

**A Hot Taboo, Cheating, BMWF, Unfaithful
Girlfriend, Interracial, Snowbunny,
Cuckold, Erotica!**

**Cheerleader betrays white cuckold boyfriend
to get**

BLACKED

SALLY P

CHEERLEADER STACEY
BETRAYS WHITE
CUCKOLD BOYFRIEND
TO GET BLACKED 1

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The tip of his fat black cock battered and smacked repeatedly against my cervix. It sent literal bolts of pain throughout my body. But all I could feel was my arousal that pulsed in unison and seemed to swell along with my pleasure, counteracting the pain. "AWFU-" I yelped but stopped midsentence. Tyrese held my waist and pulled me closer so that his hips grinded into mine. Oh, my fucking God, I was reeling. "Damn, you're so fucking tight, Stacey," he growls. My head was spinning. Who the hell was I anymore? I can't tell. Am I drooling? Or are those tears running down my cheeks? Tyrese pulls back. And then he slams right back into me. Harder. More than before. Harder than ever. His wet, meaty member thundered back in me. And my world implodes. My pussy clenched around his shaft like the tightest of traps. My core burned hotter than ever. I knew that my juices had flooded his shaft already because my inner thighs were dripping wet. The air reeked of sex, my smell, and his. And the squelching of his big black cock ramping in and out of my gushing folds grew louder. The euphoria was unexplainable.

STACEY

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STACEY, THE GIRLFRIEND

CHAPTER 1:

It all started as a jest, a playful challenge to the football team. I was the cheer captain, the queen of the college social hierarchy, and they were the underdogs, a ragtag team fighting against all odds. They were never supposed to win the state championship, not in a million years. But I dared them, thinking it was all in good fun.

"There's no way these guys are winning," I had scoffed at Tyrese, the captain, and the star quarterback of the team. "I'll be out there doing my job, cheering on but seriously, Tyrese," I had smirked at him. "You guys are gonna let us down big time!"

Tyrese had grinned, his eyes glinting mischievously. "And what if we do win, Stacey?"

In all my confidence, I had given him an even wider smirk. "You won't!!" I giggle. "I'm gonna enjoy seeing you choke hard, Tyrese!"

"Well, if we manage to win," Tyrese had thought for a moment. "I hope you'll make up for your lack of trust with something special."

"Sure," I had giggled. "I'll come up with a special celebration cheer routine with the others for ya'll. IF ya'll don't disappoint us again!"

"Oh, you don't gotta worry about all that, Stacey!" Tyrese had laughed. "How about I take you out for dinner instead?"

"I have a boyfriend, Tyrese," I had told him with a pout. Dinner with Tyrese didn't sound that bad.

"Oh, please," he had growled. "Like that nerd Patrick gon' do shit. You're too good for him."

I didn't like the way he was talking about Pat like that. Sure, Patrick was a nerd but he was such a caring, loving, boyfriend that I was happy to be with. Honestly, Patrick was cute in a lot of ways and I found him attractive. "Stop that!" I had replied quickly. "All you boys are getting is a new cheer routine-."

"I ain't doin' this for the boys," Tyrese had given me a glance of annoyance. "I'm doing this for you, Stacey. You're gonna be my victory trophy."

His words had lingered in the air like that. Trophy. Me? I mean I was the cheer captain after all. Obviously, him coming after me like that was actually quite flattering. Who wouldn't? I was the hot, blonde, white cheer captain with a figure that was the envy of every other girl in not just my year. I was THE bitch. I was one sexy bitch and I knew it. So did everyone else. Yeah, I was a trophy. I was THE trophy that every loser in this college coveted.

It was only natural that Tyrese-no, what the hell was I thinking? I had a boyfriend.

Then again, when was the last time my so-called boyfriend even bothered to make me cum? I was putting up with so much of his shi-.

"Come on, Stacey," Tyrese had thrown his hands up. "I mean, if you're that confident of us losing, why don't you-."

No, I couldn't cheat on him. What the hell was I thinking? God, what was wrong with me?

On the other hand, he was right. If I was going to be that confident like he says, what could be the harm in agreeing? I mean if he-they did win, it was only going to be a blowjob.

"Stacey?"

Yeah, honestly. It wasn't anything extreme- wait, stop. Stacey, no. This was wrong.

"Fine," I had given him a shrug. "Ya'll aren't gonna win anyway." Fuck.

"Fine, what?" Tyrese had a feigned look of confusion on his look.

"Get your team to win the championship," I had shrugged. "And I'll let you take me out for dinner," I say with an uninterested pout.

My heart literally skipped a beat when I realized what had just left my lips. What the fuck, Stacey?! You had a boyfriend. An adorable one, okay? Patrick was sweet and caring and the love I had for him

was genuine. Well, what could be the harm in dinner? Tyrese wasn't going to no of course, not. He was a great friend but I mean, he was a guy after all. God, I sound so cliché.

"We're gonna fucking win this thing," Tyrese had chuckled excitedly. How could I even agree to that? What had come over me? Did I agree because I was that confident that they weren't going to win? Or was it something else?

Nah, it was because I knew they were gonna lose. It was a miracle this team even got us this far.

"COME ON, GUYS! DEFENSE! DEFENSE!" I was cheering at the top of my lungs for our team. I had an awkward smile on my face as the stadium roared behind me. But inside, I was a nervous wreck. "RUN THE CLOCK DOWN!!"

A promise is a promise, and there was no way I was going back on it. No matter how daunting. I would make good on our agreement; however unpleasant it may be.

Right?

Hell no. Not a chance in hell. As I replayed the scenario in my mind, a wave of frustration washed over me. I had a boyfriend. I wasn't some trashy bitch that would do something like that. I've never cheated on any of my partners before. And I don't intend to start now. But I don't think going out on a dinner date with another guy was considered cheating, at least if I told Patrick about it. God knows how insecure and needy Patrick was. I could just tell him that I was going out with a friend. Yeah, a half-truth. I'd feel guilty.

Who was I kidding. It'll never be just dinner. Especially not with someone hot like Tyrese.

CHAPTER 2:

What the hell was happening to me? I should be celebrating but I was standing here like an idiot frozen to the spot with over a million thoughts racing inside my head.

Was I seriously contemplating scenarios where I end up cheating on Pat? Was I SERIOUSLY thinking of Tyrese grabbing me by the throat and having his way with me if I ever were to tell him no after our date was over?

Besides, I have an image to uphold. If anyone finds out, my whole reputation will crumble. I was the cheer captain. I couldn't debase myself to allow this asshole to claim me for himself. There's no way I'd go through with that. I only agreed because the way he had put it actually flattered me a bit. It felt nice having the star of the football team desire me. I mean, yeah, Patrick was cute and all. He was my boyfriend. But Tyrese was hot and athletic. Who wouldn't want a bad boy like that chasing after her?

And what would Pat think. I was being so selfish thinking of myself so much, I never once considered Patrick's feelings. He'd be heartbroken.

But there's no way I'd honour my side of the agreement. Not a chance in-

"STACEY!" Tyrese yells as he takes off his helmet. His teammates swarm around him, cheering excitedly. They were victorious. THEY HAD WON. "GET YOUR HOT ASS OVER HERE!"

Fuck. My heart sank. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Ok, calm down. Just ignore him. Tell him no, you're good. Shake your head, Stacey.

I found myself walking towards him with my pom-poms in hand and a forced smile on my face. Tyrese's teammates parted and made way for me to get to him. The crowd cheers louder as they saw me

approaching the star quarterback. And my knees trembled with every step.

"WE FUCKING WON, STACEY!" he yells as he grabs me by my waist. I could feel myself go red in the face as he picked me up effortlessly and spun me around.

"TYRESE!" I giggle as the crowd roars. "Put me down!"

My head felt so giddy. Blood rose to my cheeks and my ear was letting out some serious steam. I could feel the warmth rush into my lower stomach as my heart thumped in my chest while Tyrese proudly beams at me. Oh, God. I was glad that Patrick wasn't here at the stadium and was instead back home. He would be so embarrassed to see me like this.

But I was sure that he wouldn't be as embarrassed as me right now. Why wouldn't I be embarrassed to find myself flinging my slender arms around his massive broad shoulders and putting my pretty face ever so close near his where I could practically taste his hot, warm breath on me? Why wouldn't I be embarrassed if the football team captain sets me down, bends forward, and plants a kiss right on my little lips?!

The stadium explodes into an uproar. Tyrese's teammates were going ballistic. And so was everyone else.

I felt a sense of shame creep into my mind but that was soon forgotten as my nipples stiffened in excitement the moment I feel his tongue pushing itself into my mouth. I was too frozen to react.

But as his wet tongue wrestles against mine, my eyes flutter shut. Why was I enjoying this? Patrick. I have a boyfriend. My cheeks flush with embarrassment as Tyrese breaks away. Patrick. Think of Pat.

I found myself snapping back to reality and wiping his spit off of my lips.

What the hell was I doing? What the fuck was Tyrese doing? WHAT THE FUCK WAS I DOING?!

"KISS HER! KISS HER!! KISS HER!!!" the crowd chants wildly.
"ENCORE! ENCORE!"

Tyrese gives me a smirk. And I could feel his teammates surround us, closing in around us excitedly. Oh, God. Patrick. Think of Pat. My eyes dart all over his handsome, black face as Tyrese leans closer. Patrick. THINK OF PAT. His lips crashed onto mine again. And this time, I find myself kissing him back. My eyes flutter shut again as I wrap my arms around his muscular neck. His warm, wet tongue pushes its way into my mouth again. And I sucked on it lightly. Tyrese lets out a chuckle and I could feel his teammates hooting all around us. Patrick. Think of Pat. I found myself moaning into his mouth as we locked lips. My blonde hair cascades over Tyrese's football pads as I pressed my body against his. I was short as hell. Tyrese was almost a foot taller than me.

Tyrese breaks the kiss again, leaving a trail of spit linking our lips together. And the crowd went wild. I don't know what to say. Ok, that was it. This was the reward for him winning the trophy. I hoped he didn't remember the OTHER reward that he had gotten himself. I turn to leave but Tyrese held me back.

"Stacey," he growls, his teammates still whooping all around us.
"Remember what you promised?"

His eyes bore into mine. And my heart sank again. Oh, God. NO. NO. NO. Not this. Not again. I promised a cheer routine and ended up giving him a kiss. But Tyrese had won. His team had won. Was there a way out of this?

Tyrese takes a step closer, still gripping onto my arm tightly. My heart raced in my chest as I stare into his dark eyes. And I bit my lips as he closes the gap between our faces again.

"Meet me in the locker rooms after," he whispers into my ear. "Don't keep me waiting."

Tyrese pulls back and flashes me a grin. Then, he turns to his teammates and raises his hand, which sends the rowdy crowd into another cheering frenzy.

CHAPTER 3:

I was shaking all over. I had four missed calls from Pat. I refused to take them. And I told my besties to tell Pat that I was busy if he were to call them. And he did.

God, this was so wrong. I shouldn't be treating him like this. He was my loving boyfriend. Why would I do something like this? What had gotten into me? How did I allow him to do that to me? In front of the crowd?! Was I insane? What about Pat? I took a deep breath as I stand at the locker room entrance. My cheerleading uniform felt tight and stuffy.

I knock once as my mind raced with thoughts as I slowly walk into the locker room. Tyrese was standing by his locker, with his back towards me. And he had nothing on but a towel around his waist. His muscles rippled as he turns to me.

"Glad you showed up, Stacey," he smirks.

"Look," I sigh. "I just wanted to congratulate you. That's all."

"Sure thing, babe," he smirks.

Babe? I was his babe now. Ok, no. I was only here to tell him that I wouldn't be doing any such thing.

"Listen, Tyrese," I tell him in annoyed tone. "Whatever happened out there, whatever you did," my pulse quickens as I try hard not to think about the kiss, "it's gonna land me in a lot of trouble."

Tyrese laughs as he gives me a nonchalant shrug of his massive shoulders.

"Really? I have a fucking boyfriend, Tyrese," I hiss at him.

"You have a boyfriend, so what?" he growls. "What's that little nerd, Peter-."

"Patrick."

"-gonna do about it?" he finishes his sentence with a smirk.

I was silent. Patrick would be so mad right now. But what would he do about it? He couldn't obviously fight someone like Tyrese. Tyrese was three times his size. He'd get rag dolled.

"The point is," I rub my temples and try my best not to stare too long at his perfectly shaped chest or his sexy abdominal muscles. Or how huge his legs looked beneath that towel. They looked like two huge tree trunks. Jesus Christ, control yourself, Stacey. "You can't just-It was wrong of you to kiss me like that. Not in front of everyone-."

I cross my arms, trying to look stern as possible. I also try hard not to look at him anywhere other than his handsome, black face but I fail. My eyes dart all over his bulging triceps and I found myself blushing.

"So, yeah," I continue but my voice was faltering. Was it just me or did someone turn up the temperature in this room. "Y-you got your celebratory routine."

He was hot. Holy fuck. Like super-hot. I guess he was captain for a reason. His arms, his massive chest, his insanely defined abs, everything about Tyrese was perfect. I could feel warmth creep in between my legs.

"Nah," he says. Did he not fucking listen to a single word of what I said?

"Listen," I clear my throat. "Tyrese. I-."

Tyrese was striding over towards me now. Fuck. I had to leave right now. There was no way I could fight back if he tried to take advantage of me right here. Alyssa was waiting for me, I had to-.

"I sent everyone away," he tells me slowly. "It's just us in here."

-leave. But I stay rooted to the spot as Tyrese stands only inches away from me. He was towering over me like a behemoth. I gulp anxiously as I look up at him.

"Look," I brush away his finger as he lifts my chin up. "I came here-."

Tyrese leans in, his hot breath tickling my nose. And his strong hands were already pulling my body into his. What was this feeling? My eyes flutter shut as our lips touch. "Mmm," I moan lightly as Tyrese presses his tongue into my mouth. Our warm tongues danced passionately, sending waves of pleasure through me. I could feel a tingle between my legs. It grows as Tyrese shoves his tongue inside my mouth. This was wrong. I find myself pressing against Tyrese's muscular body. And I could feel my juices dripping from my slit. No. No.

I pull back, gasping for air. My face flushed red as I meet Tyrese's piercing gaze.

"What are we-," I bite my lips. "I'm-."

Tyrese smirks and his hand were on my shoulders now. Slowly, he walks me over towards the lockers. My back presses against the cool metal and I take a deep breath. This was wrong. But why did it feel so right?

Tyrese presses himself against me and I could feel his bulge brushing against my crotch. My eyes widen. Oh, my. Tyrese was huge. A jolt of ecstasy shoots through me as his lips brush against my neck. And he grinds his clothed shaft against me.

"Tyrese-," I mutter.

He silences me with another passionate kiss. Oh, fuck. I wrap my arms around his thick neck and my blonde hair fell around my face. My hips roll as Tyrese continues to grind his growing erection against my cheerleading skirt. He pulls back, leaving me gasping for air yet again.

"You're one sexy bitch" he growls.

Tyrese's hand slid beneath my skirt, squeezing my firm, white ass. I moan lightly and he lets out a chuckle. Then, his calloused hands reach around to the front and I felt his fingers pressing against my moist panties.

I couldn't stop myself from letting out an indecently sounding moan out loud.

CHAPTER 4:

"Oh-," I yelp as Tyrese slips his hand into my underwear. Fuck. My juices gush out and I could feel Tyrese's fingers circling my slippery folds.

"So wet already," he chuckles, his fingers rubbing up and down my cunt. I shiver in delight as Tyrese's hand continue to explore my privates. It felt wrong but it felt so, so good.

I bite my lips as Tyrese inserts his middle finger into my cunt. He curls it, sending a shockwave of pleasure through me. Oh, fuck. My eyes roll back.

"You like that, don't you, slut," Tyrese's lips curl into a smirk as his finger pump in and out of me.

I gasp as he inserts another finger, stretching my pussy out. Then, his thumb finds my clit and Tyrese circles it with his calloused thumb. "OHHH!" I yelp in delight and buck my hips wildly. My body trembled with excitement. Oh, God. I have a boyfriend. I have to tell Tyrese to stop.

And so, I did.

"Ty-Tyrese," I mutter. "Stop. I-."

Tyrese withdraws his soaked fingers from my vagina. And my heart skipped a beat. Then, I find myself moaning as his hand smack my firm, white ass cheek. His other hand cups my firm breasts and squeezes it over my cheerleading top. I bucked my hips wildly and Tyrese takes this chance to slip his hand beneath my top, grabbing my breast underneath. I could feel his erect cock, twitching beneath his towel, press against my belly. And my knees turned into jelly.

Tyrese smirks as he slips his hand behind my top and squeezes my naked breast.

"AHH," I moan loudly. And Tyrese smirks again. The look he gave me sent a shiver down my spine.

Tyrese pins me against the lockers. Then, his muscular hand grab the hem of my top and lift it over my head. My heart raced in my chest and I could feel my juices soaking my panties.

My sexy tits bounce freely as Tyrese toss my top aside. Then, he grabs a handful of my perky breast and pushes it up towards his mouth.

"Ty-TYRESE!" I squeal as his hot tongue swirl around my pink, erect nipple. I buck my hips and Tyrese grabs my other breast, squeezing it hard. "AHH," I yelp and could feel myself gushing out in my panties. Oh, fuck. Tyrese swirls his tongue around my nipple. I was such a bad girlfriend. Patrick didn't deserve someone like me. Oh, God.

Tyrese plants wet kisses all over my breasts. Then, he pulls back and gives my nipple a light bite. "FUCK!" I squeal. This was too much to handle. My pussy throbs with ecstasy. I've never been so turned on before. Patrick never made me feel this way before. Has he?

I try to push him away but I can't. He's just so strong.

"Down, slut," Tyrese grips my firm shoulders and pins me against the lockers again. My body trembles with anticipation as Tyrese gives me another smirk and lifts both my arms up above my head. He holds them up effortlessly with just one hand. Then, his other hand reaches for his towel.

I felt like a slut like this. With both my arms up in the air, as if I was submitting to him. My naked breasts heaving with excitement, my blonde hair falling down my face, and my cheerleading skirt being the only clothing on me and under them, my soaked panties.

Tyrese flings the towel away. And I watched as his enormous, black cock springs free in all its incredible glory. my mouth turns into a small o as my eyes go wide in literal shock.

I didn't think of Patrick anymore that evening.

CHAPTER 5:

"MMmm," I was moaning to myself. "Yeah, that's right. Fuck me, baby."

I couldn't believe I was having to fake moans while my boyfriend Patrick fucked me from behind with no power at all. Nothing whatsoever. I mean, okay, he's a nerd. But come on, put some effort into it at least.

I let out a fake moan as I could feel his dick plunge into my pussy again. Yeah, no. I couldn't feel shit. His weak, needle dick just slides past my folds and didn't do a thing for me. And Patrick was panting and sweating behind me. I couldn't believe that this was it. That this was what it was going to be like every single time we do it.

His hips would slap into mine and then he'd be grunting like an idiot as if it took everything out of him just to get his dick into me.

Seriously? His tiny little thing barely goes into me so how could I even want him to stretch me out. I wasn't in the mood. I don't want to be having sex with him.

What did I even see in Patrick? Why did I even give him the chance when he approached me in the library?

Well, for starters, it was amusing watching the nerd stutter over his words and stumble his way through a lame ass conversation with me. Secondly, well, Patrick was cute in his own nerdy way. Sure, he was short, scrawny, and a fucking nerd but he was a good guy. He treats me good. So that was why I gave him a shot.

Then, why wasn't I enjoying this right now? Like, seriously. Patrick has been going for a solid five minutes now and I swear, he hadn't made me feel a damn thing. How? His tiny, insignificant cock would just slide up and down my dripping cunt. And all I could do was fake my moans.

"Stacey-, " Patrick mutters, panting behind me. "Are you close?"
Am I close? Yeah, close to wanting this to end. I had been laying there on my fours, waiting for Patrick to end this lame session.

"Uh-huh," I force a moan out and that was all that it takes to set Patrick off. I didn't even get the chance to move. God, I missed getting fucked by real men. Real studs that can actually please a bitch like me. I was the goddamn cheer captain, for crying out loud. I sigh internally. Even the way his tiny little balls slap themselves on my ass was laughable. Seriously? Not once has Pat ever made me cum in all our months of dating. It was so damn pathetic how he couldn't make me cum despite all his best efforts. I mean, how? I had fake orgasmed for him many times now. Patrick was such a great guy but I didn't have the heart to tell him that his pathetic needle dick is a disappointment.

The first time I slept with Pat, it was like a dream come true for him. For me? It was a nightmare. Patrick couldn't last for a single minute. I remember him humping away behind me, panting like an idiot before spraying his seed into the condom he put on. Pat apologized immediately afterwards. I told him that it was okay. And I had given him a smile. How many strokes had it been? Three? Four?

"You're so amazing, Stacey," Patrick breathes. "You're so sexy."

"Mmmm, baby," I fake moaned.

Of course, I knew that. I knew I was sexy. What, my perfectly shaped tits, my complexion, my blue eyes, my full lips? Fuck yeah, I knew I was hot as hell. Patrick is one lucky nerd that I even agreed to date him. But he has his qualities. He was caring and loving and sweet. But, God, he couldn't even satisfy me. I guess this was what I had to put up with for giving the nice guy a chance.

Maybe I was being materialistic. Was I being too harsh?

NO! I wasn't. What the hell? I mean, think about it this way. What kind of a girl lies there thinking about all of this while her would be boyfriend ploughs away-if you could call it that-from behind her?

Seriously! Like, you're literally in bed with a guy that is supposedly fucking your brains out and all you could think about are the faults

of his needle dick. His dick was the size of my pinkie finger if I was generous.

"Stacey-," Pat moans. "I'm about to cum."

Well, at least he lasted almost ten minutes this time. He was getting better. I'm glad he couldn't see the expression on my face. It was one of frustration. One of disappointment. Seriously, Patrick had such a caring nature and he was a great guy. I liked him for what he is. But it just irked me so bad that he can't do it in the sack.

I felt Patrick plunge himself into me again. My pussy was wet but I wasn't turned on. My juices weren't flowing freely out of me like what it would've been like if a man who knew what he was doing was doing the work. I faked another moan.

"Cum in me, baby," I say with the softest tone I could possibly muster. God, did I really had to be lying there, thinking of how shitty this was when Pat was supposed to be fucking my brains out?

I could feel Patrick thrust one more time. Then I feel his body shake and with it, his dick inside me.

I cover my face in my hands and bite my lips as Patrick grunted from behind. This was going nowhere.

"Oh, fuck!" he yells. "I'm cumming!!!"

Pat shoots his tiny, pathetic seed into the condom and thankfully not me. Then he collapses on top of me, breathing like he just ran a marathon.

"Did you like that?" Pat asks me with a wide smile as he nuzzles up next to me.

I force a smile. "Yeah, babe," I lie, turning towards him. And I peck him on the cheek. "I love it."

"Fuck, you were so hot, baby!" Patrick says excitedly and kissed me back on the lips.

Oh, my God. Ugh. At least he was adorable. Like, honestly. I felt a pang of guilt as Pat kisses me innocently. He was just so adorable. His nerdiness, his caring nature. But fuck! I wanted a proper fuck. I wanted a man. A real man.

I had to finger myself to climax later that night alone on the couch to the thoughts of some dark, mysterious, stranger having his way with me.

CHAPTER 6:

Back in the present...

I was a mere toy for Tyrese. Nothing more.

I was on my knees with my face merely inches away from his massive, throbbing, black cock. My hands were held up above me and my beautiful tits bared themselves proudly, jutting out like two firm, white melons. And Tyrese's calloused hand was wrapped around my wrists, holding them in place like that.

My eyes were trained on his dick. God, I couldn't believe it was real. It was fucking massive. Easily a good seven to eight inches-no, more! It was-Jesus, it was big. Like a porn star's dick. Mighty, girthy, thick, veiny. And dark. So fucking dark. Fuck. It hung between his legs like a big fat monster at God knows how many inches, pulsing and throbbing wildly. I could notice the veins pump on his massive shaft. I had a feeling it wouldn't fit in my mouth but it began watering regardless as I marvel at his black beast of a cock. My heart races as Tyrese inches his monster towards me. My mouth was ajar as he presses his tip against my lips. His massive bulging cock head looked like a big fat disgusting cherry. But it was the tastiest fucking cherry there was. And it was going inside me after sitting against my pink, full lips.

I didn't want to do this. I really didn't. But Tyrese's hands grip my chin as he thrusts himself forwards. My eyes flutter shut as his fat engorged cockhead slips into my mouth. "Mmm," I found myself moaning lightly.

The look Tyrese gives me sent a shiver down my spine. I was nothing to him. Just a dumb white slut. Tyrese smirks down at me as he rubs his nasty cock head over my lips. I could feel my cunt burning with excitement and my juices flowing out like a stream. My

arms were beginning to ache from being held up like that for so long that I squirmed. They were already sore from the intense cheer session during the game, and now this.

This was what I signed up for, wasn't it? This was what I agreed to when I came here. To pay up my side of the reward, I had to pleasure Tyrese orally. Oh, God. What did I get myself into?

I should have been a better girlfriend. I can't believe I betrayed Pat like this.

But I was a trophy, wasn't I? For Tyrese. That's why Tyrese wanted me. I was his trophy. So, here I was. Kneeling before Tyrese, waiting for him to violate my mouth.

Tyrese drops his hands to grab hold of my soft, silky hair. And my arms just flop back to my sides weakly.

I could feel my pussy dripping even more with excitement. I was nothing but a trophy. Tyrese's trophy. And I was here to honour my end of the deal.

And honestly, I've been a great girlfriend so far to Pat. I really have. But that didn't exempt me from this-this act of being unfaithful to him. For all his flaws, Pat was a really great boyfriend and he's always been nice to me. But he just had a tiny fucking dick and was a complete bore in bed.

Tyrese's fingers trace the outline of my jaw. Then he grips my blonde locks with one hand and pulled my head back. I gasp as his other hand lines up his dick against my lips again. And he pushed his nasty tip against my pink lips. I couldn't help myself. My tongue darts out and I find myself running the tip of my tongue over the bulbous head of his cock. This was the kind of cock that I wanted. Not Patrick's pathetic needle dick. I wasn't going to think of him any longer. Not when I have this huge, black cock before me.

Tyrese's hand tightens in my hair as he thrusts forwards. And I find myself moaning as his nasty cock slips into my mouth. "Mmm," I found myself sucking on his tip, tasting his salty precum.

"Yeah, that's right, bitch," Tyrese growls. "Suck it."

My eyes flutter shut as his cock slipped deeper into my mouth. It was surreal.

"MMM!" I moan as Tyrese thrusts his dick deeper into my mouth.

"Fuck, that's right," he mutters. "Suck that dick real good with that little mouth, bitch."

"Ahhhh!" I slurp on his cock like I meant it.

I found myself sucking harder on his cock. His nasty cock was so huge and I couldn't fit the whole thing into my mouth. Tyrese's hand tightens in my blonde hair and he thrusts forwards, forcing more of his shaft into my mouth. I gag and Tyrese pulls back, leaving just his tip in my mouth. Then he thrusts forwards again, ramming his cock deeper into my mouth.

"MMM," I found myself moaning and my pussy was dripping like crazy. I was choking on his big fat black dick. "GRGH! GURRGH!" I gargle and belch as my gag reflexes begin to kick in. Snot oozes from my nose as I pull back and gasp for air all while stroking on his cock with my little hands.

"You remember when you said you'd enjoy seeing me choke?"

Tyrese grins. "Look who's choking now, Stacey."

"Mhm," I remember. God, I bet I looked stupid right now. And slutty, what with my ruined makeup and tears running down my cheeks.

"You're so fucking big."

"And you love it," Tyrese growls as he pulls back and slams his cock back into my mouth. "You ever done suck black dick before?"

I nod lightly. It was at a party. I didn't think of much of it then.

Besides, Tyrese's dick was the biggest I've had so far. It just didn't compare to anyone else's.

"Good," Tyrese smirks as he continues to fuck my mouth. "Like I said, put that little mouth to use, bitch."

I found myself bobbing my head back and forth on his cock. Tyrese's hand tightens in my blonde hair and he held me in place. Then, he begins to thrust his dick back and forth, sliding his shaft in and out of my mouth. I was a trophy. I was his trophy. I was a dumb white

slut. I couldn't believe how wet I was at getting called a bitch by Tyrese.

I hear my phone ring inside my little purse that I-I-where did I put it? It didn't matter.

I had better things to pay attention to at the moment.

CHAPTER 7:

"You gonna get that, Stace?" Tyrese asks me with a smirk.

"MMM," I found myself nodding to indicate a no all while gagging on his cock.

"Fuck, you're a good little slut," Tyrese snickers and growls as he thrusts his cock back and forth.

Tyrese thrusts forwards, forcing more of his dick into my mouth. And I gag again. "MMM," I moan and could feel my juices dripping down my thighs. I can't believe I was on my knees and-

"GRGH!" I gag. "GRGGH!!"

"Fuck. Yeah, make some more noises like that, white bitch," he slaps the side of my face. My eyes begin to well up in shame. White bitch? Ow? I've never been called that by anyone before. Just bitch would have been fine. I mean, even the couple of black dudes that I've sucked off before never called me that. Fucking asshole.

But was he wrong? I was being made to submit to him. I was on my knees before him, willingly allowing him to violate my mouth.

Tyrese slaps me again and I found myself moaning onto his cock. I couldn't believe how wet I was. And I couldn't believe that I was enjoying this.

"MMM," I found myself bobbing my head back and forth on his cock.

"Fuck, bitch," Tyrese mutters as he thrusts his cock forwards again, ramming his shaft deeper into my mouth. My fingers finally find strength and wrap themselves around his shaft. Tyrese's hands tighten in my hair and he forces more of his cock into my mouth. I could feel his nasty cock head pressing against the back of my throat.

"GRGH!" I gag. And I pull back. Tyrese's hands pull my head forwards and he shoves his dick back into my mouth. I gag again. Fuck, I couldn't fit all of his cock into my mouth.

"Yeah, bitch," he mutters. "Keep choking on it."

Tyrese pulls his cock out of my mouth and I gasp for air. Then, he shoves his dick back into my mouth. His nasty tip rams itself against the back of my throat. And I gag again.

"Fuck, yeah," he mutters. "Make some more noises like that."

I began jerking him off as I worked my head back and forth on his cock. Tyrese pulls back letting me breathe only for just an instant and shoves his cock back into my mouth. And I gag again. Fuck.

I was Tyrese's bitch. His dumb, little, white bitch. I was a dumb, stupid, blonde cheerleader. I was his trophy.

Tyrese slaps the side of my face again and I found myself moaning onto his cock. Fuck. My cheeks were turning red. How could I even explain the bruises to Pat?

I could feel tears and my mascara running down my cheeks. I took so much time putting my makeup on too. Fuck. Tyrese doesn't seem to care. Instead, his dominant hand pulls my head forwards as his cock rammed itself down my throat again.

My lipstick rubbed off his cock and stained his dark black skin with bits and blobs of pink. His black skin pressed against my flawless pale skin. Oh, fuck. I shouldn't be enjoying this. Why was I wet between my legs? Pat was kind, loving, cute and-what the hell was I thinking again?! Was I even thinking? Wasn't I Tyrese's trophy right now? All Tyrese sees me as is his white slut and his dumb little white bitch. I reach to caress his giant black balls.

They felt so fucking good. They were as heavy as tennis balls and so firm yet soft. Wow. Fuck. It reeked of musk. I kneaded Tyrese's big, gigantic ballsack as his dick ravaged my mouth. And Tyrese lets out a chuckle. "Yeah, suck on daddy's big black balls," he mutters as his hips pump forwards, filling my mouth. He was even painting the sides of my mouth with his nasty precum. Damn, it was awful but my body reacted in other ways than dislike towards it. In fact, my

stomach heaved. I craved for more of Tyrese's sticky precum. Nasty, disgusting, sticky, smelly. Black!

"You look so fucking pathetic sucking on my cock like that, Stacey," Tyrese taunts. "Like the way daddy tastes?"

"HMMHMN," I was beyond redemption. I mumbled yes with my mouth stuffed full of his disgusting massive dark black meat. I stared lustfully into Tyrese's cruel eyes and locked eye contact. His sexy, built body towered over. His jet-black skin against my smooth pale skin made for a breathtaking sight.

I pull back and spat all over his black dickhead and returned Tyrese's dominant glare before beginning to jerk his massive fucking dick. And he STILL wasn't close to cumming!!! Wow. Patrick never lasted this long. Hell, he'd have cum three seconds in.

I had to admit this. I hated to but I couldn't help but admit this. Pat wasn't a man. No, he wasn't a man at all. He was a limp dick little pussy that simply did not have it in him to please a woman like me.

Tyrese was a MAN. Tyrese was THE man.

I could hear my phone ring AGAIN from somewhere. I didn't care before and I don't care now. It was probably Patrick. I wasn't going to give anyone else any attention whatsoever when I was with Tyrese. A real man like Tyrese.

What Patrick was nothing but a weak, pathetic, skinny little twerp with a tiny, white dick that he dared call a penis. Who fails to satisfy me whatsoever. No, instead Pat just had what you could barely call a dick. My PATHETIC white boyfriend made me lose count how many toys I needed to quell myself whenever we-HE did the deed. No, I'm sick and tired of him.

I need a real man. And Tyrese was that man.

This behemoth of a black male was one of the sexiest motherfuckers I'd EVER laid my eyes on!

Tyrese grins. Then, his eyes meet mine and his hands gripped my soft cheeks. "Yeah, Stacey," he hisses as I swirled my tongue over his shaft. "You still thinking of your boyfriend?"

"Nope," I reply instantly. My voice was so coarse and rough.

"Good girl," he laughs.,

And I do not hesitate to giggle in response.

CHAPTER 8:

"You want me to WHAT?" Patrick asks in a horrified tone.

"Eat me," I repeat in a soft moan. "I want you to lick my fucking pussy, baby."

Patrick stared at me, his green eyes wide in disbelief. It was the first time I was asking Pat to eat me out and he just fucking sat there in disbelief.

He fumbles out his words and sputters. "N-No!" he whimpers.

"That's gross!"

My heart dropped and anger coursed through my veins. "Babe! Don't be silly," I shout but it comes off as a pseudo-affectionate request anyway, pointing a finger at him. "Just eat me out!"

Patrick stares back with disdain. "I-I can't, that's nasty as hell!" he whined, looking away.

He couldn't have looked more weak if he tried. I would've laughed out loud if I weren't so upset.

"Patrick, you got me off with your fingers the last couple of days. I gave you a blowjob or two in return. I even let you cum on my pretty face like you fucking asked. Now I'm asking you to return the favor with your tongue and you can't even do that," I complained but I didn't actually. Those lines just ran inside my head. Instead, I gave him a shake of the head.

"Really, Patrick?" I ask in disbelief. "What's so gross about my pussy?"

"Oh, no," he replies quickly. "Baby, I don't think your pussy is gross at all. I love fucking it, you know that."

"So, what's the problem with eating me out?" my voice was taking a sharp turn and he understood it.

"Babe-it's just, I think eating pussy is gross, I don't do that," he replies. "And honestly, you're kinda spoiling the mood right now-."

I smiled simply. I was spoiling the mood?

"It's okay," I smile with literal rage.

And just like that, in moments, he drifted off to sleep right next to me. No apologies. No nothing. I tried so hard not to let the anger show but how dare he have the audacity to call MY pussy gross? How did he have the audacity to tell ME that I was spoiling the mood? Seriously???

Who did he even think he was??? Patrick could barely keep himself erect for a few minutes during actual SEX. I was the fucking cheer captain. And he was just a nerd that I felt so bad for that I gave him a chance.

You fucking prick.

My body trembled with anger. I wanted to snap his tiny fucking prick in two and fucking laugh at the results. I'm literally above his sorry ass, aren't I? Yeah, he had to count himself lucky I even agreed to date his little ass in the first place. God, it took so much self-control to not just slap the shit out of him when he called me gross.

My face was still sticky with his cum and yet it didn't freak me out at all.

Why?

Because it felt so fucking sterile and weak. Seriously, even though he came less than what could be considered a normal load, his cum felt like it had NO intensity whatsoever. What was that? Was that really even sperm? It didn't seem so. How the hell did his cum feel like it had no contents? How could someone fail so miserably at being a man that he couldn't even cum decently? That's beyond a disgrace. It was actually laughable. Not only was his little dick so tiny that even his cum was impotent.

God, great. I was dating a fucking loser.

That was beyond sad. That was more than lame, it was actually pathetic. God, who the fuck thought this was a good idea to agree

to date him?

Me.

I needed a real man. Not some chump like him.

"Oh, fuck," I whisper to myself as I begin rubbing myself to porn yet again.

CHAPTER 9:

I was on the cold floor. Naked. Head to toe, I was bare for the world to see. I didn't mind it. My gorgeous, white body contrasted Tyrese's dark frame as he pressed his chest up against mine. His pecs pressed against my swollen, perky nipples and the pressure sent me reeling. We were making out like two hungry animals as his fully erect cock rested heavily on top of my mound.

It was so wet and hard. My entire cunt dripped. "Fuck, Stace-I'm gonna fill you up so bad."

"With what?" I ask provokingly while kissing him back. "Tell me what you're going to fill me up with, baby."

"With my big black dick."

"Mmmm," was my simple response as I bucked my hips at the mention. Tyrese's head moved slowly from my face to my neck. Then to my supple breasts.

Oh, fuck.

My head rolls back as my eyes flutter. I was on another level entirely. This was heaven. Sparks flew throughout my body as his thick lips contacted my soft skin.

Patrick, you're a useless fucking loser. Yeah, that's right. I'm done with your shit. Look at me, Pat. I'm on my fucking back with my legs spread for a real man.

I was talking to myself yet I was imagining my shrimp dick boyfriend sitting right there on one of the benches with his tiny little dick in hand looking at the two of us going at it like this.

"Oh, FUCK!" I yelp as Tyrese pulls back on my pink nipples with his teeth. Then he flicks his hot tongue across my tit causing my head to roll back. I could feel his meaty, black member pulsing against my clitoris as my juices leak freely onto his engorged tip. I wasn't

holding back. I was beyond wet. And my entire pussy burned. The yearning inside was burning out of me and so was my pent-up lust. It was not supposed to be like this. But for me, it just had to be. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

I was an unsatisfied girlfriend. A girlfriend that sought out pleasure and ecstasy without a care for consequences.

Tyrese grabs both of my smooth thighs in his hands and squeezes me. His face was merely inches away from my exposed pussy. I try weakly to cover my mound from his lust filled eyes. But his strong hands reach forth and ripped them off of my grasp.

"Come on, bitch, stop trying," Tyrese growls.

I felt so tiny, vulnerable, and submissive at his mercy.

I didn't like it. Or at least I pretended not to like it. I felt so numb and used up and yet I needed more, I wanted his meaty, gigantic dark meat inside me now.

No, Tyrese, stop! I have a boyfriend! I have a pathetic, needle dicked boyfriend that's watching us! Patrick! Pat! Save me from this ugly, black brute that was going to have his way with me! He's breathing all over my wet pussy, Pat! Save me, AH! Oh, Tyrese! Stop. No. Oh, yes. God, yes, YES! Your breath felt so fucking amazing on my fucking wet pussy. Just tear me apart. Come on, Patrick. Watch, watch me! Watch a real man destroy what's rightfully his.

Watch your pretty white girlfriend scream her lungs out as a superior man gives her exactly what he wants and needs from her.

I tried weakly to clamp my legs shut but Tyrese wouldn't allow me to.

No, why? My pale thighs trembled and struggled. Please, no!

A feeble smile crept onto my face as I fought so weakly. It quickly turned into a giggle and a half-moan as Tyrese flicks his wet tongue at my now throbbing, pinkish clit.

My head falls back onto the floor and my eyes fluttered and my breath hitches.

Oh, God. It just can't be. I bit my lower lip. I wanted this so bad. How long as it even been since I've had my pussy eaten out by a-MAN!

"AHHHHHH!" I scream out as Tyrese's head pressed down and he buries his tongue into me, licking and flicking like it was nothing. I was lost, beyond words, as I held Tyrese's head and felt his long tongue against my folds. My pussy reacts accordingly. I felt a rush run through me like a stream. My body tenses up as his long, pink tongue lapped at the insides of my juicy pussy.

For how many moths was I cheated out of this feeling?

Licks and slurps resound as Tyrese continues his passionate assault on my wet folds, his lips brushing against my sensitive nub. And then he moves lower, tracing his tongue against my white labia before thrusting his tongue back into me. "OH, GOD!" I moan. And my legs tremble. Tyrese holds my thighs tight to pin them in place and continues his brutal attack on my wet pussy. "Shit."

I was getting violated. Like I was some sort of prize that he just did not want to part ways with. I couldn't believe the intensity with which he was having his way with me. Please, no! Let me go!! But fuck it was hard to control. I was getting eaten out by a man who knew what was doing for once!!

As my head rolls back and my eyes snap behind me, I was sure that I caught a glimpse of Patrick's face showing up behind the door before disappearing.

CHAPTER 10:

Strange. Maybe my mind was playing tricks since my body was filled with wishful thinking of what I've been missing. God, I wished Pat was here to watch me get pleased like I've always wanted. I wished he could just see me and realize what pleasing a woman looks like. Or sounds like.

"Put your tongue in me!!" I hissed and grabbed on to Tyrese's scalp. He seemed to understand it too. And so, the behemoth black stud smirked with amusement and he obliged.

The sensation was breathtaking. Fuck, I loved it. His wet, warm tongue violated the sensitive inner sanctum of my private parts and he lapped and licked like it was the most scrumptious thing ever. My whole body was heating up. Fuck, it's so hot inside!

I was overcome with the sheer pleasure that Tyrese's tongue unleashed in me. It was as if I was inside some sort of furnace or oven, but rather, the intense heat that engulfed my senses was building and surging up in my core from his relentless and barbarous tonguing. My toes curl and I clutch on tight to Tyrese's massive body as he pleases me. I was leaking precum and Tyrese sucked at my sweet nectar like a madman. Fuck, Tyrese. This felt soooo damn good. I wish my body could handle more of this pleasure and attention!

His tongue expertly pushed through my entrance and tickled against my g-spot in ways that no other man could even hope to emulate or mimic. How was that even possible? For him to penetrate the deepest inner most sanctum of my womanhood with merely the appendage that exists in every man's mouth. No, I've never felt a cock or even a finger do half of what his tongue was capable.

And his cock was going to be next. I couldn't even comprehend that fact. His-his thing was the biggest. The thickest. The firmest.

God, yes.

He was letting out growl after growl. But all I could focus on were the vibrations that those sounds send against my cunt lips and clit. Then Tyrese drew back his long tongue and once more he probes into my slick pussy. "AH!" I scream. "Oh, GOD! LICK MY PUSSY HARDER, FUCK!"

I was not sure if whatever I was doing was moral by any means. But I don't regret it. The pleasure was beyond bliss. I didn't want this to end. Ever.

I stared blankly at the ceiling above as Tyrese fucked my pink pussy with his thick, callous tongue. His hands wrap tightly against the backs of my legs and I shuddered, unable to move. The room was filled with the sounds of my wetness, his licking, and my rancid moaning and grunting.

His rough hands let go of my thighs and my pussy gave off a deep, hearty, hungry, wanting squelch.

No, please don't go, his tongue was so magical and felt so amazing-A-ahhh. Oh, God. He's put it back again. I could feel the pressure build up inside me. Like a ticking time bomb. Any second now my entire body would succumb to the waves of pleasure coursing through my body as this bull of a black man devoured me alive.

Fuck.

UGH!! FUCK!!! The more Tyrese lapped up at my pussy, the angrier I got! Anger and frustration both. "I need it!" I cried and lifted my head up.

I was supposed to be treated like this. The cheer captain! Me! A hot blonde bitch that guys would be blessed to date or hell, even be in my aura!

And yet I had to settle for a literal wimp that can't even get his dick up, and even if he could it was less than the size of my fucking pinky. On top of that, he couldn't last three, four, FIVE thrusts inside my pussy!

I had every right to be angry at being denied my pleasure. Fuck you, Patrick, you limp dick little beta pussy.

"Nggh-mmmmn-ah-ah!" my grunts and moans grew more feverish and excited. "I'm-I'M-I'm CUMMINGG!!!"

It shot through me like some sort of chain reaction. Starting from the base of my spine, as if the explosion was set off deep inside the depths of my pussy. Warm, wetness gushed as I let out a silenced gasp. My orgasm rocked the floor, sending wave after wave of euphoric pleasure, until I was wailing. Tears burst through my eyes, blurring my vision. And I could no longer make out anything in front of my. My legs folded inwards squeezing around Tyrese's head. But Tyrese wouldn't have none of it and he gripped both my knees with a powerful vise of his arms and held me wide open for him as he ravaged my wet cunt with all his worth.

The sensations that wracked me in that short instance was indescribable. I have never come in such a forceful manner and-ugh!!! My mouth was hanging wide open and the sounds that exited from it sounded foreign to my ears. Finally the waves of my thundering orgasm washed over as my expressionless face dropped. Tyrese lifted his head with an animal-like grin. I stared in amazement at the incredible amount of fluid I unloaded on his face. He was glistening.

I could only whimper anxiously as Tyrese begins to slap his meaty dick on top of my puffy mound that was already sensitive enough as it was.

CHAPTER 11:

I knew it wouldn't fit. It was big. Massive. Fucking humongous, enormous. I mean, how could it? This thing looked like a literal slab of meat, with a pair of basketball sized swollen nuts underneath his shaft. There was no way his dick was under at least ten inches.

And the girth. Sweet Jesus, how wide could a man's thingy even be? I have to spread my pussy to its breaking point to accommodate even the head of his slimy, veiny, giant cock, if it were possible. It's hard. Impossibly hard. Hard and wet and glistening with the slickness of its own pre-cum that dripped down the length of his shaft.

He would stretch me beyond my limits and the mere thought of taking a cock that huge inside my delicate, dainty, and, quite frankly, tiny pussy caused me to quiver and tremble. Even then, my cunt was throbbing with lust and desire for that monstrosity of a black cock.

There was no returning from this point on.

If I could barely feel Pat's little dick inside me already before, then after feeling what could very well be the true definition of the phrase 'hung like a stallion', there is absolutely zero chance that Patrick's pathetic excuse of a cock could be felt inside. Nor could he even satisfy me in the same ways. Not like he could ever satisfy me before.

You're done, Stacey! This was it! This literal black fucking meatpole was going to tear apart and reshape every single inch of your delicate pink insides! I was willing to go out there and ride a fucking black rhino, if that's what it meant. Yeah, I was insane, horny, and ready to do anything, any fucking thing, to have my cunt filled by his big black cock.

And of course, him kissing me in front of all that crowd was the catalyst that set all of this off. God, why didn't I just put up a better fight? Then again, Tyrese said I was gonna be his trophy. He treated me like a trophy alright. Tyrese knew that I had a boyfriend and yet he proceeded with our interaction. But now his bets and his games were worth it because I found a man who truly made me feel like a woman.

Patrick probably knew. I mean if he didn't before, he would have known by now from someone.

The entire college saw it.

How would I break things to him? How was he even going to take it? Knowing that I was choosing a piece of thick, black cock over his skinny white pencil penis that had nothing going for it. Who knows and cares. I couldn't bother myself with that wimpy ass pencil dicked loser anymore. No, instead, I needed to focus on this glorious cock of manliness before me.

"You're way too fucking big, Tyrese," I blurt out. "I-I don't think it'll fit-."

"Shut up, bitch," he shuts me up. I feel a pang of lust in my pussy the moment he calls me his bitch. "Spread your legs," he tells me as he props my legs up around his waist.

Tyrese traces his fingers lightly across the rim of my delicate, pink pussy making me shiver. I was wet enough already. Slick, slimy juices stained my inner thighs and coated my labia with its gooey texture. Tyrese licks the wetness from the pad of his middle and pointer fingers. And then, he grabs his shaft. The sight sent another ripple through my body and straight towards my sex.

Without any hesitation whatsoever, Tyrese plunges his big black cock right into the depths of my tiny, now stretched out, pink pussy.

"AHHHHH, SHITTT!" I shriek in literal agony. Followed by a loud moan, and a stifled sob from the intense mixture of pain and pleasure that suddenly hit me in unison. Tyrese did not waste a second and immediately started ramming himself into me. I could

feel him literally reach the depth of my tight cunt in one single stroke. Depths that I didn't even know existed inside me.

What the fucking fuck? It hurt like hell and yet I couldn't stop throbbing in sheer bliss.

The tip of his fat black cock battered and smacked repeatedly against my cervix. It sent literal bolts of pain throughout my body. But all I could feel was my arousal that pulsed in unison and seemed to swell along with my pleasure, counteracting the pain.

"AWFU-" I yelped but stopped midsentence. Tyrese held my waist and pulled me closer so that his hips grinded into mine. Oh, my fucking God, I was reeling.

"Damn, you're so fucking tight, Stacey," he growls. My head was spinning. Who the hell was I anymore? I can't tell. Am I drooling? Or are those tears running down my cheeks? Tyrese pulls back. And then he slams right back into me. Harder. More than before. Harder than ever.

His wet, meaty member thundered back in me. And my world implodes. My pussy clenched around his shaft like the tightest of traps. My core burned hotter than ever. I knew that my juices had flooded his shaft already because my inner thighs were dripping wet. The air reeked of sex, my smell, and his. And the squelching of his big black cock ramping in and out of my gushing folds grew louder. The euphoria was unexplainable.

CHAPTER 12:

"Tyrese, fuck me," I cried and clawed at his chest. I somehow found words that escaped me with a high-pitched tone. My vision was beginning to blur but Tyrese wasn't holding back, the intensity with which he assaults my pink cunt only grows more ravenous.

In a few moments, my mouth opens involuntarily and I unleash the biggest and loudest moan of my life. "FUCK ME!! FUCK ME WITH THAT BIG BLACK COCK, DADDY!!"

"Ah," Tyrese grunts as he leaned back to find a good rhythm. "Your pretty pink pussy's been craving this, huh?"

"Oh, God-OH FUCK-mmmmmnm-mmmnnhh, yes, yes, I've been waiting to feel your-your black dick in meeee!!" I was rocking my hips wildly up at his crotch, and yet I still couldn't believe that I was fucked by someone that could finally stretch and reach deep and wide inside the depths of my private parts like a true man does. Tyrese was built so perfectly, as if he were chiseled and carved by the gods of Olympus themselves. "Shit, you ain't never been fucked like this by no white boy before?"

"OHhhhhhhhhHHHHhhhhh," I moaned as he jackhammered into my delicate cunt. Each brutal thrust sending sparks throughout my body. "You're the b-biggest one I've been with aaaarrggg!!!"

"And your boyfriend?" he grabs hold of my throat. FUCK!! He was choking me as he penetrated the now newly conquered depths of my pussy with that massive veiny dick!

"He's a FUCKING PUSSY!!" I growl. "AHH! SSSSSS!! YOU ARE LITERALLY THE BIGGEST-SHIT- YOU'RE MASSIVE, GIANORMMPHH!!!"

Tyrese breaks out into laughter. "Yeah, that pussy tight. Your boyfriend ain't shit," he slaps my perfect tits. "He ain't shit, ain't he?"

"He ain't shit!!" I repeat after him. "He's a little dicked tiny, white loser," I babble. "You're way fucking bigger!"

I had no shame. I cannot believe that I was admitting this to him. "Show me what that loser can't do, daddy!" I can't believe I called Pete a loser out loud. I've never done that to even the best of my friends. Pete, I'm so sorry. No, wait. Pat. Patrick. That was his name. Holy fuck, I can't believe I was being fucked into forgetting my own boyfriend's name. But I can't. "He's a fucking pussy that can't fucking satisfy me!! He never makes me cum!" You really are a pussy ass little boy that can't even pleasure the girlfriend you are so undeservingly with, compared to someone like-I gulp. Tyrese was now riding me into oblivion.

Keep it together, Stacey! Don't slip. This is what a real man feels like. A man-not some weak, fragile, pencil dick, baby who would most likely jerk off right now seeing a real man fuck you raw.

Thud. THUD. THUDDD. The slapping of his groin into my thighs fills the room. The echoes only increase in intensity as the both of us release a plethora of grunts and moans. Pain. Searing pain from his raw, powerful fucking mixed with an arousal and a warmth that my insides were feeling unlike ever before. I don't know how much of this I can take.

I-I think Tyrese had better finish, or this might-this will put me in some sort of orgasm induced coma. I could seriously feel the confines of my womb **STRETCH** to accommodate his **BIG BLACK COCK**. I never even believed that was possible. It felt fucking insane and he hasn't even begun to slam the tip of his long, thick rod into my G-SPOT.

What would I even compare Tyrese's humongous black dick to? Hell, it didn't matter. What mattered was that I was melting.

A meek, blonde, white bitch like me lying on the cold floor with my legs locked around a black man's waist while he savages me. Thrust after thrust. Merciless. Deep. Ruthless. It was not pretty. It was rough and borderline savage.

Why would any woman want that? Pat would ask that in all his annoying innocence. Yeah, Pat, like you could ever satisfy a woman with your little white penis. The amount of force Tyrese displayed with every brutal thrust into my tiny, dripping, cunt was making the tips of my toes curl in pleasure.

I was going breathless. And with every punch of that big black dick, deep inside my gut, another explosion was building up.

A far bigger, more explosive one, and-no, no, no. I need to stop this. But my mind has abandoned itself and instead my mouth begins uttering the only word I can make out.

"You love daddy's big black dick, bitch?" he growls.

"Yes, fuck me with that huge, black dick of yours!"

I could feel his big black balls flapping against my smooth asscheeks as his speed only increases. My face twists in confusion, trying to process how it's possible to feel any more pleasure than I was already. Was there more? Really??? How?! HOW?! "GRGG!!" I croak as his fingers clench hard around my constricted throat. I had a sharp pain grow in my temples.

Tyrese would make sure that I experience just that. His balls were swelling up I could feel it.

How long was he pounding away at me like this? I was holding on to him like this for dear life while screaming, moaning, grunting. It was hurting so bad.

My pussy was so sore. My clit was so fucking swollen. And it was throbbing for more punishment.

I couldn't hold back anymore. I just couldn't. It was time. I had to let go.

My face contorts in pain and pleasure when Tyrese's rhythm completely changes from wild animalistic pounding to an all too aggressive ploughing. Suddenly, everything came together for the last time and in seconds it exploded. I just came out of nowhere.

I hear a shriek and, in that instant, I realized it was me.

CHAPTER 13:

"I'm CUMMINGG!!!!!"

The orgasm that wracks through me was insane and I cummed for dear life as if Tyrese's big, meaty black rod was coaxing out all of my nectar with its own immense, overwhelming strength.

Tyrese's own cock engorges itself inside me. He chokes the life out of me as I shriek and shriek and then he finally relent. But by that time, my pussy was no more, and Tyrese had flooded all of my insides and womb with his warm, potent cum.

He was cumming inside me but my ears were ringing.

The orgasm that wracks through me was insane and I cummed for dear life as if Tyrese's big, meaty black rod was coaxing out all of my nectar with its own immense, overwhelming strength. My pussy pulsates over and over again. I knew my orgasm was not going to subside any time soon. Blast after blast of warm, black cum spurts out and floods my womanhood. He was draining his fucking balls inside me. Unprotected.

Oh, God.

"CUM INSIDE ME!!!!!" I yell in reflex as I could feel the first of Tyrese's thick, nasty seed spurts into my bare womb.

He was breeding me. He was going to make me pregnant.

"FUCK!!! GET IMPREGNATE!!!!!! BREED MEE!!!!!"

He was knocking me up. Knocking me up in front of the whole stadium. I couldn't help but think of us out there in the open with everyone looking. On the pitch. Right after he won the finals. He took me as his trophy and is impregnating me in front of the whole stadium. Yes, please fucking watch me get knocked up by a big black bull. I hope you're all so fucking proud of me for being a good little breeding bitch. I'll give him a beautiful lightskin baby. Everyone

was watching us. He was putting his seed inside me in front of everyone; in front of my family, in front of my friends, in front of-?.

Patrick?

Maybe I was imagining this. But Patrick was standing right there near the entrance to the locker room. He had his little pink dick out and was jerking off fast and hard. What a creep!! Wait, what? What the hell? My vision was blurry but I could tell that it was him. Jesus, was I seeing things from getting the fucking of my life? Maybe it was my subconscious propping him up in front of me to make me feel even more of a pathetic cock hungry little whore. My mind was definitely telling me something but I didn't care. It was hot. It was hot as hell watching my useless little dick boyfriend watch me get bred by a superior man. A black man. He had such a funny expression on his face like that. Was he crying? Ahaha, what a pussy!

Patrick was looking in complete and utter horror. Oh, Patrick, sweetie, you should get a fucking good eye full of this and truly understand how it's done. See that big black cock sliding back in and out of your girlfriend? You'll never get to do that. "AHHHHH! FUCK!! CUM IN ME, RAW!!!" I yell at the top of my lungs while I was looking straight into the eyes of my boyfriend.... who was standing there, with his little dick in his hands.

And he was jerking off. His little cock glistened as he continued to stroke himself to the sight and sounds of me getting my insides fucked right out by a muscular black brute like Tyrese. Yeah, jerk off Pat. That's what you're good for you, you little dicked piece of shit.

"AHHH-AAAAAH!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. How? WHY? I could only clutch my face and I cry-gasp as I continue to feel that orgasmic wave. And even before it would be done, a second and third was following in quick succession and it seemed to come in like shock waves from Tyrese' now engorged monster of a cock.

I look him straight in the eye and begin cackling like some sort of crazy madwoman. "AHHHH! FUCK, HE'S SO FUCKING BIG, PAT!!!!!"

the massive cock ramming against my walls continued and only after Patrick heard me give out the loudest cackle in my life, did he dash away, his cock, in hand. "AHHH! FUCKKK!! SO MUCH FUCKING BIGGER THAN YOU!!!!" I groan, but Tyrese kept pounding. "SO MUCH FUCKING BIGGER THAN YOUR TINY LITTLE FAGGOT PRICK!"

Tyrese wasn't stopping any time soon as his cock kept shooting spurts and spurts of literal, thick, black, ropey semen inside me. Fuck me. My heart flutters in anticipation of my pussy's well overdue flooding, filled to the brim by this dominant, brute of a black bull stud.

If my boyfriend enjoyed the view then who was I to deny him the sight of a real, hung, black stud railing the shit out of his girlfriend in a deep, violent, raunchy fucking. What the hell was Patrick doing here? Was I seeing things from the sheer overwhelming pleasure of being dominated and defiled by Tyrese? Well, Patrick deserved a good look, he needed to be made aware. That was what a tiny dicked white boy like him needed, a demonstration on how a real man pounds a whore and fills her full of his seed.

Black dudes, I was convinced, had an obligation to use us inferior white bitches like me and spread their virility and genes in our fragile, feminine bodies. And who was I to stand in the way of natural selection. My orgasm was still going on as Tyrese's wet nasty poundings began coming to a slow halt. Intervals grew between his thrusts but my orgasm failed to subside.

It kept going. And the climaxing sensation I felt just wouldn't subside. Tyrese finally decided he was done as my orgasm slowly ebbs out. He collapses on top of me as I begin hugging him like some sort of frenzied and lust driven crazy bitch.

CHAPTER 14:

"MMMm," I moan into his mouth as he kisses me. "Mmm-mmmmm, fuuuuuck," my voice is so shakey.

The both of us lie there beside each other as a wet pool of semen mixed with my own fluids form below. I wasn't afraid or ashamed because no man, let alone Patrick, could have satisfied me like the way Tyrese did.

But my legs and lower half was beginning to fall numb as the wave of the climax slowly subsided. I couldn't move. Holy shit. He pulled his hips back slightly. And out of my battered snatch popped his lengthy, rigid, veiny, wet member with a sick noise. In a torrent, and seemingly a near gallon amount of a combined mixture of his sperm and my slick fluids seep out of me in a loud, wet spluttering. I could feel more of it inside me. Deep inside me. I just-wow, I couldn't.

Was all that cum really inside me the entire time?! Tyrese gives me one last smooch on my face as he rises up satisfied with his work. I was heaving. Breathing like a broken furnace. My head was spinning from the mere lack of air. I'm utterly destroyed and spent. He did me real good. Really, really, GOOD. My lower half was trembling.

Aftershocks. Tyrese rose to his feet and his big black dick swings around in a lifeless manner. And he was fully erect still. His thing still glistened with the remains of his juices. He chuckles. And his heavy nuts sack clapped behind his dong.

My fingers tremble as I feel myself. I was sore and aching all over. My pussy was battered. There was no other way to explain it but it was ruined. It was gaping. Wide beyond all belief, and a portion of Tyrese' cum had filled me up to the brim and now, my poor cunt was literally oozing with the rest that just overflowed out. I look at Tyrese as he begins to walk away. What am I even to do next?

Where could I go? My pussy is wrecked.

I mean, holy hell, I didn't know it was even capable of feeling like that. God. How the fuck am I ever going to let Patrick's penis even enter me after taking something so massive?!

Patrick.

Why did I think of him? Why was I thinking of Patrick watching me li-why was Patrick still there?

I couldn't believe my eyes. Surely, I was only imagining Patrick standing there in my orgasm driven euphoria. He should have disappeared by now.

But-to my surprise, Patrick didn't disappear.

He was standing there with his pants around his legs. And his little dick in his hands.

"She's all yours, bud," I hear Tyrese laugh. "Go give her a good time."

What was going on? Huh?

I lie there motionless as I watch Patrick slowly make his way over to me. He positions himself between my legs. I could see a twitch in his limp dick that was covered in clear, transparent cum. It looked so gross.

"P-Pat-."

I couldn't even muster up the strength to say his name out loud.

But it didn't matter.

I reached my arms out to him nevertheless inviting him for a warm embrace. I looked at him pleadingly as if to say, *'Please, Pat. Don't hate me for what I did.'*

Maybe my expression could have also been taken for, *'Look at me, Pat. Look at me. Look at what that big black bastard did to me, Pat. Look at what he did to your precious blonde girlfriend. Are you going to do something, Pat?'*

And Patrick does something alright. Patrick kneels down on both legs as we hear the locker room door shut close. He draws his face near my now insanely gaping pink pussy.

And to my sheer lust induced delight, Patrick begins licking at my cum filled pussy.

My eyes roll straight up inside my head as I let out another guttural moan.

TO BE CONTINUED IN BOOK 2...

PATRICK, THE BOYFRIEND

EPILOGUE:

I couldn't believe what I was doing.....

I was on my knees.

Stacey reeked of sweat and raw sex.

Her juices dribbled down her puffy slit. Her legs were spread open. Glossy. Slightly gaped. With cum leaking out in thick ropey chunks and clear transparent ones. I'm guessing it must have been Tyrese's. It was so thick and creamy.

The oozing out between her legs only grew the more I stared at it. I-what am I doing?!

I dip in for seconds into the little hole Tyrese pounded into Stacey. My tongue worked in sloppish strokes trying to lick up as much as I could of it. It was the taste of another man.

For the first time in my life, I was licking her pussy. I was licking a woman's cunt for the first time and it wasn't just any woman. It was my very own girlfriend. And her cunt was now filled with another man's sperm. But what was even more perverse was that Stacey did not even hesitate to put up a fight. She didn't try to push me away; she didn't even ask me what the hell I was doing here. No. She was egging me on by remaining quiet and only groaning out her approval to lick the remnants of her spent, ravaged pussy and swallow and- and cleanse myself off of Tyrese' jizz.

I would never say that my pride was shattered but as I knelt here staring down into her messy cunt, licking up Tyrese' delicious cum that showered all throughout my girlfriend's insides.

Stacey hadn't returned any of my calls. And her friends didn't respond kindly either. They told me I was being annoying and that I had to give Stacey space.

How could I?

After watching her kiss Tyrese in front of the whole fucking stadium, it was all over on snapchat and all sorts of social media. All the comments flew around targeting both her and me. She was a whore. A slut. A thirsty hoe. She's a freak. An actual freak. Even I couldn't think otherwise. She was supposed to be my girlfriend. I couldn't wrap my head around what Stacey did at the moment of action, but all of these insults and comments, the texts. It was starting to hit me hard.

I had to ask her myself. But she ignored me.

So, I had decided to race my car all the way to where I thought she would be. My heart was pounding as I searched for her everywhere. Nobody saw her. I only heard snickering and saw sneering faces as I wandered aimlessly through the halls with panic in my mind. They thought I was a joke. I was trying hard not to cry.

Stacey's best friend Alyssa was the one who pointed me in the right direction with a smirk on her face as if she knew what Stacey was up to.

"She's in the guy's locker room. I don't think it's the right time to talk to her but hey, you do you, Pat," she laughed and pointed me in the right direction. I sprinted. "She's with someone right now," I heard her cackle. "Don't bother her!"

I could hear Stacey's screams and moans of delight from outside the door. I hadn't dared to open it out of the fear of confirming my worst nightmares, but after a while I did. And I was greeted with quite the sight.

Stacey wasn't the same woman as she usually was with me. Her mannerisms, her speech, her voice, all of it was different. And there was Tyrese. He had a fat cock. Black. Veiny. Big. As if he were sculpted to destroy a pussy. It took my breath away.

It was at that moment, that I knew I wasn't the right guy for Stacey at all. I knew that for sure when my cock stirred in excitement as I watched my beautiful, blonde girlfriend wrap her little pink lips around his cock. I couldn't resist stroking myself as I watched her

demean me while looking me in the eye. I couldn't help but burst into tears as I ejaculated weak little spurts of cum all over my hands as I jerked off like a mad man watching her become a frenzied animal that let out incorrigible screams. It was not fair, the amount of ecstatic bliss she was experiencing while my world was collapsing right below me. It just wasn't fair. It was me she was supposed to experience all of this with.

Stacey had put on a lie about being happy with me, at least in bed. I just wasn't man enough to please her as she wanted.

"He's a fucking pussy that can't fucking satisfy me!! He never makes me cum!"

All of the fake moans. The fake compliments on how I make her pussy so wet.

"HE'S SO MUCH BIGGER THAN YOU PAT!"

It made my skin tremble.

And yet I wasn't angry. I should have been angry like any man would be.

But I was no man. Stacey confirmed it as much. I had to accept that I simply wasn't a man.

But all of it was because of Tyrese. It was his fault. He saw me peeking through the door but he did nothing. He knew I was watching. He must have known that I was right there. He chose to stay silent as he wrecked Stacey's perfect little pussy. My legs grew numb as I witnessed Stacey turn into a whore in front of me. I couldn't do anything. And I continued stroking my weak little penis out of an odd mixture of sadness and fascination as I watched a black monster stretch and gape the tight little cunt that only belonged to me.

This shouldn't have turned me on. But it did.

And Tyrese figured it out. Which was why he had to coax her into admitting that I was a tiny dicked loser.

"And your boyfriend?"

"He's a FUCKING PUSSY!! AHH! SSSSSS!! YOU ARE LITERALLY THE BIGGEST-SHIT- YOU'RE MASSIVE, GIANORMMPHH!!!"

"Your boyfriend ain't shit. He ain't shit, ain't he?"

"He ain't shit!!He's a little dicked tiny, white loser. You're way fucking bigger!"

I close my eyes in shame as I relish the taste of another man's-no, a black guy's cum. It was so fucking nasty and yet I didn't stop lapping up at her pussy like a dog. A pathetic, weak dog that was submitting to a superior alpha. A superior male that was more of a man than me.

And what better way to show my inferiority to that hung black beast of a man that bred my hot, blonde, white girlfriend by eating his virile seed out of her blown out pussy.

A strange, unspecified scent, musky and rugged and full of maleness, assaults my senses. I dip in closer. I wanted more. The sweet nectar. The other man's seed inside her body.

I was enveloped by a mixture of scents of raw sex and raw sweat, something so foul but incredibly addicting that I couldn't help but take in a deep long drag of it.

I slurp up the oozing bits of creamy white jizz from Stacey's sweet folds. I lift myself up and come up for air, I find myself mesmerized at the state I'm in. I can't recognize myself. Everything is upside down. And my emotions were getting out of control, along with the uncertainty that threatened to completely overwhelm me.

The cunt I kissed was filled with another man's cum.

"P-Pat," Stacey says my name weakly with a soft moan at the end. She was enjoying this. I was finally giving her what she wanted.

I was the same boyfriend that pissed her off by saying how gross it was to eat pussy but now? I was eating her pussy at last but it was filled to the literal brim with another man's cum. A black man's virile seed.

"F-fuck, mmmmm," she groans. "P-Pattt."

I tried my hardest not to hold it in but I burst into tears, because no real man would do that, but it was inevitable hearing her talk to me like that.

"I-I'm so s-or-ry," her mouth stretched itself into a yawn, and her head rolled back down. Stacey was as out of it as ever and her legs fell apart with her gushing twat peeking its sloppy lips from out of her delicate pussy. I still love her. It was as if she was in a trance.

"Ghlugh," I respond by slurping and swallowing up more and more of Tyrese' disgusting jizz that still leaked from Stacey's well-fucked gaping slit. I had to clean her up. I just had to otherwise Stacey might get pregnant. Or worse, really just break things up for real with me and leave me for Tyrese.

And all that cum deep inside her pussy, I had to slurp it out too. I just had to. My tongue wouldn't reach inside her that far but I had to try.

"It's all inside me," she murmurs. "Feels so disgusting... Pat..." she murmurs. "Clean it up, please."

She was putting on an innocent act like this is somehow some sort of favour I was doing to her but it wasn't. It was my duty. Because, obviously, what would she have done with a useless limp dick faggot like me in her life?

I was wrong.

It wasn't Tyrese's fault at all.

It was mine.

It was my fault for being a little white dick beta boy and an insufficient partner for a top notch, blonde, hot bombshell like her that she would find her satisfaction from the arms of another. It was her nature. I didn't know why I hated seeing her do it but I loved the taste of Tyrese' cum so it was stupid for me to ever make myself believe that Stacey would stay true to her commitment when she had someone like Tyrese out there to entertain her. And fulfill her carnal desires that no little, feeble, pink prick like mine was capable of performing.

I couldn't make my girlfriend cum so far. Not even once.

"Ohhhhh, Paatttt!" I hear her moan out without a care in the world as I stick my tongue inside her as far as I could. My beautiful hot blonde girlfriend's face looked so pretty all sweat and bruised. Her beautiful, gorgeous face is utterly messed up by blotched tears, ruined makeup, swollen cheeks, stains of sweat and cum, and her cheeks flushed with redness of shame and lust. "OMmmhmmh," she whimpers as I wiggle and try to scoop out as much of Tyrese' baby-juice I possibly can with only the strength and reach that a scrawny little beta like me is capable of.

I've never her orgasm even once in all our time together.

And that changed right now.

For the first time in my life, I make Stacey orgasm with nothing but my tongue inside her gaping, wet, cum filled pussy.

Her legs spasm in all sorts of directions, smashing themselves against my face before Stacey's hips violently kick forward with enough strength to push her mound right into my face.

"OHHHMMMYGODDDDD!!!!" she lets out a loud drawl as my beautiful sexy Stacey climaxes incredibly all over my tear-stained face.

Stacey lets out the most satisfying feminine gasp I've heard ever in my entire life.

"I'm CUMMINGGGG, PAT!" her mouth opens out in a pathetic 'O' as she pushes my face into her pussy.

I finally make my girlfriend cum as I see her lips curl into a beautiful smile as she continues to moan out my name.

BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR:

Becky Goes Black!

[Read here!](#)

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

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

[Read here!](#)

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

Molly Becomes a Hotwife

[Read here!](#)

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

Cheerleader Stacey Betrays White Cuckold Boyfriend to Get Blacked!

[Read here!](#)

In the pulsating world of college rivalries, Stacey, the cheer captain, cheers on her beloved team from the sidelines. The underdog football team, led by the charismatic Tyrese, faces overwhelming odds in the state finals. Stacey, convinced her team won't win, agrees to a date with Tyrese if they do. To her shock, they claim victory! But now, with her insecure white boyfriend Patrick unaware, Stacey must navigate the growing attraction she feels for Tyrese, the man who just led his team to glory.

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

[Read here!](#)

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

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

[Read here!](#)

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

A Black Thug's White B****

[Read here!](#)

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

Blacked by Her Bully Ex-Boyfriend!

[Read here!](#)

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

Her Anniversary BBC Affair! Hotwife Jennifer seduced and BLACKED by a stranger!

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On what should have been a romantic wedding anniversary getaway in Miami, Jennifer finds herself yearning for more than her husband

Tom can offer. In the heat of the night, a chance encounter with a bold and seductive stranger ignites passions she thought were long extinguished. As Tom's lack of interest leaves her frustrated, Jennifer is swept into a forbidden world of intense desire with Marcus, a man who awakens parts of her she never knew existed. What begins as a simple escape from her mundane marriage spirals into a night of wild, illicit pleasure that pushes all boundaries.

Faithful No More! Desperate Girlfriend Lisa Gets BLACKED in Public!

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On what should have been a romantic wedding anniversary getaway in Miami, Jennifer finds herself yearning for more than her husband Tom can offer. In the heat of the night, a chance encounter with a bold and seductive stranger ignites passions she thought were long extinguished. As Tom's lack of interest leaves her frustrated, Jennifer is swept into a forbidden world of intense desire with Marcus, a man who awakens parts of her she never knew existed. What begins as a simple escape from her mundane marriage spirals into a night of wild, illicit pleasure that pushes all boundaries.