



Don't Drink and Drive

Part 1: The Black Breathalyzer

A big wad of tobacco flew from Deputy Dennis Brown's mouth, landing outside the police car, somewhere out in the darkness. It was a nasty habit, but you had to do something to relieve the boredom. Denny was always stuck on the night shift patrolling dark empty Parish roads, both because of his rookie status and because Sheriff Al Davidson resented having a black man on his police force.

Denny was a hulking giant of a man. He had been a star running back in high school and could have gone professional, except he had always dreamed of being a cop. He had taken criminal justice at Baton Rouge Community College and graduated a couple of years ago. After doing some traveling, he had returned home and applied for the position of deputy with the parish sheriff's department.

Big Al Davidson had just about laughed in his face when he applied. The sheriff was known as "Big" Al because of his substantial beer gut and also because of the way he swaggered around the parish like he owned the place which he did. Sheriffs were some of the most powerful people in Louisiana Parishes. Big Al had informed him that the position was filled and that he should be a good boy and go home.

Denny's uncle, the Reverend Martin Luther Brown, civil rights activist and social justice warrior, showed up with his flock at the parish council meeting and demanded that Dennis Brown get the job because blacks were not represented at all in the parish government. He also brought the media with him.



Denny was watching the shouting match at the council meeting when one of the councilwomen stood up and explained that the position had already been filled, but that if anything else opened up, Mr. Brown would surely be given top priority. Denny stared, unable to take his eyes off the woman. She had beautiful blonde hair elegantly done up in a bun on her head, and a pair of black spectacles were perched on her nose, giving her that prudish librarian look. Her dress was plain and excessive for the hot Louisiana sun. She wore a baggy, long-sleeveless white blouse and a black ankle-length skirt. Her clothes did little to contain an incredible figure, and he could see an impressively large pair of breasts pushing out the front of her blouse. Denny thought she would be the most beautiful woman he had ever seen if she'd just put a smile on her stern-looking face. He had known women like this before; they were either incredibly shy or they covered up because they wanted to be taken seriously and not considered just some bimbo with a hot body. Denny figured it must be the

latter reason, because she turned out to be an outspoken councilwoman, on the school board as well as a prominent church member.

Councilwoman Melissa Davidson also happened to be Big Al's wife, and it was her brother Bobby Ray who had been hired as the new deputy.



Reverend Brown stirred up enough trouble that eventually the members of the parish council, and a text from the governor that simply read, "Make this go away," told Big Al he needed to get rid of his brother-in-law and hire the black man. A few days later Dennis Brown was sworn in and issued a badge. The sheriff gave Denny a look that said his life was going to be a living hell from that moment on.

The last year had been just that, he thought as he spit out all the tobacco. Denny heard an alligator bark somewhere out in the bayou as he thought about all the harassment he'd put up with over the last year. The harassment went from always working holidays, the night shift, long distance prisoner transports, a noose in the tree outside his apartment, to the miniature Nazi flag he had found flying on his antenna just that morning. Nothing could be proven, and of course no one had seen anything. He was even stuck working now while all the parish employees were having their Christmas party. Denny wasn't a quitter and he decided to tough it out. Besides, if he quit, the rednecks won.

Denny saw the headlights a second before his radar went off. The car was going nine miles over the limit. Speeding, but no big deal. It was almost upon him when he noticed the car cross over the median a couple of times. He recognized the car immediately. It belonged to Councilwoman Melissa Davidson, Sheriff Al's wife.

Denny spun out of his parking spot and did a U-turn, hitting the lights as he rapidly closed on the car in front of him. She didn't seem to notice him and drove for about another mile before pulling over to the shoulder.



Denny pulled up behind her and smirked as he got out of the car. He had no intention of arresting her, but figured he could make her a little nervous. He was still smirking as he walked up to the window. She seemed to stare at him for a second before lowering the window.

"Evening, Mrs. Davidson," he said, looking into her bright blue eyes. She wasn't wearing her thick black glasses, and he figured she must be wearing contacts. Her eyes were magnificent.

"Evening, Deputy," she replied with a sneer.

"Were you aware that you were speeding back there?"

"No si—Deputy, I wasn't," she said. Melissa couldn't quite bring herself to call a black man sir.

"I also saw you weaving. You crossed the median several times. Have you had anything to drink this evening?"

Melissa snorted. "You know damn well that I've had a few at the Christmas party tonight."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, his face showing no expression. "Exactly how many is a few?"

"Oh, two or three, I guessh," she slurred. Maybe four or five, she thought.

Denny nodded and said, "Where is Mr. Davidson this evening?"

Melissa sighed. "My husband, your boss, is still at the party. I have a church function in the morning, so I had to leave early."

"I'll need to see your license and registration, please."

Melissa rolled her eyes and fumbled through her purse for her license and then grabbed the registration from the glove compartment, handing both to him. Her hands were shaking slightly.

He thanked her and she watched him walk back to his patrol car. What the hell does he think he's doing? she thought. Big Al would rip up any ticket he gave her. Hell, the judge was her cousin.

Denny sat down in the car and relaxed for a few minutes. He wanted to let her simmer a little while before letting her go. He strongly suspected Big Al or her brother had planted the Nazi flag on his car, and this would be his little revenge. He didn't really dislike Melissa. She had actually been very polite to him the few times they had spoken, nice even, almost sympathetic, but she did have that superior, snotty attitude that he found was fairly common among Southern women, especially toward blacks. Besides, she was just too damn sexy to hate.

Thinking she had waited enough, he grabbed his flashlight and walked up to the car. He handed her back her information and shined the light down on her. Denny felt his cock stir in his pants

when he saw the sexy outfit she was wearing. She had obviously decided to cut loose tonight for the Christmas party. The dress was black, sleeveless, and it ended just above the knees. It had ridden up in the car and showed off her shapely legs. His light illuminated her impressive cleavage. How had Big Al scored a babe like this? She was in her early thirties and the sheriff was close to fifty. The only possible reason Denny could come up with was that Melissa was the type of woman who was attracted to power. Marrying the most powerful man in the parish helped elevate her to a position of prominence in the Parish seat. There was even talk that Big Al might become Governor some day and that would be a bad day for Louisiana. Big Al was as bad as Huey Long, maybe worse.

Denny was just about to let her go when he shined the light in the back seat. There, sticking out of a small bag, were several Nazi flags. His eyes narrowed when he saw the swastikas. There had to have been at least a dozen in the bag. "Please step out of the car, ma'am. I'm going to give you some field sobriety tests."

Melissa looked over at him and a chill ran down her spine. His eyes had turned cold and he had an angry look on his face. He was a really big man... a big angry black man. Frightened, a realizing how alone they were, she quickly opened her car door and followed him around behind her car to stand in the headlights of the police car.



"Okay, Mrs. Davidson," said Denny, "hold your arms out and walk along the yellow line." He watched her gulp and then she slowly walked away from him along the line. Denny admired her long legs running up into her skirt and the tight, firm ass being hugged by her dress. "Now turn around and walk toward me, please."

Melissa spun around and almost stumbled. Denny felt his cock grow several inches underneath his pants. Her out-thrust arms were causing her to arch her back, thrusting out her magnificent breasts. The short black dress was tight and hugged her full hips. Melissa Davidson was built like a stripper.

"Are we through yet?" she asked, putting her hands on her hips and tapping one high-heeled foot.

"One more test, ma'am," said Denny, pulling a quarter out of his pocket and throwing it behind her. "Without bending your knees, pick the quarter up."

"No, I've had enough," she said, sneering at him again. "You can't lock me up without Big Al knowing about it, and the judge won't convict me."

"Why, Mrs. Davidson, I wouldn't think of disturbing the party. I'm going to take you straight to the state police and let their judge deal with you. Now turn around and bend over."

The smirk left Melissa's face and turned into a look of shock; she felt sweat form on her forehead. She turned around and looked at the coin lying on the pavement. She had been wrong about Deputy Brown. She had actually thought that with his qualifications he'd make a much better officer than her worthless brother, but here he was harassing her over a few drinks and she wasn't even five miles from home. She bent down to pick up the quarter.

Denny felt his cock fatten up some more as he watched the hem of her dress ride up higher on her thighs, approaching her ass. She apparently realized it and reached around to pull the hem down. Unfortunately, this caused her to lose balance and she fell over.

"Well, Mrs. Davidson, I'm afraid I'm going to have to give you the breathalyzer." He watched her stand back up and brush off her knees. She held her head down for a minute and when she looked back up, Denny's heart skipped a beat, for she was smiling at him radiantly.

"Officer," said Melissa, "I understand you're just doing your job, and a commendable one at that, but can't you just let me go? You can follow me home if you like."

Denny's pulse was pounding and the blood was rushing into his cock, making it very



uncomfortable confined under his trousers. When she turned on the charm and smiled, she was too stunning for words. Yet she was still a woman who drove around with Nazi flags in the back seat of her car. "Ma'am, you've failed the field test and I think you're drunk. If the breathalyzer proves it, you can ask the judge to let you go."

The smile quickly left Melissa's face. Something was wrong here; she couldn't control this man. Most men were completely captivated when she smiled at them and did her bidding like lovesick puppy dogs. She wasn't used to not getting her way, and Melissa felt tears begin to roll down her cheeks. "Please let me go, s-sir?" she sobbed. "This will ruin my reputation."

Something came over Denny just then as he stared at the beautiful woman standing before him in the tight black dress. Tears were running down her face as she looked up at him, pleading for mercy. Denny lost his ability to reason when all the blood left his brain to fill his cock. He unsnapped his trousers and pulled the zipper down, gasping with relief as his hard cock was released from its prison.

Melissa smiled when his face seemed to relax. She had him. Then she looked down at his hands fumbling around his trousers. "What the hell do—" said Melissa, stopping when his long dark cock came into view. Then she whimpered with fear at the size of it. She had never seen one so long and thick. Big Al's, or should she say Little Al's, penis disappeared completely

underneath his big gut. Even when fully erect, the head just barely peeked out. The black man's, on the other hand, was massive and jutted out proudly from a flat stomach. It was over ten inches long and growing bigger, dark black, and harder than she had ever seen her husband's. Melissa was so intent upon the black club before her that she failed to notice he was unbuttoning his shirt. He let the shirt hang open, and even scared to death that she was about to be raped, she couldn't help but admire his well-defined chest, rippling with muscles.

"Listen up, bitch," he said, standing so that the headlights illuminated his massive cock. "This is the new breathalyzer test. Blow on this for twenty minutes. If you make me cum you're sober; if I don't, you're drunk and going to jail."

"I'm not putting that monster in my mouth," she said, still in denial of the position she was in.

"Just think what your fellow council members and the school board will think when your name is all over the front page of the paper. You now have nineteen minutes."

"T-this is blackmail," Melissa said in disbelief.

"Yes, it is. You now have eighteen and a half minutes."

Melissa was confused. She didn't know what to do. There had to be a way out of this situation, but she wasn't used to being pressured to make quick decisions. Plus, she couldn't think straight from all the booze. Her legs felt weak and she fell to her knees before him when he said "eighteen minutes."



The long black penis jutted out before her, fat, hard, and angled down. "P-please don't make me do this, officer," she pleaded, tears rolling down her cheeks. "Can I jerk you off instead?"

"No, ma'am. Seventeen and a half minutes, and you better hurry 'cause I usually last a long time," he replied without any sympathy for her.

Melissa used to suck Big Al's cock fairly often, though she had always refused to swallow his sperm. He was a sucker for a good blow job and she had used her oral skills to get whatever she wanted from him. However, she hadn't sucked on it for over eight years, as his gut had grown too big for her to get her head close enough to his little dick to get her lips on it. She wouldn't have this problem with Deputy Brown, she thought, as she looked at his tight abs. They didn't have an ounce of fat on them making his giant black dick stand out and proud.

"Quit staring and start sucking," he said. "You now only have seventeen minutes."

Melissa moved her face toward the long black cock and saw it twitch as her lips neared the plump head. She was revolted, thinking about what she was about to do, even if the black man was physically perfect in every way he was still a negro. Her ancestors had even owned black slaves with the surname Brown.

Her heart was beating rapidly as her tongue reached out to touch the long pee-slit at the end of his cock. She licked it, tasting another man's cock for the first time, before licking around the head and crown. It swelled up even more and straightened out, now pointing right at her. Oh dear God, she thought, jumping back to look at it in awe. It was over twice as long as Big Al's and it was still growing.

She leaned forward again and licked just under the head and up the sides. Melissa pursed her lips and planted them on the tip of the monster cock before her. She parted them and opened her mouth, taking the head of his cock inside her hot mouth. Still sobbing from the humiliation, she tightened her lips over the base of the head, holding it in her mouth, and ran her tongue around the head in her mouth. She felt it grow even larger, his shaft turning to steel from her teasing tongue.

"Fifteen minutes," said Denny.

Melissa decided she'd better get moving. She opened her mouth wide and pushed forward, letting about half his cock slide into her mouth. This was a little more than her husband's entire penis and a lot thicker. She began sucking on half his black cock, feeling her old skills returning. Her hands came up to grip the girthy shaft, tugging and twisting at it to get him off.

Denny leaned forward and pulled her arms off his shaft so that he could lower her dress straps. Her mouth never left his cock, but she seemed about to protest, so he just said, "Seeing your tits will help me cum faster." The beautiful white woman seemed to accept that excuse, and he leaned down to unhook her bra, pulling it off. Her arms flew back up to the base of his cock as soon as they were freed, and he looked down at her large breasts. They were big, full, and pale white from being covered up by all her heavy clothes, but with bikini tan lines. Her areolae were large and pink, about the diameter of a Coke can. He reached down and tweaked her nipples, feeling them harden between his thumb and forefinger. They were fat and long, just like he liked them, perfect. His fingers teased around her nipples and he was rewarded when she let out a little moan around his cock. Denny stood back up and grabbed her head. He began making thrusting motions with his hips as he looked down at his black cock, half of it disappearing into her mouth.

Melissa had quit crying. She was the kind of woman who gave 100% to everything she ever did, and she found her need to excel taking over. She began relaxing her throat, and every time he thrust forward she tried to swallow a little more. She saw his curly black pubic hair just inches from her lips, and after a few minutes she was touching them as twelve thick inches of black cock was buried in her mouth. She inhaled through her nose, smelling him and finding his sweaty odor to be very masculine and intoxicating.

"Oh yeah, bitch," he said. "Suck on that big black cock." Denny looked at his watch. She had five minutes left. "Ten minutes," he said.

His words both aroused and scared her. Melissa doubled her efforts, bobbing her head up and down rapidly along his thick black cock. She mumbled contentedly around his cock. It had been so long and she had forgotten how much she missed having Big Al's penis in her mouth. She

paused, thinking that she had never actually enjoyed sucking on her husband. It had made her feel powerful knowing that he was putty in her hands, but she hadn't enjoyed it. Melissa also realized that she wasn't the one empowered as she sucked on Denny's black cock. He was using her like she was some slut, and she shivered at the thought of being used by a man for his satisfaction. She tried to suppress the feelings of pleasure she was getting from it. She was submissive, but her pussy was betraying her, drooling into her panties as she sucked off the muscular black man.

Another ten minutes had passed and Denny said, "Five minutes." He watched her attack his cock and said, "Talk dirty; that usually makes me cum quickly."

Melissa was disgusted at the thought, but the words came unbidden into her head. She took her mouth off his cock and rapidly stroked the shaft with her hands trying to make it cum. "Your cock is so big. I've never seen a cock this big or black," she said, kissing the head before sucking it.

"Am I bigger than Big Al?"

"You're so much bigger than Big Al. I love your black cock. I want it to cum for me." She planted kisses around the head. "Please cum for me."



He grabbed the back of her head and pulled her back down on his cock.

Melissa went nuts trying to make him cum. She attacked his cock, worried that she was out of time and would still go to jail after doing this horrible deed. His cock head started swelling up and knew he was close but she was almost out of time. Melissa backed up to jack him off until he came. Instead, she found his hand tighten on her head and he began fucking her mouth. She tried to protest, but he refused to stop and she felt his cock jerk in her mouth, his hot semen striking the back of her throat. Then the plump head was in her mouth, filling it with his cum. She was horrified that a black man's semen was filling her mouth, but she was forced to gulp it down. She had never swallowed her husband's cum before, spitting his bitter seed into a tissue when he finished. Big Al only came a few drops leaving an unpleasant taste on her tongue but the black man filled her mouth at least three times and his seed was thicker, richer, not bitter at all. She moaned slightly, gulping it down as fast as he came.

Denny pulled out and aimed his cock at her face, spitting out even more semen. She squinted in disgust as a large strand of his hot seed splattered on her face from her eye to her mouth and even more struck the tops of her breasts. He wiped his cock off on her cheeks and shoved it back into his pants, zipping up.



He watched her slowly dressing, his nut still staining her cleavage. She seemed to be in shock as she pulled her dress back up, leaving her bra in the road. Denny looked at his watch; close to an hour had passed since he pulled her over. "You just made it," he said. "You're free to go home."

"Thanks officer," she muttered, and got into her car, feeling the wetness between her legs as she sat down.

"Be sure to give your husband a big kiss when he gets home," Denny yelled at her as she started her car and drove back onto the road.

Bastard, she thought as she drove off toward her house. She looked in the rearview mirror to see that Deputy Brown was getting back into his squad car. She looked up at her reflection and grimaced at the sperm liquefying on her cheeks. She'd have to clean up quickly before Big Al got home from the party. Her husband was sure going to get fucked tonight, she thought. Melissa was so horny she wanted to rub her slit along her seat. She had trouble

believing her horniness was because of a black man. She hated him. In fact, she decided that she would do everything in her power to see that he was fired and that he never worked anywhere in this parish again. Melissa smiled to herself as she hurried home. Jesus, why was she so horny?

Denny drove back to his speed trap and parked, taking out another wad of tobacco and plopping it in his mouth. His radar went off twenty minutes later. This car was going twenty over the speed limit, and a moment later Big Al sped by him on his way home. Denny hoped that Melissa wouldn't have time to brush her teeth before kissing her husband.

He felt guilty over what he had done. Something had come over him as she stared up at him crying and begging to be let off the hook. Worse, he felt that he would do anything to sink his cock into her white pussy just once. He felt his pulse race as he thought of the power he now had over the beautiful councilwoman and the wife of his tormentor.

Deputy Dennis Brown looked up at the new video camera mounted on the dash. He patted it affectionately

Part 2: Black Maled

Melissa managed to brush her teeth and remove the taste of Deputy Brown's sperm from her mouth just before Big Al got home. She was horny and needed to feel her husband's penis inside her. Big Al had a surprised look on his face when she practically attacked him and threw him on the bed.



He smelled of sweat and beer. She felt squashed underneath his fat torso. Big Al's beer belly was like a barrier between their two bodies, and it was so large that only the head of his little penis was sliding in and out of her pussy. Not that it mattered; women weren't supposed to enjoy sex—they just used it to get what they wanted from a man. Still, as she thought of the twelve-inch black cock that she had been forced to suck on earlier, Melissa got the strangest feeling that she was missing out on something.

Damn! She felt like she was going to suffocate. Why wasn't Big Al done yet? He normally only lasted a couple of minutes. It must be the booze, she reasoned. Melissa wrapped her long, lean legs around his hairy back and

screamed, "That's it, baby, fuck me, fuck meeeee." Talking dirty always made him orgasm. "You're the best, Big Al," she cried. Melissa felt his little penis jerk as he came. She couldn't feel his semen inside her, and his load was never enough to bother cleaning up. Not that she could have cleaned up if she wanted to, she thought, hearing him snore. The fat bastard had passed out on top of her.

Melissa fixed herself a cup of coffee the next morning. Big Al had a hangover and was having a little trouble getting moving that morning. Her head didn't feel all that good either. When she had finally squeezed out from under her husband, she had spent the night tossing and turning. She was horny and frustrated. Melissa tried to concentrate on work, but the image of Deputy Brown's fat cock dangling before her face kept popping into her mind. The more she thought about what he had made her do, the more she hated him and the hornier she had gotten. Her nipples had popped out and her thighs were soaked with her juices as she tried to sleep, but instead kept dwelling on the events of last night. The lack of sleep had made her hangover worse and she was in a horrible mood. What kind of a man would blackmail a woman into a blow job? Nobody humiliated Melissa Davidson and got away with it. She had to get revenge, but how?

Melissa needed to take her mind off of Deputy Brown and her throbbing head for a while. Al had left a folder on the table. She reached over and opened it. The folder was a recent sheriff's department inventory list. Her well-trained eye quickly scanned the figures, noting several discrepancies. Several handguns, a shotgun, and a lot of ammo were missing.

"What are you doing?"

The voice startled Melissa. Big Al had finally gotten out of bed. "Al," she said, still looking at the papers, "how come you didn't tell me you're missing some guns?"

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"I budgeted out the money to buy them, remember," she answered. "I have to inform the council."

"No!" he said forcibly, then explained. "You might interfere with an ongoing investigation."

"Who do you think did it?"

"Isn't it obvious?" the sheriff said. "It's got to be the black boy."

An image of her on her knees sucking Denny's big black cock, flashed into her mind. She shook her head to clear it and said, "Deputy Brown? Yes, that makes sense. You going to arrest him?"

"As soon as we get the evidence. I'm trying to get a warrant to search his apartment."

"I'll talk Sam into writing up a warrant." Her cousin, the judge, got as flustered as any man around her. She knew she wouldn't have any trouble getting what she wanted from him. Here was the means of getting her revenge on the arrogant black man for what he did to her.

"Thanks, dear," he said, smiling at her. "Now I have to get to work." Big Al kissed her on the forehead and walked out the door.

Denny was carrying some paperwork toward the sheriff's office when he heard Big Al talking on the phone. Something made him pause and he looked over at Deputy Stevens's desk. It was empty. He was probably in the bathroom. Denny leaned forward and listened at the door.

"Thanks, Your Honor," said Big Al. "Don't worry, we'll get that black bastard."

Denny frowned and continued listening. He heard the sheriff hang up and then dial another number.

"Bobby Ray," said the sheriff, "we got trouble. Meet me at Suzie's tonight at 8:00."

Denny heard the toilet flush and Deputy Stevens was coming out of the bathroom. Denny knocked on the sheriff's door and entered. Big Al quickly hung up the phone and glared at him as he set the paperwork down on the desk. Denny quickly exited the room and went over to his locker to get ready for his patrol.

He checked his weapon and went out to the car. The hair was standing up on the back of his neck. Suzie's was a local watering hole where all the rednecks hung out and black men weren't welcome. The sheriff had called his brother-in-law and told him they had trouble. Big Al was up to something and Denny had a gut feeling that it had to do with him. Had Melissa told her husband what had happened? Denny was so worried he decided to swing by his apartment to pick up his insurance.



Denny pulled off the side of the road, hiding his car behind some trees. After dousing the lights, he checked his watch: 7:30. He sat back and rested for a few minutes. He pictured the beautiful Melissa Davidson kneeling before him, sucking his cock a mile up the road. Denny squeezed his hard penis through his pants as he remembered playing with her nipples until she had given an involuntary moan. He had never seen a more perfect woman in his life. His penis was so hard it started hurting him, so he removed it from his pants and began slowly stroking it.

The radar detector brought him out of his fantasies a few minutes later. It was flashing about fifteen miles over the speed limit and he smiled as Big Al sped by on his way to meet his brother-in-law. With some difficulty, Denny

stuffed his long cock into his pants and started the car. He turned it on the road in the opposite direction from where Big Al was headed and sped off into the night, passing Melissa's bra laying in the road a mile later.

Denny pulled into Big Al's driveway a few minutes later. The sheriff had a huge house. It had a big backyard and a dock. A boathouse sat on the edge of the dock with a nice bass boat inside. Al and Melissa sure did alright for themselves. Denny thought of his little three-room apartment and wished he could live in a place like this someday, but he'd have to become sheriff to afford it.

He pulled the police car up to the front door and honked the horn a couple of times. He saw a curtain move on the second floor and Melissa's head silhouetted against the window.



Melissa had just gotten out of the bathtub and hadn't even had time to dry off when she heard the car horn. She peeked out and saw the police car. Melissa put her glasses on and grabbed her robe off the bed. She ran downstairs and was tying her robe around her thin waist as she opened the front door to see what her husband had forgotten.

A giant figure pushed its way in as she opened the door and, startled, she fell back on the floor. She looked up at the large black man and tried to scream, but just a whimper escaped her throat. He was grinning and his eyes were roaming up and down her body. Melissa looked down and was horrified to see that her robe had fallen open when she fell. Her nude body was on display for Deputy Brown and her legs were spread open, showing him her slit.

Scared and humiliated, she closed her robe and tried to crawl backwards away from the intruder. She was thinking of the revolver upstairs in the bedroom and

how she could get up to it when he grabbed her and pulled her to her feet. Deputy Brown shoved a video into her hand and simply said, "Go watch it."

Melissa was confused and just stood there for a minute looking at the videotape in her hands. The black man just stood still, arms folded across his chest. He didn't seem too threatening, so she calmed down and walked into the living room, inserting the tape into the VCR. Curious, she hit play and sat back to see what was on it, the giant black man hovering over her.

The color drained from her face as she saw herself kneeling before Dennis Brown, sucking on his fat black cock. She had tried to pretend it hadn't excited her, but the woman on the video was clearly enjoying herself. Of course, he had left out the part where he blackmailed her and the parts where she was crying. She saw him tweaking her nipples and the look of pleasure that crossed her face as he did so. If she listened hard, she could hear herself telling him how much she loved his cock and how much bigger he was than her husband. God, why had she said those things? Big Al would kill her if he ever saw this. She'd be voted out of office and asked to resign from the school board. She was trapped.

"You can keep this copy," he said. "I have another at my apartment."

"What do you want from me?"

"You can start by taking off your robe," he ordered.

Reluctantly, Melissa undid her belt and let the robe hang open before letting it fall to the floor. She had decided to play along and try to get him up into the bedroom. If she could get the gun, she would be the one in control again. She could then force him to take her back to his apartment and retrieve the second copy of the video. By tomorrow he'd be arrested and no one would believe a criminal. She was also pleased with the reaction she got from him after showing him her body. The first time Big Al had seen her naked was their wedding night. He had gone all weak in the knees and had trouble performing. It was then that she realized she could control him. The black man seemed just as excited, though he wasn't showing any signs of weakness.



Denny felt sweat on his brow as he looked at the incredibly beautiful naked woman standing before him. Her little blonde pussy hairs were neatly trimmed and she had tan marks indicating that she liked to wear a very small bikini. Quite the opposite picture from the conservative woman who covered up her body when in public. The thick black glasses perched on her nose and the elegant way she had done up her long blonde hair in a bun on her head presented an interesting contradiction to her stripper's body. She also had a smug, self-assured expression on her face that made him concerned she was up to something.

"Please, Officer," she pleaded, "not down here. Let's go up to the bedroom."

The thought of fucking her in Big Al's bed excited Denny and he said, "Lead on."

Denny was distracted by her shapely ass shaking back and forth as he followed her up the stairs. However, the smug look on her face had him alert, and he carefully unloaded his gun as he walked behind her.

They entered the bedroom. It contained a king-sized bed and was elegantly furnished. She tried to lead him over toward the left side of the bed, but he grabbed her and spun her around.

Melissa frowned in frustration. The revolver was in a nightstand on the left side of the bed. He was pulling her over to the opposite side. There was no way in hell she was going to let her pussy get defiled by a black man's cock, and she quickly calculated the odds of making a dash for the gun. Officer Brown was the fittest, most muscular man she had ever seen, but even with all that bulk, his movements seemed to suggest fast reflexes and speed. She saw herself being grabbed before reaching the gun and gave up on that idea.

"Take off my clothes," he ordered her.



Melissa nodded and began unbuttoning his uniform. Alright, she thought, get his pants around his ankles and make a run for the gun. She finished with the shirt and pushed it off. He was wearing a tight white T-shirt that showed off his biceps and contrasted with his dark black skin. She pushed her hands under the T-shirt and lifted it up as high as she could; he helped get it off by pulling it over his head. Do it now—his eyes are covered and his hands are tied up, she thought, but her opportunity was gone within a second.

Once again Melissa had the thought of being cheated as she compared Denny's body with her husband's. Involuntarily her hands went to his chest and ran down the hard muscled ridges of his body, over his abs and

back up to his shoulders. The contrast of her white hands on his dark skin was strangely erotic. She ran both hands over to feel his bicep and he grinned and made a muscle for her. It would take about four of her hands to encircle his arm.

Melissa was ashamed to realize her body was betraying her. Her long, thick nipples were so hard they ached, and she could feel wetness between her legs. She gulped and moved her hands down to his belt buckle.

There was his gun. The strap was securely fastened and it would take a few seconds to try to grab it. She needed to get in control again and had resolved to try to get it, because her body was starting to react to his dominance in ways that were unnerving her.

She was about to make her attempt when her hands finished with his belt and the weight caused his pants to fall to the floor around his knees, taking his gun out of her reach.

Denny had seen her staring at his unloaded gun and he put his beefy hands on her shoulders and kicked his pants off, pushing them out of the way.

Melissa knew his legs were temporarily immobilized and was just about to make a run for the revolver when his hands grabbed her shoulders. She watched him kick his gun across the floor and then his hands were forcing her to her knees before him. Dear God, she thought, she was going to have to give him another blow job.

"Suck on my cock, you white bitch, and tell me how much you love it or everyone in town gets a copy of the tape," he demanded. This is how you treat a woman that rides around in a car with Nazi flags in the back seat.

Melissa's face flushed with the hatred she felt for him as she looked up at his face. Then she lowered her head and looked at the monster moving underneath his white briefs. The hatred turned to shame when she realized that she wanted to see his cock again. Her shaking hands reached out and grasped the waistband of his underwear and slowly pulled them down. She saw his curly black pubic hairs first, then inch by inch of his incredible cock revealed itself. It was so hard that she had trouble pulling the briefs down, as it was trying to force its way upwards. She struggled to get the waistband around the head, and his penis flew upwards to dangle before her face when she finally released it.

Melissa stared at the long slit at the tip of his cock. Pre-cum was oozing from it and dripping down underneath. The head was throbbing with each beat of his pulse. It looked even bigger than she remembered. The light shined off his twelve-inch cock and it seemed to glow with power. Melissa parted her lips and placed them on the tip of his cock before opening her mouth around the fat black head of his penis.

She attacked his cock, convincing herself that the better she did the sooner he would want to move to the bed, where she could grab the revolver. She twirled her tongue around the crown and licked up and down the length of his hard rod. Melissa lifted up his cock and looked at his big balls. She hefted them in her hands, feeling how heavy they were. No wonder he came so much the last time, she thought, comparing him to her husband's shrunken little testicles. Melissa relaxed her jaws and tried to suppress her gag reflex before returning her mouth to the head. She licked and kissed it before swallowing about half of his cock into her mouth.

Denny looked down at the beautiful woman sucking on his dick. She looked so prim and proper with her long blonde hair up in a bun and her dark glasses perched on her nose. He was amazed at how good she was at sucking cock, seeing her swallow six, eight, ten, then all twelve inches as his pubic hairs tickled her nose. She was completely focused and it was like nothing else mattered to her but sucking his cock. He said, "I don't hear you telling me how much you love it, cocksucker" and his words seemed to awaken her from a trance.

Melissa jumped when she heard him and remembered where she was. She squeezed her lips around his cock and slowly slid it out of her mouth. She caught her breath for a couple of seconds before speaking. "I love sucking on your big black cock," she said while looking up at him and stroking his penis with both her hands. "I've never seen anything so big and hard. It's almost three times as big as my husband's."



Denny reached down and yanked off her glasses, throwing them off to the side on the carpet. "Let your hair down," he ordered. He watched her take her hands off his cock and reach around behind her head until her hair fell halfway down her back. "That's better," he said. "If you're going to talk like a slut, you need to look like a slut."

Damn him! His words both angered and excited her even more. She shivered for some reason when he called her a slut and she started to feel strange deep in her womb. Melissa continued telling him how much she loved his cock in between sucks for about ten minutes before he pulled his dick out of her mouth and pulled her to her feet.

He pushed her toward the wrong side of the bed and she was just about to make a dive for the gun when he spun her around. He ran his large calloused hands all over her body and she shivered again as he pinched her nipples. She felt him push her backwards and she fell on the bed. "Please don't do this," she begged, thinking he was about to defile her before she could reach the revolver. "I'm not protected." She looked over at him in horror and her brows furrowed as he had disappeared. Melissa brought her head up and looked down, seeing his broad black face grinning at her from between her legs. Oh my God, she thought, he's going to eat my pussy.

Big Al would do this for her for hours if she ordered him to, but he had never seemed to enjoy it or be very good at it, so she rarely bothered. Deputy Brown, on the other hand, seemed like he couldn't wait to taste her. His strong hands pushed her legs back and she could feel his hot breath on her pussy. He blew on it for a minute, licked her inner thighs, teasing her, before she felt his tongue flicker out and touch her labia. Melissa's whole body spasmed at the touch and she moaned in fear and anticipation.

Denny ran his tongue from her rectum to her clit, rapidly teasing her pussy lips with flicks of his tongue. He stuck it straight out and rammed it into her pussy remorselessly while holding tight onto her legs to keep her body from flailing around too much.



Melissa's eyes were wide as she stared at the ceiling. It was painted blue with white clouds to make it look like the sky. It wasn't supposed to be like this. Having her pussy eaten by the black man felt better than anything she had ever done with Big Al. His tongue felt bigger than her husband's penis and her body was responding to every lick and thrust. She was raising her hips into his tongue, wanting it.

The strange feeling in her womb had spread to her pussy and stomach. It felt like a bomb about to go off and it frightened her. "Please, Officer," she pleaded, "please stop. Something's happening. I'm scared." Even as she said it, his tongue was teasing her clit and she was making little circular motions with her pussy around it. Melissa's eyes rolled up in the back of her head and her hands grabbed onto the blanket, squeezing it tight. She held her body still, but it trembled involuntarily. She felt his tongue cup around her clit and then, with one strong thrust of his tongue, her first orgasm burst from her body. Her body spasmed and she thrust her pussy into his face, trying to get his tongue in deeper while screaming, "Noooo, c-can't be h-happening." The

feeling was incredible. "Yesss," she murmured, thinking she had died and gone to heaven. "So good." She flew through the sky, her whole body alive with a pleasure that had once been unimaginable to her. After a minute or so, her eyes focused and heaven turned into the painted ceiling of her bedroom.

She looked down to see Dennis Brown grinning up at her. She looked at him with a mixture of awe and fear written on her face as he planted a kiss on her sensitive pussy. Melissa felt a brief moment of shame and closed her legs as he pushed off and stood up. He ignored her and walked over to the left side of the bed. He laid down on his back and held his twelve-inch cock up for her to see.

"Come and get it," he said.

"Do you have a condom?" she asked.

"Nope," he replied. "Do you?"

She shook her head, gulping. "We've been trying for years."

"I'll warn you before I cum."

Melissa stared at the huge black cock, throbbing with anticipation. Al had a low sperm count, but pregnancy wasn't impossible. She'd assumed his growing gut and small dick just made it too hard to get deep enough inside her to impregnate her. Dennis Brown didn't have that problem. She didn't believe for a second that a criminal like him would warn her and pull out, but then she

wasn't going to fuck him either. She was going to pretend she was and go for the gun. "Okay," she said, nodding.



Melissa was still breathing heavily as she sat up. She turned over onto her knees and crawled over toward his legs, throwing one leg over his so that she straddled him.

"You put it in," Denny said, letting his cock fall onto his stomach as he released it.

Melissa nodded. There was the nightstand containing Big Al's revolver right up by the black man's beefy arm. Oral sex was bad enough, but she couldn't let his black penis soil her pussy.

Melissa started inching her way forward toward the gun and her salvation. Her wet pussy dripped onto his balls and his pubic hairs tickled her thighs. She moved forward, sliding her slit along inch after inch of his massive black cock, rock hard, hot and throbbing. They both moaned together and she knew she could reach the gun as he closed his eyes with pleasure.

Melissa was sitting near the end of his cock on his stomach. She lifted her pussy up and leaned forward, reaching for the drawer holding the gun. As she did so, her pussy lips parted and slid over the fat head of his cock. Her eyes flew wide as she felt it enter her. She had to get the gun and decided to ignore it for the time being. She pushed her hips back as she opened the drawer, her pussy stretching open wider than ever as the bulbous glans of the huge cock entered her. It felt wonderful having something so thick and hard in her, she thought as her hand closed around the revolver's handle. She now had the gun and was the one in control again. She could stop whenever she wanted, but Melissa figured a few more inches wouldn't hurt anything.

She closed her eyes and moaned, loving every inch. Okay, just one more, she thought. He was in deeper than Big Al had ever been and it was just a little more than half of his incredible cock. She'd put just one more inch, and then she'd hold the gun under his chin. He'd whimper in fear and his cock would shrivel up as he begged for mercy. Melissa imagined herself making him take her to his apartment, where he'd give her the other videotape, and then as punishment for defiling her, she'd make him clean out her pussy with his tongue again. She held her eyes clenched shut as she pushed down on his bare cock.

It was eight inches inside her now and her pussy was feeling stretched and full. Surprisingly, it didn't hurt at all, well it did, but the pain was in her wrist. She opened her eyes to see his powerful hand squeezing her wrist. She knew it was hopeless and didn't even try to fight. The gun hit the floor with a thud.

Officer Brown was looking at her kind of funny and she swore it was a look of respect. He shook his head at her. "Melissa," he said, "you've been a bad girl."

Denny threw her off him and reached down to pick up the revolver. He swiftly unloaded it and carried it over toward his gun. He dropped it and retrieved his handcuffs from his belt. He stood back up, his muscular black body shiny, his huge black cock bobbing rock hard before him, wet and glistening with her arousal.

Melissa was sobbing into her arms on the bed when he returned to her. He had deftly handcuffed her hands around the bedpost before she even knew what he was doing.

Melissa blinked back the tears to find her hands were restrained. The black cop pulled her to her knees and positioned her at the edge of the bed. Her chest was flat on the bed, but her ass was thrust up into the air. Her pussy was perfectly level with his cock as he stood on the side of the bed. Never in her adult life had she been so completely helpless or so turned on. She was completely at the mercy of a giant black man with a twelve-inch cock and she was ashamed to admit it, but she wanted to feel him inside her again.

Denny positioned the head of his penis on her pussy and said, "You know what happens to bad girls?"

"W-what?" she asked, shivering with trepidation.

"They get a spanking."

Melissa suddenly found herself angry. "You wouldn't dare?"

SMACK. Her left cheek began stinging. Her eyes widened in shock. SMACK. Now her right cheek hurt. He had worked the head of his cock in her pussy and was slowly moving it in and out. "How dare you?" she screamed. "I'm a councilwoman."

SMACK. Denny spanked both her cheeks again and worked about half his cock into her.

Tears were rolling down her cheeks as she cried. It wasn't really that painful, but it was humiliating. Worse, her body was responding to his slow fucking and she was thrusting her hips back trying to get more of his cock in her. "You can't do this," she sobbed. "I'm the wife of Big Al Davidson."

SMACK. His hand came down centered on both her cheeks while he pushed about eight inches of black cock into her. "You're his wife, but you're going to be my slut from now on. I'm gonna turn out this white pussy for the black man."

Melissa was trying to cling to her dignity. She was thinking she'd submit just this once, and in a few days he'd be in jail and she could resume a normal, unsatisfying life with her husband. She couldn't believe how her body was reacting. "Noooo," she moaned, feeling another orgasm coming. "This can't be happening."

Denny felt her pussy squeeze his cock as she orgasmed again. "You're my married white slut, Melissa," he told her. "Your purpose is to please me. I'm going to use your body whenever I want."

"Married white slut," she heard through the blood rushing in her ears as she writhed in the throes of her second orgasm. Yes, she decided. She would submit just this once; after all, it was

her purpose to please him. She decided taking all twelve inches would please him. "Fuck me, Officer," she begged. "I want it all. Fuck me with all your big black cock."



Denny grinned. The fight had gone out of her. She would obey him from now on. He began working the remaining inches in with every couple of thrusts. She was grunting like it hurt her, but her body was pushing back, trying to get it all. Her pussy was also spasming around his cock, trying to suck more in. He pulled his entire cock out and then rammed it in, burying all twelve inches into her hot wet pussy.

She screamed in pain and he could see tears running down her eyes, but incredibly enough she also came again. He had fucked dozens of women and many struggled at more than ten inches. None of them had been able to relax their throats enough to swallow him whole either. Melissa was the perfect woman, in looks and in talent.

He held his cock in her without moving, letting her get used to it, feeling her pussy stretch and mold itself to his size. She sobbed for a few minutes while her pussy conformed to his cock. After a while her sobs changed to moans and he heard her whisper, "More please, fuck me more."

Denny started to move. He started fucking her, moving only about an inch out of her, then two, then three, until he was slowly fucking her with the entire length of his cock.

"Harder," she screamed. "Fuck me harder."

Denny increased his speed and began fucking her hard and fast. This was the tightest pussy he had ever had and he loved every minute of it. His big balls were slapping against her thighs as he repeatedly slammed his dick into her. She was cumming about once every ten strokes.

"Oh god, I fucking love it," she moaned. "I am your slut. Fuck your slut with your big cock."

Her slutty talk was turning him on and he moaned as his cock began to swell even bigger as he approached orgasm.

"Not in me," she squealed, reluctantly. Melissa sensed he was getting ready to cum, but the excitement and risk was bringing on a big orgasm of her own. "Hold off, I'm going to cum again."

"Bad girls get my nut in their pussies."

"NO!" she cried in horror, pulling at the handcuffs. Her struggling actually thrust her hips up into his thrusting cock bringing her closer to getting off. "Keep fucking me, you black bastard," she growled.

He slapped her ass again and buried his cock. "Gonna nut!" He threw back his head and groaned. "Fuck yeah."

Her pussy full of twelve inches of dark meat, she felt the head explode sending his sperm straight into her fertile womb. "YES!" she cried, as her orgasm broke. "Cum in my pussy, you thieving black bastard. It's so fucking good."

His cock jerked in her pussy and she felt his sperm strike places she didn't even know she had. It brought on her biggest orgasm yet and it lasted as long as his cock continued to pump semen into her pussy, which seemed to last forever. This was the happiest she'd ever been in her life and she passed out from the pleasure, a satisfying heat radiating out from her womb.



When she awoke, Deputy Brown was finishing putting his uniform back on. She was still handcuffed to the bed, her ass still thrust up. What felt like a gallon of semen was pouring out of her pussy, soaking her thighs and legs. She managed to roll over onto her back, her arms over her head with her wrists restrained.

"Thank you," she murmured.

Denny didn't say anything for a few minutes. After a while he spoke up. "What did you mean when you called me a thieving black bastard?"

"N-nothing, it meant nothing."

"Come on, Melissa," he said. "Tell me or I'll leave you like that for Big Al to find."

She feared for her life if Al ever found out she had fucked a black man. "Big Al knows you've been stealing guns and ammo."

"Bullshit!" Denny frowned when he heard that. "What's he up to, Melissa?"

"H-he has a search warrant and is going to search your apartment tomorrow."

"Good girl," he said, unlocking the handcuffs. She rubbed her wrists for a couple of seconds before he pulled her up and began kissing her. She resisted for a second before giving in and kissing him back. He played with her nipples and when he'd had enough, he pushed her back. She was looking at him with an expression of awe and adoration on her face.

"Call me next time Big Al goes out and leaves you alone," he ordered. She nodded eagerly and he added, "Don't let the judge fill out any more warrants or I'll show everyone the tape and tell them you're my accomplice."

Her look of adoration turned to fear as he left the room.

Part 3: Black Power

Denny was deep in thought as he left Melissa's house after blackmailing and fucking her. Big Al was out to get him and if he didn't watch his steps he could get in big trouble. Denny checked his watch and saw that he still had a couple of hours to go on his shift. Denny turned the car into town and headed toward his apartment.

Denny pulled up in front of his apartment and got out of the police car. He wasn't a thief and was wondering why Big Al was blaming him. Denny looked around outside his place and, seeing nothing amiss, he walked up toward his door.

There it was. There were scratches around the lock. It had been jimmied. If he hadn't been looking for something, he wouldn't have noticed anything wrong. Denny unlocked the door and entered his apartment.

It didn't take him long to find the guns. They were under some clothes in his dresser. Big Al was setting him up.



Denny awoke to a pounding on his door. He swallowed nervously and walked to his front door. He opened it to find Al and Bobby Ray standing there. Al looked grim and Bobby Ray was wearing his deputy uniform from before Denny had replaced him at the job.

"Morning, Al," said Denny. "Should I go put my uniform on? We got some kind of emergency?"

"Boy, the only thing you'll be putting on is a pair of handcuffs," said the sheriff. "We got a warrant to search your apartment."

Denny smirked, thinking about the handcuffs he had made Al's wife wear. He looked over at the warrant Big Al had shoved in his face. Denny decided to play the outraged African-American role and started screaming racism. Big Al ignored his complaints and began searching the apartment.

Denny was making little notations in his notebook. He watched Al and Bobby Ray out of the corner of his eyes.

They made a half-assed effort to look around before Al made a beeline for the drawer with the stolen guns. Denny could see the look of triumph on Al's face turn to a look of shock. The sheriff began tossing clothes onto the floor, making sure the drawer was empty.

Big Al was furious. He wasn't used to being thwarted. He looked up at the black man writing in his notebook. "Boy, what the hell are you writing in there?" he practically screamed.

“Just making notes for my lawyer, Sheriff,” said Denny, trying to keep a straight face.

The sheriff looked like he was about to explode. “Come on, Bobby Ray,” he managed to spit out of his mouth between his red cheeks. “Let’s get the fuck outta here.”

Denny watched the two angry men leave. He slammed the door behind them. Before he could get back to bed, he heard the sheriff screaming at the radio, “What the fuck do you mean the guns are back at the station!”

Denny grinned at his victory, but he knew the war wasn’t over as he climbed back in bed. He put his hands behind his head and stared up at the ceiling, unable to sleep.



Melissa watched Al toying with his dinner. He seemed distracted and upset. Maybe he hadn’t found any evidence in Denny’s apartment, she thought. Whatever it was, he wouldn’t talk about it. Al finished dinner and grabbed a beer out of the refrigerator and watched TV. Melissa had some paperwork to do and worked on that while he silently gulped down several cans of beer.

Later, Melissa had just finished showering and was combing her hair when the phone rang. Big Al was undressing for bed and he grabbed it. She heard him make a few comments and then he put it down and was pulling his uniform back on.

“Where are you going?” she asked.

“Just out with the boys. I’ll be back in a couple of hours,” he answered, before heading downstairs and out the door.

She watched the police car pull away from the window and sat down on the bed. He had been gone less than five minutes when she felt an itch between her legs. She was horny and she felt moist between her thighs. Her arousal frightened her and she hated herself for wanting to be fucked by Dennis Brown again. She ran downstairs to get the phone book and leafed through it, finding Denny’s number.

Her hand was trembling as it reached for the phone. It wasn’t that she wanted him. It was that he would show Big Al the video if she didn’t have sex with him again. Her argument didn’t even convince herself, but she managed to dial the number. She got his answering machine.

“Denny,” she said after the beep, “it’s 8:30 and he just left for a couple of hours. I’m calling you just like you wanted.”

She hung up the phone and waited. Ten minutes passed and she grew worried. Denny lasted so long during sex that he needed to get there soon or they’d run the risk of getting caught. The wetness between her legs was growing the more she thought about it, and finally, wearing only

her robe, Melissa got in her car and went looking for him. She was familiar with the police patrol zones and it didn't take long to spot Denny.

Denny rolled his window down and listened to her tell him that Big Al would be gone for around two hours. "Follow me," he said, and he flicked on his high beams and sped off toward her house. He grinned watching her follow him in the rearview mirror. He could tell by the embarrassed look on her face that she wasn't doing this because he was blackmailing her, but because she wanted him again.

Denny parked his car out of sight behind the boathouse just in case Al came home early. He met Melissa at the door and practically pushed her up the stairs toward the bedroom. The last time he had fucked her, he had seen the big Jacuzzi in the master bath. "Fill up the Jacuzzi," he ordered.

Melissa nodded and went into the bathroom and turned the water on. When she was sure that the temperature was right, she turned around and gasped. The black man had stripped out of his uniform and stood naked before her. She still couldn't believe what a physically perfect specimen of a man he was. His long, fat cock was semi-erect and hanging down halfway to his knees.

When the tub was full, Denny watched Melissa turn around to shut off the water. "Take off your robe," he ordered. She dropped the robe to the floor and stood naked before him, shivering slightly. "Now kneel down in the center of the tub."

Melissa knelt in the hot water and watched him enter the tub. He knelt behind her and, grabbing a bar of soap, began soaping her entire body. It felt good to be caressed by his soapy hands and she could feel his mighty cock resting on her back.

Denny soaped her entire body from the neck down. Melissa Davidson was perfect in every way. The only fat on her was in her breasts and ass, but they were firm, perfectly formed. A mole on her stomach wasn't a blemish; it was a beauty mark, drawing attention to her lean, flat belly. She looked like an over-proportioned cartoon character from a girlie magazine.

Melissa sighed as the bar of soap slid between her ass cheeks and between her legs. He discarded the soap and splashed water on her, removing the soap film. She felt Denny grab her waist from behind and he easily lifted her up and set her on the edge of the Jacuzzi. He moved in the water between her legs and she felt his breath on her vagina just before his tongue licked up along her labia. Denny had given her the first orgasm of her life orally the night before and she came almost immediately this time knowing what was coming. She clutched the back of his head, pulling him into her crotch while her pussy spasmed around his tongue. He ate her to several more small orgasms for the next fifteen minutes before switching places with her.

Denny sat on the edge and watched Melissa between his legs. Instead of sucking him right away, she grabbed the soap and began rubbing it up and down his cock and over his balls. She discarded the soap and ran her soapy hands up and down the length of his now fully erect cock. She briefly fantasized that his blackness came off as she soaped him, revealing a Southern gentleman whom she could marry after divorcing that fat son-of-a-bitch she was married to. The color didn't come off and she had to accept that the most perfect man she had ever seen was black.



She grabbed a washcloth and wiped the soap off his dick before taking it in her mouth for the third time in as many days. As she lovingly licked around the head and teased the pee-slit with her tongue, she realized that it didn't matter if he was black; she wanted to suck on this cock forever. She lifted his cock up and looked at his heavy testicles dangling in the water before licking down toward them and back up. She licked up and down the sides and planted a kiss on the tip before deep-throating him again. It was getting easier taking his entire monster cock the more she practiced on it, and soon she had Denny bucking his hips with pleasure. She soon felt it swell up as he approached orgasm and she planted her lips around the base of the head while stroking the shaft with her hand, not wanting to miss a drop of his semen.

Denny felt the cum churning in his balls and then it rushed up his cock, exploding into her mouth. He moaned watching her cheeks bulging out as she rapidly gulped down his sperm. Her lips never left the head as his cock leaped in her mouth, and when he was done cumming, he watched her take him out of her mouth and lick off the last drop that had oozed from the tip. Melissa had turned into a real cum-loving slut.

They stayed in that position, catching their breath. Melissa's hand still gripped his cock as she laid her head against his leg and rested. She felt his pulse beating within the large blue vein along his cock and with each beat it shrunk a little. The engorged head shrunk and his cock

slowly started bending downwards toward the water. When it shrunk to about eight inches, still much bigger than her husband's, it suddenly reversed course and began growing again. Her eyes widened and she began running her hands along the shaft, helping it along. Soon it was a rock-hard twelve inches again.

Denny came back to life with his cock and he had a delighted Melissa bend over the side of the Jacuzzi while he stood in the center. He noticed her labia was parting for him in anticipation. She was so wet that six inches of his cock easily slid into her. He pushed a little more in with each thrust. Her pussy was slowly stretching to accommodate him. A couple more fucks and she'd be permanently stretched out. He pictured Big Al's little dick flopping around inside her pussy, not feeling any friction. Denny started to laugh at the image, but instead was overcome by a feeling of jealousy. He didn't want Big Al anywhere near Melissa. Denny didn't want Melissa fucking anybody but himself.



A little disturbed at his feelings, he decided to give Melissa a really good fucking and he started pounding her hard. Denny smirked as she screamed in orgasm several times. He moved his right hand up her ass and placed his thumb on her sphincter. This startled Melissa and she jumped a little in shock. She seemed about to protest, but her words changed to moans as he moved his thumb around the sensitive nerve endings on her rectum.

Melissa had never been happier or fucked harder in her life. She had never thought of the ass as being an erogenous zone, but the combination of the thumb playing with her asshole and the giant cock slamming into her pussy was doing things to her body that she had never even dreamed of. Melissa felt a tremendous orgasm building. It took a long time, teasing her, and finally, when she felt his entire thumb penetrate her ass, her orgasm exploded from her body.

The thumb did the trick, thought Denny. She seemed to collapse and he caught her as she started sliding into the tub. His cock plopped out of her pussy as he propped her up, bent her over the side of the Jacuzzi. Denny grabbed the bar of soap and began lathering up his cock. The near-comatose girl was mumbling something as he positioned his cock head on her asshole.

The waves of pleasure overwhelmed Melissa and she just lay there as he positioned her over the tub. She felt his thumb pushing at her sphincter and it felt great, but it was growing bigger, starting to hurt. It felt like he was splitting her in two and Melissa realized that Denny was trying to force the golf ball sized head through her anus. She squealed in alarm and began struggling, but he just held her tight. She grunted in pain as her ass stretched out and he pulled her down into the water, letting the heat soothe some of the pain. Just when she thought she couldn't stretch out any wider, she felt her sphincter close over the head and she sighed in relief, knowing the hardest part was over.

Denny continued to push more in, loving the tightness of her ass. He had always wanted to do this, but all of his women had been too scared to try or they had made him quit at the first hint of pain. Of course, he hadn't blackmailed them. Melissa didn't have a choice in the matter. Hard as he tried, he couldn't get more than seven or eight inches inside her, and he contented himself with that much and began to fuck her, raising her ass out of the water. Her cries of pain soon became squeals of pleasure as she got used to his penetration. Denny reached between her thighs and pushed a finger into her pussy. She erupted in orgasm as his finger entered her. She had several more until he felt his own orgasm building. He bellowed as his cock pumped her ass full of his semen.



He pulled his cock out and with a sigh laid back in the hot tub. He watched his sperm trickling out of her ass until she groaned and turned over, sitting across from him, her eyes glued to the head of his hard cock sticking out of the water.

Melissa remained nude and seemed slightly dazed as she escorted him to her front door. Denny turned and pulled her nude body against his uniform, grabbing her bare ass as he leaned down for a kiss. Her resistance lasted for several seconds before she melted into his arms, her tongue dancing with his as they kissed passionately.

Denny noticed there was more ammunition missing the next day. There had been no sign of Big Al as Denny had left Melissa's last night, and the sheriff had come in late to work that morning. What had Al been up to that night?

He patrolled most of the night thinking of Al or Melissa. Thinking of Melissa made him horny and, checking his watch, he realized it was too late for Melissa to call, so he decided to take a quick break at his apartment to jerk off.

Denny entered his apartment and removed the unedited videotape from its hiding place. He inserted it into the VCR and quickly pulled his pants down. He started stroking his cock to the image of Melissa giving him a blow job on the screen. He loved the expressions on her face.

They ranged from fear to awe and hate to pleasure. He had trouble concentrating as Big Al kept intruding into his mind. Did Al think he was guilty or was Al trying to frame him because he hated the black man? Was Al the one stealing the guns and ammo? It certainly fit a pattern. The sheriff takes off in the middle of the night and things turn up missing. Did Al and Bobby Ray have some scheme going and was that why Al was trying to get him to quit? If so, how to prove it? Denny tried to concentrate on the tape. He came at the same time he did on the videotape... Could Big Al be that stupid?

Denny pulled the squad car behind Al's boathouse. There weren't any lights on in the house, which wasn't unusual as it was nearly three a.m. He thought of Al's fat body lying next to Melissa and felt a twinge of jealousy. What was wrong with him? Denny shrugged off his feelings and crept over to the sheriff's car. He unlocked it with the spare key from the station and sat down in the driver's seat. Denny took his tools out of his pocket and went to work removing the film from the camera on the dash.

"What's the meaning of this?" said Sheriff Davidson, looking up from the paperwork on his desk. Denny and two state police officers had just entered his office.

"Al Davidson," said one of the policemen. "You're under arrest."

Denny tried to keep the smirk off his face as Al was handcuffed and hauled off. The film had shown Al and Bobby Ray meeting with some men on a dark road and selling them guns and ammo. He had taken the film to the state police, who identified the men as a dangerous white supremacist group from upstate. The last thing Denny heard was Al saying, "That black bastard set me up," as he was led off to the police cars.



The parish was in an uproar for weeks. Denny was sworn in as acting sheriff until an election could be held. Melissa was humiliated and almost lost her council seat until she testified against Al and Denny told the press that it was Melissa who had led him to suspect Al was the thief in the first place.

Melissa was crying as her husband got sentenced to ten years in prison. She overheard the mayor telling another councilman that Denny probably had the election wrapped up and that a hero cop like him was going places, maybe even to the Governor's mansion. Melissa's eyes lit up; here was a man who had a powerful future.

"Sheriff Brown, do you have a minute?" she called out to him. Denny had just finished giving a statement on the trial to the press. He looked great in his sheriff's uniform.

"Of course, Mrs. Davidson," he yelled back before excusing himself from the press and walking over to her.

"Sheriff," she asked, "I'm a little distraught and was hoping you could give me a ride home and maybe... console me?"

"Why of course, ma'am," he responded, trying to keep the grin off his face as his cock swelled. He opened the car door for her and they both got in.

"Denny," she said as they drove off. "Let's stop by your apartment and pick up some of your things. A big shot like you should be living in a big house like mine."

Denny felt a surge of joy at the thought of living with the beautiful Melissa Davidson. His grin turned to a smirk and he said, "Why, Mrs. Davidson, are you drunk? You're going to have to prove to me that you haven't been drinking. Take out the breathalyzer test and blow into it."

Melissa grinned and willingly sank down into the seat, unzipping his pants and taking out the cock of the man she was rapidly falling in love with.



Denny took his eyes off the road for a minute and looked down at her blonde head bobbing up and down on his dick. "I bet a Nazi bitch like you never thought you'd be asking a black man to live with you and sucking on his cock."

Melissa paused. "What do you mean?" she asked, rubbing the bulbous glans over her lips.

"That first night I pulled you over, I found a Nazi flag on my car and saw more flags in your back seat."

"Oh," said Melissa. "Al and Bobby Ray were putting them all over your stuff at the police station. I thought it was a sick joke, so I tried gathering them up before you saw them. I must have missed the one on your car."

"Well shit," replied Denny, a little embarrassed. "I saw them in your car the night I pulled you over. I thought you'd planted them. That's why I made you suck me off. Melissa, I'm sorry."

"I'm not. You're the best thing that ever happened to me." She laid her cheek on his legs, her small pale hand stroking his thick dark black shaft.

"What will people say when they find out we're living together?"

"I live far enough out of the way it will take them a while to find out." She raised her head, kissing the tip of his cock before sitting up. She slowly pulled her shirt up over her stomach and stared at him funny. "But they will find out in say... seven months," she said, placing her hand over her womb.

Denny's eyebrows shot up. "Seriously?" A grin spread across his face.

An absolutely gorgeous smile lit up her face when she saw he was happy with the news. She nodded.

“I want at least three.”

“Three sounds wonderful,” she said, gliding her palm over her lower stomach.

“It sure does,” said Denny, wrapping his arm around her shoulders as she leaned into him.

She reached down and grabbed his cock again. “Ten years trying with Big Al and nothing, but one night with this thing...”

“First try,” said Denny, proudly. He turned his head enough to kiss her forehead before whispering, “Bitch, I didn’t tell you to stop sucking.”

“Yes, sir.” Melissa smiled, kissing his cheek before lowering her head back to his cock.

The End

Author’s Note: This story followed “The Policeman: An Urban Legend,” another story about a black cop. Policemen have power and make great stud characters. I think this story grew out of a cartoon in Hustler that I saw years before about a drunk woman performing oral sex on a cop after he told her it was the breathalyzer. The 2026 revision makes the story more Louisiana themed, changing county to parish.



