

DARK AWAKENINGS



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By Stormbringer

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Laura Henderson stood in front of the bedroom mirror, tugging irritably at her skimpy pink bikini. The damp fabric clung to her like a second skin after her impulsive dip in the pool, and she

muttered a curse as she tried to adjust the top. Her heavy breasts, hovering between a full DD and EE, made the task its usual struggle. The thin material stretched tight across them, barely containing her curves no matter how she pulled.

She was, without question, the hottest mom on the block.

Laura's face was the kind that stopped men in their tracks. High, elegant cheekbones framed a pair of striking emerald-green eyes that seemed to glow with an inner fire somewhere between angry and annoyed. Her lips were full and naturally pouty, the kind of mouth that drew lingering stares, while her skin glowed with a smooth, sun-kissed radiance that made her look closer to thirty than thirty-eight. Long, rich auburn hair cascaded down her back in thick waves, catching the light with every movement. She possessed that rare, dangerous combination of refined beauty and raw sexual appeal, a true MILF who turned heads at the grocery store, the PTA meetings, and anywhere else she went.

Her body matched the promise of her face. Toned legs from years of jogging, a flat stomach with the faintest hint of abs, and wide, womanly hips that flared out from a narrow waist. The bikini was never meant for public consumption. It was her private tanning suit, the one she only wore when no one else was around. Now it was soaked and clinging obscenely to every curve, leaving almost nothing to the imagination.

She hated it.

Her strict upbringing had drilled proper wife and perfect mother into her for twenty years, but her body had other ideas. It craved attention. It craved sin. Even now, the memory of all those eyes on her by the pool sent an unwelcome flush through her. Billy's nerdy friends had spent the entire afternoon staring, jaws slack, eyes wide behind their glasses. The pizza delivery guy had nearly dropped the boxes. And when she climbed out of the pool dripping wet, with the tiny pink bikini molded to her heavy breasts and the curve of her ass, she was certain she'd seen more than one of those boys sporting tents in their swim trunks.

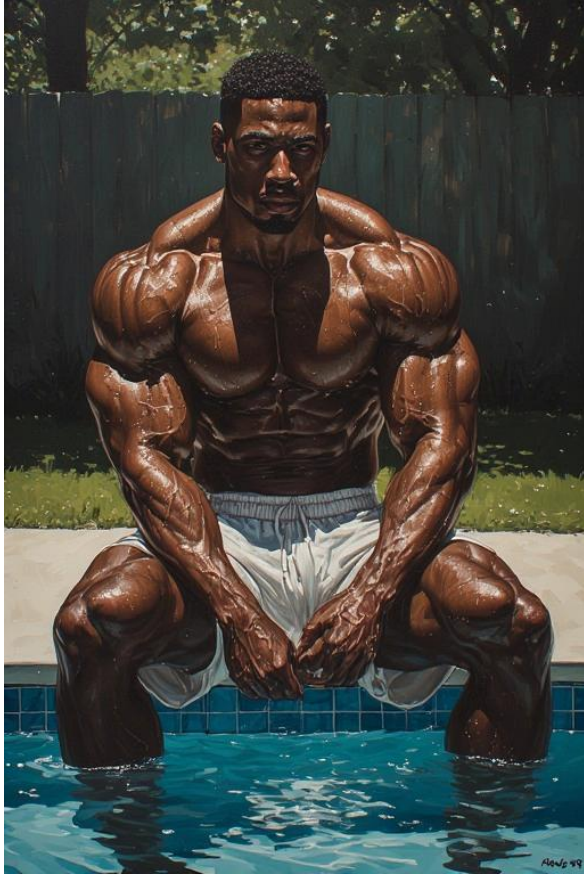


She had only wanted to be the cool mom for Billy's eighteenth birthday pool party. Six of his best friends, a scorching hot day, and no modest one-piece in sight, thanks to her sister Beth, who never returned anything she borrowed. Now Laura was stuck playing the role of walking wet dream in her own backyard.

Her nipples stiffened against the thin fabric at the memory, and she cursed under her breath again. Gene was barely ever home, and when he was, he didn't come close to satisfying the deep, aching needs that had been building inside her for years. Every lingering glance, every whispered compliment from strange men, sent heat rushing between her thighs whether she wanted it to or not.

And then there was Marcus.

She didn't like Marcus. Didn't trust him one bit.



He was twenty years old, black, rough around the edges, and homeless, living out of a beat-up car with his single mother and bouncing between shelters whenever they had space. Laura had never wanted someone like him anywhere near her perfect suburban home or her family. She held a deep, quiet distrust of black men in general, sharpened by years of quiet prejudice and neighborhood gossip. The homeless part only made it worse. She hated the idea of them anywhere near her clean, orderly life.

But she owed him.

Months earlier, Billy had come home with a black eye and busted glasses, shaking as he recounted how a group of bigger boys had jumped him. Marcus had stepped in, throwing punches on her son's behalf and scattering the attackers. Billy had tried to thank him, offering to repay the favor somehow, but Marcus had just shrugged it off, saying he liked punching white kids and that Billy didn't owe him anything. A week later, Marcus overheard Billy talking about his birthday pool party, he casually mentioned he

wouldn't mind some pizza and a chance to cool off in a real pool. Billy had been thrilled to invite him.

"Thanks, Mom," Billy said, grabbing a slice of pizza as she sat the boxes down on a poolside table. The fading bruise around his eye was still visible, a nagging reminder of exactly why she had to tolerate Marcus's presence today. It didn't mean she had to like it.

Marcus had other plans.

He had first noticed Laura months ago when she came to pick Billy up from the nurse's office in a tight two-piece gym outfit. Then again at graduation, wearing that flowery summer dress that hugged her body and showed off those long, killer legs. The sight had triggered something primal in his man-brain. With a body and tits like hers, she belonged on the pole—his black pole. When Billy mentioned the party, Marcus didn't give a damn about the pool or free pizza. He just wanted to see her again, preferably half-naked.

Now, watching her in that soaked pink bikini, the thin fabric clinging to her hard nipples and molded tight against her crotch before disappearing between the firm, rounded cheeks of her white ass, he knew he had hit the jackpot.



He grabbed a soda from a cooler and accepted a slice of pizza from her, his brooding dark eyes bored into her green ones a second longer than necessary. "Nice bikini, Mrs. H," he said, letting his eyes crawl slowly up and down her body in open admiration. Billy's other friends had been sneaking glances at her, but Marcus didn't bother hiding it.

"T-thanks," Laura replied, her mouth falling open slightly, her nipples swelling to the point they were pulling her areola off her breasts. Her cheeks flushed partly from embarrassment and partly from anger that her body always reacted this way from male attention, though usually her sensitive nipples were hidden behind thick bras and thicker sweaters.

The other boys, pale, scrawny white kids like Billy, buzzed around her all afternoon, tripping over themselves to help carry pizzas or clean up, desperate for any excuse to get close. Marcus hung back, cool and detached, leaning against the patio railing with his arms crossed. Laura kept catching his dark eyes following her, and it unsettled her far more than the awkward stares

from her son's nerdy friends. There was something incredibly arrogant about him, especially for a homeless kid who slept in a car. She chalked it up to that typical chip on the shoulder so many of them seemed to carry.

Still, she couldn't deny he was built. Muscles rippled and flexed under his dark skin, putting even the football players in Billy's class to shame. Billy had quietly told her Marcus was closer to twenty, homelessness had held him back a few years, and he was lucky he'd even graduated. It showed. He carried himself like a man, not a boy, towering over the smaller teens at well over six feet. Maybe a rough life had made him grow up faster?

He wasn't handsome in any conventional sense, dark black skin, broad African features, a flat nose, and thick lips, but his raw, powerful presence was impossible to ignore. Shirtless, wearing a pair of ratty, oversized basketball shorts slung low on his hips, the crack of his ass occasionally visible as he moved. Sweat glistened on his chiseled torso, and every so often he reached down to adjust the heavy, obvious bulge in his shorts, often while staring straight at her.

Laura's skin crawled at the way his eyes drilled into her, dirty, wrong, too black for her clean suburban world. Yet despite herself, her nipples stiffened traitorously against the thin pink fabric. Billy's gaze had flicked guiltily to her bikini top once, then darted away. Marcus caught it and smirked, even the bitch's son wasn't immune to her assets.

Marcus ducked inside to take a piss just as the phone rang. He picked it up, leaning casually against the kitchen counter.

“Who’s this?” an exasperated voice demanded.

“Who dis?” Marcus shot back.

“The owner of the house, kid. Put my wife on.”

Marcus smirked. “She’s busy with the party. What’s up?”

Gene sighed heavily through the phone. “My flight’s delayed. I won’t be home tonight. My phone’s about to die, so no more calls. Just let Laura know, and tell Billy happy birthday from me. I’ll make it up to him.”

“Sure thing, Mr. Henderson.”

“And tell Laura I love her.”

Marcus grinned. “Sure, boss.” He hung up without another word. He wasn’t telling either of them shit. A slow, nasty grin spread across his face as an even nastier idea began to take shape in his mind.

The party wound down by dusk, the last of the kids trickling out. Marcus lingered in the backyard until he was the only one left. He changed into a dirty pair of gray sweatpants and a tight sleeveless white tee that stretched across his muscular chest. A pair of worn sliders slapped against his large feet.

Laura had changed too, now wearing loose sweat shorts and a thin halter top that showed off her tight midriff and the heavy sway of her braless breasts. She approached him with her arms crossed tightly over her chest, trying to hide the way her nipples poked obviously against the fabric. She had thought everyone was gone and hadn’t bothered with a bra.

“Party’s over, Marcus. Thanks for coming,” she said sharply. “You can go home.”

She winced the second the words left her mouth.

Marcus’s eyes narrowed. “Mom’s in rehab. She ain’t coming. Ain’t got nowhere to go,” he said flatly. “I can sleep in the alley behind the diner if you give me a ride.”

Billy looked horrified. “In this heat? Mom, can’t Marcus just crash on the couch tonight? He’s got no place else.”

Laura’s stomach twisted. She didn’t want this black kid in her house, not after the way he’d stared at her all day with those hungry eyes. “Billy, I don’t think…” she started.

“Please, Mom. Just one night,” her son begged.

She stared at the fading bruise around Billy’s eye and felt her resolve crack. “Fine,” she growled reluctantly. “Come inside.”

Marcus followed them into the house, his jaw tight with envy. This big, comfortable suburban home, the cushy life Billy took for granted, while he scraped by sleeping in cars and shelters. She would pay for that attitude.



Laura opened the hallway closet and bent down to grab a blanket and pillow. Her halter top gaped open, giving Marcus a clear view of her heavy, swinging breasts. She straightened quickly and shoved the bedding into his arms.



“Don’t stay up too late,” she called from the kitchen as she finished loading the dishwasher. Billy and Marcus were already playing video games on the big living room screen. She walked over and hugged Billy from behind the couch. “Love you, and happy birthday,” she said, kissing the top of his head while Marcus watched with open jealousy. “I’m going to take a shower. Marcus, drinks in the fridge, snacks on the counter, help yourself to anything you’d like.”

Don’t mind if I do, he thought. Marcus’s eyes locked onto her as she turned and headed up the stairs, watching the smooth flex of her calves and the sway of her ass with every step.

Marcus waited a few minutes, then muttered, “Gotta piss.” He headed for the stairs.

“Use the downstairs bathroom,” Billy called.

“I’d rather have some privacy.”

“Fine. There’s one across from my room. Door should be open.”

Marcus grinned as he climbed the stairs quietly. Billy was already lost in his game again. He passed the guest bathroom and slowed when he saw the master bedroom door standing half-open. The bathroom door inside it was closed, but light spilled from beneath it, and he could hear the steady rush of the shower.

His pulse quickened. He slipped into the master bedroom, moving like a shadow. Laura’s clothes lay draped over a chair, sweat shorts, halter top, and a pair of delicate blue panties. He snatched the panties, pressing them to his face and inhaling her warm, musky feminine scent. His cock twitched hard.



Creeping closer, he found the bathroom door inside the bedroom hadn’t latched and with a quiet tug he opened it slightly. Through the narrow crack, steam and the sound of running water greeted him. He peered inside.

Laura stood under the spray, humming softly, completely unaware. Fogged glass partially hid her, but he could still make out the sensual curves of her body—water and suds sliding slowly over her heavy breasts, tracing down her flat stomach, and disappearing between her toned thighs. She turned, pressing one full breast against the glass, her thick nipple stark and dark against the fogged surface for a brief, tantalizing moment before the steam swallowed it again. She arched her back, water cascading over her, pushing her glistening tits forward while the rounded cheeks of her ass brushed the glass.

Marcus’s breathing grew heavy. His thick black cock swelled painfully against his sweatpants as he stared, drinking in every forbidden inch of the prim suburban wife. The sense of

power thrilled him, this proper white woman, naked and vulnerable, just feet away, with no idea he was watching.

She shut off the water. Marcus stepped back into the shadows as she opened the shower door and stepped out, fully bare and breathtaking. Water droplets sparkled across her unblemished white skin. Her heavy white titties sat high and full, crowned with stiff pink nipples. A flat stomach led down to long, toned legs and a smooth-shaven pussy with just a thin, neat strip of auburn hair. She looked like pure sex.



He watched, barely breathing, as she toweled herself dry, wrapped it around her torso, then propped one smooth leg on the toilet and carefully shaved it. The intimate act felt almost more erotic than seeing her naked. When she finished, she poured baby oil into her palms and began rubbing it slowly into her legs, then stood and let the towel drop completely.

Marcus's mouth went dry. She squirted more oil onto her chest and began massaging it in, kneading her big, glistening tits with slow, sensual strokes, pinching and rolling her nipples until they shone under the bathroom light. Her hands moved lower, gliding over her ribs and stomach, then reached behind to oil her firm ass cheeks. Every movement was pure, unconscious sensuality though he felt like she was putting on a show for him and him alone... teasing him with her sexy white body.

His heavy black cock throbbed violently. He reached down and squeezed the thick shaft through his pants, fighting the urge to pull it out and stroke himself right there.

A slight movement in the mirror caught Laura's eye. Her head snapped up. She grabbed the towel and clutched it against her front, staring hard at the crack in the door.

"Hello?" she called, voice tight. "Billy?"

Silence.

She edged the door open a little further, peering into the bedroom. Nothing. The house was quiet except for the distant sounds of the video game downstairs. She shook her head. Having that homeless black teenager in her home was making her paranoid.

Marcus slipped back downstairs.

"Sorry, piss turned into a shit," he told Billy, adjusting the massive tent in his sweatpants as he dropped onto the couch.

"Long shit." Billy grinned, then noticed the obvious bulge. His eyes lingered for a second before he looked away.

They played a little longer before Billy yawned. "I'm going to bed." He stood, glancing once more at the thick tubular outline in Marcus's pants. "Thanks for coming to my party, man."

"Thanks for the place to crash," Marcus replied.

Once Billy headed upstairs, Marcus pulled off his shirt and lay back on the couch, staring at the ceiling. He fought the urge to jerk off, letting his erection slowly fade while he waited for the house to grow completely quiet.



When everything was still, he rose silently and crept back upstairs. Billy's room was dark. He continued down the hall toward the master bedroom. The door was still half-open, the light on. Laura was in bed reading, occasionally checking her phone. She tried calling Gene, no answer. She texted him a message before setting her phone down. With a frustrated sigh, she got up.

Marcus' dark skin helped him melt into the shadows as she moved. She had changed into one of Gene's dress shirts, only a few buttons fastened in the middle, revealing deep cleavage and the soft skin of her stomach. The shirt fluttered open as she walked, flashing hints of her body. No panties. The way she looked, fresh from the shower, skin oiled and glowing made it obvious she had been hoping to get fucked tonight. Well, the night isn't over, thought Marcus.

She stuck a Post-it note on the outside of the door, the hem of the shirt riding up just enough to tease the lower curve of her bare ass. Then she closed the door and turned

off the light.

Marcus crept closer and read the note:

"I don't care how late it is, wake me up for sex."



Marcus pushed his sweatpants down his legs right there in the hallway, his body tense with anticipation. His old tighty-whities were grayed with age and yellowed from urine stains, barely able to contain the massive package inside. A torn hole in the fabric had stretched wide around one of his heavy, wrinkled balls. He shoved the underwear down as well and stood naked, his ripped black body flexing in the dim light. His heavy cock swung semi-hard between his thick thighs, already thick and pendulous, the dark shaft veined and powerful. Even only half-hard it was intimidating, far bigger than anything Gene had ever carried. His balls hung large and full beneath it, swinging heavily with every movement.

He pressed his ear to her door, listening to her soft, steady snores. A predatory grin spread across his face as he slowly turned the knob and slipped inside, carefully closing the door behind him to shut out the hallway light. The room was dark except for the faint glow of a nightlight. He moved silently toward the large bed like a shadow.

Laura lay on her back, one leg slightly bent. Marcus leaned over her sleeping form and gently pulled the silky sheet down her body. He reached for her ankle, drawing her leg slowly off the edge of the bed as he climbed between her thighs. She stirred.

“About time you got home,” she murmured, voice thick with sleep.

He spread her legs wider, kneeling between them. His hot breath ghosted across her exposed pussy. She gasped softly.

“Gene?” she asked, a note of curiosity in her voice.



Marcus didn't answer. He lowered his face and pressed his lips to the soft, furry base of her thin landing strip. His tongue licked downward, parting her smooth lips before sliding up to flicker firmly over her clit. Her hips bucked sharply, pushing her pussy against his hungry mouth.

She gasped again, this time in surprise and unexpected pleasure. "You know I think oral's dirty," she whispered, though her voice faltered as the sensation proved far from unpleasant. Gene had always been reluctant and timid with his tongue, but this... this was something else entirely. His mouth moved with raw force and hunger, lapping at her folds like a man savoring a feast.

"What's gotten into you tonight?" she moaned, confusion mixing with reluctant thrill as her hips began lifting of their own accord to meet his aggressive tongue. He was devouring her pussy like a man possessed, nothing like the hesitant, perfunctory pecks she was used to from her husband.

"You're so... forceful," she panted, her mind struggling for an explanation. Maybe the long flight had awakened something in him.

His thick tongue sucked hard on her swollen clit while two strong fingers curled deep inside her, stroking just the right spot. Laura cried out, her back arching. "Gene, you're an animal tonight," she gasped, squirming under the intense assault even as her body rushed toward an orgasm she rarely experienced with her husband.

He paused just long enough to tease her, then dove back in, driving her right to the edge again.

"Put it in," she whined desperately. "Fuck me, please!"

Marcus gave her pussy one last deep, wet kiss and rose up between her spread thighs. Laura reached down eagerly, feeling the thick, heavy head of his cock press against her slick entrance. Even in the dark, the sheer size and heat of it made her breath catch.



“It’s been so long,” she gasped in eager anticipation.

Marcus gripped his massive cock, guiding the thick, swollen head against her dripping slit. The heavy girth stretched her open immediately, the wide helmet-shaped glans forcing her lower lips apart as he pushed forward.

“You’re so big tonight...” Laura groaned, her voice thick with sleepy pleasure. “Really big! What’s gotten into you, Gene?”

Even as she spoke, the incredible stretch sent sparks of pleasure racing through her body. The extra girth pressed against every sensitive inch inside her, slowly bringing her to the brink. She writhed beneath him, panting. “I like it... whatever it is...”

He kept pushing, sinking deeper than Gene had ever reached. Deeper still. Her eyes fluttered as the pressure built unbearably.

“Oh God...” she gasped sharply. The head of his cock nudged against places her husband had never touched, stretching her further, claiming her completely. “What... what are you doing? Are you using a dildo on me?”

The question barely left her lips before the orgasm exploded through her. Her back arched violently off the bed as powerful waves crashed over her, her pussy clamping and spasming wildly around the massive invading shaft. She came harder than she had in years, crying out in raw ecstasy while her juices flooded around him.

He didn’t stop. Instead, he tore her shirt open, buttons scattering across the sheets, and hoisted her legs over his broad shoulders. With one powerful thrust he drove even deeper, reaching territory no man had ever claimed.

“This isn’t you,” she whimpered, pleasure twisting with growing confusion. “Your penis... it’s too much.”

Twice as big. Bigger. Over a foot of thick girthy cock pounding it’s way into her until his weighty testicles were slapping against her thighs. The aggressive way he fucked her felt completely alien. Yet it awakened something deep and dark inside her. This was how she’d always dreamed of being fucked, taken, used by a powerful male. Her crotch was lifting up into the thrusts of the massive penis loving every inch of this new experience. “OH GOD!” she squealed, she was going to cum again. Her hands moved up his body in the darkness, sliding over strong, muscular shoulders and down to thick, powerful biceps that flexed with every brutal thrust. These were not Gene’s skinny arms... Not Gene’s skinny little penis...

Not Gene!

She needed to see. Her hand darted out, fumbling for the lamp. The light clicked on.

Laura’s emerald eyes widened in pure disbelief and horror.

It wasn’t Gene buried balls-deep inside her, it was the homeless black thug!

“No!” she screamed, shoving hard at his muscular chest, trying to push him off. Disgust and rage flooded her. “You filthy fucking bastard!”

But even as she screamed, her cunt clenched greedily around his thick black cock, milking him. Her hips bucked upward against her will. Tears welled in her eyes as shame and unwanted lust tore her apart. Her prim, proper mind recoiled in horror while her body betrayed her, gushing around the massive shaft stretching her married pussy as the powerful orgasm tore through her body

“Get off me!” she sobbed, even as her hands slid down to his hips, pulling him deeper, her womb still fluttering from her orgasm.

“Take my nut,” Marcus grunted and slammed home one final time, flooding her womb with thick, powerful jets of hot cum. Her eyes widened in fear even as her brain registered how great it felt. Laura came again instantly, her entire body convulsing with shameful, overwhelming pleasure as her mind shattered between disgust and ecstasy. Every spurt of his huge cock deepened and prolonged her orgasm. She stared at him with shame and awe, her brain registering exactly who had just given her the best sex of her life.



Marcus pulled his massive cock out of her with a wet, obscene sound. Laura immediately felt the aching emptiness where he had been, her stretched pussy clenching around nothing, missing it. The plum-sized, purple-black head of his cock hovered above her as it erupted, shooting long, powerful strands of thick white semen across her heavy breasts and splattering over her stomach. Rope after heavy rope painted her pale skin.

She stared, transfixed, at the enormous black cock still dripping above her. It was monstrously masculine. The head was fat and flared dramatically like a wide, helmet-shaped crown, the pronounced ridge of the glans swollen and angry. Thick, throbbing dark veins ran along the

entire length of the heavy shaft, pulsing visibly with every heartbeat. Below it hung a pair of massive balls, each the size of a bull's, heavy and full, swaying with raw potency. No wonder he came so much.

It was perfection, thick, powerful, and utterly dominating. She had never seen anything like it in her life.

"You bastard!" she hissed, sitting up and shoving at his hard, unyielding chest. "No condom?"

He grabbed her wrists and pinned them to the bed above her head. "Bareback only, bitch."

Laura's mind reeled. Her fertile window was approaching, that was probably why she had been so desperately horny lately. She only ever let Gene finish inside her when they were actively trying to conceive Billy. Not in nineteen years had she taken a man's semen. The thought of this stranger's seed flooding her womb should have filled her with pure terror, but the heat radiating out from her core was pleasingly satisfying.

Marcus released her wrists once she stopped fighting, staring down at her cum covered body like he had marked his territory. Her hands drifted down to her body almost on their own. A thick trickle of his cum was already leaking from her well-fucked pussy, and her womb felt strangely, disturbingly full. She scooped up a large pool of his semen from her stomach and began rubbing it into her skin, just as she had done with the baby oil earlier.

She was in a dazed trance, watching her fingers spread the warm, sticky fluid over her belly. "You always cum this much?" she mumbled, voice distant.

He smirked down at her. "Every fuckin' time."

Marcus smacked his heavy, floppy foot-long cock against her crotch a few times, then squeezed the thick shaft from base to head, milking the last heavy drops onto the thin strip of auburn hair above her pussy.

"Gene hasn't cum this much our whole marriage," she whispered, almost to herself. Her face flushed with shame as she smeared his seed over her hard nipples, rolling them between her fingers until they glistened. "Mmmm," she stifled a moan as her fingers stimulated her sensitive nipples.

She didn't understand why she was doing it. Why the sight and feel of his potent black cum fascinated her so much. Why she kept rubbing it into her skin like some kind of obscene lotion. Disgust and dark curiosity warred inside her as her fingers continued their slow, mesmerized movements across her cum-covered breasts. "So much cum," she muttered.

"It's all for you, Mrs. H," Marcus said, his voice low and rough. "You gonna get more black jizz than you can handle."

Laura jolted out of her dazed, cum-covered haze. "Out! I gotta clean up before Gene gets home!"

Marcus grinned, his white teeth flashing against his dark lips. "Hubby ain't coming. Plane's late. Phone's dead." His grin widened. "Tell Billy, Happy birthday."



Her jaw dropped. "Get out!" she barked, scrambling off the bed. She shrugged the ruined nightshirt off her shoulders and stormed toward the bathroom, a thick trail of his semen leaking down her thighs. By the time she reached the shower she was waddling, cupping one hand desperately between her legs.

She turned the water on and stepped in before it had fully warmed, gasping at the cold shock. Frantically, she scrubbed at the sticky mess on her breasts and stomach, then focused between her legs. She even pressed her palm against her lower belly, trying to push his potent seed out of her womb. More thick cum trickled out, fighting the water as it swirled down the drain.

The shower door suddenly slid open.

Laura straightened in fear. Marcus loomed over her, crowding into the stall, his powerful black body filling the space. His strong hands landed on her shoulders and pushed her down.

She stumbled to her knees in front of him, staring at his heavy, semi-hard cock swaying inches from her face.

“Suck it,” he growled.

“I’ve never... I don’t do that,” she protested, voice trembling. “Not even with Gene—”

Marcus didn’t wait. He gripped the thick base of his cock and smacked the heavy, plum-shaped head against her lips, then her cheek. The wide, flared glans left a sticky trail of cum and precum across her skin.

“Be a good girl,” he growled, voice dripping with command. “Open that pretty white mouth for me.”



Despite herself, she parted her lips. He pushed forward, feeding the fat head into her mouth. Laura’s eyes widened at the sheer girth, her jaw stretching around him. She told herself she hated it, this filthy black cock in her mouth, but the humiliating thrill of it made her pussy throb.

Marcus groaned in pleasure. “Damn, Mrs. H... you look so fucking good with my black cock in your married white mouth. That’s it... use your tongue.”

She began to move, tentative at first, licking along the underside of the thick, veined shaft. As he hardened fully, the challenge of it ignited something inside her. She wanted to see how much she could take. Her hands rested on his muscular thighs as she bobbed deeper, taking more of his foot-long monster.

He looked down at her with arrogant satisfaction. “Fuck yeah, you’re a natural cocksucker, Mrs. H.”

The words hit her like electricity. A submissive heat flooded her body. She moaned around his cock, suddenly sucking harder, slurping noisily as her tongue swirled eagerly along the throbbing veins. Her hand slipped between her own thighs, fingers rubbing her swollen clit as she stared up his chiseled body, water streaming over his abs and broad chest.

Marcus gripped her wet hair and groaned. "That's my good little cocksucker. About time you had a real man's cock in your mouth."

She took him deeper, gagging wetly but refusing to stop, half his massive length now sliding into her throat. The filthy words, the size of it, the sheer dominance of the homeless black man was turning her on more than she ever thought possible.

She came hard on her fingers at the words, moaning desperately around his cock, stroking the base of his shaft with her free hand while rapidly bobbing her head over the end. The monster felt like it was growing even bigger.

"Gonna nut," he grunted. "Swallow it all down like a good white slut."

"Mmmph!" she grunted, choking on his shaft. She brought her hand up from her pussy and started jerking him off with both hands while bobbing over the head. When he finally erupted, thick ropes of hot cum flooded her mouth. She swallowed frantically, loving the rich, powerful taste, some of it spilling down her chin as she milked him for every drop. She swallowed as fast as she could until her belly felt as full as her womb.

Only when he finished did she slowly pull back, licking her lips, eyes glassy with lust and shame.

He backed away, and Laura shakily stood, turning off the shower. They dried each other in silence, hands roaming greedily. Marcus squeezed and kneaded her heavy breasts, pinching and tugging her swollen nipples until she gasped. Her own pale hands traced down his hard, chiseled black chest, sliding lower until she wrapped her fingers around his thick, heavy cock. She tugged and stroked it slowly, feeling it swell and harden again in her grip.

"Bedroom," he grunted, slapping her ass hard.

She jumped at the sharp sting but obeyed without hesitation, hurrying back into the master bedroom with Marcus right behind her.

"Get on all fours," he commanded.

Laura climbed onto the bed, heart pounding, and presented herself, ass raised high, back arched. She wiggled her hips slightly, unable to stop herself. A moment later she felt the fat, flared head of his massive cock spread her pussy lips open again. He worked it in and out, stretching her, until his heavy balls were slapping against her thighs with every thrust.

The overwhelming fullness returned, stretching her deeper than she had ever been.

"So fucking big..." she moaned into the pillow, her voice trembling with both shame and raw pleasure. Her hands grabbed handfuls of the bedsheet.

Marcus gripped her wide hips and began slamming into her fertile pussy with long, powerful strokes. "Gotta finish resizing this married white pussy," he grunted.

"Resizing?" she whimpered, even as her hips pushed back to meet him. "No... you can't?"

But her body betrayed her words. Her pussy clenched hard around his thick shaft as another powerful orgasm crashed through her.



“Yes...” she hissed, the word slipping out against her will. Another orgasm followed right behind it, ripping through her body and leaving her shaking. The prim, proper wife inside her screamed in protest, but that voice was growing weaker with every thrust... giving herself to him.

Marcus spanked her ass hard. “That’s right. Turning you out for black cock. Making this pussy black only from now on.”

“No...” she whispered in weak denial, even as fresh waves of pleasure rolled through her. Her mind fought it, clinging desperately to the image of herself as a faithful wife and mother, but her body had already surrendered. “Yes... fuck me... make me your slut,” she gasped, pushing her ass back onto him desperately. “Make me black only. Just keep fucking me like this.”

Marcus grinned and brought his thumb to her tight little rosebud, pressing it inside. She flinched at first, pulling away slightly, but quickly pushed back, moaning loudly as the new sensation overwhelmed her.

“It’s so fucking big!” she cried out, her voice breaking as yet another orgasm tore through her. She screamed into the pillow, bucking wildly against his cock and thumb, her powerful climax leaving her trembling and barely conscious, completely satisfied, yet still whispering weak, fading protests even as her body begged for more.

He slowed his thrusts, then pulled his dripping, swollen cock from her soaked cunt with a wet pop. Thick strands of her juices clung to the veined shaft. He removed his thumb from her twitching anus and used both strong hands to spread her firm, round ass cheeks wide apart, exposing her tight, puckered rosebud.

Laura's breath hitched as she felt the massive, golf-ball-sized purple-black head of his cock press insistently against her virgin asshole. The pressure built rapidly. Her body tensed.



"Wait! Marcus, no," she gasped, suddenly. "Your cock's way too big for that!"

But he kept pushing. Her tight ring resisted stubbornly at first, stretching painfully around the fat, flared glans. Just as it felt like her anus was about to rip, it suddenly yielded to the pressure, the wide head forced its way inside her.

"Oh fuuuck!" Laura cried out, her eyes squeezing shut as a sharp burning pain ripped through her. For a moment it felt like she was being torn open. Then, just as quickly, the pain melted into a deep, filthy, overwhelming fullness that made her toes curl.

"Yes..." she hissed, pushing her ass back against him despite herself. "Oh God, yes!"

Marcus groaned in satisfaction. "That's what I'm talkin' about, Mrs. H. Take that big black cock up your tight white ass like a good little slut."

He gripped her hips tighter and began feeding more of his thick, veined length into her bowels. Inch after heavy inch stretched her far beyond anything she had ever imagined. The burning stretch was intense, turning her insides to liquid heat as his heavy balls slapped rhythmically against her dripping pussy.

"So fucking big!" she screamed into the pillow, voice breaking. "Fuck me... fuck my ass!"

She was pushing back now, actively impaling herself on his monstrous cock. The obscene fullness consumed her, every throbbing vein, every ridge of his girth dragging along her sensitive inner walls.

Marcus growled and started pounding her harder, his heavy balls smacking wetly against her cunt with every brutal thrust. "Take it, you white whore. This ass belongs to black cock now."

Laura's mind spun in delirious pleasure. "I love it... I love your cock in my ass!" she moaned shamelessly, completely lost to the sensation. "Harder! Fuck my ass harder!"

He gave her exactly what she begged for, slamming into her with long, powerful strokes that made her heavy tits swing wildly beneath her. The burning stretch, the impossible fullness, the filthy taboo of it all sent her spiraling into another devastating orgasm. Her asshole clenched rhythmically around his thick shaft as she came hard, screaming into the pillow while her pussy gushed down her thighs.

Marcus buried himself to the hilt with a deep grunt and exploded. Thick, heavy ropes of hot cum flooded deep into her bowels, pulse after pulse filling her until it felt like he was pumping cum straight into her stomach. Her ass milked him greedily through her own climax, every spasm drawing more of his seed inside her.

"So fucking good..." she moaned weakly into the pillow as Marcus slowly pulled his spent cock from her gaping, cum-leaking asshole.

He collapsed onto the bed beside her. Laura remained face-down with her ass still raised high, trembling, dripping, and thoroughly used, her mind floating in a hazy fog of shame and a deep, shameful satisfaction that she'd been yearning for her whole life.

Laura cleaned up, showering again. She stood with her legs apart, holding her ass cheeks open so the hot water could rinse deep into her stretched, cum-filled anus. When she finally returned to bed, Marcus lay on his back with a smug, satisfied look, eyes half-lidded.

She snuggled up beside him, kissing his chest. "Thanks for blacking me," she purred, her hand sliding down over his six-pack to stroke his limp plump cock until it began to swell again. "Jesus, Marcus... how many times can this thing get hard?"

"Let's find out," he replied, pulling her on top of him.

She straddled his waist, hovering over his massive rod. Staring into his eyes, she guided the thick head back to her pussy. "Putting this black cock where it belongs," she whispered as she

sank down slowly. Her fertile pussy stretched wide around him, molding to every throbbing vein like she'd been resized for it.



“Oh Marcus, you’re so fucking big,” she moaned, bottoming out with his heavy balls pressed against her ass. She rocked her hips, grinding on him. “This white pussy belongs to you. I want to fuck you forever.”

She leaned forward, staring into his eyes. “Live here,” she gasped excitedly. “Move into the guest room.”

Marcus raised an eyebrow. “What about your hubby?”

“Don’t worry,” she said, grinding slowly on his cock. “I’ll deal with him. Tell him it was Billy’s idea. I want this cock close by, fucking me every chance we get.”

A wide grin spread across his face. “Now that’s what I’m talkin’ about, Mrs. H.”

She smiled and rode him harder, her breasts bouncing in his face. “Love these white titties,” he growled, sucking hard on her nipples.

“Fill my white pussy!” she cried, cumming hard again and again, her juices soaking his shaft. “I love black cock!”

“That’s it slut, cum all over that black cock.” He bucked up into her, slamming deep. “Here cums my nut, gonna knock you up,” he growled, flooding her fertile womb with another massive load of thick black seed.

“YES!” she screamed, throwing her head back in the most powerful orgasm yet as his liquid heat flooded her womb again. Her pussy clenched around his pumping shaft eager for every drop of his seed.

She sank down, chest heaving, slowly grinding on his shaft. His shiny black chest was heaving as much as hers. “Please stay here?” she begged.

“Somebody’s gotta keep that white pussy satisfied, Mrs. H.”

“We just need to be discreet.” She kissed him deeply, then smiled. “This can be our little secret.”



Outside the door, Billy jerked his tiny dick dry, his other hand shaking as he recorded the action on his phone. He'd been obsessed since the gym shower, Marcus's mighty cock swinging like a fucking sledgehammer, sparking nights of interracial porn, jerking off to fantasies of himself kneeling before Marcus, servicing that magnificent black cock or fantasies of that huge black meat splitting a woman built like a porn star. Only his mom matched that description, her killer body begging for it, her face more beautiful than any porn star, and now Marcus was nailing her right, using that monster dick to bring out her inner slut. And now he'd have his own porn of them and hopefully many more to come. Billy squeezed the last few drops of semen from his spent dick. "You're welcome, mom," he mumbled.

His eighteenth birthday would be one he would never forget.

THE END