

**SALLY P**

*My black ex boyfriend pays me  
a surprise visit!*

**BLACKED!**

On My **WEDDING**

**Day!**

# BLACKED! ON MY WEDDING DAY BY MY BLACK EX-BOYFRIEND!

A HOT TABOO, BMWF, CUCKOLD, CHEATING, INTERRACIAL,  
IMPREGNATION, QOS HOTWIFE HEA ROMANTIC EROTICA STORY!

**BOOK 1**

BY

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In the hallowed moments before a wedding, Cassandra finds herself standing at the crossroads of commitment and forbidden desire. On the verge of marrying Jason, the epitome of stability and predictability, she's haunted by a past that reeks of passion and the untamed allure of a far more adventurous life. As the morning light filters through her window, casting a hesitant glow on her wedding gown, Cassandra wrestles with the echoes of her past in the form of Darius. Darius shows up on the morning of her wedding and to Cassie, Darius is the epitome of masculine strength.

How could he not be as he had once ignited the taboo flames of lust inside Cassandra after all? His touch, a forbidden elixir, had left an indelible mark on her femininity for the years to come.

Today, she grapples with cold feet, not out of fear of commitment, but out of the allure of what she once deemed forbidden. The memories of lust, passion, secret rendezvous, and the magnetic pull of Darius's sculpted physique flood her mind, threatening to unravel the carefully woven fabric of her impending union. Darius, with his Greek God physique and inked skin, is a reminder of a world Cassandra once knew—a world painted in hues of raw desire and unbridled passion. His unexpected visit on this pivotal day is a test of her resolve, a challenge to the conventional path she's about to tread.

Jason? He does not even compare. How could he? A mild mannered polite bland and boring white man whom she was all set to marry had nothing on a tall, black, hung, virile stud that was Darius.

Cassandra's heart beats in sync with the forbidden rhythms of her past. The struggle between the safe embrace of Jason's love and the fiery allure of Darius becomes a battleground where desire wages war against duty. In a thrilling dance between past and present, Cassandra must navigate the treacherous waters of her own desires.

The clock ticks, the wedding approaches, and the pull of forbidden passion threatens to shatter the very foundations of her carefully planned life.

Will Cassandra succumb to the intoxicating call of Darius and risk everything she's ever known?

Or will she walk down the aisle, embracing the safety of Jason's love, leaving the allure of the past as a tantalizing but untouchable memory?

In this scintillating tale, passion and propriety clash, and Cassandra is faced with a choice that will redefine not only her present but the very essence of her femininity.

**DISCLAIMER: Contains heavy themes of infidelity, cheating and taboo interracial eroticism between a black man and a white woman! It also contains several instances of obscene, lewd, sexist, misogynist, homophobic, race themed colorful language that is used solely in the context of erotic roleplay. Please do not read if these themes offend you!**

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COVER PHOTO GENERATED BY SALLY P.

# CHAPTER 1:

I stared at the reflection in the mirror, the white lace of the bridal gown that I was holding up looked incredibly beautiful. The room was still, the soft morning light filtering through the curtains. A typical wedding day should be filled with excitement, joy, and the hustle and bustle of preparations. Yet, here I stood, alone, in the silence of my thoughts.

My mother had left hours ago, probably getting tired of waiting for me. I couldn't bring myself to tell her what was stirring in my mind. Doubt, like a persistent shadow, had crept in, whispering questions I never dared to confront before. We already had the conversation before. And my mom did do her best to allay my fears.

"Every woman goes through this before their wedding, Cassie," she had reassured me last night. "Even me."

*"But how do I know Jason is the right guy, mom?" I gave her a pout. I mean, I wouldn't really rate my mother's choices in men given my father bailed on us shortly after I turned five. My mom dated a couple of bad eggs but it's only just been us since then.*

*"Well, you've been with him so far, right?" my mom smiles at me. "You'll know when you know, honey."*

*"Yeah, like that worked out for you and dad!" I give her a frown.*

*"Oh, please," she shakes her head and waves me off. "You do not want to get into that, trust me."*

*"But Jason-."*

*"Jason is perfect for you," she smiles. "Trust me. You two make a great couple. And soon, you two will make the perfect husband and wife, I know it."*

*"And you know this, how? Mom, you're not the one w-."*

*"Trust me, honey," my mother shushes me instantly before I could finish my sentence. "Jason is a gem of a person that you should be thankful to be with for the rest of your life."*

I walked to the window, pulling back the curtains to reveal a world buzzing with the promise of a bright day. Birds chirped, and the distant hum of traffic indicated life moving forward. But inside, my heart felt heavy.

Jason, the man I was supposed to marry in a matter of hours, seemed like a good choice on paper. Stable job, respectable family, and a predictable life. Yet, as I twirled in the white gown, doubts swirled in my mind like the gentle snowflakes of indecision. But he wasn't.....*it*.

We were dating for a couple of months, then we moved in together soon after. God, how did time fly by so fast? It's already been a couple of years since we met. Now, we're finally getting hitched.

Was this the life I wanted? A life mapped out in certainty, devoid of surprises and spontaneity? Jason was a good man, but his idea of adventure was ordering a different takeout on a Friday night. Jason's idea of adventure was staying at home, tucked in-oh, God. Jason was-wasn't it.

But Jason was a safe bet. He was going to be my husband. I didn't have a problem with him until yesterday, so why now?

Was this what I wanted?

The unanswered questions lingered. Did I want more? Was I ready to commit to a lifetime of predictability? A cold breeze swept through the room, making me shiver, but it wasn't the temperature that sent a chill down my spine.

I looked at the delicate wedding bands on the dresser, symbols of a commitment that, at this moment, felt like a leap into the unknown. My heart pounded with uncertainty.

What if I just decide to run away? Yeah, I could just-no. We've invested too much in this marriage. And poor Jason, he would be heartbroken. These thoughts, though uninvited, had taken root, and the reality of the impending wedding became suffocating.

With each passing minute, I felt the weight of a decision that could alter the course of my life. Did I want to wake up every morning wondering 'what if'? The allure of a life unscripted, filled with unexpected turns, beckoned me.

As I stood there in the stillness of that morning, the prospect of an adventurous life became more than a desire—it became a necessity. And in that moment, I wondered if I could go through with a wedding that felt more like a compromise than a celebration of love. The doorbell rang, jolting me out of my contemplation. I approached it with a mix of trepidation and curiosity. Who could it be at this hour, on a day meant for vows and celebrations? Opening the door, I was met with a familiar face and an unexpected offer that would change the course of this fateful day.

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## CHAPTER 2:

It was Darius. A face that I hadn't seen in a long, long time.

"Hey," he spoke bluntly. "Heard you was getting married today?"

Darius stood tall and imposing right in front of me.

Darius leaned against the doorframe, his presence filling the room with an undeniable energy. His eyes, a captivating shade of deep brown, locked onto mine with an intensity that demanded attention. His skin, a rich and warm cocoa, seemed to glow in the morning light.

As my gaze travelled down, I couldn't help but be drawn to the sculpted planes of his chest, visible through the snug fit of his sweat shirt. Broad shoulders hinted at strength, and the definition of his arms spoke of physical prowess. It was a stark contrast to the safe, not-so-impressive physique of Jason's. I mean, Jason was alright. But he was—you know, no. Jason wasn't even in the same league as Darius when it came to physical prowess.

Darius was simply built better. Then, and now. He was basically high school royalty.

I found myself caught in the memory of high school, where I, too, was part of the royalty. The golden couple—the head cheerleader and the star quarterback. Jason was the epitome of charm and popularity, but standing before me now was a different kind of royalty.

The chiselled lines of his abdomen peeked from beneath his shirt, a testament to a dedication to physical fitness that went beyond conventional standards. Every inch of him seemed to radiate dominance, an alpha masculinity that commanded attention.

My mind instantly flashed back to those high school days when I was enamoured with the thrill of life. Being out there, dressed in the

most alluring of outfits, on the sidelines of the football field, the cheers of the crowd, rooting and chanting for the hottest guy on the field to do what he did best. Dominate.

His hands, strong and capable, rested casually in his pockets. The subtle flexing of his muscles beneath the fabric of his shirt suggested a restrained power, ready to be unleashed. His legs, sturdy and well-defined, spoke of a grounded strength that could weather any storm.

I couldn't deny the pull, the magnetic force that first drew me into the orbit of this man who stood before me all those years ago was still there. It wasn't my fault. Truly, it wasn't just his physique; it was that confident attitude of his, the unspoken promise of a man completely in terms with his alphaness. He had a pulsating presence just standing there as I struggled to find words.

Darius was, to put it short, built like a Greek God. His physique seemed sculpted by an artist who had taken inspiration from the divine. Broad shoulders tapered into a lean waist, creating a V-shaped silhouette that was nothing short of statuesque. The definition in his arms spoke of a dedication to strength training, each muscle carved with precision. Veins subtly traced their way beneath his skin, hinting at a robust vascular system that fuelled the raw power within.

His chest, expansive and powerful, seemed almost mythic in its proportions. It wasn't just a physical presence; it was a statement—an embodiment of primal strength and virility. As he shifted, the play of muscles beneath his skin was a mesmerizing dance, a testament to a body finely tuned and honed. Moving lower, his abdomen was a canvas of discipline. A six-pack, not for the sake of vanity, but as a natural outcome of a lifestyle that embraced physical challenges. It spoke of workouts that pushed boundaries, of a man unafraid to challenge his own limits. His legs, strong and well-defined, grounded him like pillars of a temple. Each step exuded a quiet confidence, a harmony between strength and agility. It was the kind of physique that didn't just demand attention; it commanded reverence. They looked shapely and powerful in those grey sweatpants of his.

Darius's skin, a rich canvas kissed by the sun, added to the allure. He was dark, handsome, and genuinely gorgeous as gorgeous can get. His insane beauty was surreal. As I stood there, my senses overwhelmed by the magnetic pull of this living sculpture, I couldn't help but feel a surge of something primal. It wasn't just a physical attraction; it was a recognition of a power that transcended the physical.

It was something that I never ONCE felt in all my years with Jason. "You gonna just stand there and not even invite me in?" he smirked, as if aware of the effect he had on me. The room seemed to shrink in comparison to the looming presence of Darius.

"Sorry," I apologize in a low mutter. "Come on in," I give him a curt smile and shut the door behind him.

He stepped through the doorway with an easy confidence, exuding an aura of raw, untamed masculinity.

I don't know why I invited him in. I knew it wasn't just a courtesy call. The tone of his voice indicated a hidden agenda. And he wasn't just someone that would show up last minute.

Yet, against all logic and reasoning, I allowed him to enter. His footsteps left an indelible imprint on the carpet. With each step, the air grew thicker with an energy I couldn't describe.

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## CHAPTER 3:

As I watched him enter with that confident stride, I was swept up in a whirlwind of emotions. Part of me was overwhelmed by the unexpected arrival, but another part of me—a more primal, instinctual part—seemed drawn to his presence. As irrational as it may sound, it was as if my body was in tune with an underlying rhythm that only Darius could ignite.

As irrational as it sounded, his presence demanded my full attention, like a bright star pulling in celestial bodies, losing their sense of freedom yet lost in the dance of gravity and cosmic pull.

As he entered, the subtle notes of his cologne surrounded him like a subtle aura. The fragrance seemed to infuse every fiber of my being, an intoxicating mix of masculinity and spice that awakened an inexplicable need within me.

"So, umm," I try to find my words but fail miserably. Darius turns towards me, his eyes locking with mine with an intensity that threatened to break down my resolve. I could feel my heart race, as if it knew something that my mind was too hesitant to acknowledge. "What's up?" I could feel myself go red in the face. Here was a man that I hadn't seen in ages and surely, it just wasn't by chance that he decided to show up on my doorstep on the morning of my wedding, right?

"Heard you was getting married today," he spoke in that low rumble that I was all too familiar with.

"Ummm, yeah," I squeak. My voice simply wouldn't obey me. My resolve was slowly melting as if under a heat I could not see. Darius walked through the foyer with deliberate, calculated steps. Each step sent a tremor through my body, leaving behind an aftershock of anticipation. My God, the way he was towering over me. Did he get

taller or did I shrink a few inches? Jason maybe had an inch on me but Darius? Phew.

I could feel my heart race at his sheer physicality, every inch of me seemed to come alive as if anticipating something that I knew that he would do. And yet he hadn't.

"Yeah, I-I'm getting married," I break into an awkward smile. "Jason, he's-yeah, he's a really great guy. We met at a-a-you know-."

"Yeah, I only found out last night," Darius says blankly. "Thought you'd have done invited me."

Oh, so that's how he knew? Well, if he had still been in my contacts, maybe-but I cut ties with high school years ago and a lot had changed. It was kind of abrupt but at that point of my life? Yeah, a fresh start was needed. So, why didn't I invite Darius? Did he resent it or something?

"I just-," I stutter. "Like, Jason- we agreed. No exes," I laugh in embarrassment and give him a shrug. "You know, he gets mad jealous if I talk about my previous stuff."

Darius simply nods as if he understands. "Well, I just came here to give you your wedding gift."

"Oh," I say in surprise. "Wow, that's-thank you, Darius. That's," I smile at him. "Really nice of you. What's my wedding gift?" I ask curiously.

Darius responds simply by taking off his sweatshirt in one swift movement. A move that caught me by surprise and one that elicited a soft gasp from my lips. My eyes go wide in shock.

Any restraint I had till then because of my looming wedding seemed to have crumbled into mere grains of sand. I could feel a moistness grow in a place where it wasn't supposed to for a man who clearly was not my husband-or my fiancé for now. One look at his powerful, muscular torso was all it took for me to completely abandon any moral compass I might have been holding on to. Every inch of his upper body exuded strength and power, and I could feel my heartbeat quicken as my eyes wandered over every inch of his. It

was as if I was staring at something forbidden. A forbidden fruit that I simply wasn't allowed to taste.

Control yourself, Cassie. You have a wedding today. Send him away and get going.

I bit my lip in sheer carnal delight because frankly, whatever was before me was too surreal and irresistibly alluring. "I-I-," my words were stuck. My nostrils flared as the scent of what clearly was virile, raw male alphas invaded my senses. There was so much of him, overwhelming, almost. Yet my body reacted instinctively. It was all so suddenly overcoming.

Darius' muscular chest glistened in the early morning sun, each line and definition looking like they were cut from polished marble. Compare that to the plain bread, pale, pink, not-so-defined and a lot lacking chest of Jason and boy oh boy, Darius looked more unreal than fiction itself.

Darius, why? On this morning of my wedding to another man?

Darius steps closer. My baby blue eyes flick right up at him as he reaches low for me. I shake my head and mutter an inaudible stop but I stand rooted to the spot. An electric shock intense as thunder surged through my being as he plants the warmest of kisses right on my pink glossed lips. The kiss seems to last forever.

"Darius, please-," I plead in soft whispers. "I've gotta-I shouldn't be-," and as quickly, a firm grasp on my right hand stopped my nattering in an instant.

"D-Darius!"

But Darius didn't listen to my pleas. And neither did my body.

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## CHAPTER 4:

My eyes shut close in shame as my face reddens in embarrassment. My hand is placed against his broad, strong chest, feeling his heart beat in steady rhythm. My breath quickens as his powerful hand envelops mine, the heat emanating from his skin igniting a fire within me. My fingers squirmed in his as my lips tremble at the mere touch of his. I was struggling not to give in. The temptation that was irresistible and oh, so taboo, yet I could not tear myself away from Darius.

Darius slowly guides my hand lower, allowing my fingers to brush against every contour of his torso. His chest, strong and solid, feels like it was hewn from granite. I can't help but be overwhelmed by the power emanating from his body. Before me stood a man who did not care that I was about to don a bridal gown and stand before an altar for a wedding with another man. A man that was completely in touch with his masculine, raw power, and alluring.

It wasn't the kind of attraction one feels when you see a person and think that they are objectively good looking. It was deeper than that, and it was something I couldn't quite understand, or rather, it was something that I was afraid to admit. I had a mental connection to Darius that I simply just did not have with Jason. Jason was bland. He was boring. Sterile. Weak. Completely the opposite of Darius, who was alpha, strong, confident, and seemed like the perfect fit.

As I allowed Darius to guide my hand lower, I couldn't help but think about how different it was compared to the times I was intimate with Jason. It felt like I was doing a chore, just going through the motions. There was nothing. No connection. No spice. And just like that, it was over.

I deserved a man like Darius. Darius was the man that I was supposed to be with.

And with that realization, I finally yield. I could not fight the warm dampness that flooded my panties. It was futile to try.

"Mmmmm," I hum. "Mmmmmm, ummmmm."

I could feel my body respond to every touch, my skin tingling as he guides me down to his muscular stomach, his fingers brushing against my skin with a deliberate firmness. I was burning in literal passion. My cheeks flushed, my womanhood tingled, my nipples stiffened. And all we were doing was sharing a passionate kiss. Little, soft kisses that were warm as hellfire. I wanted to throw Darius against the bed and devour every inch of his magnificent physique. I wanted to trace every line with my tongue and bask in his essence.

"Darius," I say, breaking off the kiss and gasping for breath.

"Darius," I whisper his name softly as I run my fingers down the sculpted planes of his stomach, "Please stop. I can't. I'm-."

But Darius did not stop. Darius did not listen to me. Instead, Darius decides to stick his tongue in my mouth. Oh, no. Please, don't. Don't make me do this, Darius.

I shake my head in defiance but my body betrays my desires, my fingers tracing every contour of his abs, savouring every inch of his godlike physique. I was gushing in excitement. My fingers trembled as I wrap my arm right around his insanely superior torso. Darius' warm tongue explored my mouth with a passion I never felt with Jason. He was a great kisser. Better than Jason ever was. Always had been. I had to admit that I loved kissing him. His kisses left me wanting for more. I couldn't get enough of his mouth and that thick, fat tongue of his that tasted sweet like a treat. My own tongue flicked right back and they battled, locked in an intimate embrace, as Darius' hand reached down, exploring the soft, curvy contours of my body.

My pussy tingled, as it flooded my panties, as I let go.

I had completely lost my sense of morality, of right or wrong, and just let myself succumb to my baser instincts. The primal instincts of a honourless woman. Really, what kind of a woman would be letting

her ex in for a hot, passionate fuck before getting married to another man? What kind of a woman would give in to this illicit desire on her wedding day, before her wedding? Was this God testing me? Was this an act of God to send me a message to NOT get married?

And then, Darius pulled his lips away. Just like that, the passionate kiss was broken as quickly as it had begun. A trail of sickening saliva ran down my chin as Darius gave me the most seductive smirk. He looked at me with eyes that held an air of superiority, an undeniable sense of power, and confidence, all in the face of temptation. My gaze went lower, his torso looked so perfectly formed.

I did not hesitate. I kissed his muscular, black chest. I planted little wet kisses with my pink lips all over that ebony god body, as I gasped with my eyes closed shut-in pure ecstasy, inhaling his scent. Oh, he was divine. He was just that, a God. A black male God. My lips reached his belly button and he suddenly, roughly grabbed my face, staring deeply into my eyes. I loved how my pale hands contrasted with the rich black of his skin, how small his fingers looked against my face as he caressed me and guided my mouth up to his, and planted yet another soul sucking, earth shattering, world trembling kiss. It was just right.

I kiss his muscular abdomen that was smooth like velvet to my touch. Oh, Darius! I wanted to tell him how much I've always missed him. But I couldn't find the words.

With the tips of my fingers, I slowly trace his v-line and slowly lower. My goodness. I could smell the scent of his manhood inside his sweat pants.

A manhood that I had always lusted after all those years back, and now.

I couldn't help but conjure up all those vivid images of me servicing his big black dick throughout high school and after at his beck and call. At school, in our cars, in my room, in HIS room, at the cinema, at the park....

I missed tasting it. I missed having his big black dick stretch the fleshy insides of my throat like it was nothing.

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## CHAPTER 5:

The heat emanating from his pants, it was making me dizzy in excitement and lust. I wanted him to let loose of his cock on me, to just take me. I needed that so much. His big black cock.... was it still as perfect as I remembered?

Then I reach for his sweatpants and start to pull it down. Darius is simply letting me do whatever the hell I wanted. Wait, what if someone were to come in? No one was home but what if JASON were to just walk in now? Maybe he was hiding somewhere in the house to have a jump on me, that sounded clearly like something he would do as a gag. That's how he was. Jason was goofy and I loved him for that. He was funny, kind, caring, romantic. If he had even found out-if he saw us now, that would be the end of the marriage. That would be the end of so many things. I couldn't do this. No, this was stupid. "Cassie, stop," a voice inside my mind told me. I didn't listen. I needed that dick inside of me, and I was gonna do it before it was too late. Before I regret doing this. Before-.

Shame grips my entire body as I drag the waistband of his pants down. It was over. I didn't care anymore. I couldn't care about anyone who could walk in on us right now. Not my mom. Not my useless limp dick piece of shit boyfr-what? What the hell was I thinking? No, Jason, I'm so fucking sorry. Get out of my head.

I gulp anxiously as I catch that ever so familiar glimpse that I knew I was going to be looking at.

That large outline inside of his boxers. The bulge. His cock.

My mind and my heart raced as I licked my lips at the thought of tasting him again. I could not stop. Maybe there was one last chance for my morals to save me, for my inner voice to stop me. For God to stop me. I could just say no and send Darius on his way.

But he was my wedding gift. How could I say no that? How could I refuse and disrespect him?

Darius pulls down his own boxers in a swift, smooth, manly move depriving me of that chance.

With a soft plop, I catch the first glimpse of his thick black shaft that sprang up to life as it escaped from his waistband, throbbing to attention with an almost unbelievable fast twitch.

I stare. I couldn't do anything else.

What else could I do when given the chance to lay my eyes on one of t-no, THE most majestic cock that I had ever seen in my life. All those years after high school, I was still yet to find a man with a dick as perfect as Darius's black slab of meat.

Jason?

I giggled inside my head. I still remember the time I first pulled down Jason's underwear. Oh, the literal humanity I had to show to not erupt in laughter when I did.

*Before me lay the most pathetic, pinkest, tiniest little white cock. It was as if it were a fucking clitoris. Jason's pathetic little prick was all but a dick. His cock, or a cocklet, was no more than the size of my pink finger. Or half of it. I mean I had tiny fingers as it were.*

*"Well?" Jason looked at me anxiously. "What do you think?"*

*I needed to have the sincerest smile of pity and not laughter plastered on my face when I looked at him. "It's-it's amazing, baby," I cooed before taking it in my han-no, my fingers. Two of my fingers to be exact.*

*His little dick responded by oozing precum like a tiny faucet. He looked as if he was already ready to ejaculate in my hands. It was as if I was handling a cock of a prepubescent boy and not of a fully grown man. I could literally have his cock between my thumb and my forefinger and it STILL wouldn't have been fully enveloped by my digits.*

*His balls, too. It was almost comical to me. His balls were tiny, like pebbles. Like raisins. Like the size of my fucking thumb! They looked*

*like two little adorable sperm factories. It looked like it was going to erupt with a single touch, or in the absence of it from how swollen they appeared.*

*It was made even worse because Jason had shaved everything to obviously make it look bigger. But it looked so fucking stupid, I was having the hardest time holding back laughter.*

*I mean, I literally couldn't do it. His cock just looked so fucking sad and ridiculous. There was nothing sexy about it. I would rather fuck a zucchini out of desperation.*

*I wasn't used to this. I was used to fucking dicks that were the size of my arm. I've had both white and black exes that had ginormous dicks, I don't discriminate but this?*

*Now I had to look at Jason's pitiful cock that looked so sad. It was pathetic, like a white clit instead of a dick.*

*\*\**

## CHAPTER 6:

*Yeah, that's what it was. A clit. "It's not even like half the size of my pinky finger," I thought inside my head as I took the cock into my hand. I began jerking it slowly at first.*

*Jason's face contorts and he lets out a groan that I am sure sounded more masculine inside his head. What the hell was masculine about him anyway?*

*What did I see in him?*

*He was pathetic.*

*There was no other way to describe him.*

*Jason was cute.*

*He was adorable.*

*A great romantic.*

*But he was boring. Sterile. Plain. Like none of my ex-boyfriends were ever like this so how did I ever agree to even do this with him? It was like comparing apples to oranges, but Jason's personality was simply dry. It was a flat line of nothing, no matter how hard I tried.*

*"Oh, fuck," I hear him moan as I jerk him off with a sigh that was fainted as a moan. He was leaking all over my fingers which sincerely grossed me out. Ugh. "Love how sexy you are, babe."*

*I look up at him and smile. This was the first time that we were getting this intimate, but I felt absolutely no connection. None whatsoever. "I'm so fucking hard," Jason whispers. "Fuck." I looked into his eyes as he said it, but all I felt was pity. Jason didn't see it. Yeah, 'hard'. The only thing hard was my attempt to fight back the laughter I was holding.*

*My past boyfriends could snap this like a fucking toothpick with the weight of their cock, I'm serious. I mean it wasn't even close to*

*being aroused yet and he already looked as if he was gonna fucking cum at any time.*

*I had to get this over with. I just couldn't. Jesus.*

*I took him in my mouth. His 'hard'-semi flaccid limp white dick in my mouth. The head alone was the size of a peanut. He was so sensitive that Jason began squirming as I began licking the underside of his now bulbous head. "Oh, fuck, baby," he moans as I bob my head up and down the....err-length of his dick. "Yeah, suck on daddy's big dick."*

*Daddy? Big? I was fucking glad that Jason had his eyes shut and head tilted towards the ceiling because my lips couldn't help but contort to form a smirk of mockery. He couldn't be serious, could he?*

*I slowly began bobbing my head up and down his length, feeling his veins with my tongue as I did, as if it were an elongated lollipop. "Mmmm, yeah, just like that," I heard Jason moan again as I looked up to see him tilt his head and open his eyes. Big dick? If this was big what was the dick that my exes had? What the hell could you call the dick that Darius had? Oh, how I missed Darius. It was such a long time ago.*

*"Mmmmmmm," I fake a moan as Jason's eyes open and meet my gaze. I pull up, letting the tip of his head rest right in the center of my tongue and begin slowly flicking my tongue.*

*Jason lets out another moan but he keeps his gaze at me, watching me work. Watching my mouth bob up and down his dick. I begin fondling his pink, smooth balls with one of my hands as I feel them squirm around in my palms.*

*Jason groans out loud. He was getting close, I knew it. His balls tense up in my palms as I ready myself for whatever was going to come next.*

*"I'm gonna cum, babe. Oh, shit."*

*"MMmm," I fake another moan. "Yeah, cum in my mouth daddy," I hop off his cock for a fresh gasp of air before putting it back in. I begin licking and sucking on his cock. I go faster, slobbering him all*

*up, getting his meat all wet and glistening with my saliva, my spit coating his sad looking little cock.*

*"Oh, shit. I'm CUMMING!!" he shouts with the most pitiful, high-pitched yelp as I looked up at him.*

*The effect that I had on him was almost instant, with the veins bulging at the sides as it quickens, as I felt him squirm, struggling to thrust his hips before I felt two releases of hot warm cum. Just two and no more. It was the saddest spurt of sperm that I had the misfortune of being on the receiving end of. I had to physically try my best not to scrunch my face in disappointment. I had to muster an innocent, wide-eyed smile and pretend like I was innocent and girly and cute. It wasn't thick or viscous as a man's semen was. It was clear and all watery. It was weak as hell. His cum tasted so weak and sterile that I literally had a near gag reflex. "F-Fuck, that was great," Jason splutters after his 'climax'.*

*I smile up at Jason as I lean back on my bed and spread my legs for him. It was my turn to get pleased.*

*However, Jason simply rolls over and falls on the side of my bed with a groan.*

*"S-Sorry, babe," he mutters. "I'm fucking exhausted. Fuck, that was so good, right?"*

*"You did good, baby," I winked playfully at him, "I think we might have something here," I added.*

*As Jason snored away, I spent the night fingering myself right next to him watching a blonde porn star have the ever-loving light fucked out of her by a black man three times her size.*

*\*\**

## CHAPTER 7:

Darius's big black cock hung low like a large sausage, uncircumcised, a beautiful piece of meat. There was no comparison. It is massive and intimidating, making me bite my bottom lip in delight as my heart races and my pussy ached in anticipation. Throbbing to no end. Was it thirst or envy?

His black balls looked enormous. Round, huge, heavy, all clear evidence of a strong and powerful man full of virile sperm. Potent, black sperm, that just-made me leak profusely. His big black balls were different from the two little rocks-no, pebbles that Jason was so 'proud' to show me. Darius' were the size of eggs! Jason's? Fucking raisins.

I held on to Darius' cock by the base with one hand with shaky hands. My eyes were fixed on the pulsating nerves that clearly were happy to receive my touch. His cock felt so fucking warm. Full of heat.

I never said a word. I just couldn't.

My fingers wrap themselves around the hard flesh. My hand closes into a grip that feels secure, possessive, and demanding, with each of my finger interlocking its fellow finger so they press and rub against his mighty rod at the same time. It felt so good, so right. The contact electrifying.

I gave his cock a few gentle squeezes. And Darius's fat dick responds by twitching in my fingers.

I could not take it anymore. I kissed his tip right on the eye. It looked so fucking big in my tiny little white hands.

My eyes darted upwards at him without my wanting it to. My gaze met with his. As I stare deeply into his perfect almond-shaped brown eyes, I swear there is a flash of love there. A look that is completely

outside anything that I have seen on another man before, it steals my breath. Darius was simply a beast. A big black stallion and I was his white mare.

My lips engulf his member with no effort. I smear sick trails of spit over his tip, my tongue swirling around his rim. My hand begins a slow, hypnotic rhythm of a wet cock-stoking, my fist working its magic as the slick precum-spit mixture allows me to glide effortlessly along his shaft.

Darius grabbed my hairs tightly as he thrust his length in me. His cock simply felt so massive in my hot little mouth. The most insane sense of pride washes over me as he whispers how warm my mouth feels.

"Fuck," Darius grunts. "Missed fucking this mouth."

"Mmmpfff-M-Missssssed-mmmphh,"

He begins to pump my mouth more vigorously. Hitting my gag-reflex repeatedly as drool oozes down my chin, gagging like a slut and a whore with my own mascara and lipstick mixing into one. His fingers become locked around my hair and he pushes my mouth onto his member, harder, forcing his length into the warmth, moistness of me, relishing in his superiority. This was a real dick. This dick was what I wanted to suck on. Not Jason's.

"Take that, bitch."

Darius knew how much of a whore for his black cock I was. Was. IS! I liked that. I gag and gurgle around his length as spit drips from my mouth as the sounds of my wet gargles seem to arouse Darius further. His dominant aggression had me creaming and dripping with my excitement as he pushed deeper into the recess of my wet, eager and willing mouth. The idea of Jason had already left my mind by then, knowing that it was this much better cock I was suckling on. Oh, how I had missed all this. I needed more of Darius. I couldn't stop. I had to keep going. I was going to spend the whole day getting my holes fucked b-wait.

Wait, hold on. I was getting married today.

Fucking what?

How could I have forgotten that?

I was on my knees like some sort of common whore a few hours before my wedding to Jason. I was giving head to my ex-boyfriend who I hadn't seen in years. My black ex-boyfriend who was taller, stronger, meaner, much more dominant, and more of a man than Jason ever will be. I was throating his big black dick effortlessly, looking up at him adoringly with mascara smeared over my eyes, and lipstick messily all over my slutty mouth as my tongue attempted to lap the whole thing as tears rolled down my eyes from the discomfort, I was choking and slobbering on him with reckless abandon. I was kneading on his big black dick and balls with my fingers that were going to be adorning a brand-new diamond ring as show of my marriage to Jason soon.

I was supposed to be a chaste, Christian wife married happily to a white man that I would call my husband for life in a few hours. But here I was being a complete slut getting my throat fucked like there was no tomorrow. Shame floods me instantly as I am ashamed with my lustful desires, ashamed about my inability to control myself and act with some semblance of morality. I shouldn't have done this. Jason, what have I done?

No, this was wrong.

I couldn't believe this was happening. NO. No. No. Darius, you bastard. You black asshole. You just had to show up and ruin my wedding like this.

I'm so sorry, Jason. I should have never done this.

I should never have let Darius come in. Nor should I have let him take his shirt off like that.

I shouldn't have lost control.

And I definitely shouldn't be in auto pilot mode like this where my mouth and my fingers work on their own on his big black cock that's at least ten times bigger and thicker than yours.

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## CHAPTER 8:

It wasn't my fault, Jason. It wasn't my fault that you have a tiny little white dick and Darius has a black cock the size of a coke can.

No, stop.

What was I thinking?

This has to stop.

I'm beginning to regret all this.

Tears fill my eyes and threaten to overflow when I realize the situation and where I was and that in a few hours, Jason was expecting me in our marital bed with nothing beneath the white bridal gown. I couldn't let him find out; Jason would go bonkers. Jason was jealous enough already.

On top of all this, I was going to be late. So late to my own fucking wedding. It was only a matter of time before someone came to check in on me. Most probably my mom but what if Jason ended up coming here? What if he-

And what if he did walk in on us? What if Jason did walk in on his soon to be wife sucking on a massive black dick like her life depended on it on the floor of her mother's house?

What could Jason do?

Jason was a weak little pussy who couldn't do shit. If Jason ever decided to throw a fucking punch at me, or hell even Darius, Darius would obliterate him into pieces. It would just be over for him. There's just no comparing to the levels on which these two men were considered men. Darius would send Jason flying out through the window before my eyes.

Wait, stop. It was my Jason that I was talking about. Why would I want my own fucking husband to get beat up by my black ex-

boyfriend? I was supposed to have a fucking wedding. Stop doing this, Cassie, stop being a bad whore.

I whimpered and groaned a stream of hot tears poured out of me while I began bobbing my mouth frantically back and forth on his huge cock. This was all Darius's fault.

I hated him.

I couldn't resist this black bastard. We didn't even exchange too many words.

And yet, I couldn't hesitate getting wet like a whore thinking of Darius punching the life out of my soon to be white husband, Jason. I pull back at last for a large gasp of fresh air as my hands continue servicing Darius's cock now covered with spit and pre cum. It looked and reeked of slimy essences that gave it a beautiful sheen. His black balls were tense and ready.

I had to do something. I had to fucking do something before I ended up regretting all of this.

And so, I did.

A surge of determination rushes through me. And I act on it by letting go of his monstrous cock.

I quickly take off my pink blouse and step out of my night pants. I stand there naked before Darius's eyes baring my pale white body, my firm, round, shapely breasts, and my exposed pussy that was dripping with juices down my legs. I fought that urge to offer my body to Darius as tribute, to just beg to be taken like the dirty little slut I was and get this over with. To beg to be bent over a bed like a rag doll by the brute, primitive force of a big black, muscular, ebony stallion like Darius and have his seed planted deeply inside of me. By force or by consent, it didn't matter. At this point, I was ok with either.

Darius and I lock eyes, he wanted to fuck me as badly as I wanted him to and was finally going to fulfil our long-lost lust for one another. Fuck me, you black asshole. This is what you wanted right? Yeah, look at me, you fucking bastard. Ogle at me with those dirty eyes, grope me with those big black hands. Lick and bite those full

purple lips. Get those muscles primed, tight and ready. I wanna do it, Darius. Oh, how badly I wanna. Even in front of my fucking loser white boyfriend who's never once given me an orgasm. Show it to him, Darius. Show him how you own this white pussy. Show my faggot boyf-husband, my faggot limp dick husband, how you've always owned this pussy.

Where on earth was I finding all this courage? Holy shit. I've gone crazy. This wasn't happening. I was shit talking my beloved Jason like he meant nothing.

He did mean nothing, you stupid bitch. He wasn't a man. He was a loser with a dick smaller than an ant that deserved to be locked up in some sort of cage. He couldn't please you. Only Darius could.

Fuck me, you piece of shit. Grab me by my beautiful blonde hair, choke the fucking breath outta me. Put all those hard hours and months of weightlifting and working out to use. FUCK me, Darius! Just fucking take me. Fuck me, break me. Do whatever the hell you want and make me feel all kinds of fucking shame afterwards.

His gaze was animalistic. I could see his cock literally stand up in attention as it were saluting the sheer beauty of my sight. My sexy curves, my pretty little white body, my angelic face. My pink nipples that were sore and stiff. They were begging for punishment.

My skin bristling. Goose bumps scattered everywhere over my body. Fuck me.

Fuck me like the piece of white fuck meat I am with that big black fucking dick.

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## CHAPTER 9:

"Darius," I pant. "I-I can't. I have to get read-OH!" I let out a yelp. Fuck me, you black son of a bitch. FUCK ME! And as if he could hear me, Darius doesn't wait. He pounces in all his six-foot four glory on me in my barely five foot three meekness. I couldn't think of fighting anymore. There's no more excuse or fight or thought that I can think of to stop the inevitable.

I didn't care if anyone did find us. All that mattered right here, right now was Darius and his beautiful fat black cock. Nothing else mattered to me. Nothing.

With his speed and brute strength, Darius pins himself to me. I go limp and let nature work its magic. The nature of a hung, black stud like Darius overcome with the primal lust of wanting to breed a fertile young blonde, white woman like me. His big black cock pokes right into my flesh as Darius's thick purple lips suckle on the softness of my fleshy breasts, kissing my nipple that responds by standing at attention for him. Fuck. His hot mouth kisses, nips, bites on every inch of my flesh, branding my pale white skin with dark hickeys everywhere and driving my insanity through the ceiling. My husband would soon know. He couldn't ever ignore the bruises. He wasn't that stupid, was he? Maybe he was. I could tell him that it was bedbugs and he would believe me. Fuck you, Jason, you little clit dick sissy faggot. I should lock your little white dick up the first thing tonight on our bridal bed.

"OOOoooooh," my throat sings in pleasure as Darius flicks his thick tongue over the surface of my stiff, aching breasts, loving them with attention. He was chewing on my fucking nipples like some sort of fucking animal. The pain and pleasure was sending me wild.

"Uuuunnh! Shit! God, that feels so good!"

He swirls his tongue on my breasts. We were just standing there going at it like two lust driven animals, that's what we were. Darius nuzzles the perfect underside of each one of my breasts with his nose as he releases another strong and forceful bite on my bare chest, the sensation like fireworks across my body as it reacts.

I'm not usually into that type of play and love making but here I was crying out in passion as this huge black bull bites me and makes marks on my skin like I'm his property.

I was gushing. Leaking down the inners of my thighs, my pussy throbbing and begging to be penetrated as it squirts and leaks to no end. I don't waste any time to push Darius's shoulders. I give in. I press my palms and fingernails deep into his flesh.

I'm drunk on this.

Driving on high. He had his teeth on my white skin, the surface marked with the red, swollen proof. I was moaning, squealing at the top of my voice. I didn't give a shit anymore. I couldn't care if the neighbours heard us. Hell, I was moaning out so loud that I WANTED my pathetic HUSBAND to hear us all the way in church or at his hotel.

"Ohhhhh, DARIUSSSS!" I say his name out in sheer bliss.

"OOOHHH!!!"

My pussy oozes as the tension begins to build inside my stomach. It was like a time bomb about to go. My body trembles as Darius goes lower and lower....down my navel, over my mound and then....and then..

"OH, FUCK!!!" I scream. "DARIUS!! BABY!!!!!! FUCK, I'm CUMMINGGG!!!!!"

I scream at the top of my lungs as I dig my fingers into his black flesh. "I'm FUCKINNGGG CUMMINGGGG!!!" I scream as I explode just like an uncorked bottle of champagne. I lash out at Darius as wave after wave of contractions flow through me, each sending another shot of bliss through my being. I go crazy, wailing, moaning, thrashing. I even pull his thick black hair.

He was kissing all over my now wet, slick pussy lips. Lapping up at it like a dog. He was a dog, a big black brute animal. A brute monster. A savage brute of a black animal who wanted to see me explode. I fucking burst into tears as my body heaves up and down.

I was crying.

I was crying in pleasure as the breath goes in and out of me in sharp takes.

My husband and my maids of honour, my wedding organizer, they're probably going to wonder what's happened to me. My neighbours, what would they think? What the hell was that noise? Where the hell was all that shrieking coming from? Oh, just some stupid horny slut who can't even handle getting pleased orally.

But could you blame me, Mrs. Pauline from next door?

I haven't felt such a satisfying climax like this in years. I couldn't help, I was always so vocal. I haven't burst open in an orgasm like this in years.

I almost fall to the ground. I would have had it not been Darius holding me up like an absolute rock. Like the fuckin pillar of man, he is. Like the-ugh, I'm becoming senseless. The heat of my juices douses my pussy and pools at the pit between Darius's hands as he gropes up at me like a real woman. As a real MAN would!

I was trembling and reeling from the orgasm but Darius didn't stop. He shoves his tongue right up inside me as I squeal in delight. And my eyes roll straight up inside my skull almost instantly.

\*\*

## CHAPTER 10:

I buckle and hold on to the top of his head for support.

Darius, Darius, DARIUS!!! I'm going to cum again if you keep doing that. No, I'm a chaste woman. I can't. I'm about to get married in a few hours. This was wrong. Please, Darius. Please, stop. PLEASE. PLEASE. PLEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASE!! I'm CUMMINGG!!!

I shriek out loud. And as if he knows I'm at my breaking point, my weak little white arms couldn't hold out much more. The weight of my body crumbles. The weight of my knees weakens as the climax roars its final hit into my being. I shudder. Every muscle. Every fiber. And as I begin to slide backwards, I feel Darius's steel palms supporting and propping me upright like I didn't weigh more than an arm. I came right on his face. Hard. Fuck, I have to stop this. What the fuck was I even doing? For fucks sake.

My vision begins to fade and slowly comes back again. How I was still standing after two orgasms was surprising to me but yet so unsurprising, all at the same time. This was so fucking unfair. Why did he have to show up now?

My long blonde hair was plastered all over my face with the strands glued to my lips and forehead by my spit and sweat, strands glued to my dripping wet eyes.

Why did he have to fucking come right here, right now, ruining my big day, putting all of my plans to waste, and wasting my make-up, my dress, my self-respect and integrity?

I was panting. Sweating. Aching all over. Especially between my legs.

Okay, Cassie. You've had your fun. This was enough. It's time to send Darius home. It's time to thank him, send him home, have a

shower, put on your makeup, drive right to the wedding, and become the good, loving, wife that Jason deserves.

Right?

Right???!!

That's what I should have done.

Instead, with trembling fingers I took his hand and silently guide him over to the couch without a word.

But Darius is a step ahead of me. Darius being the impatient brute that he was picks me up from behind and tosses me in all my naked glory right on to the cushions of the couch. And that is what I loved about Darius.

I loved Darius' assertiveness and alpha, dominant masculinity. He was a man that treated me like I should be treated. He always treated me like I deserved to be treated.

As a dirty, big black cock loving white bitch.

My heart was racing, beating right out of my chest in the fear of what was to come, I was shivering in anticipation of the big moment. I was weak. No power left in me. My stamina all gone.

I was completely okay with my fate now. Just lying there on my back breathing out loud in all my naked wet white glory while Darius rubs his massive cock head all over the pinkness of my slit.

I was groaning.

What if Jason came home searching for me?

I wouldn't even have the power to cover myself up. Hell, I wouldn't even have the strength to tell him it's not what it looks like.

Truth be told, a little part of me was waiting for Jason to come home for real. Only for Darius to snuff Jason like an ant and give me the hardcore animalistic sex that only Darius could over his dead mangled body.

That put a smile on my face as I giggle wildly in anticipation.

Darius smells of sweat and musk. Raw and unmistakably manly. That smell drove me wild and had me hot and heavy instantly, my pussy

leaking from within just thinking of him pounding away at me. It filled my nostrils with delight. The pheromones were doing their job. Jason was my fiance and soon-to-be-husband. And Darius was the brute black stud that was going to take my dignity when Jason was only miles away from me at church.

My pussy flinches in fear as Darius strokes himself before me. I was pale not only in fright but also from envy and jealousy. In lust.

I wanted him inside of me already, his big fat black cock, ramming me up the ass or my cunt, it didn't matter anymore, I wanted that fat black cock shoved up between my folds, splitting them in half as Darius was taking his pound of flesh, making my back arch.

But mostly up my cervix and splattering my eggs with his semen all the way in the back of my womb. All of that to ensure I'm getting pregnant with his seed. Oh, no, what if I become pregnant? No, what the hell was happening? Darius, no. NO. PUT A CONDOM ON. DON'T FUCK ME LIKE THIS!! DON'T FUCK ME RAW!!! I'LL GET PREGNANT WITH YOUR BABIES!

DARIUS!

DARIUSSS!!!

"OH, SHIT!!!!!" I yell out in sheer pleasure, tears streaming down my face as Darius shoves his cock in me in one powerful stroke. "FUCK! IT HURTS!!!! YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!!"

It did hurt. It hurt like hell but with every jolt of pain came an even bigger jolt of pleasure that shot straight up my spine. It only made me crack a wide-open smile deep inside my head. If I had another face hidden somewhere inside me, I could see that face smile, giggle, laugh like some sort of cheap whore who was out of her mind with lust.

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# CHAPTER 11:

"Ugh, Ugh, Oh fuck..."

My body convulses.

Darius lets out a deep grunt. I don't have the strength to push him off. He's on top of me. Get off me!! I'm getting married!! I have a husband who's waiting for me at the altar by now! UH! UHHHHH! UHHHGG!!! OH, FUCK! YOU'RE SO FUCKING BIG, DARIUS!

"UGHGHHGHHH!!!" I grunt like some sort of wounded animal as I feel his massive cock head literally stretch my pink pussy out. NO!! PLEASE DON'T!! IF YOU PUSH ANY MORE OF YOUR BIG BLACK DICK IN ME, I'LL NEVER FEEL MY HUSBAND'S TINY WHITE PRICK AGAIN! NOO!!!! DARIUUUUUSSS!!!

He stretches me wide open. My pink pussy is spread so obscenely for him, like it was sucking him in, hungrily and wet, in desperate need and want to get the ultimate pleasure. My husband would never be able to stretch me like that in this lifetime.

My body accepts him completely and the realization of this comes out of me with an orgasm that wrecks through my being as my entire body writhes beneath Darius as my juices spray his thighs in response. I couldn't believe it. I was spazzing out. Not even a quarter of Darius's dick is in me and yet I had one of the most mind-blowing climaxes of my life! But I can't stop now!!!

And my body can't deny the truth anymore. I AM A HIS FERTILE, BREEDING WHITE WHORE!!! I didn't belong to Jason.

"Oh, FUCK!! You're too fucking big!! Fuck me!! Fuck me please!!!"

"Say it like you mean it, bitch!" Darius whispers into my ear. I comply. I say in the shakiest of voices, my brain is functioning on a high.

"Uhhh, fuck me harder, Dar-aarggh," I whine helplessly as the second round of convulsions ripples through my being, followed by a deep dark grunt of Darius's.

"Say you want my big black cock, bitch," Darius hisses through gritted teeth. "Tell me who owns your pussy."

My nipples, which were hard as a rock earlier, were now diamond stiff and aching, painfully demanding attention. The shame of it all. My face was tingling. I was paralyzed. He was going to split my pussy open and leave it gaping and even four of Jason's cocks wouldn't do a damn thing. Four, five, six, and more, and he still couldn't fill me up like Darius is doing now!

"Say it," Darius hisses as he squeezes my feeble cheeks. "Tell me I won this pussy!"

"You own thissshh pinkk pusshy," I manage to squeak out despite the harsh thrusts hitting me and rocking my body so hard.

"Who do you belong to, say it!!!" Darius says and takes out his cock and rams it back in me once again, this time filling up to the brim as I cry out. It was just too much. I remember the days I could take his dick like a champ but now??? After getting used to Jason's useless limp white dick?

"YOU!!!" I scream in his face. My expressions were contorted with sheer pain and discomfort but the pleasure numbs it all. "My pussy belongs to YOU, DADDY!!!"

I shudder. For the first time in years, I call a man daddy like I mean it. Yes, Darius WAS my daddy. DADDY! DADDYYYYY!!! You fucking big dicked black bastard. You ruined my life!!!

The thought of Jason dies right in my head, like a flame extinguishing. I try to salvage it, begging him to come and save me from his wicked black assailant. My marriage!!

Please, Jason, come save me, don't let this black monster have his way with me, PLEASE. I need you. Come save your little baby girl right now and punish me later with your tiny dick, just save me right now!!!!

I try my level best but I couldn't. I break down completely as my brain is overcome with lust.

No, my faggot boyfriend isn't going to come here. Even if he did, he'd get his faggot face beaten in by a superior man. A BLACK man.

I squirt out pussy juice to the vivid imagination of Jason showing up at our doorstep, barging into the living room decked fully in his suit, screaming in rage, storming over to us on the couch, and attempting to pull Darius off of me.

And then, POW!

The useless limp prick faggot is unconscious on the floor with a broken jaw. And then we do what we've always dreamed of doing. What I'd been secretly fantasizing in my mind all this while.

What we've always longed to do in front of that loser.

To humiliate him in the cruellest possible fashion as revenge for how pathetic of a loser he's been. You were never a man, Jason! You were never THE man!

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## CHAPTER 12:

My tits were jiggling, my ass was slapping on to Darius' big fat hard dick pounding into me faster and faster.

"AHHHHH, MY PUSSY HURTSSSS!" I squeal at the top of my lungs, all the thoughts of the humiliation and degradation, that it felt so fucking right that it couldn't feel wrong at all. It would be our secret.

Darius, I want you to breed me in front of that loser, Darius, BREED ME IN FRONT OF JASON, IMPREGNATE MEEEE!! PUT A BABY IN MEEEE!

"OH MY GOD, YOU'RE SO FUCKING BIGGGG!" I scream.

"Bigger than your useless boyfriend, huh, bitch?" he slaps my tits like he owns it.

"So much FUCKING BIGGERR!" I hiss in frustration. "So much fucking bigger than him!!"

"Say it again, white bitch!!"

Yes, I was his white bitch!! I was always his white bitch! Back in high school! And now!! I was his sexy blonde, white bitch that loved slurping on his big black cock!!

"SO MUCH FUCKING BIGGER THAN MY USELESS FAGGOT BOYFRIEND!!! OH, DARIUS!"

Darius increases his pace. Oh, my fucking God. How could a man even fuck this good. I had a white limp dick boyfriend, who couldn't do a single thing in bed and here was a man who was giving me the best sex of my life, making me moan, squeal, and shriek like a bitch in heat.

The whole furniture was shaking, everything around was rattling and I didn't fucking care if my soon to be husband found us, Darius was not stopping! Fuck no!! This cock, the black, the fucking meat!

Fuck, my cunt feels so sore, every muscle in my body aches. It hurt so good. I didn't hesitate to make it known.

His balls, Jesus, they were so heavy. Full of potent, strong, black seed. Ready to unload and make my white belly full of his children.

"Unh, unh, unh," Darius grunts. "Fuck, I'm gonna fucking cum!!!"

I didn't think I could have another orgasm after having so many back-to-back. I wasn't going to let him cum inside me!! NO! NO!!!!!! DON'T DO IT! DON'T FUCKING CUM INSIDE ME!!! YOU'LL GET ME-

"CUM IN ME! MAKE ME PREGNANT!!!"

"Fuck, you're so fucking tight-."

"CUM INSIDE MEEEEEE!! PUT A BABY IN ME!!!!!"

Darius roars out loud like a lion.

"I'M GONNA CUM RIGHT UP YOUR WOMB!"

"YES, PLEASE, I'M A WHITE BITCH. PUT YOUR BLACK SEED INSIDE ME AND BREED ME, FUCK ME LIKE THE FILTHY, BIG BREEDING WHORE THAT I AM. IMPREGNATE ME, DARIUS. OH, FUCK, YOU'RE BREAKING MY FUCKING PUSSY OPEN, FUCK ME. FUCK ME. FUUUUUCKKK MEEEE!!!!!"

Darius's cock twitches and explodes like a rocket.

"OOOoooOOOOHHHHHHH, YES, YESSSS!!!!!"

We're both cumming at the same time. We're cumming like a couple of beasts in literal passion.

He was pumping his seed into my fertile white pussy, shooting his load deep inside my womb. It felt like a hose emptying gallons of filth in me.

"AAAARRRRRRGGGGHHHH, FUCK, I CAN FEEL YOU FILLING ME UP, DARIUS.

OH MY GOOODD. CUM INSIDE ME, KNOCK ME UP WITH YOUR BLACK BABIES. FILL ME TO THE BRIM. GIVE IT TO ME, PLEASE."

I couldn't take it anymore. He was literally making my insides explode. The sensation, the pleasure was too much. My eyes roll up into the back of my head, my vision begins to fade. No, Cassie, you

have to stay conscious. You have a wedding!!! This can't be happening!! No! NO!!! STOP FILLING ME UP. I can't have your babies!! I CAN'T. DARIUS!

I feel Darius's seed fill up the inside of my womb and the rest splattering and seeping out of me in thick white dribbles. I was creampied. I can't believe it....

I feel so heartbroken and yet at the same time excited.

I can feel all of his seed deep inside my womb. Inside my now bruised up pink pussy.

I felt so sick. I was crying now but I couldn't stop shaking.

I could feel my pussy literally squelch out thick seed right around the contours of my outer lip. I could feel it travel down the shaft of his cock and drip down on his balls.

I let another man pump his seed in me raw and unprotected. A man who wasn't my fiancé that I've been with for the past couple of years and was supposed to be marrying in a few hours.

A hung, black alpha that defined my definition of what a man should be.

"Fuck," I mutter to myself as I shut my eyes in shame.

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## CHAPTER 13:

We both pant for a long time. Heaving like two animals. He falls right on top of me and his heavy breathing fills my ears. I lie there completely motionless. My arms are wrapped around Darius's massive body. I was hugging him so tight; I was clinging to him like a little child. My tears are pouring down the sides of my face. They're not tears of sadness. But tears of joy and satisfaction. Darius's body reeks of sweat and the smell is so intoxicating. I can't stop taking it all in. I didn't think that it was possible, but his body was so warm and comforting. I wanted him to stay. I didn't want him to leave any time soon.

I couldn't. I had a marriage to attend. I had MY marriage to attend. But how? Not anymore. I couldn't do it. Not like this with another man's seed inside me. It's over. My marriage is ruined. Jason, I'm so sorry. I can't. I couldn't. I'm not fit to be your wife. I'm not cut out for any of this.

Why, Darius? Why did you have to come in here and ruin my wedding day? Why did you have to do this?

Why couldn't I just say no?!!

This wasn't fair...

My eyes....

I couldn't keep them open anymore.

Darius rolls over, and I can see his glistening, still erect cock covered with our mixed juices. It's a beautiful sight. As he climbs off me, I try to grab hold of him but I was too weak too.

"Stop," I mutter in a feeble tone. "You can't-."

"I'm sorry, Cassie," he growls looking at me while wiping his cock with my discarded blouse. No, God, it was ruined. More or less just

like my pussy. "My job here is done."

"I-I-You can't," I whisper. "Wedding-," my vision blurs. "Stay. Help me."

"I didn't tell you the whole truth, Cassie," Darius whispers as he plants me a kiss on my forehead. "I told you I came here to give you your wedding gift. I never told you it was from me."

"Wha-."

What on earth was he on about? What-I don't understand.

"You've got to thank the stars for this one," he continues as he pulls up his sweatpants.

"Someone else's present?" I mutter, my voice cracking. Who could it have been? Surely, not Jason? No, that was impossible. "No," I say in confusion. "Can't be-."

"Have a great wedding, Cassandra," was the last I hear from Darius as he exits the house. I hear the front door close shut as I struggle to get up.

I had to fight off the sleep. I had to fight off the incoming wave of exhaustion. I had a wedding to get to. A husband. My soon to be husband was waiting for me.

Jason. I'm coming.

You'll always be my husband and I would never cheat on you ever again.

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## CHAPTER 14:

I looked like shit. It was the apt description my best friend Sally gave me when she saw me in the church. I knew Sally was a straight talker but I didn't know she was this brutal.

I was an absolute mess, my hair was all over the place, my makeup was a complete disaster, and my dress was all ruffled up. Of course, none of the men would understand. Because on first glance, no one would figure out anything not even Jason. But the women knew better.

"What the hell happened?" she asked, her eyebrows arched as she inspected the bruises on my chest, the ones Darius made. Fuck, the concealer did a poor job of hiding it. "Jason?"

I stay quiet.

My mind was still racing with thoughts. Mostly of the brutal pounding that I had received from Darius but also of what he had told me at the end.

He was there to give me my wedding gift. But it wasn't from him? Jason. Jason stood there beaming at me. Oh, God.

The guilt.

It rippled through me and left me with nothing.

"Hey, Cassandra," Sally nudged my arm. "I said what happened? Are you okay?"

"Uhh-umm," I stutter. I didn't know what to say. I wanted to just break down and cry. I had cheated on my beloved Jason.

I could not say a thing. I had to show up to my own wedding in a daze. I was getting married to the love of my life with my pink pussy hole stretched out. I could still feel hi-NO. Stop. Stop it, Cassandra.

My throat was dry and the words wouldn't form.

Jason for all his flaws was a beautiful man. He was a kind, gracious, generous, caring man. He was more than fit to be my husband. How terrible was I as a wife to-God, the size of his dick wasn't everything. I'm so sorry!!!

"Hey, honey," Jason greeted. I almost jumped as he planted a kiss on my cheek. He was so close, oh my God. Oh, my God, he could probably smell it. I wanted to break down in his arms. I'm so sorry, Jason!! Jason, I've been a bad girlfriend. I have to admit it now. But in front of everyone?

Jason was grinning at the crowd. The church rumbled with applause. Everyone was happy for the new couple. Everyone except for a few faces, like Sally's. She looked at me with a questioning expression. Her eyes were narrowed and her lips were pressed together. She was waiting for me to give her the answer. She knew something was up. The maid of honour knew something was amiss.

I looked around the church. The pews were filled with friends and family members and relatives. Some familiar and some I couldn't even recognize.

The entire church was buzzing with excitement. Everyone was dressed in their finest clothes. Waiting with bated breath for me and Jason to get hitched.

I had to do it now.

I had to break it to them. This wedding couldn't happen. I couldn't put Jason through the tor-.

"Did you like it?" he asks.

"Babe?" I ask him puzzled. "I'm sorry, I didn't hear-."

"Did you like it?" he repeats and looks at me.

I look up at him. His hair was combed so neatly. His green eyes were so beautiful and he had a wonderful smile on his face. Jason was so handsome.

"Yeah, I love it," I say as I look down at his suit. "I mean I picked it-."

"Babe, I didn't mean the suit-."

I look back at him with a quizzing look. "What are you talking about?"

"I meant the wedding gift," Jason says and grins. "I hope it was a good one."

"What are you talking about, Jason?" I ask. "What did you-."

And then I stop.

The realization dawns on me.

No, it can't be.

There was no way.

My eyes literally pop out of their sockets.

I stand there, completely frozen, and dumbstruck.

No, no, no, it couldn't be true.

Jason, no. I look at him in complete shock. Sally looks at the both of us like she couldn't understand what was going on.

## CHAPTER 14:

Tears well up in my eyes.

I couldn't help but break into a smile. I was tearing up. I was about to cry.

"It was you."

Jason shrugs.

"You sent him, didn't you?" I squeal, my voice breaking. "You asked him to do that, didn't you? Why? How?"

"Not right now, babe-."

"No, no-," I shake my head. "Tell me. How di-Why did you-?"

"Well, as for how, I had to ask your mother," he looks over at my mom standing right there all proud of me standing next to Jason's parents. She gives us both a wink and a thumbs up. "As for why, let's just say-."

Ask my mother what? What did he mean? What the hell was happening? What did my mother have to do with any of this?

"Silence! Silence, please!" the priest yells. "Now that we're all assembled and ready, let's begin."

The guests go silent. They all look at us eagerly. The entire church was silent. All eyes were on us.

Jason, my future husband, the father of my future children, grins at me. "I guess that's a story for another day," he whispers.

"Please take your positions," the priest announces.

"But you-," I stammer, looking at him, confused. "You-if it was- the marriage-and yet you're still marry-why-."

I wasn't sure what it was. Maybe it was the painkillers. Maybe it was still the high from getting bred like a literal bitch that did it to me but I was getting giddy. I could feel the world spin around.

Why was Jason still marrying me if he-God, no. I don't understand. Jason did admit to sending Darius-how did they even know each other? And if he knows-then, why put a ring on me-.

"SHUSH!" the priest barks and the entire church erupts into laughter. "You can bicker all you want AFTER the vows have been exchanged, missie!"

I hear another round of laughter. That shut me up instantly.

"Now, we'll begin with the wedding vows. And we shall start with the groom-."

I was dizzy.

What the hell was happening?

My mother knew something that I clearly didn't. Was it my mother? I have no fucking idea what was happening?!! Did my mother tell Jason about Darius?

Hold on, first off, why would Jason send Darius in the first place?

I close my eyes and try to remember. I try to think of all the possibilities.

"Now, repeat after me. I, Cassandra, take you, Jason, as my lawfully wedded husband."

I snap out of it. Yes, that has to be it. He must have found out somehow. I don't know how.

"I-," my voice trails. I couldn't hold back the tears.

Guilt. Shame. Sorrow. Happiness. Love.

All these emotions were coursing through me at the same time.

"Come on, sweetheart," the priest urges.

I look up at Jason and I see a tear forming in his eye.

I knew this man loved me and I had done a very wrong thing to him.

"I'm sorry," I mouth at him.

Jason, no. Don't make me do this. I can't marry you.

"It's alright, Cassandra," I hear him whisper.

I repeat after the priest.

"I, Cassandra, take you, Jason, as my lawfully wedded husband."

My hands tremble.

"To have and to hold, from this day forward."

My voice is cracking.

"In sickness and in health, for richer or poorer."

I'm sobbing.

"For as long as we both shall live."

I can't hold the tears back.

"Till death do us part."

Jason is teary eyed too as he looks at me.

"And now, you may kiss the bride."

Everyone erupts into applause.

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## EPILOGUE:

But I was frozen. I was trembling. This was the most difficult thing I'd ever have to do.

Jason leans over to kiss me.

I feel his soft lips touch mine.

Everyone cheers.

The bells ring.

To think that I was beginning to consider this marriage as the worst thing that I might be doing in my entire life.

But now as I look into Jason's eyes and I realize it's the best thing I've ever done.

I kiss Jason with the same lips that had kissed Darius earlier.

And while kissing him, I could feel my swollen pussy lips tingle. I could feel my pussy ooze out and my clit throb in excitement.

I still had another man's seed inside me. Deep in my womb.

A virile, hung, black man's seed.

**TO BE CONTINUED.....**

# AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Thank you for reading all the way till the end! I hope you guys loved this story as much as I loved writing this! I am working hard on finishing all the other series I've started, so please follow me on my amazon page for more of my upcoming stories!

There's tons of other interracial BMWF erotica stories on my amazon page that you should definitely check out, so go on ahead and have fun!

-Sally P

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