

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL | VOYUER

Caught Stealing

IN THE WRONG
NEIGHBORHOOD



WRITTEN BY

R E M Y L E O N E

Caught Stealing in the Wrong Neighborhood

Remy Leone

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BEGINNING OF THE END

Tanya Augustus sat back in the passenger seat of the car as it rolled slowly down the streets of North Bronx. The neighborhoods were mixed from middle class neighborhoods and lower income areas. The old car came to a stop light which allowed her to tie her blonde hair back into a ponytail.

Miller Bibbs, her boyfriend was driving the large metal rusty vehicle that putted by with passing block. He had turned on some death metal music and was banging his head lightly to the music. They passed Lincoln's corner alerting them that they were no longer in North Bronx.

"I thought you said the spot was in North Bronx.", Tanya said surprised.

"No babe. We're hitting Little Bronx today. We've got something brewing down there.", Miller said with tired eyes.

Tanya sighed. "You know how I feel about Little Bronx. The place is filled with too much crime."

Miller laughed, "Too much crime? You do realize what we do for a living?"

The irony fell onto Tanya who just rolled her eyes, "But its not like we're shooting other thieves on the street."

"Yeah I know, but I'm just saying its not like we're incapable of handling ourselves.", Miller said confidently. His hand reached down to grab the revolver from his waist band. He flashed it to her and held it admiring the metal that was a bright greyish silver.

"Put that down. You're going to attract attention. Just what we don't need right now.", Tanya reached up and pushed his hand down to push the gun out of sight.

Miller put the revolver away and ended his boyish fascination with the weapon.

"Is that thing even loaded? I thought you sold your last box of bullets.", Tanya asked curiously.

"No, but I can always pick up more ammo. I just needed the cash.", Miller replied.

Tanya rolled her eyes looking back out the window as they

continued to drive. "What good is an unloaded gun?"

"Nobody asks *excuse me sir, is the gun loaded that you're pointing at me?*" He giggled at himself.

Tanya was annoyed at her boyfriend thinking he was much more clever than he actually was. She stared at the people walking on the streets. A lot of people were wearing baggy clothes and large ornamental jewelry. There were large groups of people just standing around talking and she couldn't help but wonder why so many people didn't have jobs in the area. She knew Little Bronx was known to have a lot of gangs in the area, but had a hard time believing it was as bad as Los Angeles; in which she came from.

Tanya hated her father Spence for dragging her mother and herself out to this midwestern metropolitan area. Instead of an ocean, the area had a river. Instead of surfers, there were farmers. Instead of night clubs, they only had bars.

Not only was she living in a much smaller city, she wasn't even actually living in the metro area technically. Stuck out near an old military base that looked more like a fortress at Knox Rock which was located on the outskirts of the city. Her father had established his own company with funds from the government. He was a well connected man; something he boasted about.

Her father Spence, her father's friend Bran and her mother Evelyn had also made the journey to Knox City and they'd been living there ever since. Tanya found herself wondering what all of her old friends back home were doing and wish she could be there. Even with her boyfriend Miller in the car sitting next to her.

"I need to pull over for a little bit.", Miller said. His attitude hinted towards being perturbed and Tanya knew what that meant.

"Again? You just stopped like an hour ago.", Tanya said with a worrisome voice.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah...", Miller twisted the steering wheel to bring

the old hunk of junk into the parking lot of a gas station. He reached behind him to grab a small bag and exited the vehicle. "I shouldn't be too long."

Tanya remained silent out of disappointment and anger. She watched her fiend boyfriend go and get his fix. She thought back on the first day that they met and how he was so wild and didn't care what people thought of him. Those characteristics remained the same, but sometimes Tanya wished he would actually care a little more. The hard drugs that Miller was getting into was taking any resemblance of a once innocent man.

Tanya couldn't leave Miller, at least right now. He was the only thing she had in his life after running away from her family less than 6 months ago. Her mother had gone missing along with Bran and her father was now living at Knox Rock to continue his work. Nobody even knew that she had ran away or if they did know they didn't care.

Tanya suspected her mother was having an affair with her father's friend Bran and they had run off together initially. It was just too odd in her opinion that Bran left L.A. with them. Tanya also caught her mother and Bran kissing one time, but never told her father. Yet, the odd part about the theory of them running off together was that they didn't bring any of their clothes or any other possessions with them if they did.

If her mother was home, Tanya might have gone back home. However, she was not willing to live with the likes of her father who had become bitter and controlling the older he became. The more he worked at Knox Rock base, the more he became that way. He didn't even seem bothered by her mother's disappearance.

She put a cigarette between her lips and recline back in the passenger seat of the car. She knew that Miller was going to be in the public bathroom for a while. Tanya raised her bare feet and let them hang out the window and let her long white smooth legs get some sun while she waited. Her denim shorts were small enough to

show off her thighs and hips. She didn't want to get out of the vehicle in this neighborhood though as the bottom half of her perky butt were exposed. Her mint green tank top had the word "Wild" written over her chest. It was a gift from Miller and she loved wearing the tight top that kept her 36C breasts from bouncing all over. She put on a pair of sunglasses and checked her black watch while she waited.

Why is Miller being so secretive about this upcoming hit? Usually he always told me in advance about the next place to plan. Those drugs are really making him slip and he's becoming desperate.

She couldn't help her thoughts, but the way things had been going the last month it was becoming more of a reality. She liked her boyfriend Miller, but not enough to go down with him.

She watched Miller stumble out of the bathroom with a hazy eyed smile painted on his face. He actually forgot the bag and had to run back in and then come back out again, but he made it to the car.

"Feel better.", Tanya said abrasively.

"Ah... much. I just need a minute.", Miller said pleasantly.

"You just had a minute, Miller. Do we have a spot to hit today or not?", Tanya could feel herself becoming angry with her boyfriend.

Miller was sitting in the driver seat. His head leaning back against his chair and the bag he carried into the bathroom on his lap. His eyes were closed, but he responded in broken English. "Mm babe yes. Jeromes."

Tanya sat up. Her feet coming back into the car and she sat normal and upright, "What... Jeromes? Why are we... I thought we..."

"His safe. Has to be at least 10 stacks in there.", Miller said.

He was still relishing the drug's euphoria.

Tanya didn't want to steal from Jerome Hudson as he was considered vicious for a civilian. He owned "Black Bar", which a hole in the wall bar that had a pool table. She had never been there, because she wasn't sure if white people were accepted into the place and she didn't want to be the only white person there even if they did. Yet, 10 thousand dollars was a lot of money and it would help her even possibly get back to Los Angeles.

"Well if we're hitting his place we should do it now. The place will be opening in a few hours.", Tanya said worried.

"Don't worry babe, he always opens late. You know how they can be.", Miller said.

"Jeez Miller. Be a little more racist why don't ya.", Tanya scoffed.

"You know what I mean.", Miller replied with his eyes still closed and his head rolling back and forth in the head rest of his seat. "Just saying to calm down babe I know exactly what I'm doing."

Tanya didn't feel relieved by him saying that. In fact, it made her more worried seeing her doped up boyfriend saying he knew exactly what he was doing.

Last hit with this man and I'm rolling solo. Tanya silently spoke to herself.

BLACK BAR BREAK IN

Tanya remained silent the entire drive over to Jerome's bar "Black Bar". Miller had fallen asleep at the gas station for another half hour before she was able to manage to wake him up. She was furious with her partner in crime. They'd just lost a half hour of time that

would allow them to crack the safe before Jerome opened the bar.

They finally turned into the alley and the chipped roads made Tanya's breasts bounce on her chest. She brought her hand up to hold the "Wild" letters on her tank top from going wild.

"Bumpy ride.", Miller said trying to spark some sort of conversation before they stopped.

The large metal piece of junk on wheels came to the side of the alley and finally parked. Miller pointed at Black Bar. The bar looked more like someone's home than a bar due to the fact that at one time it was used as a duplex before being turned into a bar. "It's just over yonder there."

Tanya was already looking at it and finally broke her silence. "Are you sure Jerome's gone? It's getting close to open time."

"Why do you keep questioning me? I'm telling you he is not in there. You'll squeeze through that side window with your crowbar. The safe he's got is cheap enough to crack. You shouldn't need any real muscle.", Miller said staring at the building's window she would sneak through.

"Wait you're not coming?", Tanya said surprised. "Why don't I just unlock the door and let you in?"

"Takes too much time and I want to keep the car running just in case. You'll be in and out in no time and we'll drive off to the sunset."

"Wow, don't hurt yourself working too hard. So I'm suppose to basically sneak in, break into his safe, steal his money and come out to you with it?", Tanya said.

"Ya, that's basically the plan. And then we drive off too.", Miller nodded seeing nothing wrong with his own master plan.

"I'm not going to be your puppet.", Tanya sat back in the seat crossing her arms over one another.

"Baby, baby... c'mon. With that money we can get out of this shit hole. Go to L.A. like you said.", Miller pleaded.

Tanya looked over at Miller when he said that. He knew exactly what to tell her to get her to do what he wanted and she hated him for that. Always twisting his own words to make them pleasant to her ears.

"Fine.", Tanya uncrossed her arms realizing doing this meant one step closer to home. "But when we're doing with this job, we need to talk. Understand?"

"Of course, we'll talk all day and all night. Whatever you want.. as soon as you get out of there.", Miller stated.

Tanya could tell he wasn't worried about her. He was only worried about her going into Jerome's and stealing his cash. She could tell by the look in his strung out baggy eyes what he planned on using his portion of the money on.

"Whatever.", Tanya stepped out of the vehicle. Miller's eyes instantly going to her beautiful ass that hung high on her backside. The bottom of the denim shorts stretching around the curves of her perfect bottom without covering them completely. However, as beautiful as it was, his lust still preferred his own addiction.

Tanya had grabbed the crowbar after Miller popped the trunk for her. It was a long metal black tool that she carried heavily down the alley towards the bar. Her fingerless gloves on her hand still; she didn't worry about fingerprints. Jerome wasn't the type of guy that would call the cops.

Nobody was around luckily and Tanya had no qualms about walking straight up to the side of the building. She used the crowbar to hook the ledge of the window and used it to slowly and silently climb up the side. Her hands grabbed the ledge and she pulled herself up and into the window. Grabbing the crowbar she lifted it to hold it in front of her just in case there was anybody in

the hopefully empty bar.

The bar was pretty plain. There was a bar, a door to the bathroom, a few old booths and a few tables with chairs. The bar had a line of liquor bottles that were displayed out to the front of the building that was on the opposite side of the bar. She then saw another door at the back of the building thinking that might be the office.

Miller told her the safe was in the back office and she slowly made her way to it. The wooden floors of the bar creaked with each small step with her light frame. The metal knob of the door was locked when she twisted it and wouldn't budge.

He didn't say anything about the office door being locked. Even though she knew she should have suspected it, usually Miller would give her some sort of warning. She would have thought since she was going to be doing all of the work he would at least do his due diligence to help her as much as possible.

The hook of the bar was placed into the door and Tanya began to use her weight to pull the door open. After seconds of battling with the door, the cracking of the wooden door frame gave way. It didn't bust open immediately, but Tanya used the other end to wedge it through and crack the office door open completely. The door swung open crashing against the back wall.

Tanya quickly held the door still hoping that she wasn't making too much noise. The door opened so fast that it slammed the rolling chair against the table in front of it. She stopped and listened to hear if she could hear anything; but nothing. The coast seemed to be clear.

Tanya's eyes were immediately drawn to the black small safe that was under the desk of the messy desk which she presumed was Jerome's work. There was little room for anything else as the office was so tiny. Only two people could fit in the room, along with the desk, filing cabinet and chair that was on wheels. The small room

looked more like a closet than a room.

Setting the crowbar down she took a knee right next to the black block metal fortress containing the cash. Tanya could feel the denim shorts stretching up and exposing the entirety of one her plump butt cheeks under the shorts as she bent down to one knee.

She began twisting the numeric dial with her ear against the small safe. She twisted it twice and heard a small click, twisted it one back and heard another click and then twist it opposite until she hear the third click. Bingo.

Tanya was impressed with herself being able to unlock the safe so quickly. She had broken into her share of safes in her life, but never this quickly. The door swung open and the 4 slim stacks of cash was in front of her. It didn't look like it did in the movies and there were only a few stacks of hundred dollar bills. There was another fat wad of a variety of different bills rolled completely up into a tube-like fashion that could fit into a normal man's pocket.

Tanya emptied the small trash can that had a beer bottle and a few wrappers in it on the ground. She dumped the cash into the plastic trash bag and took it out of its can. She gave it a quick twist while letting the air out of the bag and tied it.

"Piece of cake.", She said to herself aloud as she looked at the bag that had probably more than 10 thousand dollars in it.

"Can I help you?", A man's low voice rasped.

The black plastic bag in Tanya's hand dropped when she jumped at the sound of the voice directly behind her. She spun around with her butt firmly smashing into the desk. She could feel the denim shorts were still pulled up over her one butt cheek. Her hand came down simultaneously to pull it down as she focused at the large dark figured black man that was standing in the doorway. He tall and muscular with his huge biceps covering his strong chest. He completely filled the doorway and Tanya realized she wouldn't be

able to fit by the large man who she recognized.

It was Jerome.

CAUGHT

“Jerome...”, Tanya said dumbfounded. She was unsure if she pretend not to know him, but knew that would have been unrealistic.

“Tanya? That’s really you. I thought that was your old man’s car in the alley. I was wondering why he was out there sleeping. Then I heard a crash down here. Really didn’t expect to find you in here. Surprised to see that Miller’s having his girl handle his dirty work.”, Jerome didn’t even seem angry as he spoke.

Tanya heard that Miller was sleeping in the car in the alley again from Jerome and it filled her with anger, but she knew that the large black man in front of her was more pressing. She reached her hand out in front of her with the black plastic bag.

“Here.”, Tanya said looking down at the ground.

“I don’t want that.”, Jerome stated firmly all of a sudden. He gave her a serious look that matched his more serious tone, “Put it back where you found it.”

Tanya quickly fumbled the cash out of the black plastic bag and placed it in to the safe. She shut the door without being asked holding the empty black bag.

Jerome stared out of his dark brown eyes and looked at the bottles and wrappers on the ground. “Looks like you’ve made a mess.”

Tanya was going to get down on her hands and knees facing Jerome and pick it up, but he halted her before she could pick up even one piece of trash.

“No. Come here and pick it up from here.”, Jerome pointed at his feet.

Tanya swallowed the lump in her throat trying her best not to

just break down and start crying. The embarrassment of being caught was humiliating. But now she was bending over right in front of the black man. Her short-shorts pulling up and the cool air touching the revealed skin. She could feel the cool air just as she could feel his cold eyes staring at her ass.

"Pick it up slowly.", Jerome blatant of what his intentions were.

Tanya realized that he wanted to get a good show and knew that she better do as he says. She began to move and twist her hips hoping that maybe if she gave him something to look at that maybe somehow he would be able to forget that she was just trying to steal his money.

Jerome made a noise in his throat of pleasure as he stared. It resembled the sound someone would make when they tasted something good.

The wrappers were picked up one by one and placed into the bag. Finally she retrieved the bottle and tossed it in with the wrappers before putting the bag back into the can. Tanya's daisy duke shorts and become wedged so far up between the clefts of her fleshy rump cheeks that it almost appeared to be a thong. She wrapped the plastic around the edges of the can and put it back into the corner.

"Good girl." Jerome said through a smile that Tanya couldn't see facing the other way, but she could hear it through his words. "But we still have a problem. Do you know what that is."

"No... what's the problem now?", Tanya said. She was still facing away from him and just remained bent over in front of him too scared to move and hoping her own ass could get her out of trouble.

"The door.. you broke it in and now the frame is messed up. Do you think you can repair that right now?", Jerome asked as though he was really willing to let her repair it right then and there if she could.

"Jerome, I can pay to have it fixed.", Tanya said.

"With whose money?, Jerome replied.

"I can get money, don't worry.", Tanya said.

"So your boyfriend can go binge and forget about me. You junkies have a hard time remembering things."

"I'm no junkie Jerome!", Tanya was offended.

"You just date a junkie. Is that right?", Jerome asked. He then pointed out towards the alleyway. He didn't even let her answer as he did it himself "Your boyfriend is out there in a comatose and you're in here stealing from me. What would you call that?"

Tanya could see a bit of anger overtaking Jerome again; the man's wave of emotions were being played out right in front of her. She could see the betrayal in his eyes and she genuinely felt bad for the black man. "Look, Jerome... what do you want? I can get the door fixed. You don't ever have to see me again."

"You're going to be fixing my door alright.", Jerome said. His black hand wrapping into the blond hair of Tanya and giving her head a tug. He twisted her around to face him and was now on her knees being forced to look up at Jerome who was standing over her. His large form bent over and his face close to hers. "But first... you're going to be taking care of me."

"What... huh... what do you mean?", Tanya knew what he meant deep down, but was in denial.

"You're going to suck my big black cock and you're going to do it with your dumbass junky boyfriend sleeping out in the car.", Jerome's face was filled with a shit eating grin.

"Jerome... but... Miller... and... what the fuck? How can you do this?", Tanya said trying to turn the tables on him.

Jerome laughed while in her face, "You come in my place and

steal my money and wonder how I can do this to you? Would you rather me go out there and use that crowbar over there to beat your boyfriend's ass to death in his car? I'm sure I could find somebody that'd be willing to buy a little white girl and take you off my hands. I could at least profit off you while getting revenge on your dumbass boyfriend."

Tanya had never been exposed to a world like this in Los Angeles. The element was there at a larger level, but it was not so concentrated like it was deep down in the small city of Little Bronx.

Jerome let go of her hair and began to take off his shirt. His pectoral muscles bulged under his black skin along with the six pack that accompanied them. He began to unbuckle his belt and his smile revealed a golden tooth.

"So how about it? Eat my cock for my silence and my compassion? Or shall I make you suffer?"

Tanya was frozen there on her knees, frozen in fear as the black man was in the middle of undressing over her. Her heart was racing, but between her legs she could feel a sensation growing.

"I'll do it.", Tanya said and was surprised by her own words of agreement.

"Thought so, white girl.", Jerome's golden tooth sparkled within his smile.

ON HER KNEES

Tanya was looked up at Jerome hoping her pleading eyes would stop his assault, but the black man was overtaken by lust as he continued to unbutton his own jeans.

"Take it out bunny.", said Jerome.

She was frozen still. It was the moment of truth for herself. She couldn't believe that she was actually going through with this as

her hand raised up towards the black man's crotch. Her one hand delicately grabbed at the hem of his jeans while her other daintily pulled down his zipper. She could see the outline of his cock in his grey boxers as she tugged the zipper down the entire way. She then looked back up to Jerome once more.

"What are you looking at me for? My cock is down there with your face.", Jerome snickered. He reached over to grab the crowbar and slung it over his broad muscular shoulder. His pectoral muscle flexing along with his bicep; he looked like a beast towering over her while Tanya was still on her knees.

Tanya looked back down at the opening in his jeans and the grey boxer briefs that were underneath. She began to tug his jeans down more to buy herself some time. She was hoping at any moment that Miller would step in and rescue her.

But he never came.

The grey boxer briefs were now being tugged down by her small hands and the elastic band was sliding down over his shaft. The black never ending rod continued to reveal itself. The more it exposed itself to Tanya's eyes the more her own eyes widened. She had never seen such a large cock before as Miller's was much smaller for his tall frame.

Finally the mushroom head came into view and not before long the big black cock sprang out of the muscular man's drawers. It snapped upwards with force and smacked Tanya across the face. She felt a small sting against her face due to the hefty weight of the black man's fuck rod.

Jerome snickered at his cock hitting her in the face and her springing backwards out of surprise. He leaned forward and twisted his hips to smack her a second time with his free hanging hardening cock. The side of his cock smacking against her cheek to make a soft noise against her cheek. This time, Tanya's eyes closed and her jaw slightly opened letting out a gasp.

"Whatya' think.", Jerome said. His cock swinging between his legs as he leaned back.

"It's fucking huge, Jerome.", Tanya bluntly stated.

"Bigger than your boyfriends?", Jerome grinned.

Tanya just stared at the foot long cock in front of her face. It had to be at least two times larger than Miller's.

"Much bigger.", Tanya said as she continued to stare.

"Well what are you waiting for?", Jerome asked with the crowbar over his topless shoulders.

"Do you think I can even fit that in my mouth?", Tanya who was still staring asked.

"Do your best. Now let's go.", Jerome said sternly.

Tanya perked up onto her knees at attention at his voice. She scooted in as close as she could to Jerome that she actually had to lean back away from the cock slightly. Tanya then reached up to the long black snake hanging out of the man's trousers.

Jerome gripped her tiny wrist, "No. First... suck my balls. No hands either."

Tanya heard his vulgar words and felt a bit of thrill running through her body as he told her what to do. His cock was dangling over his large balls that hung under them. Without her hands she had to use her cheek to brush the cock out of her face. Jerome slowly rolling his hips to rub the shaft against her cheek while she did so. His balls began to swing back and forth until she caught them in her open mouth.

The sound of her mouth suctioning on the swinging balls could be heard in the office and a very slight hint of a groan from Jerome. He was leaning one shoulder against the doorway of his office trapping the pretty blonde girlfriend in his office and on her knees

with a mouthful of his balls. The crowbar, hanging over his other shoulder he was like a prison guard.

The flesh of Jerome's hairy balls filled Tanya's mouth, but she was only able to contain one single nut at a time. His large hangers were much larger than the average mans which made sense to Tanya seeing his cock was at least 12 inches long.

Tanya continued to rub her face and mouth into Jerome's balls and she felt his large hand palm the back of her head as he held her head there. She felt his cock against her cheek and it leaking onto her as he prematurely spit liquid onto the side of her face and hair. Her mouth was already getting slopping as he continued to grind his balls into her mouth while he groaned.

"Alright... I'm ready, white girl.", Jerome said. His cock feeling hard enough to be sucked on.

Tanya's wet mouth and chin from her saliva was wiped up with her hand and brought up to the shaft of Jerome's meaty cock. Her small fingers did their best to wrap around it, but it was too big. The thick cock in her hand soaked up the saliva in her hand as she began to lather the flesh of his shaft.

The big black head pointed right at Tanya's face as she slowly began to moisten his flesh up with her palm and stroking hand. She waited one more second to give her boyfriend a change to sop this before.

No Miller.

She leaned her head forward and her lips began to part. The big black head press against them and made her jaw immediately began to widen. Her eyes widened a bit as the thick piece of meat began to penetrate her salivating mouth. She could feel herself drooling out the corner of one side. Catching the drool she did her best to use it to lotion up Jerome's cock. Her head began to slowly bob up and down, but was only able to get her mouth over the huge

head of his cock.

“Deeper.”, Jerome commanded.

Tanya did her best to shove the big black cock over her tongue and to the back of her throat. She pulled her mouth away feeling like she might cramp up; which only made Jerome smile in pleasure. Tanya’s eyes were already watering when she quickly leaned back into his cock by shoving it back in her own mouth.

Tanya was surprised that she could only get it down so far. Her hand was still wrapped around his shaft as best as she could she began to bob up and down on the head of his cock. She did her best to shove it to the back of her throat, but it made her gag and gargle round his cock. She tried to pull her head off of it, but Jerome’s hand palmed her head again and held it there.

He began to slowly pump his hips so that he was fucking her head into his own hand. Tanya began to struggle under the black cock in her mouth as Jerome continued to fuck her mouth. She did her best to have her tongue resist the cock going deeper into her mouth, but the continuous pumping and assault of her mouth tired her out. She did her best now to accommodate what Jerome wanted and tried her best to relax her throat.

“That’s it baby...”, Jerome said to encourage her.

Tanya felt the head of the cock pressing against her throat now. Jerome was moving his hips and shifting around to get a better vantage point as he continued to apply pressure against her face. Tanya, the entire time with a mouthful of cock and nostrils full of the stench of the black man’s crotch.

Tanya could feel the walls of her throat expanding as Jerome began to penetrate his cock even further and past her gag reflex. Tanya gagged for a moment, but there was no air. There was nothing she could breathe or taste at that moment as the cock began to pump down her throat.

“Fucking tight...”, Jerome said. His hips bucking and shifting against her face as he continued to try and drive his entire footlong cock into her mouth.

Tanya’s legs were beginning to kick around. In panic and lack of oxygen being strangled by the large cock in her throat she tried to kick out from under Jerome. Jerome was much too strong for her and relentlessly continued to fuck her throat as he stood over her.

“Stop fucking moving.”, Jerome said with her head palmed still with his strong large black hand.

Tanya felt his balls slapping against her chin as he continued his assault on her mouth. The room was spinning and she was doing her best to breathe in air around the cock to no avail. Her hands were on Jerome’s thighs trying to push away and her feet had swung under the both of them and she was even had one of her feet against a wall pushing away from it. Nothing helped as Jerome continued to fuck her throat.

Tanya panic hit a highpoint as she stared up. Her eyes were rolling in the back of her head as she continued to watch the black man fuck her mouth. There was a barbaric look in his eyes and she realized he might actually kill her while fucking her throat.

However, the lack of oxygen had taken her strength and she was slowly becoming limp under the face fucking black man. Her eyes began to roll in the back of her head and then something strange happened. She orgasmed.

She groaned and moaned around his cock as the lights turned out in her vision. She could still hear the moaning and groaning from the angry black man fucking her mouth above her, but it was becoming more muffled.

Then all of a sudden. The strangling black snake was released from her throat. Oxygen rushed into Tanya’s lungs and she could breathe fast enough to get the amount that she needed to regain

consciousness.

Jerome was saying something, but she couldn't hear him as she continued to gasp for air as well as recover from her orgasm. She was shocked to have had one from simply giving a man oral sex. That had never happened with Miller. Though Miller's cock would never be able to strangle her to death like Jerome's was capable of.

When she looked back up at Jerome, he was still standing over her. He must have really enjoyed what he had done to her with the smile that was plastered all over his face showing off his golden tooth. She couldn't believe that she only was able to stuff a little over half of his monster cock into her mouth as the rest of it was completely dry. She had never seen a cock that big; not even in porn.

Jerome began to bat his wet cock against her face and Tanya just let him. The wet flesh smacking against her forehead, her nose, her cheeks while she continued to catch her breath. Finally, her hand came upwards to grip at the cock at her face to stop the assault. She stroked it against her face until she put it back into her mouth.

"That's right worship that cock. Otherwise, I'm going to fuck your face to death.", Jerome said savagely.

The thought turned her on though as she continued to suck on the man in charge's cock. She wasn't sure if it was the feeling of being forced down onto her knees, or the tall dark and handsome Jerome that made her feel this way. Maybe it was because he knew exactly what he wanted and expressed it freely while she sucked his cock. She was usually the one who took charge in her own relationship that someone doing it for her was gratifying. While she sucked on his cock, Jerome would guide her while he was stuffed in her mouth so she could please him just like he wanted her to. Which was exactly what she had always wanted.

A real man in charge.

YOU SNOOZE YOU LOSE

Shit, how long have I been out for? Miller looked at his watch after catching himself sleeping. He was surprised that nobody had robbed him considering he was in an alleyway of Little Bronx behind the Black Bar.

Black Bar should be opening soon. Something is wrong. Miller began to worry. He reached over and tucked the revolver into his waist band. He was still groggy as he began to walk the same path that Tanya had earlier.

He was taller and standing around 6'1 he didn't need anything to reach the window seal as he jumped up and pulled himself into the bar. He also tried to be as silent as possible as he reached behind him to pull out the revolver.

A sudden sink of his heart passed over him as he could hear a man groaning from the back. He could see him in the doorway of the office and his pants were unbuckled and hanging down around his thighs.

Between his legs was Tanya. Her head bobbing up and down on the huge black cock that was stretching her mouth open.

"JEROME! Get the fuck back!", Miller said. He had raised the revolver up at the black man receiving the blowjob from his girlfriend.

Tanya jumped out of guilt when Miller finally had shown. She had been sucking on Jerome's cock for at least twenty minutes and had forgotten what she was originally doing there. Miller standing behind him with his revolver raised at Jerome snapped her back into

reality. She tried to pull her face off the long black cock stuck in her mouth.

Jerome on the other hand didn't even flinch. In fact, he leaned a little to the side so Miller could have a more clear view of his girl with his cock in her mouth. He had his hand holding her head around it.

"Nobody told you to stop.", Jerome spoke out of the corner of his mouth and down to Tanya while staring at Miller. The crowbar still hanging over his shoulder.

Tanya looked over at Miller with pleading eyes. Not from forced to suck Jerome's cock, but for forgiveness for enjoying it. Tanya closed her eyes and continued to bob her head up and down on the head of Jerome's cock while he held her head.

Jerome began to laugh as he stared at the white boyfriend. "See... she loves that black dick."

"You want to test me motherfucker?", Miller said. He clicked the back of the hammer of the revolver back and took a step toward Jerome for dramatic emphasis.

"Look, white boy.", Jerome had to stop from the pleasure of Tanya's blowjob for one moment before continuing. The sound of her wet suctioning and smacking of her lips could be heard as he spoke. "I see that piece of steel in your hand. But I also see the light coming through those chambers. Now... you might have one bullet in there, but I'm going to go with you have none."

Miller's eyes began to soften as the act was up. The boyfriend could almost see the joy in Tanya's face as in "I told you so." Miller would do anything to trade any of his past binges for one bullet right now, but the thing was he couldn't.

"Now that we're on the same page. I'd just like to say I'm glad you decided to show your cowardice face. I wanted to see the man who lets a woman take his place.", Jerome said as Tanya sucked his

cock even more eagerly while he lectured Miller.

"What do you want Jerome. I can get it for you.", Miller said trying to negotiate.

"I'm getting what I want right now. You know how many times I've looked at your chick thinking she should be riding my dick? Somehow she got stuck with a little loser like you.", Jerome snarled.

Miller could see the contempt held in Jerome's eyes as he spoke to him. He could hear his girlfriend moaning while she continued to blow him while listening to the man talk to him in a way that she probably agreed with.

"Now, you're about to watch me fuck her right in front of you on that pool table. Now clear it off.", Jerome stated. "Or else I'm going to smash your face in."

Jerome patted the crowbar against his own hand.

Miller watched Tanya who was too preoccupied serving Jerome. He looked over at the pool table and walked over to it. He cleaned off the sticks and knocked the balls off. The entire time trying to drown out the sound of his girlfriend sucking the black man's cock as he cleaned the table for them. He had thought about using one of the pool sticks against Jerome. But deep down, he knew he stood no chance. Jerome was equally as tall, but built two times as strong as himself.

"Okay...", Miller said meekly.

"Good boy.", Jerome grinned.

Miller was annoyed by the arrogance of the man, but was hurt by the sound of Tanya snickering as she let the cock out of her mouth. Jerome had stood her up and walked her to the pool table. His big foot long cock bouncing as he did so. Saliva dripped a trail the entire way from his office until they reached the green top clothed table top.

Jerome wasted no time and lifting the mint green top over Tanya's head. She wasn't wearing a bra and the bare flesh of her perky breasts bounced into view. Her nipples pointing directly at Jerome.

Jerome smiled, "Nice little white titties."

Jerome's large black hands covered Miller's girlfriends tits and he smashed them into his strong hands. Miller could only disagree with Jerome assortment that her breasts were small as he silently watched Jerome fondle her.

Jerome's thick lips pressed against the nipples and he began to suck on them until each one was hard going back and forth as he mauled them in his hands. Tanya seemed a bit surprised at how aggressive the man was being that wasn't her boyfriend. Miller knew she was not use to being manhandled like that as she was a lot more sensual in bed. That is, when they actually had sex. Since becoming addicted he had lost the urge to make love to Tanya like he did when they first met. He couldn't even remember the last time they actually had sex.

The daisy duke shorts were very tight and Jerome had a tougher time tugging them down Tanya's big plump white butt, but she helped him by wiggling her hips. Tanya wore no underwear.

"I knew you were a slut.", Jerome said seeing she was commando.

There she stood, completely naked except for her sneakers, fingerless gloves and watch. She had lost her sunglasses while sucking his cock back in the office.

"She's got a real sexy athletic and slim body.", Jerome said to Miller like he wasn't aware of it. "Look at those titties... but that ass. That ass is where it's at!"

Jerome's hand cupped the large plump white booty of Tanya and squeezed firmly. He pulled her towards him so that their hips

were grinding into one another and Tanya softly moaned at the aggressive groping. Jerome's long cock pressing right into the flat stomach of Miller's girlfriend he watched in horror as his girlfriend eagerly reached up and began to tug on the shaft of the flesh. Jerome's balls swaying as she did so while he fondled her ass.

The large man picked up Tanya and placed her firm ass against the pool table. He pushed her lightly down so that her back was against the cloth of the top of the table. Tanya then let her head roll over and look over at Miller.

Miller almost died from anticipation while waiting for Tanya's words.

"This is your fault. Always remember that.", She said in a soft tone. There was no room for argument and Miller almost cried at what she had just told him.

It was true. The whole thing was his fault. He had talked her into the whole thing, did no planning on his side, did do any of the leg work, fallen asleep on the job and had an unloaded gun. What more could he have messed up.

"Ready to watch me fuck your wife to kingdom com?", Jerome said with a cocky flair. As he spoke he tugged her by the legs so that her ass smacked into his thighs and that she was slightly hanging off of the pool table for better access.

"Fuck me.", Tanya said staring up at the only real man in the room; Jerome. The words made Miller wince.

Jerome's smile widened as he stared down at the beautiful blonde underneath him. Her legs spready for him and her perky tits pointing up at him. There was nothing sexier that the face a woman makes when she wants to be fucked and that's exactly the face that Tanya wore.

Jerome's hand wrapped around his cock and positioned at her entrance began to shift his hips forward. Tanya moaned at the

penetrating monster that began to stretch her out.

"Oh my god...", Tanya cooed.

Miller could only sit down in a stool that was near the pool table as the black bar own began to enter his girlfriend. Her long toned white legs being held under her knees by the large biceps of the strong black man between her legs.

"It won't fit...", Tanya said.

"We're going to make it fit.", Jerome said confidently to Tanya, but added intimidatingly to Miller. "Aren't we white boy?"

Jerome was staring at Miller, but Tanya joined in. They both snickered at the boyfriend sitting on the stool looking like an idiot while they fucked in front of him on top of the pool table. It lasted only shortly however as Tanya began to moan from the cock stretching out her inside.

"Ffuck... Jerome. You're too fucking big. Be careful.", Tanya was shifting under the black man.

"Take it bitch. Take this cock and shut the fuck up.", Jerome said.

Tanya had never been talked to in such a dirty way while in bed and something about it and the large cock beginning to plummet into her made her have a light orgasm. She did her best to hold back still feeling guilty in front of her boyfriend.

"She's cumming already, whitey. You see that?", Jerome said as he shifted his hips farther and farther into Tanya's.

Tanya blushed as Jerome stated the obvious and pretended that she hadn't, but it was true.

"She said your dick is too small to make her cum.", Jerome grinned.

Tanya was about to speak up, as she had never said that before, but Jerome covered her mouth and continued to speak.

"Tanya said that your dick is like the dick of a child's. When I pulled out my cock she told me that it was easily two times your size and that you can't fuck worth shit.", Jerome lied, but was halfway right.

Tanya tried to argue with him, but gave up with the mouth covering her hand. The words in it of themselves began to make her experience another rush over her body as he continued to expand her with his long thick cock.

"I knew you were a fucking loser, Miller. You should have never brought your gal around me because now I'm going to dick her down. She's never going to want to go back to you."

Miller felt the words in his mind and pictured what was going on. It certainly seemed possible the way Tanya orgasmed under the black man that he might be actually right. A fear began to crawl through him realizing that this black man was taking his girl from him right in front of his face.

"The fuck kind of man lets another man fuck his girl right in front of him? I didn't even have a gun. Just a crow bar.", Jerome said aggressively. There seemed to be some hidden anger that he was letting out on Miller.

"Fuck you...", Whispered Miller. Unsure if he wanted Jerome to hear him or not.

"Fuck me? Is that what you said? You dumb piece of shit... I'm fucking your girl. No need to fuck me.", Jerome's pace had picked up between Tanya's legs as he stared at Miller taunting him.

"What the fuck dude. You won. You're fucking my girl. What more do you want?", Miller said.

"I want to fucking cum deep into your woman. I want her to

get pregnant with my baby. Then, I want you to raise it like a little white cuck.", Jerome said with an angry face and a serious tone.

Miller was at a loss of words when he heard Jerome. The sick disgusting thoughts and emasculating suggestions made him begin to tear up while he digested the black man's aggression towards him.

Miller's tears only made Jerome laugh and begin to fuck Tanya even harder. His hand still covering her mouth, his other hand was groping her tits and running over her hips, thighs and ass. The sound of their flesh smacking against one another was bouncing off the walls of the bar.

"You crying you little bitch?", Jerome growled.

Tanya had to see for herself. Her mouth still covered, but her eyes were able to stare back and up at her crying boyfriend. Something about seeing him so humiliated and shamed had made her eyes roll. She was no experiencing her third and most powerful orgasm as Jerome continued his thrusts into her hips.

"Your girl is so fucking tight... but when I'm done you won't even be able to fuck her. You might as well just let me have her now.", Jerome said still pounding away at the tightening pussy. His cock much to large to push out like she could with her boyfriend.

"In fact. Get the fuck outta here. She's mine now.", Jerome said as though he just realized he had a great idea.

"What? No. I'm not leaving without Tanya.", Miller said.

"Don't act tough no with me, boy. I've got my dick buried in your woman right now and you didn't stop me then. So stop the charades.", Jerome then leaned down and kissed at Tanya's nipples. He let go of her mouth and began to take turns twisting and pinching at her nipples.

"No, I'm not going.", Miller repeated himself.

Jerome didn't stop his thrusting, but leaned up. He played her legs on his shoulder now so that he could lean over and grab the crowbar. As he leaned over, it twisted Tanya's tight body around under him as she was firmly wrapped around the black shaft stuck in her.

"If I have to pull my cock out, I'm going to kill you. And I'm not fucking around right now, white boy.", Jerome didn't stop fucking and was beginning to sweat while on top of Tanya.

Tanya was about to orgasm for a fourth time. She tried to justify what she was about to say as being selfless, but in reality it was selfish. The black man fucking her was giving her the best sex of her life and this was the perfect time to leave her boyfriend. Sure it would have been better to break up with him in different circumstances, but sometimes you just have to take the opportunity when its presented.

"Go home, Miller.", Tanya said between the pounding hips of Jerome. "I'm not coming with you."

Miller looked at his wife. Her face showing that Jerome's cock had her under his control and there was nothing he was going to be able to do to take her from him.

Defeated, he held his head and began to walk out of the bar.

"The door's still locked white boy. Go out the way you came."

Miller could hear Tanya giggling as he was forced to crawl out the window. Walking towards his beat up car, he listened to Tanya being fucked by Jerome the entire walk until his engine drowned them off and he drove away.

He realized that no only did he lose his girlfriend, but a piece of his manhood as well. The thought of another man taking his girl would always be a fear that he carried with him the rest of his life.

But deep down. He knew he deserved it.

---THE END---