

BLACKED

BY

HER **BULLY**

EX BOYFRIEND!

1

TRUTH, DARE, AND A

WHITE CUCKOLD'S

INTERRACIAL DESIRE!

SALLY P

BLACKED BY HER BULLY EX BOYFRIEND!

**TRUTH, DARE, AND A WHITE CUCKOLD'S
INTERRACIAL DESIRE!**

1

BY

SALLY P

sallypauthor@gmail.com



Timmy, an unassuming white nerd, embarks on a journey that will shatter the boundaries of his world. His budding relationship with Stacy, a captivating blonde from his class, seems like a dream come true when Stacy agrees to go out with Timmy!

Stacy Smith was hot. She was tall, blonde, had a nice tan and a great smile. She was popular and was always seen around school with the cool crowd. I wasn't sure if she would even talk to someone like me, let alone go out with me.

"Sure!"

"Wai-what? Really?!" I beam. I couldn't believe it!! Oh, wow. I could feel my head spin. I hope she wasn't joking about it. "You're not kidding. You'd go out with me?"

"Yes," she giggles. "I'd like to go out with you."

Little does he know that his desires are about to take an unexpected turn.

"Did Stacy tell you we were dating before?" I hear Rashad ask Timmy. I let out a sharp sigh. He was making this difficult on purpose.

"Um, no," Timmy stammers.

"We used to be, but it didn't work out," Rashad replies. "But we're still friends, right babe?"

I didn't appreciate him calling me babe when whatever we had had ended a month back. Rashad was a dominating, abusive asshole and I had grown sick of him by the end of our relationship.

When Rashad, the charismatic black stud from her past, resurfaces, Timmy's insecurities reach a boiling point. The revelation of Stacy's prior romance with Rashad ignites a firestorm of doubt in Timmy's heart, leaving him questioning his newly beginning place in her life.

"Rashad, no," I say. My heart starts pounding fast. He was crazy. His hands were inside my blouse and I tried my best to push it off me but I just couldn't. He was too strong.

"Do you guys need any help?" I hear Timmy's voice.

"No, everything's fine," I shout as Rashad's fingers pinch my nipples.

"I-I'll-We'll be there in a bit!"

"I could use a little help with something, Timmy," Rashad's voice sounds sinister.

"No, Timmy, don't!" I gasp out a moan and glare at Rashad.

"Oh, uh, o-okay," Timmy says nervously.

Rashad grins and shoves his hand down my skirt next.

"Rashad, no! Get your fucking hands off me!" I hiss as his fingers begin exploring my wetness. Fuck, my knees were going weak. My body really was betraying me. I couldn't fight him off. Not when my body wanted more. It just didn't have what it takes to not get excited by the mere sight of this asshole.

"You're such a hot bitch, Stacy," Rashad chuckles, his hand still rubbing me.

"You're a fucking monster, Rashad," I growl, trying to keep my moans under control.

"Oh, baby, you have no idea," he grins and begins to kiss me again. His tongue enters my mouth and he grabs the back of my head, forcing me to deepen the kiss. I can feel my body melt in his arms as he makes out with me passionately. His hand moves to my rear end, grabbing it tightly. I let out a whimper as his hand slides inside my panties and squeezes my cheeks.

Stacy herself finds it quite difficult to make Rashad understand that whatever they had in the past was done. There would be no more of it. But Rashad seemingly does not agree.....

I couldn't help but smile. Timmy had the smallest looking thing I've ever seen. I didn't even know they could be that small. I wouldn't even feel it if he so much as put it inside me. Hell, I couldn't even feel it in my mouth. And as I was thinking all this, Timmy's little prick oozes out a glob of clear fluid. He was staring at my bare exposed chest....

Nor could Stacy help feel a little disappointed when she finds out that Timmy certainly doesn't measure up to her expectations. At least, not after she's been with a guy like Rashad. A BLACK guy like Rashad.

As the tension builds, an innocent game of truth or dare becomes the crucible of their desires. Rashad, with his irresistible physique

and unquenchable lust, reveals an intoxicating world Timmy could never have imagined. Insecurity and fascination collide, and Timmy finds himself on an exhilarating path toward self-discovery. A path that awakes the cuckold in him.

"It's okay, Timmy," I say reassuringly. "Come on, it's your turn to spin the bottle."

He grabs the bottle. He spins it. It lands on Rashad.

"Dare," he replies.

"I-I dare you-."

"Timmy, wait-."

"Stacy, it's his turn," Rashad growls at me.

"Fine, what is it?"

"I dare you to-to-to-."

"Spit it out, dude," Rashad laughs.

"I-I-."

"Say it or forfeit!"

"I dare you to fuck Stacy!!" Timmy shouts.

A shiver runs down my spine. My heart skips a beat. And my pussy oozed out a glob of warm, thick juice.

What the fuck?

In this thrilling and suspenseful erotic tale, secrets unravel, and boundaries are pushed beyond the breaking point. Will Timmy's insecurities drive him to confront his desires head-on, leading him down a path of thrilling surrender? Will Stacy's lustful desire to be made a woman out of lead her down a path of unrelenting perversion and desire? Will all of this act as a catalyst for further degeneracy as time passes by?

One thing is certain: when lust and longing intertwine, the journey to self-discovery becomes a tantalizing, irresistible odyssey.

DISCLAIMER: Contains heavy themes of cheating and taboo interracial eroticism between a black man and a white

woman! Please do not read if these themes offend you!

READ MY OTHER WORKS!

[Becky Goes Black 1 : A BMWW Interracial Taboo Cheating Story! : CHEATING ON MY WHITE BOYFRIEND WITH A HOT BLACK STUD AT THE CLUB](#)

[A BLACK THUG's WHITE B****: AN INTERRACIAL BMWW TABOO PUBLIC ANAL DOMINATION OF A MARRIED WHITE WOMAN BY A HOT BLACK ALPHA MALE STUD](#)

[BLACKED! by his BULLY: A BMWF Interracial Taboo cheating story](#)

[BLACKED! BY my husband's BOSS!](#)

[ALICE AND MEGAN GET BLACKED! A MIDNIGHT INTERRACIAL THREESOME ADVENTURE! MEETING OUR BLACK NEIGHBORS! Married White Housewife Mary gets BLACKED!](#)

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents involved either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

This story is also meant for sale to adult audiences only. It contains sexually explicit scenes and language which may be considered offensive. All characters in this work are eighteen (18) years of age or older and engage in consensual sexual intercourse.

This story also involves heavy use of taboo erotic roleplay language that is respectfully used in context to the sexual relationship portrayed in this story. Neither the author nor the model on the cover nor the platform this story is published on subscribe to such language outside of roleplaying scenarios. Please respect the creative freedom that the author chooses to employ in this particular featured work.

CHAPTER 1:

"Hey Stacy, I have something to tell you," I nervously begin. She looks at me with a curious expression. I can feel my face flushing red.

"What's up, Timmy?" she asks, her voice is soft and melodic.

"I...um...well, I think you're really pretty and...um...I like you," I mumble, staring at my shoes. "And I was wondering if you'd like to go out with me sometime."

Stacy Smith was hot. She was tall, blonde, had a nice tan and a great smile. She was popular and was always seen around school with the cool crowd. I wasn't sure if she would even talk to someone like me, let alone go out with me.

"Sure!"

"Wai-what? Really?!" I beam. I couldn't believe it!! Oh, wow. I could feel my head spin. I hope she wasn't joking about it. "You're not kidding. You'd go out with me?"

"Yes," she giggles. "I'd like to go out with you."

I couldn't believe it. I was a nerd. I looked like a nerd. I dressed like a nerd. But Stacy thought I was cute and she wanted to hang out with me. Wow.

"Thank you, Stacy!" I muster up the courage and smile at her. "It means a lot to me!"

"Awww, Timmy! That's so sweet!" she coos and gives me a smile. "You're so adorable!"

My face burns and I can't believe what I'm hearing. Stacy, the hottest girl in school, actually thinks I'm adorable. My eyes wearily dart around the crowded hallway, hoping no one else heard her. I've never ever talked to her before as much as I've talked to her now.

I've only did her homework for her and all other assignments. She was always so nice to me.

Stacy's long blonde hair framed her delicate face, and her blue eyes sparkled. Her lips were plump and her mouth was always curved into a mischievous grin. Her body was perfect, with perky breasts and an ass that looked amazing in jeans.

"I'm free tonight if you wanna hang out," she tells me without breaking eye contact.

"Ok, yeah. Your place or mine?" I blink at her in surprise.

"My place sounds fine!" Stacy smiles at me. "Meet me there at six!"

"O-Oh, okay. I'd love to meet your parents too-."

"Don't worry, my parents are out of town!" Stacy smiles at me. As Stacy walked away, I could feel my heart beating fast. She was going to be mine. This was all happening so fast. It was almost too good to be true. This was just way too easy.

No sooner had Stacy disappeared around the corner than I feel a strong hand clamp onto my shoulder and squeeze it tightly.

"Looks like Stacy's got a new boyfriend," a deep voice behind me says.

I turn and see the intimidating figure of Rashad. Rashad. The biggest, baddest black guy in school. He was always getting into trouble and picking fights with everyone. He was the star quarterback of the football team and had a huge group of friends that followed him around.

Rashad caught me staring and smirked. He started walking towards me, his dark eyes burning into mine.

"I saw you talking to Stacy, Timmy,"

Rashad's voice was low and menacing. His large frame loomed over me, casting a shadow across my face.

"Yeah," I mutter and try not to look him in the eye.

Rashad let out a small chuckle and shook his head. "I never knew you had it in you, man," he laughs. "I figured you were more into comic books and video games than girls."

"N-no, not really," I stammer. I can feel my face burning bright red.

"Whatever you say," he laughs. "How did it go?"

"O-Oh," I stammer. "St-Stacy wants me to meet at her house tonight."

"Nice," Rashad gives me a grin. "I didn't think you were her type."

"I...uh, I don't know," I reply, staring at the floor.

"Yeah, I'm sure you aren't," Rashad laughs again. "Good luck, man!"

Rashad walks over to his group of friends and begins talking loudly about something. They all laugh and look over at me.

I'm standing in the middle of the hallway, alone, trying to process everything. I'm still shocked that Stacy said yes to going out with me. But the fact that Rashad thinks I'm not her type stings a bit. I guess he's right. Stacy probably has better options. Maybe I shouldn't go. No, I shouldn't doubt myself.

I'm nervous and excited. What should I wear? Do I need to bring flowers? I'm not sure. I'm not exactly experienced with this kind of thing. I don't even know what I'm supposed to do when I get there. Little did I know then that I definitely was going to find out that I wasn't Stacy's type the hard way.

CHAPTER 2:

"Come on in!" I chirp opening the door for Timmy. I caught him staring at my low cut top and smiled to myself. I could tell he liked what he saw. He was a nerd but he looked cute.

"Thanks, Stacy," he mutters, looking at his feet. He walks in and sits on the couch.

I sit next to him, and notice he keeps looking at me.

"Timmy, you're so adorable!" I say, smiling at him.

"Um...thanks," he says, blushing.

"You look so cute when you blush!!"

"Well, I've never alone with a girl before," he replies blushing even harder. "I didn't think you'd talk to me," he says quietly.

"Aww, Timmy! You're a sweetie," I giggle. "I know, don't worry!"

"You do?" he asks, looking confused.

"Yeah," I reply, giving him a warm smile. "Rashad was telling me about how you're shy around girls."

"Wha-What?!"

"Yeah, he told me that he saw you talking to me and thought it was cute," I say, nodding.

"But...I..." he stammers. "How did he-?"

"What's up, man?" Rashad walks out of the kitchen with a beer in his hand. He gives Timmy a smug grin.

"W-what's he doing here?" Timmy asks, his eyes wide with fear.

"Relax, Timmy. He was just telling me about how cute you were talking to me earlier," I say, placing my hand on his leg. He winces awkwardly as Rashad lets out a barely disguised snicker.

"Yeah, I just stopped by to have a beer," Rashad replies.

"I thought it was going to be just the two of us," Timmy says, his voice barely audible.

"Well, it is," I say. "Rashad is leaving in a little bit. "Why don't you go sit on the chair and relax while I make some popcorn?" I suggest.

"O-okay," he says, his eyes darting between me and Rashad. I get up to go make popcorn for all of us.

"Did Stacy tell you we were dating before?" I hear Rashad ask Timmy. I let out a sharp sigh. He was making this difficult on purpose.

"Um, no," Timmy stammers.

"We used to be, but it didn't work out," Rashad replies. "But we're still friends, right babe?"

I didn't appreciate him calling me babe when whatever we had had ended a month back. Rashad was a dominating, abusive asshole and I had grown sick of him by the end of our relationship.

"Y-yeah," I say through gritted teeth.

"Oh, I didn't know that," Timmy says quietly.

"Oh yeah, you totally should have," Rashad agrees. "But it doesn't matter anymore. It was ages ago. Besides, you've got your new girlfriend now."

Timmy doesn't respond. I had to intervene somehow.

"Hey, Rashad, can you give me a hand with the popcorn?" I ask.

"Sure thing, babe," he says, following me into the kitchen.

Once we're in the kitchen, I don't hesitate in snapping at Rashad.

"Be nice to him! And stop calling me babe!"

Rashad towers over me. His hulking physique totally dwarfed mine. He had a muscular build, broad shoulders and a square jaw. His dark skin contrasted with my light, creamy complexion.

"What, are you going to go tattle on me?" Rashad sneers, his eyes narrowing.

"Yes, actually," I reply, crossing my arms.

"You're such a bitch," he scoffs. "You don't need him, Stacy. He's a total loser."

"No, he isn't," I scowl at him. "He's a nice guy. Why did you even come here?"

"Just thought I'd drop by," Rashad inches closer to me. I could feel his breath on my face. I was getting anxious

"Well, I don't appreciate it," I say firmly. "You're ruining everything."

"Oh yeah? How so?"

"I'm trying to have a nice evening with my new boyfriend," I reply.

"He's not your boyfriend, babe. You and I both know that," Rashad replies. His lips are inches from mine.

"Well, he is," I say, my eyes darting to the living room. "So, don't try anything funny-."

Before I could finish, Rashad's lips are pressed on mine. I let out a surprised yelp as his big, black hands start groping my breasts. He was squeezing it like a stress ball and I could feel his manhood pressing against my leg.

"R-Rashad, no!" I stammer, but his kiss is hungry and rough.

"That's it, baby," he says, his voice low and husky.

His hands are all over me, squeezing and pinching my nipples. He grabs my ass and squeezes it hard, eliciting another moan from me.

"I love it when you're like this, Stacy," he whispers, biting my earlobe. "When you tell me no, but your body wants more of me."

"What the hell are you doing?!" I whisper, pushing him off of me and wipe my lips. "He's gonna hear us!!!"

"Just showing you that Timmy isn't the one for you, babe," Rashad grins. "He's too pathetic. You need a real man."

"You're such an asshole!"

"Just the way you like me," Rashad chuckles.

"Get out, Rashad," I glare at him.

"Nah, I'm gonna have fun with that nerd while he's here," Rashad grins at me. "You know, I want him to watch us fuck," he says,

grabbing me and pulling me close to him.

"Wh-what?" I struggle to resist his advance.

"Yeah, you heard me," he smirks. "I want him to see how much better I am than him. I want him to watch me make you scream. I want him to see how much you love getting fucked by a real man."

"Rashad, no," I say. My heart starts pounding fast. He was crazy. His hands were inside my blouse and I tried my best to push it off me but I just couldn't. He was too strong.

"Do you guys need any help?" I hear Timmy's voice.

"No, everything's fine," I shout as Rashad's fingers pinch my nipples. "I-I'll-We'll be there in a bit!"

"I could use a little help with something, Timmy," Rashad's voice sounds sinister.

"No, Timmy, don't!" I gasp out a moan and glare at Rashad.

"Oh, uh, o-okay," Timmy says nervously.

Rashad grins and shoves his hand down my skirt next.

"Rashad, no! Get your fucking hands off me!" I hiss as his fingers begin exploring my wetness. Fuck, my knees were going weak. My body really was betraying me. I couldn't fight him off. Not when my body wanted more. It just didn't have what it takes to not get excited by the mere sight of this asshole.

"You're such a hot bitch, Stacy," Rashad chuckles, his hand still rubbing my pussy.

"You're a fucking monster, Rashad," I growl, trying to keep my moans under control.

"Oh, baby, you have no idea," he grins and begins to kiss me again. His tongue enters my mouth and he grabs the back of my head, forcing me to deepen the kiss. I can feel my body melt in his arms as he kisses me passionately. His hand leaves my pussy and moves to my ass, grabbing it tightly. I let out a whimper as his hand slides inside my panties and squeezes my ass cheeks.

I let out a muffled protest but he doesn't listen. He squeezes my ass harder and starts to rub my asshole. What the hell was even

happening?

"What are you doing?!" I whisper frantically.

"Showing you how good it feels to be fucked by a real man," he laughs.

"No, Rashad, don't-ahh!"

Rashad slides his finger into my asshole and starts to thrust it in and out. I gasp and moan as he continues to finger me.

"You're a fucking psycho!" I moan, gripping his shirt.

"Yeah, and you're a fucking slut," he grins, kissing my neck. I bury my face in his arms. This was wrong, but god it felt so fucking good. I was letting out the tiniest of moans as he fingers my puckered up asshole.

"Stop," I whimper, but I can't help myself. His finger is thrusting in and out of my asshole, and his other hand is groping my ass.

"Yeah, take it, bitch," he growls, his finger sliding deeper into my ass. I moan and shudder as he finger-fucks my ass. "You love this shit, don't you?"

I shake my head sideways and try to fight him off.

"Come on, Stacy. Say it," Rashad demands, his finger sliding deeper into my asshole.

"NO!!"

"Say it!"

"No!! NO!" I cry out into his chest, shaking my head.

"You're such a stubborn cunt, Stacy," Rashad laughs.

"Please, please, PLEASE, Rashad, please," I beg. "Oh, god, oh fuck," I moan, my legs shaking. I can feel an orgasm building already. Not now. No, fuck. What the hell? His finger is stretching out my asshole as I press myself against him.

"Come on, Stacy, you know you want it," Rashad chuckles, his finger thrusting deeper into my asshole. "Your cunt's dripping, babe. You love getting fingered in the ass, don't you?"

"F-fuck you," I stammer, my legs shaking. "You're a fucking prick, Rashad. Get off me."

"Come on, admit it. You like it," he grins, his finger thrusting deeper into my ass. It felt so good. I was shaking all over.

"N-no," I protest, biting my lip. "Please stop, please. Stop. Please. Please. Stop," I beg, but his finger keeps sliding in and out of my asshole.

"Come on, bitch. Say it. Say you like getting your tight little ass finger-fucked," he grins, his finger sliding deeper into my ass. I'm shaking violently.

"No," I gasp, my legs buckling. I was going to cum.

"Hey, guys, what's taking so long?" Timmy calls out. "If you need any help-."

"No, NO! STOP!" I find myself yelling. "I'll be t-there in a sec!!"

"Are you okay, Stacy?" Timmy asks me in a worried tone.

"Y-Yes!! YES! YES!" I cry out in a muffled shout.

"Okay," he replies. "Is Rashad helping you?"

"YE-YES!" I let out another gasp. I couldn't hold it anymore.

"Alright, I'll stay here, I guess."

"Yes, stay there. I'll-come. I-'ll-I-I'm co-co-COMING! I'm COM-I'm COMING!!!!!"

"Oh fuck," Rashad laughs, his finger plunging deeper into my asshole. I bite down on his shirt to keep from screaming as my legs give way. My pussy gushes warmly as my orgasm washes over me. It feels so fucking good. My body spasms and trembles as I come. Rashad's finger is buried in my ass, and his hand is on my butt, groping it.

"Ohhhh-uhhh-ummmm-ohhh," I babble, my hips thrusting as I squirt my cum. Rashad is grinning like a fool, his finger buried deep in my ass. The pressure in my ass is almost unbearable and it makes my pussy spasm. My belly aches as I clench my ass around his finger.

"That's a good girl," Rashad grins, his finger slipping out of my ass with a small plop. "You know who owns this ass."

"F-fuck off," I murmur, pushing him away from me. I collapse on the kitchen counter, shaking and trembling as my orgasm subsides. My lower lip quivers as I try to compose myself. My asshole throbbed and felt empty, and my pussy was still dripping wet. My clit was tingling and aching. This was a mistake. I knew it, but I couldn't help myself. Rashad had a way of making me feel things. Even if I said no, I couldn't resist him. I was breathless and weak.

Rashad walks out of the kitchen with the popcorn bowl in one hand and a couple of beers in the other. He glances back at me and gives me a dirty wink.

My pussy begins leaking again and it only made me realize that my panties were soaking wet.

CHAPTER 3:

I sipped on my beer that Rashad had brought for me. Stacy looked like she was out of breath. Her hair was all disheveled and her face was flushed. She looked flustered and embarrassed. What was going on in the kitchen? Did something happen? She kept adjusting her skirt for some reason. I was probably overthinking all of this.

"What took you guys so long?" I asked them.

"Nothing, we were just talking," Stacy replied, taking a seat on the couch.

"Oh," I nod, a little confused.

"Timmy, do you wanna play a game?" Rashad asked.

"Sure, what game?"

"Truth or dare?"

"Okay, sounds fun," I shrug, still confused as to why Rashad was staying. "I thought you were leav-."

"I'll go first," Rashad announces. "Timmy, truth or dare?"

"Um, truth," I reply, taking a swig of beer.

Stacy glanced at me and then at Rashad. I didn't know what was going on, but there was definitely something strange going on between the two of them. What was she hiding from me?

"Do you like Stacy?" Rashad asks.

"What kind of question is that?" Stacy interjects. "Of course, he likes me. That's why he asked me out, Rashad."

"Well, Timmy, do you like Stacy?" Rashad grins, glancing at me. "Ok, let's make this interesting. I'll spin the bottle and whichever person the bottle points to has to answer a truth or dare question from the other person. Sound good?"

"Y-Yeah, sure," I nod.

"Alright," Rashad grabs the empty beer bottle and spins it. It lands on me. "Oh, Timmy, looks like you're the lucky one again."

I gulp. I didn't like where this was going.

"Have you ever dated someone before Stacy?" Rashad smirks.

"I guess I've asked a few other girls out," I mutter. "But none of them were interested."

"I'm sure it wasn't your fault," Stacy smiles reassuringly.

"So, hold on," Rashad cuts in. "You mean to tell me that you've never gotten a date before, Timmy?"

"Well, no, not really," I reply, scratching my head.

"So, you're a virgin?! Damn!" Rashad laughs out loud.

"What the hell is your problem, Rashad?!" Stacy says angrily.

"It's just a question, babe," Rashad shrugs. "Timmy doesn't mind me asking this, right, dude?"

I shake my head in embarrassment. I could feel myself grow red in the face. I really don't like how Rashad keeps calling Stacy baby. But I didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

"See?" Rashad grins. "Anyway, your turn, Timmy."

I pick up the beer bottle and spin it. It lands on Stacy.

"Oooh, look at that," Rashad whistles.

"Stacy, truth or dare?" I ask quietly.

"Truth," she replies confidently.

"Umm...."

"Ask her how many boyfriends she's had, Timmy," Rashad suggests.

"What?"

"Don't be an asshole, Rashad," Stacy glares at him. "

"I'm sure he's just curious, baby," Rashad chuckles.

"Shut up, Rashad," Stacy hisses. "Timmy, you can ask me whatever you want. Don't listen to him."

"Um, ok," I nod nervously. "How many boyfriends have you had?"

Stacy goes quiet. I can see her hesitate.

"Tell him, Stacy," Rashad encourages her.

"It's none of anybody's business," she responds defiantly. After looking at the surprised expression on my face, her tone mellows. "I- I mean- I didn't mean it like that."

I keep quiet. I didn't hesitate to show the hurt on my face. Stacy sighs and then answers. "I've dated a few guys, Timmy," she says with a smile. "I'm sorry for snapping at you. It's just- I don't want you to think that I'm some sort of slut."

"Oh, wow," Rashad chuckles, his eyebrows rising in surprise.

"It's not that, Stacy," I assure her. "I'm just curious, that's all. And I think it's good that you've dated a lot of people. It means you're an experienced woman."

"Exactly, Timmy," Rashad interjects. "Now, it's Stacy's turn."

Stacy spins the bottle. It lands on Rashad.

"Oooh, the bottle is pointing to me," Rashad smiles, winking at her. "I'll take a dare."

"Oh no, you're not getting out of it that easily," Stacy says, shaking her head.

"I'm not trying to get out of anything, babe," Rashad grins. "I just think that dares are more exciting. Plus, if you make me do something embarrassing, it'll be worth it."

"Okay," Stacy nods, thinking to herself.

"Come on, don't hold back now, babe," Rashad nudges her with his elbow. "I'll take anything you give me."

"I think I'll pass it over to Timmy," Stacy smirks at me. I understood what she wanted me to do. This was a golden opportunity for me to have my revenge against Rashad for talking down to me all evening. I nod my head.

"Sure, I'll take it," I say confidently.

"What are you gonna dare me, Timmy?" Rashad asks with a grin.

"Don't make me do something embarrassing, man!!"

"I dare you to chug down a whole can of beer in one go," I say proudly.

"Dude, that's so lame!" Rashad laughs.

"Do it, or you have to leave," Stacy says sternly.

"You're ganging up on me, aren't you?" Rashad pouts, grabbing a can of beer.

"We're just giving you a fair chance," Stacy replies innocently.

"Alright, fine," Rashad sighs, opening the can. "Watch and learn, kids."

"This should be fun," Stacy smiles.

Rashad raises the can to his mouth and chugs down the entire contents. We watch him in amazement as he swallows the beer in one gulp. After drinking the whole thing, he burps loudly and wipes his mouth.

"See? Easy peasy," he grins, leaning back.

"Wow," I breathe, impressed.

"You're full of surprises, Rashad," Stacy giggles. Something about her giggle upsets me so I try to ignore her.

"It's my turn," he announces, grabbing the beer bottle. He spins it and it lands on Stacy.

"Truth or dare?" he smirks.

"Ummm... truth," she replies tentatively.

"Alright, I'll play nice," he chuckles. "Are you wearing a bra right now?"

"W-what?" she stammers.

"Well, if you're not, you can take off your shirt to let us know," he smiles.

My heart skips a beat. Rashad had the audacity to ask her something like that. With me right here.

"Excuse me?!" Stacy exclaims. "What kind of question is that?"

"Well, Timmy's curious too. Aren't you?" Rashad turns to look at me.

"Um, yeah," I mumble. I try to look away. Stacy was hot. And I have to admit that I was curious if she-

"Oh, please," Stacy rolls her eyes.

"What? Come on, Stacy, it's just a game," Rashad smiles.

"Fine, I'll answer it," Stacy says reluctantly. "I am not wearing a bra right now.

Hearing that made me even more uncomfortable. My cock twitched inside my pants. The fact that she was braless made my cock throb.

"Wow, look at you go," Rashad teases her. "Alright, we're going to make this a little more dangerous. Before every spin in this round, we all agree to finish a can of beer."

Neither I nor Stacy protested. So Rashad took that as an affirmation.

"Great!" he smirks and spins the bottle. It lands on me.

"Dare," I take a sip of beer. I was feeling brave.

"You're full of surprises, aren't you?" Rashad chuckles, staring at me.

"Okay, I dare you to kiss Stacy."

"Wait, what?!" Stacy exclaims.

"Yeah, that's not happening," I laugh.

"Come on, you're the one who's been eyeing her the entire night," Rashad retorts. "Don't think I haven't noticed."

"Rashad, that's enough," Stacy frowns.

"I'm just saying, babe," he shrugs. "You're not making any objections."

"You're a jackass, Rashad," she sighs.

"Come on, Stacy, tell him that he can kiss you," he urges her.

"Fine," she says with a sigh. "Kiss me, Timmy."

My cock hardens in my pants. I couldn't believe my luck. She was actually asking me to kiss her. My heart was beating fast. I was so thankful to Rashid. I look at him as he gives me a wink. This was my lucky fucking day. I couldn't believe it. I was going to get a kiss from the girl of my dreams.

Stacy was actually going to kiss me!!

CHAPTER 4:

Timmy's eyes were closed as he came in for the kiss. I'm guessing this was his first kiss ever so I decided I wanted to make it special. I did feel bad however. My lips were still tainted from making out with Rashad in the kitchen. His rough lips that had no hesitation or anxiety. Unlike Timmy's lips that trembled nervously. It was the complete opposite of Rashad. I didn't know why I gave into him, but it felt so right. I couldn't shake away the memory of how he took control of me. It made me shiver.

I leaned in closer to Timmy, tilting my head slightly. He had his hands resting on my shoulders and his lips pressed lightly against mine.

Timmy's lips touched mine, and I let him. His kiss was sloppy and wet. It wasn't even a good kiss, but it was sweet and innocent. I could feel his lips quiver and tremble as they brushed against my own.

I glanced at Rashad. He had a mischievous look in his eyes.

"Come on, man," he said to Timmy. "Wooooo!"

"Just relax, Timmy," I murmured, pulling him in for a deeper kiss.

He let out a gasp as my tongue slid between his parted lips.

"Mmm..." I moaned softly as our tongues touched.

Timmy was shaking as he kissed me. His lips tasted of beer. His tongue was shy and clumsy, unlike Rashad. Timmy was so nervous that he couldn't even move his tongue.

"Mm... Mmmm...." Timmy moaned softly into my mouth.

"Come on, bro, don't be a wuss," Rashad chuckled, leaning back in his chair.

Timmy was moaning like he was some sort of virgin. I was beginning to regret ever kissing him. It felt so off putting. If I wanted to hear the person I was kissing moan like this I would be kissing a girl. Jesus.

"Mmmm...." he whimpered.

"Oh my god, you're a terrible kisser," I laughed, pushing him away.

"S-sorry," he apologized, his face reddening.

"I'm kidding, Timmy," I said reassuringly. "That was a sweet kiss."

I smiled at him. He looked cute when he was embarrassed.

"You're really beautiful, Stacy," he mumbled.

"Thanks," I replied.

I felt sorry for him. He was such a nerd. But he was nice. And he was trying so hard. He had the courage to ask me out. Timmy was such a nice guy.

"Come on, Stacy, don't stop the fun now," Rashad said with a smirk.

"Keep going."

"Shut up, Rashad," I shot him an annoyed look. "Timmy, spin the bottle."

"Hold on," Rashad interrupts. "We're supposed to have our can of beer first."

Timmy waited until we all gulped down our beer.

"Ok, go ahead, Timmy," I urged him.

"Y-yeah," he nodded, reaching out for the bottle. His voice was shaky. I'm guessing he wasn't used to drinking this much.

He spun it. It landed on me.

"Damn, girl," Rashad chuckled. "Looks like the universe wants you to keep playing."

"So, Timmy, truth or dare?" I ignore Rashad.

"D-dare," he muttered, his cheeks reddening. "Stacy, I-I-I dare you t-to take your shirt off!"

His face turned bright red when he said this.

"What? Timmy!" I exclaimed. What on earth was wrong with him?

"D-don't worry, I won't look," he blurted out, closing his eyes tightly.

"Yeah, that's not gonna happen, Timmy," Rashad interjects, shaking his head. "Come on, you gotta take your top off, Stacy."

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" I shout, glaring at him. "I can't believe you guys are making me do this."

"It's part of the game," Rashad smirks, shrugging his shoulders.

"How about we all take our tops off at the same time if you're too shy to do it alone."

"Rashad!" I scolded him. "No!"

"I think it's only fair, baby," he grinned, raising his eyebrow.

"You're not doing this," I say angrily. "This is ridiculous. There's no way in hell I'm doing this."

"Why not?" he asks, leaning back in his chair.

"Because it's stupid," I reply, rolling my eyes. "Come on, Timmy, I think we've played enough games tonight. Rashad, I think it's time for you to leave."

Timmy takes off his shirt as if he didn't hear me. His pale white skin and skinny torso were on display. There was barely a hair on his chest.

"Timmy!" I scold him. "I'm serious! Put your shirt back on."

Rashad follows suit as he too takes off his shirt. Rashad's chest was hairless too but my God, was it toned. He had defined abs and his dark chocolate skin glistened under the dim lighting. He worked out a lot. I was speechless. I couldn't stop staring. I could feel my pussy quiver as my eyes roamed over his perfect physique.

"Your turn, babe," Rashad says to me. "Or are you too scared?"

"Fine," I reply, shaking my head. I grab the bottom of my top and begin pulling it up. My firm, round tits were soon exposed. I couldn't help but notice their eyes roaming all over them. My nipples turned rock hard from how excited I was getting right now.

"Whoa, damn!" Rashad whistles.

Stacy, you're so hot," Timmy says breathlessly.

"Shut up," I mutter, rolling my eyes. I awkwardly cover my breasts with my arms but I might as well have tried not to.

My nipples were hard as rocks. They were aching to be touched. Rashad's big rough hands were all over me not too long ago. My body wanted him to do it to me again. This time, with Timmy watchin us. I wanted..... No, stop. I had to control myself.

I spin the bottle after taking another gulp. Thankfully, my tolerance to alcohol was a lot higher than Timmy's. I wasn't drunk at all. I was still sober. I was in full control of myself. I could still walk away from this if I wanted to.

The bottle stopped spinning. It landed on Rashad.

"Truth or dare?" I asked him.

"Dare," he replied, looking me directly in the eyes.

I gulped.

"I dare you to take your pants off," I say.

"Damn!!!" Rashad laughs. "You wanna embarrass me that bad?? I'll do it if Timmy does it too!"

"What?" I protest. "No! I dared you, not Tim-."

"I'll do it!" Timmy blurts out. Oh, God. No, Timmy. Please don't. You can't-.

"It's only fair, man," Rashad smirks. "Don't be shy."

"Fuck it, whatever," Timmy shrugs, unbuckling his belt.

Rashad didn't even hesitate. He stood up and pulled down his pants in one quick motion. My eyes go wide as the breath is taken away from me. My nipples stiffened.

The huge bulge in Rashad's boxers was so large, it made Timmy's thin legs look small. His cock was thick and hard. The outline of his thick shaft was clearly visible through his boxers. It was so fucking huge. How could I even forget? That thing was such a literal pain in the-.

"Holy shit!" Timmy gasps.

"See? That wasn't so hard," Rashad says. "Your turn, dude."

"Fine," Timmy sighs. He pulls down his pants. His boxers were soaked with pre-cum. It made a large wet spot on the fabric. I guess Timmy was just that turned on for me. I was flattered.

"Woah! Dude!" Rashad exclaimed.

"S-Sorry," Timmy mumbled, blushing furiously. "I couldn't-Stacy is just too hot. I can't stop-."

"Calm down, dude," Rashad says.

I couldn't take my eyes off the wetness in Timmy's briefs. There was barely a bulge.

Rashad doesn't wait. He spins the bottle and it lands on Timmy.

"D-dare," he stammers.

"Dude, I don't think you wanna play anymore," Rashad chuckles.

"No, I'm fine," he replies. "Dare."

"Alright," Rashad chuckles. "Take off your briefs."

Something heavy drops in the pit of my stomach.

"R-Rashad," I murmur. "You're not being fair. Timmy doesn't want to do that."

"Shut up, Stacy," Rashad growls at me. "Do it, Timmy."

"I-."

"I said do it," Rashad snaps at him. I couldn't believe it. The asshole was ordering him around.

"Rashad, Timmy-."

"I SAID DO IT!!!"

"Okay," Timmy sighs.

Timmy hooks his fingers around the elastic band of his briefs.

He pulls them down. His tiny dick pops out.

"Oh my God," I whisper, covering my mouth. He's so hard and erect and yet it was small. Like a tiny, short pencil. His balls were hairless and smooth.

"See, Stacy?" Rashad smirks at me.

I could make out the glistening wetness on his tip.

"Timmy," I say softly.

"I'm sorry," he whispers, covering his cock.

"No, Timmy, it's okay," I smile. "Your dick looks nice."

"Nice? Damn, bro. It's like a tiny fucking button!" Rashad laughs.

I couldn't help but smile. Timmy had the smallest looking dick I've ever seen. I didn't even know dicks could be that small. I wouldn't even feel it if he so much as put it inside me. Hell, I couldn't even feel it in my mouth. And as I was thinking all this, Timmy's little dick oozes out a glob of clear fluid. He was staring at my tits.

"It's okay, Timmy," I say reassuringly. "Come on, it's your turn to spin the bottle."

He grabs the bottle. He spins it. It lands on Rashad.

"Dare," he replies.

"I-I dare you-."

"Timmy, wait-."

"Stacy, it's his turn," Rashad growls at me.

"Fine, what is it?"

"I dare you to-to-to-."

"Spit it out, dude," Rashad laughs.

"I-I-."

"Say it or forfeit!"

"I dare you to fuck Stacy!!" Timmy shouts.

A shiver runs down my spine. My heart skips a beat. And my pussy oozed out a glob of warm, thick juice.

What the fuck?

CHAPTER 5:

I couldn't believe I just said that.

The words escaped my mouth before I even had a chance to process them. I was scared of what Rashad would say. I was scared he would beat me up. But the alcohol helped me be bold.

Rashad laughed.

"You wanna see me fuck her?" he chuckled.

"Yes," I replied. "In front of me."

Stacy glared at me. Her mouth was agape.

"That's a fucking weird dare, man," Rashad shakes his head.

"Rashad!" Stacy says angrily.

My dick visibly throbs in the open air. Stacy looks at me bewildered. She couldn't believe what I was asking Rashad to do. Her sexy tits heaved up and down as she breathed heavily.

"Timmy, stop," Stacy pleads with me. "It's the beer talking. Don't listen to it."

My cock was leaking pre-cum all over the floor.

"I can't help it, Stacy," I murmur. "I can't take my eyes off your sexy body."

Everything about her turned me on. She looked so hot. Stacy was way above my league. I always knew it. It wasn't the beer at all. After one look at Rashad's humongous bulge in his boxers, I couldn't get it out of my mind.

Stacy deserves better. Stacy and Rashad were together before this. She must have been stretched out by his dick so many times. Mine couldn't compete.

And it only took me one glance to know.

"You really wanna watch me fuck her?" Rashad laughs.

"Yes," I nod. "Please."

"Fuck, dude," he chuckles. "Alright, whatever. You got it. Are we ready, Stacy?"

"Rashad, what the fuck?!" Stacy screams. "Is this what you had in mind when you asked me out, Timmy?"

"Stacy, I-."

"Say it!!" Stacy screams at me. Her face was contorted with rage.

"N-No," I stutter.

"Oh, God," she covers her mouth, shaking her head. "You guys are sick. I can't believe this."

How could I explain? I felt so inferior next to Rashad. His big, strong muscles were so well defined. His abs were ripped. His chest was sculpted like a god.

And then there was his big, fat bulge. His dick was so big. It was probably five times bigger than mine. And I'm sure Stacy had seen it before. She had to be. I had a hunch they were getting up to something in the kitchen.

I was the one who felt left out.

"What's the matter, Stacy?" Rashad smirked. "Don't you wanna put on a show for Timmy?"

"Fuck it, fine," she says, rolling her eyes. "I'm not playing anymore."

Stacy stands up and her tits bounce so beautifully. She glares at me silently as if I was something that disgusted her. I couldn't blame her. How could I? I was a pathetic, little dicked nerd that wasn't good enough for her.

Her fingers dig into the waistband of her skirt and she pulls it down. She was wearing pink panties. And they looked so damp.

"Damn, baby," Rashad smirks. "You're soaked."

"Shut up," she snaps at him.

"Timmy, check out her panties," Rashad grins. "Look at how wet she is."

"Yeah," I mutter.

I could see the outline of her lips. And her juices had made a dark patch of wetness. She was soaked.

"Did looking at Timmy's dick make you that wet?" he smirks.

Stacy stays quiet. She said nothing. My dick ached so bad. All I wanted was to touch it. I wanted to furiously jerk off my little hard dick and spray my cum all over her.

Stacy hooks her thumbs into the waistband of her panties. And she slowly pulls them down.

"Holy shit," I whisper.

Her pussy was bare. She was completely shaved. Her pink slit was beautiful. Her plump outer lips were engorged and puffy. There was a tiny bump at the top of her pussy. Her clit. I could see her hole. It was dripping with thick, clear juice.

"See something you like, Timmy?" Rashad smirks.

I didn't reply.

"Are you sure about this, Timmy?" Stacy asks me bluntly.

I nod.

She sighs. "Ok."

Stacy takes a few steps forward until she was standing right in front of me. "But I'm going to give you a special treat, first," I smirk.

"Touch me," she ordered.

"What?" I whisper.

"Touch my tits," she says. "You've never done all this before, right?"

"Y-Yes," I nod.

"Touch me," she commands. "Put your hands on my tits."

I slowly reached up and grabbed her perfect breasts.

They were so big. So soft. My fingers sunk into her flesh. Her nipples were so hard. They were like bullets. I gently squeezed them and Stacy lets out a soft moan.

"Now," she says, "pull my nipples. Do it hard."

"H-Hard?"

"Pull them hard, Timmy," she says.

I grabbed both her nipples and pulled them outward.

"Ohhh!" Stacy moans.

"Fuck," I groan.

My cock is twitching uncontrollably. I could feel a surge of pre-cum ooze from my tip.

"Keep doing that," she says.

"Y-Yes," I nod.

My hands were pulling her nipples out so far. They were elongating. Stacy's nipples were like pencil erasers. They were so pointy. So stiff.

"Keep doing it, Timmy," she murmurs.

"Okay," I reply.

"Oh, yeah," she purrs. "Just like that. Just like that."

My cock was throbbing. The urge to masturbate was unbearable. My balls were aching.

"Keep pulling my nipples," she moans.

"Like this?"

"Fuck yes," she moans. "Just like that, baby."

"Kiss it," she whispers.

"What?"

"Kiss my tits," she repeats. "Kiss it, Timmy."

I puckered my lips and gently planted a kiss on her nipple.

"Fuck yes," Stacy groans.

Rashad silently watches the scene unfold. He's smirking, but he doesn't say a word.

"Suck on them, Timmy," Stacy orders me.

"Okay," I nod.

I wrap my lips around her nipples and gently suck on it.

"Harder," she orders.

I suck on her nipples harder.

"Fuck yes," she gasps. "Suck them harder, Timmy. Like you mean it." My lips tighten around her nipples and I suck hard. I was suckling on her nipple like a hungry child.

"Suck them," she whispers. "Suck them good."

I can hear Rashad quietly chuckling to himself.

"You like that, huh, Timmy?" he snickers.

"Suck my nipples," Stacy groans.

I pull my lips away from her nipple and gently bite down on it.

"Fuck, Timmy," she groans.

"Mhmm," I reply.

"Oh, fuck, Timmy," she moans.

My dick is twitching. I can feel the cum boiling in my balls. I can't wait to stroke it.

"Do the other one, Timmy," Stacy says.

I pull my lips off her nipple and move onto the other one. Back and forth I go. I lick and suck on her nipples. And then I bite them.

"Fuck," she gasps.

"Mhmm," I grunt.

I keep sucking and biting and nibbling on her nipples. My cock was aching so bad.

"Fuck, that feels good, Timmy," she groans. "Keep sucking on my tits."

"Mhmm," I whimper.

My mouth was watering. Stacy tasted so good. My dick was pointed right at her bare pussy. All I wanted was to touch my dick.

"Keep doing it, Timmy," Stacy moans. "You're a natural, baby."

"Mhmm," I grunt.

"You like that, Stace?" Rashad grins.

"Fuck, Timmy," she moans. "You're getting me all wet. Touch me down there," Stacy commands me.

I reach down and feel her bare, swollen mound. My fingers danced around her clit.

"Rub my pussy," she gasps.

"O-Okay," I whimper.

"Finger me," she groans.

I sink a finger into her warm, gooey depths.

"Oh, fuck," Stacy moans.

My hand is rubbing her pussy and my finger is inside her. She's so fucking wet. Her juices were running down my knuckles.

"Keep doing that," she pants.

"Yeah," I grunt.

"Faster," she moans.

I slide my finger in and out of her hole.

"Oh, fuck," she moans. "That's nice, Timmy. You're so good. Fuck, you're making me so wet. Fuck!"

"Keep going," Rashad orders.

"Do you want me to-to-to cum, Timmy?" Stacy groans.

"Uh-huh," I whimper.

"Keep touching my pussy, then," she replies. "Look at my face, Timmy. Am I pretty?"

"Yes," I groan.

"Am I hot?"

"So hot," I nod.

"Does this turn you on?"

"Y-Yes."

"Tell me how much you like it."

"So much."

"Say it."

"I-I like-I-."

"Say it, you little bitch!" Rashad screams at me.

"I love it!" I whimper. "I fucking love it!"

"Yeah," she smirks. "That's what I thought."

Stacy closes her eyes and lets out a sexy, long moan.

"Rub my clit, Timmy," she says. "Faster. Harder," she orders.

"O-Okay."

"Oh, fuck, yeah, baby," she purrs.

"Stacy," I groan.

"Keep going, Timmy," she whimpers. "Jerk off for me.

"Uh-huh," I reply and groan. I was jerking off at last. I was stroking my hard dick to Stacy. I couldn't even go past three strokes before wanting to cum all over her legs so I slowed down. My fingers rub her swollen clit faster and faster as I pump myself so slowly.

"Mhmm, yeah," she groans. "Oh, fuck, that feels so good."

"Yeah, rub it," she says.

"Mhmm."

"Faster, baby," she groans.

My finger is sliding in and out of her warm pussy while I rub her clit.

"Oh, yeah," Stacy groans.

"Yeah, get her off," Rashad says.

"Fuck, Timmy, I'm getting close," Stacy pants. "Don't stop, baby."

"Uh-huh."

"Fuck!" she cries.

My hand is moving so fast. Her juices were flowing down my fingers and dripping on the floor. I wanted to cum. I was going to cum so hard.

"You're gonna make me cum," Stacy moans. "C'mon, baby, make me cum."

"Stacy," I moan. I couldn't hold on any longer.

"Oh, yeah," she groans. "Oh, God, Timmy. I'm cumming."

My head was spinning. I was rubbing my finger against her swollen clit and I was fingering her. Her pussy felt so slippery and wet. I finally let go. My legs shook as I finally came. I shot a quick, warm,

pathetic load right on her stomach. And another right on her legs. I was cumming.

"I'm CUMMING, Stacy!!"

"Fuck, I'm cumming too, Timmy," she groans. "Make me cum! Make me cum!"

"C'mon, bitch," Rashad says. "Squirt on his fingers."

"I'm gonna fucking cum," she groans. "I'm CUMMING!!!"

And then it happened. Stacy shuddered hard as she climaxed on my fingers all while standing. She arched her back hard and let out a powerful moan while I was busy squeezing, groping her tits with one hand and was fingering her with the other. I was sucking on her tits like a madman.

I could feel her body shake.

"Oh, fuck," she groans. "Oh, God, Timmy. Fuck!"

"Keep going, bitch," Rashad urges.

Stacy's legs are trembling. She's trying to keep her balance.

My hand is moving faster than ever. My finger is sliding in and out of her slick hole. My other hand was squeezing her nipple and pulling on it.

"Yeah, bitch," Rashad sneers. "Cum on his fingers."

Stacy's legs finally gave way. She falls back on to the couch.

"Fuck," she grunts. "Fuck."

"You came good?" Rashad asks.

"Oh, fuck, yeah," she moans.

"Good girl," he says. "It's my turn now."

CHAPTER 6:

I felt so bad for him.

I had to give him this first before having him watch me fuck Rashad.

"Do you still want to see Rashad fuck me?" I ask him.

I was breathing heavily. My heart was racing.

"Y-Yes," he nods.

I sigh and look at Rashad. He was smiling as he stood over me. The bulge in his boxers looked like he hid a footlong thick sausage inside it. I was so wet and horny. I couldn't believe what was happening right now.

My toes curled in anticipation as I pull Rashad's boxers down and his massive black dick was finally revealed. It was huge. It was long and thick and dark. It looked like an anaconda. My jaw dropped when I saw his dick.

"You're a fucking asshole," I murmur.

"I know," Rashad grins.

I gently wrap my hands around his big, black, veiny shaft and slowly stroke him. Timmy was watching. His little dick had deflated. It looked even more pathetic as it lay there just limp and useless. It looked like a little rose bud.

"Fuck," I whisper.

My fingers couldn't even touch each other as I wrapped my fingers around his shaft. His cock was throbbing and warm. I could feel it pulse.

"Oh, God," I whimper.

"Do you like that, baby?" Rashad smiles.

"Y-Yes," I murmur.

My hands stroked up and down his shaft. I

"It's so big," I gasp.

"And you're gonna take it all," Rashad smirks.

My hands move faster and faster as I stroke his big, thick, black shaft. I look at Timmy as he vainly tries to jerk off his limp dick. It wouldn't get hard at all. He was furiously trying to get it to work. It was laughable. Timmy was a nice guy but I'm glad I found out that he was a complete limp-dicked loser.

I lean forward and flick the tip of his dick with my tongue.

"Oh, fuck," Rashad grunts.

"Are you watching, Timmy?" I smirk.

I swirl my tongue around his bulbous head. Rashad's big black cock was oozing with precum. It was like honey. I opened my mouth and engulfed his bulbous, mushroom head.

"Oh, fuck," Rashad groans.

"Mhmm," I hum as I swirl my tongue around his head.

"Keep doing that," he says.

I gently bob my head up and down. His big dick barely fits into my mouth. I could feel the veins pulsing. I was drooling all over his big black dick. It wasn't even a fourth of the way inside my mouth. His cock was too big.

"Holy shit," Rashad grunts.

His hands gripped the back of my head and pulled me in deeper. His big black cock was pushing against my throat.

"Oh, fuck," I groan.

"Fuck, you're good at this, Stace," Rashad whispers. "Missed you getting my dick wet."

I gagged as his big cock pushed deeper and deeper. My eyes were tearing up. My saliva was dribbling down his shaft and dripping on his balls. I could hear Timmy panting like a dog.

"Oh, God," Timmy groans.

My throat opened up and Rashad pushed his entire shaft down my throat.

"Oh, fuck, that's good," Rashad moans.

I pull away from his cock and gasp for air. I was drooling and choking.

"Keep going," Rashad tells me.

I grab his dick and shove it back into my mouth. I gagged out loud as it pushed down my throat.

"Damn," he groans.

Rashad pushed me down further. I could feel the tip of his big dick touch the back of my throat.

"That's right, take that big dick," Rashad growls.

I started to bob my head up and down. I slurped his dick and sucked hard.

"You're a nasty bitch," he groans.

I slobber all over his shaft. My tongue was flicking and swirling. My nipples were aching and my pussy was dripping.

"Keep doing that," Rashad grunts.

"Mhmm."

"Fuck," he hisses.

"Do you like watching me suck black dick, Timmy," I ask him. "Is this why you wanted me to go out with you? So, you could jerk off to me getting my face fucked?"

Timmy moans like a girl.

"Tell her," Rashad snaps.

"Yes," Timmy whimpers.

"I knew it," I murmur.

"Suck my dick, bitch," Rashad snaps.

His hands gripped the sides of my head and he shoved me down. His dick went into my throat and I gagged.

"Oh, fuck," Rashad groans.

My eyes are watering. My gag reflex was kicking in.

"Oh, God, it's so good," Timmy whimpers. I hear pathetic slapping sounds. He was still desperately trying to jerk off his limp dick. I found him adorable and cute but any respect I had for him vanished when he wanted Rashad to fuck me in front of him.

Rashad thrusts his hips and shoves his big black cock deep into my throat. I gagged. He held me down. I couldn't breathe.

"Gah," I cough and splutter.

"Take that fucking dick, bitch," Rashad repeats.

I wrapped both my hands around his shaft and stroked him hard.

"That's it," he grunts. "Take my fucking dick."

My head is spinning. My lungs were burning. Rashad pulls me up and lets me take a quick breath before slamming his big, black dick back into my throat.

"Fuck," he groans.

"Gnnhgah," I sputter.

Rashad was mercilessly fucking my face. His big, black dick was plunging into my throat. He was thrusting his hips hard and fast.

"Yeah," he grunts. "Oh, fuck."

I could feel his balls slap against my chin.

"God damn, you're a good cocksucker ,Stacy," he groans.

"Fuck!"

My jaw ached. My neck hurt. My nostrils burned.

"Fuck!"

My face was being battered by his pelvis.

"Fuck!"

I was choking and gagging.

"Oh, shit," Timmy moans again.

"NNGgHHH!" I gag and choke as Rashad pushes me all the way down the length of his massive black cock. My face was now buried in his crotch. His balls were touching my lips.

"Fuck," he groans.

"Ah, Ah," Timmy whines. "Aaahh!"

"Are you enjoying the view, white boy?" Rashad sneers.

"Yeah," he replies with a moan.

"Limp-dicked, fucking loser," I mutter but just loud enough for him to hear me.

I pull my face away from his cock and gasp. A long rope of spit connected my lips and his dick. My face was covered in sweat and drool. I was choking and drooling all over myself. My makeup was ruined. My hair was a mess. My lipstick was smeared all over Rashad's big dick. I simply looked like a filthy black cock loving slut. Rashad looks at me. His big, black, cock was inches away from my mouth. It reeked of spit. His big cock head was shining. His bulbous head was dark. His dick was throbbing and leaking.

I wrapped my hands around his dick and stroked him slowly. I turned to look at Timmy. I stared at him with venom in my eyes. He looked so pathetic. His little limp dick was covered in precum.

"You're such a limp-dicked loser," I hiss at him.

"Yeah," he nods and pants.

I grab his big, black shaft.

"Look how big his dick is, Timmy. Do you think you can compare?" I snap. "You fucking pussy!"

Timmy just whimpered.

I flicked Rashad's cock head with my tongue and started to rub him. I felt bad for being so mean to Timmy. I didn't mean it. I didn't care how small his dick was but I had to be honest with myself. And to him.

There was no way his tiny little white dick could please me. Ever. He was a nice guy but Rashad's cock was amazing and Timmy was just a pathetic little loser nerd. He would never get any pussy if it weren't for me. He never got any pussy before either. My body shivered as Rashad reached down to fondle my tits. He rolled my nipples

between his thumb and fingers and then started to gently squeeze them. I looked up at him. Rashad was just grinning.

"That feels good," I say to him. "You grope me like a real man," I side eye Timmy and say it with venom. "Not like this limp-dicked fucking pussy."

Timmy begins to pant again as his little cock is oozing more precum. He's a horny mess. His hands were covered in his precum as he stroked himself furiously. His little white dick STILL wouldn't get hard!

I open my mouth wide and take Rashad's cock into my throat but this time it went in so easy. He pushed me down further. My eyes began to water. He was balls deep down my throat. Timmy was muttering to himself as he jerked his pathetic limp dick.

"Mhmm!" I hum with a mouthful of black dick. His massive black sausage pulsed and throbbed in my mouth like it had a mind of its own. He slowly pulls out and lets me gasp for air before slamming back in again. He fucks my face mercilessly. His dick is covered in drool and precum. I could smell the musk on him. I was throbbing down below.

I'm on my knees in front of my big, black ex-boyfriend while my new white loser boyfriend jerks off like a pathetic dog watching me getting my mouth fucked.

I pull myself off Rashad's dick and spit on it. I spat on it again. I stared at his massive dick and realized that I still had to fuck this massive thing. I was getting worried that I would be destroyed by it. I never had an easy time with him but he had me hooked. His dick was a fucking monster. I used to try to ignore that fact and just get used to him stretching my holes out but now that I hadn't had any in months I was starting to doubt if he could ever fit it in me without splitting me in half.

I rubbed my thumb on his sensitive, bulbous head and looked at him. Rashad had an expression that just looked hungry for more. This black asshole was like an animal. Never satiated. Always lusting after me like I was some sort of prey for him. I used to think that we

were lovers but it became clear that he was only in it to get off. He liked me as a cumdump and as a whore. He loved using me. I hated to admit it but I loved the way he made me feel. I only said yes to Timmy because he was the exact opposite.

Sterile and gentle. Timmy was the complete opposite of Rashad and I needed a nice change. Rashad was abusive, dominating and demanding. He made me feel like I was some sort of trashy, skanky cumdump and I was addicted to that feeling.

Timmy was so clean cut. He was always so nice to me and treated me like I was a lady. Timmy is so much nicer than Rashad and the fact that I have to pretend that he's my boyfriend because I can't bear to break his heart. Why did I even say yes to going out with him? I couldn't stop comparing the two of them and Timmy came up lacking in every single aspect.

Timmy was weak. His face looked so sad and pitiful right now as he stroked himself off. Rashad just stood there and towered over me like an arrogant beast. He knew I was his and there wasn't anything I could do about it. Would Timmy ever make me feel like that?

Never. Timmy's nerdy appearance alone was a huge turn off. And his weak frame. God, Rashad looked like he was an Adonis. His muscular physique was so appealing and it was a huge contrast to Timmy's slender, geeky, not-powerful frame. I wanted a guy that could fuck me like an animal and put me in my place and there was no doubt in my mind that he couldn't ever compare to Rashad.

Timmy's little white dick was the absolute cherry on top of the cake. A dick the size of a pebble.

I let out a cruel laugh as I plop Rashad's big black cock back into my mouth. It was twice as engorged as it usually was. I slid myself all the way down the length of his cock while looking up at Rashad's handsome black face. His black balls slapped against my little face as I started bouncing myself up and down the length of his big, fat, black cock. I was slobbering and drooling all over him as I made disgusting, gagging, sloppy noises. Rashad gripped my hair and slammed his cock deep into my throat.

He held me down and I was choking. I could hear Timmy making weird little moaning noises as he jerked off. His pathetic dick was oozing and drooling with more and more precum. Timmy had the most pathetic expression on his face. He looked like he was about to cum but he was just holding it back.

Rashad pulls my face up. My nose and lips were dripping with spit. I gasped for air. Rashad slapped my face with his dick. It made a sick, loud, wet noise as he slapped it on my little face.

"I'm going to cum," Rashad growled.

He held me by the back of my head and made me lick and kiss his shaft and head. I didn't hesitate to bury my face in his big black balls that smelled so strong of cum and sweat. My tongue lolled out and I lapped up every inch of his massive balls.

"I want it all over my face," I moan.

"That's my bitch," he growls.

Rashad pushes my head away from him.

I looked up at Rashad's muscular, towering frame. He was grinning down at me. He grabbed his cock and began stroking his shaft.

"Open that fucking mouth," he sneered at me. "Stick out that tongue, bitch."

I obeyed.

"Aahhhhh," I open wide and stick out my tongue.

Rashad was groaning as his massive dick pulsed and throbbed in his hands. He gripped the base of his big dick and aimed it straight for my face. I giggle as Rashad groans out loud. I notice his cock head turn an even deeper shade of red. It's the colour of dark crimson. It throbs in his hands. I knew he was going to blow. He was going to explode in my mouth like a fucking cannon and it was all over.

I watch the veins on Rashad's cock bulge. I could hear his hand rapidly stroking his shaft. I see a thick stream of pre cum oozing from his big dick.

"Oh, God!"

Timmy was sobbing like a girl as he frantically jerked himself off. I figured he was holding back. I ignored him. I didn't want to even glance in his direction anymore. How dare he ask Rashad to fuck me? Like I was some sort of whore that you could 'truth or dare' to get fucked? Timmy's sad, little, white dick just flopped around in his hands as he stroked it. I just stared at the black cock in front of me with a ravenous look in my eyes. I was going to relish every single drop of his seed as he shot it all over my face.

"Gnhhh," he groans. "Nnnggghhh!"

"Cum all over my pretty white face, daddy," I moan. I loved calling Rashad my daddy. I always did. I was addicted to the feeling it gave me when I degraded myself for a black man like him. It was such an exhilarating feeling to call him daddy and it just made me feel so good to see the way he looked at me. Like I was some trophy of his. When I dated Rashad, everyone would just stare at us. My little short stature right next to his tall frame. A blonde white girl like me right next to a black stud like him. A tall, strong, masculine black man that looked like he could destroy me and was more than capable of fucking the life right out of me and my petite little body. It turned me on to no end and I felt so good whenever he made me feel like a filthy white bitch slut whore for black cock. I hated to admit it. No other white guy ever made me feel that way and it was the most addictive feeling in the world to feel used and humiliated and degraded like that. I would do anything for him if he called me his whore.

"I'm fucking cumming," Rashad groans.

My eyes are wide open as I eagerly wait for his thick, white load. I can see his balls bulging with seed and he groans again as his massive dick begins to unload. A thick stream of cum shoots out from the tip of his massive, swollen head. The first spurt was the biggest. I hear Timmy whimpering as Rashad lets out a deep, guttural groan. Smelly, white, hot, sticky semen flies into my face and onto my lips and chin. It hit me with such a force that I reeled backwards and it splattered on my forehead. On my hair. It splashed all over my face as Rashad growled like an animal. I didn't hold

myself back. I moan out loud as I wrap both my hands around Rashad's fat cock.

"Yeah," I say to Rashad as my voice cracks. "That's right," I coo as my hands fly up and down the length of his thick black meat as another load drops onto my tongue after I open it wide. It tasted so nasty and I made sure to savour his thick cum as it dripped down into my mouth.

"Gnhhh, nnnnhgg," Timmy groans as his cock shoots out a meek stream of watery semen that splashes over his fingers.

Rashad's load smatters all over my face. My skin was a sticky mess and his semen was starting to drip off my chin. His seed was hot and it smelled nasty. It got into my eyes and burned me. The thick, hot semen felt so good as I stroked the last bits out of Rashad's cock and made it shoot out into my mouth.

My lips smack as I savour the nasty flavour of his thick white load. I giggle as I slather it onto my skin like a facial mask. Thick, slimy black seed covered my entire face and was starting to run down my neck. My face was coated all over with it. I was drenched with Rashad's spunk.

I heard a weird whining noise. Timmy. He had just watched the most intense orgasm he's probably ever experienced happen to him. Timmy's sad little cock was already floppy.

I slathered more of Rashad's semen onto my skin. My face was now shiny. My hands were covered in cum and it made a sick squishy noise when I rubbed my face in it. I loved the squishy noise so much that I didn't stop. My eyes were still closed and I couldn't see Rashad. I wiped it all over myself and kept my hands moving until my face was totally coated. I took some deep breaths to try and steady my breathing but I could only manage shallow, gasping breaths. I rubbed Rashad's big black cock all over my face. His shaft was dripping with spit and pre cum and semen. I wiped his filthy black cock all over my face. He was starting to get soft in my hands. I wonder what Timmy thought of me looking like this. With thick black semen all over my face like a messy cumwhore. With a filthy

black dick on my face. Rashad's thick, black meat on my face. He came twice tonight. And that was even before he could even watch Rashad put his dick in me.

"MMMMmmmmmm," I moan out loud and run my fingers through my cum soaked hair. I try to wipe my face off but the cum was just too thick. I started to scoop it off with my hands but it was a vain effort.

"Fuck," Rashad muttered.

I could only make little gurgling noises and moan like a stupid slut for Rashad. "How does my face look?" I ask as I slowly squint my eyes up at him. They're starting to sting with semen but I keep them open for him.

Rashad smirks down at me.

"You look nasty."

I giggle.

"It's a good look on me," I say as I continue rubbing his filthy, sticky, black seed on my face. The stickiness of his seed started to burn my skin. Gone are the days when I would retch and gag from the taste or smell of cum. "Don't you think so, Timmy?"

I acknowledge him for the first time since I had Rashad's dick in my mouth. My head turns over to him and he was a mess. A disgusting, sad little mess that just stood there flicking his tiny little weak white penis at us. It's flaccid and tiny and a slow, watery dribble of his pitiful semen was slowly dripping off his fingers onto the ground. How pathetic. This was what I was signing up for when I said yes? I thought Timmy would make me feel better than Rashad but all I got was a wimpy white guy with a tiny little white dick. I should have known.

Timmy mutters something as he stands there bent over flicking his limp cock at the two of us.

"What did he say?" Rashad sneers at me.

"I don't know, Rashad," I reply quietly. I wanted to feel bad for being mean to Timmy but I couldn't help it. It was like a switch

flicked on in me that made me feel annoyed for settling for him when I could have someone that would actually make me feel like a woman. Like Rashad. It wasn't fair for me to feel that way but I just couldn't stop it. "I think he wants to get a closer look. Right, Timmy?"

Timmy's little head nods. I watch his body quiver as I pat the seat next to me. "Come over here, Timmy. Sit next to me."

Timmy just stood there, shaking and trembling.

"Come over here!" I snap. I couldn't believe how I was talking to him. I tried to be all nice and sweet to Timmy but it just didn't work. "Stop jerking that little thing and get over here."

Timmy's limp little dick twitches as he lets go. I couldn't believe he actually listened. Timmy walks over and sits down on the couch.

"Awwwww," I pout. "Are you sad?" I asked. I was teasing him and making him feel like a wimpy, limp white bitch.

Timmy whimpered as I looked over at him with my cum-covered face and then I look at Rashad with his big black dick hanging limp and flaccid in front of us both.

"Did you like watching your new girlfriend suck this big black cock?" I tease as I stroke Rashad's massive black meat in front of Timmy's face. It looked so huge compared to Timmy's little pecker and Rashad's big black balls made Timmy's tiny sack look so pathetic in comparison. "Timmy!" I shout and snap at him. He didn't reply. Timmy was too busy staring at my cum covered face and Rashad's massive, filthy, black dick that hung heavy and limp in front of both our faces. I snapped my fingers.

Timmy shakes his head.

"Yes," he mutters

"Are you okay?" I ask with concern in my voice but I tried to mask it with a tone that made him feel even smaller. I couldn't help stop sounding like an absolute bitch to him. "Do you want a kiss?"

Timmy looks so pathetic and I wanted to feel bad for him but I just couldn't stop teasing him. My face looked and smelled nasty as I

leaned forward. Rashad's thick load still coated my lips and I could taste his hot, thick seed. "Kiss me, Timmy," I pout in his face as I stick my cum covered lips out. Timmy blinks. He makes a noise and looks so scared and pathetic. I just laughed at his little face and he made the saddest expression I've ever seen. "I said kiss me," I repeat. "I'm your girlfriend, aren't I?"

Timmy gulps and I giggle as he leans in for a kiss. Our lips make a sickening little squelch noise as our lips touch. Timmy's lips were thin while mine were fat and puffy and covered with semen. I just felt his tongue slip into my mouth.

"Mhhmm," he mumbles into my mouth and his body shook and trembled.

"How's my cum taste, Timmy?" Rashad sneers and laughs. "Fucking faggot."

Timmy's lips and mouth were sticky with Rashad's cum and I felt my pussy quiver and throb with excitement. I could feel Timmy wince as Rashad calls him a faggot again. It was turning me on. I don't even recall ever being this horny. I could feel his body tremble.

"You're doing great, Timmy," I whisper and giggle as I continue our kiss. I was licking the inside of his mouth with my cum covered tongue. I make sure that my new white boyfriend tastes every last bit of Rashad's nasty black load.

I didn't hate Timmy, but I just didn't want him to be this pathetic. When I wanted him to kiss my cum covered lips, I expected him to put up a little more resistance but he didn't. He didn't even care and he was the one that asked Rashad to fuck me in front of him. What a faggot! I'm sorry, Timmy, but really what kind of a man kisses his girlfriend's face that was covered with another man's cum? That wasn't right at all and Timmy was just too much of a pathetic loser. It was a massive turn off.

Timmy gags. He's beginning to choke on my saliva and Rashad's cum.

"Are you okay?" I whisper again but my voice sounded mean and cold. It was so unlike the Stacy he knew. The sweet girl that had

agreed to go out with him. She was gone and now I was left with a feeling that made me want to do anything that would hurt and degrade him. I loved it so much that it just felt wrong.

I pulled away. Timmy gasps for air. He's coughing. My tongue had just violated his mouth. He looked so wimpy. I giggle as I think of something that could humiliate him even further. I didn't want to do it, but I couldn't help myself.

"Did you like our kiss, Timmy?" I whisper sweetly as my tongue swishes back and forth in my own my mouth. "Did you like tasting his cum in my mouth?"

Timmy whimpers as his little microscopic penis begins to stir and get hard again.

"No?" I ask sweetly as I rub the sticky, flaking spunk on my face onto. "Yes?"

Timmy nods.

"Good."

I spit right at him. I spit on his face. Timmy winces as Rashad bursts out laughing.

"Open your mouth, Timmy," I whisper quietly into his ear as I spit a second time and watch his sad, little cock stir in his hand.

"Skkkkr...pthu!!!"

Timmy's cock was actually stirring!!!! Oh my God!

"Nngggghh!" He whimpers.

"He's getting hard!" Rashad laughs out loud. "Fucking faggot!!!"

I giggle but I felt so sad for him. Timmy had a look in his eyes. I don't know what it was. He was a loser, but I still cared about him. Timmy sticks his tongue out for me as I bring myself closer to him. I spit right into his open mouth again. His little tongue is wiggling around in his mouth like a pathetic little worm as I lean my head in closer to him. He looks so stupid with my spittle glistening all over his mouth. Timmy moans and his pathetic little dick is rock hard.

"Oh, Timmy," I whisper. "My face is all sticky and gross from Rashad's cum!! I feel so ugly!!" I pout.

Timmy blinks as he mutters something audible.

"What was that?" Rashad growls. "Speak up. We don't speak faggot!"

"You're pretty, Stacy!" he mutters softly.

"Awww," I pout. Timmy's pathetic white cock was so hard it looked like it could burst any moment. "That's so sweet, Timmy!"

I swish up another round of wet spit and spittle as I smile at my white boyfriend. Timmy closes his eyes in shame. I spot a lone tear trickle out from his face. Poor Timmy! I gather up a bunch of hot spit into my mouth.

"Nnhhh!!"

"Shit, he's crying, babe!" Rashad is laughing at him. Poor Timmy. I really wish this hadn't turned out the way it did. Rashad just had to show up and make it into the most humiliating experience possible for him. I could have done this all so much nicer but Timmy was just such a wimp that he didn't even put up a fight.

"Don't you think I'd look prettier with Rashad's cum gone off my face, Timmy," I say as I look into my white boyfriend's tear-stained face. "I think you should lick it all off my face."

I look down at my body as I felt my pussy throb with excitement. Timmy's eyes followed mine. We were all naked.

"Yeah, clean my cum off her face, faggot," Rashad sneers and laughs.

"Do you want to Timmy?" I bat my eyelashes at Timmy. "Do you want to clean all this stinky, smelly, nasty cum off my face?"

He nods. Timmy is sniffing and crying as he slowly licks Rashad's hot, sticky load off my face. His tongue awkwardly laps at my skin like a wet dog. I try not to move. I don't want Timmy to miss a single drop.

"Good boy, Timmy," I coo as I run my hands through his hair. He has his eyes closed as he gags and licks Rashad's semen off my skin. It was all over my lips and cheeks and nose and forehead and eyelids.

"Keep going, Timmy!"

He laps and licks my face. It tickles as Timmy's wet tongue squirms against my skin. I hear and feel him salivate and drool over me. It was all over his mouth as he continued. His tongue was sticky with spittle and he gags on Rashad's thick load that I had put all over my face.

Timmy was slurping up the thick semen on my lips with his mouth. His tongue probably felt numb with the stickiness of the semen that stuck on to his taste buds. Timmy tries to spit Rashad's nasty, salty seed onto the ground. His head turned to the side and he coughed it all out of his mouth. It made me do something that I wouldn't do.

I slap him hard across the face. "Did I tell you you could spit his cum out?!" I snap at him

Rashad's black eyes were wide open as Timmy shook with pain from my slap. I knew that Rashad was watching all of this happen and I felt a thrill knowing that he could see how nasty I could be. It was exciting. I didn't want to be nice to Timmy anymore and he just kept making things worse. I wanted to treat Timmy like a nasty little loser and I felt terrible for being this way to him. He deserved this for being such a wimpy faggot.

"Don't you dare spit! Or Swallow!" I dig my fingers into both sides of his cheeks as I hold his face still and his eyes start to tear up again. I squeeze his mouth shut with my hand. Timmy was breathing hard. It was pathetic how I had turned on this mean side to him and now all he could do was just sit there and cry as I made him hold onto Rashad's cum in his mouth. I spit a fat load of my hot, wet, saliva onto Timmy's tongue.

"Skrrrp!" I spit right into Timmy's mouth. He winces as he makes a weird little gurgle and squirt noise from the back of his throat. I spit again and again. Noisily. Each spit ball plopping right into the little pool of semen on his tongue. "You're a nasty little loser, aren't you? Fucking worthless little faggot."

I look into his sad little eyes. It's the same sad, puppy-dog expression that Timmy had on his face when begged for a date from me. Timmy whimpers. "Clean me up now. And no swallowing. I'll

check," I snap as I grab a fistful of his hair and shove his little face into my own. Timmy's tongue started to lick the spittle and semen off my cheeks as he gags. My spit and Rashad's cum drools out as a nasty mix from the corner of Timmy's mouth. It was dripping down our chins and necks together. Timmy gags audibly. It sounded disgusting. I felt terrible. Timmy looked so weak and sad as he tried not to choke or vomit.

I was giggling. I felt so powerful and evil. Timmy's tongue was slowly, nervously swabbing the last of Rashad's spunk off my face as he winces and groans and tries his best to keep his tongue steady.

"Rashad, do I look pretty?"

"Yes, babe," Rashad purrs as his big hand starts stroking his huge, black cock in front of our faces. "You look pretty fucking hot."

"And all of it is gone?" I ask Timmy sweetly.

Timmy winces as his face scrunches up with discomfort.

"Open your mouth, Timmy," I coo at him. As he does, the reek of my saliva, his saliva and Rashad's hot load is too strong. Timmy's face twists into the saddest expression as he gags and chokes on the pool of spit and semen that filled his entire mouth. I was looking into his sad, puppy-dog eyes that were filled with tears as he choked and sputtered and drooled out all of our spit and semen from the corners of his mouth and out from the corners of his lips. I wondered how long could he even hold it like that? Rashad's semen, I could visibly make it out because of how thick it was. God, this was so erotic. I couldn't resist not wanting to slurp it out of his mouth like a whore. I just couldn't

My clit throbbed in sheer ecstasy as I press my face hard against Timmy's lips and began slurping.

CHAPTER 7:

She was making me gag even worse now as her thick spit and the rest of Rashad's load begins to overwhelm my mouth. My tongue tasted nasty while Stacy's tongue was just a gross, sloppy mess on my lips. It felt so nasty. Rashad's load and our spit had been building up in my mouth, and I knew if I swallowed it all, that I would probably choke, throw up or both. My eyes are filling up with tears as I try my best not to choke. It was so gross and nasty and disgusting. It was terrible! I've never thought I would ever have so much filth and slop in my mouth. Stacy's thick, wet spit mixed with Rashad's semen just made things worse for me as Stacy continued to slurp loudly on my lips. Stacy's thick lips were fat and puffy against mine and I could feel her saliva trickle down the corners of my mouth and down my neck. Stacy just keeps making wet, slurping, kissing, kissing noises in my face.

I whimper and I gag. "Mnnghh!!!"

My cock was hard again but it was so sore. It hurt so much that I almost wanted to cry as Rashad watched me and Stacy kiss. It was a nasty, wet and loud kiss and I could tell he was getting aroused watching the two of us. My tongue squirms and swirls in her mouth as I gag. My throat starts to fill up with hot spittle and sticky semen. "Hnnghh!" I wince. I feel Stacy's tongue press into mine. I don't fight back as Stacy continues to swish and swirl our tongues in our mouths. My knees were trembling. Stacy's tongue felt so warm and thick in my mouth and it felt so disgusting as Stacy's fat spit drooled all over me. She was moaning as I gagged and winced. She's so good at it that it almost felt like we were actually making love and it was like a disgusting, sloppy kiss between us. The load of filth trickled down the back of my throat. My stomach lurched as my

head spun. My throat filled up with the sloppy muck as I tried my best to keep my mouth open as I whimper.

My cock hurt so bad, it was put through so much abuse already. Stacy and I pull away from our disgusting, messy kiss as her thick, saliva trickled out from our lips. My mouth was still full of gross, sloppy mess. Stacy's saliva mixed with Rashad's semen.

"Swallow it, Timmy," Stacy coos as she wipes away at the slop dripping down her chin with the back of her hand. I knew what was coming. I didn't want it. It was so disgusting, nasty, and horrible and it was going to be a massive blow to my pride and self esteem. I wasn't gay. What kind of a man drinks another guy's cum?

No, I wasn't a man. What kind of a man wants to watch another man fuck his girlfriend? A girlfriend that had only agreed to go out with him hours earlier. I wasn't a man at all. I was a little, pathetic, sad little loser who had no choice. I wanted to please Stacy. I wanted to show her that I would do anything to keep her happy. I couldn't do that with my tiny little microscopic cock. My throat was clogged up with Stacy's thick, hot spit and Rashad's semen. My stomach was filling up with hot filth.

Stacy raises her eyebrow at me as if asking me why I haven't obeyed her yet.

So, I swallowed it. I was trying not to vomit or gag but I did as I swallow all of it down. I couldn't resist Stacy. I couldn't disappoint her. I already was a disappointment. I noticed the expression on her face when she first saw my pinkie dick. My dick was tiny, and Rashad's was the complete opposite.

Rashad's cock was huge and long. Like a stallion. The word "stallion" is fitting to describe his dick. No wonder Stacy looked so mesmerized looking at it. My cock couldn't satisfy Stacy, and I think she would never even come to orgasm if she ever let me inside her. Stacy just looked so pleased seeing me gulp down her saliva and Rashad's spunk that it almost made me want to gag and puke right back up at her. I did belch once after swallowing down Rashad's disgusting seed. But that was it.

"That wasn't so bad, now was it, Timmy?" Stacy giggles as she licks the mess from my face that she missed. Her tongue feels like a sloppy wet noodle squirming over my mouth, and she doesn't care that it was nasty and filthy as she swabs her thick saliva all over me. Rashad was right next to us stroking his massive black cock as he watched us make out and kiss. Stacy moans and whimpers and pants in my face and her face twists as she struggles to keep quiet. I look down and she was touching herself. Stacy was touching her clit while her tongue slobbers all over my face. I guess all of this just excited her. She wasn't the Stacy I knew. I couldn't believe she could ever get this nasty, and I wasn't sure how long this side of her was there and I wish it hadn't come out the way it did.

"Lick my pussy," she whispers. Her voice sounded so quiet and sultry that I was actually excited to hear her tell me what to do. Stacy lays on her back on the couch as she spreads her legs wide.

Her slit gleamed like a rose as I crawl between her thighs and look up at her face. Her cheeks were pink as she smiles and closes her eyes and presses the back of her hand against her lips as her eyelids flutter. I could feel the heat rising between us.

My cock was so sore. I was breathing so loud looking at Stacy's chest heave up and down. Stacy looks at Rashad with lust in her eyes and he looks back at her like he would want to tear her apart with his black monster cock as he strokes it.

"You heard her, white boy," Rashad growls. White boy? Why did Rashad call me "white boy"? He kept calling me by my name all night. It felt humiliating for some reason.

I feel Stacy's hands grab at my face. She shoves me towards her wet pussy and my face is so close to her hole as I watch her thick labia pulsate with desire. Stacy was whimpering as my face is practically squished against her cunt. It was wet as I kiss and lick. My lips taste Stacy's slickness as my tongue starts to squirm and lap. Stacy moans as her thighs close around me. Her legs tremble violently as my tongue wiggles over her slit.

"Tongue her up, white boy," Rashad orders me again.

"Oh, my God," her voice drawls out as I lick and slobber all over her pussy. "Rashad, oh my God!" She sounded surprised by what I was doing as she pushes her pussy up against my mouth. I felt something heavy drop in my stomach as I realize she didn't say my name. She said his. I could feel a pain in my chest. "Rashad, baby," she moans. Rashad smiles. My face was burning red. "Rashadddd," she pants as she arches her back and wiggles her hips.

Rashad just smirks. Stacy looks like she's losing it as my tongue keeps slurping at her slit. She was gushing so much wetness all over my face, that I'm almost starting to gag again. But I don't stop, because if I do, she'll get even more disappointed. I didn't want to disappoint her more. I'm feeling terrible already about hearing her call Rashad's name. Her fingers grabbed onto my hair as she squirmed and writhed as my tongue wiggled on her pussy. My cock hurt. My stomach hurt. My tongue was so numb and wet from licking all the time. Her pink pussy felt so wet, slick, and soft and it smelled like musk as I slurped and licked.

Stacy was gushing like crazy and I was tasting so much of her pussy juice in my mouth that I could have filled up an entire cup if I wanted. Her juices tasted sweet and tart on my lips, but I could barely swallow it down as her pussy was practically squirting in my face. I just couldn't believe how wet Stacy was. "Rashad, oh fuck, I'm so wet," she pants as Rashad starts to laugh. "Don't stop, Rashad," she says. "Fuck me! Fuck me with your tongue, Rashad! Don't stop, Rashad. Timmy," her voice squeals as her voice trails off. "Shit," I hear her mutter. "Timmy."

I feel her fingers push down harder on my scalp and I hear Stacy making little high pitched whining and whimpering noises as I continue slurping. This was so humiliating. I was crying. Tears ran down my face as I realize that in her ecstasy, Stacy didn't even realize she was saying Rashad's name over and over and not mine. Her pussy tasted so good, but the thought of her using me and then going straight for him really got to me. She was in so much bliss that she was calling out to her black ex boyfriend instead of me. She was practically riding my face and her thighs are closing hard against the

sides of my cheeks. My cock throbbed. It hurt so much that it was actually starting to feel numb. It wasn't hard at all but I could feel the tension rising inside me as Stacy moans and whines and whimpers and wriggles all over the place. I just couldn't stop thinking about Stacy. Her perfect body, her sexy ass, her luscious tits, her silky hair, and her big blue eyes.

Her hips were twitching and jerking wildly as she screams. "OH FUCK!!!" I was trying to keep up with Stacy as I continue to tongue her clit, and I didn't stop, because she didn't tell me to stop. "I'm CUMMING!! RASHAD!! RASHADDDDD!!!" she screams at the top of her lungs. "Oh, SHITTT!!!"

Her entire body shook and as if a bomb went off in her, Stacy was making such a huge mess all over my face, that it looked like someone threw a cup of water at me. Her entire body jerked and convulsed as I try my best to keep my mouth over her wet, gushing pussy. I couldn't contain it. She was cumming hard. I snivel and cry as I hear her call out to Rashad, and I just want to puke. She just wouldn't stop screaming Rashad's name. It was like she forgot about me as her thighs clamped hard over my cheeks and she came all over my face. Her clit brushes up against my lips as she refuses to come down from her orgasm. She twitches and pants. It felt like forever as I waited for her to let me go.

"OHHH, Ohhhh, OHHHhhhhhhhh, Ohhhhhh," her moans just get so much higher in pitch as she gasps and wheezes. "FuuuuUUCK, FUUUuuuuck. FUUUuuck. OHH, oH, OHhhh," Stacy's entire body tensed and stiffened as her voice squeaks and squeals like a tea kettle. My face felt like it was on fire. I feel so small and helpless.

"Kiss me, kiss me, kis-" Stacy squeals and her sentence is cut off mid-way as Rashad doesn't hesitate to obey and press his mouth hard against hers. My new girlfriend makes out with her black ex boyfriend as she continues to ride my face to orgasm.

"Mmmmmmm," she moans loudly. My cock hurt so bad as I could only watch from below like a pathetic dog. He's kissing her hard and she's kissing him hard right back. It wasn't like the kisses Stacy and I had just had. The kiss Rashad and Stacy were having now was the

exact opposite. Full of passion and want. His hands grip hard onto her chest. Her fingers run through his hair as their mouths practically melt together. Her big, fat lips just mashed against his lips. All while she was thrashing about on my face.

Rashad finally pulls back as Stacy's sweaty, musky body finally stops jerking around like a maniac. Stacy's pussy juice had been all over my face. Stacy was drenched in sweat and so was I. "Shit, you made a mess, babe," Rashad chuckles and looks at me. "He sure did make you cum."

"Shit," Stacy's body spasms and jerks as if she's still coming even after all the wriggling and spazzing she was doing on the couch. "Put it in me, quick," she begs. Her legs spread apart as her hand grips on her clit and she tugs it like a piece of elastic. "I need that dick right now!"

"Stacy," I squeak but she doesn't even hear me. I couldn't even form words. "Stacy." I feel so helpless and weak. It hurts so much as my body was so exhausted. I couldn't anymore. I wanted to go home. I was crying.

"Looks like he's crying," Rashad notices and laughs.

Stacy turns over and looks at me, but not in the way I wanted. Her face looks like she was surprised she forgot I was even there. My cock hurt so bad as Stacy looks up at me. She doesn't even say a word and my heart just dropped. I could feel tears coming.

My lips quivered and I tried not to cry as my lip trembles and I sob. "Stacy." I sounded pathetic. I wanted to say more but the words just wouldn't come out. She's looking up at me with this expression. It looks like she's wondering what I want. As if I wanted to interrupt what she really wants. Like she wanted me to get the hell out of there.

Rashad is looking at me, but his gaze is different than Stacy's. I felt like Rashad wanted me to stay and witness the humiliation even more. As if he's daring me to fight back and do something. As if he was trying to tell me with his eyes, "Do something, you little pussy. Look how much better I am at this than you. Your new girlfriend

can't keep her hands off me. Do you want to cry now, little white boy? Is it starting to hit you that she doesn't really care about you and only wanted a real man? Your microscopic dick can't satisfy her at all. She'll never be satisfied with a little worm like you. She wants a stallion, not an ant. You're nothing to her, white boy."

"Do you want him gone?" Rashad asks as if to taunt me.

"No," Stacy says and doesn't even look at me. "He can stay. Now, shove your black dick in me."

I shake all over as I break down completely. Stacy please, I'm begging you with my eyes. Just get him to go away. Tell him to leave.

Stacy responds by pushing my face away with her feet from her crotch. As if she was discarding me like I was garbage. Her face looks so cold.

Rashad was grinning ear to ear as I back away, sobbing and shaking as he begins to climb on top of Stacy.

CHAPTER 8:

I couldn't believe it. My whole body felt like it was set on fire. I was burning with literal heat and excitement and lust as Rashad climbed on top of me and I spread my legs out wide for him. I couldn't help but crack a wide, wide grin. I just feel so good that I'm having so much trouble holding myself down. My body is shaking and convulsing so badly with so much anticipation and lust and I couldn't control how bad I just needed to have Rashad pound the ever loving fuck out of my little pink pussy.

The first thing I notice is the size of his black cock as it twitches and throbs so close to my slit. Like it had a mind of its own. This asshole sure knew how to have his way with me. From coming here early before Timmy, having his way with me in the kitchen like that, and now this. How I had missed Rashad's big black cock. I needed it stretching my tight little pink pussy.

I was so sore all over but I didn't care. I needed more. My clit was throbbing from sheer agony after Timmy licked me with his little noodle tongue. I felt like it was just a tiny little flicker over my pussy lips. It did nothing to sate the beast. I just needed something more. Something thicker and stronger.

His thick, black, massive shaft was so huge. It was like an elephant's trunk with the way it stuck straight out from his waist and swayed when he climbed on top of me. The tip was swollen and bulbous as he gripped his shaft and angled it down. I couldn't help but lick my lips as he slowly rubbed the thick head up and down over my wet lips and I was whimpering so much just waiting for him to put it inside me.

He rubs his fat cock over my clit, up and down over my hole and it felt like it was getting stuck in my labia. We share another kiss. One that was nothing but passion. As I savored his warm lips, my legs

shake and quiver as I try not to explode as his cock presses over my entrance and he slowly begins to shove the tip in. But I couldn't hold back. My pussy squirted in half an orgasm as I grunt out gushing liquid as he presses just the tip in and I lose all self control as my body explodes like a water balloon when his thick, massive, black shaft slips right in as I feel the tight walls of my cunt get split apart. My pussy feels like it's being ripped apart as my tight slit is spread wider and wider to make way for his gigantic, veiny black monster. Oh, shit. OH, FUCK. He was huge. I forgot how much of a monster his cock was. I was gushing out so much of my pussy juice that I was making a puddle all over the couch as his massive black dick begins to tear my cunt up as I feel the thick veins rub against my inner walls.

"SHIT!!!" I gasp and grab his face with my hands as I try to wrap my legs around his back. But they wouldn't reach as he towers over me like a tree and I just end up writhing in pleasure all over the couch as his shaft begins to spread my inner walls so wide open that it actually hurts. "Oh, fuck me. Rashad." I couldn't stop panting as Rashad begins to sink his fat, black cock right in me and it hurts so bad as he splits my cunt apart and it was so huge. He was stretching my inner walls out like never before as he spreads my pussy out wider and wider with each inch that goes in. I hear sniveling and sobbing. It's Timmy.

My little, white, pathetic nerd 'boyfriend' is crying. But I can't help it. Rashad is shoving his massive, thick, veiny, black dick in me and my pussy is already spasming like crazy all around his fat shaft. It was throbbing and I feel like it's actually pulsating right inside me as the tip hits something inside my cervix and I grunt and writhe. "Grggh," I groan and spaz and gasp as the head hits that special spot right up in my pink little pussy that feels so good. I wanted to keep that black cock in there. His big black fucking dick. My head hurt so much. I felt like it was exploding. It hurt so bad that my whole body is convulsing in so much bliss and pain and pleasure that I couldn't help but lose control and feel my eyes roll to the back of my head as my legs shake. "Gghhrrgghh."

Timmy is sobbing loudly but I shut him out as Rashad pounds me. It's like Rashad is so huge that I feel his thick shaft brush against my uterus and the head keeps hitting up against that one spot inside me that makes me want to lose bladder control and spray warmth all over his cock. "Shit!" My fingers grab hard at his back and I claw at his back like a tiger. My legs instinctively wrap around him and I'm writhing like crazy as his big, black monster slides deeper into my little pink cunt. My toes are curling in so much bliss as the shaft starts to dig deeper. Rashad buries his face in my neck and starts biting and kissing me there. That was when I start to completely lose it.

"Ohhhhhhhhhmhmhhh," I let out a guttural moan.

I did not hold my voice in anymore. I couldn't. I was bawling in pleasure so loud that it probably was going to get us in trouble with the neighbors but I could not care less as the shaft just kept going in me and my body was shaking like a madman. My voice was so high pitched that I probably sounded like an ambulance as Rashad begins to pound that giant fucking rod in me and he didn't give a shit about whether or not I could take it.

"Ohhhh-uh-uh-oh-aahhhhhh, aahh!"

My pussy squelched so much as the entire length of his gigantic black shaft begins to slip inside me like it was some kind of huge, black and thick sausage as the walls of my cunt stretched open like some elastic toy as I was moaning and spazzing in pure bliss.

I was making indecipherable noises now. Sounds that went like, "AHhhhh, OHhh, uh-uh-uhh," my voice squeaks and I felt like it was going to give out as I lose my breath and the entire couch starts to squeak louder than before from my body as Rashad fucks my brains out with his thick, black cock. The room smelled of sweat, musk, and pussy as my entire body just felt like I was melting from sheer bliss as I couldn't do anything else but moan and make inaudible sounds as my brain is literally mush now. "Aghhhh-ggghh, oh-OHH!"

Rashad didn't hold back and started to pound me with everything he's got as I can feel my inner walls expand so wide open and it felt

like they were begging and pleading to his black cock as it spread me so wide open and I just needed to keep that monster inside me as my legs jerk about and I'm crying and thrashing and squirting like crazy as his black rod slams so deep and hard inside my tight pink cunt.

"Rashad!! RASHAD!! RASHAAAD!!!!"

It feels like my womb is going to be punctured with each slam that goes deeper and deeper as that fat, bulbous head presses so deep in me. It hurt but the pleasure outweighs it all. I feel like a helpless animal.

"I'M GONNA CUM," I blurt out in one final shriek before my black ex-boyfriend covers my mouth with his large hands.

"Shut the fuck up, bitch!!" he barks.

"MMMMMMmmmmmrpghhh," my body shakes as I let out a muffled cry. I couldn't hold back. I just needed to cum so bad. He had to keep going. I needed him to go harder. I was losing my mind. I couldn't-I can't. I felt like such a whore for behaving this way but why wouldn't I? I was a whore for his big, black cock. It was just so fucking good. He was fucking me like he was trying to rip my pussy apart. Why did I even agree to date Timmy when Rashad was the kind of guy I needed to be fucking? Oh, Rashad. Fuck me, fuck me! Fuck me harder. FUCK ME HARDER IN FRONT OF MY LITTLE DICKED WHITE BOYFRIEND!

"I missed fucking your tight pussy," he growls in my ear. "Dirty little white bitch."

My pussy quaked. I was his white bitch. I was this black asshole's sexy blonde blue eyed white bitch. Timmy was my boyfriend but I was this asshole's dirty slutty white bitch. I loved the sound of that. His dick was so perfect. I loved being a slut for a black man. I couldn't help it. My mind is going insane as Rashad fucks me like a ragdoll on this couch and I just can't stop shaking. I want to have his baby so bad.

"Mmrrph!" I cry out as Rashad grabs my tits and squeezes them so hard and I feel my nipples get pinched between his fingers. I don't

think there was space enough for my pussy to even cum at this point. He was fully in me. Deep in my guts.

I couldn't breathe or talk. Only muffled screams of pleasure as Rashad's black cock rams in and out of my cunt.

"OH, SHIT! OH, SHIT! OH, SHIT!" he groans. "FUCK!!!"

Rashad begins to fuck me harder and harder as he slaps my tits and I cry out. My pussy quivers and spasms as he stretches my hole out even more with each thrust and I can feel his cock press against my cervix and it actually hurts but I don't care. I can't believe how much he's stretching out my cunt. He was bashing it with his black rod like a hammer. I wanted him to keep going. He was making me feel so good.

"Ohhhhhhhgggghhhh," I let out another muffled cry. My voice was getting hoarse.

Timmy is just watching us from the side and crying and I don't even know what to think about him as I'm getting my brains fucked out. I don't know what he's doing but I don't care. I just wanted Rashad's dick. I just wanted-oh,God! He was going to cum!! I could feel it. His cock engorges as it-oh, no. Fuck. He was going to cum inside me bare.

I could feel the veins on his cock throb as it rubs over my inner walls and I feel it swell as he was going to release inside me and my pussy clenches and quivers as my body gets ready for the thick, hot, gooey, sticky, creamy black cum to release right inside my uterus. I press myself right around his big sexy black torso without every wanting to let go.

"Nnnngh," he grunts and his balls contract. "I'm gonna fill you up, bitch."

He was going to cum in me and I'm not on any birth control. Oh, GOD!! OH, FUCK!!! CUM INSIDE ME!!! GIVE ME THAT BLACK SEED!!!

"MRRRGHGHHHH!!!!!" I let out the loudest muffled scream as my eyes go wide and my body goes limp.

I was cumming. And Rashad begins shooting his load right into the deepest depths of my pussy.

I could feel it splash against the walls of my uterus.

CHAPTER 9:

I came thrice.

Three times.

Twice to the mere sounds of Stacy, my pretty blonde girlfriend, getting her brains fucked out by this black beast of a man.

Once as I watched Rashad shoot his load inside my girlfriend.

I could hear their groans and moans.

I could feel my heart break as I watch Rashad's balls contract and I could see the veins throbbing as he starts to cum inside my girlfriend.

Stacy lets out a hideous shriek and falls silent. The last thing I hear is Rashad grunting and then the sound of sheer wetness. Her legs shake as she moans and I watch her entire body tense up as she takes the load right in her pussy. I could visibly see Rashad's balls pulsate as he shoots his load in my girlfriend before falling on top of her. I didn't know how much but it looked like a lot. I couldn't tell.

I feel my balls get so tight. My dick felt like it was about to burst and I felt my orgasm coming as I cum dry into my hand. My dick convulses and shakes as my balls spasm and I squirt almost nothing all over the carpet. My dick twitches as I empty out the last of my balls onto my floor.

Rashad was still going. He thrusts in and out of Stacy a few more times. I hear the sick squishy sound of cum and pussy juice as he keeps going and it hurts so bad and I just keep jerking my useless little dick as my balls convulse even though there's nothing coming out anymore.

My dick aches and it feels like it's being twisted around like a screw. I can't believe my girlfriend is getting creampie'd in front of me and I'm jerking off to it. I couldn't help myself. I needed to jerk my dick

to that sight. To that image of her getting taken like a cheap whore. I just couldn't stop jerking off as my dick shakes and I'm writhing in pleasure as I watch my girlfriend take this black man's load right in her pussy.

He lets out another low, guttural growl. I hear the sound of something squirting out and then the sloppy wet sound of him pulling his cock out of Stacy's cunt.

He pulls his thick black shaft out of my girlfriend's pussy and I'm gasping for air as I watch my girlfriend's pussy gape wide open. Stacy finally breathes as if she's been holding her breath this entire time.

I watch the thick, white, creamy cum drip out of her gaping pussy and I hear Stacy let out a long moan. Rashad leans back on his arms. I watch as his huge black monster flops right on my girlfriend's stomach.

His dick was covered in cum and pussy juice. It was shiny. And it looked even more massive than before as it flops down right on top of Stacy and I watch as his balls contract a few more times. It leaked all over my girlfriend's stomach and thighs.

Stacy was still trembling. Her body was shaking as if she was cold and she lets out a whimper as she reaches down and touches her pussy. Then, she runs her fingers right up her black lover's abs.

Rashad looks at her and grins. He takes his hand and wraps it around my girlfriend's neck. She doesn't resist.

Stacy moans. Her neck doesn't resist as he wraps his hand around her throat. He begins to choke her and she lets out a low moan.

Rashad smiles at her. He spits right on Stacy's pretty face. Then, he slaps her.

I hear my girlfriend moan. It sounds like a purr.

I couldn't help myself. I just had to ask what was on my mind.

It was all my fault.

My fault that I ever told Rashad that I was interested in Stacy.

My fault that I even asked her out in the first place.

And my fault that I asked-no, dared Rashad to fuck Stacy in front of me.

"Shit," he lets go out of her as her body is still shivering from the intense orgasm. "That was intense."

Rashad turns around as he stares at me with malice in his eyes. He smirks as if to dare me to do something.

I felt myself get hard again. I just kept jerking off.

Rashad walks up close to me and pauses for a moment. His dick was right in my face. It pulsed and throbbed. I gulped. As if he hadn't shown enough dominance all evening, he decides to wipe his cock on my face.

My heart sank. But I didn't do anything. I was a pathetic, little, white nerd and he was a dominant black alpha.

I could smell the scent of sex and cum on his dick. It was so thick and musky.

He grabs my face and presses his dick on my cheek. It was still hard. I could feel its warmth and throbbing. Something in my mind was daring me to put his cock in my mouth. Like I was some sort of faggot.

"Thanks for letting me fuck your girlfriend, Timmy," he said as he smirks at me.

I nodded as my chest tightens.

I don't pay attention to him putting on his pants or leaving out the front. Stacy just lies there naked and shivering all over. Her toes curled and her body was glistening with sweat. Her breasts looked like they were about to pop. Her nipples were so hard. She was just moaning and groaning...

I look at my girlfriend. I was a pervert. I couldn't help myself. I began to masturbate to her nude body. I didn't care anymore. I just couldn't stop myself.

She doesn't say a word but I watch as she plays with her cunt and her fingers get covered in cum and pussy juice. She starts to lick them and her face turns red. She looks like some kind of pornstar.

"Rashad, Rash-ad," she keeps repeating his name as if she's in a trance.

"Stacy..." I mutter as I can't stop masturbating.

She turns her head and looks at me. There is a brief flash of anger and sadness in her eyes. As if it was all my fault.

It was. I couldn't even cry anymore as my tears have dried.

I just kept jerking my dick as my body gets so tense and I feel my balls clench again.

I don't care. I just keep stroking. "Stacy..." I mutter.

She looks at me and says nothing. Then, her arms reach out to me. As if she wants me to fuck her too.

I shake my head. No, that would be too much. My dick would never please her after what Rashad did. I couldn't. I wouldn't.

Stacy just smiles at me. "Please," she says in a low, soft voice.

I couldn't help myself. I get up on the couch and walk over to Stacy. Her body feels so warm and yet cold at the same time. We hug as our naked bodies press against each other and we share an awkward kiss as our tongues meet. Stacy is the first to pull away right as she wraps her arms around me and pulls me down closer to her as I fuck her. Her lips reach up to my ears as she whispers. "Lick my pussy clean, Timmy."

Stacy guides my head down as I kiss her tits and bellybutton and make my way to her cunt. My tongue enters her pussy and she's still wet from Rashad's cum.

She moans and purrs as I taste her black lover's cum. I feel her legs wrap around my neck as she squeezes me in her thighs and I feel her muscles tensing as she moans again and I begin to feel her pussy quiver. I can't breathe. But I don't care as I keep licking and lapping up her cum filled pussy. It tasted so gross but it excited me. The soreness in my dick was just too much. Every vein on my cock pleaded for mercy. It wasn't my fault. I just couldn't stop getting hard for Stacy.

"Oh, yes...," she moans again.

I don't know how long I'm down there for. I keep licking and tasting her pussy as she moans again and again. Her thighs squeeze my head so tight and I can't even hear anything as my face is buried between her legs.

I feel my eyes start to roll back as my head starts to feel dizzy and I can't breathe. My face is stuck between her legs as she keeps squeezing me with her thighs and my nose is pressed against her clit as my tongue goes in and out of her. "Oh, babyyyy," she moans at last as Stacy cums for God only knows how many times tonight.

I feel my lungs fill with air again as she lets go off my head. I breathe as I gasp for air. I see Stacy lying on the couch looking all worn out. She's covered in sweat and her hair is a mess. I don't even know where to begin as I look at her.

She just smiles at me. I don't know if I should smile back or not. I don't. I just keep staring at her as she lies there all limp and exhausted.

"Did you like watching me fuck Rashad?" she asks quietly.

I nod.

"Did it make your dick hard?" she asks again.

I nod again.

"Did it make you want to fuck me too?" she asks.

I nod.

"I want you to fuck me," she says. "Do it. Make me yours," she mutters.

As I climb on top of her, Stacy grabs my small and hard dick and points it to her pussy. It doesn't take any effort at all as it slides right in. Stacy closes her eyes and mutters in a low voice again. Although I couldn't clearly hear her, I could make out from her lips that she said, 'Rashad'.

I could feel her stretched out pussy wet itself around my dick and it felt so good as it slides in so easily.

To Be Continued in Part 2.....