



Dark Honeymoon

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The Ford's tires ground to a halt on the narrow potholed dirt drive, engine ticking as it cooled beneath the low, threatening sky. Daniel stared through the rain-streaked windshield at the cabin: a modest log structure with a tin roof, its single chimney dark against the slate clouds. The wipers made their final pass, giving him a clearer view. Thunder rolled in the distance, low and deliberate, as though the storm were announcing its arrival with measured patience. This high in the mountains, the storm would be right on top of them.

Sarah sat beside him in the passenger seat; her white sundress creased from the three-hour drive. It was cooler at this elevation and Daniel tried not to stare at her breasts as her nipples started pushing through the dress. At nineteen she still carried a faint softness in her cheeks, a remnant of girlhood, but her storm-gray eyes still held wide-eyed innocence that had first caught Daniel's attention during

bible camp four years earlier. They had met at fifteen: two awkward, earnest teenagers raised under Pastor Reynolds's strict guidance in the small congregation on the edge of a very conservative town. Daniel had been the quiet one, always volunteering for setup and cleanup, content to listen while others spoke. Sarah had been the girl who asked thoughtful questions during Bible study, her voice soft but never hesitant. Dates had been chaperoned; kisses limited to brief, closed-mouth presses after Sunday service; hands never permitted to wander below the



neck until the wedding ring slid onto her finger just a few hours ago. A promise made in the church basement after Bible study to remain pure until their wedding night was agreed on by both, though Sarah had let him touch her large soft breasts through her top on several occasions, when no one was looking. Now, in the dim interior of the car, that vow felt both sacred and impossibly heavy. Tonight was their night. Both wanted it, but neither knew what they were doing. Both were nervous.

A loud boom rattled the entire mountain.

Daniel turned to her. "Wow, let's get inside before the storm hits."

She nodded. "Lead on."

The rain started softly as they carried the two suitcases inside. The door creaked shut behind them, sealing out the growing wind. The single large room smelled of cedar and faint woodsmoke. A wide bed dominated the center, its blue-and-white quilt neatly tucked. A

woodstove stood cold in one corner; the bathroom door stood ajar, revealing white tile and a deep clawfoot tub. The swaying pines seen through the three windows were slowly disappearing as it turned dark outside.

Daniel ran outside to the car and brought in several grocery bags filled with supplies. He carried them into the kitchen and put away anything that needed to be refrigerated. "Hungry?" he asked.

Sarah had been sitting on the bed, watching him. "Hungry to know my husband," she responded.

Daniel looked up from the groceries. His heart pounded in his chest. She met "know" in the biblical sense. He tried to calm his nerves.

She stood up slowly. "Daniel?"

He turned from the counter.

Sarah had already pulled the sundress over her head. She stood beside the bed in the sheer white lace bridal lingerie. The delicate bra strained hard against her large, ripe EE-cup breasts, the thin fabric stretched tight so the full, heavy globes overflowed the cups, soft pale flesh spilling over the edges. A small silver cross hung between them, resting in the deep valley of cleavage. The matching panties were almost transparent, the dark reddish-brown curls clearly visible beneath the sheer material. Her waist dipped in dramatically before flaring out to wide, womanly hips. Long, toned legs ended in delicate feet. She looked nothing like the innocent little Christian girl he had met at church. She looked like sin wrapped in lace.

Daniel stood frozen, stunned. He had never seen her like this.

Sarah's cheeks flushed, but she held his gaze. "Do you like what you see?"

He could only nod, throat too tight for words.

"I've never worn anything like this before," she said softly. "Never had a reason to. It makes me feel... sexy."

"You are sexy," he managed.

"Your turn," she said.

Daniel pulled his shirt off, then shoved his pants down, standing there in loose boxers. He was mostly skinny, no real muscles, just narrow shoulders and a flat chest. Brown hair, kind of cute in a boy-next-door way. He had soft features and hands, not an outdoorsman. He looked like he belonged in a library and not a rustic cabin up on the mountain.

She reached back and unhooked the bra. The lace fell away, freeing her giant breasts. They swung heavily, full and round, nipples already tight and dark pink. Daniel's penis strained hard against the front of his boxers, the thin fabric tented outward.



Sarah looked at the bulge, then up at him. "Together," she muttered.

They both slid their underwear down at the same time. She stood naked before him, arms at her sides, chin lifted slightly. "You have my body," she whispered, "and my love."

His boxers fell to his ankles. His little penis sprang up, five inches hard, thin, aching, an angry red. It looked like a little firecracker about to go off.

Sarah's eyes were glued to it. Relief flickered across her features. It looked manageable. Not frightening. She stepped closer, reached out, and closed her fingers around him. The moment her fingers closed around him, it jerked wildly. Thin runny spurts shot across her fingers.

Daniel's face burned bright red. "I'm sorry," he gasped.

"God, Sarah, I'm so sorry—"

Sarah hushed him gently. She wiped her hand on a tissue from the nightstand. "It's okay," she said. "As long as you think you can get it up again later."

"I will," he promised fervently. "I swear."

She smiled faintly, kissed his cheek, then went to the bathroom to wash her hands. When she returned she had changed into soft pajama bottoms and a cropped half-tee that bared her midriff. The cropped hem barely covered the undersides of her heavy breasts, and the thin

fabric clung to her nipples. Daniel pulled on sweatpants. He walked over to the woodstove and threw some logs from a small pile into the fire, lighting it with a nearby match. They moved to the small kitchen corner, made grilled cheese sandwiches on the wood stove, and ate quietly at the tiny table as rain began pounding steadily on the roof, thunder rattling the windows illuminating the pines outside.

They finished eating. "I'll clean up," he said.

"I'm going to take a bath," she said softly.

She disappeared into the bathroom. Daniel heard the tub fill, then the splash as she stepped in. He sat on the edge of the bed, heart still racing from earlier, listening to the rain hammer the roof and the low rumble of thunder.



Twenty minutes later the bathroom door opened. Sarah stepped out wearing only a white towel wrapped around her body, hair damp and curling at the ends, water droplets still clinging to her shoulders and collarbones. The towel barely covered the heavy swell of her EE-cup breasts and stopped high on her thighs. She looked wet, flushed, and impossibly sexy.



She stopped beside the bed, met his eyes, and let the towel drop.

It fell to the floor in a soft heap. Her large, ripe breasts swung free, full and heavy, nipples already tight and dark pink from the cool air. The silver cross still rested between them. Her waist curved in dramatically before flaring out to wide, womanly hips. Dark auburn curls framed the soft mound between her thighs. Water glistened on her pale skin.

Daniel's mouth went dry. He stood up and shoved his sweatpants down. His penis sprang out again, thin but rock-hard, the grape-sized head an angry red.

They came together. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her deeply. His hands moved up to cup her heavy breasts, thumbs brushing across her nipples. Sarah moaned into his mouth, the sound low and needy. Her nipples stiffened even more under his touch.

She reached down for his penis.

"Don't," he warned breathlessly, pulling her hand away. "I don't want to lose it again."

She nodded, understanding. They kept kissing, slower now, tongues sliding. Daniel caressed her breasts, rolling her nipples between his fingers until she was trembling against him.

A massive thunder boom made them both jump. The cabin plunged into darkness except for the faint glow from the woodstove.

Daniel fumbled for his phone, found the oil lamp on the nightstand, and lit it with a match from the stove. The soft golden light filled the room again.

"Storm must have knocked out the power," he said.

Sarah stood there naked in the flickering light. The glow danced across her wet skin, making her large breasts look even fuller, her nipples darker, the curve of her hips deeper. She had never looked more beautiful or more forbidden.

Daniel laid her down on the bed. He kissed her navel first, then moved up to her breasts, sucking one thick nipple into his mouth while his hand kneaded the other. Sarah arched, moaning louder. He settled between her thighs, his thin penis nudging against her slick entrance.



He pushed in slowly. She was still tight from earlier, hot and wet. Daniel groaned deep in his throat as he sank deeper. She felt so good, so warm and slick around him. He fought not to blow immediately, teeth clenched, breathing hard.

“It feels nice,” Sarah whispered, voice shaky. “I like it.”

Daniel let out an unmanly whimper. She felt so good, too good. Every slow thrust pushed him closer to the edge. His penis met resistance.

Sarah’s hands slid down to his narrow hips. “Do it, my love,” she breathed. “Make me a woman.”

Daniel thrust forward again, slow and careful. Each push brought the head of his thin penis right up against her hymen. That tight little barrier resisting him, flexing, then giving just a fraction. Sweat beaded his forehead as he fought not to cum before he claimed her. The tip of his penis knocked on her hymen again.

Knock.

Again, harder.

Knock.

The pulse in his ears was so loud he barely registered the sound. All he could feel was the wet heat squeezing him and the last fragile barrier right there, right at the tip. He was right on the edge, balls tight, every muscle straining. One more push and he would explode inside her.

POUND! POUND! POUND!

Sarah’s breath hitched. “Daniel... someone’s at the door!”

He heard her, but the words didn’t fully land. He thrust again, harder this time, and the resistance finally tore.

Sarah gasped sharply as he broke through, burying himself completely in one sudden stroke. The sharp sting made her wince, her whole body tightening around him at the exact instant the door rattled, someone shaking the latch, trying to force it open.

He yanked out fast, cursing under his breath. His little penis jerked wildly in the open air and immediately started spurting. Thin, watery ropes splattered across Sarah's dark pubic hair and the soft mound above it. "Damn," he groaned.



The rattling at the door grew louder. Knock. Knock. Knock.

Daniel scrambled off the bed, heart pounding, and snatched the poker from beside the stove. He stopped to pull on his sweat pants. Sarah sat up fast, completely nude, breasts swaying heavily. Her eyes darted to the nearest window.

A dark, scarred face was pressed against the glass, broad nose, full lips, deep-set eyes staring straight in at her naked body.

Sarah screamed.

Another harder knock, louder. "Electric company," yelled a deep voice on the other side of the door.

"Hold on," yelled Daniel. They both dressed, Daniel yanking on his trousers and shirt, Sarah pulling her pajama bottoms and half-tee back on. While she was still adjusting the hem, Daniel reached into the nightstand drawer, found the revolver Pastor Reynolds kept for bears, and slipped it in the back of his sweatpants. He grabbed the iron poker from beside the woodstove, its weight solid in his grip.

Daniel crossed the room, heart hammering, undid the latch, and cracked the door just enough to see.

A black man stood in the downpour, tall, thick through the shoulders, orange jumpsuit plastered to a powerful frame. Rain streamed off his bald head. Broad nose, full lips, deep-set dark eyes. Tribal tattoos curled up his thick neck and down his arms in bold black lines.

"District Outage Control," the man said, voice deep and steady. He turned around so they could see the lettering on his back. "We got a major junction box halfway up this mountain and when I went back to my truck, a tree took it out. Another few seconds and I would have been a goner. Power's out in the entire county. Hiked up here when I saw your light."

Sarah appeared at Daniel's shoulder, clutching the quilt, still feeling the throb between her legs. "The cabin doesn't have a phone and my cell doesn't have any bars."

"No cell service up here," the man said. "A tower's been a year away for the last five years. Storm's stuck on the ridge. Gonna sit right on us for days. Mind if I dry off inside?"

Daniel hesitated. The poker felt heavy in his hand. He glanced at his wife.

The man raised both palms. "Ain't here to cause trouble. I just need shelter for the night."

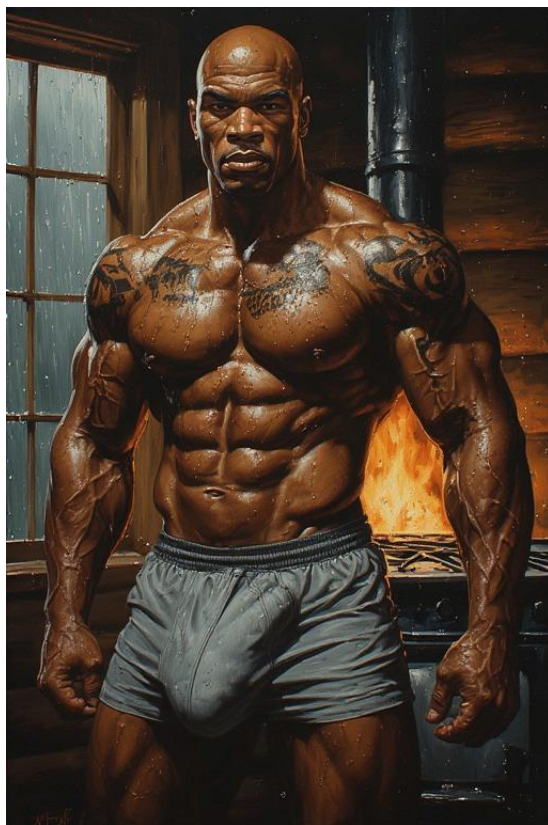
Sarah touched Daniel's arm. "He'll freeze out there."

Daniel stepped aside.

The man ducked in, dripping, and moved straight to the stove.

"I'm Daniel," he said. "This is my wife, Sarah. We're... uh... up here on our honeymoon."

Amos gave a slow nod, water still running off his bald head. "Amos Mosley. Congratulations. Sorry as hell for disturbing your private time, especially on a night like this."



"You can sleep on the recliner by the woodstove," Daniel said. "Or the floor if the chair is too small for you."

Amos started peeling off the soaked jumpsuit right there by the stove. The wet orange fabric clung stubbornly to his powerful frame before finally giving way. Underneath he wore a gray tank top, already plastered to his skin. Sarah tried not to stare, but her eyes kept drifting back. The thin material stretched tight across a chest that looked carved from dark stone, thick slabs of pectoral muscle, deep valleys between them, and shoulders so wide they seemed to fill half the room. When he reached down and slowly pulled the tank top up and off, the motion made every muscle ripple in sequence. Water ran in glistening rivulets down the hard ridges of his abs and over the tribal ink that swirled across his pecs and shoulders like ancient war markings. His dark skin gleamed in the firelight. He was completely bald, the smooth scalp only making the hard lines of his face and the thickness of his neck stand out more. It was impossible to guess his exact age, somewhere between late thirties and mid-fifties, but the body belonged to a man who had

spent decades doing hard physical work.

Sarah couldn't look away. The contrast between Daniel's narrow, soft build and this man's raw power was impossible to ignore. Amos stood there for a long moment in nothing but his boxers, water still dripping from his heavy arms and chest. He placed his jumpsuit and tanktop near the fire to dry it out. Daniel found a spare quilt in the closet and handed it to the muscular black giant.

"Appreciate it," Amos replied. He stretched out in the chair, putting the foot rest up and laid back, pulled the blanket over himself.

Sarah glanced back at their visitor, eyes widening when she saw his hand come out from under the quilt holding the boxers. He tossed them over by the stove. He laid back down and closed his eyes like a man who had walked through hell and was finally off his feet.

The storm roared outside. Inside, the crackle of the fire was drowned out by the driving rain on the roof.

Daniel and Sarah lay together, listening to the pounding rain. He could feel the hard metal of the revolver beneath his pillow. He'd never fired a gun, but felt comforted by its presence. He turned on his side and pulled Sarah against him. They spooned tight, her back to his chest, his arm around her waist. Neither of them closed their eyes. They tried to listen for the sounds of Amos' snores, but the rain was too loud. Every rumble of thunder made Daniel's heart jump. Sarah's body was warm but tense against him; she kept swallowing like she wanted to say something but couldn't find the words. "Go to sleep," he whispered in her ear. "I'll keep watch."

"I'm okay," she replied, patting his hand and pushing her firm rear end back into his crotch. His penis started to harden again, pressing against the soft curve of her ass through their clothes. Sarah felt it immediately. Her hand slid down between them and wrapped around him gently.

"Daniel..." she whispered.

He swallowed. "Sorry. I can't help it."

She stroked him once, slow, under the blanket. "We can be quiet. He won't hear us over the rain."

They moved carefully, almost guiltily. Sarah lifted her hips so Daniel could tug her pajama bottoms down. He pushed his own sweatpants off. Their clothes ended up tangled at their feet under the covers. Naked now, they pressed together again. Sarah reached back and tried to guide the head of his thin penis between her legs. He fumbled, slipping against her wetness, unable to find the right angle. She had to reach down herself, wrap her fingers around him, and ease the tip inside her.

Daniel groaned as he sank in. She was still slick and warm from earlier. Sarah sighed softly, her eyes were slowly closing in contentment when she saw the outline of their black guest approaching the bed.

Amos loomed up beside the bed, his hand tugging the tip of his penis. When he let go of it, his penis stuck straight out, easily a foot long, girthy as Sarah's wrist. It was suddenly brightly illuminated by a flash of lightning, veins standing out dark against the heavy shaft.

"Amos, you need something?" asked Daniel, pulling his hand out from under Sarah and sliding it under the pillow, fingertips brushing the gun.

"Just wanna watch," came the grunted reply. He spit in his palm and started coating his huge penis. His dark eyes staring at Sarah's breasts through the darkness. She tugged the blanket up to cover them.



Sarah's eyes widened. "It's... so big," she whispered. "Look at it, Daniel... it's twice as long as you. And thicker. God, it's so much bigger than yours." She started pushing her ass back into Daniel's crotch as she stared in awe at Amos' giant black penis. Her nipples swelled to the point they ached.

Daniel raised his head off the pillow. Another flash and the walls of the cabin were suddenly filled with giant penis shaped shadows. A final flash and Daniel took in what Sarah was staring at. "Jesus!"

Amos stepped closer. "Y'all newlyweds need ol' Amos's help. New husband needs to see how a woman looks when she's loved right. Sit up, Daniel. Kneel between her legs. See what you're fucking." Amos reached down and yanked the quilt off the young couple. Sarah gasped, covering a breast with her arm and placing her palm over the other's

nipple. The movement brought the bulbous head of Amos' black penis closer to her face. "Well, boy?"

Daniel hesitated, then obeyed, rising to his knees. Sarah rolled over on her back, displaying her young white body, her nipples hard, flat stomach rising and falling, dark triangle of hair between her thighs, to Amos' dark eyed gaze. The black man nodded his approval.

Daniel bent his penis down between her legs, thrusting and moving it around. Sarah continued staring at Amos's dark black penis as the black man slowly stroked it. She absentmindedly reached down, grabbed the end of Daniel's thin five inch penis and guided it between her folds. Daniel pushed it in.

"Grab her under the knees Danny boy and show her what a man you are."

Daniel cupped Sarah's knees and began thrusting in and out of her. He groaned in pleasure. He'd never felt anything so hot and wet before. It was like he belonged inside her.

Amos stepped closer, hand moving steady on his massive length. "That's better. Look at her, boy. Pretty white girl like this deserves to feel every inch." His breath grew rough. "She tight around that little thing?"

Daniel flushed but kept moving slow.

"It feels good," Sarah reassured him, slowly raising her hips into Daniel's thrusts, but her eyes were still glued to Amos' hand stroking his huge penis.

"Damn, girl," Amos growled low, voice rough. "Ain't seen a body like yours in a long time. That's a body built for sin."

Sarah flushed in embarrassment, but took a strange pleasure in Amos' compliment. Her body was supposed to be for her husband's eyes only, but now she was on full display for the black stranger and doing the most private intimate of acts.

Daniel thrust faster, breathing hard. "I'm... I'm getting close."

Amos kept stroking. "Slow down, boy. Give your woman a chance to get hers."

"It's too good," Daniel whimpered.

"Pull it out," Amos ordered. "Let it calm down."

Daniel yanked back just in time. His little penis jerked wildly in the open air and shot several thin, watery drops in Sarah's auburn pubic hair.

Sarah reached down and ran her fingers through the watery mess. Amos jerked faster, growling.



His hand flew up and down the thick black shaft. "Oh fuck..."

Thick ropes of semen erupted from the huge head, splattering across Sarah's stomach and breasts in heavy white strands. One long jet landed right across her small silver cross, engulfing the metal. Amos kept stroking, draining a few more heavy drops onto her skin.

Both Daniel and Sarah stared in shocked silence. Sarah's fingers moved through the thick, rich load on her breasts. It was so much thicker and creamier than Daniel's watery spurts.

Amos gave a last squeeze up the long shaft and let out a final squirt that would have overflowed a communion cup.. Sarah couldn't help noticing how much bigger his testicles were than Daniel's, full and heavy, hanging low.

Amos exhaled slowly. "Sorry about that," he said, voice calm. "Hadn't gotten off in a while."

He looked down at the naked couple on the bed, cum still glistening on Sarah's breasts and belly.

"Y'all lucky I'm here," he said. "Marriage ain't gonna last if you can't keep yo woman happy. I'm gonna teach you everything you need to know about sex."

Sarah lay there breathing hard, eyes wide, staring at the thick white ropes of semen splattered across her breasts and belly. The small silver cross between her heavy EE-cups was now coated in it. She reached down slowly, almost reverently, and rubbed two fingers through the warm, sticky load. It was so much thicker than Daniel's watery spurts, rich, heavy, almost creamy. She spread it across her skin in slow circles, feeling the warmth soak in, watching the way it glistened in the firelight.

"Sarah?" asked Daniel questioningly.



"I... I should clean up," she whispered, voice shaky. She looked down her sticky body at Daniel's penis resting on her pubic hair. It had softened and shriveled, barely more than two inches long now.

Daniel nodded, still flushed and embarrassed. He reached for the washcloth she had used after her bath earlier, the one still damp in the bathroom. "There's no running water left in the tub. Come on outside. The rain will cleanse the sin from you."

Sarah stood, completely naked, and walked toward the door. Daniel held the towel open, moving beside her to block Amos' view of his nude wife. Daniel stayed on the porch in just his sweatpants, holding the washcloth out to her. The rain was warm and steady. She stepped off the porch into the downpour.

The water hit her instantly, streaming over her breasts, running in rivulets down her belly, washing away the thick semen in long white streaks. She tilted her head back, letting it soak her hair, her hands moving over her skin to rub the last traces off. They glided over her breasts, her nipples still hard and

sensitive. Sarah felt strangely alive.

Daniel watched from the covered porch, rain dripping from the eaves.



A deep voice behind him made him jump.

“Gonna need water until the power comes on.”

Amos stepped out onto the porch completely naked. His huge black penis swung heavily between his thick thighs, slapping from one leg to the other with every step. In one hand he carried a large soup pot, in the other he dragged a large plastic trashcan. Rain glistened on his bald head and carved muscles.

He walked straight into the yard and set the pot and trashcan down in the open. The rain began filling them immediately. Then he turned and stood there, openly staring at Sarah as she washed.

Lightning flashed.

For one bright second their bodies were lit up — Sarah’s pale, heavy-breasted figure glistening under the rain, water running over her nipples and down the curve of her hips; Amos’ dark, muscular frame towering beside her, massive cock hanging thick and heavy.

Sarah’s eyes met his. She didn’t look away. Amos’s gaze moved slowly from her breasts, down her belly, lingering on the dark curls between her thighs, then back up again. He didn’t hide it. He didn’t rush. He just looked.

Another flash of lightning.

Amos finally turned without a word and walked back inside, his heavy cock swinging with each step.

Daniel stood frozen on the porch. He found his eyes glued hypnotically to the black man’s penis, swinging from thigh to thigh. Sarah stayed in the rain a moment longer, breathing hard, then stepped back under the overhang. Daniel handed her the towel. She dried off quickly, skin still tingling, wrapped the towel around her body, and slipped back into the cabin.

Amos was already snoring softly on the recliner, blanket pulled low over his waist.

Sarah dropped the towel and climbed naked into bed beside Daniel. She pulled the covers over them both, her body felt warm despite the cold rain and something else she didn’t want to name yet.

Morning came gray and wet with steady rain drumming on the tin roof. They woke to Amos standing over the bed, towering in the dim light. He had pulled on a gray tank top and loose boxers, but the huge outline of his cock was impossible to miss — thick and heavy, pushing the thin fabric outward in an obscene bulge that stretched the material tight.

Sarah stirred first. Amos leaned down close to her ear, his deep voice barely above a whisper.

“Best way to wake your man up is with a morning blow job,” he murmured. “Go on. Give it to him right.”

Sarah clutched the quilt tight to her chest, eyes wide. This felt wrong. Dirty. Not something a good Christian wife should ever do in the light of day.

Amos didn't wait. He reached down and slowly pulled the quilt back, exposing her naked body. His dark eyes ran deliberately down her form, lingering on her heavy EE-cup breasts, the curve of her waist, the dark auburn curls between her thighs, before he nodded toward Daniel.

Daniel was already half-awake, his thin morning erection tenting the sheet.



Sarah's breath caught, but she didn't pull the quilt back up. She glanced at her husband, then slid down under the covers. Daniel's penis was right there in front of her face for the first time in clear morning light. Up close it looked even smaller than she remembered — no thicker than a small carrot, the grape-sized glans shiny and flushed dark pink. His testicles were tiny, no bigger than walnuts, drawn up tight against his body.

She wrapped her fingers around the slender shaft — her hand easily covered most of it — and brought her lips to the head. Daniel groaned the moment her warm mouth closed over him. Sarah sucked gently, tongue swirling underneath. She took more of him, cheeks hollowing, working slowly up and down the short length.

Daniel's hips twitched. Less than a minute later he pulsed hard. Only a few thin drops landed right on her tongue, watery, slightly salty, and strangely bitter.

Sarah pulled off quickly, face twisting in disgust. The taste was awful — sharp and sour, like something spoiled. She fought the urge to spit it out, swallowing with a visible shudder. “It's... really bad,” she whispered, wiping her mouth. “Like... sour milk mixed with metal. I don't like it at all.”

Daniel panted, eyes half-lidded. “I liked it... a lot.”

She wiped her lips again, still grimacing. “If we do it again... don't finish in my mouth, okay?”

Amos stood watching the whole time, the massive bulge in his boxers even more obvious now.

He shook his head slowly. “You'd better learn to last longer than that, boy,” he said, voice low but firm. “A woman like her needs more than a few quick strokes and a couple drops. You keep finishing that fast and you'll never satisfy your wife.”

Daniel stood by the door pulling on his jacket. "I'm gonna drive down the mountain a ways," he said. "The radio in the car might pick up a signal lower down. See if I can catch a weather report."

He glanced at Amos, who was still lounging in the recliner in his tank top and boxers, just staring at the glow from the woodstove. "You want to come with me? Might be safer if we both go."

Amos shook his head, stretching his thick arms behind his head. "I'm good right here. My clothes haven't even dried yet." Daniel hesitated, not sure he wanted to leave Sarah alone with the strange black man, especially after last night. He nodded. "Alright. I won't be long." He gave one last worried glance at his wife before leaving. The door closed behind him. The sound of the Ford's engine faded down the muddy track.

The cabin felt suddenly smaller.

Sarah sat on the edge of the bed with her earbuds in. The worship playlist she kept on repeat was playing softly. "Here I Am to Worship" drifting through her head like a lifeline. Amos' booming voice sounded over the song.

"Sarah, Come here."

She pulled one earbud out. "What's that Mr. Mosley?"

"Come over to the recliner, Sarah," he said quietly. "I have some concerns about your marriage." He put the footrest down in the recliner and sat up.

She stood and walked barefoot over to him. She had on the same pajama pants and tank top from yesterday, a sexy outfit that was supposed to be for Daniel's eyes only. "Concerns, Mr. Mosley?"

"Yes, your oral technique... it was raw... inexperienced." Amos shook his head. "Quite frankly, it was sad."

"Well, it was my first time, Mr. Mosley." She felt a little miffed. She felt she'd done a good job.

"You should have been sucking him long before you got married, girl. Ya gotta know how to please your man if you want to have a happy marriage. Girl, you need to practice."

Sarah's face crinkled as she remembered the horrible taste of her husband's seed, but she understood. "I will, Mr. Mosley. I promise, I'll practice."

"That's what I want to hear," he said, raising his hips and pushing his boxers down.

"Mr. Mosley!" she cried, staring wide-eyed at his giant black penis as it fell out of the boxers. It was a plump floppy monster nearly ten inches long and already swelling and extending. The head started rising slightly. "What are you doing?"

"You gonna practice on me, Sarah. You get good at sucking my big ole black snake and Danny boy will be a piece of cake."



Sarah's cheeks burned. "Mr. Mosley... I don't know if—" Her eyes were glued to the black man's crotch.

"You want to be a good wife, don't you?"

She swallowed and nodded.

"Then get down there and get to practicing."

Amos sat spread his thighs. His huge black cock, twelve thick inches of heavy, veined meat had swelled and slapped against his abs before settling.

Sarah stared. "It's... so big," she whispered. Her knees were shaking and weak, she fell on her knees and moved forward between his legs. "Your penis... It's so much bigger than Daniel's." She felt her nipples pulling out, hardening, poking through the halter top.

Amos saw the phone still in her hand. "Give me the phone girl." She lifted it up to him. He opened the camera, slid it to video, and started recording. "I don't have a penis, Sarah. I got a cock. A big black cock. And I'm starting to think your body was built for cocks like mine, not little white penises. But I'll do my best to train your husband so he can at least try to keep up. I'm gonna record this for training purposes. You understand?"

Sarah nodded. "Yes, sir."

"You'll watch it later, so you can see exactly what you're doing right and what needs work. Understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Mosley." She sat up on her knees bracing herself on his thighs, staring at his penis... his cock, his big black cock.

"What are you waiting for?" He held the phone steady, filming her face.

Sarah knelt between his legs. She reached out and slid her hand along the thick black shaft, grabbing it near the base and pulling it up. Mr. Mosley's cock was so different from Daniel's thin white penis. She could feel the heat and throbbing of his pulse. Her fingers didn't even meet, the shaft was so thick. She pulled it up, so that it rose straight up from his crotch. The song still played faintly in her remaining earbud — *Here I am to worship... Here I am to bow down...*

Sarah slid her hand up the shaft, to the head. He was so hard, unbendable, the head was swollen and at least as big as a small apple. He'd called it a black snake, a snake presenting her with an apple... the forbidden fruit.

For God doth know that on the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened!

“Lick the crown first. Nice and slow. Then take it in your mouth.”

She leaned in and ran her tongue around the fat, plum-sized head. It was warm and smooth. She opened her mouth wider and took the head inside, lips stretching tight around it. Her tongue swirled underneath as she began to bob, taking more each time. The fat bulbous head filled her mouth.

“Relax your throat,” Amos instructed, voice low but steady while he kept filming. “Use your hands on the shaft. Stroke what you can’t fit.”

She obeyed, wrapping both hands around the thick base and stroking in rhythm with her mouth. She managed almost four inches before her throat tightened. Saliva ran down the veined shaft as she sucked harder, cheeks hollowing. She fought not to choke as the thing pushed down her throat.

Amos’s free hand rested on the back of her head, guiding but not forcing. “That’s it. Worship that big black cock, white girl.”

The words hit her at the exact moment the song swelled in her ear: *Here I am to worship...*



Sarah moaned around him. Her vagina was dribbling, soaking her panties. She felt encouraged, taking six inches in her mouth, pulling up nearly to the head. She pulled off just long enough to whisper, “Please don’t cum in my mouth, Mr. Mosley.” Just the thought of that horrible taste on her tongue again, combined with Mr. Mosley’s large volume made her stomach turn.

“Take your top off then,” he said. “If you don’t want a mess.”

Sarah quickly peeled the half-tee over her head. Her heavy EE-cup breasts spilled free, swaying heavily. Amos held the phone steady staring at his black cock superimposed over her white tit flesh. “Now use those big white titties, gurl.”

She looked confused for a second.



“Squeeze them around my black cock and bounce them while you suck the head.”

Sarah pressed her soft, heavy breasts together around the thick shaft and began sliding them up and down while her mouth worked the fat crown. Amos groaned louder, his black hand reached, squeezing her pale white flesh, fingers rolling her pink nipple as he filmed every second.

Sarah’s head bobbed faster. She was lost in it now, the weight on her tongue, the rich taste, the way her breasts jiggled around his shaft. Amos’s breathing grew rough.

“Here it comes, baby girl. Don’t stop.”



Sarah braced herself. Sweet Jesus, but his cock felt even bigger and harder than it had a minute ago. She was about to pull off, when he pinched her nipple so hard, it hurt slightly, her mouth opening wide. The first powerful spurt exploded across her tongue thick, hot, and surprisingly rich. She clamped her lips back down around the head. Then another hot blast of ejaculate, another, and another. Heavy mouthfuls flooded her mouth. She swallowed instinctively, gulping down the warm, creamy load. It didn’t taste bad at all. It was warmer, richer, almost addictive. She moaned and kept sucking, squeezing her breasts tighter, milking out every last drop until Amos finally sighed and relaxed.

She sat up, his cock slapping back down on the muscular ridges of his abdomen. “Did I do good, Mr. Mosley?” she asked, eagerly, her tongue flickered out to lick his seed off her lips.

“Baby girl, you did great,” he sighed, staring at her in the viewfinder. Strands of semen had run down her chin and pools of white cum dotted her upper breasts, some drops starting to slide down towards her hard pointy nipples. He stopped the recording and gave her the phone back. “Now watch that video several times,” he told her. “Study it. Learn how to take a real cock properly and little Danny boy will be a piece of cake.”

Sarah sat back on her heels, lips shiny, breathing hard, the taste of him still on her tongue. She smiled contentedly.



Daniel sat in the idling Ford, staring at the massive pine tree that had fallen across the road, completely blocking the way down. The radio crackled loudly in the quiet car:

“...thousands still without power across the northern counties... storm system remains stalled over the mountain... power crews were pulled back earlier due to dangerous conditions but are now back on the roads...”

He gripped the steering wheel tighter; eyes fixed on the fallen tree trapping them on the mountain. If worst came to worst, he'd have to hike down the rest of the way until he got cell service.

He didn't want to leave Sarah alone with Mr. Mosley for too long, so he backed the car up and headed back towards the cabin.

They ate a simple supper before the sun went down, canned soup and crackers. Sarah only picked at hers. Her stomach still felt strangely full from the thick, heavy load Amos had given her earlier. Every swallow reminded her of the warm, rich taste that had coated her tongue and slid down her throat. She ate just enough to be polite, then pushed the bowl away. Amos happily slid her bowl in front of him and finished her soup.

After dinner the three of them sat around the small table and played cards by the glow of the oil lamp. Amos was surprisingly good at rummy. He won most hands, chuckling low when he laid down winning sets. Daniel tried to stay focused, but his eyes kept drifting to the way Amos's tank top stretched across his massive chest. Sarah kept stealing glances too, her thighs pressing together under the table.



The rain picked up again, turning colder to the point it started sleeting. Wind howled around the cabin. Amos stood and added several thick logs to the woodstove. The stack of logs was dwindling. The fire roared higher, filling the room with welcome heat. With no power and the storm still raging, they decided to turn in shortly after sunset.

Sarah slipped into the bathroom first. She sat on the toilet, phone in hand, and opened the video Amos had recorded. The moment it started playing she felt a rush of heat between her legs.

That was her on her knees, lips stretched wide around Mr. Mosley's enormous black cock. The camera caught every detail: the way her cheeks hollowed, the thick veins pulsing against her tongue, the heavy shaft disappearing deeper into her mouth. She watched herself bob faster, breasts swaying, hands stroking what she couldn't swallow. Her own muffled moans came through the tiny speaker. She looked like a whore... a slut. Her arousal ran down her thighs.

She squirmed on the toilet seat. Her free hand slid down between her thighs. Two fingers found her slick folds and began circling her clit as she replayed the video a second time. Her breathing grew ragged. She bit her lip to stay quiet, eyes glued to the screen as she watched herself worship that big black cock, fingering herself felt good, better than Daniel's penis, but she wasn't skilled enough to bring herself off.

When she finally stepped out, she was flushed and breathing hard. She dropped the towel and climbed naked into bed beside Daniel, pressing her warm body against him. Her hand slid down his stomach and wrapped around his thin penis, she wanted it, she needed it.

Amos rose from the recliner wearing only his boxers after glimpsing her nude body. The huge bulge was already tenting the front, the thick head clearly outlined against the fabric. He turned up both oil lamps so the room glowed brighter, startling the young couple.

"I got another lesson for you two tonight," he said calmly.

Daniel stiffened. "Thanks, Mr. Mosley, but... I think Sarah and I can wait until you leave to... renew our honeymoon."

Sarah's hand tightened around Daniel's skinny penis. She was still aching from the video. "No, Daniel," she whispered, voice husky. She tugged his prick several times to let him know what she wanted. "We should listen to Mr. Mosley."

Amos's cock twitched visibly in his boxers as he stepped closer. "Get on your hands and knees, Sarah. I'm gonna teach Danny boy how to fuck his wife doggy style."

Daniel corrected him quietly. "It's Daniel."

He did sit up and knelt behind Sarah as she got into position on all fours. Sarah hesitated. "It feels... demeaning."

Daniel nodded. "I want to see her face."

Amos shrugged. "Try it once. Trust me. He'll feel bigger from this angle."

"Ah, that sounds great," she said, changing her mind.

Daniel stared down. The sight of her from this angle, her pink slit glistening with desire for him, tight little anus winking above it, made his penis throb with desire. He pushed forward, but fumbled, the head slipping against her wetness.

Amos grabbed Sarah's phone off the nightstand and started recording. "It's right there, Danny boy. That white pussy is drooling in anticipation."

"It's Daniel... are you filming this?"

"Sure am. Videos are good learning tools."

"It's okay, honey," said Sarah. "Let him record."

“Well okay, I guess.” Daniel finally found her hole, feeling a little smug as he finally got it inside her without her help. He sighed as he pushed inside. “God, it’s so hot and wet.” Amos moved in close, filming a tight close-up of the thin white shaft sliding into her.

“Keep it slow,” Amos instructed. “Don’t leave her hanging again.”

Sarah moaned softly. “I like it like this... you do feel bigger from this angle, Daniel.”

Amos circled around to the side, filming her heavy breasts hanging down, swinging slowly with each thrust. Her erect nipples nearly scraped the mattress with every movement.

“Pace yourself,” Amos repeated. “Slow and deep.”



Daniel looked over and gulped. Amos had bent down and was pushing his boxers down. His huge black cock sprang up, rock-hard and throbbing. The sight made Daniel feel small and intimidated. His own penis started to soften. Panicking, he thrust faster to stay hard.

Amos walked along the bed and recorded Sarah’s facial expressions. Her eyes were closed, lips parted in pleasure. He tapped the fat head of his cock against her lips. She opened her mouth without hesitation and sucked the crown inside, moaning

around it while Amos filmed.

Daniel’s voice cracked. “Sarah... are you sucking his penis?”

She pulled off just long enough to answer, eyes glassy. “No... I’m sucking Mr. Mosley’s cock.”

He wanted to object, but he felt his balls beginning to ache. Daniel started groaning, face clenching. “I’m getting close...”

Amos pushed Daniel’s chest firmly. His thin penis sprang free and spewed a small spoon’s worth of runny semen across Sarah’s anus and lower back.

Amos shook his head. “Not yet, boy. Your wife ain’t got hers.”

Sarah whimpered in frustration. “I was starting to feel something...”

Amos shoved Daniel aside with one firm but gentle hand and knelt behind Sarah. The phone was already recording in his other hand, the red-light steady.

Daniel sat back on his heels, breathing hard, his thin penis still twitching from his premature finish.

Amos lined up the fat, plum-sized head of his cock against Sarah’s slick pink lips. He pressed forward slowly, letting the camera catch every detail as the thick black glans spread her delicate

folds open. Sarah's pussy stretched wide around the massive head, the lips clinging and fluttering as they tried to accommodate him.

"See, Danny boy?" Amos said calmly, voice low and instructional. "That's how it's done. First try."

He worked the head in and out with short, patient strokes, letting her adjust. Inch by thick inch he fed more of the heavy shaft into her. Sarah's mouth fell open. Soft, helpless noises spilled out of her.

"Oh... oh God... it's stretching me so much," she mumbled, voice trembling. "I feel so full... so full already..."

Daniel's face twisted. "You can't... you can't make love to my wife."

Amos didn't even look at him. "I ain't makin' love to her, boy. I'm gonna fuck her. And I'm doin' you a favor. Gonna stretch her out and open her up so you don't cum so quick next time."

Sarah's eyes were half-lidded, cheeks flushed. "It... it sounds like a good idea," she whispered, almost dreamily.

Amos handed the phone over too Daniel, "Keep filming."

Daniel raised the phone gasping at the sight of the huge muscular tattooed black man grabbing his wife's hips and pulling her back into his huge cock. He could only imagine what watching a porn would be like.



Amos kept feeding her more cock, slow and steady, until he was halfway buried. Sarah came hard once, then again, body shaking. Amos slapped her firm ass, once, twice. Sarah squealed in surprise.

“Keep doing that,” she breathed.

“What?”

“That. Keep doing that.”

“What—fucking you?”

“Yes... keep fucking me.”

“That’s it, white girl. Milk that black dick. Work that fine ass.”

“Oh yeah! Fuck me! Fuck me, Amos!”

“Fuck you with what, white girl?”

“Your dick... your big dick.”

“My big black cock.”

“Yes! God yes, fuck me with your big black cock!”

Amos drove deeper. Sarah came again, harder this time, her heavy breasts swinging beneath her, nipples brushing the quilt. He kept pushing until his heavy balls finally rested against her. He was balls-deep, every thick inch buried inside her.



He gave her ass another firm, loud smack. The pale cheek rippled.

“Talk to me, girl. Tell me what you want.”

Sarah’s voice came out shaky and desperate. “Fuck me... please fuck me, Mr. Mosley.”

Amos looked down and noticed the small, watery pool of Daniel’s cum still glistening on her tight little anus. He smirked.

“Watch this, Danny boy. They always object at first... but they love it.”

He grabbed one firm pale ass cheek, spreading her open. His thick thumb pressed against her puckered rosebud. Sarah’s eyes flew wide.

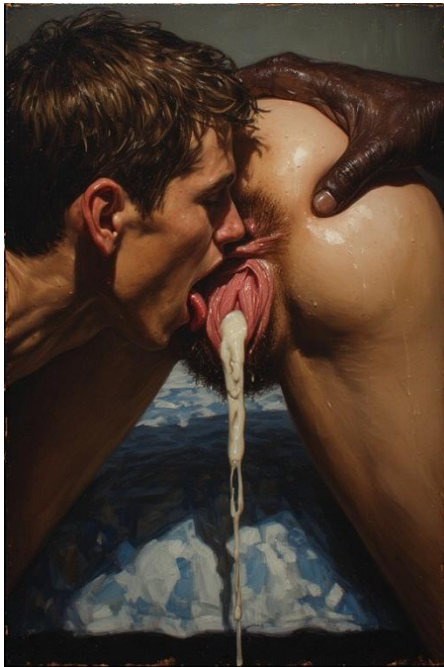
“Wait, Mr. Mosley! What are you doing? Not my rear end!”

Daniel’s camera caught the exact moment her tight pink anus stretched around the invading thumb. Sarah screamed, a raw, shocked sound that had her arching her back as she had an

earth-shattering orgasm. Her whole body convulsed, humping back frantically onto both the massive cock in her pussy and the thick thumb in her ass.

Amos chuckled, fucking her at an incredible pace, long, powerful strokes that made her heavy breasts swing wildly. Daniel was impressed by the man's stamina. The wet sounds of her stretched pussy filled the cabin. He drove deep one final time, held himself there, and started flooding her fertile womb with thick, heavy ropes of his potent seed.

Sarah's eyes rolled back. A knockout orgasm crashed through her so hard her arms gave out. She collapsed forward onto the mattress, ass still raised, body shaking violently as Amos pumped load after load deep inside her.



Daniel's voice cracked. "I haven't even cum in her yet! What if you get her pregnant?"

Amos pulled his thumb free with a wet pop, then slowly withdrew his still-hard cock. Thick white cum immediately began leaking from her stretched pussy. Amazingly, his cock was still cumming, bucking up several times and shooting several long strands of semen across her back. He reached out as he moved back, grabbed Daniel by the back of the neck and pushed his face down between Sarah's trembling thighs.

"Better clean her out then, Danny boy." Amos yanked the phone out of Daniel's hand, raising it back up to capture the white boy eating his cream pie.

Daniel tried to pull back, but Amos held him firm. The camera kept recording as Daniel's tongue hesitantly licked at the thick white cream pouring from his wife. He lapped at her swollen lips, tongue sliding along her slit, then pushed inside, wiggling and probing deeper to scoop out the heavy load. Sarah moaned loudly, another orgasm rolling through her. Her pussy clenched, pushing even more of Amos's thick seed straight into Daniel's mouth.

Amos laughed low. "Look at that. You made her cum. We finally found something you're good at, Danny boy."

Daniel gulped it down, coughing and sputtering, while Amos filmed every second.

"That should do it," Amos said calmly. "She should be safe now."

But Sarah lay there with her eyes half-closed, a satisfied little smile on her lips. Deep inside she could still feel what felt like a warm gallon of Mr. Mosley's thick semen sloshing around in her womb, radiating a deep, contented heat through her entire body.

Sarah woke at dawn, still completely nude under the quilt. Soft gray light filtered through the windows, and a light rain continued to patter steadily on the tin roof. She lay there for a moment, feeling the warmth of Daniel's body curled against her back.

She pulled the quilt down slowly and looked at her sleeping husband. His thin, pale body was exposed, narrow chest, soft stomach, no real muscle. His morning erection stood up from his groin, small and rigid, only five inches long, twitching with his pulse. She stared at it for a long moment. It looked so delicate, almost fragile in the morning light.

The best way to wake your man up is with a morning blowjob, Mr. Mosley had said.

Sarah reached out and lifted Daniel's penis gently with two fingers. It felt so small in her hand now, so different from what she had held last night. She let it go carefully, watching it bob once before settling. Then she slipped out of bed without waking him, moving silently across the wooden floor.

Amos was still reclining in the chair, snoring softly. The blanket had slipped down to his waist. Sarah stood over him for a second, heart beating faster. She reached down and lifted the blanket.

His morning erection was impossible to miss, a thick, heavy club of black flesh pushing up against the front of his boxers, the fat head already peeking out from the waistband. She slipped her fingers inside the boxers and wrapped them around the hot, pulsing shaft. It was already rock-hard and throbbing. She tugged gently, pulling his boxers down as she worked the massive cock free.

Amos's eyes opened. The beautiful nude white woman was leaning over the chair, tongue flickering out to lick around the swollen glans of his cock. He reached down and grabbed the lever pulling the foot rest down. Sarah slid around and kneeled between his thighs, holding his cock erect. He looked down at her kneeling between his spread thighs, her small white hand struggling to hold his enormous black cock.



Sarah pressed a finger to her lips. “Shhh...”

Sarah leaned forward, took the thick head between her lips, and began sucking him with genuine hunger. This time there was no hesitation. She truly worshiped his big black cock, licking the heavy veins, swirling her tongue around the fat crown, taking as much as she could down her throat. Her head bobbed steadily, cheeks hollowing, soft wet sounds filling the quiet cabin.

Amos groaned low and reached down, grabbing the back of her head with one big hand. He guided her rhythm, pushing her deeper, feeding her more of his thick shaft. Sarah moaned around him, eyes watering but never stopping. She craved the taste now, that rich, warm, creamy flavor that was so much better than Daniel’s. Her hands worked hard on the thick shaft, jerking what she wasn’t swallowing. Her ministrations began to have an effect, swelling his cock even larger.

When he came, it was with a deep grunt. Heavy, powerful spurts flooded her mouth, thick ropes that filled her completely. She swallowed greedily, gulping down mouthful after mouthful,

refusing to let a single drop escape. She kept sucking even after he finished, milking the last drops from the throbbing head, licking and kissing the fat crown in gratitude.

Amos finally released her hair. Sarah sat back on her heels, lips shiny, a satisfied little smile on her face. She gave his cock one last soft kiss, then quietly stood and slipped back into bed beside her still-sleeping husband.

The afternoon passed slowly. The three of them pattered around the cabin, trying to stay warm as the rain continued to fall. Most of the firewood Daniel had brought in was damp, and the pile was shrinking fast. Amos added the last dry logs to the stove and shook his head.

“This fire’s gonna be out by nightfall,” he said, voice low. “Should’ve brought more wood in when you first got here, Danny boy.”

Daniel flushed but said nothing.

After a light lunch, their last warm meal for a while, Sarah put her earbuds back in and sat on the bed, listening to her worship music again. Amos watched her for a moment, then looked at Daniel.

“I got an idea for some bedroom entertainment,” he said.

Daniel shifted uncomfortably. “I don’t know, Mr. Mosley...”

Amos waved a hand. “Relax. We’ll have Sarah do a little strip tease for us. That’s all.”

Daniel glanced at his wife. “All we have on our phones is worship music.”

Sarah pulled one earbud out. “I don’t really know how to dance,” she admitted. “I just... sway my hips when I’m worshipping.”

Amos smiled. “That’s perfect. We’ll make it work.”

He was already in his boxers. Daniel wore only sweatpants. Sarah stood up, still in her pajama bottoms and half-tee, looking nervous but curious.

“I’ll try,” she said softly.

Amos took Daniel’s phone and selected “God’s Plan” by Drake. The beat started low and steady. He took Sarah’s phone, starting the video recorder. “I’ll film it so you can watch yourself later.”

Sarah stood in the middle of the room, hands raised toward the ceiling like she was in church, eyes closed. She began to sway gently to the rhythm, hips moving side to side in that familiar worshipful motion. The song built slowly.

Amos’s voice cut in, calm but commanding. “Feel the rhythm, Sarah. Feel the music in your body. Pull your top off.”



Sarah hesitated only a second, then reached down and peeled the half-tee over her head. Her large, ripe teenage breasts sprang free, heavy and full, swaying with the movement. Her nipples were already tight from the cool air.

Amos kept filming. "Good girl. Now shake them for Daniel."

Sarah turned toward her husband and shook her shoulders. Her heavy breasts bounced and jiggled right in front of his face. Daniel's eyes were wide, his thin penis already tenting his sweatpants.

"Turn around," Amos ordered. "Bounce that ass in his lap."

Sarah turned, backed up, and lowered herself onto Daniel's lap. She began to twerk slowly, her round, pale ass cheeks clapping softly against his thighs. Daniel groaned, hands hovering but not quite touching.

Amos's voice grew deeper. "Now bend over and slide those pajama bottoms down. Nice and slow."

Sarah bent at the waist; ass pointed toward both men. She hooked her thumbs in the waistband and slid the bottoms down her long legs, revealing her firm ass and the pink, glistening slit between her thighs.

"Slap your ass once," Amos said, still filming.

Sarah reached back and gave her right cheek a firm smack. The sound echoed in the cabin. Her ass rippled beautifully.

Amos nodded. "Now get over there and twerk on Danny boy's little prick."

Sarah backed up until she was straddling Daniel. She pushed her crotch back against the thin bulge straining Daniel's sweatpant. She began to twerk on him, her ass bouncing, her wet pussy lips pressing into his bulge. Daniel bucked upward with a groan, thrusting desperately. Only a few seconds later he cried out and came. A wet spot appeared on the crotch of his sweats and started spreading. Daniel flushed with embarrassment.

Amos shook his head. "Now do me."

He aimed his massive black cock downward. Sarah backed into him and made her rear end jiggle. "Oh!" she said, surprised as Mosley slapped his hard cock against her ass.

"Spread them legs," he ordered. "Now back up."



Sarah backed up in to Mr. Mosley's huge cock, feeling it push between her thighs. She gazed down between her breasts, watching as the plump head emerged just below the wispy curls of her reddish-brown pubic hair. "Oh my," she gasped, sinking down onto the shaft and sliding her wet vagina along it.

"That's it, baby girl," grunted Amos. "Work that pole like a good stripper."

Sarah threw her head back, moaning. "Hmmm, I like your cock, Mr. Mosley," she muttered.

"I know ya do, baby girl," he laughed. "I know ya do." He grabbed her hips and pulled her back along his shaft then pushed forward. "That white pussy is drooling over my cock," Her vagina was leaking profusely, his cock had turned slick and wet. He pushed her far enough, the head of his dick was pressing against her folds, pulling her down just as

he pushed up.

"Yes," she gasped, as the thick head speared her open. Amos grabbed her hips and pulled her down into his lap, burying himself deep. He kept filming for a moment, then tossed the phone to Daniel.

"Keep recording."

Daniel caught it with trembling hands and kept the camera rolling.

Amos reached around and squeezed Sarah's heavy breasts, rolling her nipples between his thick fingers while she bounced up and down on his cock. She came hard within the first minute, then again, and again, each orgasm stronger than the last. Her moans filled the cabin as her big tits bounced wildly in Amos's hands.

When Amos finally came, he held her down tight and flooded her pussy with thick, heavy ropes of his seed. Sarah screamed through her biggest orgasm yet, body shaking violently.

Daniel's voice cracked. "You came in her again..."

Amos pulled out slowly, a thick stream of cum already leaking from Sarah's stretched hole. He looked at Daniel. "You know what to do."



Daniel knelt between Amos's legs. Amos lifted Sarah off his cock and lowered her dripping pussy directly onto Daniel's mouth. Thick white semen poured out immediately. Daniel licked frantically, tongue lapping at her swollen lips and wiggling inside her to scoop out the heavy load. Sarah moaned loudly, another orgasm rolling through her, pushing even more of Amos's cum straight into Daniel's mouth.

Daniel gulped it down, coughing, while Amos watched with a satisfied grin.

"I think I need a nap," said Sarah, walking weekly to the bed. Sarah lay back on the bed, breathing hard, a satisfied warmth radiating through her body. Deep inside she could still feel the thick load of Mr. Mosley's semen sloshing around in her womb.

Later, they filled the tub with water they had collected and heated on the stove so Sarah could take a proper bath. She lay back in the warm

water, completely nude, phone in hand, watching the video of herself riding Amos. Her free hand slipped between her thighs. She fingered herself slowly at first, then faster, until she came again with a soft cry, biting her lip so Daniel wouldn't hear from the other room.

That evening the men washed up before bed. Amos found an old hunting coat and some clothes in the closet that belonged to Pastor Reynolds. They looked like they would fit him well enough.

As the sun set, the last of the fire in the stove began to die. The oven went out too. No more hot food or hot water for the night.

The fire in the woodstove had burned low. The cabin grew colder as the storm continued to howl outside. Amos stood up, stretched his massive arms, and looked at the young couple huddled under the quilt.

"Temp's dropping fast," he said. "Y'all should share the bed with me tonight. Body heat's the only thing gonna keep us warm till morning." He spread his quilt across the bed on top of their quilt.

Daniel stiffened. "We're fine..."

Amos cut him off with a look. "Ain't asking, Danny boy. Scoot yo ass over to the other side. Sarah can keep warm between us." He leaned forward and slid his boxers down freeing the black monstrosity between his legs.

Sarah stared at it and didn't argue. She simply slid over, making room for Amos. The black man climbed in on the other side, his huge body radiating heat. The three of them lay there in the flickering firelight, the quilt pulled over all of them.

Daniel turned toward Sarah, spooning her from behind. His thin penis was already hard again, pressed against the soft curve of her ass. He reached down, guided himself between her thighs, and pushed. The head slipped along her wet slit, peeking out from the front of her thighs. He thought he was inside her.

"I did it," he whispered against her ear, voice trembling with pride. "I got it in."

"Are you sure?" she whispered back, voice husky. Sarah glanced down. She could see the head of his little penis poking out between her legs, rubbing along her outer lips but not inside her at all. The wet heat between her legs must have fooled him. She didn't have the heart to correct him.

Daniel started thrusting from behind, sliding his thin shaft between her slick thighs. He groaned softly, believing he was buried inside his wife. Sarah stared across the bed at Amos the entire time. The black man lay on his side watching them. Her hand slid over under the covers, wrapping around his shaft, tugging it gently, but it was already hard.

Daniel's hand reached around and played with one of Sarah's heavy breasts, rolling her nipple. She moaned softly, tugging Mosley's huge cock even faster.

Daniel's breathing grew ragged. "I'm... I'm gonna cum..."

He bucked hard and squirted between her thighs — thin, watery jets coating her inner legs and dripping onto the sheet.

Amos shook his head. "That ain't good enough, boy. You gotta take care of your woman. Get up here, girl." He threw the quilt back and rolled on his back, holding his cock up.

Sarah didn't hesitate. She climbed over Daniel and straddled Amos's waist. She pressed her wet pussy down along the thick length of his cock, sliding her slick lips up and down the heavy shaft, grinding the fat head against her clit.

Daniel sat up. "Sarah, wait... not again."

She looked back at him, eyes glassy with need. "Please Danny... Let Mr. Mosley put it in me one more time? Please?"

Amos didn't wait for permission. He reached down, aimed his enormous black cock at her dripping entrance, and pulled her down. Sarah gasped sharply as the thick head forced her open, stretching her wide. She sank lower, taking inch after thick inch until she was fully impaled.

"Oh God..." she moaned, eyes rolling back. "It's so deep..."

Amos started sucking on her swinging breasts, pulling one fat nipple into his mouth while he told Daniel, "Watch my technique, boy. This is how you please a woman."



Sarah's white hands pressed against Amos's dark, muscular chest as she began to ride him. The contrast made her even wetter. She stared down at her pale fingers spread across his black skin and felt a dirty thrill run through her.

Daniel's penis hardened again as he watched his wife bounce on the huge black cock. Amos looked over at him.

"Kneel behind her and put it in her ass."

Daniel's voice cracked. "But that's sodomy..."

Amos chuckled. "Just do it, boy. Your skinny little white dick is good for butt-fucking and little else."

Daniel moved behind Sarah. He pressed the head of his thin penis against her tight rosebud and pushed. She gasped as he slid inside her ass. The sensation of being filled in both holes at once made her cry out. She came instantly, clenching around both cocks.



She leaned forward and kissed Amos for the first time, a deep, hungry kiss, tongues sliding as she rode him harder. Daniel thrust into her ass in time with her movements, pushing forward and squirting a weak load of semen down her rectum. He held it buried even as it softened. Sarah came again and again, moaning into Amos's mouth.

When Amos finally flooded her womb with another massive load, Sarah screamed through the strongest orgasm yet. She rolled off him, panting, cum leaking from her stretched pussy almost immediately.

Daniel immediately knelt between her thighs and began licking her clean, tongue lapping at her swollen lips and wiggling deep inside to scoop out the thick seed. Sarah

moaned and came one last time, flooding his mouth with Amos's cum mixed with her own juices, a similar moan growing in the back of Daniel's throat.

She lay back, eyes half-closed, and whispered dreamily, "I wish we'd filmed that..."



Later that night, Daniel woke to the bed bucking hard. Amos was on top of Sarah in full missionary, fucking her with deep, powerful strokes. They were kissing passionately, her legs wrapped tight around his waist, matching him thrust for thrust. Sarah's moans were muffled against his mouth as she came hard again. Amos groaned and flooded her womb with yet another heavy load, kissing her long after he had finished before pulling out.

Daniel thought he should probably lick her out again... but his jaw was still sore from earlier. He closed his eyes and fell back asleep.

Daniel woke slowly to the wet, rhythmic sounds of sucking.

He opened his eyes at dawn and froze.



Sarah was at the foot of the bed on her knees, completely naked, her head bobbing steadily up and down Amos's huge black cock. The massive shaft glistened with her saliva as she took more of it than Daniel would have believed possible, almost ten full inches sliding between her stretched lips on every downward stroke. Her cheeks hollowed, her throat worked visibly, and soft, hungry little moans vibrated around the thick meat filling her mouth.

Amos lay back on the bed with his legs spread, one big hand resting lightly on the back of Sarah's head, guiding her rhythm without forcing her. His heavy balls rested against her chin each time she took him deep.

Daniel watched in stunned silence as Sarah pulled up until only the fat crown remained in her mouth, then plunged down again, swallowing even more. Her throat bulged. She held herself there, eyes watering but determined, before sliding back up with a wet gasp for air.

Amos groaned. "That's it, baby girl... take every inch of that nigga cock."

Sarah dove back down eagerly. Amos's hips lifted slightly and he began to cum. Sarah's eyes fluttered but she never pulled away. She swallowed greedily as thick, heavy ropes flooded her mouth, one mouthful, then another, then a third. Daniel could see her throat working visibly as she gulped it all down without spilling a drop.

When Amos finally finished, Sarah slowly pulled off, lips shiny and swollen. She licked them clean, then looked straight at Daniel with a soft, satisfied smile, resting her cheek against the large black rod.

"I thought you hated the taste," Daniel whispered, voice hoarse.

Sarah licked her lips again, savoring the last traces. "Mr. Mosley's semen tastes great," she said simply. "Well... you know that."

Daniel flushed bright red, remembering the thick, rich load he had been forced to swallow the night before. He looked away, but couldn't deny it. "Yeah... it doesn't taste that bad."

Sarah crawled back into bed beside him, still completely naked, her body warm and smelling faintly of sex. She kissed her husband lightly on the lips, her breath smelled like semen..

They spent the morning walking around the cabin nude. The air was cool but they were comfortable inside. They ate cold cereal for breakfast straight from the box, sharing a single bowl of milk. Sarah moved with a new confidence, her heavy breasts swaying freely as she walked, nipples staying half-hard in the cool air. Mosley stood next to Daniel most of the morning, every glance by his wife at the black man's plump cock forcing her to compare it to her husband's limp three-inch penis.



After breakfast she stepped outside to wash. The rain had lightened to a soft, steady drizzle, and the sun was breaking through in bright shafts, one shining on Sarah like a spotlight, turning every droplet into sparkling diamonds on her skin. She looked breathtaking, pale curves glistening, large breasts bouncing gently as she moved, water running in rivulets down her belly and thighs. She dipped her hands into the water they had collected in the large trash can and began washing herself, soaping her breasts, her stomach, and between her legs with slow, sensual strokes. Sarah leaned over the trash can and dunked her head under the water, coming up shivering and shaking the water of her head.

Daniel watched from the porch, mesmerized. Amos stepped out onto the porch beside them, still naked, his heavy cock swinging between his thighs. He watched Sarah next to Daniel for awhile as she shampooed her wet hair. He stepped out into the rain and picked up the heavy soup pot filled with water. "Ready?" he asked.

Sarah nodded. He lifted the pot up above her head, his biceps bulging, every muscle taut. She stared in awe at his body, watching the drops of rain roll down his torso. He dumped the pot over her head. "Aaaah!" she squealed in shock. "It's... freezing!" She danced from foot to foot.

Mosley stared at her lustfully. The cold shock had pulled her nipples ooff her breasts, goosebumps appearing on her areola. She looked up at him, hair wet and dripping, water running down her near perfect body. She looked down at his body, his cock was sticking straight out from his crotch. Sarah reached for it...

A low thumping sound grew overhead. Amos spun around and ran back to the porch. A helicopter appeared above the trees, flying low. Sarah's eyes widened. She scampered back under the porch roof just in time, pressing her naked, wet body against the wall so she wouldn't be seen.

They noticed the markings on the side as it passed, a police helicopter, searching the mountainside.

Amos stepped out into the open again watching it disappear over the ridge. "Looks like they're looking for somebody," he said calmly.

"Probably you," said Daniel.

Amos spun around. His foot long cock was still bobbing in front of him. "What do you mean by that?"

Daniel quivered as the menacing black man loomed over him. He felt his penis shrivel into his scrotum. "You haven't checked in for days. You're missing."

"Right," said Amos nodding, "Right. Go check the radio again. I should probably get ready to head out today."

Daniel felt a smile start to tug at his lips, but suppressed it. "Yeah, let me get dressed and I'll drive on down." Daniel slipped back into his clothes, happy to hide his penis from their judgmental gazes.

Daniel glanced at them in the rear-view mirror as he started the car. Mosley and his wife, stood nude side by side, Mosley muscular arm around her shoulders. His cock was still hard. Daniel drove the Ford slowly down the muddy mountain track, windshield wipers slapping rhythmically against the light rain. The fallen pine still blocked the road completely, so he stopped right in front of it, killed the engine, and turned up the radio.

The storm had finally broken. The announcer's voice crackled through the speakers, sounding almost cheerful.

"...cleanup crews are now moving into the hardest-hit areas. The National Weather Service confirms the system has moved east. Power company officials report all major lines have been restored across the county..."

Daniel muttered under his breath, "Not on the mountain."

He leaned back in the seat, staring at the massive tree trunk, when the newscaster's tone changed.

"Police continue their manhunt for convicted sex offender Amos Mosley, known as the 'Locker Room Lecher.' Mosley escaped five days ago from a Department of Corrections transport van en route to a court hearing after the vehicle was involved in a single-car accident. Mosley is described as a 44-year-old bald Black man, heavily covered in tribal tattoos. The former boxer and gym owner was serving time for installing hidden cameras in the women's showers and locker room at the gym he owned. Authorities say he used the footage to blackmail multiple victims into sexual encounters though few pressed charges.'

Daniel sat bolt upright. His stomach sinking with bile rising up in his throat.

District Outage Control... DOC... Department of Corrections.

The orange jumpsuit. The faded letters. The way Amos had answered so smoothly. The tribal tattoos. The size. The confidence. Everything clicked into place with sickening clarity.

He'd left a sexual predator alone up there with Sarah.

Daniel slammed the car into reverse, tires spinning in the mud before they caught. He whipped the wheel around and floored it, racing back up the mountain as fast as the old Ford would go. Mud flew from the tires. The engine screamed. His knuckles were white on the steering wheel.

The radio kept talking, but he wasn't listening anymore.

All he could hear was his own heartbeat and the single terrifying thought looping in his head:

He's with my wife.

The cabin came into view around the last bend. Daniel slammed on the brakes, the Ford sliding to a stop in the gravel. He killed the engine and sat there for one frozen second, staring at the door.

Of course they were fucking again.



Amos was kneeling between Sarah's spread legs, his massive black cock slamming into her with deep, powerful strokes. Sarah's head was thrown back, mouth open, moaning like a woman possessed as she squeezed her own breasts.

"Fuck me, Mr. Mosley!" she cried. "Turn me out for the black man! I'm your slut... I'm a slut for your big black cock!"

Amos growled, hips pounding harder. "That's right, bitch. You my white slut now."

Daniel's vision tunneled. He snatched the fire poker from beside the stove.

"Get off my wife, you scumbag!"

Amos looked over his shoulder and laughed, a low, mocking sound that chilled Daniel to the bone. He didn't

even slow down.

Sarah's eyes fluttered open. She looked straight at her husband, legs still locked around Amos's waist. Her brow furrowed angrily at the interruption. "Sit down and watch, Daniel," she breathed, voice thick with lust.

Amos grinned. "Yeah, watch like a good little cuck."

Daniel's voice cracked. "He's an escaped convict, Sarah! He's a sex offender, a serial rapist! Get off her, you son of a bitch!"

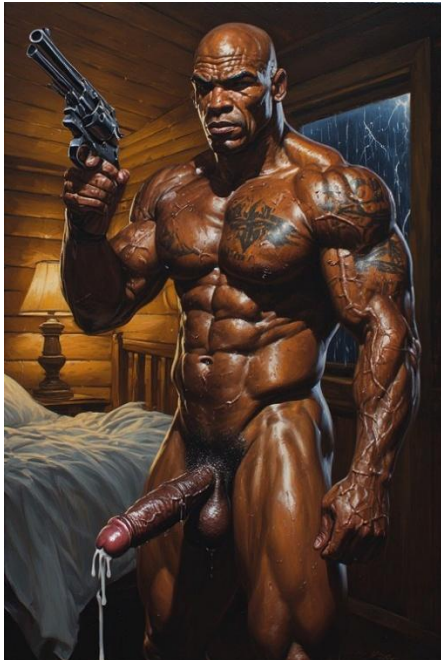
Sarah only tightened her legs around Amos, pulling him deeper. "Don't you dare stop... keep fucking me."

Amos buried himself to the hilt and roared. "Take my black seed, you white slut!"

"Yes! Yes! Give me all your cum!" Sarah screamed, body convulsing in a shattering orgasm as Amos flooded her womb with thick, heavy ropes of his potent load.

Daniel's eyes darted to the nightstand. Sarah's phone was propped up, red light blinking, they had been filming the whole thing.

He lunged for it and turned the recording off.



The moment he did, Amos sat up in bed, the revolver now in his hand, pointed straight at Daniel's chest. The poker hit the floor with a clang.

"You think I didn't feel the gun under the pillow?" Amos laughed softly. "Sit still. Both of you."

He stood, still naked, cock glistening with their combined juices, it was still bucking and spitting out long strands of semen. He motioned for Daniel to sit beside his well-satisfied wife. He calmly dressed in Pastor Reynolds's old hunting coat over his underwear and prison jumpsuit.

"Outside," he ordered. "Both of you."

Sarah stood, still completely nude, cum running down her inner thighs in large thick globs. Daniel followed, numb.

They stepped onto the porch. In the distance they heard the whine of a chainsaw and the thump of a helicopter circling low.

Amos turned to them one last time. "Pleasure meeting you both," he said, eyes lingering on Sarah's naked body. "Especially you, Sarah."

He backed toward the junction box on the side of the cabin, swung the door open, and flipped the breakers. The lights inside hummed back on.

"Come here, girl."

Sarah walked to him without hesitation. Amos pulled her into a deep kiss. She melted against him, arms around his neck, kissing him back hungrily while his big hands squeezed her ass and heavy breasts one last time.

"Damn, slut... you fine," he murmured against her lips, giving her one final appreciative squeeze.

He stepped back, emptied the revolver's bullets into his palm, and tossed the empty gun to Daniel.

"They'll shoot me if I have a gun on me. See you around, Danny boy."

Amos disappeared down a narrow game trail on the far side of the mountain.

A moment later they heard a vehicle coming up the drive. Sarah ran inside to dress. A pickup filled with three baying bloodhounds pulled up, followed by a police cruiser. The helicopter flew past.

The officer stepped out. "Everything all right up here?"

Before Daniel could answer, the hounds picked up the scent and lunged toward the game trail.

"We got a scent!" one of the officers shouted.

The dogs howled and disappeared into the woods following the trail after Mosley.

Epilogue

Pastor Reynolds leaned back in his chair, eyes shining with genuine joy.

"God blessed you with a child on your honeymoon," he said warmly. "A true miracle. That cabin has always been special to me. In fact, my own son was conceived there many years ago."

Daniel managed a small smile. Sarah's hand rested lightly on her still taut belly.

"We wanted you to be the first to know," she said softly. "Sarah was late, so we took a pregnancy test this morning."

The pastor's smile widened. "I'm honored. Congratulations, another sheep for the flock."

The door behind them opened. A tall, powerfully built Black man stepped inside. He was around thirty, well-built and muscular. His dark eyes immediately found Sarah and lingered. She had dressed more suggestively than usual for church, a fitted blouse that strained against her heavy breasts and a skirt that hugged her hips. Her gaze dropped for just a second to the impressive tubular bulge running down the leg of his slacks, nearly to his knee. Her eyes widened.

Pastor Reynolds stood. "Daniel, Sarah, I'd like you to meet my son, Barasa. You might remember him from when you were in your early teens." Reynolds had two children, Mathew and Rachel. He had adopted Barasa, an orphan from Kenya while serving the church's mission.

Sarah felt her cheeks warm. She did remember the quiet, muscular Kenyan boy who had towered over the other youth group kids, the only black man in the congregation. The rumors had started later, when Rachel, the pastor's daughter, got pregnant out of wedlock. Whispers had flown that Barasa was the father. No one knew for sure. Rachel had been sent to live with her aunt so no one had seen the color of her baby, and Barasa was sent to Kenya as a missionary. He had only come back a handful of times since.

Reynolds continued with a touch of pride. "Barasa's moving home permanently now. He'll be taking over the church when I retire and he'll be handling counseling duties."

Barasa extended a large hand. His grip was warm and strong. When he looked at Sarah again, eyes flickering down to her cleavage, she found herself pressing her thighs together.

He looked at Sarah for a moment, then cleared his throat apologetically. "Sarah, dear... you're showing off a little too much cleavage today. Consider wearing a tee shirt under that top."

Sarah flushed and nodded quickly. "Yes, Pastor. I'm sorry."

"No worries." Pastor Reynolds smiled. "I wish you both the very best. And please, if you ever need parental counseling, my door is always open." He turned to Daniel. "If you don't mind, I'd like to speak with you privately for a moment about parenting responsibilities."

Sarah stood, straightening her skirt. Barasa held the door for her and they both walked out..

"May I speak with you for a moment?" she asked.

Barasa nodded. "Of course. Let's go to my office."



He led her down the hall to a smaller room still filled with unpacked boxes. "Sorry about the mess," he said. "I'm still settling in." Barasa had picked up a slight Kenyan accent again from his time at the mission. They sat down across from each other. He smiled gently. "My father can be a bit old-fashioned. Your top is perfectly acceptable." His dark eyes flickered down to her breasts for a brief second before returning to her face. "Now, what can I do for you? Do you need counseling?"

Sarah sighed, leaning forward slightly and displaying more cleavage. "Yes... but I need to confess something."

"What would you like to confess, child?"

Sarah pulled out her phone, pressed play, and slid it across the desk to him.

Barasa's eyebrows shot up as the video began. Sarah sucking Amos Mosley's huge black cock, pulling her top off and wrapping her large breasts around the shaft. "Well... dayumn... this is very interesting," he said, licking his lips. "And what exactly are you confessing to, Sarah?"

She leaned in further. "I confess to how much I loved that big black cock."

Barasa smiled slowly and nodded. "I believe I can help you. Do you have more videos?"

She nodded.

He took out a business card and slid it to her. "Send them to me at that number so I can review them and text me when you're ready for my... counseling services."

"I'll need your services as soon as possible," she responded. "Why don't you come to our house tonight?"

Barasa agreed, then asked, "What about your husband?"

"Don't worry. Daniel will want to watch our counseling session."

THE END