

DARK LEVERAGE



By Stormbringer

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Marcus Hale strode into his boss's office with a flash drive full of paperwork clutched in his big hand. The "at lunch" sign hung crooked on the door. He shut it behind him, dropped into the boss's chair, and leaned back, making the leather creak under his heavy, muscular frame.



His eyes went straight to the framed photo on the desk. Jimmy's wife. That fine white bitch in her honeymoon bikini. He'd stared at this picture plenty of times before. How the fuck did a pathetic wimp like Jimmy score a woman like that? She had seductive bedroom hazel eyes that promised sin, a tight, fit body with strong legs built for wrapping around a real man, and a firm, well-rounded bubble butt that looked perfect for spanking. Her big white titties strained against the thin fabric of her tight bikini, thick nipples faintly visible. That body belonged on a stripper pole or in porn, not wasted on a little-dicked white boy like Jimmy.

"Damn," Marcus muttered, shaking his head. "White boy don't deserve all that." His black cock swelled slightly as he stared at the picture.

He leaned back, feet kicking up onto the desk, when his elbow knocked the mouse. The monitor flickered to life.

A live webcam feed was minimized on the screen. There was Jimmy's wife, standing in their bedroom wearing the sexiest black lace underwear he had

ever seen. The delicate fabric barely contained her big white titties, fat pink nipples clearly visible through the sheer material. She was sorting clothes laid out on the bed, bending over so her firm bubble butt strained against the tiny lace panties.

Marcus sat up quickly, enlarging the window, eyes locked on her. Then he found the saved folder labeled simply "Emma."

"Holy shit..."

Hundreds of files. Emma showering, water streaming down her tight, naked body. Emma fucking Jimmy's tiny white dick. Emma pulling out a pink vibrator from her dresser, several inches bigger than her husband's pathetic prick. Marcus moved fast, inserting his flash drive

and dumping the paperwork to the desktop and moving the entire folder of videos and images onto the now empty drive.

He was watching the transfer nearing 100% when the door swung open.

James Caldwell stepped in and froze. "What the hell do you think you're..." James went white realizing the hidden webcam in his bedroom had been open so that he could watch his wife get dressed.

His words died. Marcus sat back in James's chair, feet crossed casually on the desk, holding the flash drive between two thick fingers.

James went deathly pale.

Marcus smiled coldly. "Hey, Jimmy. Nice setup you got here. Your wife's got one hell of a body. That white bitch is built for black cock. Shame you ain't got what it takes to satisfy her. She needs a real man."

"Don't talk about her like that." James's mouth opened and closed. "What... what do you want, a raise?" James blurted desperately. "Just give me the drive."

Marcus laughed, a deep, mocking rumble. "What I wanted was your job, Jimmy. It was supposed to be me. But they passed me over because I'm black. Again."

James protested weakly, "Nonsense! I had seniority, more education..."

"Bullshit," Marcus snapped. "The company got rid of its DEI program or it would've been me. It's the black man's turn, but they just promoted another white boy over the black man. Always keepin' us down."

"You're delusional. You were hired through your probation officer," James said, voice shaking. "Not for a management position. You can't have my job. Just give me the drive and I'll get you a raise. I promise."

"Fuck you, Jimmy," Marcus growled.

"Then you're fired." He should have been fired a long time ago, but the company was scared of getting sued. "Give me the drive and clean out your desk."

"I'm holding all the cards, Jimmy." Marcus held up the flash drive, waving it slowly. "You do what I say unless you think you can take it from me?" He sneered menacingly down at the much smaller white man.

James reached for the phone. "I'm calling security."

Marcus leaned over the computer, fingers hovering. "Then I'm sending nude pictures of your wife to all your contacts including Emma"

"Wait! Stop!" James slammed the phone down, still pale as a ghost. "Tell me what you want for that drive."

Marcus stood up slowly, towering over the weak white man. His prison-developed biceps strained against his shirt sleeves. "You white boys are always sticking it to the black man. Now a black man is gonna stick it to your white wife."

James gasped. "NO!"

"Gimme to the end of the day to come up with a plan." Marcus looked down at the white man with an evil smirk on his face.

"Please don't do this," begged James.

Marcus moved to the door, his huge muscular frame filling the doorway. He turned back with a cold smile. "Your paperwork is on your desktop, Mr. Caldwell. Let me know if you need anything else, sir."

James sank down into his chair, watching the giant black man head down the hall, the flash drive still clutched in his powerful hand.

James spent the rest of the day in a cold sweat. His hands shook every time he touched his keyboard. He waited until Marcus left for a meeting, then slipped into the big black man's desk like a thief. He rifled through drawers, checked under papers, even looked in the trash. Nothing. The flash drive was nowhere to be found. Marcus had it on him.

By the time the clock hit five, James was a wreck.

A hard knock sounded on his door. "A minute, Mr. Caldwell?"



Marcus stepped in, all calm and professional on the surface, but his ugly thuggish face wore a smug, cocky smirk. He closed the door behind him, his polite demeanor drooping immediately.

Marcus dropped heavily into the guest chair, legs spread wide, while James sank behind his desk. The power imbalance was suffocating.

"Please," James whispered, voice cracking. "We can come to some kind of agreement. I'll get you money. A better position. Whatever you want."

Marcus leaned back, lacing his thick fingers behind his bald head. "I spent all day watching those videos of your wife, Jimmy. Damn. How the fuck did a weak little white boy like you bag a hot snow bunny like that? Body like hers... big white titties, tight ass. She was made for fucking."

James mumbled, staring at his hands. "We... we were set up by friends in college."

Marcus' cocky expression suddenly turned serious. "You a cuck, Jimmy?"

"No!" James snapped, face flushing. "I'm not."

"Then why you like watching your wife on camera? Don't trust her?"

"She's very faithful," James said quickly. "I just... I like watching."

Marcus's grin widened. "You wanna watch her fuck another man?"

"No. Especially not you."

Marcus snorted. "Afraid she'll get hooked on the dark meat, Jimmy?"

"No. She doesn't even like black people."

Marcus's smile turned predatory. "Good to know." He leaned forward. "But I'll make you a deal. If I don't fuck her, I'll give you back the drive and leave you alone."

Hope flickered in James's chest. Emma really didn't like black men. A nice decent looking black man had pursued her in college, but she'd turned him down. She especially didn't like arrogant, loud men and never cared for big muscles. She'd hate someone like Marcus.

"How's your sex life, Jimmy?" Marcus asked casually.

"Pretty good," James shrugged. "She's got a pretty high drive."

"You satisfy her?"

"Yeah... we're both satisfied."

Marcus snorted again. "Bullshit. She's never gotten hers from that little white dick of yours."

"That's not true!"

"Then why she got that big pink dildo?" Marcus asked, eyes gleaming. "Several inches bigger than you, from what I saw. Never seen her cum with you, but that dildo..."

James went pale. He wouldn't have even known about the vibrator if it weren't for the hidden cameras.

Marcus continued, enjoying himself. "She go down on you? I didn't see her sucking your dick in any of the videos."

James shook his head miserably. "She did once in college... but she doesn't like it"

"What turns her on?"

"Her nipples... they harden easily. They're very sensitive. Just touching them usually puts her in the mood." James winced, already regretting telling him this.

Marcus nodded slowly. "Good to know, Jimmy. Good to know."

He stood up, towering over the smaller man. "Here's the plan. Go home and tell Emma a friend from work needs to stay with you for a couple weeks."

James gulped. "You can't stay with us!"

"You wanna watch, don't you, cuck?"

James's heart hammered in his ears. He started gasping for air, but he felt his penis swelling traitorously in his pants. He didn't want this. He didn't.

"She won't like this," he whispered.

"Tell her it was a last-minute flooding and the company encouraged you to put me up. Don't tell her about me. Especially not that I'm black."

"You can't force her," James said weakly.

Marcus smiled. "I won't have to. Trust me, the three of us are going to be very satisfied with this arrangement, cuck."

James gripped the arms of his chair to keep his hands from shaking. "I'm not a cuck."

Marcus stood and moved toward the door, his huge muscular frame filling the space. He turned back with a cruel grin.

"Not yet, Jimmy. Not yet."

James sat at his desk in a cold sweat, his shirt sticking to his back as he stared at the laptop screen. The hidden camera feed at full screen had followed Marcus as he arrived at the Caldwell house.

In the guest room, Marcus was stripping down. The big black man bent forward, his massive back and prison-hardened muscles flexing as he stepped into a pair of loose gray sweatpants. He straightened up, towering and powerful, then pulled a tight white tank top over his head. The thin fabric stretched obscenely across his broad chest and thick biceps, the material straining like it might rip at any second. Every heavy muscle was clearly outlined.

James's throat went dry. He quickly switched the feed to the master bedroom camera.

Marcus sauntered in like he owned the place. He walked straight to Emma's dresser, opened the drawer, and pulled out her thick pink dildo. He held it up to his broad nose and took a long, deliberate sniff, a filthy smirk spreading across his ugly face. Then he twisted the base, turning it on. The big toy buzzed loudly as he tossed it onto their marital bed. It bucked and writhed on the sheets like a living thing.

James watched in sick fascination. He's running the battery down..."

His phone buzzed. He had texted Emma earlier: *Some fun before our guest arrives?*

Her reply just came back, a winking smiley face.

"Damn," James muttered, his cock twitching despite everything.

Marcus was supposed to arrive tomorrow. Emma had no idea he was already here.

The doorbell camera alert chimed. Emma's car pulled into the driveway. She stepped out looking every bit the sexy pharma rep, tight blouse, short pencil skirt, and heels. Marcus's car sat parked on the street, James usually parked in the garage. She glanced toward the house, unbuttoned several more buttons on her blouse to reveal a generous amount of deep, creamy cleavage, and headed for the front door with a seductive sway in her hips.

James's heart pounded in his throat. Sweat rolled down his temples. Part of him desperately hoped she would check the garage and realize something was wrong. But she didn't. She was already at the door, looking eager for the "fun" she thought awaited her with her husband. He sent Marcus the text.



In the bedroom feed, Marcus stood by the dresser examining and sniffing Emma's assorted panties. Marcus checked his phone and jumped up, switching the dildo off and hiding it back in the drawer. He yanked the tight tee shirt off over his head and quickly pushed the sweats down, straightening up.

James gasped in shock and horror as Marcus' true monstrosity of a penis sprang up. "No... no," he muttered in disbelief. The thing looked nearly a foot long and it wasn't completely hard. The black bastard looked up and gave him a thumbs up before hurrying into the bathroom.

James switched to the bathroom feed. Marcus was leaning into the shower and turning it on. And as if the flash drive wasn't enough, he set his phone up on the back of the sink aimed at the shower to record what happened. The black man was turned sideways to the camera. James watched as he grabbed the end of that huge black cock and tugged several times making it plump up and rise. It stuck out in front of him, bowed slightly down. He stepped into the

shower, the image on the camera becoming slightly blurry as steam filled the room.

Emma climbed the stairs with a little extra sway in her hips, already untucking her tight blouse from her pencil skirt. Her fingers worked the buttons open one by one, revealing more and more of her deep, creamy cleavage. A small, naughty smile played on her lips as she mentally rehearsed the new story she would tell James tonight.

Doctor Silverstein had been very handsy today...

In her mind, she had accepted his invitation to lunch. They sat in a quiet corner booth, and his wrinkled old hand had slid under the table, resting on her knee. Slowly, confidently, it worked its way up her thigh, pushing beneath the hem of her skirt. She had glanced down at the gold wedding ring on his finger sparkling on her inner thigh.

"If you come with me to the hotel next door," he had whispered in her fantasy, voice thick with lust, "I'll make it very worth your while..."



Emma didn't fully understand why these stories excited James so much. Sometimes she went too far with the details and he would finish embarrassingly early, groaning and spilling into his hand before he even touched her. But it was good, wholesome marital fun. James knew she would never actually cheat on him. She was faithful. Always.

By the time she reached the bedroom, her blouse was completely open. She shrugged it off her shoulders and tossed it onto the bed, her large breasts swaying freely in her lacy black bra. She wiggled her hips, sliding the tight pencil skirt down her strong, powerful legs until it pooled at her ankles. Stepping out of it, she unhooked her bra,

letting her full breasts spill out, nipples already tightening into hard pink peaks. Her panties followed, revealing the thick curly chestnut-brown bush covering her mound. Completely nude now, she felt a familiar warmth building between her thighs.

Perfect timing, she thought, hearing the shower.

Her pussy was already growing moist at the thought of surprising him. She pushed open the bathroom door and waved her hand through the thick cloud of steam, trying to clear it.

"James?" she called softly, her voice husky with anticipation.

The steam was so dense it distorted everything. The figure in the shower looked... huge. Much broader and taller than usual. She smiled anyway, her nipples stiffening further, a fresh trickle of arousal sliding down her inner thigh. Heart beating faster, she opened the glass shower door and stepped backward into the hot spray, pressing her firm, round bubble butt against what she assumed was her husband's body.

The moment contact was made; large, powerful hands slid around her waist and boldly cupped her large breasts from behind. She gasped as thick fingers sank into the soft, yielding flesh. She moaned, pushing back into him. "Mmm, yes," she moaned softly. James was being harder, more aggressive than normal and she wasn't complaining. A moment later, a massive, rock-hard erection poked against her lower back, the thick shaft sliding hotly over the curve of her hip.



The man leaned down, his breath hot against her neck, and planted a slow, possessive kiss just below her ear.

Confused, Emma looked down at the hands mauling her sensitive tits. They were big. Dark. Black? Gloves?

Her nipples were squeezed between strong dark fingers, sending sharp jolts of unwanted pleasure straight to her womb. A fresh wave of arousal leaked from her pussy, mixing with the shower water running down her thighs. The finger and thumb tugging at her swollen nipples wasn't wearing gloves.

Horror crashed over her in a wave of fear that chilled her to the bone despite the hot water splattering her and the other man's bodies..

A black man!

A completely nude black man... touching her. In her own shower. In her home.

Thief? Home invasion?

She opened her mouth to scream, but then her eyes dropped lower.

A monstrous black cock jutted out along her waist, thicker than her wrist and longer than anything she had ever imagined. It was bigger and thicker than James' and half was hidden behind her body. The hands squeezed her breasts again, pinching her sensitive nipples so hard it made her pussy squirt with lust. A deep, rough voice whispered hotly in her ear.



"I wasn't expecting such hospitality... but I like it."

Emma let out a strangled cry and scrambled forward, almost slipping on the wet tile. Powerful hands caught her hips, thumbs digging into her firm well-rounded rear end, and spun her around with shocking ease. She was yanked forward against a rock-hard, muscular chest that looked like it belonged to a heavyweight boxer. His large hands immediately dropped to squeeze and knead her ass possessively. His erection pressed hard against her stomach and it felt massive.

She looked up into an ugly, thuggish black face, bald head, flat nose, broad lips, a gap in his teeth, and cold, hungry eyes.

"Please," she begged, her voice shaking as she pushed desperately against his massive chest. "Don't hurt me..."

To her shock, he released her.

"Sorry, Emma," he said, his voice low and amused. "It's me. Marcus... I'm staying here for a few weeks."

"What the fuck!" she gasped, stumbling out of the shower and frantically grabbing a towel to cover herself. "You touched me!"



Marcus stood under the spray, water streaming down his powerful body, not bothering to hide anything. "You joined me," he grunted, sounding almost offended. "I thought you were being friendly."

Emma's eyes widened in horror as her gaze locked onto his cock. She gasped out loud.

It stood straight out, hard as steel, over a foot long and as thick as a Pringles can. The massive bulbous head flared obscenely, a thick vein running along the top. Below it swung a pair of giant, heavy balls. The sheer size of it made her stomach flutter with disbelief.

She clutched the towel tighter to her naked body, heart hammering, her nipples still traitorously hard against the fabric and her pussy shamefully wet.

Her eyes remained glued to the massive black cock jutting obscenely from between Marcus's muscular thighs. It bobbed and swayed heavily with his movements, thick and alive. It wasn't just twice the size

of James's; it was almost twice the size of her 7-inch dildo. That can't be real, she thought desperately. "I thought you were my husband," Emma mumbled, her voice barely audible over the hiss of the shower.

"We get confused all the time," Marcus joked, his deep voice echoing off the tiles. "Didn't Jimmy tell you I was coming early?"

"No," she snapped, narrowing her eyes as she clutched the towel tighter around her naked body, trying to cover her full breasts and the thick bush between her legs. It was one or the other, she ended up exposing cleavage almost to her nipples to keep the bottom just covering her mound.

Marcus made no move to cover himself. He simply stood there under the water, letting her look.

"Marcus..." she whispered, the name finally clicking. "Marcus Hale?"

The huge black man smiled, showing broad white teeth with the dark gap in the front. "Yeah, that's me."

James's hated rival. The arrogant jerk her husband had been building a paper trail on so they could fire him without a racism lawsuit. And now James had invited this man into their home without even telling her who was staying with them?

"I'm looking forward to getting to know you better," Marcus said, his enormous cock giving another heavy bob as if agreeing with him.

"We'll see about that," Emma shot back, finally tearing her eyes away from the monstrous organ. She slipped out of the bathroom, grabbed a second towel, and fled into the bedroom, slamming the door and locking it behind her.

She dropped the towel, standing naked for a moment, heart pounding. Normally she would have slipped into comfortable silk shorts and a loose halter, but with a black man and not just any black man, Marcus Hale in her house, she wanted more coverage. She quickly pulled on tight black yoga pants that hugged her powerful legs and firm bubble butt, then a pink halter top that struggled to contain her ample breasts. Too tight, her nipples poked through the thin material. She should have put a bra back on, but her bras drove her crazy when her nipples got this swollen.

Her mind raced. He had seen her completely naked. He had touched her. Kissed her neck. Squeezed her bare breasts. His wet black skin had rubbed against her body, and that obscene, gigantic black cock had slid against her hip and lower back.

She pictured him standing there in her shower, staring at her, that huge cock bobbing hypnotically, pointing straight at her. *No*. Her rational mind rebelled. It had to be an illusion caused by all the steam. It couldn't possibly be that big.

Her phone buzzed on the bed. A message from James:

Working late, Marcus coming early.

"Fuck you, James," she growled, gripping the phone so tightly her knuckles turned white.

Back in his office, James rested his head on his desk, breathing hard in a dizzying mix of shock and arousal. His right hand was still under the desk, using a crumpled tissue to wipe up the runny mess of his own seed. He had barely lasted five strokes while watching his beloved Emma step into the shower with the giant black man. His penis had been so painfully hard it ached. He didn't want to jerk off, but he couldn't help himself.

Until a few minutes ago, he had been the only man who had ever seen his lovely wife completely naked. Her family doctor was a woman. She had dated a few other men in college, but it had never gone further than some heavy petting. Her beautiful body, those large EE cup breasts, that firm tight ass, her curly bush, had belonged to him and him alone.

Now Marcus had seen all of it.

And Emma had seen *him*. Naked. With that gigantic black cock fully erect and pointing right at her.

And it was only day one. Correction, it was a day early.

James sat back up slowly, tucking his little penis back into his pants. He had never thought of it as little before today, but after seeing Marcus...

On the screen, Emma had returned to the bathroom. She threw her arms up in frustration at the water all over the floor where Marcus had stood with the shower door open. The jerk hadn't

bothered to clean it up. She grabbed more towels and threw them down angrily, using her bare foot to push the towel around. Her face was tight with fury as she finished and stormed out of the bathroom.

James watched her head downstairs. On the living room feed, Marcus was already sprawled on their couch like he owned the place, his big feet propped up on their coffee table, wearing nothing but tight sweatpants and the tank top that showed off his massive arms and chest.

James felt his stomach twist. He was pale at the thought of going home to face Emma's wrath, but he forced himself to stand on shaky legs. He shut down his laptop, grabbed his keys, and called it a day.

Emma came downstairs still fuming, her bare feet quiet on the hardwood. The moment she entered the living room her eyes locked onto the huge black man sprawled across their couch. He was enormous, easily two hundred and fifty pounds of solid muscle. The couch actually bowed slightly under his weight. His thick arms rested along the back of the cushions; the tight white tank top stretched obscenely across his broad chest and massive shoulders.

She swallowed hard and walked straight into the kitchen without a word, pouring herself a large glass of red wine.

"Be a doll and get me a beer, Emma," his deep voice called out.

Her face flushed with fury. The arrogance of this man. She wasn't his servant. But... he *was* their guest. Grinding her teeth, she grabbed a cold can from the fridge and carried it over to him.

Marcus didn't thank her. He simply took the can with a wink, his big fingers brushing hers, dark eyes lowering to her cleavage before she straightened herself.

Emma sat down in the recliner across from him, tucking her strong legs underneath her. She found herself staring at his enormous feet propped up on their coffee table. Size fourteen, at least. As big as his...

"Would you mind taking your feet off the table?" she asked, keeping her voice polite but firm.

For a moment his eyes narrowed and his broad nostrils flared, as if shocked that she had the nerve to ask in her own home. Then he slowly smiled and lowered his feet to the floor.

"I think we got off on the wrong foot," he said, leaning forward and extending one massive hand. "I'm Marcus."

She didn't want to touch him again, but she forced herself to shake. Her dainty white hand disappeared completely into his meaty palm. His grip was powerful, dominant, holding her hand a few seconds too long.

"Jimmy doesn't have to know about the shower mix-up," he added quietly.

"We don't keep secrets," she replied, though a dirty little thought flickered through her mind. That accidental encounter would make a much better bedtime story than her usual doctor fantasies. No, James would hate that. Especially not with a black man. Especially not Marcus.

"What Jimmy doesn't know don't hurt him," Marcus said with a smirk.

"We'll see," Emma answered.

God, he was ugly. He looked like a heavyweight boxer who had taken too many punches, flat nose, broad lips, hard face above a thick neck, every inch of him thick with muscle.

"What were you doing in my shower anyway?" she asked.

Marcus shrugged. "Just wanted more room. As you can see, I'm much larger than Jimmy."

Emma's eyes flicked down involuntarily, first over the straining tank top, then lower, to the heavy, obscene bulge in his sweatpants. She looked away quickly, color draining from her face.

"Yes, much bigger. Just stick to your room and the guest bathroom," she said tightly. "And it's James, not Jimmy."

Marcus smirked. "He don't mind it when I call him Jimmy."

She met his eyes again. "He hates it. His mother always insisted everyone call him James."

"Mama's boy, huh?" Marcus chuckled. "Not surprised."

Emma wanted to snap back, but instead took a long sip of wine. James *was* a bit of a mama's boy. His mother had never really liked her. Emma was a rival that had stolen her little boy.

"Why are you here again?" she asked.

Marcus sat back, almost putting his feet up again before catching himself. Don't push her, he thought. Time to put on his "office boy" persona and play the "house negro" for a bit. His tone suddenly shifted, becoming smoother, more polite.

"I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Caldwell," he said. "I had a major plumbing emergency and needed a place to stay. James and I are working on a special project at the office and they needed me close by. No hotels for miles. The bigwigs strongly encouraged him to put me up."

Emma finished her wine and leaned back. That matched more or less what James had told her, except he had conveniently left out the part that their guest was Marcus Hale.

"So, I do apologize for being a burden, Mrs. Caldwell."

"Emma's fine, Marcus," she sighed, relaxing a little

He smiled. "And truthfully, Emma... you probably won't see too much of me. I'll be going to work with James and spending my free time overseeing the repairs on my place. I'll stay out of your hair."

The front door opened. James stepped inside wearing a fake, nervous smile and carrying two large pizza boxes.

"Hey Jimmy," Marcus called out casually. "Me and Emma were just sitting here getting to know each other."

Emma turned cold eyes on her husband.

"I got us some pizza," James said weakly as he walked through the door, holding up two large boxes like a peace offering.

Marcus stood up from the couch, his massive frame unfolding. "Great, I'm famished."

He took one entire box, sat back down, and proceeded to devour the whole pizza by himself while James and Emma sat at the dining table. Marcus ate with zero shame, grease shining on his thick fingers.

James cleared his throat. "So... how are you two getting along?"

"We're getting along great, Jimmy," Marcus said around a mouthful of pizza. "How'd a guy like you hook up with a hotty like Emma?"

"Fine," Emma added, shooting James a sharp glare. "I just wasn't expecting him today."

"Sorry again, Emma," Marcus said casually. "The plumbers got started sooner than planned."

A few minutes later Marcus stood, stretching his powerful arms. "I think I'll head to bed and read for a while. See you tomorrow."

"Yes, goodnight," James said quickly.

Emma muttered under her breath, "I'm surprised the gorilla can read."

James whispered, horrified, "That's racist."

"Not all black people," she snapped. "Just that big ape. And don't you 'that's racist' me." She let him have it then, voice low but furious. "He used our shower and left water all over the floor. The man's a pig." She pointed at the empty pizza box still sitting open on the coffee table. "No manners at all. And why didn't you tell me it was a black guy? And Marcus Hale of all people!"

James sat there and took it, apologizing repeatedly. "My boss was very insistent. It was last minute."

"What kind of project do you even need a guy like him for?" she demanded.

James mumbled something about taxes and an audit, and it being all hands on deck. "I certainly didn't want Marcus to stay here, but it's only two weeks."

Emma glared. "If his cleanup goes according to schedule."

James held up his hands. "By then the project will be over and he can stay at a hotel. Who cares if it's several hours away?"

She finally relaxed a little. "He did say we probably won't see too much of him."

James leaned in whispering in case Marcus was eavesdropping. "Look, if he's too much, why don't you go visit Sarah?" Sarah was her best friend and maid of honor at their wedding. She'd stayed over before and he had several videos of her changing and a hot one of her and Emma wearing bikinis by the pool rubbing oil on each other's skin.

"I'd love to, but we're pushing a new pill and I have a lot of appointments this week," she said.

James felt his hopes of getting Emma away from the black man crash and burn. He went upstairs to shower. When Emma followed a short while later, she found a condom packet placed neatly on her pillow, James's usual signal that he wanted sex. She snorted in disbelief and slid the packet under James's pillow.

He came out of the bathroom nude, his thin build, slight paunch and tiny two-inch penis hanging down over walnut sized balls.

Emma stared at it. In her mind she couldn't help comparing it to the monstrous black cock she had seen earlier, thick, veined, and impossibly large. The image made her stomach tighten.

"You're kidding if you think I'm having sex with you after today," she said coldly despite still being aroused. "You'll be lucky if we have sex before Marcus leaves."

Marcus lay back on the bed, chuckling quietly to himself as he stared at the live feed on his phone. Jimmy had given him the password to all the cameras like the obedient little cuck he was. He could watch Emma's every move.

He grinned as he watched her reject her husband. Now she has something to compare that little white boy dick to, he thought.

He'd have to remember to tell Jimmy he wasn't allowed to fuck her... but for now, he enjoyed the show.

Emma's flip flops clicked softly against the stone as she walked out to their backyard pool. She wore the tiny black string bikini James had bought her for their trip to South Beach in Miami, the same one that had led to her sunbathing topless for a full hour after losing a silly dare much to James' delight.

It was Sunday afternoon and James was off golfing. They had barely seen Marcus yesterday, and she had started to hope the giant black man had been telling the truth when he said they probably wouldn't see much of him.

She poured oil into her hands and slowly rubbed it over her fair skin, making sure every inch of her toned abdomen, narrow waist, and powerful legs glistened. Then she lay back on the lounge chair, sunglasses covering her seductive hazel eyes, and let the warm sun soak into her body.



She had just started to relax when the sliding glass door opened.

“Mind if I join you?” came Marcus’s deep voice.

Emma sat up quickly. Marcus walked out wearing nothing but a tight white speedo that left almost nothing to the imagination. The thin fabric was stretched obscenely over the massive outline of his cock. He slipped his big feet out of his sliders and stood in front of her, blocking the sun.

“May I?” he asked, reaching for the bottle of oil.

He stood directly before her and began rubbing the oil over his bulging chest and thick shoulders, his dark eyes roaming openly over her barely-covered body. Emma’s gaze, hidden behind her sunglasses, drifted down his powerful frame until it locked onto the enormous bulge in his speedo. She could clearly see the thick tubular shape of his huge black cock, the flared bulbous crown, and the large bulging balls beneath it.

“You lookin’ mighty fine in that bikini, Emma,” he said.

His words startled her. She quickly looked up. “What?”

“I said you look amazing in that bikini. Black suits you.”

Damn it, she thought, feeling her nipples begin to harden instantly. It wasn’t just Marcus, any compliment about her looks or figure always made her sensitive nipples swell. The thin black

triangles of her bikini top did little to hide it. She was grateful the bikini bottoms were black to hide the growing wet spot on her bottoms.

“Need me to get your back for you?” he asked, holding up the oil.

“Uh, no thanks,” she said, not wanting to touch his skin again after the shower incident and praying he wouldn’t ask her to oil his back.

“What’s your routine?” he asked, still oiling his massive arms.

“Routine?”

“For staying so fit.”

“Jogging and yoga,” she replied, trying to keep her voice steady.

“We’ll have to go running together while I’m here.”

“Sure. Your physique is quite impressive too,” she added, “though if you don’t mind me saying, I think you overdid it a little.”

Marcus grinned, flexing his bicep for her. It was as big as her thigh. “Not much else to do in prison but lift weights. Every day for five years.”

Emma’s eyes widened. “Did you say prison?”

“Yep. Five years.” He shrugged. “Mind if I take a dip?”

He walked to the edge of the pool. Emma hesitated, a shameful little voice in her head not wanting a black man swimming in their pool. But she forced herself to be polite.

“Go ahead,” she said, horrified that James had allowed a black criminal in their home.

Marcus jumped in with a powerful splash, sending a spray of cool water across her oiled skin. She really didn’t want to hang out with Marcus Hale and considered excusing herself, but this was her house and her tanning time. His dip was quick and he swam back towards her.

Marcus climbed out of the pool with powerful ease, water streaming down his massive dark body. The white speedo was now completely soaked, clinging to him like a second skin. The thin fabric molded obscenely around his enormous cock and heavy balls, outlining every thick inch and heavy vein. It looked even bigger than before, darker, heavier, and impossibly swollen.

Emma couldn’t help staring. A strange, uncomfortable heat bloomed low in her belly. She stood up from the lounge chair, suddenly very aware of how tiny her black string bikini felt. Her nipples had stiffened into hard peaks, clearly poking against the thin wet triangles, her quarter sized areola pushing out her bikini cups.

Marcus’s dark eyes swept slowly over her glistening body, lingering on her chest. “I’m going to take a dip,” she muttered, mostly to escape his gaze. She jumped into the pool, the cool water shocking her heated skin.

When she surfaced, Marcus was drying himself with *her* towel, the one she had laid out on her chair. The big black man rubbed it casually over his broad chest and thick arms without asking, his muscles flexing under the sunlight.

What a jerk, she thought, annoyed.

She swam a few laps to cool off, trying to clear her head. When she finally climbed the ladder, water streaming down her curves, Marcus was standing right there at the edge, waiting. Her eyes automatically fell on the massive bulge in his wet speedo. It looked even thicker now, the heavy head clearly defined against the white fabric. As she climbed, her eyes ran up his hard stomach, abs, and broad chest as she stepped off the ladder.



She stood dripping in front of him, heart beating faster. His eyes moved slowly over her wet body, taking in her hard nipples and the way the tiny bikini clung to her wide hips and firm bubble butt barely covered by the back of her panties.

"I'm heading to my room," he said, voice low.

Emma nodded, trying to sound casual. "Okay." She watched him slip his feet back in his sliders and enter her house.

She wanted to dry off, but the towel was now damp with oil and water from his body. Instead, she let the sun warm her skin for a few minutes before heading inside. She searched under her chair for her tanning oil but couldn't find it. Sighing, she grabbed the damp towel and carried it to the laundry room, dropping it in the hamper.

Her flip flops clicked as she padded up the stairs. As she reached the hallway, she heard low, rhythmic squishing noises coming from Marcus's room. The door was cracked open slightly.

Emma paused, curiosity and suspicion pulling at her. She moved closer and peeked through the gap, covering her mouth to stifle a gasp.



Marcus lay sprawled naked on the bed, his massive prison-honed body glistening. One meaty fist was slowly stroking his enormous black cock, which he had slathered with her tanning oil. The thick shaft glistened obscenely, heavy veins bulging like ropes along its impossible length. The fat, plum-shaped glans was swollen and dark purple, flaring wider than her wrist. It was bigger than James's entire penis — thicker, longer, and infinitely more powerful.

Emma stood frozen, unable to look away, her pulse hammering between her leg as the massive black cock throbbed in his grip. God, it was huge!

She had only ever seen James's modest white dick. This... this was something else entirely. More than a foot long. Monstrous. Hypnotic.

Marcus lowered his hand for a moment, letting the full length of his gigantic black cock stand proud and throbbing in the air. Emma's breath caught. It was easily over a foot long, thick as a Pringles can, curving slightly upward with raw power.

Then his fist began gliding up and down again, slow and deliberate. His hips bucked upward, fucking his own hand as he stared at the framed photo of her in the bikini.

"Oh fuck, Emma..." he groaned, voice thick with lust. "Jimmy got a cock like this? Bet you'd love a big black cock stuffing that tight white pussy. Turn you out for the black man. That white body was built for big black cock."

Emma squeezed her thighs together hard. Her pussy was drooling now, soaking through the tiny black bikini bottoms. She had never seen or heard anything so filthy, so raw. Her nipples ached painfully against the wet fabric.

Marcus's meaty fist rose and fell faster along the thick, veined shaft. His eyes not on the bikini picture, but his phone propped on the bed out of her sight. The screen showed the image of him laying on the bed jerking off, Emma's face staring in shock through the cracked door. He smiled watching her staring in awe.

Sitting in his golf cart in the parking lot, James stared at the same scene on his phone in shocked horror, his little penis rock-hard in his shorts despite his revulsion at the image.



Emma sucked her lower lip into her mouth. Her hand drifted down toward her bikini bottoms, sliding under the fabric and through her thick pubic hair before she yanked it back, disgusted with herself, but the sight was incredibly erotic.

Marcus kept going, grunting. "Oh fuck, Emma... gonna bust a nut up in that white pussy. Here it comes, slut. Take my nut!"

Emma covered her mouth with both hands as the head of his huge cock exploded.

A long, powerful strand of thick milky semen shot nearly two feet into the air, followed by another, then a heavy geyser. His cock jerked violently in his fist, pumping out rope after rope of cum that splattered across his muscular stomach and chest, coating his dark skin in thick white streaks.

Emma backed away on shaky legs, whispering frantically, “Oh my god... oh my god...”



She slipped into her bedroom and locked the door behind her. A few quick tugs and her bikini fell to the floor. She yanked open the dresser drawer, grabbed her thick pink dildo, and threw herself onto the bed.

“Oh fuck...” she moaned, spreading her legs and shoving the toy deep into her soaked pussy. She switched it on and started thrusting it desperately, her mind replaying the image of Marcus’s huge glistening black cock gliding through his fist.

“Fuck... fuck...” she whimpered, hips bucking.
“Fuck me... Marcus...”

The fantasy of his massive cock erupting sent her crashing over the edge. “YES!” she cried out, writhing on the bed as her first powerful orgasm ripped through her, but the sensations didn’t fade, instead she felt more pressure building in her womb. She quickly grabbed her big tits, tugging hard on her nipples trying to get off again.

But the vibrator began stuttering, its vibrations dying.

“No...” she gasped, right on the edge of another climax. She grabbed the base and worked it frantically with one hand while squeezing and pulling one swollen nipple with the other. The damn finally burst. She collapsed back onto the bed, legs shaking as wave after wave of pleasure swept through her body.

She lay there panting, staring at the ceiling, the thick pink dildo still buried inside her dripping pussy.

Emma lay on the bed, chest heaving, a euphoric glow washing over her from the powerful double orgasm. Her pussy fluttered around the thick pink dildo still buried inside her. Slowly, she pulled the spent toy out with a wet sound, a thick strand of her arousal stretching between her swollen lips and the slick shaft.

She stared at it in surprise. The batteries had died already. She must be using it too much, she thought with a guilty smile.

The pleasant haze lasted only a few seconds before the guilt and horror crashed over her like a cold wave.

She had just had a huge orgasm fantasizing about a black man. About *Marcus Hale*. The arrogant, thuggish ex-con who represented everything she disliked: toxic black masculinity, crude entitlement, and raw danger.

"Oh my god..." she whispered, shame burning her cheeks. Her hand trembled as she set the dead dildo aside. She had moaned his name. Out loud.

Anger surged through her, hot and sharp. This was all James's fault. He had brought that criminal into their home without even warning her. He had put her in this position.

She sat up on the bed, still naked, her large breasts rising and falling with each angry breath. Her thick bush was matted with her juices.

In the guest room, Marcus lay back on the bed, thick ropes of his own semen running down his muscular stomach and chest. He stared at his phone with a filthy grin, watching Emma clearly conflicted with guilt. Emma was sitting up on her bed, still completely naked, her large breasts rising and falling. She stood and headed toward her bathroom. He switched the feed following her to the shower. His spent cock twitched and began plumping up again as he watched the water splattering over her incredible nude body. She was fucking magnificent! He grabbed a roll of paper towels and wiped his chest watching her finish her shower, return to her room, and dress in a sexy tight two-piece running outfit.



She quickly dressed in her tight two-piece spandex running outfit. It hugged her powerful legs, hard well-rounded butt, and left her toned stomach bare. She'd caused more than a few male drivers to slam their breaks as she ran down the road. She stormed downstairs to wait for her husband.

James pulled into the garage later that afternoon, still replaying everything he had seen on his phone. The moment he stepped out of the car, Emma was waiting for him, arms crossed under her chest, pushing her breasts up in the tight top.

"I can't believe this," she snapped. "I can't believe you. Marcus is a criminal, James. An ex-con. And you invited him into our house?"

James stared at her. She looked incredible in the tight spandex, flushed with anger, but all he could see in his mind was her writhing on the bed, moaning "Fuck me, Marcus..."

"What did he do anyway?"

"We weren't allowed to ask do to privacy laws," he said weakly. "It was part of his work release. The parole board considered him rehabilitated and not dangerous."

"I don't want the man in my house," she said, practically screaming.

"Maybe, you should go stay with Sarah?" he asked hopefully.

Emma's eyes flashed. "I shouldn't have to leave my own home because of this. I need to blow off some steam."

She turned and headed out for a run without another word.

James walked inside, shoulders slumped. He found Marcus shirtless on the couch, feet propped up on the coffee table again, a smug grin on his ugly face.

"You catch all that, Jimmy?" Marcus asked.

"Yeah... I saw it all."

Marcus chuckled. "She ever say 'fuck me, Jimmy' to you like that? She'll be tellin' me, fuck me, Marcus to my face soon."

James didn't answer. His face burned with humiliation.

"I'm going to take a shower," he muttered.

"Grab me a beer first," Marcus ordered casually.

James hesitated for only a second before going to the fridge, fetching a cold can, and handing it to the big black man. Marcus took it without thanks, cracking it open as James headed upstairs, feeling smaller than he ever had in his life.

Marcus pulled his phone out and watched the cuck jerk off his pathetic little dick in the shower. He couldn't tell if it was shower water or tears running down the man's cheeks.

Emma woke up early Monday morning, still simmering with anger and confusion from the day before. She dressed quickly in her tight two-piece spandex running sports bra, but this time she paired it with tiny tight running shorts that clung to her wide curving hips and firm well-rounded rear and left her firm fit legs bare. The outfit always made her feel powerful and sexy when she ran.

She was lacing up her shoes in the foyer, ready to slip out the door, when Marcus appeared at the bottom of the stairs wearing nothing but a pair of tight black biker shorts and running shoes.

"Mind if I join you?" he asked, his deep voice casual.

Emma snapped, "Don't you ever work?"

Marcus smirked. "Got to meet some workers at the house later this afternoon. Don't you ever work?"

"I have appointments later," she replied coolly. "I enjoy the silence when I run. It clears my head."

Marcus simply shrugged his massive shoulders. "I'll keep my mouth shut."



She relented with a sigh, not wanting to seem petty. They stepped outside and stretched in the driveway. Marcus's powerful body moved with surprising flexibility for his size, thick muscles flexing under his dark skin. He went through a series of movements that she guessed was Tai Chi. Emma tried not to stare.

They set off running, Marcus following a few steps behind her. Neither spoke. The only sounds were their rhythmic breathing and footsteps on the pavement. Emma kept her pace steady, trying to lose herself in the run, but she could feel his eyes on her ass the entire time.

When they reached the wooded park, Marcus suddenly stumbled, clutching his thick thigh with a grunt.

"Shit," he muttered, limping toward a nearby bench.

Emma stopped, concerned despite herself. "Are you okay?" She grabbed his sweaty arm and helped him sit, then knelt in front of him on the grass. His leg was outstretched, the thick muscle

bulging under her hands as she rubbed his thigh.

Her face was barely a foot away from the massive bulge in his tight biker shorts. The outline of his huge black cock was unmistakable, long, tubular, and starting to swell. She could smell his strong masculine scent, musky from the run, but not unpleasant. The image from yesterday flashed in her mind: Marcus lying on his bed, that monstrous glistening cock exploding in his fist, thick ropes of semen shooting into the air.

She pictured it aimed at her face.

Emma reared back suddenly, breathing harder than the run warranted. Her nipples were painfully hard against her sports bra.

"I... I couldn't feel anything," she said quickly. "Muscles are a little tight, maybe."

Marcus nodded, watching her with dark, predatory eyes. "Probably just a charley horse. Give me a minute."

Emma stood and moved a short distance away to continue her workout, flowing through several yoga poses to stretch. She could feel Marcus's gaze burning into her the entire time — mentally stripping the tight spandex from her body, picturing her nude.

When she returned to the bench, his bulge in the biker shorts was noticeably bigger, thick and heavy against his thigh. "Feel better?"

"A lot better after watching you go through your poses."

Emma frowned, snorting and giving him a glare.

They jogged back in silence. On the way, Emma stopped briefly at a convenience store to pick up a few things.

Marcus' broad lips curled up at the pack of batteries in her pile.

Marcus walked into Emma's bedroom completely naked, his huge black cock swinging heavily between his thick thighs with every step. On the screen of his phone, Emma was down by the pool in that tiny black string bikini he loved so much, bending over to lay out her towel on the lounge chair. It had been two days since their jog, and he hadn't seen her yesterday, though he had watched every move she made through the cameras when she got home. The teasing little snow bunny was getting him worked up. He had made a few calls to some of his regular sluts last night until he found one available and laid the pipe to her hard, picturing the writhing black woman was Emma as she milked his balls dry. He'd arrived back at the Caldwell's around 3:00am. It had satisfied a need, but it wasn't what he wanted. He wanted Jimmy's sexy white wife.

He pulled open her dresser drawer, grabbed the thick pink dildo, and turned it on, letting it buzz loudly while checking his phone to keep an eye on Emma. Glancing down, he noticed the old batteries sitting in the wastebasket. With a smirk, he quickly swapped the fresh ones for the dead ones, saving him a lot of time. He placed the dildo neatly back where it belonged.

On his phone screen, Emma's expression had turned annoyed. She threw up her hands, turned and stormed into the house. Marcus quickly moved down the hall to his room.



Down by the pool, Emma huffed in frustration needing her tanning oil. The image of Marcus using it to slick up that monstrous black cock flashed through her mind unbidden. She had been relieved not to see him yesterday, and she hadn't even heard him come home last night. Storming back into the house, she headed straight for his room believing he was still out.

She pushed the door open without knocking and froze.

Marcus was sitting on the edge of the bed, completely naked, slowly oiling his enormous black cock. The thick shaft glistened obscenely as his big hand stroked up and down its impossible length.

Emma's mouth fell open. She stared, unable to look away from the veined monster in his fist. She pulled her eyes off the huge dick though the thing was magnetic drawing them back. She'd finally had enough. "Get your own oil for your filthy habits," she snapped, her voice shaking with anger. She grabbed her nearly empty bottle of oil from the nightstand. "And don't use my picture

to get off!" She snatched the framed bikini photo from beside him. She glared at him, stepping backwards, her eyes falling on his huge glistening shaft again. So big...

Marcus didn't stop stroking. His dark eyes locked onto hers. "Stop," he commanded, voice low and forceful.

Emma froze mid-turn, her body obeying before her mind could catch up.

"I don't need the picture," he said slowly, still gliding his hand along the glistening shaft, "when I've got the real thing right here in front of me?"

She tried to argue, her mouth opening and closing, but the words wouldn't come. Her eyes stayed locked on his massive cock as he stroked it deliberately, letting her watch every thick inch.

The air felt thick. Her nipples hardened painfully against her bikini top. Her pussy clenched and grew wet despite herself.

"Come closer, white girl," Marcus ordered, voice low and commanding. "Let me look at you."

"Stay on the bed," Emma demanded, her voice barely above a whisper, eyes still fixed on his throbbing black cock.

Marcus grinned, slowly stroking himself as he drank in the sight of her. "You like it, white girl? You're staring at it like you like it. Like you've never seen a big black cock before, have you?"

She was standing close beside the bed now. She could hear the oily, slick sounds as his hand slowly rose and fell along the thick shaft.

"No, of course not and I don't like it. I've just never seen one so big," she admitted, almost in a trance. "How big is it?"

"It's a little over thirteen inches," Marcus replied smugly.

"I don't believe it," she hissed, but her eyes weren't lying.

He kept stroking, eyes locked on hers. "As good as you look in that bikini, I'd finish a lot faster if you were naked."

Emma mumbled, feeling hypnotized by the slow, steady motion of his hand. "You wish..."

"I've already seen you naked," he reminded her.

She reached behind her neck with trembling fingers. "Promise me you'll stay on that bed."

Marcus smirked. "I ain't going nowhere."

"No touching," she warned as she pulled the string. The tiny black triangles fell away, freeing her breasts. Her fat pink nipples were rock hard. She reached down for the strings on her waist. Marcus's eyes roamed hungrily over her body.

"How much of that thing can women take?" she asked breathlessly, staring at his massive cock.

"Every black inch of it," he said smugly.

"I don't believe you," she whispered, pulling the string on her waist, her panties falling to the floor.



"Wanna see how much you can take?"

Emma's mouth fell open in shock, eyebrows raised. She shook her head. "I just want to watch," she stuttered.

"What about touching it?"

"What do you mean?" she asked from the foot of the bed. She was leaning forward slightly to get a closer look at it.

"Grab that black dick. See what a real man's cock feels like."

Emma gulped, raising her arm, as her hand reached out. She hesitated, pulled back, then finally wrapped her trembling fingers around the thick shaft just under the swollen head as he let go. She saw her wedding ring sparkling on her hand as she held the shaft.

"That's a good white girl," Marcus groaned. "Feel the black man's power in that black dick."

"Oh my god..." Emma moaned, her small white hand sliding slowly down the oily shaft. "It's so fucking big, Marcus."

"Bigger than Jimmy?"

"Twice as big as James," she breathed, her hand running up to the bulbous head, thumb brushing over the sensitive glans. "Bigger."

"It needs more lube."

She was still holding her tanning oil. She flipped the lid and poured a generous amount over the head where her fingers gripped the girthy monstrosity. Her hand quickly slid down and back up, now gliding smoothly along the slick black shaft.

"That's it, white girl," Marcus growled, voice thick with pleasure. "Jerk off that big black cock."

Emma tried to will herself to let go, but she couldn't. Her hand kept moving, gliding up and down the enormous veined shaft as she stared in rapt fascination at what she was doing.

Look at you... a married white wife with her dainty little hand wrapped around a real man's dick. Your husband could never satisfy you with that tiny white dick. This is what you need. This is what that tight white pussy was built for."

Emma's breathing grew ragged. She leaned forward, her big breasts dangling and swaying as she added her other hand, stroking faster. The oily, slick sounds filled the room. She paused, guiding the fat head so it rubbed against her sensitive nipples, smearing them with oil and precum. The sensation made her whimper as the head flicked her oversensitive erect nipples.

Marcus watched her with dark, hungry eyes. "That's right, snow bunny. Rub that big black cock all over those pretty white titties. You love it, don't you?"



She didn't answer, but her hands moved faster, twisting and stroking with growing hunger. She was fascinated now, completely mesmerized by the sheer size and power throbbing in her grip.

The cock swelled even thicker in her hands. The head flared, turning a darker purple.

"Here it comes, white girl," Marcus groaned. "Gonna paint those big white tits with black seed."

Emma kept stroking frantically, eyes wide. The head erupted.

Thick, powerful ropes of hot semen blasted out, splattering heavily across her breasts and chest. One long strand hit her chin. She gasped but didn't

stop, milking him through every spurt as his massive cock jerked and throbbed in her hands. More cum coated her tits, dripping down her cleavage and over her hard nipples.

Finally, the last heavy drops oozed from the tip. Emma released his cock, staring down at the mess covering her body in shock. She backed away quickly, grabbed her bikini pieces, and fled naked down the hall to her bedroom, locking the door behind her.

She stood there panting, his thick semen still warm on her skin. Disgust and shame flooded her, but her pussy was throbbing with need. She grabbed her dildo, threw herself on the bed, and shoved it deep into her soaked cunt.

"Oh fuck..." she moaned, reaching down to turn it on.

Nothing.

She almost screamed in frustration, squeezing her legs together and humping the dead toy desperately. Her hands came up, smearing Marcus's cum over her swollen nipples, pinching and pulling them hard. She rubbed the sticky seed down over her belly and ribs, the filthy feeling only making her wetter. Finally she sat up, working the dildo frantically with one hand while furiously rubbing her clit with the other.

The orgasm hit her like a freight train. She cried out, body shaking violently as powerful waves of pleasure tore through her and it would have been bigger if her stupid dildo had been working.

She collapsed back onto the bed, chest heaving, covered in sweat and another man's cum.

In his office, James stared at the live feed in horrified arousal, his little penis throbbing in his pants. A sticky wet stain was already forming on his trousers.

In his room, Marcus lay back with a smug, satisfied grin, thick ropes of semen running down his stomach. On his phone he watched Emma's conflicted, naked body as she came hard thinking about him. He watched her shower, some guilt settling in as she spent a lot of time making sure her body was clean of his seed. A towel wrapped around her, she sat on the bed, staring at her phone. He guessed what she was up to when she picked her dildo off the bed and tossed it in the wastebasket, moving some trash around to hide it.

Friday, the two men were reviewing paperwork in the office when James's phone buzzed with a doorbell camera notification. A delivery man had just dropped off a long, elongated box on the front steps.

James quickly texted Emma: You got a package on the doorstep.

She replied with a simple thumbs-up emoji.

Marcus, leaning over the desk to hand him another report, glanced at the phone. "What was that, Jimmy?"

"Nothing," James muttered, trying to focus on work. "Emma just got a package."

Marcus's ugly face split into a cocky grin. "Bet I know what it is, Jimmy."

James sighed. "What?"

"An upgrade on her dildo," Marcus said confidently. "Remember I swapped the batteries on the old one? She thinks it's broken."

"I guess it could be," James replied weakly, desperate for the big black man to leave his office.

Marcus leaned in closer. "Wanna make a bet on it?"

James shrugged. "Not really."

"How much money you got in yo wallet?"

“Maybe sixty bucks, but I don’t want to bet.”

“If I win, you give me all the cash in your wallet right now. If I’m wrong, I’ll leave you and Emma alone and give you the flash drive back.”

James suddenly perked up. “Really? Over whether or not she ordered a new dildo?”

Marcus smiled darkly. “No, Jimmy. Over whether or not that new dildo is bigger and blacker than her pink vibrator.”

James hesitated only a second. “You’re on.”

Marcus chuckled. “Let me know when she gets home.”



Later that afternoon, the doorbell cam went off again. James watched his gorgeous wife step out of her car, dressed to impress and sell medications. She bent down and retrieved her package. James saw that it was a rather long elongated rectangular box. He buzzed Marcus that she was home.

The bedroom camera feed lit up. Marcus had come back into James’s office and now stood behind him, both men watching intently.

Emma stripped out of her sexy business professional outfit, tight blouse and pencil skirt, revealing her powerful athletic body clad in sexy lace pink underwear. She grabbed a pair of scissors and eagerly cut open the long box.

Marcus grinned wide as she pulled out the new toy: an extremely lifelike 11-inch black dildo, thick, veined, and realistic, with a solid base holding a more powerful battery.

“Pay up, Jimmy,” Marcus said cheerfully, holding out his big hand. “Told you she’d go bigger and blacker.”

James reluctantly pulled all the bills out of his wallet and handed them over to the black man.

Emma lost her underwear and lay back on the bed, legs spread, the area beneath her curly brown pubes already glistening. She rubbed the fat black head against her swollen pussy lips, teasing herself for a moment before pushing it inside with a long, shuddering moan.

“Oh fuck...” she gasped, working the massive toy in and out, slowly going deeper.

James’s face burned with humiliation as he watched his wife fuck herself with the huge black dildo. His little penis twitched pathetically in his pants.

Marcus leaned closer to the screen, eyes gleaming. "Look at her go. She wants it bad. She's taking almost all of it. That's my girl."



Emma's hips bucked faster. She drove the 11-inch black cock in and out of her soaked pussy, moaning louder with every thrust until finally it was all the way in. "Oh god, it's so big," she gasped. She laid still getting used to her new toy, her chest rising and falling before reaching down and flicking the switch.

It was like a switch had been flipped on Emma. Her eyes flew open in shock just as her hips bucked up off the bed. They continued thrusting upward as if she was getting fucked by the huge dildo. Her large breasts bounced heavily, nipples rock hard. Her free hand pinched and pulled at them desperately. Her moans and whimpers came through the speakers on James' computer.

Within minutes she was writhing, crying out as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Her back arched off the bed, thighs shaking as she came hard around the thick black shaft.

When the waves finally subsided, Emma lay there panting, quickly reaching down to turn it off. Slowly, almost reverently, she pulled it out and brought the fat, slick head before her face, staring at it reverently.

Marcus let out a deep, satisfied chuckle. "Looks like Emma's happy with her new toy."

"Are you going to drain those batteries too?"

Marcus chuckled. "No, she'll do that on her own. Besides, I want her to associate big orgasms with big black dick."

James said nothing. He could only stare in sick, aroused horror as his wife lay naked on their marital bed, covered in sweat, eyes half-lidded with satisfaction while cradling the massive black dildo against her chest like it was a precious child.

"Text her we're working late," said Marcus, staring at her.

"Why?"

Marcus smirked. "I want to see if she uses her new dick again. The first time, she just got home from work and wants to relieve some stress and try out her new toy. If she does it again, it'll be because she wants it. We'll go to happy hour and don't worry, I'm paying." Marcus waved James' money in front of him.

She used it twice more before they left the bar.



The final time, they were sitting at a two-top staring at James' phone as Emma put it in upside down and rolled over on her stomach, lifting her ass up and humping back into the imaginary thrusts of the vibrating black dildo.

"I've never seen her do that," gasped James. They never even made love doggy style, she found it impersonal and demeaning.

"Fuck," she gasped. "Fuck Marcus, it's so big. Fuck... Fuck me... Fuck me, MARCUS!" she squealed as she came hard, quickly reaching under her to turn it off.

"Damn, she wants to fuck me bad," grunted Marcus.

"But apparently doesn't want to look at you while you do it," said a miffed James.



"Doesn't matter, she's gonna know who's fucking her when I turn out that white pussy. Let's go home, Jimmy boy."

"Uh, let me finish my beer first," said James, wanting to wait until his rock hard penis went limp.

James waited until they were alone in the car on the way home before speaking. His voice was low and nervous. "Marcus, If by some chance, you succeed, you have to wear a condom."

Marcus smirked triumphantly, leaning back in the passenger seat. "Not so sure your wife is going to stay faithful, Jimmy? Well too bad, I only fuck bareback."

"You have to. She's not on birth control," James said quickly. "She doesn't want children. You can't get her pregnant, they'd know the baby isn't mine."

"How would they know it's not yours?" Marcus nodded, a cruel smile spreading across his ugly face. "Oh yeah... a boy baby would have a big cock." He laughed at his own joke, then turned serious. "Interesting that she doesn't want kids, but doesn't take birth control."

"I've always used a rubber."

"So, she's never taken it bareback? Good to know."

"This is serious, Marcus. Promise me or the bet is off."

"Then the bet's off. You want to tell her about your cameras or do you want me to? This black king is holding all the cards Jimmy and yo wife is about to pull the queen of spades from my deck."

"Fuck," James snapped.

"You got condoms in the nightstand?"

"Yeah. A whole sleeve."

Marcus nodded slowly. "Good to know."

James sighed in relief, though Marcus had never actually promised to use them. Still, Emma would never allow a black man to fuck her unprotected... of course, she also never would have fantasized about one with a big black dildo or jerked off a huge black cock until it came all over her tits either. A growing sense of unease settled deep in James's gut.

"I need you to let me..." James paused, unable to believe he was asking for Marcus Hale's permission. "Let me have sex with Emma tomorrow. It's her birthday. She'll expect it."

Marcus lit up, grinning. "Birthday? Good to know, Jimmy. Good to know. No sex until I'm gone, Jimmy. Get her dressed up hot and sexy for a fun evening. Make sure she's tipsy and drink a lot yourself. You're gonna play drunk and pretend to pass out. I want her pissed at you when I make my move."

James felt his dick hardening again despite himself. He hated the idea of Emma with Marcus, but his body had its own opinions.



"Our seven-year anniversary is next week, Marcus. If we don't have sex then, she'll suspect something is up."

Marcus lit up, grinning. "Nice, the 'itch' anniversary. That'll give me time to come up with a plan." He thought for a moment. "You may have an unexpected business trip next week."

"Fuck," said James, his knuckles turning white on the steering wheel.

They pulled into the driveway. Emma greeted them at the door, looking happy and relaxed in a sexy silk pink halter top and matching pink shorts that clung to her curves. The outfit was far too sexy to wear in front of a house guest, but she didn't seem concerned.

Marcus's eyes roamed over her body openly. "Damn, Emma. You look hot tonight."

For the first time, she didn't snap at the compliment. She simply smiled, a little flush on her cheeks. "Thank you, Marcus."

James felt his stomach twist as he watched his wife, clearly in a great mood, chatting casually with the big black man, whose eyes were freely roaming over her body. She practically skipped over to the refrigerator and got both men a beer without being asked.

Emma came downstairs early Saturday morning in her tight two-piece spandex running outfit, the cropped sports bra hugging her large breasts and the tiny shorts clinging to her firm ass. She was looking forward to clearing her head with a good run on her birthday.

Marcus was already in the kitchen, wearing nothing but a pair of tight black running shorts that did nothing to hide the heavy bulge of his massive cock and sneakers. He was drinking a protein shake, his thick arm flexing as he lifted the shaker.

“Happy birthday, Emma,” he said with a smirk.

She paused, surprised. “Thank you, Marcus.”

“I didn’t find out until yesterday,” he added, setting the shaker down. “Didn’t have time to get you anything. But if you want... I’ll let you give me another hand job.”

Emma looked aghast, a hot flush rising to her cheeks. The vivid memory of her hands wrapped around his huge, oily black cock flashed through her mind unbidden. She felt her nipples harden instantly against her sports bra.

“You’re unbelievable,” she snapped, gritting her teeth. “Your idea of a birthday present is letting me jerk you off again? Seriously, Marcus?”



He shrugged with a cocky grin. “Well... if you’d rather suck it...”

She rolled her eyes, cheeks burning. “Seriously, Marcus, you’re too much. As for another hand job... I don’t know where my head was that day. It won’t happen again.”

Marcus shrugged. “Well, you know where I’ll be if you change your mind.”

“And hopefully you won’t be there much longer,” she shot back.

She turned and headed out the door. Marcus followed her. They ran three miles together in silence, Marcus staying a few steps behind her the entire time mostly watching her ass cheeks flex. When they stopped in a shaded spot to rest and drink water, he asked casually, “What’s Jimmy doing for your birthday?”

“I don’t know,” she replied, wiping sweat from her brow. “It’s a surprise, but he’s always very thoughtful.” Her eyes stared at his broad muscular chest, shining with sweat. She didn’t find him attractive, but his demeanor was very masculine, a quality James lacked.

They jogged back. James was waiting at the front door with a dozen red roses and a small envelope. Emma's face lit up. She kissed him warmly and opened the envelope.

"It's a spa day!" she exclaimed delightedly. "Hair, nails, massage, facial... the whole works."

James smiled. "Happy birthday, honey."

She hugged him tightly and kissed him again. "Thank you, sweetheart."

Marcus, standing nearby, chimed in with a smirk. "Free massages in my room if you're interested."

Emma's expression darkened instantly. She looked at James, waiting for him to say something, but he only flushed and looked away, not meeting her eyes. She huffed angrily and stormed upstairs, some of the birthday goodwill already soured.

Marcus watched her tight ass sway as she climbed the stairs. "I give facials too," he told James casually.



Marcus lounged on the couch in sweatpants and a tight white tee that stretched across his massive chest, while James stood beside him in a charcoal suit, nervously adjusting his tie. Both men looked up as Emma appeared at the top of the stairs.

She looked stunning, fresh from the spa with her wavy chestnut hair styled in glossy, cascading waves that framed her face and rested against her bare shoulders. Her hazel eyes sparkled with warmth, and a confident smile played on her full lips. She had chosen a sexy, form-fitting emerald green dress that clung to her powerful athletic body, the satin fabric skimming her large breasts with deep, inviting cleavage, narrow waist, and wide curving hips. The hem stopped mid-thigh, showing off her strong, toned legs, and she wore strappy high-heeled sandals that accentuated her painted toenails.

For a long moment, neither man spoke.

James stared up at her in awe and quiet despair. How could I have fucked up so badly? How could I risk losing such a magnificent creature? She was

everything, beautiful, intelligent, sensual, and he was handing her over to the black man standing beside him.

Marcus let out a low whistle, his dark eyes roaming hungrily over her body. "Damn, Emma. You lookin' mighty fine."

Emma sighed and rolled her eyes as she descended the stairs with graceful poise, one hand lightly gliding along the banister. "Well? Does the outfit pass inspection?"

James stepped forward, offering his arm. "It's the woman that makes the outfit," he said, forcing a smile. "You look lovely."

She slipped her arm through his and kissed his cheek. "Thank you for the spa day, honey. It was perfect."

Marcus remained seated, still staring openly. "Poor guys at the strip club don't stand a chance. You're gonna rake in the dough."

Emma gave a playful little turn, the satin catching the light. "I'm not going to let you get to me tonight, Marcus," she said lightly, "and for your information, I'd make a fortune as a stripper."

James laughed nervously and gave her hand a squeeze. Marcus simply smirked from the couch, his powerful frame relaxed as he watched them head for the door.

As they stepped outside, James couldn't shake the sinking feeling in his gut. Tonight was supposed to be special, her birthday, their date night. But he already knew this night wasn't going to end well.

They arrived at the restaurant, every male in the place keenly aware of Emma's arrival. They sat down at their table, their waiter pouring the first of many glasses of wine.

James and Emma arrived home in an Uber a little after eleven. She was tipsy, giggling as she helped her stumbling husband out of the car. Marcus was waiting at the front door, wearing only gray sweatpants.

"Need help?" he asked.

Emma sighed. "Yes, please. He had a little too much wine."

"Just a little?" asked the giant black man as Jimmy stumbled out of the car. Together they got James in the house and upstairs to the master bedroom. Marcus had no trouble supporting the smaller man's weight, casually insulting him the whole way. "Guess Jimmy can't handle his alcohol."

They laid him on the bed. Emma was clearly annoyed as she thanked Marcus. He shook his head looking down at James and left the room.

She stripped James out of his suit, folding the clothes neatly while he mumbled apologies. "Sorry, baby... drank too much..."

She kissed him softly. "Don't pass out on me tonight. It's my birthday."

But by the time she came back from the bathroom, James was already snoring loudly.

Emma stood there for a long moment, anger and frustration building inside her. She stormed downstairs in her sexy emerald dress, heels clicking on the hardwood.

Marcus was sprawled on the couch in just his gray sweatpants, watching ESPN. The thin fabric did little to hide the heavy bulge between his legs.

Emma went to the kitchen and poured herself another glass of wine. "You want a beer?" she asked.

"Sure," Marcus replied. As she poured, he casually slipped his hand into his sweatpants and gave his thick cock a few tugs, making the bulge swell and become even more obvious.

She returned with the beer and sat in the chair across from him, crossing her legs and sipping her wine. "I can't believe James tonight," she complained. "He promised tonight would be special. You know, he started acting funny when you started staying with us."

Marcus chuckled. "He knows he ain't the man of the house anymore. Not while I'm here."

Her eyes kept drifting down to the massive outline of his cock straining against the sweatpants. She reached down and unstrapped her high-heeled sandals, kicking them off and rubbing one dainty foot lightly.

She finished her wine in one long gulp and set the glass down. Her voice was low and seemed conflicted. "Is your offer still open?"

Marcus smiled lazily. "What offer?"

"The birthday present you offered me this morning."

Marcus sat up, hooked his thumbs into his waistband, and pushed his sweatpants down his hips. His monstrous black cock flopped out, already half-hard and thickening rapidly.

Emma stood on slightly wobbly legs and walked over to him, her heart pounding.



Emma knelt between Marcus's spread legs on the living room floor. She reached out with both hands and wrapped them around his thick, heavy cock, stroking it slowly until it swelled to its full, intimidating hardness in her grip.

"I still can't believe how big it is," she whispered, almost in awe. Emma couldn't understand what was so fascinating about Marcus' big black cock. It wasn't like she was a size queen or anything and she certainly didn't like black men, but it was just so outside her experience. "Want me to go get the oil?" she asked, stroking the dry shaft lightly.

"Spit on it," Marcus said with a smirk.

Emma hesitated only a second before leaning forward and spitting on the fat head. She rubbed her saliva over the swollen glans, mixing it with the precum already leaking from the tip.

“This is only to get back at my husband,” she said firmly, as if trying to convince herself. “That’s it.”

Marcus chuckled. “Make it as angry a handjob as you want, white girl. You can’t break it.”

She did exactly that. Her small white hands stroked and tugged hard along the massive black shaft, adding more spit as she worked him. The wet, slick sounds filled the room.



“You might not want to ruin that pretty dress,” Marcus warned, eyes dark with lust.

Emma leaned closer to his lap, his hard cock rubbing her cheek and making her shiver. She lowered her head closer to his crotch, smelling his musky scent and reached behind her to lift her hair up. “Help me?” she asked. Marcus grabbed the zipper on the back of her dress and

pulled it down. She pushed herself up on shaky legs, standing before him, and pulled her straps down until her breasts sprang free.

Marcus grinned. "Told you you'd be stripping tonight."

Emma grinned wryly, but found herself putting a bit of sway in her hips as she wiggled the dress down until it dropped at her feet leaving her standing before him in nothing but sexy black lace thong panties that left little to the imagination.

"The panties stay on," she said firmly, dropping back to her knees.

She grabbed his cock again with both hands, stroking harder now adding more spit, the head constantly dribbling precum to help lubricate it. She pulled the thick shaft forward and rubbed the fat, leaking head across her hard pink nipples, smearing them with precum and spit.

"I'm so pissed," she hissed, jerking him faster. "Fuck James."

"Yeah, Fuck Jimmy. He's such a loser," Marcus groaned. "Passing out on such a sexy woman on her birthday. He'd be really pissed if he saw you jerking off that big black cock right now."

"So pissed," she mumbled.

From the upper floor, James watched silently through the railing, his little penis hard in his pants. He couldn't believe his wife was jerking off Marcus Hale's cock again.

Marcus glanced up and saw the movement, but said nothing to Emma. Instead he growled, "Take your anger out on this big black cock, white girl."

"I'm so mad," she growled, staring at her dainty white hands gliding up and down the black shaft. "Fuck Jimmy!"

"You know what would really piss little Jimmy off?"



"What?" she asked, unable to take her eyes off the black cock, breathing hard while squeezing and wringing the huge phallus.

"Sucking off this big black dick."

Emma gasped, staring at her hands pulling on the thick, veined shaft. She bent the heavy cock forward while leaning in, pressed her full lips against the swollen head, bending the shaft to run the black glans over her face. "He'd hate that," she mumbled. Emma turned her face, licking up the shaft to the head and slowly opened her mouth.

Emma knelt between Marcus's spread legs, her heart hammering with a toxic mix of anger and shame. *This is all James's fault, she thought bitterly. He brought this arrogant black man into our home. And now here I am... on my knees like a slut.* She was furious at her husband for passing out on her birthday, and even angrier at herself for what she was about to do. "Don't you dare cum in my mouth," she growled angrily.

She leaned forward and took the swollen head of Marcus's massive black cock into her mouth.



Marcus groaned. "That's it, white girl. Suck that big black cock."

She struggled at first, her lips stretched painfully wide around the thick glans. She tried not to gag as she bobbed her head, taking only a few inches.

Marcus looked down at her with a mocking smile. "Is that all you got? That's just the head. I thought you could do better than that. You might as well go back to giving me a handjob."

The insult burned. How dare he talk to me like that? Anger flared hot in her chest. She relaxed her throat, breathed through her nose, and pushed forward, forcing more of his enormous shaft into her mouth, the head pushing into her throat. She forced herself not to gag, tears running down her cheeks as the head pushed past her uvula and into her throat. Emma started bobbing her head.

Marcus's tone shifted immediately. "Now you're doing me right, white girl." He moaned, bucking slightly.

"Mmmm," she moaned, catching herself. She shouldn't be enjoying this.

You sure you never sucked black cock before? You're a natural born cocksucker."

The crude compliment sent a shameful thrill through her. Her nipples throbbed they were so hard. The bottom of her panties were soaked to the point her arousal was running down her

inner thighs. Emma gave in. She moaned around his cock and took him even deeper, her head bobbing faster, her hands stroking the thick base she couldn't fit in her mouth.

Marcus kept talking, his voice growing rougher. "You lovin' that black cock now, white girl? This is where all you white sluts belong, on your knees sucking off the black man. It's our turn now."

His filthy race play made her pussy throb and drip. The anger at James, the shame at what she was doing, it all mixed with a dark, growing pleasure. She began to truly enjoy it, moaning lustfully as she serviced his massive black cock, sucking harder, slurping noisily, her tongue swirling around the fat head.

Marcus's hand came down gently but firmly on the back of her head. "That's it... good white girl. Worship that big black dick."

Emma's eyes watered but she didn't stop. She was lost in it now, the thickness stretching her mouth, the heavy pulsing veins against her tongue, the sheer power of the cock she was servicing. She moaned loudly around him, a true act of cock worship, her head moving faster as she tried to take even more of him.

Marcus groaned deeply, his hips starting to buck. "Fuck... you're gonna make me cum, slut."

His cock swelled even bigger in her mouth. She pulled up until only the fat head was between her lips, looking up at him with lust-drunk eyes.



Marcus's strong hand tightened in her hair. "Keep going." He pulled her back down, thrusting up. Emma continued bobbing her head even as the monster cock swelled even more and she knew he had to be close.

He suddenly thrust upward, forcing more of his cock down her throat. "Swallow that nut, slut!"

He exploded.

Thick, powerful ropes of hot semen blasted into her mouth and straight down her throat. Emma tried to pull back but his hand held her firmly in place. She glugged and swallowed desperately, load after heavy load flooding her mouth with his thick hot seed. When

he finally relaxed his grip she pulled off gasping, coughing, his cum spilling from her lips and running down her chin.

Several more thick blasts hit her face and coated her large, heaving breasts as she knelt there panting.

Emma pushed herself up off her knees, staring in awe at Marcus's monster cock, still twitching and leaking the last drops of semen. Thick white strands ran down her face and dripped from her heavy breasts onto the floor.

She stared at him for a long moment, breathing hard, the taste of him strong in her mouth and shamefully, not entirely unpleasant. She wanted to yell at him for cumming in her mouth, but the more she tasted it the more she liked it. Emma ran her tongue over her lips, licking off more of his semen. Arrogant bastard knew she'd like it. She turned and grabbed her dress off the floor.

"Aren't you going to thank me for my present?" he asked.

Emma in a huff hurried toward the stairs, knowing his eyes were on her bare ass. Her body subconsciously putting a little more sway in her hips. Knowing he couldn't see her, she scooped more of his seed off her chin and licked it off her finger. Damn, it was good, cooler now and definitely better at body temperature.

"Happy birthday, Emma," he called from the couch.

Emma slipped into the master bathroom and locked the door behind her. She stared at the slut in the mirror; her face and large breasts covered in thick ropes of a black man's semen. It was already starting to run down her chest in slow, sticky trails. The sight should have disgusted her. Instead, a dark thrill ran through her body.

She quickly cleaned herself up with warm water and a washcloth, but the memory of Marcus's thick load coating her remained vivid. She climbed into bed beside her sleeping husband, still naked.

"James... wake up," she whispered, pressing her body against him. "It's my birthday. I need you."

She leaned close to his ear and began whispering one of her usual fantasies. "Doctor Johnson got me alone in the exam room yesterday... he was all out of tongue depressors... so he pulled out his meaty cock. Say Aahhh," he told me as I fell to my knees. I couldn't resist it, James. It was so big..."

But the words felt hollow. Without thinking, she switched stories, her voice growing huskier.

"I have a confession, James... I joined Marcus in the shower, thinking it was you. His black skin was all over me... his cock was massive, honey. So much bigger than yours..."

She reached down and fondled James's penis. It was limp, tiny, and sticky, like he had already cum earlier. She tugged gently, and it swelled slightly, but remained soft.

"Marcus is such a brute, honey," she continued, her fingers still playing with his useless little dick. "He pushed me to my knees in the shower and stuck that huge black cock in my face... He made me suck it, James... and I liked it. It was such a big, manly cock... so big... so black..."

James's little penis twitched once and swelled, but stayed floppy.

Emma sighed in frustration and kissed him on the forehead. "It's okay, baby." It wasn't okay.

She pulled her hand back. Her fingers were sticky and wet. She smelled them and it was definitely semen. She wrinkled her nose with distaste. She had zero desire to taste James's seed again.

Quietly, she retrieved her new 11-inch black dildo from the dresser and slipped back into the bathroom, hoping her cries wouldn't wake her useless husband.

Emma locked both doors and sat on the toilet. She spread her legs wide and shoved the thick black toy deep into her still-wet pussy with a long moan.



"Oh fuck..."

She switched it on and began thrusting it hard, her mind replaying the feeling of Marcus's massive cock in her mouth, the taste of his thick load, the way he had called her a good white girl while flooding her throat. She was a good white girl...

Within minutes she was writhing, gasping, "Marcus... fuck... so big!"

Her orgasm hit her hard, legs shaking as she came around the big black dildo.

But she didn't stop. She kept fucking herself with the realistic black toy, chasing another release, completely lost in her new obsession.

Emma stirred in bed after a night filled with vivid, erotic dreams. Her body felt warm and sensitive. She became aware of pressure on the mattress, the sheets being lifted, exposing her naked pussy to the cool air. Strong hands caressed her thighs, and hot breath ghosted over her womanhood.

Half-asleep and convinced she was still dreaming, she moaned softly until a large, wet tongue glided slowly up her pussy lips.

Her eyes flew open in surprise.

Marcus's bald head was between her spread legs, looking up at her with his cold dark eyes. He winked as his tongue wiggled teasingly between her folds.

"Marcus!" she gasped, her hips jerking involuntarily against his mouth. "What are you doing...? You can't be here... James!"



Marcus kissed her pussy softly, then pushed two thick, meaty fingers inside her. They were noticeably bigger than her husband's entire penis. He curled them expertly, stroking her inner walls.

"He's gone," Marcus murmured against her wet folds. "Took him to get his car this morning. He's heading straight to the golf course."

"Oh fuck... oh fuck..." she squealed, her hips humping against his thrusting black fingers. "What are you doing? You shouldn't be in here..."

Marcus chuckled, the vibration sending sparks through her core. "What does it look like I'm doing? Just returning the favor from last night, white girl."

He dove back in with hungry intensity. His thick tongue lapped broadly up her slit, then speared deep inside her, fucking her with long, powerful strokes. He sucked her swollen clit into his mouth, flicking it rapidly while his fingers continued their relentless thrusting. Emma's hands flew down, grabbing his bald head and pulling him harder against her pussy, her thighs trembling around his ears.

The pleasure was overwhelming. Her first orgasm hit her like a tidal wave, her back arching off the bed as she cried out, flooding his mouth with her juices. Marcus didn't stop. He kept licking and fingering her through the spasms, pushing her straight into a second, even more powerful orgasm. She begged, voice breaking, "Marcus... please... I can't take... oh god, stop..."

He finally pulled back, his face shiny with her arousal, planting a kiss on her pussy lips before climbing up onto the bed beside her, taking her husband's place on James's side of the bed.

Emma was still gasping for breath when she reached down and wrapped her hand around his huge, erect black cock. It throbbed in her grasp as she stroked it. After the two massive orgasms he had just given her, she felt an overwhelming need to pay him back.



She scooted down the bed and took him into her mouth again, this time with clear hunger. Her lips stretched wide around the fat head as she sucked him worshipfully, determined to taste every drop this time.

Marcus groaned in approval. "That's a good white girl... you're getting good at this."

She moaned around his cock, bobbing her head faster, taking more of him with each pass. When he finally tensed and erupted, she kept the head in her mouth, swallowing load after thick load of his hot semen, loving the taste. She pulled off only when he was spent, a satisfied, dazed look on her face.

Marcus turned into her, reaching out to grab her breast. He moved his head closer, bringing his lips towards hers. For a brief moment, Emma pursed her lips moving to meet him before coming to her senses and pulling back. Emma got up quickly, still breathing hard, and pointed at the door.

"Get out of my bedroom," she ordered, her voice shaky but firm. "And stay out. You're not allowed in here."

Marcus smirked as he pulled his sweatpants back on. "You know where I'll be if you want more."

He left, closing the door behind him.

Emma locked it immediately, then stood there for a moment, conflicted. She retrieved her new 11-inch black dildo from the dresser and lay back on the bed. She stared at it for several

seconds, the two orgasms Marcus had given her were completely satisfying, but... What the hell? She thought.

She spread her legs, inserted the thick black toy easily into her soaked pussy, and flicked it on. Within moments she was writhing, screaming, "MARCUS!" as another powerful orgasm crashed over her.

James sat in his car at the club's parking lot, running a tissue over the head of his prick to wipe up the runny seed. On his phone, he watched his beloved wife slowly pull the black dildo out of her pussy, humming contentedly as she headed to the shower.

"Fuck," James muttered.

If he didn't do something soon, Marcus was going to fuck her.



Emma wore a sexy blue baby doll nighty to bed, sheer, short, and clinging to her curves, the deep neckline showing off her large breasts. She snuggled up to James, reaching under his boxers. They kissed, and she felt him start to harden in her hand.

She whispered hotly in his ear, starting with one of her usual fantasies. "Two doctors at the practice today... they were naked under their white coats. One wanted to examine my breasts... the other said he needed to do a very thorough vaginal exam..."

James's penis swelled a little. She kissed him passionately and switched stories without warning, her voice dropping lower.

"I was sunbathing the other day...then I went to yell at Marcus because I couldn't find my tanning oil. I caught him using it to jerk off. God, James... his cock is so big... and black. So much bigger than yours."

James groaned, his little dick turning rock hard in her hand.

She continued, her hand stroking him slowly. "He asked if I wanted to touch it... and I did. I moved closer... I jerked him off. It was so big."

James's breathing grew ragged. She's telling me a true story, he realized. I watched it happen.

"I rubbed his huge cock all over my tits," she whispered, her voice husky. "So black against my pale tit flesh..."

James was throbbing now. "No, Emma," he groaned. "Not Marcus."

"It got so big, James... and I knew it was going to explode. He came all over my white tits..."

James moaned desperately, "Emma... stop... not him... please..."

But she didn't stop. "I couldn't help it, James. I rubbed that massive black cock all over my breasts until he exploded, so much cum, all for me."

James's penis twitched hard. A pathetic spurt of runny seed filled Emma's palm.

"Did you just...?" she asked, pulling her hand back and looking at the small, watery mess.

James went soft instantly. "Sorry, baby. I couldn't help it."

For a brief moment his lovely wife's face twisted up with a look of total contempt before she relaxed, sighing, disappointment clear on her face. The disappointment was almost worse.

She got up to wash her hands, then returned and snuggled up to him again.

"I can't go on like this, James," she said quietly. "I need my husband."

He apologized again, voice small. "I'll make it up to you, I promise. As soon as Marcus is gone." He sighed, "And please don't use him in our stories. I hate that man."

"Really? It sure got you hard real quick."

"Emma!"

"Well, it did, harder than it's felt in a while. She sighed again. "Okay," she promised. "I can't stand him either. I can't wait until he's gone."

She paused, then added, "Maybe you could ask your doctor about getting pills. There are some for both stamina and firmness."

"I'll talk to him."

"This week?" she asked hopefully.

"I..." James hesitated. "I won't be here. That big project we've been working on, I have to go present it. I won't be back until Friday."

Emma sat up, angry and horrified. "When were you going to tell me this?"

"I just found out myself," he said. "Sorry."

"Well," she relaxed. "At least I get the house to myself for a while."

"Uh, Marcus isn't coming with me."

"I don't want to be alone with him? What about our fucking anniversary, James?"

"I'm sorry, baby. I'll make it up to you."

"You've been saying that a lot lately," she snapped. She pushed off him and rolled over, facing away.

James turned and leaned in, touching her shoulder. She shrugged him off.

His voice lowered to a whisper in case Marcus was watching through the cameras. "I don't want you staying here with him either. Why don't you go stay with Sarah? You two haven't spent much time together lately."

Emma relaxed slightly. "Yeah... maybe I will. It would be nice to spend some time with her."

In the guest room, Marcus watched the feed with a cold, satisfied smile. "What are you whispering to her, Jimmy?" he muttered. "You better not be fucking this up for me."

He stroked his thick cock slowly as he watched Emma turn away from her husband. A dark grin spread across his face.

"Five days," he whispered to himself. "Five whole days alone with that fine white pussy. I'm finally gonna stretch that tight married cunt wide open and fill it with black seed. She's gonna be screaming my name by the end of the week."



Emma stood at the window, peeking through the curtains as James backed out of the driveway. Marcus's beat-up Honda was still parked on the street. She had woken up horny and hungry — but not for breakfast.

She turned, her bare feet gliding silently across the carpet. Marcus's door was cracked open. She pushed it wider and stepped inside.

He was sitting up in bed, shirtless, his powerful upper body on full display. His eyes scanned her body, still wearing the sheer blue nighty from the night before, and he let out a slow, appreciative whistle.

"Fuck, Emma... you wearing that for me?"

"No," she said, stepping further into the room, "I wore it for James last night. But I kept it on for you."

Marcus smirked knowingly. "And what can I do for you, Emma?"

She hesitated for only a second. "I'm going to go stay with a friend this week."



"You're what?" His expression darkened.

"We haven't seen each other much for a few months and we're overdue for a visit."

Marcus smiled, but she could see the anger simmering beneath it. "But why are you here?"

She took a deep breath. "I thought I'd say goodbye... and see if you wanted another blowjob."

He flipped the covers aside. His meaty black cock was already lying thick across his thigh, beginning to rise.

Emma stared at it hungrily, unconsciously licking her lips.

"Do you want to give me a blowjob, Emma?" he asked.

She nodded; eyes still fixed on his growing cock.

"Tell me."

She swallowed. "I want to suck your cock."

"Ask me," he ordered, "using my name and what kind of cock."

She frowned, thinking *what an asshole*, but the words came out anyway. "May I suck your big black cock, Marcus?"

He smiled. "Say the magic word."

Total asshole, she thought, but whispered, "Please?"

"Come and get it, white girl," he said, slowly stroking his thick shaft while sitting on the edge of the bed.

Emma dropped to her knees at his feet and guided the fat head into her mouth with a soft moan. She sucked him eagerly, taking more of his massive length than she had before, her head bobbing with growing hunger.

Marcus groaned, his hand resting on the back of her head. "That's it... good white girl. You should stay and find out what it's like to fuck a real man. This big black cock would turn that white pussy out for the black man. Make you black-only."

Emma moaned louder around his shaft, sucking harder, her lips stretching as she tried to take even more. She slowly pulled up, rubbing the head of his black cock over her lips and face

looking up at him. "Since this is the last time..." She took a deep breath, holding it, and swallowed the tip again. She bobbed her head several times, exhaling small bursts of breath through her nose as his giant glans pushed deeper and deeper down her throat until his curly black pubes tickled her nose.

"Fuck Emma, you were born to suck black cock," he groaned in ecstasy.

Emma moaned lustfully, bobbing her head over as much of his thick shaft as she could, tightening her lips. She was making this final blow job memorable for both of them. She slipped a hand between her own legs, fingering herself while imagining straddling the thick black monstrosity. She felt almost drunk on his cock, groaning as she swallowed every powerful blast of his thick seed when he finally came.

She pulled back slowly, still stroking him, catching the last few spurts across her tongue and lips. "God, Marcus... it's so good," she moaned, kissing the tip one last time.

Marcus leaned back, satisfied. "Think that's good? Imagine how good it would feel stretching out that white pussy."

Emma stood, straightening her nighty. "If I don't see you before I get back... it's been... interesting."

She went to the bedroom, retrieved her black dildo, and lay back on the bed. She inserted it easily into her soaked pussy and flicked it on.

"Stretch me out, Marcus... turn me out... make me black only..." she moaned loudly as she fucked herself, climaxing hard with his name on her lips.

She cleaned the toy, tossed it into her suitcase, and began packing.

In James' office, Marcus was seething. His huge hand gripped James's neck, fist pulled back, ready to smash his face in.

"Wait! Wait!" James rasped, choking as the powerful black man lifted him up by the neck until he was sitting on his desk.

Marcus's eyes were murderous. "You better get her to come back, Jimmy. I'm gonna fuck that white bitch one way or another."

A few days later, Marcus stormed back into James's office, waving the flash drive like a weapon. "Well, Jimmy? Where the fuck is she?"

"I haven't talked to her," James mumbled, avoiding his eyes.

Marcus's face twisted with rage. "Get her home or these videos are going up on Pornhub, including the ones with me."

"I can't, Marcus," James whispered.

The computer chimed with a doorbell camera alert. James's eyes widened in horror as he saw Emma's car pulling into the driveway.

"Oh no..."

Marcus came around the desk and looked at the screen. A slow, triumphant grin spread across his face. "Good boy, Jimmy. You were fucking with me. Good one. I knew you wouldn't let me down." He clapped James hard on the shoulder. "Oh, by the way... Happy anniversary."

Marcus stormed out, leaving James staring numbly at the monitor as his wife hurried upstairs with her suitcase.

"But... but... Sarah's?" he stuttered to himself.



Unfortunately, Sarah had been thrilled to see her, but had other plans for the week, a work trip she couldn't cancel and her fiancé was going with her. On top of that, Emma's office had called late the night before, insisting she attend an important seminar on a new drug they were pushing on Wednesday. She had no choice but to come home early.

She went upstairs and unpacked her suitcase, carefully hiding her new black dildo back in the dresser drawer. She had enjoyed two very fun, very private nights with it in Sarah's guest room.

She laid out a sexy professional dress for the seminar, stripping off her tank top and pajama pants. She strolled into the bathroom, double checking the lock. She'd made sure her bath was locked since the day she'd accidentally joined Marcus in the shower. She stepped under the shower letting the hot water wash away her frustration with James while her mind kept wandering back to Marcus running his hands all over her body when they'd accidentally showered together.

Marcus watched her shower, his mind in the same place hers was. He noted her checking the locks and reminded himself to unlock them when he got back to her house. Nude, she entered the bedroom, did a few stretches before putting on sexy lacy pink underwear. It was always sexy with her, he thought. She pulled the dress over her head. Always sexy, he thought again. A dark, satisfied smile crossed his face.

The white bitch was back.

And this time, he wasn't going to let her leave without being blacked.

Emma arrived home from the seminar late that afternoon, still wearing the sexy professional dress she had chosen for the event, a form-fitting deep burgundy sheath that hugged her narrow waist and womanly hips, with a tasteful but alluring neckline that showed off a generous amount of her deep cleavage. The hem stopped just above the knee, accentuating her strong, toned legs, and her heels clicked sharply on the driveway as she approached the house.

She was hoping Marcus would be in his room so she could sneak past him unnoticed.

Of course, he was in the living room.

But he wasn't in his usual bare-chested sweatpants look. Instead, he was dressed up, dark slacks and a tight button-up shirt that stretched across his massive chest and bulging biceps, the fabric straining against his prison-honed muscles.

Marcus pretended to look surprised as she walked in. "Emma? I thought you were staying with your friend."

She set her bag down. "I had to come back for work. There was an important seminar today, and Sarah ended up being busy anyway."

He nodded, his eyes slowly roaming over her body. "You look beautiful, as always."

She felt a small flush rise to her cheeks. "Thank you. You look nice too."

Marcus smiled. "I was just about to head out for a bite to eat. Since you're free, why don't you join me?"

She shook her head quickly. "I can't. Not with James out of town."

Marcus shrugged. "It's your anniversary. You should at least get a proper dinner."

"No, really, I can't," she insisted.

Marcus's expression shifted. He leaned against the wall, arms crossed. "I understand. You don't want to be seen out with a black man. It's fine."

Emma's eyes widened. "That's not it."

He gave a knowing smile. "It's okay. Lots of white women are like that."

The guilt hit her. She hesitated, then sighed. "Fine. I'll go. Just let me freshen up my makeup first."

Marcus nodded. "I'll be waiting right here."

As Emma turned and headed upstairs, Marcus's eyes followed the sway of her ass in the tight dress, a dark, hungry smile spreading across his face.

Marcus took Emma to a nice upscale restaurant that she and James frequented. He ordered a bottle of wine, keeping her glass full while drinking very little himself. By the time the main course arrived, she was quite tipsy, her cheeks flushed and her laughter coming more easily.

"It's a shame Jimmy couldn't be here to take his beautiful wife out on your anniversary."

Emma nodded. "I miss him. You'll have to tell me about this special project you two have been working on that took him away from me."

"A real man wouldn't leave a woman like you alone on a night like this."

"He's been very distant lately." Emma's expression darkened. He's right, she thought bitterly. James has been promising to make it up to me for weeks, and now he's not even here. The wine made the resentment feel sharper, hotter.

They were spotted halfway through dinner by one of James and Marcus's coworkers, Tom Reynolds dining with his wife, Linda. Linda was approaching fifty but still carried herself with elegance, a woman Emma had always gotten along with at company functions.

The couple stared openly at Emma sitting across from the large black man. Tom's eyes widened in surprise, while Linda leaned in to whisper something to her husband, both of them glancing repeatedly in their direction.



Marcus noticed them immediately. He smiled broadly and gave a friendly wave, as if nothing was unusual. The couple nodded awkwardly in return, but their whispering continued.

Emma's face burned with embarrassment. What must they think of me? Out with Marcus while my husband is away? She threw back the rest of her glass of wine in one gulp, trying to drown the shame.

Marcus leaned in, voice low. "Tommy's got himself a fine-looking woman there."

For some reason Emma couldn't quite understand, a small touch of jealousy flickered through her. She pushed the feeling down quickly. Linda was an attractive woman.

As the evening went on, however, they grew increasingly flirty. Emma found herself actually enjoying the attention, the way Marcus looked at her like she was the most desirable woman in the room, the deep timbre of his voice, the confident way he carried himself. The wine made it easier to push aside her guilt and just... feel wanted.

After the Reynolds left, Marcus casually returned his hand to her thigh under the table, stroking it slowly with his thick fingers. Emma let it linger for a moment, feeling a rush of heat between her legs as her pussy rapidly lubricated. Why does this feel so good? she thought, conflicted. This is wrong... but God, his touch... She reached under the table and removed his hand.

Toward the end of the meal, Marcus leaned closer. "Dinner is on me. But I didn't get you anything else for your anniversary. I could give you the same thing I gave you for your birthday, though..." He winked.

Emma felt a fresh rush of heat between her legs. She had been silently getting aroused thinking about sucking his cock again. She hesitated. "It wouldn't be appropriate to do that on my anniversary... but I might be up for accepting a protein shake from you for breakfast."

Marcus smiled. "Understood. It wouldn't be fair to Jimmy, even if he skipped out on your anniversary. White boy doesn't have his priorities straight." The black man shook his head. "Shame."

She frowned, feeling a surge of anger at her husband. "Maybe I will change my mind... and again in the morning if you're up for it."

"I'm always up for it," he replied.

She believed him.

Marcus emptied the last of the wine bottle, filling her glass once more and taking only a small amount for himself. By the time they left, Emma was noticeably tipsy, giggling and slightly stumbling as they walked to the car. For once, Marcus was surprisingly gentlemanly, holding the car door open for her and helping guide her in to her seat.

They arrived back at Emma's house a little after ten. The wine had left her pleasantly buzzed; her steps slightly unsteady as Marcus walked her to the door.

"Fancy a joint?" he asked casually.

She hesitated. "I shouldn't... I haven't since college." She was also buzzed enough.

Marcus simply smiled and followed her around the side of the house to the backyard pool area. He unbuttoned his shirt as they walked, baring his massive, muscular chest to the cool night air.

He pulled a small baggy from his pocket, lit a pre-rolled joint, took a puff, and passed it to her.



Emma stared at it for a moment, not wanting to put it in her mouth after it had been in his. Then she realized how ridiculous that thought was — she had already had his cock in her mouth and his tongue between her legs. She accepted the joint and took a long, slow hit.

Marcus took small puffs, deliberately letting her smoke most of it. As the combination of wine and weed hit her, her body began to loosen. Her eyes started wandering down to his broad chest and chiseled abs as his open shirt fluttered in the breeze. *Muscular was kind of sexy*, she thought hazily.

Pot had always made her horny, and tonight was no exception. Her nipples hardened against the fabric of her dress, and she felt a warm dampness growing between her thighs.

“Mmm, that was good,” she murmured, her body feeling alive and electric.

Marcus’s voice was low and suggestive. “Ready to puff on something bigger?”

Emma licked her lips, the words slipping out before she could stop them. “Let’s go.” Marcus smiled darkly as he followed her inside the house.



They moved into the living room. Marcus reached behind Emma and slowly unzipped the back of her dark dress. He shrugged off his open shirt, revealing his massive, muscular chest, then undid his pants and pulled them down. His heavy black cock flopped out, already thickening as he sat back on the couch, watching her while slipping his shoes off.

Emma slid the dress off her shoulders and let it fall to the floor, revealing her sexy pink lace bra and matching panties. The delicate fabric barely contained her large breasts, her hard nipples clearly visible through the thin material.

She knelt between his legs with a small, almost shy smile. She lifted his thick cock with both hands, tugging gently until it hardened fully in her grip. Then she

leaned forward, wrapped her full lips around the fat head, and began sucking.

Marcus groaned deeply as her warm mouth enveloped him. Emma's head bobbed slowly at first, taking more of his massive length with each pass, her tongue swirling around the sensitive underside. She moaned softly around his cock, the vibration traveling down the thick shaft as she worked him with increasing enthusiasm.

Emma sucked with growing hunger, her head bobbing steadily along the thick black shaft. Marcus's deep voice rumbled above her.

"You were born to suck black cock, white girl... You doin' me right. Look at you, married white wife on her knees suckin' big black dick on her anniversary."

She moaned contentedly around him, the vibrations traveling down his length. Her hands slid up his powerful thighs, then over his hard, ridged abs, feeling the solid muscle beneath her fingers. Her pussy was pouring arousal, soaking through her lace panties.

Marcus groaned. "Take that bra off. Wrap those big white titties around my cock."



Emma reached behind her back and unhooked her pink lace bra, letting her large, heavy breasts spill free. She leaned forward, pressing her soft, warm tits around his thick shaft and began sliding them up and down, licking and sucking the fat crown every time it emerged from her cleavage.

He watched her with dark satisfaction. "You sure you don't want to take this dark meat for a ride? Now's your chance with hubby gone. Jimmy doesn't need to know."

Her body screamed yes, her pussy clenched with need, but she shook her head, still bouncing her breasts along his fat shaft. "No... my vagina is for

James only."

Marcus chuckled. "Little Jimmy can't satisfy that tight white pussy like I could."

"It doesn't matter," she whispered, still working her tits around him. "I love my husband. This is as far as we go."

He caught her off guard. A large, powerful wad of cum suddenly blasted across her face. Before she could react, another thick geyser erupted, coating the tops of her breasts. She quickly locked her lips around the head, gulping down three heavy mouthfuls as the volume finally slackened.

She sat back on her heels, licking her lips, a mix of semen glistening on her chin and dripping from her breasts.

"Glad I skipped dessert at the restaurant," she said with a small, breathless laugh.

"Mmm. My black pudding is the only dessert you need. Thick, rich, and made special just for white girls like you."

Emma pushed herself up with her hands on his knees, thick strands of his semen sliding slowly down the curves of her large breasts, running over her hard pink nipples as she stood. She scooped a heavy glob off her left breast with two fingers and brought it to her mouth, licking it off slowly.

“Not enough pudding for you, white girl?” Marcus joked, still stroking his spent cock lazily.

Emma flushed deep red with embarrassment, but the taste lingered warmly on her tongue. “Good night, Marcus,” she said, turning away.

“See you in the morning, white girl,” he replied, his voice thick with promise.

He watched her ass sway as she climbed the stairs. The pink lace panties had slipped between her firm cheeks, turning them into a tiny thong that left almost nothing to the imagination. Marcus reached down for his pants, pulled out his phone, and switched to the bedroom camera.

Emma entered the bedroom, and hefted one heavy breast and licked a remaining streak of his cum off her nipple with a soft moan. She turned and locked the door, then bent to slide the pink panties down her legs, stepping into the bathroom completely naked.

Marcus watched intently as she stepped into the shower, lathering her breasts and washing her face under the hot spray. Don’t check the door, bitch... don’t check the door, he muttered to himself.

She didn’t. She stepped out dripping wet, reached for a towel, and dried off quickly before walking back into the bedroom. She fished out her thick black dildo from the dresser drawer, her expression eager.

Marcus stood up, his giant black cock already slapping heavily from thigh to thigh as he headed for the stairs, still watching the live feed on his phone. Outside the bathroom door, he slowly tugged on his cock as he watched the beautiful Emma Caldwell lay down nude on the bed and slowly insert the dildo in her pussy.

Thirty minutes away in a cheap motel room, James lay naked on the bed, his small penis spent and limp against his thigh. He wiped the runny seed from his pubic hair with a tissue, breathing heavily.

He had watched everything.

He had seen them smoking the joint by the pool, the way Emma’s eyes had grown glassy and hungry. Pot had always been one of her weaknesses, it made her incredibly horny. The one time they had gotten high in college, she had actually sucked his penis for the first and only time. The memory made his little dick twitch again as he watched her strip off the emerald dress in the living room.

He had only lasted three strokes while watching her titty-fuck Marcus’s huge black cock, his own pathetic load dribbling down into his pubes.

James breathed a sigh of relief when Emma finally entered the bedroom and locked the door behind her.



He watched as she retrieved her new black dildo, a soft, almost affectionate smile on her face as she stared at it. She lay back on the bed, spread her legs, and slid the thick toy into her pussy.

"Oh fuck..." she moaned as she switched it on. Her hips bucked hard off the mattress, her hands flying to her breasts, tugging roughly on her puffy nipples. "It's so big... Fuck... fuck me, Marcus... oh God, it's so good..."

James's stomach dropped. He sat up in alarm, bringing the phone closer to his eyes.

The bathroom door slowly opened.

"No..." James moaned in horror as Marcus stepped into the bedroom, completely nude, his huge black cock already rising thick and heavy between his powerful thighs. The giant black man set his phone on a table aimed at the bed

and slowly approached Emma.

Emma was on the verge of a massive orgasm, writhing on the bed, legs spread wide as she let the powerful vibrations get her off.

"Oh fuck... Marcus... yes..." she moaned loudly, her hips bucking desperately.

Suddenly a strong hand reached down and pulled the dildo out of her with a wet pop.

Her eyes flew open in shock.

Marcus was standing over her, completely naked, his massive black cock erect and sticking straight out like a club. He held her dripping dildo in one hand, smiling down at her.

"You always have this or you get it cause of me?" He held her dildo down against his hard cock, several inches bigger than her plastic toy. "The real thing is much better, white girl."

Emma's face burned with embarrassment and frustration. She was still throbbing, her pussy clenching around nothing. "You can't be in here!" she gasped, trying to close her legs. "Get out!"

Marcus tossed the dildo aside. "I heard you screaming my name. Thought you needed help. The bathroom door was open."

She flushed; certain she had locked both doors. Her mind was spinning, confused by the wine and pot, but mostly she was frustrated. The eyes focused on his giant black penis were hungry, very hungry.

"You want it bad, don't you, white girl?" he said, kneeling on the bed and grabbing her knees, spreading her legs. "Well, here it is."

He moved between her thighs, his huge cock bobbing heavily. "Now's your chance, Emma. Jimmy ain't here and I got exactly what you need right here." He made his thick cock bounce obscenely. "God damn, I've been wanting to turn out a white pussy for a long time."

Emma stared at the monstrous black cock lined up with her dripping pussy. Her body betrayed her, her pussy clenched visibly with need.

"No," she whispered, voice shaking. "My pussy is off limits. I'll suck you off again if you want, but I can't cheat on James. My marriage vows are sacred... especially on my anniversary."

Marcus shook his head, still rubbing the fat head against her swollen lips. "You don't get it, do you, white girl? Jimmy wants us to fuck. He set this up. I didn't need to stay here. Ever since he saw my big black dick in the bathroom, he's been obsessed with watching me fuck his wife. He didn't even have a real business trip. He left us alone on purpose."

In his motel room thirty minutes away, James sat up in alarm. "No... don't listen to him, Emma... he's a liar..."

Emma's eyes widened in horrified realization. "I don't believe you."

Marcus laughed. "Jimmy's a cuck and wants his sexy wife to experience a real man."

"This can't be..." she cried in denial even as she pictured how turned on her husband got hearing her stories about the doctors flirting with her. A cuck? She watched Marcus bend his steel-hard black cock down, the huge golf-ball-sized glans pressing against her soaking entrance.



"All three of us want this, Emma," he growled, pushing down on his shaft. The head began spreading her pussy lips open. It pulsed, smearing a thick geyser of precum across her swollen clit.

The danger snapped her back to her senses. One hand flew down to block her pussy. Her other hand slid under James's pillow and closed around a small condom packet.



“Here,” she said desperately, tossing it down on her stomach. It landed on her bellybutton.

Marcus laughed. “You really think one of little Jimmy’s rubbers is gonna fit me?”

Emma lay on her back, legs spread wide, breathing heavily as Marcus knelt between her thighs. His massive black cock hovered over her soaked pussy, the fat head glistening.

“I don’t care,” she gasped, voice shaky. “It’s not a safe time for me.”

“You put it on,” he ordered. He raised his cock thrusting it between her thighs. Emma stared at the bobbing head as she ripped the packet open. She brought the condom down to the tip and rolled it down. It barely stretched over the huge head, looking ridiculous on his thick shaft.

He laughed, deep and mocking. “It’s barely a shower cap. Couldn’t even hold my nut. Jimmy’s dick must be smaller than I thought.”

“Don’t talk about my husband,” she protested weakly. He was right though. Marcus came 3 to 5 mouthfuls of semen. His cum would turn that tiny condom into a water balloon. Still, it was a level of protection.

“Why not?” Marcus rubbed the fat head up and down her wet slit, coating himself in her juices. “He’s the one who wants you to experience a real man. Clearly he knows his... limitations.”

Emma moaned, writhing on the bed as the thick head pressed against her opening. “Oh God, I can’t believe this is happening...”

“This black cock is gonna change your life, white girl,” he growled, pushing forward.

The head stretched her wide open, wider than her black dildo ever had. Emma's eyes widened, breathing heavily as he slowly worked the massive shaft in and out, inch by inch.



"Fuck... it's so big..." she moaned, her hands gripping the sheets.

When most of it was inside her, she gasped, "It's too big... stop..."

"Just a few more inches, white girl." Marcus pushed the rest of the way in, burying himself inside her.

"Balls deep, white girl," he groaned.

Emma's eyes rolled back. "Oh my God... I'm so full..."

"How does it feel?" he asked, grinding slowly inside her.

"It's too big... uncomfortable..." She winced slightly. But her pussy was squeezing and pulsing wildly around the huge shaft. "Oh, Something's happening..."

"Your pussy is resizing itself for black cock," Marcus told her, voice thick with triumph. "You're never gonna feel Jimmy again, Emma. I'm turning you out for the black man."

She moaned in fear and growing pleasure. "No, I'm... oh fuck... I'm cumming!"

Her orgasm hit her like a freight train, the most powerful she had ever experienced. Her whole body convulsed, her pussy clamping down hard around his thick black cock as she screamed.

Marcus held himself deep inside her, letting her ride it out. "That's it, white girl. Cum all over that black cock. You're black-only now."

He started moving, holding himself up on his powerful arms. "Ready?" he asked.

She nodded frantically.

"Tell me."

"I'm ready..."

He ground his cock deep inside her. "No. Tell me."

She was gasping, starting to hump up into the base of his cock. "Fuck me..."

"Fuck you with what?"

"Fuck me... fuck me with your big black cock."

"That's better, white girl," he growled, bending down to kiss her.



She saw his ugly black face approaching and turned her head. "No kissing," she gasped.

Marcus snorted and started working his cock in and out with increasing speed. Emma matched his thrusts, moaning louder.

"Yes... fuck me... fuck me..."

"Say my name."

"Fuck me, Marcus... oh fuck, I'm cumming again!"

Her pussy squeezed and milked his shaft as another powerful orgasm ripped through her.

"You lovin this black cock, white girl?"

"Yes... I love your black cock... it's so good..."

He bent down again. This time she didn't turn away fast enough. He kissed her neck, whispering hotly, "Better than that little-dicked white boy?"

"Don't make me say it..."

He suddenly pulled out. She groaned in frustration, raising her hips desperately trying to get him back inside her.

He teased her with the fat head, rubbing it against her opening. "Say it."

"It's so much better," she groaned, voice breaking. "So much bigger... please fuck me..."

She suddenly noticed the condom had almost slipped off. "Fix the rubber..."



"Your tight pussy is trying to pull it off," Marcus said, reaching down. He tried to pull it down, then laughed. "Shit, this thing's worthless." He pulled the useless condom off completely and pushed the head of his bare cock back against her entrance, pushing it through her pussy lips. "You gonna love this bare black cock even better."

"Oh my God!" Emma moaned, raising her crotch up into it as another orgasm crashed over her.



In his motel, James groaned, his little penis squirting a third weak load into his hand as he watched in horror. "No, Emma... don't let him in you without protection..." His penis was limp and rubbed raw, completely spent.

"Nothing between us now, white girl," he growled, fucking her fast and deep again.

Emma was humping back against him desperately, her hips rising to meet every powerful thrust. "Please... just pull out," she begged, even as her body betrayed her.

"Trust me, baby," Marcus promised, slamming into her harder.

"Like you promised not to cum in my mouth..." she moaned, her voice breaking. "Oh God... fuck me..."

He laughed, deep and triumphant. "And now you gulpin my nut down like an addict. See? I know what's

best for you, white girl."

"Oh God, I love it... it's so good," she groaned, her legs wrapping tightly around his waist to keep him buried inside her. "Pull out... let me on top."

Marcus slowly pulled out, her legs reluctantly loosening their tight grip, bending down to kiss and suck each swollen nipple before rolling onto his back on James's side of the bed.

Emma straddled him eagerly, sliding up his powerful body. She reached under herself, feeling his huge, slick bare cock, and guided the fat head back to her entrance. "Warn me so I can jump off," she gasped, pushing back onto him and shuddering with pleasure as she sank down, fully impaled.

She started bouncing, staring down at his broad, muscular chest. Her small, feminine hands looked so delicate and sexy pressed against his dark black skin. "This is so hot," she moaned, riding him faster. "It's so sexy..."

Marcus reached up, grabbing her heavy breasts and kneading them harder than James ever had. "That white pussy was built for this black cock, Emma. You know that now."

"Fuck... fuck... it's true, Marcus... it's true... I'm cumming!"

She sank down fully, gasping as another massive orgasm crashed through her. Her mouth fell open, gazing at him in awe.

Marcus wrapped one beefy hand around the back of her head and pulled her lips down against his. This time she didn't resist. Her thin lips pressed against his broad black ones, both of them

moaning into the kiss as their tongues teased and danced. Marcus bucked his hips slowly, fucking her deep as they kissed passionately.



She broke the kiss with a gasp, arching her back. Marcus sucked one swollen nipple between his lips, sending another orgasm ripping through her body.

Emma sat back up, riding him slower now, her strength starting to fade while his stamina seemed endless. He reached behind her, squeezing her firm ass cheeks and took over, lifting her up and down his thick shaft with powerful ease.

“Oh God,” Emma moaned, riding him harder. “Are you getting close? You feel bigger...”

Marcus started lifting her faster, thrusting his hips up to meet her as she slammed down. “Oh fuck... gonna cum again... please pull out... you feel so big...”

“I’m close,” he growled, “but I can keep going.”

She moaned desperately, “Good... I want to cum again... just one more...”

“Don’t worry, white girl. You’re going to cum again.”

“Yes... yes... YES! Almost there... almost there... that’s it... I’m cumming!”

“Me too, white girl.”

He let go of her ass. Emma slammed down onto his cock as both their orgasms broke at the same time.

Her fear of him cumming inside her vanished in the overwhelming pleasure. The feeling of his massive black cock pumping jet after jet of thick, hot seed directly into her fertile womb tripled the intensity of her orgasm. She screamed, the sound echoing through the house as the most powerful climax of her life ripped through her body. Her vaginal muscles squeezed and milked him greedily, drawing every drop of his voluminous load deep inside her.

Her arms gave out and she collapsed onto his broad chest, her mouth finding his in a passionate, desperate kiss. Their tongues tangled as his cock continued twitching inside her, her pussy still rhythmically squeezing him for every last drop.

James's limp penis was barely two inches long and floppy as a final drop of watery semen leaked from the head like a teardrop matching the tear that ran down his cheek as he witnessed his wife's insemination on his laptop.

He watched hopelessly as his wife dismounted Marcus' cock and waddled over to the bathroom.

Emma came to her senses in the bathroom, the reality of what she had done crashing down on her. She turned on the shower and sat on the toilet, listening to the steady trickle hitting the water in the bowl. It wasn't urine. Thick globs of Marcus's semen were still leaking out of her.

What have I done? she thought, squeezing her abdomen, trying to push more of it out. The splattering increased as the volume grew. She knew it was futile, millions of his potent sperm were already deep inside her. And it wasn't a safe time. She was right between periods, at peak fertility.

She sighed, all she could do now was cross her fingers and pray.

She climbed into the steamy shower, cleaning herself as best she could, paying extra attention to her inner thighs and between her legs. The hot water helped wash away some of the evidence, but she could still feel the slickness of his seed deep inside her.

After drying herself off, she returned to the bedroom and wasn't too surprised to see Marcus still lying in her bed on James's side. His huge muscular build, ripped chest, and the giant black cock lying spent across his thigh screamed "real man," just like he liked to call himself.



She slipped into bed beside him. He rolled over immediately, spooning her from behind, one powerful arm reaching around to squeeze her breast.

"I should be mad," she moaned softly as he kneaded her swollen nipple. "But it felt so good,"

"Told you I know what's good for you, white girl," he mumbled, pressing his thick cock against her ass.

"This isn't a safe time for me, Marcus. Promise me you won't cum in me again..."

His only reply was a soft snore against her ear.

Emma lay there in the dark, feeling his heavy arm around her and the slow, steady rise and fall of his powerful chest. Her body still tingled with the afterglow of their intense

fucking, but a quiet dread settled in her stomach as she prayed her period would come in a couple weeks. She closed her eyes and drifted off.

Emma woke up aroused and horny. Marcus was sliding the fat head of his swollen cock along her pussy, which was already soaked and drooling onto him. She lifted her leg without thinking. He pushed the head inside her, working it in and out with slow, teasing strokes. His hand squeezed her breast, gently pinching and tugging one swollen nipple.

She quickly felt another powerful orgasm growing, but he suddenly pulled his cock out.

Marcus climbed to his knees, grabbing her hips and pulling her onto all fours. He entered her and began fucking her hard doggy style. Her orgasm finally broke.

He talked dirty the whole time. "You love this big black cock, don't you, white girl?"

"I love it," she moaned. "Fuck me... fuck me harder..." She reminded him breathlessly, "You can't cum in me again..."

He laughed. "I cum where I want, slut."

She begged, "Please don't..."

James woke in his motel room. He had kept the feed open. He made out the images of Marcus fucking his wife doggy style in the dark room, a position she hated. He watched as Marcus raised his hand and brought it down on Emma's ass cheek with a loud smack.

She squealed in shock and surprise.

"I cum where I want, slut," he growled, spanking her again.

She moaned, "Oh fuck..." feeling another orgasm coming. Marcus was so masculine... so dominant...

He spanked her again. Her left cheek stung.

"Tell me I can cum where I want," he ordered.

She moaned, pushing her ass back into his thrusting cock, desperate to cum. He spanked her again.

"Spank the cheating slut," muttered James, his little dick hard again. He spit in his hand and started stroking despite it's rawness from jerking off so much earlier.

"Marcus... please?" she begged.

SPANK.

"Tell me or I won't hold back on the next one."

She saw him raise his hand. "You can cum where you want... you can cum where you want," she gasped.



He grunted. "That's better." He lowered his hand.

"Who owns this pussy?"

She moaned, pushing back into him. "You do, Marcus... you own my pussy... you can cum where you want."

"That's it, slut. Now you're talking." He raised his hand to his mouth, sucked his thumb, and lowered it down to her ass. He squeezed her cheek hard, his thumb pressing against her tight anus and pushing inside.

Emma squealed. "Marcus... that's my ass... not there."

SPANK. His left hand came down hard on her sore cheek again.

"Oh fuck... oh fuck," she moaned as his thick thumb pushed through her sphincter. Her ass tightened around it as her vaginal muscles squeezed tightly around his huge cock, and a giant orgasm tore through her.

Emma's head fell to the pillow. He gripped her waist tightly, fucking her hard while holding his thumb in her ass. "God damn, this tight white pussy is gonna make me nut," he growled. "Where do you want it, slut?"

"In me," she cried without hesitation. "Cum in me."

"Now that's what I'm talking about," he crowed in triumph. He thrust forward, pulling her back onto him. His semen burst from the tip and flooded her womb with another massive load of potent seed.

Emma screamed in orgasmic pleasure as he filled her with so much semen it began overflowing and running down his balls. He worked his cock around deep inside her, her pussy squeezing the shaft and milking it for every drop.

"Yes," she sighed, utterly satisfied. "You fuck me so good, Marcus... you fuck me so good."

In the motel room, James groaned, his spent penis squeezing out a final bead of semen as he stared at the screen. His drained balls throbbed with a dull ache. "My God, Emma... what are you doing?"



Emma woke early, her body still humming with residual pleasure. She glanced at Marcus sleeping beside her and felt an irresistible pull. She slipped under the covers and woke him with her mouth.

Both he and his cock woke to a contented, drooling hum as Emma took him deep down her throat. Her skills were improving rapidly. She moaned, looking up at him as she rose and fell on his cock. Her gaze

was one of pure adoration, a far cry from the look of disgust and disdain she had given him just days before.

Marcus smiled and laid back. "You treatin' that black cock right, white girl."

She responded by bobbing her head faster, taking more of him with each pass. His cock hardened and swelled. He pumped her belly full of his hot seed before she pulled back and let him fill her mouth several times, gulping it down as fast as he pumped it out.

"Mmmm," she said, pulling off and licking around the crown. "Does this thing ever run out?"

"Not that I ever noticed," he mumbled, still breathing heavily. "Let's stay here and fuck all day."

She smiled, kissed the tip of his cock, and rose off the bed. "I have some important sales appointments this morning. Besides, my pussy needs a rest."

She got up to shower. In the bathroom, Emma stared at her reflection. She had always thought she knew herself, confident, independent, the kind of woman who hated toxic masculinity,

especially the kind exemplified by arrogant black men. She had built a successful career, made her own decisions, and never needed anyone telling her what to do. She had a partnership with James, both equal, neither dominant.

Maybe that was better for marriage, but with sex... she didn't recognize the woman in the mirror. That woman was a slut with puffy cheeks from sucking black cock and nipples so swollen and hard they were trying to lift her areola off her breasts. She turned, gasping at the irritated red skin on her ass cheek from where he had spanked her. She shuddered with lust.

James and Marcus watched her examine herself from their respective phones and beds, watching her slip into the shower and wash her voluptuous body. She came out and dressed in the bedroom as Marcus watched her admiringly, sexy lacy underwear, a white blouse, and a tight black skirt.

"Do you own anything that isn't sexy?" he asked.

She smiled. "Nope. If you got it, flaunt it. James likes me dressing sexy, and it helps with sales."

"If you want help with sales, remove the bra," he said.

"I can't do that. My nipples poke out through my blouse."



"I said take off that bra, woman."

Emma stared at him, gulping. She slowly unbuttoned the blouse again, pulled it down, and unhooked her bra. She rebuttoned the blouse, slipping the bra into her purse and planning to put it back on later.

"Marcus, this is too much," she complained, looking down at her blouse clinging to her bare breasts, her erect nipples trying to poke holes in the fabric.

"You look fucking sexy," he replied, his cock starting to rise off his thigh.

She turned and hurried into the bathroom. He got up and snuck her bra out of her purse so she couldn't change her mind. She looked in the mirror. It was worse than just her nipples poking out — her rosy areolas were nearly visible, and glimpses of tit flesh could be seen through the gaps in her buttons.

Fine, she thought. I'll put my bra back on in the car.

"You happy?" she asked, her breasts bouncing freely as she reached down for her purse.

"Very happy," he replied. "You better get going before this gets hard," he added, gesturing to his rising cock.

She glanced at it, licking her lips unconsciously, before hurrying out the door.



At work, James expected Marcus to gloat. He had braced himself for it all morning, heart pounding every time he heard footsteps in the hall. But he didn't even see the big black man until noon.

Emma had just gotten home. On the hidden camera feed, she was in the bedroom changing into her tiny black string bikini.

Marcus walked into James's office without knocking and tossed the flash drive onto his desk with a heavy clack.

"I don't need it anymore," he said casually.

James stared at the drive, then up at Marcus. He opened his mouth to object, but closed it again, the words dying in his throat.

"You doin' okay there, cuck?" Marcus asked with a smirk.

"I'm not a..." James slumped in his chair, defeated. "I can't believe she did that with you..."

Marcus leaned against the doorframe; arms crossed over his massive chest. "I told you, Jimmy. It's the black man's turn."

He glanced at the computer screen on James's desk and saw Emma tying the strings of her bikini in the bedroom. A slow, satisfied smile spread across his face.

"I'm going to lunch," he announced, turning to leave.



James wasn't surprised when, half an hour later, the patio camera showed Marcus walking out completely nude, his huge black cock swinging heavily between his legs, just as Emma slipped into the pool.

Emma dove under the water, swimming to the far side and back. When she emerged, she found herself staring at Marcus's muscular calves. Her eyes widened as she slowly looked up, taking in his huge dangling cock hanging heavily over his tennis-ball-sized testicles.

"You can't be out here nude," she said, looking up at him. From this angle, he looked like a giant.

He grunted. "Why not? No one can see over your fence."

He jumped down into the water, submerging and emerging as wet as she was. Her heart rate increased as he approached her.

She didn't resist when Marcus took her in his arms, his hands squeezing her ass as he pulled her against his hard chest and kissed her. She

kissed him back, her body melting into him. His hands slid to her hips, pulling the ties on her bikini panties. They slid up her back, kneading her, making her moan until they found the string at her back and finally the one at her neck. He lowered his hands back down to her ass, squeezing roughly and lifting her up.



She wrapped her legs around him, still kissing him passionately as he carried her to the edge of the pool and sat her down. Her pussy was perfectly lined up with his hard cock. He guided the fat head toward her opening. Both of them moaned as he pushed it inside her.

Marcus fucked her rapidly, pushing her back, sucking her nipples between his lips, his thrusting hips a machine that never slowed. Emma screamed as she had one... two... then three orgasms.

James's little dick hardened again watching the erotic pool scene. He reached down, unzipped his pants, spit in his hand, and started jerking off as he watched his beloved wife take black dick for the third time.

"Oh God, fuck me, Marcus," she screamed between orgasms. "James can't fuck me like this."

James winced, his stomach sinking when he thought he heard her say, "I hope he never comes home."

"Don't worry, I'm gonna keep fucking this white pussy no matter what," Marcus growled. "Fuck, slut, I'm gettin' close."

"Oh God," she squealed. "You can't keep cumming in me."

She leaned back on the cement as Marcus grabbed her hips and increased his thrusts, trying to get off.

"What do you want, white girl?" he asked, gasping.

"I..." she hesitated, her brain consumed by the pleasure of her previous inseminations. "I want it in me," she conceded.

She wrapped her legs around his waist, locking them so he couldn't pull out. "I want your cum in my pussy," she admitted, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him down for a passionate kiss. A massive orgasm broke when she felt his cock explode once again in her pussy, a small spark in the back of her brain igniting with the desire that this man was indeed knocking her up with his baby. She kissed him through the orgasm, squeezing her pussy tightly around his black cock, eager for every drop of his seed in her womb.

James groaned as his prick spit out a drop of cum on his fingers.

James watched them disengage on the screen. Marcus sank under the water and swam lazily to the other side of the pool. Emma stayed where she was for a long moment, catching her breath, a steady trickle of thick white semen pouring from her well-fucked pussy into the clear water of the pool.

James wasn't going to be taking a dip in his pool for the rest of the summer.

Marcus climbed out and helped her up. Naked, they entered the house together, Marcus giving a deliberate thumbs-up toward the hidden camera as they passed. Emma's tiny black bikini floated forgotten behind them in the pool.

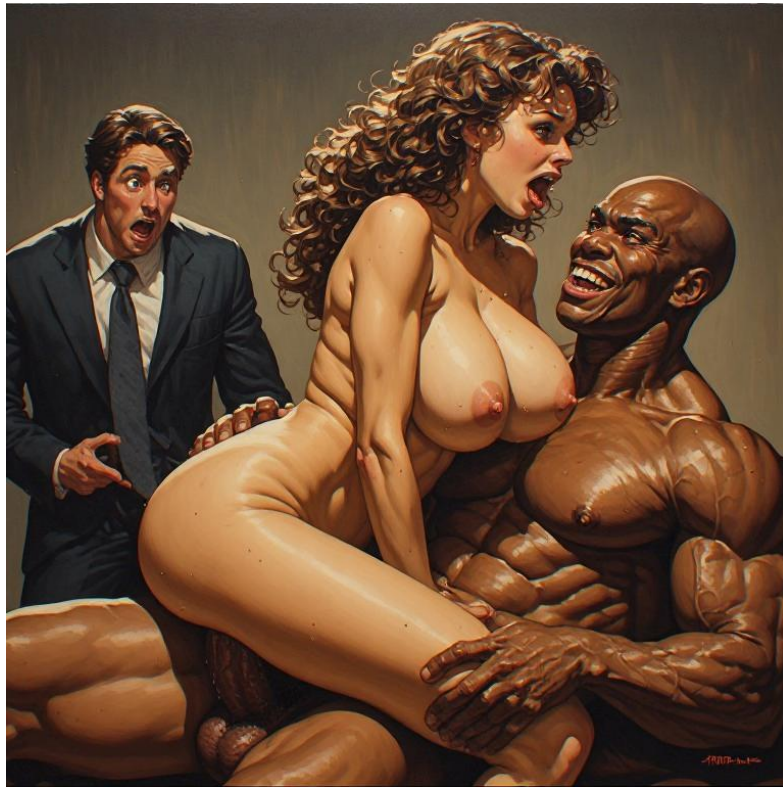
By the end of his shift, James watched Marcus eating a sandwich at the kitchen counter while Emma's head bobbed up and down in his lap, her wavy chestnut hair swaying as she sucked him with obvious enthusiasm.

He had seen enough.

James quickly texted Marcus that he was coming home early, though he had no idea where Marcus had left his phone. He hurried to the motel, grabbed his clothes, checked out, and drove home with a knot in his stomach.

James returned home that night a day early. He entered to the sound of loud, rhythmic lovemaking coming from his bedroom, the unmistakable banging of the headboard against the wall and Emma's unrestrained moans echoing through the house.

He dropped his suitcase in the foyer and hurried up the stairs, heart pounding. He burst into the bedroom.



Emma was rearing back, breasts thrust upward, cumming hard all over Marcus's cock. Her body shook violently as she rode him, her face a mask of pure ecstasy.

James stumbled into the room and bumped into his own desk chair, which had been pulled out into the middle of the floor facing the bed. He looked at it confused for a moment, then walked around it.

"EMMA!" he cried.

"Welcome home, Jimmy," Marcus said casually, still playing with her heaving breasts as she slowed down, sitting fully impaled and catching her breath.

"Are you happy, James? Is this what you wanted?" Emma asked, her voice husky.

"No," he denied weakly.

"I can't stop fucking him," she said, almost apologetically.

"Emma, please..."

"Keep going, girl," Marcus ordered, reaching under her ass and lifting her up and down his thick shaft, giving her another orgasm. "The chair's for you, Jimmy. Enjoy the show."

James sat down heavily in the chair, watching his wife's heaving breasts, the sweat from the hard workout giving her skin a sexy gleam. He groaned, feeling his small penis start to stir. This was so much better than his hidden cameras. His hands came up and started unbuttoning his shirt.

Marcus raised her up and down his cock, giving her yet another orgasm. "Look at the white boy, Emma."



Emma lazily turned her head. James looked pathetic sitting nude in the chair, his small penis nearly invisible in his hand.

"Told you he was a cuck," Marcus said with a laugh.

She looked at him sadly. "Oh Jimmy," she said, shaking her head.

"I... I can't help it," he pleaded. "You look so sexy."

"Get up," Marcus ordered. "Get on all fours."

His thirteen-inch cock fell heavily onto his chest as he pulled out. "Emma... he's not wearing a condom," James groaned. "You don't want children."

"She didn't want your children, cuck," Marcus said, climbing up behind her and aiming his cock toward her pussy. "Your seed wasn't worthy of her womb."

"Oh fuck," moaned James, cumming weakly into his hand.

Marcus slowly fucked her. "Isn't that right, white girl?" He spanked her ass cheek again, lightly this time.

Emma jumped, pushing back into his thrusts. "Marcus can cum where he wants," she groaned.

"Now that's what I'm talkin' about," Marcus said, spanking her ass cheek again.

James sobbed, still pulling on his penis, though it remained limp and raw. "Is it... is it good, Emma?"



"It's so good, Jimmy," she moaned, pushing back hard into Marcus' thrusts.

James groaned, his spent penis swelling again. "Tell me," he begged, tugging his skinny five inch prick.

"I love it, Jimmy," she grunted, looking at him, her face was sweaty and straining, another orgasm approaching. "I love his big black cock. It fills me up so good."

"James shuddered. "Better than me?" he asked, his voice hoarse and barely a whisper.

"So much better, so much bigger. Marcus is a real man, Jimmy... fuck me, Marcus, I'm gonna cum. I hope you like watching, Jimmy because I'm going to be fucking Marcus alot."

Marcus laughed. "He loves watching, white girl."

"Good, you can sit there and stroke that tiny dick all you want," she said, cruelly.

"UNNHH!" groaned James, his penis hurting as it spit out another runny drop of semen. It throbbed, a dull ache in his drained balls. He wasn't built to cum this many times. It didn't even feel good anymore.

"Here it comes, slut," said Marcus triumphantly. "Where do you want it?"

Emma moaned. "In my pussy. Cum in my pussy."

"White girl knows what she wants. It's the black man's turn now."

Marcus buried his cock deep, pumping yet another huge load of his semen inside her. Emma screamed in orgasmic pleasure as he filled her with so much seed it began overflowing and running down his balls. He worked his cock around deep inside her, her pussy squeezing the shaft and milking it for every drop.

"Yes," she sighed, utterly satisfied. "You fuck me so good, Marcus... you fuck me so good."

James winced when he heard her scream of raw joy at being inseminated by his black coworker.

Marcus pulled out slowly, his huge swollen cock bobbing out more than a foot long from his crotch, still dribbling thick strands of semen. James's eyes were locked on it as the black man approached him.

He couldn't believe that thing had been inside his wife or that she had loved it... craved it.

James quickly sat up, rearing back as the monster phallus came closer to his face. The head was still leaking.

"Come on, Jimmy," sneered Marcus.

He grabbed James by the back of the neck, squeezing and forcing him up off the chair. Leading him toward his wife, who lay face down on the bed with her ass sticking up. Her pussy was still open and pouring Marcus's semen.

The closer his face got to her pussy, James realized what Marcus was doing and started struggling. The grip on his neck tightened.



“Do your duty, cuck,” growled Marcus, shoving James’s face into Emma’s pussy, his nose pressed into her anus. Thick globs of Marcus’s cum dribbled down his lips and chin.

“Clean yo wife’s pussy up.”

James tentatively opened his mouth and flicked his tongue out, lapping up the black man’s semen. His initial revulsion faded as he started licking more eagerly. It’s not that bad,, he thought. It’s actually good. It made sense now why Emma seemed to enjoy sucking Marcus off so much.

Marcus’s grip on his neck relaxed and let go, but James didn’t stop licking. James grabbed Emma’s hips and dug his face into her pussy, licking up as rapidly as he could. She moaned, pushing back into his tongue until a small orgasm broke that filled his entire mouth with semen. James gulped it down and kept licking.

“See, Jimmy? You *can* make your wife cum,”

laughed Marcus.

James licked until she had another orgasm and he was rewarded with another mouthful of semen. He pulled back, letting Marcus’ cum slide down his throat before wiping his chin with the back of his hand, and stumbling back to the cuck chair.

“Mmmm, thank you, honey,” said Emma, pushing herself up.

Marcus was gone. They could hear the shower running.

“Is this really what you wanted?” She sat on the edge of the bed, looking at him sadly.

James stayed silent for a moment. “I guess I did.”

“Good, because I’m not going to stop fucking him.”

“Emma... what are we doing?” he asked quietly. “This... this isn’t us.”

She looked at him, her expression a mix of guilt, sadness, and something harder. “I don’t know anymore, James. I tried to fight it. I really did. But Marcus... he makes me feel things I’ve never felt before. I’m sorry, but I can’t stop. I don’t *want* to stop.”

James swallowed hard. “So this is our new normal?”

She nodded slowly. "I still love you. You're my husband. But... I need this too. And from what I've seen, you need it as well."

James looked down, ashamed but unable to deny the truth of her words.

Marcus returned from the shower, towel around his waist, water still glistening on his powerful body. He dropped the towel and climbed into bed with Emma, completely naked.

"You can sleep in the guest room, Jimmy," he said casually, leaning over to kiss Emma. "But feel free to come back and watch if you hear us fucking. Who am I to deny a man's right to watch his wife fuck a well-hung black man?"

James grabbed his clothes. "Okay... good night then," he told his wife, who was already ignoring him as her tongue dueled with Marcus's.

The black man broke the kiss and looked at James. "Don't worry, Jimmy. I'll save you a seat." He nodded at the cuck chair.

James bent over to grab his clothes, then turned and left the room, closing the door behind him.

He stepped into the guest room, closed the door, and reached into his pants for his phone. He opened it to the bedroom. He'd know immediately when they started going at it again. His small penis twitched weakly in anticipation.

EPILOGUE

James sat in his office, a smug Marcus sitting across from him.

"I'm not done with Emma," Marcus said casually. "I'm gonna come over and fuck her every weekend. If you can keep your hand off your little dick long enough, I want you to film us. Gonna start an OnlyFans, earn some extra cash. Think about it, Jimmy, hundreds... thousands of men watching me fuck your wife."

James's penis got hard at the thought despite himself.

"I got friends too, hung like me. Plug all Emma's holes."

James listened in horror, his mind suddenly picturing Emma with two... three black cocks in her.

"My ex-cellmate Harvey, he bigger than me Jimmy, dick like a Pringles can. Not as pretty as me though," smiled the ugly black man. "He'd kill to fuck a white woman... literally."

James came in his pants.

"But not until I'm sure she's knocked up with my baby. Share the pussy, not the womb."

"Anything else?" James asked, wincing. His balls still ached, he was cumming faster than they were filling back up.

"If you don't want your little secret getting out, Jimmy," Marcus continued. "I want O'Neil's job when he retires."

James objected weakly. "That's a management position."

Marcus leaned forward. "Make it happen. It's the black man's turn now."

James sighed. "Is that it?"

Marcus smiled. "No, Jimmy. Who's the blonde in your videos?"

James blinked. "What blonde?"

"The one on your videos with Emma."

"Oh." James nodded slowly. "That's her friend Sarah."

"I'm going to fuck her."

James explained, "She's got a fiancé."



Marcus laughed. "I'm sure he's a little fucked white boy like you, Jimmy. I'm gonna turn that blonde bitch out just like I turned your wife out. That video of them trying on bikinis was one of the hottest things I ever seen."

James knew the video. He had watched it many times. Sarah, a blue-eyed blonde built almost identically to Emma, had tried on several bikinis with her, swapping tops and bottoms, laughing and drinking margaritas by the pool for hours.

Suddenly, James wanted to watch Marcus fuck Sarah. "I'll help," he said quietly, "but at my house, so I can watch."

"You're a sick fuck, Jimmy." Marcus stood to leave. "One more thing, Tom Reynolds say anything to you?"

James asked, "About what?"

"He and his wife saw me and Emma having dinner."

"Oh God," James muttered, rubbing his forehead.

"The way I see it, Jimmy, he's either gonna mind his own business or come to you as a friend and tell you what he saw."

James sighed. "I'll make up something to tell him."

"Nah, Jimmy. You'll tell him the truth. Tell him you and Emma were curious about the lifestyle."

"The lifestyle?" James asked, confused.

"Yeah. You wanted to see a hung black man fuck your wife. Tell him Emma got curious after seeing a hung black man in porn, or it's always been a fantasy of yours and you knew your little dick couldn't satisfy her."



"Why would I do that?" James asked, horrified at the thought of telling his friend this.

"Cause I wanna fuck that classy-looking wife of his. Tell him me and Emma were on a 'get to know each other' date auditioning me to be her bull. You watched us fuck and it worked out better than you imagined. You and Emma's love is even stronger now. It'll plant the seed in Tommy's head, and in his sexy wife's if he tells her. If he comes back for follow-up questions, we'll know that seed took root."

"You really think you can have sex with both Sarah and Linda?"

"Who's turn is it, Jimmy?"

"The black man's," he replied, mumbling.

"Good boy, Jimmy."

There was a knock on the door. Tom Reynolds stuck his head in. "James, you got a minute?" He trailed off, seeing Marcus standing there. "Oh, I can come back."

Marcus looked down at the man. "No problem, Tommy. I was just leaving." He turned back on James. "Remember what we talked about, Jimmy," he said. "I'll see you and Emma tonight."

"Uh... It's Tom," said Tom Reynolds as the giant black man pushed past him.

Marcus Hale ignored him and strolled down the hall like he owned it.

THE END