



**BLACKED!**

by the

**BOXER!**

WHO **K.O.**'D MY BOYFRIEND!

**SALLY P**

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BOXER WHO K.O'D MY  
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Cover generated by Sally P

*Why was it such a turn on hearing him insult my boyfriend? The very one who's never here with me. The one whose corpse lies alone in an empty, six feet underground. Why did I get so wet reading his messages? Why did I end up masturbating to those pics he'd sent me? Fuck, what was wrong with me? My fingers wrap themselves around the length of his veiny shaft. God forgive me. I am so sorry, Mark. I'm so fucking sorry. DeMarcus grunted in pleasure as I licked along the length of his cock. My body shivered uncontrollably as DeMarcus' cock glistened and shone brightly, drenched in a mixture of saliva and cum. His big, throbbing member demanded satisfaction. I hate admitting that my clit was throbbing thinking about fucking this big, muscular black monster. But here I was, trembling in terror and shame. "Do you love sucking on daddy's big black dick, white bitch?" he grunts as I bob my head up and down his shaft. "Fuck you," I mutter. But I never once remove my lips away from his dick. This was bad. It was terrible. How could I allow this? It was horrendous! I was mad at myself for sucking on this monster.*

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# CHAPTER 1:

On a quiet Sunday, fuelled by a mix of grief and a thirst for closure, I found myself standing before Demarcus's door. The weight of loss pressed against my chest as memories of that fatal match haunted my thoughts. I had made up my mind. I sought answers from the man whose fists had changed the course of my life.

I shut my eyes tight as I try hard not to recount the horrors of that fateful evening.

The day I lost Mark. It was a freak accident. Mark was clearly the favorite in that ring that night. He was supposed to beat DeMarcus. But he didn't. I still remember the blood, the cheers, and the screams. So much happened all at once. There was a commotion and then a hush. My eyes followed the referee's. It was supposed to be an easy fight. It wasn't. Mark wasn't getting up. The ref was checking him. Mark wasn't getting up. Mark didn't move. He didn't blink. He didn't breathe. And suddenly the entire world stopped for a moment.

Mark was dead. Killed by a fatal blow from DeMarcus's fist.

My fists tightened as a new surge of displeasure swept through me. I tried to shake away the memory, but it remained fresh in my mind. I can't go through that again.

The tabloids didn't help. The way I was hounded for interviews and harassed for quotes was more than I could handle. Everyone wanted a piece of the action. But all I wanted was to have my boyfriend back.

My boyfriend that saw his life taken away prematurely thanks to a boxing match that went wrong.

I grit my teeth as I ring the doorbell to DeMarcus's apartment.

DeMarcus is a boxer. He had a successful career. He's a fighter. That's what he does. So, why was I here? Why did I even bother to show up?

The door opens and DeMarcus stands before me. He was shirtless wearing nothing but a pair of pants. A thick, gold chain hung around his muscular neck. His black, toned torso glistened with sweat and his bulging arms look as though they could crush my entire body. His face was unshaven and his short, hair was cut low. DeMarcus was a force. An imposing and terrifying force.

He towers over me by a good foot.

"Well, look who came calling," he says.

My voice catches in my throat.

"I'm glad you came," he continues, "I was wondering when you would."

I stood there rooted to the spot. His condescending tone angered me like nothing else.

DeMarcus laughs as he beckons me inside.

"You coming or what?" he asks.

My fists tightened.

"Come in. You're letting the heat out," he says.

I reluctantly follow him inside his apartment.

It was dark. The lights were dimmed and the heavy curtains were drawn. DeMarcus makes his way to the bar and pours himself a glass of whiskey.

"Drink?" he asks.

I shake my head.

"Suit yourself," he says, taking a sip.

I stare at the massive, muscular boxer.

"Why am I here?" I ask.

DeMarcus chuckles, "Isn't it obvious?"

His words make my blood boil.

"You here because you can't stop thinking about," he sneers. "Admit it. You still thinking about what I said, ain't you?"

My lower lip trembles.

"You know it's true," he continues, "That's why you here."

"No," I say, mustering the courage to speak. But how I wished whatever DeMarcus was saying wasn't true.

DeMarcus laughs, "Sure you don't want a drink."

I grit my teeth as I stare daggers into DeMarcus.

"No, huh?" he says, "You're going to need one. Trust me."

I can feel the anger rising within me.

"Don't like me much, do you?" DeMarcus says.

"I hate you," I reply.

DeMarcus smiles, "Good. Cause I'm a hard man to like."

"I loved Mark," I say.

"And I ended up beating his ass," he laughs as if it meant nothing to him. "I beat his ass dead. So much for that."

His words sting me.

"Yeah," DeMarcus continues, "Your boyfriend was a pussy. A weak pussy who couldn't go two rounds with a real man like me."

"You're a monster," I say.

"Oh really," he replies, "You didn't think that when you came here."

"You're the reason Mark is dead," I shout.

"I'm just a boxer doing his job," he replies.

"You're a murderer," I say.

"Am I?"

I tremble with rage as the thought of being anywhere near this monster sickens me. I hated myself for coming here.

"If I'm a murderer, what does that make you?" he asks. "What does that you make, huh, bitch?"

His words hit me like a ton of bricks.

"Huh, what does that make you getting off to the guy that beat up your pussy ass boyfriend?"

I close my eyes in shame as tears begin to well up in my eyes. My face contorts in shame and misery as I feel the heat of DeMarcus's words burn deep into my soul.

"Come on," DeMarcus taunts, "You here already. And you can leave whenever you want," he says. "But you here for a good reason, aren't you?"

Tears stream down my cheeks. I couldn't hold it in anymore.

"One of your friends gave me your snap. That's how I sent you the....message."

"Fuck you...," I whisper as my voice begins to break down. I was shaking all over.

"Oh, you're crying," DeMarcus mocks, "What's the matter, baby. You miss Mark?"

My fists tightened.

"How wet do you get thinking of me beating Mark's ass?" DeMarcus continues. "Tell me, you think of me while you play with yourself. You touch yourself and think about me beating the shit out of your boyfriend."

My heart sank. My cheeks reddened in shame.

"You know what," DeMarcus sighs. "I'll get this over with. This is why you here."

Without any hesitation whatsoever, DeMarcus unzips his jeans before me. I can feel a shiver go right down my spine as I watch in horror as DeMarcus pulls out his thick, girthy member before me.

"Yeah," he sneers, "This why you here, ain't it, bitch?"

DeMarcus grunts as he continues stroking his large, thick, cock. His words still echoed in my head, what he told me that night.

"Your boyfriend ain't a man," he sneered at me. "He was never a man. I'm a real man," he blew me a kiss. "Come over to my crib, Ima show you what a real man looks like."

I hated myself for my body betraying me that evening. I hated myself so much for how horny I got hearing him talk those disgusting words.

And I hated myself more for how many times I spent rubbing my pussy raw thinking about DeMarcus having his way with me over Mark's cold, unconscious body right there in the ring.

And I hated myself for not having any self restraint to avoid coming here. Especially after that obscene message this bastard had sent to my phone the other day.

I could feel the dampness grow in between my legs as I notice DeMarcus's cock twitch visibly as he smiles at me.

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## CHAPTER 2:

"You want some?" he asks.

I stood there rooted to the floor unable to move.

"I'm serious," he says, "Come here."

"Fuck you," I reply.

DeMarcus sneers, "Get the fuck over here. Now."

The tone of his voice sent a chill down my spine.

"Come here," he repeats. "And show daddy what that mouth do, bitch."

I stood frozen. Unable to move. More tears streamed down my face.

"Please," I beg. I cannot take my eyes off his massive cock.

DeMarcus strokes his thick, pulsating member as pre-cum drips from the tip. Here I was standing in front of the reason my boyfriend was no more. Here I was, getting wet looking at my boyfriend's killer.

"I ain't gonna say this again. Show daddy what that mouth do," he chuckles and gestures for me to approach him.

I don't know why I obeyed. His words from before still rang in my ears. His taunts and his insults left a bitter taste in my mouth.

But I obeyed.

With shame and remorse, I place my lips around the head of DeMarcus's massive member. I let out a whimper of defeat that signified my submission to him. I couldn't resist. I was being betrayed by all sorts of emotions.

"Fuck," DeMarcus groans as he slaps my lips with the length of his large, black dick. His scent was strong and the taste of him bitter and salty. I had my eyes closed. Whatever I did here today, I wouldn't want to remember later.

"Yeah, keep your eyes closed, bitch. Like Mark closed his eyes on that canvas floor right after I laid that weak ass out," DeMarcus laughs loudly as his mocking words lashed against me. My cheeks reddened in humiliation and rage. I could taste pre-cum dripping into my mouth as DeMarcus shoved his thick girthy member inside my mouth. He roughly forced my mouth open until it reached the base. I gagged violently as the head of his cock reaches the back of my throat. He holds me there. Choking me. I was in tears. My legs weakened. But that didn't matter as the large, imposing DeMarcus pinned me in place with both hands while holding his dick buried deep inside my mouth. "Your bitch ass white boyfriend wasn't shit. That's why you here, sucking on my black dick, you know that, right?" he slaps the side of my face with his heavy cock. I struggle to breathe; I couldn't take it in anymore. But that didn't matter because DeMarcus kept his cock lodged deep down my throat with my nose pressing firmly against his chiseled abdomen. "You here because you were curious," he chuckles, "Cause you like black men more than Mark could satisfy you," DeMarcus leans down close as I stand on my knees, bent over with my mouth held prisoner by the massive cock of my boyfriend's killer. My heart sank at the thought of it all. But DeMarcus's mockery kept biting away at me. I hated it, but he was right. That's what I came here for. To know for myself. To see if it were true.

'I know you thinkin about me', the message had read. And attached to it was a picture of his big black cock with an arrow pointing at the tip that said, "See you soon".

"This is exactly what Mark wanted for you," DeMarcus sneers as he pulls his cock from deep within me, leaving strings of drool hanging in the air. I could feel it running down my face. Tears streamed down my face as I desperately tried to catch my breath. "Your boyfriend always knew I would wreck this pussy for you," DeMarcus hisses at me before holding a firm grip against the nape of my neck before dragging me to his bedroom like a ragdoll. DeMarcus forces me down onto the floor on my stomach. His words haunted me like nothing else. With a tear on my eyes and a mix of spit and pre-cum

dripping in between my mouth, I whimpered again. "Look at you coming here dressed up like some sort of whore," DeMarcus laughs. "Bitch, shouldn't you be grieving your boyfriend?"

It was true. I did come here dolled up in mascara, lipstick, and a white dress. I just wanted to look presentable. I hated myself for how slutty I must look, on DeMarcus' floor, with my lips wrapped around his dick.

"Damn, you suck good, white bitch," he sneers. White Bitch. How dare he call me that. White Bitch? No. That word doesn't describe who I am. DeMarcus lowers himself to take in the sight of me beneath him as he tears off my clothing while keeping his member mere inches away from my face. "Don't matter how dolled up you come

"Fuck you...," I whisper. DeMarcus stares at me.

"Bet my dick bigger than your bitch ass boyfriend's too, right?" he grabs the back of my head and begins to shove my face against his dick.

"No....," I reply in protest. "....no," I whisper but DeMarcus knows that's a lie. I knew that was a lie.

Mark wasn't hung. It wasn't even close. Mark had a below average dick. Small, if I wanted to describe it. But I never judged him for it. I never once hated Mark for having a tiny dick. But truth be told, DeMarcus just was right. DeMarcus was bigger than Mark. No doubt about it. DeMarcus cock easily had at least twice the length than Mark's and much, much wider to boot. It was a lot more veiny too. It was heavier. I slurped around its weight against the sides of my cheek and the roof of my mouth. As DeMarcus chuckled, I tried my hardest to breathe, as DeMarcus' scent filled every single pore. He pulls his massive cock out with a loud plop as I gasp for air trying my best not to look up at him. His cock reeked of sweaty man musk. I couldn't believe what I was doing.

I'm so sorry, Mark. I just can't. I shouldn't have come here. I shouldn't have met him alone. I'm so, so sorry.

A single teardrop fell from my eyes. I wasn't supposed to get this turned on. I wasn't supposed to get turned on when the subject of my lust is my boyfriend's killer. The images of Mark getting the life beaten out of him filled my thoughts, as I desperately tried to shut out the world around me. The noise of DeMarcus was too loud. His insults. His laughter. It echoed inside my head. The way he spoke to me that night. And the way he messaged me as if I was some sort of cheap bitch that would hook up with him so easily. I'm not. I'm not his property to toy and have sex with. DeMarcus couldn't treat me this way.

Yet, his vulgar words began to arouse a hidden side of me. I found it harder and harder not to look up at him staring at me and at his massive black cock, thick as a coke can, dangling from between his legs. His massive balls swung heavily below his length, casting its shadow on my tearstained face. I couldn't deny this fact. There was no use hiding it.

That this was turning me on more than I've been in so, so long. More than I had ever been with Mark. All while DeMarcus wipes his big black cock all over my face. His black balls, pressed against my chin.

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## CHAPTER 3:

"Damn bitch. I wish your boyfriend could see us right now."

Him rubbing his sweaty balls and his length on my skin while I took it without so much as an attempt to fight back was overwhelming. His large cock was something I have never been used to. It had been so long since I've sucked a monster like DeMarcus. I wanted to taste him. I craved to do so. To experience him deeper than I have experienced anything else. But why? Why am I turned on when the same man responsible for killing my boyfriend was mocking me?

Why was it such a turn on hearing him insult my boyfriend? The very one who's never here with me. The one whose corpse lies alone in an empty, six feet underground. Why did I get so wet reading his messages? Why did I end up masturbating to those pics he'd sent me? Fuck, what was wrong with me?

My fingers wrap themselves around the length of his veiny shaft. God forgive me. I am so sorry, Mark. I'm so fucking sorry.

DeMarcus grunted in pleasure as I licked along the length of his cock. My body shivered uncontrollably as DeMarcus' cock glistened and shone brightly, drenched in a mixture of saliva and cum. His big, throbbing member demanded satisfaction. I hate admitting that my clit was throbbing thinking about fucking this big, muscular black monster. But here I was, trembling in terror and shame.

"Do you love sucking on daddy's big black dick, white bitch?" he grunts as I bob my head up and down his shaft.

"Fuck you," I mutter. But I never once remove my lips away from his dick. This was bad. It was terrible. How could I allow this? It was horrendous! I was mad at myself for sucking on this monster.

He pushed my mouth farther down his cock and further chokes me on its massive length.

The throbbing heat grew ever stronger and DeMarcus seemed to be growing larger with each thrust. It's not easy to control yourself when you have something as beautiful, as perfect as this. In fact, it was quite a chore. What made it even harder was that my nipples had gotten so hard and sensitive, my pussy had already started leaking from earlier. As my nose rubbed itself into his pubic hair DeMarcus laughed as pre-cum slid deep into my mouth. "Swallow that down like a good little white bitch," he grunts. I gagged and struggled for air as drool slowly streamed down my face. Here we were. So caught up in pleasure, neither of us seemed to notice the mess that Mark had made underneath my nose. Mark's death couldn't even make that monster think for one second what he had done. Instead, DeMarcus just saw Mark's girlfriend, me, as nothing but a meaningless sex doll to use and abuse. There was no pity, no guilt, and most certainly no compassion for Mark. This black bastard doesn't deserve it one bit. Yet here I am sucking him off like a goddamned slut.

DeMarcus begins thrusting faster and faster. DeMarcus wraps my long blonde hair between his fingers and pulls me up closer. As our eyes finally lock, I struggle for air as he pins the head of his massive cock between my lips with both of my eyes closed.

"Mmmm," I found myself moaning involuntarily as DeMarcus grunted heavily in approval. It's been a long while since I last got myself worked up like this. Here I am on my knees like a whore. For him. Here was DeMarcus staring down at me and feeling superior. This monster had won me in more ways than one. Mark didn't deserve a woman like me. DeMarcus wasn't better than me, he doesn't deserve someone like me, who could find pleasure from sucking off an evil monster like him either.

I take my mouth off the head of his cock with a loud, wet popping noise. As precum leaked on his length, a thin strand of saliva hung between my lips and DeMarcus' black meat. "Ahhh, ahhh," I pant heavily as DeMarcus grips my chin firmly between his thumb and index.

"Tell me you love this dick, bitch," he growled as DeMarcus reached behind me to cup my heavy breasts.

I whimper as I reply, "I..," my words trail off into silence. How did I dare look this evil monster into his eyes? How dare I betray Mark this way?

But he forced me to. I wasn't doing this out of my own volition. I-I was being forced! I wouldn't do something like thi-I was not this kind of woman. I was not a shameless slut like all those girls my boyfriend fucked behind my back. I was not an incorrigible cheater like Mark and all his dumb sluts. I was always faithful to him. No matter how many times Mark hurt me, I remained faithful. I was always a good girlfriend. I-I-

"I asked you," DeMarcus reaches to squeeze firmly around my throat, "Say you like this," he growls as he begins to choke me. I try my hardest to squeeze out a word from my parched throat. "....no."

"Tell daddy you love his big black dick, bitch," he growls louder. "Tell me you love my black dick more than your boyfriend's."

My throat tightens. The lump forming in my throat.

"Well, I guess he's ex-boyfriend now," he laughs as he tightens the hold he has on my throat. "Cause I beat his white ass to death in that ring."

"Fgrh," I struggle to say. No, please, don't bring Mark into this anymore. Why is he talking about him like that? I hated this fucker so much it pained me deeply inside to even listen to the words that came from his filthy mouth. Why did he make it a point to emasculate Mark every single chance he got?

"Grggggh," I grunt as he shoves my head back on his big dick.

The scent of sweat, tears, spit, precum, and a heavy mix of arousal filled the air around us as DeMarcus grunts and groans while forcing my head into a bobbing motion against the length of his girth.

"That's right bitch. Swallow this like Mark swallowed my fists," he taunts as his massive cock reeking of his manhood stuffs itself far

down my throat, causing me to choke and gag violently. He pulls his dick out of my mouth once more as thick drool hung freely from between my lips and the length of his meat. This time, I coughed violently as drool and spit and puke spill from the sides of my mouth and run free along my chin. But DeMarcus paid my misery little regard for as DeMarcus tilts my head back and drags the head of his massive, heavy cock roughly against my tear and saliva coated face, using it to massage his heavy balls that hung loose and unattended below. I could feel his wet, musky scent spilling all over my skin as tears of defeat roll down my face.

My fingers wrapped around his massive girth one last time as my nose pressed firmly against the chiseled skin on DeMarcus abdominals. He thrusts his groin forward, pushing his hips deep inside my mouth once again, shoving his entire length down my throat in one swift move. He could fuck my throat a lot more free this time thanks to all that slimy muck that coated his length. He grabs hold of my face as he begins to force-feed his entire massive length into my throat without any regards to my life. DeMarcus laughs at the sound of me gasping for breath like some sort of slut desperate for his hot load as I choked and gagged helplessly to the feel of DeMarcus' monster pulsating dick stuffed deep down my mouth, dripping thick, musky fluid right into me. DeMarcus grips me around by the earlobes as his thick muscly hips bob back and forth fucking my throat. There wasn't a single ounce of self-control left within me any longer as DeMarcus' hands find themselves wrapping themselves around my throat as he grunted heavily, "Tell me you like it," he growls loudly. "Tell me you love sucking on daddy's black dick," he growls as he pulls back letting me heave nastily for air. DeMarcus holds his massive cock mere inches away from my face scornfully looking down on me as I coughed violently and drooled freely over myself.

No, I couldn't do this. I couldn't betray Mark this way. Even if he cheated on me. Even if he lied to me. Even if he died, I still loved him. I would always love him.

"I love your black dick," I coughed violently as DeMarcus forces my face back deep on his length. "I love it more than Mark's," I replied as tears of defeat streamed down my face. Hot arousal dripped freely from in between my legs as I moan uncontrollably against the feel of DeMarcus brutal, grunting thrusts deep inside me.

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## CHAPTER 4:

I couldn't fight it anymore. I couldn't fight back. Not anymore. The size. The smell. The taste. The lust. It was all too much. I couldn't handle it any longer.

DeMarcus' large, veiny member pulsates violently in my mouth as I do not hesitate to wrap my fingers around his throbbing member now. "Good little white bitch," DeMarcus growls as he uses my hair to bob my head back and forth his massive, pulsating length. DeMarcus grunted heavily as the head of his massive cock continued spurting thick, warm precum right inside my mouth. This was it. I had lost. I had lost Mark. And I had lost myself too.

"Here it comes," DeMarcus groans loudly as I feel the pulse of his member grow ever stronger. DeMarcus' balls tightened and his breathing became heavy as I eagerly anticipate his hot load to spill right into my mouth.

I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe what I had done. It wasn't even a month since I had lost Mark. And yet it had only been less than a week since I got that damned message from this black asshole. I should have deleted the message and the photos when I had the chance. But I couldn't. I didn't. What did I do instead?

I masturbated to the scenes of DeMarcus jumping over the ring, grabbing me by my throat, throwing me down on the floor, getting on top of me and conquering me just like he had conquered Mark in the ring. Sometimes, I thought of him throwing me over his shoulder like I was some prized catch and taking me into the ring, tossing me down without a care right next to the body of my unconscious boyfriend, and then proceeding to have his way with me then and there. Oh, DeMarcus, I had moaned with my mouth closed. Please, no. Please, stop, I had cried with my face contorted before

shuddering all over and having one of the strongest orgasms I had ever had in my life.

What choice did I have? What choice did poor old Katherine have? I had needs too. When was the last time Mark even touched me? When was the last time Mark pleased me the way a man should pleasure his partner? It wasn't my fault, was it? No, it wasn't. Maybe DeMarcus was right when he keeps calling me a bitch. A white bitch. A white bitch with so much pent up needs that she ends up masturbating to getting violated by the man that ended her boyfriend's life inside a boxing ring. DeMarcus was right. Mark was a weakling. Mark was nothing more than a pussy.

"Swallow daddy's load, white bitch," DeMarcus gives my face a loud smack with the length of his hand as I hungrily wait for DeMarcus' massive, girthy length to spill its contents right inside my mouth.

My pussy spurted out more of its essences. Mark was a pussy. He was nothing more than a weakling that got put down by a superior man. No, God. What was I thinking? Why was I thinking this? And why was my wet cunt enjoying these hideous thoughts? No, stop. Stop. Stop. No!! I never should have come here. I should have had more self contr-.

"Ah, FUCKKKK! SHIT!!!"

It was too late.

DeMarcus lets out a deafening roar as his large, black cock pulses violently and unleashes a massive torrent of semen into my mouth. He grips my beautiful blonde hair as my blue eyes go wide in sheer horror as the first flood of his cum hits the back of my mouth with such force that I cough and gag uncontrollably. DeMarcus held me firmly in place however as his hot, sticky, virile seed spilled freely from the sides of my lips, dripping on the floor below. I could feel my nipples stiffen and my cunt squirt out more of its fluids as DeMarcus fills up my mouth to the brim with his cum. Mark wasn't here. Mark was dead. Mark was no man. I was nothing but a shameless, white bitch that betrayed my boyfriend and his memory.

I-I couldn't believe what I was doing here. This was horrible. This was unforgivable.

But I did it anyway.

DeMarcus grunted heavily as his massive member unloaded round after round of hot, thick, white cum right inside my mouth as I struggled to keep up with his massive load. DeMarcus continues emptying himself right inside my mouth as I found myself gulping down the heavy, thick, white essence willingly, enjoying the taste of it. He could cum more than my pathetic boyfriend ever could.

Whenever Mark came, it was nothing more than a mere puddle of weak, clear, cum. Something that always signified his worthlessness as a man. No. Stop it. Stop thinking this way. Please. Stop. Please!!!

"Marrghh!!" I shake my head as I begin to gag and choke. My mouth was overflowing. Cum mixed with spit and bile spurted out from my nostrils as I could feel my eyes burn red. And he STILL wouldn't pull his cock out!

"Drink daddy's cum, girl," DeMarcus grabs firmly by the jaw and squeezed my cheeks together trapping all of his thick, virile essence right inside my mouth. No, I hated this fucker. But I couldn't help but enjoy this. I couldn't help but admit this.

That I was turned on by his large, black cock cumming right inside my mouth.

DeMarcus groans heavily as he continues filling up my mouth to the brim with his massive, viscous, load. Mark was not here anymore.

And I betrayed his memory by coming here sucking off his killer.

Mark was never a man. And Mark never could pleasure me the way DeMarcus could, I admitted to myself. It was terrible. It was horrifying. It was unforgivable. Yet, here was Katherine, swallowing another man's cum willingly. How disgusting could I have become?

"HRRK!!" I struggled for air. My vision began to blur. Fuck. What was I doing here? Why did I let this happen to me?

I was suffocating. I was drowning. I was trembling as I found myself gulping DeMarcus' massive cum willingly. It was too much. Too, too, too, muc-.

"SHIIIIIIIT!!!" DeMarcus roars loudly as he finally withdraws his massive, throbbing length from deep inside my throat with a loud, wet, popping noise. DeMarcus glared at me, sneering at me as I found myself catching my breath violently, coughing and heaving nastily as thick strands of his cum hung freely from in between my lips. "Open that mouth, show me," he pries my mouth open paying no heed to my coughing or gasping.

Here I was, Katherine, Mark's girlfriend, showing the defeated contents of my mouth to his killer. On my knees to like some sort of defeated bitch.

DeMarcus sneers as he wipes the length of his massive, girthy member right against my face. His scent was so strong. His taste was so bitter. But I couldn't lie. Mark never could cum like this. This monster did.

"Swallow bitch," he growls. There was nothing else for me to do but follow his words. I shut my eyes tight to endure the humiliation and gag as I struggle to even swallow the thick contents of DeMarcus cum inside my mouth. Mark didn't deserve me. What sort of girlfriend was I to allow myself to blow the man responsible for his death? But did Mark ever even really deserve me???

That pathetic man who kept cheating on me with other sluts. If Mark wasn't really a famous amateur boxer, he would never even get laid what with that tiny little pencil cock of his. DeMarcus was right. Mark wasn't a-

NO!!!! I shake my head violently. What was I doing to myself? Why was I thinking these things about Mark??? Why was I bad mouthing Mark this way?

Mark never deserved someone like me. So why did I spend every single night after he died masturbating to scenarios where he got beaten up in that ring??!!

It wasn't my fault. I-I, was a white bitch in heat. That's all. It wasn't my fault. My hormones. Mark isn't here. DeMarcus, though, was. My body betrayed me so much when I needed it most. It wasn't my fault, it really wasn't.

I really was a slut in heat for this black bastard's massive fucking dick.

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## CHAPTER 5:

"Blerrghh," I groan as I struggle to swallow all of DeMarcus's still very warm and virile load. Fuck! Why was it turning me on so much??!! "GRAGHHH," I struggled, spilling copious amounts of white, sticky, essence right down my chin as I shut my eyes tightly in shame. I still can feel DeMarcus staring proudly as his seed drenched the skin on my lips and dripped free right onto my perky, firm breasts sticking out in my white dress.

Fuck!!! Why did I get aroused this way???? Was Mark never anything but a disappointment to me??? What was I even doing here???

I couldn't control it. I couldn't contain myself anymore. My tears mixed with the tears DeMarcus just fucked right out of me. No, God. How far have I fallen to?

My make up was ruined. Mascara and eyeliner streamed down my face, covering it together with drool, DeMarcus' cum and tears. This was pathetic. This was horrible. I was horri-

DeMarcus groans proudly as I felt him rub the length of his large girth right against my tear-covered cheek. It reeked of masculinity. It reeked of DeMarcus' dominance over Mark and his defeat right inside the ring. This monster murdered Mark. He showed my boyfriend what it truly means to be a real man. How could he reduce me to this???

Why did I find myself wanting to touch my tingling clit so shamelessly in front of him???

"You did a good job sucking my cock like that, Katherine," he gives me a disgusting smile as if he were rubbing it in. "I knew you wanted it bad as I did."

No, that wasn't true at all. I didn't want it at all. He was lying. He was goading me. Besides, if he was telling me the truth, then why

would I be willingly burying my face beneath his cock right now? Why would I be suckling on his smelly, sweaty, nasty black balls while he rested his massive, stiff, slimy black dick right over the tinyess of my ruined face?

My face grew redder and redder as a I shamelessly inhaled DeMarcus' thick masculine aroma straight from the source itself. I ran my tongue around his smooth, round balls, savoring the flavor of his bitter, strong taste. I shouldn't. I mustn't. Mark, I'm so sorry. But this monster killed you. You didn't deserve me. Yet here I was willingly licking clean his murderer's sweaty balls like my life depended on it.

"Mmmpph," I cry heavily as tears continue streaming down my cheeks.

"Yeah," DeMarcus sneers, "Your boyfriend couldn't satisfy you," he taunts. "Don't feel too bad, baby. You's with a real man, now. Shit, keep sucking on my balls like a good little white bitch."

No, please, stop. Stop, making excuses for me. I wasn't a white bitch. Mark was just as much of a real man as DeMarcus. H-He was a real man. Mark was a ma-oh, who was I kidding? I giggle as I hear DeMarcus call Mark a limp dick pussy. "I hear he was fucking with a bitch I use to see, Tatiana," he smirks. "Bitch laughed in his face when she pull his pants down, did he ever tell you that?"

I giggle louder and moan as I shake my head to indicate a no. I was giggling...because DeMarcus was telling the truth. Mark told me that story already. Except, he spun the narrative saying he dumped her after she got too clingy. He was probably afraid I'd laugh at his small penis too. I never did. Well, I sure am laughing alright. Mark was such a loser.

No!!! That wasn't me speaking. Or was it? Who was this person laughing in glee hearing DeMarcus mock my deceased boyfriend with me between his thighs? Did I lose my mind??? Am I enjoying this???

As I continue bathing DeMarcus' balls in my tongue, I couldn't help but enjoy the taste of it. Yes, Mark was such a loser. That's exactly

why he needed to get a girl like me. A safe, dumb, blonde, homely white girl that will cook his meals and wash his dirty underwear daily for him. I giggled louder as DeMarcus proceeds to then emasculate Mark further by calling him a white sissy faggot. Sure enough, I knew. But it still hurt when I heard it from this asshole. DeMarcus laughs at me with disgust written all over his face.

"Sluurp, plopp," I sucked gently on DeMarcus' sweaty, massive balls feeling them throb. Mark was nothing. Mark deserved all the ridicule and shame. Mark deserved to die at the ring. Cause he didn't belong there. He wasn't some alpha male fighter that he thought he was. He was a weak, pussy bitch that got laid the fuck out by a superior man. DeMarcus WAS a superior man. And that's exactly why Mark couldn't last a minute against DeMarcus before getting the life punched out of him.

"Yeah, worship them black balls, bitch," he gives me a gentle slap across the cheek with his massive black girth. "Worship em cause they'll breed you better than that pussy Mark ever could," DeMarcus chuckles proudly. Mark's killers massive balls slapped heavily against my chin as his scent spilled all over my face. It was strong. It was masculine. And above all else, it reeked of power. Mark wasn't a man at all. He was nothing more than an insect DeMarcus stepped on in that ring. I should have been grateful. I should be thankful DeMarcus even took pity and gave me some time of his day sucking on his giant, fat, heavy black balls like a whore.

"Mmmmmm," I moan. "Aahhhh," I stick my tongue out and lick the underside of his cock right from bottom to top like a hungry animal eager for food. Fuck!!! I hated DeMarcus. I loathed Mark's murderer so much. I swore to God I did. But why was my mouth watering listening to DeMarcus trash talk my pathetic boyfriend????!!!!???

Mark didn't deserve a woman like me. He didn't love me. No amount of sweet talking from a weak bastard like him could make me believe otherwise. But, no matter how many times I repeated these words in my head....no matter how much I denied it... I kept finding myself coming to a fact I really wished I'd ignore.

That DeMarcus' scent was addicting.

And I wanted more.

So, I did the one thing that made sense for me to do.

I push my face behind DeMarcus's black balls and start lathering up his taint. It tasted different. It was dirtier. Muskier. Sweatier.

DeMarcus smells of pure testosterone and confidence. Here was Katherine, worshipping DeMarcus' heavy balls despite knowing full well he killed Mark cold blooded inside the ring. No matter how much I tried, my own body kept betraying me. I licked DeMarcus' taint so eagerly because I realized I was wrong.

I could the filthy scent of his asshole as my nose and my lips worked eagerly to massage the spot right beneath DeMarcus balls that I wanted it buried in. Fuck. Fuck!!! It disgusted me!!! Why was I behaving this way??? This isn't me.

Mark might not deserve me. But I was better than this. I had dignity. I had self restraint. But then why does my wet, tight, pink pussy keep squirting out so much that my panties are completely soaked right now????!!!

"SMACK," I gasp as I give his black balls a loud kiss.

He was more of a man than my boyfriend, I kept telling myself. No, Kat, please stop mocking Mark this way. Cause no matter how true everything you said was...he was still your boyfriend.

"Damn, bitch, did me shit talking your bitch ass boyfriend turn you on?" DeMarcus laughs, exposing his pearly white teeth as he mocks Mark right in my face again. No. It didn't turn me on at all. It pissed me off. Mark meant the world to me. I would have sacrificed anything for him. I believed in our future together.

Until, until that match that changed everything. Until DeMarcus beat the living shit out of my pathetic boyfriend in the ring and knocked him out with a knockout punch. Then, the realization hit me hard like a sack of bricks.

Mark wasn't a real man. He never was. Mark wasn't some champion boxer like he pretended to be. He was just a weak, piece of shit fraudster that didn't deserve to enter the ring. On top of that, he wasn't an alpha male at all with that tiny shrimp dick of his.

## CHAPTER 6:

It was time to stop crying over Mark. It was time for me to think about this new alpha man in my life. A man that knew how to please a woman. A man with a dick that wasn't tinier than my little finger. A man who wasn't weak like Mark. DeMarcus was unlike any man I've seen. He was brawny. Fit. Dominant. Massive. Thick. Stiff. DeMarcus stood above the rest of men, towering tall and proud with his 6 foot 4 inch frame and rippling muscles that look chiseled. To be honest, I feared getting dominated by such a monster. Heck, I feared getting anywhere near this evil, murdering man that treated Mark like some sort of worthless piece of meat to be ground into dust. I trembled in fear just looking at his massive arms and muscular physique. Especially, that bulge right between his legs, dangling threateningly below. Yet, I found myself crawling towards him, towards that monstrous black cock desperately hungry for something. I came here for a good reason.

And that reason was to be made a woman out of. To be owned and used like a woman should be by a hung, alpha male like DeMarcus. "Your ex-boyfriend was a weak ass bitch that got put down in front of an audience of thousands," I hear DeMarcus say over my loud giggle as I lather his taint with more of my spit. It reeked and I knew so did my face but I didn't care. Nothing mattered right now. Nothing but me pleasing DeMarcus the best way I possibly could. Mark was dead and he was never coming back. He's gone forever and he'll rot 6 feet under thanks to this big black brute standing proud in front of me with his large, black, throbbing cock right over my tearstained, mascara ridden face. "Go ahead and rim my asshole, bitch," I hear DeMarcus grunt and turn around for me to make it easier. I chuckled. Yes, daddy, I say to myself.

I wanted to taste his asshole. And I loved hearing him demean Mark this way. Mark deserved all of it. The crowd watching that match went wild seeing my pitiful boyfriend get wrecked right in front of their very eyes. They were cheering wildly as DeMarcus wailed on him mercilessly. And so did my pussy seeing a sweaty, hot, hung, fit, tall, black man like DeMarcus beating Mark to a bloody pulp inside that ring. I giggled loudly hearing DeMarcus describe Mark's lifeless, motionless body twitching like a fish right after he finished laying my boyfriend out.

'Is he dead?' the announcer shouts in shock.

'THE KID IS OUT COLD. HE IS UNRESPONDING,' the referee raises DeMarcus' arm triumphantly as the audience goes wild and cheers for my boyfriend's killer.

NO!!! Mark wasn't responding. Because Mark got knocked out so badly by DeMarcus in less than a minute.

"MMmppphhh," I moan as I stick my tongue inside his tight asshole. And as soon as I taste the essence of his insides, my mind goes completely blank.

My submission was complete. I will never go back to being the Katherine of before.

"MMMMMPPHHH," I moan like some sort of happy pig as I pressed my tongue as deep as I possibly could inside DeMarcus musky asshole. Oh fuck!!!! It smells so fucking good. I need this. I need more. As humiliating as this was. As disgusting as it sounds, I couldn't help but worship DeMarcus the best way I possibly could. His musk was thick and salty but I loved the feel of his scented hole leaking so close to me. No man has ever done this to me before. I belonged to him. "MMmmarrghh," I slurp on his dirty, black, asshole like the pig bitch that I was. I'm lucky DeMarcus ended Mark in that ring. At least, this monster made me submit and realize the error of my ways.

I worship DeMarcus ass diligently as drool and tears combined to form a huge mess underneath my nose. It dripped freely, mixing with DeMarcus' powerful, manly scent. This is heaven, I think to

myself. Rimming a black man's ass. Being his whore. Worshipping him as he sees fit. This was my place. "GRRMMMMPPH!" I snarl loudly as my mouth worships DeMarcus hole.

My face was no doubt a complete wreck after rimming DeMarcus for so long. It smelled of more than just his sweat and cum. It was now a cornucopia of a ton of filth all mixed together. It felt like eating my own damn saliva. I laughed as DeMarcus pulled himself free of my mouth and began squatting right over my face. It was now wet with tears. The scent of his massive cock permeated all over my skin. No, Mark, why couldn't you make me feel this way?!!

"Daddy's gonna teach you how a REAL man takes over a woman, bitch," he groans as he turned around. My mouth watered once his balls and ass are completely out of reach. Fuck, how could I be this shameless??? My own tongue extended to the air like the pathetic submissive I was hoping to shove it right back into DeMarcus' asshole once he lowers it again. I couldn't wait. I wanted more. I NEEDED more. My pussy spasmed uncontrollably as hot nectars spurted freely. And then, he shoves his muscled, hot, black ass right back on my face. This time, I didn't hesitate to slurp, suck, lick, rim that tight little hole of his. To show him that I indeed acknowledged him as my superior alpha.

It disgusted me. I hate DeMarcus. But my pussy was drenched from how submissive and turned on I felt worshipping the killer of the man I once loved. Mark meant nothing to me now. Mark was a sissy white boy. I never needed a weak, tiny dicked man like him. I had needs too. As Katherine the faithful girlfriend, I repressed these.

"Ohhh, YEAHHH," I groan out loud as DeMarcus grabs hold of my long, blonde hair and smothers me with his asshole as his heavy balls rested heavily over my chin. How could he treat a woman like me this way? How could I enjoy a monster like DeMarcus degrading Mark this way?? Did he not respect me at all? Did my love for Mark mean NOTHING to him? Did- "AHHH, MMMMPPHH," I shoved my tongue into his asshole deeper. Deeper than I ever imagined possible. "GRRGRRRRGMPPHHHH," I growl angrily in protest as DeMarcus laughs loudly while he continues riding my face. My nose

and lips worked endlessly as I worshipped his ass the best way I possibly could. Katherine was nothing now. My dignity left me the moment I put my lips around DeMarcus's cock. I lived to worship his nasty black asshole now. And I loved every single second of it. And I hated it. I hated that I loved it.

Mark's killer rode my face endlessly as I stuck my tongue deeper inside DeMarcus' asshole and bathed the insides of it with the contents of my own mouth. This was wrong. So, so terribly wrong. I was a weak woman submitting to a superior man that humiliated her boyfriend right in front of the world. Mark was worthless. Mark was a joke. A complete weakling. And, he didn't deserve me at all. Not when an alpha male like DeMarcus shows my white boyfriend his rightful place and humiliated him in front of everyone watching. Why didn't Mark beat DeMarcus??? Why couldn't Mark just be a man for once? My fingers found themselves wrapped around DeMarcus's cock once more. This time I was stroking him to stiffness while I licked and slurped on his asshole endlessly.

"GRRRGMPPPH," I growl as my fingers continued pumping the length of his dick rapidly, feeling it grow hard and stiff in my palm. I hated DeMarcus. I hated how his dick pulsed rapidly while I jerked him off faster and faster, slobbering endlessly all over his hole in the process. I pull back to belch and burp while still stroking DeMarcus' stiff length. I had enough air and I'm grateful that he lets me breathe for a brief second before stuffing that black ass back on my face and smothering me some more.

I laughed loudly as I stroked him so eagerly. Like a mindless bimbo whose only purpose was to serve his asshole. What had gotten over me? My cheeks flushed as a fresh wave of excitement and lust hits me all at once. It was humiliating. It was disgusting. My body kept betraying me and it disgusted me even more. This wasn't right. Yet, here was Katherine on her knees with cum, sweat, drool, and puke staining her ruined face. Good ,innocent, ol' Katherine, Mark's girlfriend, was here on her knees rimming DeMarcus' nasty, thick, black ass while slobbering and jerking him off at the same time. How could a good girl like me be this depraved??!!! "Ahhhhh, mmmmmm,

urggh!!" I was making the sickest sounds while slurping, licking, sucking, rimming DeMarcus' tight ass. He kept bouncing off my face as I kept licking his hole obediently. I had submitted.

There was no doubt about it. My eyes rolled into the back of my head as DeMarcus' balls rubbed heavily on my chin. I have never once in my life ever thought or fantasized about being face first in between a guy's ass, let alone him being black. It was so hot. So nasty. So filthy.

So, so, so, degrading. I loved every single second of it. I couldn't stop. My tongue worshipped his asshole as I found myself licking his insides like my life depended on it. DeMarcus pulled himself free of me for one final time before finally stepping over my head with both feet as I stare in awe and adoration at his muscled, fit physique. I was moaning endlessly as my clit throbbed. I was a worthless, white bitch that's lost herself entirely.

I was in no doubts that I belonged to DeMarcus now, both body and mind.

After what seemed like an eternity, I finally pull back gasping for air once I realize his dick simply was not going to get any harder than it already was and felt like a massive iron pipe throbbing in my hands, grunting and moaning like some sort of shameless slut, spitting, drooling, and, whimpering.

I stared longingly at DeMarcus massive black girth. My pussy ached and my mouth watered endlessly. I was a disgusting mess.

And so were my clothes. The scent of Mark's killer was now all over my face, mixing with my own spit, drool, and tears. I shook all over. My ears were ringing loudly.

My mind was completely clouded. Yet, here I was crawling towards DeMarcus like a submissive pet towards the man I just worshipped so eagerly a second ago. This man killed my boyfriend and I knew so. But did I, Katherine, the good white girlfriend care at all?

No. I didn't. I couldn't give a shit.

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## CHAPTER 7:

As DeMarcus grins ear to ear, turns around, and motions for me to take my clothes off, I had to simply accept that I did not.

I giggle as I obey him. As if hypnotized, my fingers immediately went to work and unbuttoned my white dress. Then, I undid the straps on my bra as my breasts bounced free. Next, I pulled down my damp, moist, panties. Finally, I remove my heels and toss it aside. There I was. Katherine. Mark's girlfriend. Standing completely naked and exposed right in front of DeMarcus wearing nothing but his sweat and my spit all over my tearstained face. DeMarcus eyed me up like a hungry beast. His eyes rested on my perfectly round breasts and my hard, erect, pink, nipples. I whimper in frustration mixed with ecstasy as DeMarcus pounces on me like a lion pouncing on its prey. I let out a loud shameless moan as tremors rock my body. DeMarcus bit the lobe of my ear before moving to bite on my neck. I wrap my arms around my newfound master as my soft, supple breasts grinds up against the thickness of his hard, muscular, ripped pecs. I let out another loud, desperate moan. Mark could never do this to me. The more my skin made contact with DeMarcus' musky, sweaty skin, the more my body ached in pleasure and heat. I never felt this way ever before. Mark never could treat Katherine as a woman. No matter how many nights I spent pleasing him with my mouth, with my hands, with my breasts, and with my pussy, Mark always found ways to leave me unattended and unsatisfied. D

As his large, calloused hands roamed over my delicate, white, skin, my arms are still thrown around his neck and cling on for dear life. I could feel his massive, erect cock poke right into my mound. I was humping it like a horny slut desperate for its essence. All that was left to do for me now is submit and take the beating he gives my pussy just like the beating he gave my poor, weak boyfriend all those

days ago inside the ring. Katherine was nothing. Katherine belonged to DeMarcus now.

"Ah!" I scream out in bliss as his big lips begin suckling on my hardened, pink, nipples. "Uggghhh," I throw my head back as DeMarcus begins licking on my stiff nipples like a starved beast. I felt DeMarcus's massive length throb right up against my slit. "Shit!" I gasp as I shuddered. The next thing I knew, I had my pale, slender, smooth legs wrapped around his hip firmly locked in place as DeMarcus carried me effortlessly to the bedroom all while not letting go of my sexy tits. "SHHHIIITTT!!!" I screamed and hugged him tight as DeMarcus bites down hard on my sensitive nipples. He throws me on his bed like I was some sort of cheap whore. My pussy kept throbbing and spasming endlessly as the reality hits me. DeMarcus, Mark's killer was about to claim my pussy next. He was standing over me like a monster ready to conquer his prey. He grabbed me firmly by the ankle before spreading my legs apart for him to see. My face glows red in sheer embarrassment as I shut my eyes. DeMarcus is oggling at my naked body. It was humiliating. He was about to conquer me. I was his prize for ending my boyfriend in that ring. "Stop," my voice quivers. "Please," I shake my head and try to cover my now glistening wet cunt. Mark. Mark, why weren't you like DeMarcus instead??!! Why did you have to get knocked out like a bitch and die???? Why wasn't your cock big enough to please me????!!!!

My head slowly moves from left to right to indicate a huge 'no' but that doesn't stop DeMarcus. My legs quake and my toes curl up as he brings his face closer to my slit. DeMarcus slides my legs up the air as he licked me below. The second the thickness and roughness of his tongue makes contact with the lips of my pink pussy, my heart stops. "GRAGGHGHHRRRRGHGH," I threw my head back in shock and surprise while my vision flashes white. "I'm-FUUUUUUUCCCKKK!" I scream as my entire body goes into convulsion. No, this wasn't happening. Katherine was a good white girl. I would never sleep with Mark's murderer!!

"GRRRGGGHHHHHAAAAHHHHH!!!!" I cry out in pleasure, pain,

shame, and ecstasy. I cover my face with my hands in humiliation as my pussy explodes purely from DeMarcus tongue rubbing right against my slit. I was cumming-no, I came. The orgasm washed over me fast and quick like some sort of flash grenade. My own essence squirts all over DeMarcus' handsome, ebony, face in violent bursts as tears flow freely all over my eyes once more. Wet warmth fills my entire being as DeMarcus brings his tongue even deeper right inside my folds. As horrible as I was feeling right now, my mouth was salivating and my cunt kept throbbing and begging for more. It was addicting. It felt amazing. My hands instinctively reached for the back of his head as the dampness of my arousal continues to flow endlessly into DeMarcus' mouth and stains his chin. I screamed like a desperate bitch. DeMarcus growled deeply in his throat as I felt a rumble ripple up from my cunt straight up to my spine and all over my body. "SHHIIITTTTT, AHHH," I wrap my long legs firmly around DeMarcus neck as I drag my master deeper into the folds of my drenched, throbbing, leaking pussy. I was crying now. Weeping. Tears of joy and arousal flooded down my beautiful face. I was in heaven. This was what I always needed. This was what a man I needed in my life this whole entire time.

Mark wasn't a man. Mark wasn't even close to a real man. And this was Katherine finally accepting the bitter truth once and for all. I never loved Mark. I only put up with him because I pitied him. I pitied him for being a worthless, clingy piece of shit that needed some dumb, dumb blonde, safe girl like me to keep him from humiliating himself. Mark was now dead courtesy of DeMarcus' brutal right hook right inside the ring.

"DADDY!" I scream out for the first time that night showing my complete and utter submission to Mark's killer. It felt great saying that for some reason. It felt freeing as well. "OH MYY FUCKKK, AHHHH!!!," I shudder as I gyrate my hips all while DeMarcus-no, daddy keeps eating me out. Katherine. The good white girlfriend was no longer here. "FUCK!!"

"Yeah, I'm your fucking daddy," he laughs and I laugh along with him. I was beaming in sheer ecstasy now. Never in my entire life did

I ever call Mark daddy. Or any man for that matter. This was a new beginning. This was what Katherine, needed all this entire time. This was my destiny and I found myself looking right at it inside the eyes of my alpha male. The moment our eyes meet, my heart flutters in sheer happiness. This was the man that humiliated Mark right inside that ring.

The muscles on DeMarcus' cheeks worked endlessly, diligently, feverishly as he savors my creamy, tangy essence. My legs shook helplessly on DeMarcus massive shoulders as I whimper loudly in defeat. I felt powerless and weak just like any woman should in front of a superior male like DeMarcus. "OOOOHHHH, FUCK," I rub my mound against DeMarcus mouth eagerly like some sort of cock hungry whore. I smiled in defeat as DeMarcus shoves his thick, black, fingers right inside my hot, wet, dripping entrance all while I'm convulsing like a bitch in heat. It felt so damn fucking amazing. It was pathetic seeing myself so broken right now. But DeMarcus deserved Katherine the girlfriend of Mark. He had earned her. So why couldn't a white bitch like me simply enjoy the moment of her body being claimed right in front of her own eyes. Yeah, I was just a white bitch in heat wanting to get satisfied and laid well. Why was I trying to deny this?? "Ahh, Fuck, UUGGGHHH," I shudder violently once DeMarcus licks the sides of my tight, pink, entrance with his hot tongue while his fingers slide inside and out my tight folds effortlessly. Ah, ah, ahh!!!! I closed my eyes in bliss as tears of pure happiness rolls down the sides of my soft cheeks once more as DeMarcus fingered me harder and faster as his tongue danced and worked over the folds of my moist, throbbing entrance. That bump inside me tingles pleasurably once DeMarcus brings his fingers to it and teased my G-spot endlessly with both his mouth and his fingers. Mark never even knew. That pathetic pussy of a man never even made me orgasm ever this whole entire time. Only daddy DeMarcus could.

As DeMarcus mouth kept hungrily eating away the remnants of my tight, pink entrance, his thumb finds the hood of my sensitive clit. I began squealing like an animal the moment his rough skin comes

into contact with my sensitive spot as if he flicked my off switch. "D-Da-daDYY!!," I spasm all over the bed once DeMarcus moves his tongue deep inside me all while grinding his thumb all over the nub of my throbbing clitoris. "I'm gonna CUuuMM," I scream out in absolute pleasure, defeat, and shame all at the same time once DeMarcus fingers increased their ferocity in fucking me. Daddy had earned Katherine after killing her pathetic ex in front of the entire boxing world. Daddy was now here eating me out after completely taking all I had. And daddy deserves my submission.

My body accepted the truth after many nights of being deprived. Katherine never even orgasmed ever at all with Mark. But daddy DeMarcus will give me that one final push, I told myself.

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## CHAPTER 8:

"Shiiiiit!! Fuck me!!! " I squealed desperately and hugged DeMarcus' head tighter as he relentlessly eats my tight pussy out all while fingering my pussy eagerly. "I'm CUMMING!!!" I scream once more as my mind literally melts away into a pile of mush as wave after wave of ecstasy, heat, lust, pleasure, and pleasure rush through me and overwhelmed every nerve ending in Katherine's pathetic white body. This was what pleasure is. This is what my cunt needed. And I was feeling all of it from daddy DeMarcus after Mark failed so miserably with satisfying me in bed all those years.

I couldn't believe how shameless I was to give in to the pleasure that I was sorely missing because I was stuck in a useless relationship with a worthless loser like Mark. I couldn't find words to express my orgasms at all. It was as if a warm wetness gushed out from deep inside my cunt all while DeMarcus fingers fucked the orgasm right out of me all the while he kept lapping on my arousal like some sort of animal dying of thirst. It was pathetic being the good white girlfriend squirting right over a hung, virile, murderer's face that ended Mark's boxing career so viciously all because he fucked up my useless boyfriend so badly that he ended up dying.

"Shit," I gasp for breath as my eyes roll around. My vision was all blurry and I couldn't tell up from down. I was drunk as hell from the sheer intensity of the orgasm. My lightheadedness did not prepare me for what was happening next.

DeMarcus towers right over as he rubs the massive length of his thick, juicy, massive cock right over my slick folds. I couldn't find the strength to protest. I meekly watched as the hideously bulbous tip of his massive black dick throb in his hands. He was going to put it in. No. No, he couldn't. I couldn't let him do that. There would be no going back from any of this if I allow him to.

God, no. Don't. Don't. Not while Mark...Mark-Mark was dead. Nothing could stop me. I could scream out for Mark to help me and there was nothing that he could do because he was dead.

Even if Mark were alive what could he even do? Pathetic, weak, useless Mark that got beat the shit out by DeMarcus inside that ring. Mark was a loser and he never even once came close to satisfying my pussy all those years with that little, white micro penis of his. There were absolutely no chances of that.

"Oh, FUCK!!!!!!!!!" I yell out but my voice comes out as more of a broken laughter. I was laughing. Why the hell was I laughing? I could feel my pussy squirt out juice as this black monster of an alpha male slowly and painfully stuffed me with every inch of his massive fucking black girth that threatened to tear my folds into pieces. I never felt pleasure so intense ever before as I watch daddy slowly insert the thick, girthy head of his fat black monster cock deeper inside my folds. And that was why I wanted him to shove it deeper into my pussy. I could feel those massive veins on his dick pulse in frenzy as my tight, sopping wet cunt stretched to accommodate the monstrosity of his pulsating girth. Fuckkk!!!! My pussy spasmed, squirting and gushing juices right down his length, making daddy DeMarcus grin widely in delight. "Gaaahhh," I arched my back once DeMarcus slams in deeper right inside Katherine's weak, pathetic, folds. "Yessshhh, fucking put it in meee daddy," I grin like a little bitch as I threw my legs firmly around DeMarcus trunk thick waist to encourage him to shove himself all the way to the deepest spot inside me. DeMarcus smirks widely and laughs. I giggled weakly along with him as well like some sort of broken record machine while his massive, pulsating cock throbs deep inside me, threatening to stretch my pink pussy into oblivion.

"So fucking big," I hiss in a slutty voice that didn't hide how drunk I was in cock lust. "You're so fucking big."

"Yeah?"

"Fuck," I throw my head back. "So much fucking bigger than my loser boyfriend," I find myself bragging to DeMarcus how his cock dwarfed Mark. I shake all over and I could feel DeMarcus enjoy this

humiliation the best way as he gyrates his hips causing the thick bulbous head of his massive length to grind so deep inside me. "You're so much fucking bigger than him," I start whimpering all while I stared up at daddy DeMarcus like a pathetically weak white bitch that gave in to lust as she compares the sheer superiority of Mark's killer compared to my worthless, pathetic, ex boyfriend. I was shamelessly telling the man who murdered him how much larger his cock was compared to Mark's.

"That's what I wanna hear," he snickers as he slowly begins thrusting his black dick in and out of me making me yelp out in pain and pleasure every time. I could feel his massive cock head hit the back of my fucking womb as it pulsates hard all the way in. It hurt. And it felt so fucking amazing. My tits bounce ferociously as DeMarcus grabs the globes of them to use as support to help him fuck my pussy harder. My legs remained wrapped firmly around daddy like a loyal fucking slut as I begged his thick, massive, pulsing, length to rail me even harder. I deserved this fucking beating, I kept telling myself. I needed to be reminded how much pathetic Mark was compared to this alpha black killer here and now. And I accepted that with open arms and with no remorse as daddy DeMarcus begins smacking me hard with a vicious, stinging slap right across the face before choking my frail white neck with his fucking hands all while railing Katherine like a worthless, pathetic, white whore.

"Whose this pussy belong to?" he growls. The heat and masculine scent of DeMarcus breath tickled the sides of my tearstained cheeks and sent me into spasm again. Daddy's massive, throbbing length kept hitting my G spot endlessly. His testicles kept slapping so loudly right against my ass as I moaned loudly, shrieked, and wailed helplessly in bed submitting like a worthless, weak white bitch to her black alpha male.

"Yours, daddyyyy," I scream out. "MY pussy belongs to you, daddy," I kept calling him daddy. Fuck, I was shameless. I had no dignity. What kind of a woman was I? No, how worthless was Mark to allow for any of this to happen? Fuckkk, fuckkk, fuckkk, fuckkk, fuckkk,

fuck, fuck. Every pound of daddy's massive, black, length hitting my cunt felt like a truck slamming right into Katherine's frail body. Fuckkk, fuckkk, fuckkk, fuckkk, fuckkk, fuck, fuck. My clit throbbed endlessly and DeMarcus knew so as he brings his thumb right over my sensitive little nub and rubs it hard and fast. "Fuccccccckkk, mmmmm," I shiver in ecstasy. Every thud of daddy's massive balls hitting my white ass felt like a punch right to the gut. Fuckkk, fuckkk, fuckkk, fuck, fuck. "AAHHHH, MMMPPHHH, AHHHH, AHHHH, AHHHH," my eyes roll back. "Fuck me, daddy. Fuck me with that big fucking black cock of yours."

"Who owns this pussy now?" DeMarcus chuckles.

"Y-You, D-d-a-dd-dyyy," I moan. "Y-you do," Katherine was no more. "It's daddy's now," I scream out.

"Say my name, bitch," he slaps me again hard across the face and chokes my frail white neck even harder.

"D-d-DeMarcuuss," I cry.

"Louder, bitch," he slaps my cheeks even harder as I feel my pussy squirt out in response to the humiliation daddy was giving me. He was squeezing my flesh so hard it hurts. Katherine was no more. All that's left was daddy's bitch. "Who owns this pussy, bitch?" he squeezes my face harder making me drool. "Who owns this pussy NOW, white bitch?"

"D-d-DeMarcuuss!," Katherine belonged to daddy DeMarcus now. I was never going to be the same. I knew that the moment I decided to come here. But now, I was certain. If there were any doubts about it before, there were none now. "DeMarcus, DeMarcus, DeMarcus, DeMarcus, DeMarcus, DeMarcus, DeMarcus," my voice gets higher and higher as it finally becomes a pitiful squeak. His strong, black hands were squeezing my face so hard my jaw felt like it's about to break. I held on to his strong, forearms for dear life. The same arms that put an end to not only Mark's boxing career but also his life all those days ago.

As the realization hit me, I squirted shamelessly in literal pleasure. I squeal in excitement.

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## CHAPTER 9:

I was cumming again. This time, the vivid imagery of daddy DeMarcus beating Mark to death flooded my mind. I squeal and spasm helplessly underneath daddy's massive, rippled, chest as my legs tremble all over the air. It was pathetic. It was humiliating. Not only for Mark but also for me. I was being claimed as a victory prize, a new trophy by daddy DeMarcus. And my pussy was submitting so eagerly and readily to its new owner. I squealed and moaned and groaned and trembled in the bliss of orgasmic heaven. I could see Mark from DeMarcus's point of view now, getting the daylight punched out of him .POW. One fell stroke and he goes limp. I shudder as the explosion rocks me hard.

"UggggggGGGggGGGHHHHAAAAAAAHHHHH," I scream in pure pleasure as my toes curl up tightly. My numb legs were locked up hard against DeMarcus's waist and I felt myself floating somewhere. The overwhelming, bolts of bliss rocked my body endlessly as the orgasm continues to pulsate all over my frail, tender, white body that was being marked by my new owner. My ears were ringing. I could only see DeMarcus's handsome black face on top of me. He was licking his lips. I only did whatever was logical.

I reach out both my arms, wrap them around DeMarcus massive neck and pull daddy's black lips onto my pink lips and kiss the absolute daylights out of it. I was nothing now. I have submitted completely and there was no going back at all. I kiss daddy DeMarcus endlessly. As if starved like some sort of a drunken whore all while I keep cumming all over his pulsing length that keeps getting bigger and bigger. I was moaning into his mouth. I was kissing him like there was no tomorrow. I sensed his big black balls heave in tension. Oh, no. He wasn't wearing protection nor was I on my pills.

But I didn't care.

I was chewing on his thick tongue all while my pussy continues to cum on daddy DeMarcus cock that felt like a hot cannon ready to explode and load my insides with hot black seed.

It didn't matter anymore.

I lay helplessly underneath him. I kept kissing him like a lust drunk bimbo all the while DeMarcus pumps his massive, pulsing length that felt like it's about to burst. "Cum inside me, daddy," I whisper to him looking right in his handsome face. "Breed me. I'm yours now," I cry out. Katherine belonged to daddy DeMarcus as he rips me asunder and pounds my defenseless, vulnerable, folds endlessly. His massive, girthy cock was throbbing so fucking hard I felt it's ready to burst.

"Make me fucking pregnant. Put a baby in me!!"

DeMarcus grunts and groans like an animal. He was like a huge, black stallion breeding the pathetic, white slut in heat. That big black cock of his was about to flood the inner depths of my womb any moment now. Depths that my useless faggot white boyfriend Mark could never ever reach even in his wildest dreams.

"FUCK!!!!!!" I hug and cling on to him for dear life. I could feel the muscles on his back flex as I scratch my trembling fingers all over him. "CUM INSIDE ME!!! MAKE ME FORGET MY FUCKING LOSER FAGGOT WHITE BOYFRIEND!!!"

There I said it. I never cussed like this in my life. Why now? How was I ever so dissatisfied and degraded with pathetic Mark??!!!!? I wanted to say it again so I did. "CUM INSIDE ME UNTIL I FORGET MY FAGGOT BOYFRIEND!!!" I cried out as daddy DeMarcus rocks me violently into another hard and brutal orgasm all while my pussy sucks and pleads daddy to deposit everything that was inside his massive balls right in my pussy. I hear him roar as I keep insulting Mark over and over again. "FUCKING CUM IN ME, YOU MURDEROUS BLACK ASSHOLE!!! CUM INSIDE THIS WHITE FUCKING PUSSY! NGGGGGGG, HUMILATE AND RUIN MY LOSER WHITE BOYFRIEND ONE LAST GODDAMN TIME," I scream on top of my fucking lungs

like some sort of mad drunk slut. "JUST CUM INSIDE ME ARGHHGHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

It was as if a shotgun had been set off inside my pussy. I could literally feel his massive cock expand deep inside my pussy first and then....BOOM!

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH FUCKKKKKKK!" was the last thing I heard before DeMarcus and I both went static.

A big, blast of literal thick hot white cum exploded right inside my pussy like some sort of bomb detonating. As I wrap my frail white legs so firm, my mouth stayed open in an embarrassing half O and my eyes went out of focus. It really did feel like his big black dick was some sort of a shotgun that just blasted itself into the depths of my fertile womb.

How could I even begin to explain what happened? Thick, wet, warmth flooded my entire cunt endlessly but not in some weak dribble like Mark usually did. My ears were ringing for more reason now. Mark could never do this even on his best fucking days. It happened in one swift powerful explosion and not a pathetic, poor pathetic dribble like Mark could ever do. "UGGGGHHH," I moaned helplessly. There was a torrent of thick, white, hot, liquid coursing through my insides. My eyes went out of focus for a long time as daddy kept shooting wave after wave of literal cum so deep in my womb as if it had one objective; knock me up, impregnate me, breed me till I whelped out a lightskin black baby for him. I felt sick in my stomach as my mound was swelling up with cum. I couldn't even move. I was numb all over.

DeMarcus falls on top of me panting like a wild animal on top of prey, trapping me in between his massive black, chest, hugging me so firm like I was the love of his life. I lost count at the orgasms already. I simply closed my eyes. His heavy breaths felt nice on top of my face all the while hot sticky heat continued flowing into my pussy. His cock was still in there, limp but large and throbbing so deliciously inside the depths of my deflowered pussy. He never could satisfy Katherine ever before. But I'm glad daddy DeMarcus did.

DeMarcus chuckles. There was pride and utter dominance all over that smug look he's giving me now. As I try to fight for air, DeMarcus, Mark's murderer pins me underneath the bed while a weak smile escapes my lips, while I was just there panting helplessly all while cum kept leaking out of my well-bred cunt endlessly with his cock in me still. This man literally fucked me into heat.

That's right. I was bred like a fucking dog. I was marked by daddy DeMarcus and he rendered Katherine nothing but a whimpering white bimbo underneath his bed. DeMarcus finally pulls out of me slowly and reluctantly all while I tried reaching out to keep his softening length deep into my pussy still, groaning weakly all over as semen leaks freely all over my already used cunt.

"Fuck," DeMarcus rubs his massive cock slowly in his hands while staring right into my defeated eyes endlessly. Daddy DeMarcus won. He won there in that ring and he won here.

Daddy DeMarcus conquered me just like he had conquered Mark. I groan in pain and pleasure all at once as daddy pulls himself completely out of me. I could feel DeMarcus's thick dribble and ooze out of me steadily and endlessly. Here I was on this bed filled with black seed that kept flowing out of me as if on purpose; ensuring that daddy DeMarcus impregnated me good and that I, Katherine, ended up with a black lightskin baby or two in this tummy a few months' time. Fuck, what have I done?

Or what was I even doing? My fingers traced the finely defined muscles on his arms as I kept weakly licking his neck and chest. My head was spinning. I had no dignity now. I was pathetically smiling ear to ear all while daddy runs his rough, calloused, palms right over my frail white, breasts. DeMarcus stole me from weak pathetic faggot, loser, Mark. And I loved every single second of it happening. I glanced helplessly as his massive, softening, length flops on my mound all wet and warm, still leaking from that dark, purple slit. I close my eyes and drift off to sleep as daddy DeMarcus rubs his massive limp length right over my mound all spent and useless, marking Katherine endlessly as his white bitch.

That's right.

I was marked as a black man's bitch now.

I was just a bitch to be bred by this black asshole. I could feel myself leak as I realize that I was a hot white bitch to be bred and give birth to his children.

Sleep came so easy now.

## EPILOGUE:

There were flashes of cameras everywhere as daddy DeMarcus smiles from ear to ear while I pose weakly and helplessly, rubbing my now round, swollen tummy that housed daddy's lightskin black babies. That's right. I was pregnant with twins. Mark was still dead. And his killer, my daddy now proudly claimed me as his.

"Can we have a statement?"

"Are you guys engaged?"

"Was this planned?!?"

"Is Mark ever going to forgive you?"

"Will you continue boxing after Sunday, DeMarcus?"

"Was this all planned?"

"What do you have to say, Katherine, in regard to your late boyfriend-?"

"Do you think Mark could ever forgive you for this?"

That question stung me. Not in a hurting way. But it stung me in a more amusing way.

I laugh. It was all planned. And Mark would never forgive any of this. After all, daddy DeMarcus killed him fair and square inside that ring. Then, he took me as his prize.

"Of course," I smile at the reporter who made it a point to rudely stick his microphone in my face. "I know that this was what Mark would have wanted," I look up at the camera while hugging on to DeMarcus' thick arm. "I know Mark would have wanted me to forgive DeMarcus and I did," I look up at DeMarcus's face as he bends to give me a kiss right on the cheeks. Camera flashes go off endlessly. Mark was nothing. Mark was dead. And daddy killed him

inside that ring fair and square. My legs quake all the while I rubbed my tummy that housed daddy's lightskin black twins eagerly and proudly.

"I forgive DeMarcus," I look right into the reporter's face this time. My voice was calm and confident. I was drunk in cock lust and I was shamelessly admitting it to the entire world.

I was a black man's bitch now. And I had absolutely zero regrets.

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## BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR:

### **Becky Goes Black!**

[Read here!](#)

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

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

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

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## **Molly Becomes a Hotwife**

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

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

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

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

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

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## **A Black Thug's White B\*\*\*\***

[Read here!](#)

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

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## **Blacked by Her Bully Ex-Boyfriend!**

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

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