

Sally P

Faithful no more!

Desperate Girlfriend Lisa Gets

BLACKED

in Public!

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DESPERATE
GIRLFRIEND LISA GETS
BLACKED IN PUBLIC!

A Hot, Taboo Interracial Cheating Cuckold
BMWFW Hotwife Erotica story!

Sally P

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Cover generated by Sally P

*I was resolute in my decision.
He doesn't have to know.
As I stared up at the ceiling, my body aching, I expected the
guilt and shame to slowly creep back.
But I didn't feel guilty anymore. Not really.
"Ah," I moaned as my pussy squirted a mix of Lamar's leftover
cum and my juices now mixed further with Mike's saliva right
onto his face.
My wonderful boyfriend only hungrily lapped it all up while I dug
my nails into his scalp, grinding against his mouth.*

LISA

CONTENTS

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Epigraph](#)

[...](#)

[Chapter 1:](#)

[Chapter 2:](#)

[Chapter 3:](#)

[Chapter 4:](#)

[Chapter 5:](#)

[Chapter 6:](#)

[Chapter 7:](#)

[Chapter 8:](#)

[Epilogue:](#)

[Books By This Author:](#)

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On her way back from work, Lisa's frustration grows when her disinterested boyfriend, Mike, asks her to run an errand. Always left unsatisfied by Mike's lack of desire and inability to man up, Lisa's pent-up needs take over when she encounters a stranger in a deserted parking lot—the kind of man she's always fantasized about. Tall, black, strong and dangerous- everything that her dear boyfriend wasn't.

Consumed by lust, Lisa gives in to temptation, engaging in a thrilling public affair that pushes her to betray everything she thought she believed in. As guilt and desire collide, Lisa experiences the intense pleasure she's long craved, but at what cost?

CHAPTER 1:

I shouldn't have come here. I was exhausted from work, my feet aching as I shuffled through the aisles of the deserted department store, barely paying attention to what I was grabbing. Mike could've picked up his own snacks since he works from home all day. But no, I was the one who always had to run errands, always the one doing the little things to keep him happy.

The thought of going home didn't fill me with warmth anymore. Lately, it had been nothing but tension between us. In truth it was the lack of tension. We were both still young in our late twenties and-well, we'd been dating since college. What was it, like, four years now? Or five? Whatever fire that we'd had before certainly seemed like it was dying now. Slowly and steadily. The inherent coldness that happens when a couple settles into routine. We were in the "comfortable" stage, or so that's what I thought.

I should be grateful. He was a great guy, really. And he treated me well. Maybe I was just being ungrateful. And Mike... Well, I just hadn't felt like being intimate lately. There was something missing between us, and it felt like I was the only one who noticed it. He simply did not notice that there was a spark missing. Or perhaps he didn't care. He was too busy with his work to realize any of it.

I mean, I wasn't the one to talk. Sure, I'm quite invested in work as much as he was but maybe not THAT invested. I valued our personal time with each other more than anything. But with how engrossed Mike's been acting so far, I couldn't help but let it all get to my head. Sure, I was happy being in a relationship with a guy that I loved. We had our own apartment, we had jobs that paid decently.

Maybe it was that I wanted more. More than what we had. And maybe I was just looking for something to blame it on, something

that was outside of myself.

No, it was definitely his fault. When was the last time we had any sort of intimacy whatsoever? When was the last time he actually made me feel attractive?

How many times have I taken the initiative to try and spice it up in the bedroom?

Just the other week, I tried to get a little frisky. I knew how much he liked it when I wore a pair of laced lingerie that would send him wild. Paired with fishnet leggings, he was sure to get the message. Or at least, I thought he would.

It did nothing. I walked into our bedroom all sexy-like and he barely glanced at me before going back to his stupid laptop. "Babe," I tried to say, trying to catch his attention.

"Yeah," he said it so casually. "Just a second, honey. I've got to finish this-."

We had a rule. No working at home past a certain time, definitely not in our bedroom. I'd made this clear so many times. He always had some excuse. "Just have to finish this email." "I'll be done in a minute." I was tired of hearing excuses. I could feel the anger growing inside of me.

"How do I look?" I asked with a giggle that definitely did a good job of hiding my frustrations.

"Great, babe," Mike replied without another word. His eyes glued to the screen.

"Hon, you're not even looking-."

"What?" Mike had snapped. Looking up at me from his phone, with an expression on his face and a tone in his voice that conveyed nothing but annoyance he said, "Lisa, I'm in the middle of something-."

I couldn't even begin to explain how upset this made me. I stormed out of our bedroom and into the kitchen, trying my best to keep my tears from falling down. He made me feel so unsexy. Like I was

some sort of-what was wrong with me? Was I just not pretty enough anymore?

I could hear him following me into the kitchen, trying his best to apologize-the usual apologetic tone, the kisses on the nape of my neck, and then telling me how sexy I looked-.

I was just about to head to the next aisle when I saw him standing there. I glanced around the store and caught sight of nobody else but him and the cashier who was dozing off. As I turned down the next aisle, he followed. His steps were slow, deliberate, like he was stalking me. My heart began to race.

I tried to ignore him, focusing on the shelves in front of me. But I could feel him getting closer. The air around me grew thick, my pulse pounding in my ears as I reached for a random bottle of soda, pretending to be casual.

Then, I turned around.

He was there, right behind me, closer than I expected. My breath hitched in my throat as my eyes dropped lower, and that's when I saw it.

His pants were already unzipped, his cock out, hanging heavy between his legs.

My heart stopped. It was huge this close up. Bigger than anything I'd ever seen before, definitely bigger than Mike. So much bigger.

I should've screamed at him. I should've done that or something else that was befitting of someone with dignity. But instead, I stood there, frozen, my eyes locked on the thick, dark length of him. I felt a flush creeping up my neck, heat spreading through me in a way I hadn't felt in so long. My legs trembled beneath me, my body betraying my mind.

"You need to leave," I whispered, my voice barely audible. "Or-I'll scream," I managed to blurt out. But even to my own ears, it didn't sound convincing.

Instead, he just stood rooted to the spot. "I have a boyfriend," I tried reasoning with him. What the hell was happening to me? I could hear the blood pump through my veins, my heart racing in my chest as he took another step towards me.

"I don't see none," he replies with a mocking look around. "Didn't see none before."

His scent was intoxicating, overwhelming. A disgusting mixture of sweat, musk, and weed. I could feel my body responding to it all. I gulped loudly. Inches away from me, I could feel his hot breath on my neck. I shuddered as my nipples hardened against the thin fabric of my dress. The wetness pooled between my thighs and I squeezed them together.

"Damn," he let out a low growl, his hands reaching out for mine but I swat him away as I take a step back. "Your boyfriend know you freaky as shi'?"

He stepped even closer, his body towering over mine. That masculine scent that made my head spin. It was-disgustingly raw. Without a word, he grabbed my wrist, guiding my pale hand down to his exposed cock. I gasped and let out a shuddered moan when his rough fingers dug into my soft skin, pulling me closer to him. I could feel the heat radiating off of him. I should've pulled away, but I didn't. My fingers wrapped around him, willingly, feeling the heat and the throbbing weight of him in my hand.

The contrast between my pale white hand and his dark black skin sent a shiver through me, a thrill that I couldn't simply deny.

My eyes were glued to how gross and nauseating his cock looked. It was as thick as a pipe, with bulging veins all over the shaft, and a large purple head that looked like the tip of a giant battering ram. I couldn't even move as my fingers traced along the shaft of him, feeling every inch of it. It was warm, pulsing with heat. My mouth went dry.

"I-have a boyfriend," I said it again, trying to convince myself more than him. His other hand reaches behind me, grabbing my ass and

squeezing it tightly. I yelp, my body betraying me as I melt into his touch. My lips quiver as I look up at him. "I-my boyfriend-."

I let out a whimper as I stroked his cock, feeling it harden in my grip. I grimace as it begins leaking disgusting pre-cum all over my fingers.

"Your boyfriend, he bigger than me?" he asked, his voice low and rough. "Nah?"

I bit my lip, trying to fight the wave of desire washing over me. I should've said yes. I should've told him to stop. But I couldn't lie.

"No," I breathed, the truth slipping from my lips before I could stop it. "I have to go."

But I didn't move. My hand was still on him, squeezing gently, my body betraying my mind in every way. His hand moved up to my waist, pulling me closer, his fingers then sliding down back to grope my ass through my skirt. I gasped, but I didn't stop him. I couldn't.

I should've pushed him away. I should've fought harder. But I didn't want to. The way my body responded to him without hesitation—it was exhilarating. His hands roamed over me, touching me in ways Mike never did, making me feel things I hadn't felt in so long. I was getting so light-headed I wondered if I would faint on the spot.

"Someone's going to come in," I pleaded. "I-I don't like this," I make another claim that lacked conviction.

"Get down on your knees, bitch," he growled, his grip tightening on my tender ass.

"No-."

I hesitated, but only for a second. The pulse between my legs was unbearable now, the heat building in my core as I slowly sank to the floor. I shouldn't be doing this. I had a boyfriend. And I loved him so much, I shouldn't be doing any of this.

I looked up at him, his cock inches from my face, and without thinking, I opened my mouth, taking him in.

He was too big, stretching my lips, filling my mouth in a way I'd never experienced before. The taste of him was overwhelming, the salty, musky flavor of his skin making me dizzy with desire.

I sucked him slowly at first, trying to take as much of him as I could, my hands gripping his thighs as he guided me deeper. My heart pounded in my chest, my body on fire as I bobbed my head, lost in the moment, lost in him.

It was wrong. I knew that. But it felt so good, so dangerously good. "Ghhg," was all I managed before beginning to salivate over his big black cock.

CHAPTER 2:

His thick, dark cock filled my mouth, stretching my lips wider than I thought possible. The taste of him coated my tongue, salty and heavy, the musky scent of him surrounding me, intoxicating me. Every inch of me screamed that this was wrong—so wrong—and yet, I couldn't bring myself to pull away. Instead, I found myself slathering him with my tongue, the wet sounds of my lips moving over his shaft echoing in the otherwise empty store.

"Ugh... I shouldn't be doing this..." I murmured around his veiny black length, my voice muffled and shaky, but my body betrayed me with each hungry suck. My hands gripped his thighs as I bobbed my head with fervor, my tongue sliding over his sensitive skin, tasting every inch of him. I gagged as he hit the back of my throat, my eyes watering as I fought to take more of him.

"Yeah, suck that dick good-."

"Ack-gh..." I gasped as I pulled back to catch my breath, my lips slick with spit and precum. But instead of pushing him away, I flicked my tongue against the head of his cock, savoring the salty taste. Up and down his cock slit, my tongue licking at his sensitive flesh, coaxing more precum from him. The slick, musky liquid coated my tongue and I swallowed it down eagerly. I couldn't help myself.

The heat between my legs grew stronger, my panties soaked through as my desire overwhelmed me. I wanted this, needed this. I moaned around his cock, my body trembling with need. My clit ached ever so agonizingly.

He reached for my hair, grabbing a fistful and pulling me down hard on his cock. I choked and gagged as he pushed into my throat.

"Yeah, just like that," he growled, his hips thrusting as he used my

mouth for his pleasure. I fought to breathe, my airway blocked by his thick length, but I didn't try to stop him.

"Glugh, gluhg, glughhh," I threw my head back and forth, wincing and grimacing, as I allowed this man to use my throat for his own selfish needs. My hands clawed at his black thighs as I struggled to stay in control, my eyes watering, tears streaming down my cheeks as he continued to fuck my mouth. Snot and spit dribbled down the sides of my mouth as he pulls me off him, letting me slurp and cough for air.

I should've been furious. This guy was treating me like some sort of sex toy. I should've slapped him across the face. I should've left right there and then, screaming and crying for help. I should've done something else. Anything else. Literally, anything except what I was doing now on my knees.

But I didn't. Instead, I looked up at him, my lips still wet with that smelly mix of pre-cum and saliva-snot, my wrists gyrating as I continue to stroke his meaty club of a cock, desperate to taste more of it. I'd never felt so alive before, so utterly and completely intoxicated by lust. I couldn't get enough of him, and he knew it.

It was like I'd been overcome by a sudden hunger that couldn't be sated, a primal need deep within that made me want to devour every inch of him.

"Ugh," I grunt and take in a huge whiff of his stomach-churning man-musk as I bury my face under his cock. The sweaty wetness of his black balls stick to my chin and nose while I lick all over them, the sensation making me squirm with delight. My lips brush against the tight skin of his scrotum as I kiss his balls, sucking on them hungrily, tasting his scent. His thick, heavy length throbs above me as I worship his cock and balls, my tongue lapping up every drop of precum that drips onto my face. My fingers shook with excitement as they glide up and down his shaft, my body trembling with desire for more. I needed more.

"Oh, shit, you's a nasty slut, -."

He groans in approval but I retort. "I'm not a fucking slut," I whisper in shame, my lips kneading on his now swollen balls.

"Yeah, bet this mouth ain't done nothin' like this to yo' boyfriend, bitch-."

He was right. I've never done anything like this to Mike. Or, hell, any guy I've ever dated before.

Because rightfully, none of them have had a literal slab of meat for a dick. And none of them, ever drove me into some sort of-fucking lust induced frenzy at the mere sight of their dicks like this black pervert did.

In fact, the thought of Mike seeing me like this, on my knees, worshipping some stranger's cock, sent a thrill through me, an electric jolt of pure, raw pleasure. I moaned, unable to contain myself, my pussy dripping with need. My panties were soaked. Yeah- I wish Mike would see me like this. Hell, I wish anybody-oh shit.

In that sudden moment, panic sets in. Were there cameras in this place? No, oh God.

My eyes dart around, searching the ceiling, the shelves. But I couldn't find anything. Still, I couldn't help but feel exposed. Even if no one saw us, I felt like the world would know what I was doing.

I should've cared. I should've been concerned about any and all potential consequences. Mike would break up with me, my friends would know me as a whore that cheated on my boyfriend with some asshole that I didn't even know, I-I should really care

But I wasn't. In fact, the thought of being caught like this only sent a literal bolt of lightning through my body. It made me even hotter, even wetter.

"You love sucking my big, black cock."

I couldn't deny it. I nodded slowly; my eyes locked on his.

"I love your-big black cock," I squealed with a mouth half-full of spit that tasted revoltingly like sweat, grime and cum. I hated how much I was enjoying it. I hated how much my body craved him, how every

flick of my tongue, every gagging noise I made only made me want more. My hands stroked him eagerly, guiding him back into my mouth as I swirled my tongue around his girth.

"I have to go..." I moaned again, though there was no conviction behind my words. My mouth worked faster, my lips sliding up and down his length as I gagged and gasped, desperate to taste more of him. My heart pounded as I looked up at him, my pale white hands gripping his thick black shaft. "I-my boyfriend's waiting for me-," I mumbled again, my voice trembling as I slathered his cock with spit, my lips slick and shiny, sliding over him with obscene, wet sounds. But I didn't stop. I couldn't. The feeling of arousal was too intoxicating, the danger too much to resist.

His dark eyes locked onto mine, and for a moment, I saw a flash of something dangerous in them. Without a word, he grabbed my arm, pulling me to my feet. I stumbled, my legs weak and shaky, and before I knew it, he was spinning me around.

"Bend over," his voice was a low growl, almost a command.

I blinked, shocked at how fast it was all happening. "No... I can't," I said, but my body moved on its own, driven by the same intoxicating force that had guided me to my knees. My hands shakily reached for the hem of my skirt, pulling it up over my hips.

"What are you doing?" I whispered to myself, my breath hitching in my throat. My fingers trembled as they hooked into the waistband of my now ruined panties, pulling them down until the cool air hit my bare skin.

I could smell the scent of my own sex. I was dripping.

"We need to stop..." I said again, but it was useless. My body betrayed me, bending over for him as I braced myself against the shelf, my heart pounding with a mix of fear and excitement. My knees wobbled as I braced for the moment his bludgeoning club of a dick would plunge into my tight wet pussy. It was only a matter of time before I would feel that thing push itself past my slick and wet folds.

I glanced back at him, my eyes wide with fear, but there was no stopping this now. I could see his thick length bobbing between his legs as he stepped towards me, his dark eyes hungry with desire. The next thing I knew, his hand was on my ass, groping me roughly. His touch was firm, possessive, like he already owned me.

Then came a powerful slap. Like a pistol being set off, with one powerful clap of his palm, the sound of it echoing throughout the store. A sharp sting jolted through my body, making me cry out in both shock and pain.

Unfortunately, it was loud enough to wake up the cashier.

"Is someone back there?" was all that was needed to wake me up from the trance I was in.

CHAPTER 3:

I quickly pulled my panties up, quickly adjusting my skirt. My legs were still shaking, my body on fire with need, the sting of the slap lingering on my ass as I rush out of the aisle and out of the store. I didn't look back.

I was on autopilot.

I had to leave. I had to get out of there before I lost control again. I needed to get the hell away from this guy before this brief moment of clarity disappeared.

I stumbled into the parking lot, my heart racing with adrenaline and shame. What had I just done? I had cheated on Mike—my sweet, loving boyfriend. I was supposed to be a good girlfriend, not this... this cheating slut. Tears filled my eyes as I fumbled with my keys, guilt crashing over me. "Oh, God, what have I done?" I whispered, choking back a sob. I thought of Mike and how I had betrayed him.

But as I stood there, still reeling, I looked up and froze. The black guy from the store was striding toward me, his presence magnetic and commanding. He walked with purpose, a confident swagger that made my pulse quicken. Panic surged in my chest. "Get in the car, leave, Lisa," I thought.

I had to escape, to flee from the embarrassment and shame that engulfed me. But my feet felt rooted to the asphalt, drawn to him despite the guilt consuming me.

Juices still dripped down my thighs, reminding me of the heat of our encounter, and suddenly, the guilt faded, replaced by a desperate need once.

With a quick glance back at my car, I knew I had a choice to make. The thrill of the night pulled at me, urging me to take a leap into the

unknown. "What are you waiting for?" I thought, my breath hitching in my throat as I made my decision.

"I shouldn't do this," I whispered to myself, feeling both terrified and exhilarated. "I need to leave."

I walked a few more steps to behind my car before turning to face him. The cashier couldn't possibly see us from where we were now. I had my back turned and I felt like literal prey as the crunching gravel under his boots signified my predator approaching me.

I quickly hiked my skirt up and bent over the boot of my car, I pulled my drenched panties down, exposing myself completely showing off my ass and pussy to him, my heart pounding as I did so.

"We shouldn't do this," I whimpered, trying to convince myself more than him. But as his hands touched me, all doubts and fears melted away. I bit my lip to keep from crying out as he spread my cheeks apart, exposing my slick pussy and tight asshole. I shuddered as the cool breeze caressed my most intimate places, the anticipation of what was to come sending a jolt of pleasure through me. I hear the rustle of clothes before something heavy and fleshy lands on the bareness of my ass with a splat.

Of course it was his big black cock. It's thick, it's big, and it's dripping with pre-cum. My heart rate skyrockets, and I can feel myself trembling with anticipation and fear. I let out a small gasp as the tip of his cock brushes against my sensitive folds, coating them with his sticky juices.

"Someone's gonna find us here, please, ah," I gasp. I reach behind to grab hold of his arm but he quickly grabs my wrist. He pins it down to my sides, and then slaps my ass hard.

"AH!!" I whimper. He slaps my bare ass again and I wince, biting my lip as the sting of the slaps makes me whimper. It hurts so good, but I know I can't allow this to happen.

"Damn, bitch. You love getting your ass spanked like that, huh?"

"No-I'm not like that," my voice is weak, wavering, betraying me. I know I'm not doing enough to stop this. In fact, my body has begun

to push back against him, urging him on. I was grinding my naked, bruised ass up and down the shaft of his cock, feeling him grow even harder with every stroke. "I'm not some slut..." I murmur, but as soon as I say it, I feel his thick cock sliding between my ass cheeks, finding its way toward my already slick pussy.

"Ughh..." I gasp as I feel him prod and test my literal wetness with the tip of his cock, pushing in deeper, deeper until he was able to slide right in.

"Please," I breathed, my voice barely above a whisper.

Then he pushed into me, filling me completely. A gasp tore from my lips, a mix of pleasure and disbelief. The heat surged within me, drowning out everything else. The cold, night air simply didn't matter anymore. Nothing mattered except the feeling of him inside me.

He began to thrust, slowly at first, and then faster, harder. My breath came in ragged gasps as he pounded into me, each thrust sending waves of pleasure through my body. My fingers clawed at the surface of my car, seeking something to cling onto for support. The cold metal offered no comfort. Thudding and thumping against my car, I could feel myself sliding around as he fucked me mercilessly. I was losing control, losing myself to the ecstasy of his cock.

He reached beneath me, roughly grabbing my breasts, his fingers twisting and pinching my nipples through the fabric of my dress. I arched my back, pushing my breasts into his hands, desperate for more of his touch. His other hand caressed my face tenderly before digging into the side of my face. My lips pucker and make a comic 'O' as he squeezes my cheeks.

"Oh God, please-." The sensation was overwhelming, driving me wild with lust. My mind was a foggy haze, the only thought I could focus on was how good it felt to have him inside me. I tried to stifle my moans, biting down on my lip as he continued to ram into me, but I couldn't help myself.

I simply couldn't believe how big he was. It hurt. It genuinely hurt like a fucking ton as my pussy stretched itself to accommodate something that it simply wasn't used to. Not previously at least. The breath is stuck in my throat as I try my best to stay in place while he impales me on his meaty shaft.

"Oh, God. It's so fucking big-."

He leaned forward, pressing his chest against my back. His breath tickled my ear as he whispered to me, "Yeah, you like that don't you, you dirty white bitch-."

His words cut through me like a knife, but instead of anger or indignation, they filled me with a burning desire. "No...," I protested weakly, but even I could hear the lack of conviction in my voice. How many nos did I even utter tonight? And how many of them were said half-heartedly. How many of those nos and stops were done almost as if I was trying to convince myself, rather than him.

"You love my big black fucking dick?" he growls as my clit feels like it's on fire against the cold metal boot of my car. "Let me hear you say it, you fucking slut. Your cunt is so fucking tight, dumb little bitch."

I had to admit that it was the first time a man had ever spoken to me like this, and I couldn't get enough of it. I'd never known anything like this could feel so good. Mike, honestly, I swear to God, this is all your fault. Look at how this dirty black thug is treating me, look at him as he uses me like a literal fucking ragdoll. Look at how he's talking to me. Calling me a white bitch and what not-.

He fucked me hard and fast, his powerful thrusts making my body shudder with pleasure. I closed my eyes, lost in the feeling of him inside me, filling me completely. Every inch of me tingled with desire, my skin flushed and hot. I cried out as he slammed into me, hitting just the right spot to make my toes curl.

"Uhhhhhh," my eyes roll up into the back of my skull as I feel the hotness in my core begin to build. "Oh-fuck, oh-fuck, oh-fuck," I whimper as my juices begin to drench his cock, making him slick and

wet as he pushes himself into me. His grip tightens around my breasts, his fingers digging into my soft flesh as he pounds into me with wild abandon. I can feel myself approaching the edge, teetering on the brink of ecstasy.

We were loud. In fact, I'd say we were being too loud but that was fine. There was simply no one around. Only dark, empty, quiet parking lots.

"Tell me how big I am, you stupid fucking bitch-," down comes that hard, strong hand once again as it makes another loud, sharp, resounding sound against my ass. My pussy clenched around his cock in response, squeezing him tightly as I shuddered in release. Pain came first but then came the pleasure, washing over me like a wave as I cried out into the night in ecstasy.

It was so humiliating to be treated this way. And so wrong. So incredibly wrong. But it was also exhilarating.

"Oh, fuck, you're so big. You're so fucking big-," I cried out, my voice hoarse and ragged. I could feel my muscles clenching around him, I was going to-no, fuck, no. Stop it. Stop, please don't fuck my tight pink pussy with that-.

"Say it again, bitch. Say it LOUDER!" he grunts and smacks my already reddened ass once more for good measure.

"FUCK," I screamed, the word tearing from my lips as I was seconds away from climaxing. "YOU'RE SO FUCKING BIG!!! SO FUCKING-. SO MUCH FUCKING BIGGER THAN MY BOYFRIEND!"

There. I didn't want to admit it. I didn't want to say it. It was a confession that simply was not meant to be made. It was always on the back of my mind, a simple nagging admission or well, a complaint that I've always had that simply didn't get vocalized to anybody.

But now, here I was, in front of this complete stranger, saying it. Saying what I always felt.

That Mike was too small and just tiny for me.

That I deserved better. That I deserved bigger.

And well, there was no better cock than the one that was literally splitting me in two right now.

CHAPTER 4:

"Come on, Mike," I had whispered, my voice tinged with hope. "I want to feel you tonight."

But as usual, he struggled. I watched as he fumbled, anticipation building in my chest. "Just give me a minute," he'd said, frustration etched across his face. I wanted to comfort him, to tell him it was okay, but deep down, I knew it wasn't. I couldn't deny the emptiness I felt as I watched him, the way my desire ebbed away like a receding tide.

When he finally got hard, it was never enough.

To put it bluntly, his size simply left me wanting more, craving something deeper, something that could satisfy the hunger gnawing at my insides. He entered me, and for a moment, I felt that familiar rush of warmth. But as he thrust, I couldn't help but notice how quickly he lost steam and vigor, his rhythm faltering before long as the flaccid proof of Mike's masculinity inside me would slip out. And of course, he would spill whatever came out of his-well, not-so-big erection all over my ass.

It wasn't just the physical act; it was the emotional weight that settled heavily in my heart. I wanted to feel desired, to feel like I was the only thing that mattered in the world. Instead, I felt like an afterthought, a momentary distraction. Was I simply not attractive enough? Was I so unsexy that he couldn't even get hard enough for me?

Sometimes, I would put aside my frustration and give in to my want. I would turn around hastily so he would finish on my face instead but even then, his essence tasted so weak. Not only bitter, but so weak and sterile.

Those nights stretched on, each one feeling like an eternity. I soon found myself daydreaming about what it would be like to be with someone else, someone who could truly satisfy me. I thought of dark, dangerous strangers whose mere presence ignited a fire inside me. My mind wandered to fantasies I never thought I'd entertain. "What if?" I mused, feeling a thrill race down my spine.

I could picture myself with a man who was everything Mike wasn't—strong, confident, and irresistibly magnetic. A man whose hands would grip my waist with authority, whose size would fill me completely, leaving no room for doubt or dissatisfaction. A man who simply would treat me like the dozens of unsatisfied white girlfriends and wives like the ones I watched online would be treated in those secret, guilty sessions when Mike wasn't around. Or even when he was around and sleeping his socks off.

Just like in those videos, I imagined a dark stranger, his skin contrasting beautifully with mine, driving me wild with every thrust, every caress.

One particularly frustrating night, I lay in bed beside Mike, the weight of my frustration pressing down on me. He had fallen asleep after a lackluster performance, leaving me wide awake and yearning for more. I stared at the ceiling, my fingers tracing the curves of my body, my mind drifting to darker fantasies. I pictured a dark black man, a powerful man with a body honed by desire and purpose.

In my mind's eye, he towered over me, his gaze smoldering with a hunger that made my heart race. I imagined him pulling me close, his hands roaming over my skin, exploring every inch of me with a touch that sent shivers down my spine. "What would it feel like?" I thought, biting my lip as I lost myself in the fantasy.

As Mike snored softly beside me, I closed my eyes, envisioning this stranger pushing me down onto the bed, dominating me completely. "You like that, don't you?" I imagined him growling, his voice low and commanding, making my heart race. In my mind, I saw myself arching my back, begging for more, craving the roughness that Mike never seemed to provide.

I could picture it clearly—his hands gripping my thighs, pushing them apart, exposing me completely. “You’re so wet for me,” I imagined him saying, his fingers teasing my core, driving me wild with desire. I could almost feel his breath on my skin, the heat radiating off him as he leaned in closer, making me quiver with anticipation.

In that moment, I felt a thrill of excitement rush through me as I pictured him entering me, filling me completely, a size I could only dream of. I let out a soft moan, half-excited, half-ashamed, and squeezed my thighs together as I tried to suppress the sound. I felt dirty, but the thrill of it only intensified my arousal.

I thought about the times Mike had let me down, how he’d finish too quickly, leaving me craving the feeling of fullness that only a real man could provide. Each fleeting thought served to justify the craving that simmered just beneath the surface. “You deserve more,” I told myself. “You’re not asking for too much.” The whispers grew louder, drowning out the guilt, leaving me with a gnawing hunger for something wild and reckless.

One night, I had suggested trying something new to Mike, hoping it would reignite the spark. “How about we bring some toys into the bedroom?” I had suggested hesitantly. But Mike’s face had fallen, his insecurities creeping in. “Am I not good enough for you, Lisa?” was not the response I expected to hear. Neither was the weeks of awkward silence from someone who was supposed to be understanding of my needs and desires.

The disappointment settled over me like a heavy blanket. I had tried to reassure him, but the truth was, I wanted to be swept away, not tiptoeing around his insecurities.

I would imagine myself in various scenarios, each one more thrilling than the last. In my mind, I’d find myself in a dark alley, my heart racing as a dangerous man or two approached, his intentions clear in his eyes. I could feel his hands on my body, pulling me close, claiming me as his own. “You’re mine now,” I imagined him saying, and the thrill of being desired so fiercely made my heart race.

"I have a boyfriend-. What are you doing? I'm not that kind of woman-."

The deeper I sank into these fantasies, the more I craved the reality of it all. I could picture myself with a stranger at a bar, the heat of his body pressed against mine, his hands roaming over my curves as we danced, lost in the moment. The thought of being with someone who wanted me, who would make me feel alive, was almost too much to bear.

Each fantasy pulled me further away from the reality I shared with Mike, each vivid image solidifying my complaints and justifying my cravings. I wanted to feel desired, to feel like I was the only thing that mattered in the world.

But instead, I felt like an afterthought, an unsatisfied girlfriend yearning for something more.

Sure, I was shamed. Having these degenerate fantasies was something that I was ashamed of. But whose fault was it?

Not mine. It couldn't be mine.

It's not my fault he wasn't satisfying me, that I was craving something more, something deeper, something that would fill me completely.

It was all his fault. His fault for being so small, so weak. His fault for leaving me wanting, left to fantasize about other men. Men with big swinging cocks-rough, dominant men who could tame the whore inside me.

Not a pathetic limp dicked fucking faggot like my boyfriend.

CHAPTER 5:

I pulled into the parking lot of the convenience store, the fluorescent lights buzzing above me like a swarm of angry bees. I wish I hadn't checked Mike's text when it flashed across my phone screen, asking me to pick up snacks for tomorrow's movie night. I sighed; the weight of his request heavy on my shoulders. Didn't he realize I was tired? All I wanted was a little peace after a long day at work, but here I was, stuck playing the dutiful girlfriend once again.

The entire place was deserted. I found it odd that I was the only car parked here I glanced around from the inside of my car, my eyes falling on a tall figure leaning against a fence a few spaces away. He was black and wore a hood; he was casually smoking weed, exuding an aura of confidence that caught my attention. There was something magnetic about him—his strong jawline, broad shoulders, and the way he held himself made my heart race.

Really? Was I going to have one of those thoughts out here right now?

Why not? Wouldn't hurt to break the monotony of my boring life where I had to return to the living epitome of dissatisfaction by having wild thoughts about random people like this man right here.

So, I couldn't help but stare, and as I did, my mind began to wander into dangerous territory. What would it be like to feel those strong arms wrapped around me, to be taken by someone who knew how to make a woman feel desired? The thought sent shivers through me, and for a moment, I forgot about Mike and his lacklustre efforts in bed.

I imagined him lifting me, pinning me against the wall, his body pressing into mine as he filled me completely. The fantasy sent a rush of heat to my cheeks, and I bit my lip, fighting a smile. This

man was everything Mike wasn't—tall, strong, confident. And of course, black. Surely, he'd love to have his way with a pretty, young, blonde, white woman like me. I found myself getting wet imagining what it would be like to press my soft pink lips against his full dark ones, to taste his skin on my tongue.

I could almost feel his hands exploring my body, his fingers tracing the curves of my hips as he pushed into me. My breath caught in my throat as I pictured him thrusting inside me, filling me completely, satisfying a desire that had been growing within me for months. The idea of being taken by such a powerful man was intoxicating. It would be so easy to just go up to him and seduce him, to give in to my desires.

As I continued to watch him through the window of my car, our eyes locked, and a smirk crossed his face. My breath hitched, and a thrill shot through me. There was something dangerously enticing about being noticed by someone like him. I felt a surge of defiance course through my veins, mingling with the desire I tried so hard to suppress.

Just then, he shifted, doing a crude crotch grab that made my cheeks flush with a mix of embarrassment and exhilaration. Wow, just wow. This guy was so forward, so blatantly and unapologetically forward. I swallowed hard, trying to gather myself.

How dare he? The audacity stirred something within me, to be honest.

In a bold, reckless moment, I found myself unbuttoning my blouse. My heart raced as I peeled it open, revealing my lacy bra.

What the hell are you doing, Lisa? Why, what's the worst that could happen? I was safe here inside the comfort of my car. Honestly, it felt scandalous, thrilling—the kind of rush I hadn't experienced in ages, if at all experienced any in my life.

I flashed my breasts at him, the cool night air sending goosebumps across my skin. The moment hung in the air, electric and charged

with possibility. My breathing turned heavy. That's right, take a good look, asshole. You'll never have these.

He seemed amused at my actions, and the cocky smirk on his face infuriated me. I wanted to wipe that smug grin off his face, to show him that I wasn't some simpering little girl to be toyed with. I held my head high as I glared at him, daring him to make a move.

He took a long drag of his blunt and looked away dismissively. Then, I watched as he pulled down his pants, revealing a massive cock that left me momentarily breathless.

The sight made my heart race, and for a second, I felt frozen in place.

It was-huge. Like a literal baseball bat that swung between his legs. A massive, thick, pulsating black cock.

And he was swinging it at me. "No, oh, shit, wow," I muttered under my breath as he began to stroke himself, his eyes locked on mine. I tried to look away, but I couldn't tear my eyes from the sight of his hand pumping along his shaft. I was mesmerized. My breath quickened, a mix of excitement and fear swirling inside me. It was as if I were under a spell, completely captivated by the moment. The thrill of being desired, seen, and wanted by someone like him was intoxicating. I felt powerful yet vulnerable, caught up in the danger of it all.

A part of me was horrified by my own shamelessness, but another part of me couldn't help but be impressed by his size. Ok, tough guy. If you want-I'll meet your wager. I knew what I had to do next.

But was I really about to cross this line?

Beep came the sound from my phone. Another text from Mike. As if slapping me out of the delusional trance I had found myself in, it served as an instant reality check.

Who was I kidding? I had a boyfriend. A nice, decent, white boyfriend who loved me. One that I loved too. And I'd just been fantasizing about cheating on him.

With a black guy. And from the looks of it, a-a-well, a weed smoking hood rat.

No. I needed to put this right. I was taking this a bit too far. Show's over, asshole, I thought to myself and pulled my blouse closed, buttoning it back up hurriedly as I decide to make my way into the store. As I stepped outside, I stole a glance back at the guy. Not only was he still watching me, in fact, now he-oh no.

He takes one last whiff of his blunt before tossing it to the ground, a lazy smirk on his face. He then puts his dick away and proceeds to walk towards me, his movements slow and deliberate.

What the hell have I done?

My heart raced, my cheeks flushed with heat, but there was no turning back now. I had ignited a fire within myself, one that wouldn't be easily extinguished.

CHAPTER 6:

On any other day, I would have been worried about the cars passing by. But not tonight. I barely noticed the cars. Sure, we were both hidden away doing our deed, but still the probability of someone else driving into the lot and coming across us going at it like animals like this in public was still high. Hell, even the cashier could probably hear the guttural sounds that I—well, we were making.

I was just lost. Completely consumed by the raw pleasure that coursed through my body, drowning out every lingering thought of right and wrong. Each thrust from him sent shockwaves of ecstasy spiralling through me, my screams filling the air like a symphony of need. “Harder! Please, fuck me harder!” I begged, the words spilling out of me like a desperate confession.

He complied, and it felt like I was being stretched, filled in ways I had only ever dreamed about. My back arched, my hands clawing at the metal and glass, desperate for something solid to hold onto as I spiralled further into this madness. I didn’t recognize the girl who was begging for more; she felt foreign yet exhilarating, and I wanted to embrace every part of her.

My car was creaking under us both, bouncing up and down squeaking so noisily. All of this was a testament to my shameless display of raw desire. I could feel myself sliding around, the sweat under my ass mingling with the fluids that coated his shaft. Every time he pounded into me, he’d hit just the right spot, making my entire body shudder with desire.

This was the real me. Locked up deep inside, under layers of inhibitions and societal norms, this was me screaming for release. This was who I truly was—a woman who craved the touch of a real

man, a woman who would risk everything for a taste of pure pleasure given to me by somebody rough, dominant, and powerful.

A girl who simply didn't care if her boyfriend or her friends saw her now. This guy's dick was reaching into places that Mike could never reach. The entire length of his cock slid in and out of me, going in faster, harder and deeper than before. His cock head was battering against the literal wall of my cervix, a place where no one had ever reached before. It hurt but felt amazing to be fucked like this.

"You're so fucking tight," he growls in my ear.

I wanted more. I wanted him to consume me completely, to own me, to use me like the whore I was. My cries grew louder, more intense, until they were drowned out by the sound of skin slapping against skin, the wetness between my legs growing with every thrust. I could feel myself clenching around him, my body instinctively wanting to keep him inside me as long as possible. His big black balls slapped against my clit-.

"Your faggot boyfriend doesn't fuck this good, huh?" he insults Mike and that sets off the fuse that's been simmering inside me for a while now.

"I'm going to cum," I moaned, the words tumbling out of me. Yes, my faggot boyfriend doesn't fuck me this good. You're so much better. "I'm GONNA CUM!"

His large hand suddenly covered my mouth, but it didn't matter. I was too far gone to care. I squealed into his palm, my eyes rolling back as pleasure coursed through me. The desperation in my voice mingled with the primal sounds escaping me, and the thrill of being so thoroughly dominated ignited a fire I thought I'd never feel again.

"Please," I whimpered, though the muffling didn't stop the heat from radiating through my core. "Don't stop! I need it!"

It was as if my mind had fractured, splintering into a million pieces, each one dedicated to the intense pleasure he was giving me. As I lost myself in this wild moment, thoughts of Mike drifted in and out like shadows in a dark room. I couldn't help but think of how

pathetic he was in comparison. "You're just fucking useless," I wanted to scream at him.

I had tons of insults ready to scream at Mike if he were here, each insult a release of the pent-up frustration I had held onto for so long. I held on to this black bastard's muscled up forearms for support and let out one final shriek before-I-I-

"CUMMMMINNGGGGGGGGGGGGGG."

My whole body trembled, the waves of pleasure washing over me like a tidal wave crashing against the shore. I gripped his arms tightly as my orgasm shook me to my very core, my screams of ecstasy filling the air around us. It felt like an explosion of pure, unadulterated bliss. I had never experienced anything like it before. My knees tremored, my asshole and pussy muscles clenched as hard as they could. My clit was twitching violently in orgasmic joy.

"FUCK, FUCK, FUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK, HOLY SHIIIIIIIIIIIIITTTTTTTT," I screamed as I felt myself gushing on his cock, my juices flowing like a torrent of molten lava. My ears were ringing right as more of my juices flooded out of my pussy and down his cock. The sheer intensity of it all sent me reeling, my vision blurring at the edges. I was spazzing out; thrashing and convulsing uncontrollably as my orgasm surged through me.

His strong arms wrapped around me, holding me close as he continued to pound me through my climax, drawing out every last ounce of pleasure I could possibly give. I could feel his cock throbbing inside me, and I knew he was getting close as well.

I couldn't believe how good this felt. With every thrust, I felt more alive, more liberated. I threw my hips back and forth as I creamed on his cock, my hands clawing at his arms, desperate for purchase. I could feel my pussy lips wrapped tightly around his thick shaft, clinging to him for dear life.

"Mrrmpph," I managed to mutter with a mouthful of his hand as my eyes rolled back in pure ecstasy.

It was like being consumed by a firestorm, a feeling of pure unadulterated pleasure that I never wanted to end. I clung to him as if he were the only thing anchoring me to reality, the only thing keeping me from floating away into the night. I felt my legs go numb as they shook against his thighs, my muscles quivering as the aftershocks of my orgasm rippled through me. My toes were stuck in that curled position, locked up in orgasmic bliss. My heart raced and my breathing slowly went back to normal.

I felt a pang of guilt wash over me, but I quickly brushed it aside. My orgasm was subsiding. I had given into my darkest desires, and for once, I had nothing to feel guilty about. This was what I had wanted. And none of it was my fault.

As he releases me, I fall forward with a soft thud on top of the back of my car. My armpits hurt from the cold steel under them. I was done. I couldn't move an inch. However, I'm effortlessly flipped over like a pancake and end up looking right at him and his handsome black face.

His expression is intense, his eyes burning with desire and a message: this wasn't over.

He still wasn't done yet.

CHAPTER 7:

I spread my legs out wide as the cold steel of my car pressed against the naked flesh of my ass and back. I laid there, my breasts exposed, my pussy wet and exposed. My blouse had come off and it had been tossed aside along with my underwear and my bra. He'd taken his hoodie off as well.

His dark skin glistened with sweat, his muscles rippling in the dim light of the parking lot. He looked like an Adonis, a god among men. I couldn't believe this was happening. It felt surreal, like a dream. He was built like a Greek statue, carved from pure marble, each muscle defined and rippling with strength.

His cock throbbed, hard and erect, demanding to be satisfied. The head glistened with my juices, and he surely knew that I had never been fucked like that before. He slowly pushes his cock back into me. This time, it slides in a lot easier. I can hear a wet squelching sound as he does so.

I moaned loudly as he penetrated me, his thick cock stretching my pussy to the limit. I could feel my pussy walls clamping down around his shaft, trying to pull him in deeper. He started to thrust in and out of me, slowly at first but then increasing in pace.

"Oh, fuck," I moaned as he picked up the speed, his cock slamming into me with force. I didn't care anymore.

Out in the middle of a deserted parking lot in the middle of the night, getting fucked by an unknown pervert who smelled of sweat and weed. And I loved it.

I could feel another orgasm building inside me, my body tingling with anticipation. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him closer as he continued to pound me relentlessly. I could feel the heat

radiating off of his skin as he leaned in close, his lips brushing against mine.

My legs shook as I smooched him back. It felt amazing. The feeling of his full, soft lips against mine, the taste of his tongue as it entered my mouth—it sent shivers down my spine.

His hands explored my body, caressing my curves as he continued to fuck me. He reached down and grabbed my ass, squeezing it hard and eliciting a moan from me. My tongue danced with his, our mouths locked in a passionate embrace.

I felt alive, electrified, like I was on fire. His cock plunged deeper into my wet pussy, the head battering against my cervix. It didn't hurt anymore. In fact, it felt amazing.

I broke the kiss and gazed up at him, my eyes filled with lust and longing. "Please don't stop," I breathed, my voice barely above a whisper. He grinned and started to pick up the pace, fucking me harder and faster. "Cum inside me. Fuck me," I squealed. "Fuck me, please."

"Yeah, bitch. Finna send you back to that little faggot ass boyfriend of yours. Gonna fill you up and send you home drippin' my cum."

With each word, he thrust deeper and harder, driving me closer to the edge. "Yes! Fuck me! Use me! I'm yours!" I cried, my voice echoing across the empty parking lot.

He pounded me hard and fast, his cock slamming into me with the force of a freight train. "Send me back to my-faggot boyfriend," I whimpered. "Please, use me. Use me like the white whore I am."

My words seemed to spur him on, and he started fucking me even harder. I could feel him shift his weight on me. I clenched around him, my pussy muscles tightening around his shaft as I prepared for another orgasm.

"Tell me your bitch ass boyfriend ain't shi-."

"My-f-faggot boyfriend's-not-shi-shi-shit. You're so much better than him."

And that was the truth, honest to God. I wasn't lying.

"You wish he were witchu', huh? You want him to watch me fuck this pussy?"

"Ye-yeah! Want him to see how good you fuck me," I screamed between gasps.

"Who own this pussy, bitch," he grunts.

"Y-you do!"

"Damn right. Finna put my baby in this belly tonight."

"Oh, God!!!" I wail in shame. That's right, he was fucking me raw. If he were to cum inside me—oh Jesus. "Cum inside me!!!"

"Yeah? Want me to put a lightskin baby in you, bitch?"

I squirted. Hard. My juices flew out of me like a tidal wave and splattered against his crotch. This was so wrong but it felt amazingly right. The idea of being impregnated by him, having his child growing within me—it sent shivers through me. To have his black seed inside me—

"Whatchu' gon tell your boyfriend if he watchin you now?" he wraps his fingers around my throat gently.

"I-I'll tell him tha-that I'm sorry. That I couldn't control myself," I whimpered.

"Go on," He chuckled darkly at that. "Bet yo stupid faggot ass boyfriend'd love to be here watching this shit."

"I'll tell him—that it's his fault," I confess. "That he can't satisfy me like you do," I said breathlessly as I continued to ride the waves of pleasure coursing through me. "Ahmmmm," I kiss him as he leans over still pounding away into my pussy. "I'll say he's a fucking-tiny dicked, fucking faggot."

"So, say it, bitch," he grabs and gives a squeeze of my ample breasts. "He over there right now watchin'. Tell yo boyfriend he a fucking little dick faggot."

My eyes roll up in my head and I let out another loud moan. "Mike, Mike, you're a fucking little dick faggot," I cry out.

"A little white dick faggot," this guy adds with a laugh. "Can't fuck a bitch good like I do, huh?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"Because-he's a tiny dicked," I groan. "Faggot who can't please me. Like you are. Ah! AH! AH! AH!!"

I felt his cock throbbing deep inside me, signaling that he was about to cum.

"Bitch, he ain't a real man. Just a lil' dick faggot, bet he'd love to see how I own dis pussy," he growls as he continues thrusting into me.

"That true, huh? Your faggot boyfriend wanna watch us together?"

"Yes!" I whimper. "He'd love to watch me get fucked by a real man. And jerk his-tiny little dick off, oh, shit," I squirt again imagining the scene. Mike would be there in front of me jerking his little-inch dick off furiously while I jumped up and down-. "Oh fuck!! Fuck, you're so big I can feel you inside me-."

"Shit, boutta blow my load. Say it louder, bitch. Tell yo boyfriend what you need. Tell him you need this black dick in yo pussy."

"Mike, I-I fucking need this black dick-I-."

"Call me daddy, tell me daddy, cum inside me-."

"-NEED this BLACK COCK in my PUSSY! Oh, fuck, Mike. I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna fucking cum, Mike. I'm gonna fucking cum,da-I'm GONNA CUM, daddy!! I'm CUMMINGGGG!"

With that confession, I lose all self-control as the orgasm rips through me, leaving me gasping for air once more. This time, my hips rise off the metal surface of my car, my legs shaking violently as they clamp around him. I squeal as he thumbs down on my sensitive clit, drawing out even more pleasure from me. "CUM INSIDE ME!! CUM INSIDE ME, DADDY!"

At those words, his thrusts become frantic, his balls heave, and then-.

Then with a groan, he releases himself deep within me. His thick, warm seed begins to fill my battered, bruised, and stretched out pussy up.

CHAPTER 8:

A guttural sound escaped his throat, and I felt the first spurt of his release, hot and thick inside me. My entire body shuddered, the sensation electric, and I gasped as the rush of it spread through me. He pumped into me, emptying himself, each pulse filling me more, claiming me in a way I had never experienced.

It was overwhelming. The sensation of being filled by him, of his cum flooding into me, made my legs weak. My head spun with the heady realization that I was his in this moment, that I had surrendered completely to the need, to him. The heat of it spread, his cum so thick that I could feel it beginning to drip out of me, sliding down my thighs. I moaned softly, biting my lip, savoring the sensation of his warmth inside me, as if it completed something I hadn't even realized was missing. Each new pulse of him sent another shiver through my body, and I could feel myself tighten around him, as if I didn't want to lose a single drop. My womb was being flooded with a powerful, potent seed—the primal act of breeding at its most basic level.

That's right. I was being bred. This literal nobody, a random hood rat that reeked of body odor and weed whose name I didn't even know was shooting his semen into my unprotected, fertile womb. And I did nothing to stop it.

I could literally feel the contractions and twitching in his meaty shaft; the underside of which throbbed with utter satisfaction. He just stood there with his cock still lodged inside me, emptying whatever cum remained from his black balls into me.

The night air was silent except for our heavy breathing. I remained bent over the car, my breasts pressed against the cool metal, my legs spread, as his release continued to trickle out of me. The

sensation of his cum inside me, warm and thick, felt like a brand—a mark of everything I had let happen, of the way he had taken me and made me his. It's almost as if I'd been conquered by this man.

After taking a few more seconds to catch his breath, the guy suddenly pulls out of me. And when he does, out trickles a literal goop of his fresh, sticky, leftover cum from me, plopping right onto the car and then slides down into the ground.

My pink pussy lips were wide and gaping; into it rushed the chilly night air causing me to quiver.

"Ah, ah," I pant. I bury my face in my hands, gasping. Lying flat down on the trunk of my car like this after getting fucked like some sort of street whore, and that too out right next to a still-open store....

This was not how I expected my night to turn out when I decided I would flash him from the comfort of my car.

For a moment, neither of us spoke, the silence thick between us. My mouth felt dry, and I wasn't sure what to say or how to act now that it was over. I had done it—cheated on Mike. The thought hit me like a slap, and I bit my lip, guilt twisting in my stomach.

"Looks like you done made a mess," he snickers.

My chest rises and falls as I rub my thighs together in shame. With his cum leaking out of my well fucked pussy, I know that there is no denying the act I just committed.

"I know," I murmur. "Shit, I-that was just-."

I had fucked him. I had let him cum inside me. And I had loved every second of it. I was not like this-but I'd done it anyway. As if I was some loose, filthy fucking street-whore who would do anything to get a good fucking from a real man like him.

And I had gotten one.

"You good?" he finally asked, breaking the quiet, his deep voice pulling me out of my thoughts.

I nodded quickly, avoiding his gaze. My hands were still shaking as I fixed my hair, trying to make myself look more presentable, as if that could somehow erase what I had just done. The reality of it all was starting to sink in—how I'd given in so easily, how I'd lost myself in the moment.

Honestly, now, the guilt was settling in, making me feel like the floor had dropped out from under me. I was beginning to feel something heavy in my stomach.

"Yeah," I say. I feel my face turning red as the embarrassment and shame mixes with pride and accomplishment. "I'm-yeah."

"You gon' tell your boyfriend?"

"No," I say flatly as I waddle around trying to gather my underwear and skirt. "He doesn't have to know."

I needed to leave. The longer I stayed here, the faster my euphoria was being replaced by regret. I had crossed a line and I knew it. This was a mistake. This was so wrong and dirty and disgusting-to fuck someone like him-. And how on earth did I say something so sick like that? He doesn't have to know?

The kind of stuff that I've said and done tonight, all in the mere matter of what's been like less than an hour, none of that depraved shit came close to saying something as sick as that. I wasn't a cheater. I wasn't going to hide any of this from Mike. No, I had to come clean. What have I done? All of this is so fucked up.

"I need to go," I button up my blouse quickly.

"You got a name?" he asked.

I hesitated for a second before responding, still tugging on my blouse. "Lisa."

"Lisa," he repeated, rolling the name on his tongue like he was testing it out. "I'm Lamar. Lamar Johnson."

I looked at him then, finally meeting his eyes. He had this easy, confident smile on his face, as if nothing had changed for him, like this was just another regular night. For him, maybe it was. For me...

it was something else entirely. I felt the weight of my actions sinking in, the heavy realization that I couldn't take any of it back. I felt sick in the stomach and wanted to throw up right here in front of him.

"You got a phone number?" Lamar asked, his smile widening as he stepped a little closer, almost teasing.

I shook my head, my throat tightening. "No... no, I can't."

The guilt was flooding back fast, and I thought of Mike—how worried he must be, how I was out here with another man, betraying him in the worst possible way. I reached into my pocket and pulled out my phone, half-expecting to see dozens of missed calls, frantic texts from Mike asking where I was.

But when I looked at the screen, it was blank. Not a single call. Not a single text.

For a moment, I just stared at it, disbelief washing over me. I'd been—I was supposed to be home by now, instead I was doing... this... and Mike hadn't even noticed. He hadn't cared enough to check on me. My chest tightened with a mix of anger and sadness. The guilt, the shame, all of it began to fade, replaced by a strange emptiness. A void.

I glanced up at Lamar, who was walking back to the fence I found him leaning against before. The words were out of my mouth before I could stop them.

"Wait," I called out, stepping closer to him. My hands were still trembling as I held out my phone. "Put your number in."

His grin widened, cocky, as he took the phone from me and punched in his number. I didn't know what I was doing, what I was thinking. Part of me was screaming to stop, to walk away, but another part... a part I didn't want to admit existed... was still hungry. Still wanting more. It scared me, but I couldn't deny it.

"Shit, you's a freak-."

When he handed the phone back, his gaze lingered on me for a moment, a question in his eyes.

"You think you could give me a ride?" Lamar asked, his tone casual again.

I shook my head, my lips curving into a small, almost bitter smile.

"No, but I'll call you when I need a ride-."

EPILOGUE:

When I walked through the front door, everything felt surreal. The world seemed too normal, too quiet. The first thing I did was take off my completely ruined panties and threw them into the laundry. And then, there was Mike, sprawled out on the bed with his laptop, just like always. He didn't even look up when I came in.

"Hey, babe," he mumbled, typing away.

I stood there for a moment, the weight of everything that had just happened pressing down on me like a heavy fog. My body felt sticky, dirty. I wanted to shower, to scrub away the sweat, the grime, the guilt. But instead, I found myself gravitating toward the bed, my legs heavy and weak.

"I'm just going to shower, just wanted to say hi, babe," I said, my voice distant, almost mechanical. But before I could take another step, something in me stopped. I didn't want to be alone, not with the thoughts racing through my head, not with the memories of Lamar still so fresh on my skin.

Mike glanced up, finally noticing me. He closed his laptop, stretching. "You okay? You look... different."

Different. The word felt like a punch to the gut. I smiled, the expression foreign on my face. "Do I?"

"Yeah," he said, sitting up a little straighter. "You look hot tonight. Really hot."

I froze for a second. Hot.

Wow. The irony wasn't lost on me. If only he knew. But instead of saying anything, I smiled again, softer this time, and climbed into bed next to him. The sheets felt cool against my skin, but my body was still buzzing, still warm.

Mike moved closer, his arm snaking around my waist. "Did you get the snacks for tomorrow?"

I blinked, the question pulling me back to the present. "Oh, no, hon, I... I forgot. I'll get them tomorrow." My voice was steady, but inside, I was spiraling, drowning in guilt, confusion. I could feel his touch on my skin, but it felt distant, like it wasn't really happening to me.

"You sure you're okay?" Mike's voice was soft, his hand brushing my cheek. "You seem... off."

For a split second, I wanted to tell him everything. To break down, cry, admit to everything. I imagined myself sobbing, begging for his forgiveness, telling him how I'd been weak, how I'd made the worst mistake of my life. But then I stopped. The words died in my throat, replaced by a strange numbness. What would it change? What would any of it change?

"Yeah," I whispered with a small frown. "I'm fine. Why? You're acting weird today, babe."

I felt sick. I couldn't believe I was doing this. I was gaslighting my own boyfriend-.

Mike studied me for a moment longer, his brow furrowed, but then he leaned in, pressing a soft kiss to my lips. "You're really beautiful tonight, you know that?"

I laughed quietly, the sound hollow. But then he kissed me again, deeper this time, and for the first time in forever, he initiated it. I melted into the kiss, letting it distract me, letting it take away the thoughts that threatened to consume me. His hands roamed my body, gentle, familiar, and for a moment, I let myself believe everything was fine. Normal. I tried my best not to wince or jump considering how sore I was-but it didn't matter.

He shifted, kissing down my neck, over my collarbone, his mouth trailing lower and lower. I closed my eyes, my breath hitching as his lips brushed over my navel, his hands sliding down my hips. I could

feel his hesitation, like he was nervous, unsure, but I gently guided him lower, my fingers threading through his hair.

"Right here," I whispered, my voice shaky but steady enough. I didn't let myself think. I didn't let myself feel anything other than his touch.

Mike's head dipped between my legs, his tongue flicking out against my swollen clit, and I bit my lip, hard, to keep from making a sound. The soreness, the bruised sensation from Lamar's earlier roughness, it was all still there, and yet, I let it wash over me, wave after wave of sensation. His tongue was tentative, slow, and I could feel his eagerness to please, to make me feel good. But the contrast between this and what I had done earlier felt stark, almost painful.

Then, as Mike's mouth worked lower, his tongue dipping inside me, I tensed. I could feel the slick, thick wetness inside me, could almost see the way his mouth worked over it, tasting what wasn't his, what he didn't know.

I curl my toes in anticipation. I clenched the sheets, my mind spinning. I should have stopped him, should have told him something, anything. But I didn't. I just let him continue, let him scoop up every last bit of what was left inside me, the remnants of another man. A far more dominant man that had his way with me, not ignoring the fact that I went along with it.

I was resolute in my decision.

He doesn't have to know.

As I stared up at the ceiling, my body aching, I expected the guilt and shame to slowly creep back.

But I didn't feel guilty anymore. Not really.

"Ah," I moaned as my pussy squirted a mix of Lamar's leftover cum and my juices now mixed further with Mike's saliva right onto his face.

My wonderful boyfriend only hungrily lapped it all up while I dug my nails into his scalp, grinding against his mouth.

Lisa's affair(s) to be continued....in the future....

Give me your constructive feedback here! Let me know what you think!

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BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR:

Becky Goes Black!

[Read here!](#)

Sophomore student Becca Channing's summer break vacation in Miami goes better than expected when her best friend Mikayla Monroe gets VIP passes for the both of them at a high-end nightclub in town! What was supposed to be a normal night out with her bestie turns out to be the wildest night of her life as innocent Becky falls for the charms of Jerome, an acquaintance of Mikayla at the club. Jerome's muscled stature, his height, and beautiful dark skin are too much for Becky, and she ends up falling head over heels for him the same night they meet. What follows is a whirlwind story of the sexual awakening of a young woman who just didn't know what her body or mind were capable of! Will Becca regret cheating on her faithful yet nerdy white boyfriend Tim? How will her life change after sleeping with a black man for the first time? Will she hide her infidelity from her boyfriend and continue to pursue this illicit affair with a powerful black man like Jerome?

Blacked! By the Boxer Who K.O'd My Boyfriend!

[Read here!](#)

In the aftermath of a tragic boxing match, Katherine grapples with the loss of her boyfriend, Mark. The ring was meant for glory, not tragedy, but when Mark faced off against the formidable Demarcus, fate dealt a cruel hand—Mark was dead, killed by a fatal blow from Demarcus's fist. Now, left to navigate the void that Mark's absence has created, Katherine seeks solace. As grief intertwines with desire, she discovers unexpected avenues for healing, drawing her into a world where pain and pleasure collide in ways she never imagined.

Molly Becomes a Hotwife

[Read here!](#)

Steve, harboring a fantasy he's hesitant to unveil, broaches the subject of introducing another man into their intimate world. Intrigued yet unsure, Molly's curiosity sparks as Steve's inquiries delve into her past, igniting a conversation that leads them down a path neither had anticipated. They find themselves drawn to Luke—Molly's black ex-boyfriend from college. Despite initial reluctance, Molly agrees to Steve's fantasy, and what unfolds is a journey that neither of them could have predicted.

Cheerleader Stacey Betrays White Cuckold Boyfriend to Get Blacked!

[Read here!](#)

In the pulsating world of college rivalries, Stacey, the cheer captain, cheers on her beloved team from the sidelines. The underdog football team, led by the charismatic Tyrese, faces overwhelming odds in the state finals. Stacey, convinced her team won't win, agrees to a date with Tyrese if they do. To her shock, they claim victory! But now, with her insecure white boyfriend Patrick unaware, Stacey must navigate the growing attraction she feels for Tyrese, the man who just led his team to glory.

Blacked! On My Wedding Day by My Black Ex-Boyfriend!

[Read here!](#)

In the moments before her wedding, Cassandra stands at a crossroads. About to marry Jason, the epitome of stability, she is haunted by memories of her passionate past with Darius, her black ex-boyfriend. When Darius shows up unannounced, the flames of their old relationship ignite again. Today, she must choose between her safe, predictable future with Jason and the raw, untamed passion she once shared with Darius.

Jessica's Night Out! Blacked by the Rapper! And His Friend!

[Read here!](#)

Jessica is swept up in the energy of the concert, thanks to her best friend, Mackenzie, who surprises her with tickets to see the famous rapper ZeeJay. What starts as a night of dancing and fun soon turns into a night of temptation, as Jessica finds herself grinding on a black stranger who awakens her inner desires. Caught between her stable boyfriend Brandon and the allure of the night, Jessica must decide how far she's willing to go.

A Black Thug's White B****

[Read here!](#)

I am Molly White. A 49-year-old conservative Christian mother of two, living a boring life in Illinois. I was faithful to my husband, Mark... until I met him. The thug who awakened a carnal pleasure inside me. I don't regret submitting to him, nor do I regret the dozens of encounters we've had since. My marriage? The sanctity of it all? Thrown away, all thanks to him. And I feel sorry for none of it.

Blacked by Her Bully Ex-Boyfriend!

[Read here!](#)

Timmy, a nerdy white guy, is thrilled to be dating Stacy, a stunning blonde from his class. But his excitement quickly fades when Rashad, Stacy's charismatic black ex, reappears. Timmy's insecurities about Rashad fuel his desire to please Stacy in ways he never imagined. As Stacy rekindles her relationship with Rashad, Timmy is drawn into a cuckold fantasy that pushes the boundaries of his comfort zone and leaves him questioning his place in Stacy's life.

Her Anniversary BBC Affair! Hotwife Jennifer seduced and BLACKED by a stranger!

[Read here!](#)

On what should have been a romantic wedding anniversary getaway in Miami, Jennifer finds herself yearning for more than her husband

Tom can offer. In the heat of the night, a chance encounter with a bold and seductive stranger ignites passions she thought were long extinguished. As Tom's lack of interest leaves her frustrated, Jennifer is swept into a forbidden world of intense desire with Marcus, a man who awakens parts of her she never knew existed. What begins as a simple escape from her mundane marriage spirals into a night of wild, illicit pleasure that pushes all boundaries.

Faithful No More! Desperate Girlfriend Lisa Gets BLACKED in Public!

[Read here!](#)

On what should have been a romantic wedding anniversary getaway in Miami, Jennifer finds herself yearning for more than her husband Tom can offer. In the heat of the night, a chance encounter with a bold and seductive stranger ignites passions she thought were long extinguished. As Tom's lack of interest leaves her frustrated, Jennifer is swept into a forbidden world of intense desire with Marcus, a man who awakens parts of her she never knew existed. What begins as a simple escape from her mundane marriage spirals into a night of wild, illicit pleasure that pushes all boundaries.