly against Marcus, wishing she could keep his cock in her forever, but Tyrone had other ideas.

The black man leaned over her, his thick ten-inch brown cock bobbing before him. He grabbed her wrists and pulled her to her feet. She groaned as Marcus’ spent shaft fell from her pussy, followed by a torrent of his semen.

Tyrone lay back on the carpet, holding his ten-inch cock up. “Ride me, slut,” he ordered, stroking himself, his hands scarred and strong, his dark black skin gleaming with sweat. Sarah straddled him, her big tits bouncing, her round ass thrust out, her long legs trembling as she squatted down,

her creamy thighs spreading wide, her pussy lips parting to reveal the slick, pink entrance within, Marcus' semen dripping down on Tyrone's shaft. She lowered herself, gasping as his cock split her open again, the stretch familiar but no less intense, her pussy walls clenching around him, the bulge reappearing in her toned stomach. Her moans echoed, her hands resting on his broad chest, her fingers digging into his black skin, the contrast fueling her arousal, her blue eyes wild with lust as she sank down into his lap.

Sarah rode his shaft, bouncing in his lap, moaning and leaning over him. Tyrone raised his hands and squeezed her breasts. "Love these pale white titties," he said, pinching and tugging her nipples.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she screamed, humping his cock and cumming all over his shaft.

"Cum all over than black cock, white girl," he said, delightedly, squeezing her nipples even tighter.

"Oh god," she moaned, "It's so good." She laid down on Tyrone, her soft white body pressing against his hard muscular chest. Tyrone moved his hands down her back, squeezing and spreading her ass cheeks. Sarah kissed his chest. She was running out of energy, but she managed to push herself up, her eyes falling on the family bible, laying open on her carpet beside Tyrone. Her eyes scanned the pages.

And there came two angels to Sodom... The men of Sodom, both old and young... Men came in to thee this night... that we may "know" them.

Sarah leaned over and flipped the pages, leaving the cover open, her families genealogy, her wedding to John, the last entry, the spaces beneath blank, left for her children. She sat back up just as Marcus' cock flopped down on the small of her back. Her eyes widened with surprise, trying to glance behind her, but falling on the TV. A blonde was riding a black man on the bed, the other black man behind her, his cock in her...

"NO!" she hissed. Marcus' cock slid down her back, laying on the crack of her ass. The head continued to slide down as Tyrone dug his fingers into her pale ass cheeks and spread them wider. "No—not there," she gasped, her voice shaking, her blue eyes wide with panic, her body tensing, her breasts heaving as she gasped in fear, her round ass clenching instinctively. The bible had been trying to warn her, the Sodomites wanted to know her! "Sodomy!" she cried. Her pastor's sermons flooding her mind—sodomy is an abomination, a defilement of the body— Her final defilement in a night of defilement, but Marcus teased her hole, circling slow with a spit-slicked finger, the sensation strange and intrusive. "It's too big!" She struggled, trying to pull forward, but she was trapped between the two men. "John!" she pleaded, but her husband was worthless. He sat shrunken into his chair, staring at her slack jawed, his penis limp and tiny laying over his equally small testicles.

“Relax, baby,” Tyrone said, his voice low and soothing, his hand stroking her lower back, his fingers tracing the curve of her spine. Marcus eased in, the burn fierce as her virgin ass resisted, the tight ring of muscle stretching under the pressure. Sarah whimpered, her body trembling, her heavy tits pressing against Tyrone’s chest, her blue eyes watering, tears streaking her flushed face. The pain was sharp, a fire that made her gasp, but Marcus persisted, inching deeper, the flare of his glands sliding back as his cock head stretched her passage, the texture adding a layer of sensation that morphed the pain into a strange indescribable pleasure. Dear god, it’s too much, she thought, her mind reeling, but her body yielded, her ass relaxing, her pussy pulsing around Tyrone’s cock, the bulge pushing hard against Marcus’ bulge in her ass, the dual fullness overwhelming. She gasped for breath.

They thrust in sync—Tyrone deep in her pussy, his hands gripping her ass, holding her spread open for Marcus, the sensation shooting to her core; Marcus claiming her ass, his hips grinding, each stroke stretching her further, his hands on her hips trying to pull her back into his cock. They switched, one thrusting while the other pulled out. The transition was so smooth, practiced, so skilled, she felt they’d done this before.

The double penetration began to have an effect on her. The sensations were overwhelming, coming from everywhere. Tyrone was squeezing one breast, sucking and flicking his tongue over her bulging nipple. His fingers squeezing and pinching her other nipple. His cock was thrusting in and out, threatening to spray another load of his black seed into her fertile womb. Her ass expanded and contracted around Marcus’ cock, filling her with shame that it felt so good, the pleasure in her ass somehow enhancing the pleasure she was receiving in her pussy. The pressure in her womb began growing, spreading out, like an expanding balloon prepared to burst. “No,” she gasped, tears rolling down her cheeks. “Please, I can’t...”

“Can’t what?” Tyrone asked letting his tongue flicker over her nipple.

“Cum... I can’t CUM!” she screamed. “Not from sodomy.”

Marcus took a hand off her waist and slapped her ass. “Shut up and cum, slut. I can feel your ass squeezing my cock.” He slapped her ass again, the sting adding another pleasurable sensation to all the other sensations.

“Cum like a whore, Sarah,” added Tyrone. “Do it, slut. Let me feel that white pussy cum all over my black cock before I bust another nut up in there and knock you up.” He grinned evilly, sucking hard on her nipple.

"Mmmnh... ah—ahh... Nooo—uhnnh!—*shh/k*... *fuck*... aahh— fuck yes—hnnn... mmm... yes, yes, yes, YES... UHNNH!" She threw her head back and screamed as she came hard all over Tyrone’s cock. It was her biggest yet, powerful, overwhelming... and yet? Tyrone thrust deep, his cock pressing hard on her cervix, his seed erupting in a powerful spray and suddenly Sarah was cumming even harder, like he was giving her an orgasm on top of an orgasm. She whimpered,

babbling incoherently. Marcus' cock pushed deep, fighting the tight confines of her ass as his seed began to fill her bowels. Her orgasm kept going. Marcus thrust several more times before slowly withdrawing his cock. She whimpered a complaint, wanting him back in her ass. Semen splattering down on the back of her head and splattering down her back. One large wad descended with a splat on the inside of her treasured family bible, leaving a large wet stain on her genealogy. It should have horrified her, but she was too spent to care. She collapsed on top of Tyrone, his cock still twitching inside her, filling her with more semen, each blast giving her a small orgasm that felt like a series of firecrackers going off in her womb.

Sarah rested her head on Tyrone's chest, cheek on his hard chest, her eyes staring on focused on the TV.

Black Cocks, White Sluts.

The credits rolled and then there was nothing but snow on the screen.

Tyrone rolled her off him, she fell on her side against the couch as he stood. She smiled, struggling to pull herself on the couch. She managed, sinking back into the cushions, exhausted, but she'd never felt more alive. Cum was pouring from her ass and pussy, soaking and staining the couch. She grabbed her grandmother's Home Sweet Home pillow and wedged it between her thighs to soak up all the semen.

The black men dressed, smug, satisfied expressions on their faces. "Looks like you do know how to throw a party, bossman," said Tyrone, pulling his shirt over his head. "Thanks for letting me knock your wife up."

"Go," said John, hoarsely.

"Nigga, it was me knocked the bitch up." Marcus looked indignant.

"Fuck you, bro, I got there first."

"My swimmers are faster."

"I shot two loads up in there." He placed his hand on the larger man's chest and pushed. Marcus didn't budge.

Sarah smiled happily, her hand slid down to her abdomen, covering her womb. She pictured John's little penis, red and raw, Tyrone's girthy bloated unclean brown cock, and Marcus' perfect ebony shaft. She pictured herself sitting in Marcus' lap, grinding into his shaft, letting her small right hands run over the ridges of his dark black muscles. "Marcus," she muttered.

"Looks like the bitch made her choice," said Marcus, smugly.

Tyrone snorted. "Let's have another party next week. I'll bring my camcorder so we can make our own movie. Bossman can film us. Keep the tape so Sarah can study up. Put that porn star body to good use."

"I'll be back sooner," said Marcus. "That white pussy too good to wait a week on."

"So's your big black cock," she replied stretching, luxuriously.

Marcus' large nostrils flared like a bull as he stared at the nude woman like he was ready to fuck her again. He turned and glared at John as the broken husband fumbled to pull his pants up.

"Don't forget the fifty you owe me." He turned and walked out the door.

"See ya at work bossman," said Tyrone. "And happy anniversary. Enjoy your romantic evening."

He closed the door behind him.

"Assholes," John muttered. He got up and stumbled towards his wife. "Come on Sarah, let's get you cleaned up."

"Mmm, let me sleep here."

"It's 3:00am and you have church in the morning." His foot hit the bible, his eyes falling on the cum stain, slowly sinking into the leather of the inside cover, staining the spot where he's hoped to write the name of his son, John Jr, or would it be Marcus Jr. or Tyrone Jr? The semen was spreading out creating a permanent dark stain, coating their marriage date seven years ago. His wife would be mortified.

"I think I'll skip church."

John was stunned. He looked up and stared at his wife. She'd barely ever let him see her naked and here she was sprawled out nude on their couch. Her thighs were wet with globs of semen, her blonde pubic strip matted and sticky. Flakes of dried cum freckled her tits, chest and chin. Her hair was sweaty and matted. Yet, she'd never looked more beautiful, she was radiant, glowing, and she was smiling. Her smile made her look more beautiful than ever and it took John's breath away as he stuttered, "Skip church?"

"Yes, I have a movie to watch," she replied, stretching, her contented smile widening and she was even more lovely.

Her resting bitch face was gone, perhaps forever.

THE END

