



COACH
BLACK

TREVON CARTER



COACH
BLACK

TREVON CARTER

Coach Black

By Trevon Carter

Smashwords Edition

Copyright Trevon Carter

Discover other titles by Trevon Carter at Smashwords.com

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

"Let's gooooooooo Bulls!" The crowd chanted along with the cheerleaders.

The moderately sized football field was full of spectators. This was the big game between the Dixville Bulls and the Metro City Bears, with the Bulls having the home advantage. Katherine, or just Kat for short, was the head cheerleader of the Bulls and she was making sure the crowd was cheering for the home team. Her mother, Jen, the volleyball coach of the school, was on the sidelines, rooting for her players as well.

Jen was a happily married woman, having met her husband Joe, in high school. She married straight out of high school and immediately had Kat. Many people had complimented her, at times asking if her daughter was her sister. Kat was not a fan of the comparisons, but Jen always laughed it off.

The crowd stood on their feet and screamed as the game clock counted down. It was down to the final few minutes and the Bears were ready to score. As the quarterback threw the ball, one of the Bulls defenders jumped, intercepting the ball. The crowd went wild and Kat began leading another cheer.

The Bulls defender who caught the ball kept running. He was a towering black man, bursting through anyone in his way. He looked absolutely unstoppable as he cruised through the field. As he neared the other side, he raised his arms up in victory and turned, running backwards, before spinning and jumping for a touchdown.

The crowd erupted as the game winning touchdown landed and the clock struck zero. The band began playing the Bulls fight song while Kat cheered on. Jen was on her feet as well, clapping with excitement. It had been years since the Dixville Bulls had won against the Metro City Bears.

The fans in the stands hopped out and onto the field, congratulating the team. Kat ran to the quarterback, her boyfriend and gave him a big hug. Jen smiled and walked over to her husband, who had just managed to make it down the stands. He was a year older than her but the signs of his aging were easily visible.

"Jen!" He called out.

"Hi honey. You made it!" Jen greeted.

Her husband gave her a light hug and looked over at the players. He had one arm around her shoulder as he stared at the celebrations. His fat gut stuck out from over his black dress pants. He proudly looked out at his daughter and the quarterback.

“I’m really glad that Kat and Jacob are a couple. Reminds me of back when we were young,” her husband said.

“I know Frank. You really need to get back into shape,” Jen joked as she poked his gut with her elbow.

Frank nervously adjusted his big, brown framed glasses and gave Jen a kiss on the forehead. He squeezed her shoulder once and patted his own belly. A huge hulking figure ran up from beside him and wrapped a large, black muscular arm around his head.

“Gimme all yo money!” A deep, low voice yelled.

Frank immediately pulled back, almost instinctively pulling Jen towards the figure while backing away. Jen recognized the voice but her husband obviously didn’t.

“Damnit Coach Black, that’s inappropriate!” Jen yelled.

The large black man pulled away with a smile. He was the coach of the basketball team, aptly named Coach Black. He had played multiple sports when he was younger, ranging from baseball to amateur wrestling. Even as a school coach, he was extremely fit, his muscles bulging out from his clothes.

“Ah come on Jen, I’m just messin’ with Frank,” Coach Black said.

“You scared him!”

“Whoa honey, no, I’m not, uh, I’m not scared. I was just acting,” Frank replied.

“See? All in good fun,” Coach Black said as he gave her husband a hard smack on the back.

“You can’t just call me Jen at school, Coach Black. Professionalism,” Jen replied angrily.

"Oh, whoops, sorry Coach Winters, you know me, professionalism ain't my thang," he replied with a wink.

Jen didn't necessarily dislike Coach Black, it was that he was too much of a walking stereotype. He liked to intimidate others, listen to loud gangster rap and speak like an uneducated man. Her family, being extremely conservative, didn't like the influx of colored people in Dixville and their view slightly affected Jen's.

Growing up, Jen had rarely seen a black man. There were two, back when she was in school. Brother and sister, they paved the way for what was to come. The boy became a football sensation and the school began investing in a program to bring in minorities. Not just students, but teachers as well. That's when Coach Black made his entrance. He took the basketball team through the regionals, destroying any other team in the way.

"Looks like the Bulls are finally on the right track. I knew puttin' my nig... brotha from anotha motha as head coach was the way to go," Coach Black said.

Jen shook her head. He was about to say a very derogatory term, one forbidden in the school. Though her family had no hesitation in calling black people the derogatory term. Jen herself had never used it, thinking it was too horrid of a word.

"Mom!" Kat shouted as she ran towards her.

"What is it?" Jen asked.

"Can I get the keys to the locker?" Kat asked.

"To the locker? What do you need it for?"

"I left some stuff in there. Don't worry, I'll lock the door on my way out," Kat answered.

Jen dug into her pocket and pulled out a set of keys. As she handed it over, the football coach, Coach Jackson swung by and patted Coach Black on the back.

"What I tell you, huh? What I tell you man?" Coach Jackson said.

"I never doubted you, nig... man," Coach Black replied while giving Coach

Jackson a soft punch to the arm.

“Shit, you know we gonna party tonight right?” Coach Jackson responded.

Frank backed away slightly from the two coaches and then turned to see the quarterback walk by. He stepped away and waved, grabbing his attention. Jen was about to head over as well but before she could, a group of players launched a giant bucket of Gatorade on the coach, sending the icy cold liquid everywhere. Jen gasped as she felt the ice cold beverage hit her in the face and on her red shirt.

“Ah, fuck, what the fuck guys?” Coach Jackson yelled in a mix of surprise, anger and, to a certain degree, joy.

“Ha ha! Sorry coach, you know we had to,” one of the football players replied.

“Ah shit, you even got it on Coach Black and Winters. Come on guys, you gotta hit me when I’m on my own. Really sorry about that coaches,” Coach Jackson apologized.

Coach Jackson shrugged and waved it off. Jen did the same, though a bit of frustration showed on her face. The cold blue beverage had covered basically her upper body. She had to wash herself off before she got in her car.

“I’ll see you guys tomorrow,” Jen said as she walked off.

The two black coaches nodded and chatted with the players who surrounded them. Jen made her way to Frank and tapped his shoulder.

“Hey honey, I just got splashed with Gatorade. I’m going to wash up in the showers here and then I’ll see you at home,” Jen informed.

“Okay sweetheart. I’ll go get some dinner ready. Is Kat coming with you?” Frank asked.

“Sure, she’ll probably be in the locker room,” Jen replied.

“Oh, and hey Andrew. Good game tonight,” Jen congratulated.

The quarterback, Andrew, nodded and smiled. Frank patted Jen on the shoulder

and watched her walk off. Jen rushed out of the field and headed towards the women's locker room. She hoped that Kat had not left already as she made her way through the halls.

The crowd noise died down as she got closer and closer to the locker rooms. She turned a corner and saw the two locker rooms. She pushed against the women's locker room door, and unfortunately for her, it didn't budge. Jen sighed and tried knocking on the door.

"Kat! Kat, are you in there?" Jen yelled.

There was no reply. Jen sighed again. Her daughter must've already left and locked the door on her way out. She looked over at the men's locker room and contemplated. Technically, students were not allowed in the locker room after school hours, even on game nights. Parents were to take their kids back home to clean up, and outdated rule from back when curfews existed.

Jen tried turning the doorknob the men's locker room and she smiled as it turned. She pushed the door open slightly and peeked her head in.

"Hello?" She called out.

She was only met with silence. Jen stepped in, closed the door and made sure to lock it. She wandered through the lockers and towards the showers. She looked through each empty row. If someone spotted her, she could easily claim she was checking for students.

"Is anyone here?!" She yelled out.

There was still nothing but silence. Jen sighed and pulled off her red shirt. It clung to her as she pulled it over her head. She tossed it on a bench, making sure to keep it unfolded. She unclasped her bra and set it to the side, it was also soaking with the beverage.

She shook her head and placed her bra aside, and finally pulled down her sweatpants and thong. She carefully placed them to the side, making sure not to cover her wet shirt. Jen walked into the showers and turned on the hot water.

Unbeknownst to her, Coach Black was on his way to the locker room. He had the same idea of cleaning himself off before heading home. Once he reached the

locker room, he found it strange that it was locked. He had not locked it before the game and he could clearly hear the faint sound of running water on the other side.

“What the fuck... damn kids be killin’ me in this school. Trying to get my ass in trouble. I’m gonna make sure these damn white boys fuckin’ get scared shitless this time,” Coach Black grunted to himself as he pulled out his keys.

Coach Black had gotten in trouble in the past for leaving the men’s locker room open. Some of the white kids on the swim team had a habit of taking showers after school, leaving Coach Black in a difficult situation. He understood why they wanted to clean themselves off after swim practice, but they had their own showers that they were allowed to use. It wasn’t his fault that those other showers didn’t have hot water most of the time.

He quietly opened the door and locked it behind him. He planned on teaching these kids a lesson. One thing he was not going to get this year, was another warning and a stern talking to from the principal. Coach Black quietly made his way towards the showers and then paused.

“What the fuck...” He whispered to himself.

It was an unexpected sight for Coach Black. There was a bra, a familiar red shirt and sweatpants he had just seen. Coach Black grabbed his chin and squinted, trying to recall when he last saw the outfit. He noticed a bit of blue on the pink bra and his eyes lit up. He immediately realized who was taking the shower.

Jen washed her face and turned around, letting the warm water wash down her hair and her back. She rubbed her breasts and her sides, cleaning off the sticky beverage. Her hands made their way down between her legs, lightly rubbing against her crotch.

It had been a couple of months since she and Frank had been intimate. She was busy with the varsity volleyball team while he was constantly late from work. Today was one of the few days they were able to see each other so early into the night. Her fingers lightly caressed her wet lower lips as she began to think about what she’d want to do to him.

After this long of a hiatus, she planned on fucking the day lights out of him. She rubbed her clit slightly as she thought about riding him. Her nipples grew hard

and sensitive, the warm water rushing past them.

“Coach Winters,” a deep voice bellowed.

Jen’s eyes widened in shock and she turned her head to see Coach Black. She panicked and her heart raced as she realized he was getting a clear view of her naked body. She covered her breasts with one arm and her crotch with the other.

“What the hell are you doing here?!” She asked in a mix of anger and surprise.

“This is the men’s shower. I’m here to wash that damn Gatorade off me,” Coach Black replied with a grin.

It took a couple of minutes for Jen’s brain to realize that she wasn’t the only one naked. Coach Black was at the entrance of the shower with only a small towel wrapped around his waist. As he replied, he pulled off his towel and tossed it to the side casually.

Jen’s eyes widened and narrowed in on one area. There was a huge, black dangling object swinging back and forth between Coach Black’s legs. Her mind took a few moments to process the sight in front of her. To someone like her, who had only seen her husband’s penis, the giant swinging object seemed fake.

“What’s wrong?” Coach Black asked, his grin still on his face.

“Wha... uh... that... uh.. um... I, wow, I can’t... is that... penis,” Jen blurted, her brain unable to process a sentence.

“Yeah, that’s a penis aight. What, you never seen Frank’s?” Coach asked as he turned on his own shower.

Jen’s eyes were glued to Coach Black’s long, thick, and black member. It was easily two times thicker and at least three times longer, if not more, than Frank’s penis. She had never known that a man’s penis could ever be as big as Coach Black’s.

Coach Black took notice of her staring and turned, making sure to let Jen get a side view of his manhood. He knew that Jen’s husband was barely packing anything between his legs. In fact, he guessed that most of the people Jen had ever been with were never as big as him. He could easily guess that she’d never

seen or been with a naked black man.

“It’s not nice to stare,” Coach Black said as he began cleaning his bald head.

“What? I, what, no, I’m not... stare, that... no, I’m...” Jen could not formulate a sentence to save her life.

Coach Black turned his body towards her again, his manhood slowly growing hard. He stared at her breasts, basically seeing through her arm. He reached down and began cleaning his member, stroking it back and forth.

“Oh, what... no, are you... masturbating?” Jen asked.

“Nah, just cleaning my cock,” Coach Black replied.

He continued rubbing his shaft, back and forth, his big black balls swaying with the motion. She could not get her eyes unglued from the sight. She wanted to feel it, to touch it, to verify that it was real and not some prank he was pulling.

“That’s not real,” Jen finally managed to get out.

“What? My cock? Why wouldn’t it be real?” Coach Black asked.

“Because... it’s... so big. Too big,” Jen replied.

“What? This? Nah, this just be normal,” Coach Black laughed.

He slowly began approaching her, his erect cock bouncing with each step. Jen could only watch and stare as he walked closer and closer. At a distance it looked large, but up close, it was enormous.

“Here, give it a feel. Let me prove it be real,” Coach Black suggested.

“I can’t touch that!” Jen replied as she moved back slightly.

“Why not? I’m just proving it’s real,” Coach Black replied.

“I’m a married woman, I am not touching another man’s penis!”

“Hey, whoa now, don’t be getting no crazy ideas. I’m just letting you touch it to prove it’s real. I’m not asking you to cheat on your husband,” Coach Black

responded, acting slightly shocked.

Jen stared and her right hand moved on its own. She wanted to stop but her curiosity got the best of her. Her hand made its way towards Coach Black's throbbing member. Her heart pounded as she got closer and closer.

"Yeah, wrap yo hand around my big black cock," Coach Black mumbled.

Jen's soft white hands contrasted with his dark manhood. Her hands seemed small compared to his long, thick member. As she touched the hot rod, her heart paused as she fully realized that it was indeed a real penis. She gently tugged at it, checking one more time to see if it was some kind of attachment.

"Give a good hard squeeze and stroke it," Coach Black ordered.

"I... I..." Jen hesitated.

She tried to get words out of her mouth while her hand began stroking up and down. She wondered if it could possibly get larger in her hand. Jen's own crotch grew hot and wet as she stared at the beastly member throbbing before her.

"Get on your knees, get a close look," Coach Black commanded.

Jen hesitated for a moment and then got on her knees. She used both hands to stroke his cock, gently twisting her hands as she moved them up and down. Her mind could still not comprehend the size of his big black cock.

"Why don't you suck on it a bit? Clean my big black cock with yo tongue," Coach Black said.

Jen broke from her trance and looked up at him in surprise. Her husband Frank came back to mind and she released his throbbing member.

"What? I can't do that! I'm married!" Jen replied.

"Hey, its aight, a blowjob ain't cheatin'. Remember Clinton? That cracka said that oral sex ain't sex. I mean, if the President says that, then it must be true. I mean, unless you bein' racist or somethin'. I guess I could see why a pretty white woman like you wouldn't want to lick a black man's cock," Coach Black said as he waved his cock back and forth.

“I am not racist!” Jen fired back.

“Prove it. Suck on my big black chocolate bar,” Coach Black said with a smile.

“I don’t think so. I’ll just keep stroking it,” Jen replied.

She grabbed his member with both hands again and began stroking. Jen began stroking faster, watching his glistening member throb in her hands. Coach Black suddenly pulled back and shook his head.

“Nah, I don’t think so. I think you’ve had enough of that. Unless you plan on helping me clean my cock with yo tongue, I can do what you’re doing,” Coach Black said as he began backing away further.

“W-wait! Hold on,” Jen said, still on her knees.

She wasn’t sure what took over her, but she wanted more. If that meant she had to suck on it, then it was something her body wanted to do. She’d never experienced a man like Coach Black before and she wanted to know how far she could go. To try to justify her actions, she believed Coach Black was somewhat right, a blowjob wouldn’t really technically be considered cheating.

“Okay, I’ll do it,” Jen relented.

“Do what?” Coach Black asked.

“I’ll do what you asked.”

“I wanna hear you say it,” Coach Black teased as he rubbed his cock.

“I’ll give you a blowjob,” Jen answered impatiently.

Coach Black laughed and continued stroking himself. He was enjoying the sight of Jen on her knees, her tits bobbing slightly as she tried to balance herself.

“Nah, you’re not being dirty enough, fuck it,” Coach Black said as he began looking up at his showerhead.

“Damnit! Fine, let me suck your cock!” Jen yelled angrily.

Coach Black smiled and nodded in approval. He made his way back towards her,

his massive, veiny cock quivering in excitement. He placed it right in front of her face and continued stroking.

“Aight, that’s what I wanna hear. Suck my big black nigga cock,” Coach Black ordered.

Jen slowly wrapped her velvety red lips around his fat black member. It tasted entirely different from her husband. Her heart raced as she began sucking on the tip of his fat black cock. She’d given Frank a blowjob before in the past, but he was much smaller and easier to get in her mouth.

She could only get the tip of his cock in her mouth and had to stroke the rest of his shaft. Jen was worried that she would choke on his cock if she tried to get any further down. She gently continued sucking on the tip of his cock while stroking his shaft with both her hands.

“Damn girl, you need to work on this shit,” Coach Black complained.

He grabbed the back of her head and pressed her forward while thrusting his hips. His long, hard black cock immediately jammed to the back of her mouth. Jen panicked and gagged as his cock hit her throat. She’d never in her life tried anything like this before.

“Ungh... yeah, get it in there like that. Fuckin’ deep throat my nigga cock,” Coach Black groaned.

He began thrusting his hips enthusiastically, jamming his cock as deep as he could into her mouth. Jen was amazed that even though she was choking and gagging, she was barely getting half the length of his cock in her mouth. She began drooling past the sides of her lips as her mouth was fucked by Coach Black’s enormous black cock.

She actually began to enjoy the feeling of his powerful cock hammering in and out of her mouth. It made her feel somewhat helpless and powerless as he pummeled her face. His fat black balls occasionally hit her chin with each powerful thrust.

In all her years of marriage to Frank, she always felt that she was in charge when they had sex. She was more often than not on top and riding him. She had grown tired of always doing the same thing, usually always on the third Sunday.

This experience was definitely different for her. Coach Black was completely in charge as he fucked her mouth. As much as she disliked the feeling of gagging, choking on his fat black cock just made the entire experience even more exciting. Her pussy felt as if it were on fire, feeling extremely hot and slick.

One of her hands reached down and began playing with her pussy. She had to satiate her wet pussy somehow. She began to finger herself as her head bobbed back and forth on Coach Black's cock.

"Yeah... fuck... that's much better," Coach Black groaned.

Jen began to finger herself faster as Coach Black hastened his pace. Her spit was flying all over the tiled floor, the warm water quickly rushing past and pushing her spit away. She couldn't believe the amount of pleasure she was feeling from just sucking on a cock.

Coach Black finally slowed down and pulled his cock back, letting her just suck on the tip. Jen's eyes were watery from the constant gagging and her vision was blurry. She felt one of Coach Black's hands grab roughly onto a tit and squeeze.

"Damn, you are so fuckin' fine. Let me get up that wet pussy of yours," Coach Black said.

Jen pulled away from sucking his cock and shook her head. As much as she didn't want to, she had to deny him. Giving him a blowjob was pushing it, but outright having sex with him was easily cheating on her poor husband.

"I can't. I'm married," Jen insisted.

"Well, what's wrong with me just fuckin' that pussy?"

"That's cheating! I can't cheat on Frank," Jen replied, slightly confused.

"Nah, it ain't cheatin'. Think about it, we ain't gonna be makin' love. Think about how different you feel with Frank and me. You see, it's only cheatin' if we make love. I'm just talkin' about fuckin'," Coach Black said.

"What? That doesn't make any sense..."

"Yeah it does. We just fuckin', that's all. It's like if you and I had a couple

drinks, that ain't cheatin' right?"

"Yeah, but that's having a couple of drinks, not sex," Jen replied.

As much as she resisted, her body craved more of his big black cock. Her pussy practically screamed for it, squeezing tightly at itself. She couldn't help but slide a finger inside her to quiet down the feelings.

"But it ain't sex, or makin' love for that matter. What's the difference between a date and a drink?"

"Well, it's... well, it's the intent," Jen replied.

"Yeah, exactly. See, if we just fuckin', the intent is to just feel good, like having drinks. If we were makin' love, the intent is to you know, really get to know one another and get touchy feely and shit," Coach Black said.

Jen knew he was bullshitting but at the same time, she didn't care. The sex craved side of her wanted his big black cock inside her. She couldn't help but contemplate what he was stating, knowing full well that he was just saying whatever he could to fuck her.

"Just fucking... and you won't cum inside?" Jen asked.

"I'll pull out, I promise. Unless you say otherwise," Coach Black replied.

"Oh, I will not be saying anything otherwise. Are you sure you can pull out on time?" Jen questioned.

"I do it all the time. How many kids you think I got?"

"I don't know... two? Three?"

"None. That's how good I am," Coach Black gloated.

Jen put a finger to her lips as she stared at Coach Black's glistening rod. Her pussy was aching for it, growing wetter and wetter. She had to know what it felt like. She had never imagined having such a huge cock inside her and coupled with the mundane sex she'd had all these years, she wanted to know what it felt like.

"Okay..." Jen murmured.

"Okay what?" Coach Black teased again.

"Okay, fuck me," Jen answered as she laid back and spread her legs.

"Yeah? What do you want me to fuck you with? My hands? My tongue?" Coach Black continued to tease as he stroked himself.

"Fuck me with your big black cock!" Jen replied.

Coach Black grinned and got on his knees. The warm water from the showers continued to spray onto both their naked bodies. He placed the tip of his cock against her sopping wet cunt and slowly slid it up and down, teasing her. Jen moaned in anticipation, waiting, hoping that he would slide his cock into her.

He continued teasing her, sliding his cock back and forth against her outspread pussy lips. The bottom of his shaft kept rubbing against her sensitive clit, driving her wild. She began to move her hips, trying to get Coach Black to stick his cock in her.

"Come on!" Jen yelled.

"Yeah? You want this big black cock?" Coach Black teased.

"Yes! Hurry!"

Coach Black grinned and slowly pressed the tip of his cock against her wet cunt. Jen braced herself, her toes curled, her eyes closed and her hips up. She gritted her teeth as she began to feel the tip of his thick black cock slowly enter her tight white cunt.

"OOOOOOOOOH GAAAAAAAAAAAAAWD!" Jen screamed.

He was barely just starting, but she was already at her limit. Even with just the tip inside her, he was stretching her more than her husband ever had. She reached up and grabbed onto Coach Black's chiseled chest.

His muscles felt like rocks under her fingers as she pressed her hands against him. He continued plunging into her, inch by inch, stretching her cunt like never

before. She couldn't help but let out loud moans as she felt his throbbing member continue to penetrate her.

“UNF! Damn you are so fuckin’ tight! Damn! Frank ever fuck you?!” Coach Black questioned as he continued pressing forward.

“OHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGOD! IT WON’T FIT!” Jen screamed.

“Ungh, damn girl, I’m not even halfway in!” Coach Black grunted.

Jen couldn't believe what he was saying. She sat up slightly and opened her eyes to see that what he was saying was true. She could still see his lengthy black cock on the edge of her pussy, continuing to drive in.

“HOLY SHIT!” She screamed as she fell back on her back.

Her body trembled as she felt a surge of pleasure blast through her body. She'd never felt such an intense feeling before in her life. He toes curled, her entire body shook uncontrollably and for a moment, she thought she had blacked out. Her pussy clenched tightly onto Coach Black's cock, almost as if it were trying to push it out.

“I think I’m... oh... OH... OH GOD! I’M CUMMING!” Jen screamed at the top of her lungs.

The rush of pleasure surprised her. Coach Black was barely moving and she was already losing control of her body. She couldn't help but thrust her hips as she felt her orgasm blast through her. She had only experienced an orgasm once before, back when she had first had sex with Frank.

She'd never experienced anything like it before. For eighteen years, she had never felt another orgasm. Now, with Coach Black inside her, the pleasure was more than intense. Her body seemed to have remembered how to orgasm.

“Yeah, cum on my big black nigga dick,” Coach Black said.

He slowly began to move his hips back and forth. Jen could feel every vein on his pulsating shaft as it slid between her tight pussy lips. He pulled out, just leaving the tip in before plunging deep into her again. She wrapped her legs around his thick waist, locking her ankles together right above his ass.

Coach Black straightened his legs and began speeding up. His thrusts became harder, making her slide slightly with each thrust. Jen tried to move her hips, timing it with his thrusts. His big black balls pounded against her asshole, sending chills up her spine.

The warm water from the shower continued pouring down on both their naked bodies. Jen reached up and wrapped her arms under his and up to his shoulders. Her fingers dug into his powerful shoulders as she moved her hips back and forth.

Jen couldn't believe it but the entire length of his cock was now sliding in and out of her relatively easily. Her pussy released a soft moan of its own with each thrust, squeezing and kneading at his fat black cock. Coach Black plunged deep into her and paused, letting the entire length of his cock throb inside her.

"Ungh... now it's time for a ride," Coach Black said.

Jen wasn't sure what he meant but she felt him wrap his arms around her. He got in a squatting position with her legs still wrapped around his waist and in one quick move, he stood up while carrying her. Jen yelped as she felt herself fly upward.

He wrapped his arms around her and began thrusting up and down. Her body bounced on his powerful body, his cock plunging in deeper than ever. His thrusts were more powerful, gravity on his side as she was launched up and then released to fall right back down.

"OH YES! YES! OH GOD YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME WITH YOUR BIG BLACK NIGGA COCK!" Jen screamed uncontrollably.

She wasn't sure what had gotten into her. She was like a woman possessed. Possessed by the pleasure provided by a big black cock that was unlike anything she had ever had. Her pussy was being penetrated and stretched like never before.

Her body trembled yet again and her cunt squeezed onto Coach Black's cock like a vice. It was another orgasm, rolling through her body like a storm. An intense feeling of heat, followed by a deep chill rushed, and then replaced by a momentary numbness. The feeling started at her toes, and continued through her body.

Even her nipples grew intensely sensitive as she felt her orgasm move through her. Her rock hard nipples rubbed against Coach Black's chiseled chest, increasing the sensation of pleasure that was already ravaging her body. She began to thrust down as hard as she could, trying to make sure his cock plunged as deep in as it could.

"Yeah you fuckin' racist slut, cum on my big black nigga cock!" Coach Black moaned.

He moved towards a tiled wall and shoved her back against it. His thrusts became even more intense, the shower being filled with the sounds of skin thumping against skin. The sound echoed through the empty shower, mixed in Jen's moans and Coach Black's grunts.

Jen's pussy felt like it was on fire as she bounced up and down. She was lost in the pleasure, her body on autopilot, just thrusting and moving to match Coach Black's own movements. For a brief moment, she thought about Frank and worried a bit that he'd notice how loose she had become.

But the thought washed away like the water raining down upon her sweaty body. She didn't care, she could easily give an excuse as to why they couldn't have sex today. Jen just wanted more of Coach Black's cock inside her.

Coach Black smashed her against the warm tiles, his powerful chest pressing down on her breasts. His hand wrapped around her ass and spread her ass cheeks. Jen shrieked as she felt one of his fingers push into her virgin asshole. She pressed her face into his shoulder and trembled yet again.

The sudden intrusion of a finger up her ass shocked her but at the same time, it threw her over the edge again. Her cunt clamped around Coach Black's cock and squeezed. She closed her eyes as she grew light headed. She felt weightless in his arms as her orgasm tingled through her.

"Damn! You cummin' again? You like this big black nigga dick?!" Coach Black grunted.

"Oh yes! I love your big black nigga dick!" Jen yelled.

Coach Black grinned from ear to ear. She was now a slave to his big black cock. Anytime she had sex with her husband, she'd have to try to imagine that his tiny

white dick was Coach Black's big black cock. The thought made him slam harder into her.

"Fuck yeah! Ungh, so fuckin' tight!" Coach Black groaned.

Her pussy was milking his cock, as if it were craving what was inside his big black balls. The intense feeling she felt in her pussy was immeasurable. She needed his hot spunk to cool down the flames.

"Oh God! Yes! Yes! Cum inside me!" Jen yelled.

"Ungh, yeah? You want my nigga dick to cum inside that sweet pussy?"

"Yes! Fuck yes! Let it out!" Jen yelled back.

Her mind had lost control, the pleasure from her body putting her in her own little world. She didn't care if she released his seed inside her. She wanted it, she wanted him to cum inside her hot, aching pussy.

Coach Black took long, deep strokes as he began to cum. His cock quivered inside her. She could feel every tiny vibration on his shaft as his cum began its lengthy journey out. He jammed his one finger in her ass even further as he groaned.

Within moments she felt his hot, sticky cum squirt inside her. She moaned as she felt each powerful blast of jizz shoot into her. Her pussy immediately sucked away, squeezing and milking his cock. Jen grinded against him, trying to milk his cock as much as possible.

"OOOOOOOOOoooooh... yes... cum inside me," Jen whispered as she continued to grind her hips against him.

Jen was amazed by the amount of cum blasting into her tiny, well used pussy. Coach Black continued thrusting even as he unleashed a torrent of cum into her. She had never imagined that a man could continue fucking her even after unloading.

After a few more thrusts, he pulled his cock out, a stream of cum leaking out of her wet cunt. He gently placed her onto the warm tiles below and wiped his salty cock against her lips. He stroked himself a few more times and then walked

away.

“Damn that was good. I’ll see ya around Coach Winters. Let’s do this again sometime,” Coach Black said as he walked back under his showerhead.

He turned off the water and grabbed a towel. He wiped himself off as he stared at Jen laying on the tiled shower room floor, her body glistening with a mixture of sweat, cum and the still running water. Jen barely managed to stand up, letting the water rush past her tired body.

“Whew... I... don’t... know, if I can... handle you... again,” Jen said, flustered.

“Don’t worry, your pussy will get used to this big black nigga dick,” Coach Black said as he finished drying himself.

“I can’t keep... cheating though...” Jen replied.

“Like I said, it’s not cheating if it’s just fucking. I mean, it’s still up to you though,” Coach Black said as he shrugged.

Deep down inside both Coach Black and Jen knew what her choice was going to be. As he walked off, Jen could only stare at his marvelous cock, swinging from side to side. She knew that Frank would never be able to pleasure her like Coach Black just did. And Coach Black knew that Jen was not going to find another man who could pleasure her like he did.

He confidently headed back to the locker room to get dressed. He knew very well that at some point, Jen would come crawling back to him. And when she did, he was going to pulverize her pussy again and again.

Jen stared up at the warm water and closed her eyes. She gently washed her aching, sore pussy. She’d never been fucked like that before in her life. After a few more minutes a thought popped up in her head.

Her daughter, Kat, might still be waiting for her somewhere. She hurriedly cleaned herself and turned off the water. Frank had already left to go home so the only person who could drive Kat back was her. She rushed out and grabbed a nearby towel.

Coach Black had already left and a slight sense of emptiness filled her. She

shook her head and cleaned herself with the towel. She briefly moaned as the soft towel rubbed against her still sore pussy. Jen grabbed her bra and panties and carefully put them on, her nipples and cunt still highly sensitive.

She touched her shirt and sighed as it was still wet. After flapping it in the air a bit, she put it on, the sticky shirt clinging onto her as she tried to get it on. Her sweatpants were next, easily sliding on.

Jen was about the rush out when she saw a small note on the bench near her clothes. It was a note from Coach Black telling her to lock the door on the way out. On top of it was a key. Now she had no choice but to go see him and return the key tomorrow.

Jen shook her head and grabbed the key. She quietly opened the door and looked outside, making sure no one was in the halls. After waiting a couple of moments, she slid out of the locker room and quickly locked the door.

She rushed back towards the field, her pussy aching with each step. She had to get home and get some rest. For a moment, she thought about having sex with her husband, thinking that it could help quench her pussy's thirst.

As Jen reached the field she saw Kat sitting on the bleachers. Kat looked strangely tired as Jen neared her.

"Hey sweetie," Jen said as she approached her daughter.

"Hey mom. Where were you? I'm so exhausted," Kat said.

"Sorry, I had to go clean the Gatorade off of me," Jen replied.

"Gatorade?"

"Yes, the little celebration the football players had," Jen said.

"Oh, where'd you take a shower?"

"Uh... the uh... the showers, why?"

"How'd you get in? I have the key," Kat asked curiously.

“I just used the men’s. No one was there,” Jen replied with a smile.

“Oh...”

“You got in and out of the locker room quick,” Jen said.

“Oh uh... yeah. I just uh... had to pick something up, that’s all,” Kat replied nervously.

“Can I get my keys back?”

Kat nodded and handed Jen a stack of keys. Jen smiled and began heading out towards her car. Kat followed quietly behind. Jen found it extremely strange that her daughter was so quiet, especially after a game winning cheer.

“Something up?” Jen asked.

“Huh? Oh, uh... nothing. Just tired from all the excitement, I guess,” Kat answered.

For a brief moment, Jen saw something hanging on the corner of Kat’s lip. At a certain angle, the bright lights of the stadium lit something up. Jen squinted and Kat immediately noticed. Kat wiped her lips and her face turned red.

“Oh, ha, I had some lotion leftover there,” she said.

Jen knew her daughter was lying. In fact, she could guess what was on her daughter’s lips. She figured she wouldn’t say anything considering what she had just done with Coach Black. Plus, Kat’s boyfriend, the quarterback, Andrew, had just won a game. He probably deserved the bit of love her daughter had given her.

A figure rushed by and Jen paused. Her heart raced, thinking it was Coach Black. She quickly recognized the figure as the black player who had gotten the game winning touchdown.

“Hey Coach Winters, Kat,” he said as he jogged by.

There was a huge grin on his face as he looked at them. Jen just waved while Kat quietly nodded. The two ladies made their way to Jen’s car and headed home.

The ride back was oddly silent. Only the sound of music from the radio filling up the car. Jen's phone vibrated and she looked over at Kat.

"Can you get that?" Jen asked.

Kat grabbed her mother's purse and dug around. She pulled out her phone and answered, putting the phone on speaker.

"Hello?" Jen answered.

"Hey honey," her husband's voice rang back.

"What's up?" Jen asked.

"Just wondering where you were. You've been gone for a while," Frank inquired.

"Heading home right now. Sorry, took longer than I thought," Jen answered.

"Is Kat with you?" Frank asked.

"Yes, she was waiting for me back on the field. We're headed home right now," Jen replied.

"Okay. Andrew came by asking if she had made it home. Said he wanted to come by and thank her for the cheering," Frank informed.

Jen's jaw dropped. Her theory that her daughter had given her boyfriend a post game one on one session was wrong. She began to wonder if she was wrong about what she saw on the corner of her daughter's lips.

"Jen? Jen? You there?" Her husband asked.

"Uh.. yeah, uh... still here. Sorry, just trying to focus on driving. I'll see you back at home in a couple minutes," Jen replied.

"Oh, okay. Love you," Frank said.

"Same," Jen replied.

Frank hung up and Kat put her mother's phone away. A strange awkward silence

filled the car. Jen continued to ponder what her daughter was doing and whether she had seen what she had thought she had seen. Kat remained silent, as if sensing that her mother was investigating her in her head.

Jen finally shrugged away her thoughts and continued driving. Her crotch was still wet and sore. She knew she had to pay Coach Black a visit tomorrow and she wasn't sure how she could handle looking at him. She sighed and shook her head. She'd have to fight tomorrow's battles tomorrow.

###

About the author:

My name is Trevon Carter and I'm just a simple black man that likes to listen to stories and write. I've never been much in the educated side of the house but writing has always been something I'd enjoyed. Growing up in the projects, I'd always been told that I'd end up dead or on the streets killing, but I managed to get out of that world. After getting out of school, moving, and striving for a better life, I've found out that being a black man definitely has its advantages, especially in bed.

Interracial Erotica by Trevon Carter:

[Confessions of a Black Man](#)

Incredibly Hot Interracial Erotica by the Editor:

[The Black Neighbor](#)

[The Black Neighbor 2: Yoga InvAsian](#)

[The Black Neighbor 3: Super Bowl Gangbang](#)

[African Gangbang Tour](#)

[Fucking the Black Neighbor Bundle \(Four Story Bundle\)](#)

[Two Black Guys, a Girl and a Pizza Place](#)

[I Fucked My Best Friend's Black Granddaddy](#)

[Big Black Vegas Gangbang](#)

[Big Black Gangbang Double Pack \(Two Pack Bundle\)](#)

[Garage Shop Gang Fuck](#)