

MANUS DARE

**HIS
BLACK BULLY TAKES
EVERYONE**

THE COMPLETE TRILOGY

His Big Black Bully Takes Everyone: The Complete Trilogy

Manus Dare

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This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

HIS BIG BLACK BULLY TAKES EVERYONE: THE COMPLETE TRILOGY

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Written by Manus Dare.

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[His Big Black Bully Takes Everyone: The Complete Trilogy.](#)

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

[4](#)

[5](#)

[6](#)

[7](#)

[8](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

[4](#)

[5](#)

[1](#)

2

3

4

5

Epilogue

His Girlfriend

Bradley was just coming out of the Layton College Explorer newspaper office when he saw the two huge boys stalking towards him. His heart skipped a bit, and he instinctively turned away from them. He sped up, hoping to get to the corner before the figure in the center noticed him.

"Hey, asshole! Where are you going so fast?"

Bradley skidded to a stop as Damien Winters appeared around the corner. By this time, the two other figures loomed behind him.

He was trapped.

Damian grabbed him by the shoulders and slammed him up against the wall. Bradley was dismayed when a high-pitched, mousy cry emerged from his mouth. The two boys behind Damian, Trent Omar and Lou Jenks, snickered. Their thick, fat faces were filled with a boyish malice that reminded Bradley of the kids in grade school who enjoyed pulling the wings off flies and throwing rocks at dogs.

"I said," Damien Winters hissed as he turned the skinnier boy around. "Where are you going so fast?"

Bradley looked up into the big, black man's scowling face. Bradley had never understood what he had done to Damian to deserve the abuse he faced every day. The smaller boy thought when he had left high school he would be free from the bullies that seemed drawn to him like a magnet.

"What do you want, Damian?" Bradley asked, proud that he kept the fear out of his voice.

Omar and Jenks, offensive lineman on the junior college football team, snickered again.

"What do we want?" Jenks let out a high-pitched laugh that sounded strange coming from the six foot, three hundred pound center. "What do we want?"

"Shut it, Jenks!" Damian growled without turning his attention away from Bradley. "We just want to talk, don't we?"

"Sure," Omar said and his thick lips split into a wide grin. "Just talk."

"You see," Damian hissed. "We heard that you've been bad-mouthing the team in the school paper."

Bradley felt his stomach plummet. He looked desperately down the hall, but no one was there. How in the hell could the hallway be empty now?

He thought about calling for help, but the humiliation would just make it worse.

"I only told the truth," Bradley said.

The truth, at least according to Bradley's article and Facebook posts, was that the Layton College Football team was a corrupt organization that spent too much money on sports and not enough on the actual education of the students. The new stadium built three years ago was a multi-million dollar project and the head coach made more than the Dean of Students.

Not only that, but the students were constantly given extra help so they could keep their grades up and keep playing. The entire school seemed to be involved in churning out players and filling the stadium each weekend.

"Really?" Damian asked. "That's the answer you're giving, huh?"

"Yuh... Yes." Bradley cursed himself for stammering. "Yes."

He didn't see Damian's fist, just felt it hit him just under the rib cage, forcing the air out of his lungs. Bradley swayed on his feet and Damian pushed him against the wall. The next blow hit Bradley in the side and drove him to his knees.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Bradley closed his eyes, at once grateful and embarrassed when he heard Lori's voice.

"Just having a conversation," Damian said, reached down, and hauled Bradley to his feet. It might have been more convincing if Bradley could actually stand on his feet. Unfortunately, Bradley still couldn't catch his breath.

"Oh my God, Bradley!" Lori said and suddenly he felt his girlfriend's soft body under his shoulder and the scent of her apple blossom shampoo filled his nose. "Are you all right?"

"I... I'm OK," Bradley muttered unconvincingly as Lori helped him towards the newspaper office. She turned to the three large boys, her voice full of poison.

"Jesus Christ, Damian!" she spat. "You're going to Division 1 next year, you asshole! Don't you have better things to do?"

Bradley opened his eyes and saw Damian back up, his hands raised.

"And you two!" Lori said. "I don't expect any better from you thugs, but the least you can do is not egg him on. Now get out of here before I call campus police."

All three boys seemed abashed by Lori's speech. However, when Lori turned her back, Bradley looked at him with an evil grin. Bradley moaned.

"Are you sure you're alright?" she asked as she opened the newspaper door and led him inside.

Thankfully, the office was mostly empty except Professor Dwyer, the academic counselor assigned to the paper. She looked up from her desk. Bradley suppressed another groan. Unknown only to himself was the crush he had harbored on his pretty professor since the beginning of the year. She was tall and beautiful, her large breasts straining against the white blouses she always wore, her long legs displayed wonderfully by her tight, gray skirt.

"What happened?" Bradley was touched by the concern in the woman's voice.

"What do you think?" Lori spat. "Damian and his thugs."

"Damian Winters?"

Bradley saw something flit across his professor's face. He didn't have time to analyze it before it was gone, replaced by a worried look.

Lori leaned Bradley against the edge of a desk. He was just getting his breath back, the sharp pain in his stomach and side receding to a dull throb. Professor Dwyer came up to him and bent over. Bradley stared down her blouse, seeing just a glimpse of her round breasts.

His face burned, and he looked to Lori, but she hadn't noticed. Instead, she had left his side and filled a paper cup of water from

the cooler in the corner. Meanwhile, Professor Dwyer looked into his eyes. He saw her irises were a lovely shade of hazel with green mixed in. The glasses she wore were an older style with a small silver chain that allowed her to hang them between her large breasts. The style was much too old for the young professor, but Bradley had always liked them.

Now, she took off her glasses, and they swung back and forth against her breasts. Bradley found himself hypnotized by the sight until he felt Professor Dwyer's hand under his chin. He looked up, embarrassed. She smiled knowingly, but said nothing.

"Are you sure you're alright, Bradley?" she asked as Lori came to his side and held out the cup.

"Yes," he said and was surprised to find he actually meant it. "I just got the wind knocked out of me."

"Here," Lori said and held out to him.

Bradley felt guilty as he took the cups from his girlfriend. Lori was beautiful in a completely different way from his professor. She was willowy, with long blonde hair held back from her face with a red velvet scrunchie. She had round breasts, not as large as Professor Dwyer, but they were firm and just a little large for his hands, each one tipped by a perfect, rose-colored nipple. He was lucky to have Lori, so why was he sneaking peeks at Professor Dwyer's tits? Worse, why was he thinking about his girlfriend's breasts?

Must be the trauma, he thought to himself.

Bradley suddenly realized his position, being comforted by two wonderful women after he'd had his ass handed to him in front of them. Was that concern in their eyes, or was it pity? What was the difference?

He took a deep breath and hopped off the desk, ignoring the pain in his side. He needed to stand up, like a man instead of a bullied little boy.

"I'm fine," he said.

"I still think we should call campus police," Lori said.

Bradley thought about that. If he tried to bring charges, the entire football team would turn on him. Besides, there were no

witnesses besides Damian's friends. At the moment, it was just an article, but if he threatened Damian's future, there was no telling what he might do.

"No," he said. "We don't need to do that."

He thought he saw a look of relief pass Professor Dwyer's face.

"Oh, well if you don't think it's necessary," his professor said.

"Are you sure?" Lori asked. "They might come after you again."

"I think they got what they wanted," Bradley said. "They messed with me about the article. That should be the end of it."

He didn't believe it. If it wasn't the article, it would be something different. It was just a matter of time before Damian made him pay for something.

That was a problem for another day. Right now all he wanted to do was go home, take a hot bath, and try to forget about the last twenty minutes.

"Listen, I think I'm just going to go home," he said. "Thank you for helping."

"Of course," Professor Dwyer said and brushed his hair back from his face. "Anytime."

Lori walked out with him, and the Professor called from the office.

"It was a good article, Bradley. Just remember that."

Bradley nodded and wondered if that would be enough to make up for his injured side.

Once in the hall, Lori hugged his arm..

"I'll come home with you," she said.

"Oh?" Bradley asked. "You don't have to do that."

"I want to," she said. "Is your family home?"

Bradley looked at her and raised his eyebrows. Lori giggled.

"Get your mind out of the gutter! I was just asking!"

"Well, if that's the case," Bradley managed a smile. "No, they won't be. Dad is out of town for another couple of days and Heather won't be home until five."

"Good," Lori said. "That means I can take care of you properly."

"Properly?"

Oh, stop!" she laughed again, and he felt the warmth of her firm breasts sending heat through his body. Suddenly, his side didn't hurt that much. "You're hurt! You shouldn't be thinking of that!"

"I think I'd have to be dead not to think of that," Bradley laughed and, arm in arm with his girlfriend, headed for home.

Professor Rebecca Dwyer watched as the young couple walked down the hall and turned the corner. She smiled, remembering how it felt to be so young and so in love. Not that she didn't love her husband, Arthur, but it had been a long time since she felt the same way about her husband that Lori felt about Bradley.

She shook her head and remembered Bradley's flustered look when she caught him looking down her blouse. It was so wrong but Rebecca was still young enough to appreciate being admired by a younger man. That led to the problem that entered the door a few minutes after Lori and Bradley had left.

Rebecca shivered, but didn't turn around as she heard the audible click of the lock being thrown. She knew she was trapped, but she didn't feel scared. All she felt was the excitement coursing through her body as the large, muscular presence moved up behind her.

"So," a deep voice said. "Did you kiss his little boo boo and make him feel better?"

Large, brown hands settled on her shoulders and pressed warmly into the flesh of neck. Rebecca felt the trembles of lust attacking her belly, trickling down to the hot spot between her legs.

"Why did you have to hurt him?" she murmured. "It was just a story. It's not like it hurts anyone."

The hands turned her around, strong, dark fingers closing around Rebecca's pale neck.

"Because it was fun," Damian said and grinned.

"Fun to... to terrorize an innocent boy?"

"That's just it, isn't it?" Damian's other hand fell to the top of her blouse and pulled on the buttons. "He's just a boy. But you like him anyway."

Rebecca shook her head.

"He's intelligent and kind. I like him like a professor likes a student."

"Really?" Damien leaned close, his warm breath caressing her lips. "And how do you like me?"

The rough pad of his thumb rubbed her plump bottom lip, pushing her mouth open. He dipped his head and sucked her lip into his mouth. Rebecca moaned, thought of Arthur and, curiously, Bradley, then she yielded to temptation like she did every time. She let Damian kiss open her mouth and slip his tongue deep inside. She sucked on him, then her tongue slid over his and, just like that, they were tasting each other.

Damian growled deep in his throat, a sound that made the deep pulse between Rebecca's legs throb. Why? Why did she feel this way? For this man?

Why couldn't Arthur be enough?

Shame and guilt flooded her mind, but her body fought back, rising to meet Damian's need.

Rebecca kept kissing him until he pushed her away, his hand in her throat.

"Yes!" he snarled, his deep, dark eyes flashing, his smile knowing. "Professor Dwyer? Who knew you were such a dirty, dirty little slut."

"I'm not!" she protested, trying to kiss him again, but he held her off.

"No?" With a gentle, bit firm pressure, he pushed her to her knees. "What would your husband say?"

"Oh, God!" she whimpered. "Please, don't talk about Arthur."

Damian grinned, knowing he'd hit her weakness, knowing he could do anything to her. She was trapped by lust as much as the situation.

He opened his jeans and pushed down his pants. She couldn't look away, like a child waiting for a gift, and his thick, black cock sprang from his body.

She'd never seen a cock as big or as beautiful as Damian, never mind that it was dark brown, almost black, with thick veins pulsating with life. Even now, she was imagining it inside of her. Her pussy was wet, her juices trickling into her panties.

"What do you want to talk about?" Damian chuckled. "Hm?"

Rebecca didn't speak. Instead, she lifted the thick shaft and buried her nose in Damian's heavy, black balls.

"Yes!" Damian hissed as Rebecca sucked one ball into her mouth, swabbing it lovingly with her tongue. "I love the way you talk!"

Rebecca murmured against the belly of his shaft, kissing the underside of the purple-black tip. What must she look like, a decorated married professor on her knees, worshiping this boy's thick, black cock? Was it any wonder he called her a slut?

But it didn't matter, not really. Damian's black body was like a drug and, with just one whiff of his musky scent and a taste of his sweat-salt flesh, she was drunk. She opened her mouth and Damian placed a firm hand on top of her head and thrust the pulsating length of his flesh deep into her mouth.

As always, she was overwhelmed by the girth of his cock. She floundered for a moment, drowning in his scent and full of the pumping length of his flesh. Damian grunted with pleasure, each guttural sound urging her on, filling her with a lust she had never known in her entire life. In those moments, servicing this boy, this man, she forgot all of her worries. Her husband? Poor Arthur was gone. Bradley? He was old enough to take care of himself.

Her career? Her life? Rebecca dropped her jaw and gorged herself in Damian's cock, the burning heat of it driving everything away except for that primal urge.

"Fuck!" Damian gripped both sides of the beautiful teacher's head and slammed his cock into her mouth. He fucked her mouth, hammering the back of her throat until she gagged and spit. Still, she didn't let him go. She deserved the punishment. She *was* a dirty, little slut. Damian's dirty little slut.

"Goddamn!" Damian growled. "God, you are so fucking good, Professor!"

Rebecca looked up at him and a smile slipped unbidden to her lips. She couldn't help it. She was happy that she pleased him.

Damian reached down, pulled her to her feet, and kissed her despite the spit on her lips. It turned him on to make a mess out of her. As if to prove that point he gripped her blouse in both hands.

"Don't—"

Damian tore her blouse open, the buttons shooting across the room and bouncing off the desks and floor. How many blouses had he ruined? Even as the question bounced in her brain, Damian was pulling her bra down, unleashing her heavy tits.

"Beautiful," Damian murmured and gripped both breasts in his powerful hands, squeezing them until Rebecca's nipples swelled between his fingers and he dipped his head, sucking the swollen bud into his mouth.

"Oh, God!" Rebecca gasped as her young student sucked and licked her nipples, sending even more heat burning through her body. She squeezed her thighs, but she was already dripping with lust, hot drops trickling down her legs.

Damian knew what she wanted even though she didn't say it. The young, black athlete seemed to always know just the right thing to make her give in to his lust.

With the ease of lifting a child, Damian lifted her onto the desk. He pushed her skirt up over her hips. Rebecca whimpered as he pulled off her panties, lifting her hips submissively. He balled them up in his dark fist and inhaled her scent.

"You smell good!" he grinned. "You smell like you're ready."

"I am!" she moaned. "I am ready."

"Shh!" he murmured and bent over her. "We don't want anyone to hear how much you want me, do you?"

She shook her head and Damian raised the ball of her panties and brushed her lips with the fabric. His other hand pulled down on her chin until her mouth opened and he shoved the moist ball into her mouth.

She groaned and fell back to the desk, the taste of her cunt in her mouth. Her groan came out muffled, the balled up panties serving dual purposes. To humiliate her and to cover up the noises she made because she liked it.

Damian lifted her thighs and rubbed the enormous head of his cock up and down her swollen slit.

"Do you want me to fuck you, Professor Dwyer?" he asked, teasing her clit with the spongy tip of his cock.

She nodded, moaning.

"You want me to fuck you like Mr. Dwyer can't?"

Damian continued to tease her with his cock. She lifted her hips, trying to push his beautiful manhood into her hungry cunt. Damian held back, chuckling.

Finally, she nodded, tears of shame and frustration in her eyes. Damian grinned and pushed his cock deep, deep inside her pussy.

"Fuck, you are so tight!" Damian groaned.

For you, she thought ruefully. Not for my husband.

It was an unkind thought. Arthur couldn't control the size of his cock anymore than he could control her lusts. Still, blaming him for not being able to please her the way Damian pleased her felt better than the truth. That she was a slut. Damian's slut.

The guilt was ripped away a moment later when her black lover slammed his cock to the hilt inside of her. Her eyes widened and she let out a muffled scream as she felt his weapon stab into her inner sex. It felt like he was in her belly, fucking her whole body with that beautiful, savage cock.

She looked down between them to watch the wet length of it disappear inside of her. How? How could she take it? It didn't seem possible, yet soon enough her body opened to the young, black man, wrapping itself around his pulsating cock and hugging his shaft each time he pulled out. Then, he would slam back into her and she would have the wonderful, surreal feeling of being pulled inside out, pounded and reshaped into the perfect vessel to receive his perfect, fucking cock.

The desk creaked as Damian hammered into her body. All thoughts of right and wrong bled from Rebecca's mind as she focused on Damian's cock and the pleasure flowing through her limbs. She reached her apex and then even the room was gone as her bliss exploded, lifting her body off the table, writhing in ecstasy.

"That's it, Professor!" Damian growled and in one movement, pulled out of her. Rebecca had only a moment to register the loss of his hot shaft before Damian pulled her off the table and onto the floor.

She gasped when he pulled the panties out of her mouth. His thick cock hovered above her face, dripping with her traitorous

juices.

"Look ate, Professor!" Damian commanded. "I want you to look at me when I cum on your face!"

Exhausted by her orgasm and defeated by Damian's power, Rebecca Dwyer, wife and teacher, looked up at the younger student just as the first blast of his hot cum splashed across her face.

She moaned as rope and rope of sticky jizz sprayed from Damian's cock. Cum got in her eyes, her hair, her nose, but still she watched him, mesmerized as his beautiful, black body gave in to his lust for her. It was a small victory, but she claimed it.

Finally, with a final shake of his cock, Damian found his pants and put away his thick, black snake. Rebecca panted on the floor, her whole body filled with the heat of their fucking, Damian's seed cooling on her face.

"You are a beautiful mess, Professor," Damian laughed and gripped her chin in his hand. "I want you to remember this when you talk to that loser, Bradley. I want you to remember what a real man feels like."

Rebecca groaned, but she nodded. She could never look at Bradley the same way. Damian's command, and his cock, were permanently stamped on her brain.

"You'd better get home to your husband," Damian said. "He's probably wondering why you're working late. Again."

Damien left after that, leaving the exhausted married Professor to clean herself up and make her way home.

They got to Bradley's house around 4:15 which didn't give the two of them much time. Lori giggled as Bradley practically dragged her to his bedroom and closed the door.

"Are you sure you're feeling OK?" Lori asked again and immediately regretted it. Bradley's face grew red and she could tell he was embarrassed.

She wished she could tell Bradley it wasn't his fault. Damian Winters was bigger than Bradley. Much bigger. Not to mention an elite athlete. She had been shocked and horrified when she'd seen Bradley on his knees in front of the large quarterback, but she felt something else she'd never noticed before. A tingling sensation between her thighs seeing the powerful black man standing victorious over her helpless boyfriend. It was, she realized after the fact, a primal reaction which completely overwhelmed her logical brain. In that second, her body responded to the alpha male standing in front of her

Luckily, it was just a moment, a second in her life she could easily push away with the concern she felt for Bradley.

"I'm fine," Bradley kissed her and she chuckled again at his eagerness.

Bradley may not be as big as other boys Lori had dated, but he was certainly the sweetest. He was usually tentative when he kissed her, deferring to her experience even though she'd only had one other sexual partner before Bradley. That made one more partner Bradley ever had, a fact he had confessed to just after the first time they had sex, as if Lori couldn't have guessed.

Bradley had gotten a little better over the six months they had dated, but Lori had to admit, she had little to compare him to.

Not like Damian. Lori was sure the popular, handsome quarterback had more experience than she and Bradley put together.

She shook off thoughts of Damian and slid her arms around Bradley's neck, pulling him down to the bed. Her knee came up

along his flank and bumped his ribs. Bradley hissed in pain.

"Shit!" she said. "Sorry!"

"S'ok," Bradley winced, but kept kissing her. She kissed him back, careful not to hit his injured side.

Bradley pushed up her shorts and revealed Lori's round breasts. He stopped for a minute, trying to puzzle how to get her bra off.

"Hold on," she sat up, reached behind her back, and unhooked her bra.

Bradley sat back on his heels, waiting eagerly for Lori to show him her breasts. She gave him a teasing smile, then slowly let her bra drop over her shoulders.

As soon as her rosy nipples were free, Bradley was rushing forward, fumbling with her breasts, then sucked her pink nipple into his mouth.

"Easy," she murmured as Bradley sucked wetly at her tits and came down on top of her. "Easy."

She pushed Bradley lightly away from her nipples. He was pushing his crotch between her legs, rubbing her pussy roughly through her clothes. The familiar fire in her belly built slowly as she kissed her boyfriend. She slid her hand down and tried to unbutton his jeans. Bradley didn't stop kissing her breast as he tried to help.

Finally, Lori pushed down Bradley's pants over his ass. She slid her hand over his cock and Bradley moaned against her breasts.

"Do you have a condom?" she panted.

"Yuh... yes!" Bradley lunged across her body, his thigh landing heavily on her chest.

"Ow!" Lori laughed. "Watch it!"

"Shit, sorry!"

Lori continued to chuckle as she watched Bradley's pale buttocks wobble in the air as he opened a drawer on the bedside table. He pulled a condom out of the drawer and knelt between her legs, fumbling with the package.

"Here." She plucked the condom from Bradley's hands. "Let me do it."

She grinned at him, locked her eyes on his, and placed the corner of the package between her teeth. With a quick yank, she

tore open the package, making the awkward maneuver sexy.

"Wow!" Bradley said. "When did you learn how to do that?"

"I've been practicing," she teased.

Bradley stopped, shocked by the words. For a moment, he looked crestfallen like a boy who just lost his dog. She laughed.

"I'm kidding!" she giggled. "Jeez, Bradley! It's just something I heard about."

She took advantage of Bradley's shock, reached down, and slid the cold rubber over Bradley's cock. He shook with need and, as soon as she was done, he positioned his cock at her entrance.

"Go ahead, baby," she moaned. "Do it!"

Bradley pushed forward, his cock bumping against her entrance. She gripped his shaft, unwilling to wait any longer, and guided him home.

Bradley laid down on top of her, thrusting his cock into her pussy. His movements stoked the embers in her belly to a pleasant fire. She gripped Bradley's shoulder and bucked her hips, driving into Bradley's eager thrusts. Her need energized him and he thrust faster, his buttocks rising and lowering between her thighs as he drove himself towards orgasm.

The fire in her belly flared, but refused to catch. She had never had an orgasm, a true orgasm, with a man. All that she had coaxed from her body was the small sparks. Lori longed to feel the overwhelming bliss she read about in romance novels. Sometimes she wondered if there was something wrong with her.

She shook off the thoughts and focused on Bradley. He was tense, his movements becoming more erratic. She loved him, she really did, and she wished she could join him in orgasm. Instead, all she could do was go through the motions, mimicking movements she'd seen when she watched porn. If she couldn't be swamped with ecstasy, at least she could help Bradley get what he needed.

"That's it, baby!" she moaned. "That's it! Give it to me!"

Her words reached Bradley's brain and touched off the explosion in his balls. He groaned, his thin body slammed into her. Lori had a flicker of pleasure, just a lick, and she rose to meet Bradley's body,

crying out and tensing. She kept up the cries as Bradley emptied his seed into the confines of the condom.

Their bodies came to a rest a few moments later and Bradley collapsed on top of her, his body slick with sweat. Lori smiled, pleased with herself, although a little frustrated that the moment was over so quickly. She brushed her hands through the fine brown hairs on Bradley's neck.

"That was so good," Bradley murmured. "I needed that."

"Me too," Lori said, only half a lie. She knew Bradley had needed the confidence boost, and she had needed to give it to him. That was her job. "You feeling better?"

"Yes," Bradley said and rolled over, his cock slipping wetly from her pussy, still sheathed in the thin layer of plastic.

Lori rolled over and grabbed a tissue from the bedside table. She handed it to Bradley. Bradley silently wrapped the condom in the paper, pulled it off, and deposited his lust into a trash basket next to the bed.

Lori rolled over and for the first time, saw the ugly, purple bruise spreading across Bradley's side.

"Oh my God!" She reached out to touch the bruise and Bradley flinched. "Does it hurt that bad?"

"No," Bradley said through gritted teeth. "It's fine."

Lori could tell he was lying.

"What can I do?"

"Nothing," he smiled weakly. "You've made me feel better. I'll just have to avoid Damian from now on."

Lori wasn't so sure. Layton Community was a small campus and the football players were celebrities. It would be hard to stay out of Damian's way, especially if the popular quarterback was targeting her boyfriend.

Maybe, I can help, she thought as she gingerly touched the purple bruise on Bradley's torso. *Maybe Damian will listen to me.*

She felt a thrill of fear and something else. It felt like excitement, but she squashed that small fire she felt in her belly. Damian was an asshole, no matter how big or strong, and she wanted to protect

Bradley. If Damian would just listen to reason, maybe she and Bradley could just enjoy college.

She snuggled down beside her boyfriend, careful not to hurt his injured side. Armed with a plan, however crazy it might be, she relaxed and soon; she fell into a blissful, dreamless sleep.

"Bradley? Are you home?"

Bradley shot up out of bed and immediately regretted it. He groaned as the pain in his side lit up like a fire.

He looked down at Lori, and despite the pain he smiled. In his excitement, he'd forgotten about the bruise, but it was making him pay now.

"Lori," he hissed, pushing on her shoulder. "Lori, wake up! Heather's home!"

Lori came awake slowly, but once her eyes were open, she sat up straight; the sheet fell away, and her breasts.

"Shit!"

Not that they weren't allowed to be together, his stepmother was fine with it, but his father was older than his second wife and more conservative about such things.

"It's fine," Bradley chuckled. "It's just my stepmom. She's fine. Just get dressed."

"Ok," Lori said and looked around helplessly. "Where's my bra?"
Bradley laughed.

"Are you going to help me or not?"

"I don't know," I kind of like you like this."

"Shut up!" Lori threw a pillow at Bradley, but she was smiling.
"Just get out!"

Bradley came down the steps a moment later to find his stepmother in the kitchen, putting away groceries.

"Oh! You are here!" Heather said and a beautiful smile lit up her face.

Bradley's stepmother was a decade younger than his father and gorgeous. She had moved in when Bradley was just three years old and had become more of a mother to him than the one he only knew from pictures.

Even though she had a voluptuous body, with large, round breasts, Bradley had always refused to see her that way. To him, she

was his mother.

But, in high school, her beauty had been a constant source of aggravation growing up. The boys at school, especially the bullies, always made comments about Heather's body. Bradley had tried to defend her, but that only got him beat up. And, the comments had side effects, effects that had caused many sleepless nights as Bradley was forced to think differently about his stepmother. He saw her as a gorgeous woman and that had led to inappropriate thoughts.

Fortunately, the images he imagined had dissipated as he grew older. Still, every time he saw Heather, he couldn't help but think the image of a caring mother had become just a little... awkward.

"Yeah," he said. "I'm um... we got home a little while ago."

Heather stopped unpacking and cocked an eyebrow at her stepson.

"We?"

"Hi, Mrs. Wolff!" Lori said brightly as she came down the steps.

Heather looked at Bradley's wrinkled t-shirt and his messy hair, then at Lori who seemed perfectly groomed and comfortable. Still, his stepmother sensed the tension and smiled at Lori.

"It's good to see you, Lori!" she said with a glint of humor in her eyes. "What are you two up too?"

Lori looked at Bradley.

"Just going over our notes," Bradley said, but could tell Heather didn't believe a word of it.

"Oh, that's good." She pulled a bunch of broccoli from a bag. "It's very important to... study."

She turned away to put the broccoli in the fridge. Lori looked at Bradley and grinned. I, only to snap to attention a minute later when Heather turned around.

"So, Lori?" Heather said. "Would you like to stay for dinner?"

They make a nice couple, Heather thought as the three of them sat down to dinner.

Lori was cute and seemed sweet enough. Heather was happy for Bradley. He had been awkward in high school and, even though he never complained about it, she could tell that he got picked on. It

wasn't shocking to her; it hadn't been *that* long since she'd been in school. She knew how cruel kids could be. Not that she had ever worried about that. Being pretty and on the cheer squad helped shield Heather from the more... disturbing aspects of high school.

Not so for her stepson. Bradley had always been smaller than the other kids and something of a bookworm. Edward worried about Bradley being man enough to stick up for himself or have a girlfriend.

Heather didn't worry. While Bradley might be naïve, he was very smart. In fact, she thought he could have gone to a bigger school than the nearby Layton Community, but he had lived at home for the first couple of years and ease into post high school life. And, not only was Bradley smart, he was nice, and Heather knew it was just a matter of time until he found someone who could see how great her stepson was.

Now, it looked like he had found it.

"So," Lori said now, cutting into the ham Heather had roasted.

"Is Mr. Wolff going to be home soon?"

"Yes," Heather said. "He should be home next weekend."

"Wow," Lori said. "He's out of town a lot."

"Yeah," Heather suppressed a sigh.

Edward was a systems engineer and salesman for a national company. His job took him all over the country, installing and upgrading computer systems. It was challenging work that her husband loved, but it kept on the road for weeks at a time. And, when he got home, all he wanted to do was sleep and relax. Heather couldn't remember the last time he had taken her out for dinner or even a movie. It wasn't his fault; he worked hard and provided a good life for her and Bradley, but that didn't stop Heather from getting lonely.

"It must be so hard!" Lori said.

"It can be," Heather agreed, then reached across the table and patted Bradley's hand. "It's nice that you stayed close to home, Bradley. It makes things easier."

"Happy to do it," Bradley said. "Besides, free room and board is worth having to spend time with you."

"Stop!" Heather laughed. How like Bradley to make a joke when she was trying to show gratitude. He had never been comfortable with compliments, even when he was little. "Anyway, do you two have any plans for tonight? Or do you need more time to... study?"

Lori and Bradley looked at each other. Obviously, she had interrupted whatever they had been doing (although Heather had a pretty good idea from the state of Bradley's hair) and they were now trying to come up with a plan. It was cute to see their flustered faces. She suddenly felt old. Still teasing Bradley and his girlfriend almost made her feel young again.

"Um... no. I don't think so." Bradley looked questioningly at Lori. "Do we?"

Lori smiled. Seemed she was quicker to get the joke than her poor stepson.

"I have an early class tomorrow," she said. "I should get home after dinner."

Bradley nodded and dug back into his food, his face red. Heather caught Lori's eye, and they both laughed.

"What?" Bradley said. "What happened?"

His confused expression made the two women laugh even harder.

Lori left Bradley's house and, even though she was nervous, she headed down to the street known affectionately as Baller Ave. It was a block of apartments set aside for football players. While the school wasn't technically allowed to provide housing for the students, it was commonly known that a booster owned the apartments and provided low rent to anyone on the WildCats football team.

Lori could tell by the sounds of music drifting down the street there was a party going on and she almost turned she'd heard about the parties in Baller Ave, and she had no interest in joining one. Still, if Damian was partying, maybe he would be in a more receptive mood.

Besides, she didn't think she could wait to talk to him. She wanted to protect Bradley from anymore bullying. He didn't deserve it.

She was surprised to hear the sounds of splashing water and, when she neared the quad, she saw the blue lights and rippling water of a swimming pool. Steam rose off the water and Lori realized it was heated. Male and female bodies, in varying stages of undress, cavorted in the blue steam.

They have a fucking heated swimming pool?

Lori shook her head ruefully. She thought Bradley's report had been over-the-top. She didn't hate sports, but she felt his facts were laced with plenty of opinion. But, seeing the football players splashing in a heated pool on a chilly October night made her wonder if Bradley had only scratched the surface.

She gave the pool a wide berth, but monitored the blue water. The party goers were scantily clad, their near naked bodies glistening in the blue light. Fortunately, she didn't see the large muscular form of Damian among them.

She ducked down a passageway and nearly ran onto two women she recognized from the cheer team. Like the football team, Layton

Cheer was a big name among national cheer squads and, by extension, the cheerleaders were minor celebrities on Instagram and on campus.

The girls were both fit with beautiful bodies clothed only in the thinnest of bikinis. Their skin also sparkled with some sort of glitter calling attention to their sculpted curves and perfect tanned skin.

"Sorry," Lori said nervously, trying to step past the women.

Maddie Engel was the taller of the two girls, but not much taller than Lori, had her long, black hair perfectly coiffed, as if she was going to a competition instead of a pool party. The other girl, Yasmine Sparks, had striking red hair and green eyes. They both cocked an almost identical, suspicious eyebrow at Lori.

"This is a pool party girl!" Maddie sneered, looking Lori up and down. "You are very overdressed."

Lori reddened as Yasmine snickered.

"Oh, I'm not here for the party," Lori said. "I'm just here to talk to Damian."

"Really?" Maddie laughed. "Well, if you're talking to him, you better be ready to party!"

"Yeah," Yasmine giggled. "What could you possibly have to talk to Damian about?"

Lori had known girls like Maddie and Yasmine before and was pretty enough to realize that the two women were staking out their territory. It was as obvious as a dog pissing on a tree. Lori didn't conform to their idea of beauty, yet boys found her pretty, something girls like Maddie and Yasmine couldn't understand.

"Can you tell me what room he's in?" Lori asked, keeping her voice pleasant.

"Sure," Maddie grinned. "He's in room 230, sweetie."

The girl pointed a sharp, manicured nail to the upper floor balcony where a group of boys were milling around. A couple looked over the railing down at the girls in their skimpy suits and the fully dressed Lori. Lori felt their hungry stares even from this distance.

"Yeah," Yasmine sneered. "Good luck."

The two girls walked away, snickering. Lori could hear Maddie speaking in a whisper meant to be overheard.

"Oh my God! Did you see that skirt? No way Damian is interested in *that!*"

Lori felt a moment of shame, then anger. She took a deep breath to calm herself. The two women were just jealous and territorial. Most likely, their best years were behind them and, soon enough, they'd each find a failed football player or accountant to latch on to, have kids, and relive their glory days as they got drunk and fat. Thinking of that made Lori feel better. *Besides, I don't need to be naked to turn heads;* she thought as she climbed the steps and two or three heads turned her way. *I do fine when I'm fully dressed.*

She squared her shoulders and walked confidently up to the cluster of men at the entrance to room 230. The group of guys first parted, then closed around her, making her feel claustrophobic.

"Um... hi!" she stammered. "I'm... um... I'm here to see Damian?"

A tall, broad man with a jowly dark face smiled at her. He nudged another boy, this one considerably less jowly, with a harsh blond crewcut.

"Hey, Damian!" the blond yelled. "You got company!"

"You know, little lady," the jowly black man leaned way down and put a meaty hand on her shoulder. "Why are you messing with Damian when you could have a *real* man?"

"I'm not... I'm..." Lori stammered. Despite the fat, Lori could feel the strength under that hand. For the first time, she wondered if she was truly safe here. The smell of cherry tobacco and hard liquor wafted on the heavy man's breath and his fat lips were only inches from her ear.

"Get off, Marcus!" A harsh voice, trained since Pee Wee football to carry across the football field and command respect, cut through the rock music like a knife.

Marcus jolted, his eyes looking warily to the side, then caught himself. Slowly, he stood straight, pressing just a fraction of his weight down on Lori's shoulder.

"Hey, there, D," Marcus laughed. "I wasn't doing anything. Just keeping your girl company."

"I'm not—"

"She's not my girl," Damian said from the door of his apartment. He was shirtless and his muscular, black body gleamed in the light. "She isn't my type."

Marcus chuckled, a deep, threatening sound like a lion's purr. Lori looked from his heavy face to Damian's lean one. The quarterback was smiling, but his eyes were cold. Lori wondered just what she had stepped into.

"Well, hell!" Marcus guffawed and hugged Lori's body against his huge bulk. "Maybe she's my type!"

She tried to squirm out of Marcus's grip, but she was trapped between his heavy arm and fat body. Damian didn't move, just stared at Marcus's meaty arm as if he was thinking of ways to detach it from his body. It was ludicrous, of course. Marcus was so much bigger than Damian. Her mind was rifling through information and landed on who Marcus was. A defensive lineman, Lori didn't know what position, but his job was to destroy the players on the other team.

Damian wasn't scared. Instead, he seemed excited.

"Nah," he said, finally. "She's too good for you, Marcus."

Damian stepped forward, and she felt Marcus's body tense. Was the huge lineman scared of Damian? It certainly seemed that way, because when Damian stood before them, looking up slightly into Marcus's eyes, the boy's heavy arm fell from her shoulders. Damian held out his hand to Lori.

She blinked. The music was blaring in her ears and she was suddenly aware of the musky scent of multiple sweaty men as they looked down at her. She didn't want to stay in this pack of wild-eyed football players, but she didn't trust Damian either.

Finally, she chose from the lesser of two evils. She slipped her slim, pale fingers into Damian's dark hand. He tugged gently on her arm towards the door to his apartment, the crowd of boys parting for them. He pulled her inside, went to the door, and grinned out at the rest of the players.

"Party's over," he said and shut the door.

Damian turned to her, his white teeth flashing in a wide grin.

"Well, now," he said. "To what do I owe the honor of your visit?"

Lori gulped and looked about the room. The place had the look of a bachelor's apartment with discarded pizza containers and clothes hanging haphazardly over the back of a worn couch. A huge T.V. stood on a tiny stack of milk crates, a video game paused on the screen. The room had the same musky male scent she had smelled outside. The bass of the music thumped, but was dulled by the shut door to the apartment.

Lori hadn't imagined being in a room alone with Damian when she had come here, but here she was, so she straightened up and forced strength into her voice.

"I'm here to talk to you," she said. "About Bradley."

Damian slipped away from the door and walked across the room into the small kitchenette. He opened the fridge and bent down, giving Lori a look at his lean, muscular body. She felt a slight throb run through her nerves as her eyes followed the cool fridge light shining along the beautiful, dark ridges of the quarterback's muscles. Her mouth was suddenly dry, but her palms were sweaty as Damian straightened, two beers in his hand.

"Thirsty?" he asked, as if she could read her mind.

"Nuh... no," Lori lied. Her mouth was suddenly as dry as the Sahara. "I just want to talk about Bradley."

Damian walked to her and held out a beer. She was struck by the beauty of his upper body, the smooth bumps and valleys of his muscles leading her eyes downward, ever downward. She forced herself to stop when she got to the band of his shorts, dragging her eyes upward to the beer in his hand.

"I can't talk about that loser without a drink," Damian said.

Lori's face reddened, and the anger forced away her confusion. She looked into Damian's eyes and realized that they were much lighter than his skin, a hazel, almost honey color. She forced that detail to the back of her mind and let her frustration speak.

"He's not a loser," she snapped. "Just because he's not a jock doesn't make him a loser."

"Whatever." Damian shrugged. "Do you want to talk or not?"

He wiggled the beer a bit, and she took it from Damian's hand. Damian twisted off the cap and took a long pull from the bottle. Lori

tried not to stare at his Adam's apple and the muscles of his thick neck as he spoke.

She turned her attention to the bottle. She tried to twist off the cap, but it wouldn't budge.

"Having trouble?" Damian chuckled.

"It won't... come off," she said.

"That's because they don't twist off."

Damian plucked the bottle from her hand and handed her the one he had drunk from. With a quick movement of his wrist, he tore off the cap and flicked it into the kitchen where it clanged off the cabinets and on to the floor.

She expected him to hand her back her bottle, but he grinned and took a drink from it. She looked down at the bottle in her hand.

"Go ahead," he said. "Take a drink."

A part of her knew Damian was trying to exert his power over her. She didn't like it, but there wasn't much she could do about that. She was here now, and she needed to get Damian to listen.

She took a drink of beer. The strong taste of hops covered up any residue left behind by the young man, but that didn't stop her from imagining that she could taste Damian's mouth on the bottle. The heat she felt before, the spark that had been ignited by Bradley, but not stoked into flames, flared in her belly. A sudden, wicked desire built in her and she slid her tongue into the opening of the bottle, the intimate gesture mimicking the actions of a French Kiss.

She dropped the bottle, suddenly feeling embarrassed by her actions. What the hell was that all about? She looked again into Damian's honey-colored eyes. He was smiling, and she wondered if he had seen her tongue the bottle? His face gave her no help, and she returned to the flustered state she had experienced when she came into the apartment.

"Please," Damian pointed to the couch. "Have a seat."

Lori looked at the couch. It didn't seem dirty, despite the shirt hanging off the back. Damian picked it up and threw it across the room, no doubt to join a pile somewhere in the corner. Lori sat down and Damian sat next to her, leaving only a hand's breadth of space between them.

"There!" Damian sighed, stretched back on the couch and draped his arm along the back behind Lori.

The young girl suddenly felt hot and uncomfortable and she took another drink, a longer pull this time. The beer cooled her throat, but it didn't touch the heat in her belly so she took another drink.

"So, Bradley," Damian prodded and Lori stopped drinking and beer entered her windpipe. She spluttered and coughed. "Woah, there, girl! Slow down!"

Damian patted her on the back and the coughing eased, but he didn't move his hand. She could feel the heat of his palm on her back. She twisted a little and Damian held his hand on her back for a minute, then slowly lifted to the back of the couch.

"Yes." Lori was embarrassed by her coughing and her reactions to Damian's presence. He was just another boy. A muscular, beautiful...

Stop it!

She stopped her thoughts and gathered her wits.

"Yes," she said. "I want you to stop bothering him."

"Really?" Damian cocked an eyebrow and took a sip of beer. "Did little Bradley send you to ask me that?"

"What? No!" she said. "Of course not! He'd hate me being here!"

"I'll bet he would," Damian grinned. "Alone with me, in my apartment? I wonder what Bradley would do if he found out?"

"Well, he will not find out," Lori snapped. "Please, Damian. I just want you to leave him alone."

"I don't know," Damian said and took another drink of beer. "He wrote that article. How am I supposed to let that go? It's my team."

"Oh, come on! Nothing Bradley or anyone else writes will hurt the team. Besides, you've had it out for Bradley before the article. That's just an excuse."

Damian said nothing, just quietly sipped his beer. In the awkward silence, Lori took another drink. She drank little and the third swallow added to the warmth in her body in a cozy way. Despite being in a room with the large, muscular quarterback, she relaxed. At least he was listening.

She turned to him slightly, aware that her skirt had ridden up over her knees when she sat down. She saw Damian glance at her legs. Not as fit as the cheer squad, but shapely. A spark of recognition hit her. Damian didn't pick on women. In fact, as far as she knew, his relationships always seemed good with the females on campus. Maybe that spoke of some sense of chivalry with the opposite sex.

Lori ducked her head and looked up at him through her long lashes. She knew from experience that guys liked this kind of look. With her heart-shaped face and large blue eyes, it made her appear innocent.

"Please, Damian," she said. "If you won't do it for Bradley, at least do it for me?"

Damian finally stopped drinking and set his beer on the low table. He looked at her, truly looked at her for the first time since she had entered her apartment. His eyes were those of a predator, sizing up his prey. She played into that arrogance.

"You're so much bigger than he is," she said. "And stronger. You certainly don't have to prove it."

Damian nodded along, his eyes locked on her pink lips.

"So, will you leave him alone?"

"Sure," he said. "I can do that."

"Thank you," she said. "That's nice—"

"If you answer one question?"

"What?"

"Answer one question and I'll stop bothering him."

"Oh... OK," she said. "What question?"

Damian leaned in close. His perfect black body was inches from her, his lips hovering in front of her face. He tilted her head up with one finger and forced her to meet his eyes.

"Do you like my body?"

"What?"

Lori twisted away from him, her face flushed with heat. She set her beer down on the table and stood up. She stumbled, thoughts and alcohol swirling in her brain. Damian shot up and held her steady. Lori's hand landed on Damian's thick chest, the hot brown

skin burning against her palm. For a moment, she was entranced by the sight of her pale skin against Damian's chocolate brown body.

So beautiful!

She shook off the thoughts.

"What are you doing?" she said and pushed away from him.

"Nothing," he said and slid up behind her, his powerful hands that could open a beer bottle with an easy twist now gripping her arms.

Slowly, he lowered her arms to her side. His warm, moist breath drifted over her neck and tickled her ear lobe.

"I just want to know if you like my body?"

"No," she murmured. Her body was shivering against him. She felt the powerful chest rub against her back. "I don't."

"Liar," he whispered. "Give me an honest answer and I'll leave your poor boyfriend alone."

Damian let one wrist go, and she raised it to his arm. His hand slid under her shirt, rubbing the soft skin of her belly. The heat in her pussy flared hot and wild,

Why? Why was this turning her on? And why was her reaction to Damian so much stronger than when she was with Bradley?

"Just be honest," Damian murmured. "Be honest and it's all over."

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I like your body."

The admission knocked something loose inside of her. A tremor of desire pulsed through her body so strong, it made her thighs quiver. Something trickled down her leg and she realized with a shock that she was so turned on, she was dripping. That had never happened before.

"Good girl," Damian said, and turned her around his arms. "The truth sets you free."

Then, he leaned down, and kissed her. She was shocked into insensibility as Damian's tongue slipped between her lips and into her mouth. For a moment she resisted, but Damian teased her tongue into action. Suddenly she was kissing him, deep, soulful kisses she'd given no one before.

"Wait!!" She pushed against Damian's hard chest, his chocolate skin hot beneath her pale fingers. "What is happening?"

"What do you think is happening?"

Damian pushed a hand down the front of Lori's pants.

"Wait—"

"Shh!" Damian murmured as his fingers rubbed Lori's slick, burning furrow. She gasped and gripped Damian's powerful forearms. Her nails dug into the hard muscle as his fingers slid between her lips and bumped her clit. "Just give it a second. If you don't like it, you can always leave."

"I... oh God... I should leave," she moaned, then twitched as an electric jolt shot through her pussy. "Oh, God!"

"Yes, you should," Damian smiled. "Because when I'm done with you, you'll never want to fuck your loser boyfriend again!"

"Oh, no! Bradley—"

"Bradley isn't here," Damian said. "But I am. So decide, do you want to leave?"

He continued to rub Lori's pussy, working his fingers inside her pussy, then up to tease her clit. Lori's hips reacted instinctively, humping his hand. Damian grinned, working her pussy harder and faster. Lori cried as her body betrayed her. She gripped Damian's thick neck and hung on as her body exploded.

No! Did I just cum?

It was crazy, but it had happened. She'd just cum against Damian's hand. Her body was responding to her boyfriend's bully and there was no going back.

Damian took advantage of her confusion and skinned off her pants. Too late Lori realized what he was doing and she tried to cover her pussy as Damian stared hungrily down at her.

"Don't cover up," Damian ordered and peeled her hands away from her crotch.

Lori tried to resist, but it was no use. Her body was screaming for more, despite the shame she felt for giving in to Bradley's bully. It was just hours since he had hurt poor Bradley and now, here she was, helpless with desire for the same man.

"Please," she moaned. "I can't do this to Bradley."

Damian knelt down between her legs, his long dark fingers pushing her thighs open and exposing the pink flesh of her pussy.

"Stop worrying about that loser," Damian growled. "You should worry about what you want."

He dipped his head and his long, pink tongue lashed out and split open her pussy and lapped at the moist flesh inside. Lori squirmed her ass into the couch, but couldn't escape his talented tongue. The fiery tendrils of pleasure spread from her loins to her belly, then outward to her limbs. She couldn't suppress the lust building inside of her body and she was tired of trying. Her hands dropped to the tight, dark curls on Damian's head and pulled him further into her cunt. Damian knew exactly what he was doing teasing her clit until it was engorged with lust. He put whatever skills Bradley had to shame.

She tried to force the thoughts of her boyfriend out of her mind, but it was impossible. As her body rose towards orgasm, Bradley's face floated in her mind, and was shattered a moment later by a nerve shattering orgasm. Lori screamed and her hips bucked wildly against the black bully's face, seeking even more of that wonderful pleasure.

Damian rose from between her thighs, the dark skin of his face glistening with her juices.

"That's right." He pushed his shorts down over his muscular hips. "See? I knew you wanted it."

He pulled his cock up and Lori gasped as he slapped the heavy, black length of it on her stomach. It was impossibly large, like a dark snake that stretched from her mons pubis to the bottom of her rib cage.

No! Her mind screamed. It won't fit!

But she didn't say that. A primal urge to take that masculine cock burned in her guts that she could no longer deny. Damian saw this need, indeed had seen it from the moment she entered his apartment. Somehow, the animal inside the large, black football player had sensed the same, hungry animal inside of her.

Damian gripped his shaft in his hand and rubbed the fat head across her pussy. Lori moaned and watched, mesmerized as he

teased her cunt with it, then pushed the purple-black tip between her swollen pink lips.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "Oh, fuck!"

It was as big as she had feared and it stretched her tight pussy lips wide. Damian worked the thick black snake into her inch by throbbing inch, splitting her open and laying waste to her most intimate center.

"Oh, God! I can't take it! It's too big!"

Damian smiled through gritted teeth.

"Just relax, baby!" he hissed. "Relax and let yourself take it. Take my fucking cock!"

"Oh, FUCK!"

She screamed in agony as Damian thrust hard inside of her, slamming his thick cudgel deep into her belly. For a moment, her world was pain, burning through her nerves and making her whole vision turn white. She bit her lower lip, almost drawing blood, and willed her body to relax. She felt like a virgin again, being taken for the first time!

Then, nature took over and her body opened up to the large black man, molding around his invading cock, and even pulling him further inside. She moaned, a moan of intense pleasure and Damian responded in kind, drawing his cock out of her body, then pushing it back in, fucking her with long, slow thrusts.

She'd never felt that full before. His cock seemed to touch every molten nook of her cunt, rubbing every secret place that no man had ever touched. Poor Bradley could never hope to fill her in such a way and even though the thought of her boyfriend filled her with shame, she raised her legs and wrapped them around Damian's hard body, pulling her boyfriend's bully even deeper inside of her.

"That's it, bitch!" Damian growled, the words thrust into her brain like a hot poker. "You want that fucking cock, don't you?"

"Yes!" she screamed, her pain and anguish giving way to her lust. "Please fuck me!"

"What about your loser boyfriend?" Damian grunted. "What would he think if he saw his girl screaming on my cock?"

Lori let out an anguished groan. She tried to think of Bradley, but the only thing in her mind was the black, pulsating shaft buried in her pussy. The shame and guilt was gone, replaced by an insatiable need for her boyfriend's bully.

"I don't care!" she cried. "I don't care anymore. Just fuck me!"

Damian didn't need to be told twice. He pulled out and gave her a body crushing thrust, piercing her until she could feel his cock deep in her belly. The animal inside as the Damian growled and pounded inside of her. Lori looked in his honey-colored eyes, his handsome face locked in a look of hungry determination.

Her body responded to each penetrating thrust, accepting his manhood and power. She came again, a deep, visceral release that left her exhausted and floating, her mind blank except for thoughts of the powerful black man pounding her into shape physically and mentally.

Finally, Damian grunted, unable to hold back his powerful desire. He pulled his thick cock out of her pussy. Lori gasped and twitched on the couch as Damian knelt beside her and stroked the glistening length of his monster above her face. A moment later his cock burst open, spraying her pretty face with hot cum. Thick, ropy strands splashed onto her cheeks and painted her forehead with streaks of sticky jizz. She was still jerking with her orgasm as Damian shook the last drop of cum from the purple-black head of his cock.

"Wow!" he chuckled as he fell on the couch beside the exhausted young girl. "I knew you wanted that."

Lori turned away. Her lust satiated she was already feeling the shame and guilt rushing to fill the space left by her spent desire.

"Hey," Damian placed a warm hand on her shoulder. "Don't feel bad. If your boyfriend could take care of you, none of this would have happened."

Lori said nothing, but felt the tears sting the corners of her eyes. God! How had she let herself lose control like this?

Damian stood up and pulled on his shorts. He looked down at the young girl. Lori snuck a peek at him and saw the look of triumph on his face.

"If it means that much to you, I'll leave the little bastard alone."

He leaned over and took Lori's face in his hand. His rough thumb ran a trail through the thick cum and rubbed the sticky froth on her lips.

"Just so long as you and I know, he's not man enough for you."

Damian left her on the couch. After several long moments, she willed herself to get up and go to the bathroom. She looked at herself in the mirror, unable to recognize the girl in the glass. White streaks ran from her hair, down to her chin. She touched the cum, and without thinking, she slid the salty sperm into her mouth. Her body shivered as she tasted Damian's lust.

Finally, she shook off whatever spell Damian had cast upon her and began the long process of washing her face. When she felt she was clean enough, she dressed and went out the door.

The group of men had moved down to another door, this time joined by the cheerleaders dressed in their skimpy bikinis. She saw Damian with Yasmine's fit body wrapped around him. Lori's cheeks reddened as she watched the pretty cheerleader making out with the guy who had just taken her.

One of the football players saw her and pointed, Suddenly, cheers and applause filled the night. Yasmine looked over at her and laughed along with the rest of the group.

The only one not laughing was Damian. He smiled at her and the embarrassment and shame was too much to bear. She hurried away from the group, stumbled down the steps and didn't stop until she could no longer hear the laughter.

"You look great!"

Bradley pulled out the chair for Lori, inhaling a whiff of her perfume as she sat down in the chair. He pushed it in and sat across from her.

The Old Country Cook restaurant was not busy, it being early on a weeknight and that was just the way Bradley liked it. He hadn't talked to Lori that much over the last week ever since his run in with Damian and the other football thugs. That worried him. Did he look weak in Lori's eyes? The thought nagged at him so, to get past the worries, he had taken Lori out on a proper date.

"Thank you," Lori smiled, unfolded a cloth napkin in her lap, and leaned her elbows on the table. "I'm surprised you wanted to eat out."

"Well, we haven't had a lot of time together lately," Bradley said. "I just thought it would be nice to be together. Just us."

"That sounds wonderful!" Lori said.

She held out her hand and grasped his.

"Well, well," a deep voice said behind them. "What have we here?"

Bradley flinched as he recognized the voice. He turned and looked up at the tall, dark form of Damian.

"What are you doing here?" Lori snapped.

Damian raised his hands.

"Relax!" he said. "I just saw you guys in here and I thought I'd say hello."

Bradley slid back his chair, but Lori gripped his hand hard, holding him in his seat.

"Bradley, don't!"

"What the hell do you want, Damien?" Bradley said.

"Hey, it's not like that," Damian said and placed a firm hand on Bradley's shoulder. "I just wanted to come over and apologize, OK?"

Lori blinked up at the large, black quarterback.

"Really?" she asked.

"Yes," Damian said and Bradley heard the genuine intent in his words. "I'm sorry for being an asshole, OK? It won't happen again."

"I... uh..."

Bradley didn't know what to say. An entire year of bullying, yet now Damian was offering a lifeline, a way out. He looked at Lori who stared back at him. Then, she nodded.

"Ok," he said. "Um... OK."

"Good," Damian sighed with relief and held out his hand. "I know this can't make up for... everything, but at least let me pay for dinner."

"Wow, really?" Bradley shook Damian's powerful hand.

"Sure," he said and smiled first at Bradley, then at Lori. "It's the least I can do."

Lori was shocked by Damian's offer. Her mouth fell open as she watched the bully shake her boyfriend's hand and flash her a knowing smile.

"Well, I'll let you two enjoy your dinner," he said. "Have fun!"

"Um... th... thanks," Bradley stammered.

Damian walked away, and Bradley turned to Lori.

"Wow! That was weird!"

Lori nodded, but didn't say a word. When the server came, she ordered a glass of wine.

....

LORI WAS STILL TRYING to calm down well into her second glass of wine. Damian showing up at the table had thrown her into a turmoil of emotions. Fear, shame, to and shock all assaulted her mind, leaving her unable to speak.

The wine helped, and she recovered enough to chat with Bradley. Her boyfriend seemed relieved and happier than she had seen him in a long time. She knew being bullied had been hard on him, but didn't realize the extent of Bradley's pain.

I wonder if he'd be happy if he knew what I did.

She shook off the thought. It didn't matter now. All that mattered was putting Damian behind them and enjoying their night together.

After a little food and more wine, Lori excused herself to go to the bathroom. She was sitting in the stall when she heard the door open. Whoever it was tried opening the door to the stall.

"I'm in here!" She called, and the person went to another stall.

Lori finished peeing and was standing at the sink when the other stall opened, and out walked Damian.

"What are you doing?" Lori turned, but Damian was already next to her, his large body pressing her up against the sink.

"I thought you might have missed me," he said.

"I didn't," Lori looked at the door. "Please, Damian, someone could come in."

"Don't worry," he grinned down at her. "I got someone to put a bathroom closed sign up. No one is going to bother us."

She wanted to ask how he did that, but he was kissing her, his hard body pressing her up against the sink. Her mouth responded instinctively, and she was soon kissing him back, her thirst for him unquenchable.

"We can't do this!" Lori moaned, finally pushing away from his mouth.. "This whole thing is a mistake."

"It didn't feel like a mistake to me."

Lori let out a low moan. The time in Damian's apartment had been a moment of weakness. She had tried to forget it and concentrate on Bradley. Of course, that didn't stop her from thinking about Damian. When Bradley kissed her, she remembered Damian's experienced, soulful tongue in her mouth. When Bradley slid his thin, pale cock into her pussy, she could feel the echoes of Damian's monster throbbing in her belly. It was sad, but Bradley couldn't compare to Damian's body.

Unable to reconcile her love for Bradley with the lust she felt for Damian, she had kept her distance from her boyfriend. It wasn't fair, of course, but that didn't matter. She needed time to process how her life had changed.

Time, it seemed, neither Bradley nor Damian would give her.

"Please, Damian!" she begged. "Not here. Not like this!"

"So, that means you want me?" he asked. "You want me to fuck you?"

"You bastard!" she hit his chest, her fists so tiny and pale against his black chest muscles. "Why can't you just leave us alone?"

Damian caught her wrists and raised her fists to his lips. He kissed her knuckles.

"Is it so hard to understand?" Damian said. "I want you."

Lori moaned and looked around the bathroom. It was empty, and the door was locked. No one would know if she gave in. But she would know. She imagined poor Bradley sitting out there in the restaurant, eating his chicken parmesan and waiting for her to return.

Meanwhile, her resolve was slipping. Damian could see it. His beauty and strength were pushing past those carefully constructed barriers she had put in place over the last week.

"Don't worry," Damian murmured. "I'll be quick."

"Don't—" Lori moaned, but Damian was kissing her. He pushed her back against the sink, his hands squeezing her breasts under her dress. She had worn the pretty yellow thing with the short skirt because Bradley liked it. Now, however, it was Bradley's bully who was taking advantage of her beauty.

Damian's sure, experienced fingers slid between her thighs. Lori resisted only for a moment before he slid them inside the waistband of her panties, the rough pads brushing her clit. She moaned against the solid muscle of his shoulder as Damian worked her tight pussy, teasing her body until she couldn't hold back any longer. She jerked against his talented fingers as the wonderful waves of pleasure crashed through her body.

"Fuck!" she moaned.

Damian slid his fingers from her dripping cunt. He held them up to her mouth and thrust them between her lips. She groaned as she tasted her liquid need for Damian on his fingers.

"Now," he said. "My turn."

With a gentle pressure, he pushed Lori down, down to her knees. She hit the cold tile before she realized what Damian wanted. He had taken her pussy thoroughly and completely the other night.

Now, her boyfriend's bully wanted her mouth. She couldn't do this! Bradley was waiting for her outside and yet, when Damian pulled out his heavy cock she gasped. It looked even bigger than the other night, as long as her forearm and thick as her wrist. She remembered the pulsating manhood in her pussy, filling her to the brim with hot flesh and blood.

"I can see you thinking about it," Damian said. "Stop thinking. Just enjoy it. It's all yours."

He rubbed her bottom lip with his thumb. Pulling her mouth open. He pushed forward and pushed the spongy head of his cock against her tongue. A drop of salty pre-cum hit her tongue. Why didn't it taste swampy and bitter, like Bradley's? Was it something she ate, or was she so turned on it didn't matter?

Whatever the reason, the taste of him made her open wider and before she knew it, her mouth was stuffed full of Damian's thick, dark cock.

So big! I can't take it!

Even as she had the thought. Damian placed a firm hand on her head, held her in place, and plunged his cock deep into her salivating mouth. She moaned, the blunt head of his cock hitting the back of her throat. Her mouth was so full of his pumping flesh, she couldn't breathe and she pushed against Damian's hard thighs until he backed off.

"Relax," he murmured, pushing his cock back in. "Breathe through your nose and relax your throat. Enjoy it!"

He spoke softly to her, working his cock in and out between her pretty pink lips as she drooled around his invading member. After several tentative thrusts, he was back at her throat. She fought to breathe through her nose and relaxed her throat, the fat head of his cock stretching the entrance to her windpipe.

"Yes!" Damian grunted and Lori felt a perverse pleasure. She was dizzy from lack of oxygen and the overwhelming sensations of sucking on his aromatic, salty cock. The young girl had never imagined that she would enjoy sucking cock, but kneeling in front of Damian was so much different from Bradley. Lori longed to please him and she moved with Damian, working his cock in and out of her

mouth until he was fucking her face, his cock hammering at her throat.

"I'm going to cum!" Damian growled. "Make sure you don't spill it! You wouldn't want Bradley to see your stained dress.

The mention of Bradley at this delicate moment made Lori whine, but she clamped her pink lips around the tip of Damian's cock. Her boyfriend's bully grunted passionately, and she felt the head of his cock swell. It pulsed alarmingly against her tongue, then exploded in hot, ropy blasts of cum. She whimpered, but held her mouth shut as Damian's salty lust filled her mouth. Lori was drowning in the feel of his manly cock, his musky scent, and the taste of his milky froth.

Finally, Damian pulled out of her mouth. He looked down at her, grinning.

"Show me," he ordered.

Without thinking, Lori opened her mouth. Her hot cavern was filled to the top with Damian's hot jizz and she had trouble not spilling the voluminous load.

"Good girl," he said. "Now swallow it."

She moaned and closed her mouth. With a heavy swallow, she gulped down the huge load, feeling the warmth of it as it pushed past her gullet and flowed down to settle uneasily inside her belly.

"Good girl," Damian said again and Lori felt again a perverse sense of accomplishment from pleasing her boyfriend's bully. "Now, when you kiss Bradley tonight, I want you to taste me."

Lori dropped her eyes, but Damian gripped her chin and forced her to look at him.

"I don't want you to fuck him tonight," he ordered. "Your pussy is mine."

"What? But he's my boyfriend."

"I know that," Damian grinned. "But be honest. How can you let that loser fuck you when you've had my cock?"

Lori didn't answer, but Damian had made his point. He pulled up his pants, bent over, and kissed her.

"See you soon."

"Are you OK?" Bradley asked when Lori came back from the bathroom. "You were in there for a long time."

"Yes," Lori said, but there was a frown on her face. "I'm just not feeling very good tonight."

"Oh, I'm really sorry to hear that," Bradley said. "Do you want to go?"

Lori looked around the restaurant as if looking for someone. She turned back to Bradley and managed a weak smile.

"No," she said. "I think I just need to eat something."

Bradley was happy to see that Lori perked up over dinner. She drank some wine, which surprised him because she drank little, but it seemed to make her feel better. Whatever had caused her to be sick went away around the third glass.

"Hey," she said when it was time for dessert. "Let's skip dessert."

Bradley's head snapped up at the tenor of her voice. As he stared at her, she slid a hand up his leg, bumping his cock.

"Oh... Oh!" Lori chuckled as Bradley's hand shot up to catch the server's attention. "Check, please!"

"Slow down!" Lori moaned.

They had found an abandoned part of the campus next to the football field.

"You're so hot!" Bradley gasped, fumbling with his pants. "I want you."

Lori giggled.

"Me too," she giggled. "But I want to try something different."

Bradley straightened up. They were in the back seat of his stepmother's Prius. It wasn't really large enough, but they couldn't go to his house because Heather was there. Likewise, Lori's roommate was studying in her dorm.

It was the back seat or nothing and Bradley was too horny to give up.

"Trust me," Lori said and slid off her panties under skirt. She held out her panties to him.

They were soaked.

"Wow, I..."

"Shh," she whispered and pulled her skirt up over her hips.

"Please, I want you to eat me."

Bradley hesitated. He didn't eat Lori out very often. He got the sense he wasn't very good, but he was willing to try anything for his gorgeous girlfriend.

"O... OK," he said and shuffled backward until his ass hit the door. Lori giggled again as he dove between her legs.

"Easy," she moaned. She pushed his head down a little, positioning his mouth over her wet furrow. "Slow."

Bradley flicked his tongue out tentatively. God, she was so wet! He had never seen her this excited before! What had gotten into her? Was it dinner? If he knew what it was, he certainly wanted to keep doing that.

"That's it. Up, lick up my pussy."

Bradley groaned as he heard Lori use the word for her sex. She didn't use words like that often and he felt it deep in his cock.

He licked slowly upward until he bumped into her clit. It was so swollen it was hard, and he wondered again why she was so turned on.

He had little time to think about it as Lori pulled his head further into her pussy and bucked against his face.

"Stick in a finger!" she urged. "Fuck me with your finger, baby!"

Bradley only hesitated a moment. He slid a finger into her sopping pussy. It was warm and wet and pulled clasped around his finger.

"Keep licking!" she ordered and Bradley continued to work her clit with his tongue while he plunged his finger into her pussy. Lori's voice filled the car as she became more excited. "Put in another finger. Do it!"

Bradley did as she ordered. Lori's ass lifted off the seat and her pubic bone slammed into his upper lip. Pain shot through his mouth,

but he kept fucking her with his fingers, sensing something huge was building.

It burst a moment later. Lori clawed at his scalp, her hips bucking against his face. Steaming juices squirted from her cunt and covered Bradley's face. He moaned, but Lori didn't let him go. She kept humping his face, drowning him in her lust. He couldn't breathe, but he didn't pull back. He was too proud of the pleasure he had given her. Bradley would have gladly passed out between her thighs if that's what she wanted.

Finally, Lori fell back to the car seat, sighing happily. Bradley looked down at his sated girlfriend, surprised that he had such an effect on her.

"Wow!" he said. "That was... that was—"

"Yeah," she said. "It was."

She lifted herself off the seat and pulled Bradley into a deep kiss. Together, they tasted the juices he had coaxed from her pussy. Bradley felt a heady sense of confidence. He had never gotten such a response from Lori before and he was surprised and proud of her reaction.

"Your turn," she said and maneuvered him to the seat. She tanked at his pants and, still shocked at her reactions to his cunnilingus, he numbly raised his ass so she could expose his cock.

He was hard as a rock and dripping with need. Only now did he feel the pain of lust in his loins. In his excitement of pleasing Lori, he had ignored his own needs. Now, as he watched in shock as she licked her hand and gripped his cock firmly, stroking him hard and fast.

"Oh God! Lori! Slow down!"

"Are you going to cum already, baby?" Lori purred in Bradley's ear. "It's OK. Cum for me, Bradley! Just fucking cum!"

Her hissed commands were like a dagger thrust into Bradley's brain. He cried out in shock as the heat pulsed through his balls and erupted in spurts of hot cum. Lori directed his cock away from her dress and Bradley grunted, helpless, as his cum spewed out over his belly.

"Wow, you came quick!" Lori laughed.

Bradley groaned.

"I told you to slow down," he said petulantly.

"Aww, poor baby!" Lori giggled and gave Bradley a deep kiss.

"You liked it though, didn't you?"

Bradley didn't reply. He liked it. Not just his orgasm, but the way he had pleased his girlfriend. Her pleasure had fueled his lust and caused him to cum almost immediately. Even if Lori had slowed down, he was sure he wouldn't have lasted very long.

"Yes," he said. "I liked it."

"I knew it!" Lori laughed and kissed him again. "And the way you... you ate my pussy was amazing!"

"Thank you." Bradley said, unable to stop from grinning. "I've never seen you that turned on before. What got into you?"

Lori hesitated for a moment, and a frown appeared on her lips. Bradley was regretting asking when his girlfriend grinned.

"You, silly!" she laughed. "*You* got into me."

"Really?"

"Yes, it was all you, baby," Lori kissed him again, then rubbed his cheek with a warm hand. "What else would it be?"

"Goodbye, Professor," Bradley called to Professor Dwyer as he finished up his work.

Professor Dwyer didn't seem to hear him. He walked over to her desk. She was looking at her phone. On her left hand, her thumb was fiddling with the large diamond ring on her finger.

"Professor?" Bradley asked. "You OK?"

She looked up at Bradley, surprised to see him standing there.

"Oh, Bradley!" she said. "I'm fine. Are you leaving?"

"Yes," Bradley said, but something in his Professor's eyes stopped him. "Unless you need something?"

Professor Dwyer stood up and, for a moment, she looked like she wanted to say something to him. Then, she smiled sadly, reached forward, and placed a warm hand on Bradley's cheek.

"You're a very sweet boy," Professor Dwyer said. "I'm fine. You go. Have a good weekend."

"All right." Bradley shivered at his pretty professor's touch, but he forced it back down. She wasn't flirting with him. Something was obviously wrong, but Bradley didn't know what to do about it. "If you're sure."

Professor Dwyer smiled.

"I'm sure," she said. "Now, go."

Bradley hesitated, but there wasn't anything he could do. He nodded and left, looking back at the door.

Professor Dwyer was at her desk again, staring at her phone. She had that same worried expression on her face. Bradley wondered what had happened, but at a loss for any solutions, he left her in the office.

In the hall, he noticed his heart was beating faster than normal. Professor Dwyer's vulnerability had touched him deeply. Instead of shaking off the inappropriate thoughts, he thought of Lori and her teasing, exciting handjob. The memory of it was shocking. He had enjoyed it more than actual sex. He had hoped they could

experiment more, but he hadn't actually been alone with his girlfriend for the last two days.

He took out his phone and called her number, his cock twitching to life in his pants as he thought of his pretty girlfriend sucking and stroking his cock.

"This is Lori. I must be busy right now. Leave a message."

"Hey," Bradley said, collecting his thoughts. "I was... I was just seeing if you are busy tonight. I'd love to take you out. I've been... I've been thinking about you a lot. Call me back. Love you."

He put his phone in his pocket, his cock throbbing.

He hoped Lori would call him back soon.

"Look who's calling!"

Damian turned the phone so Lori could see it. Bradley's face was smiling awkwardly from the screen, showing a missed call. Unfortunately, Lori couldn't answer the call because she was busy sucking Damian's beautiful black cock.

She moaned against the thick, chocolate shaft, and Damian chuckled.

"Poor fucker," he sneered and threw her phone onto his bed. "He doesn't even realize he's lost you, does he?"

"He hasn't lost me," Lori whimpered.

"Oh, really?"

Damian lifted his heavy shaft and slapped her lips. When she tried to catch his cock, he pulled away and slapped her cheek. She whined, unable to stop his teasing.

"Do you want this cock?"

"Yes!" Lori moaned. "Please!"

Damian liked it when she begged. She'd learned that over the last few weeks. Every day, she would be drawn to Damian's apartment and every day he'd put her on her knees and make her beg for his cock. The shame she felt for Bradley had slowly been transformed into pity and frustration for her boyfriend. If he was bigger or stronger, if Bradley could truly satisfy her, she wouldn't be at Damian's mercy, degrading herself for just an inch of his beautiful cock.

Damian lifted his shaft, holding it against the rigid muscles of his abs.

"Show me how much you want it," he commanded. "Put your pretty little face in my balls."

Over the last two weeks, Lori had learned all the ways to pleasure the young, black stud. Damian enjoyed her submission, and he loved to be worshiped.

She didn't hesitate. She shoved her face into his sweaty ball sac, rooting among the round, plum-sized balls. With one hand she massaged his swollen testicles and with the other she stroked his shaft. She used her entire face and all ten fingers to prove how much she needed Damian.

"You see?" Damian sneered. "He lost you the minute you put that cock in your mouth!"

He slapped again on the cheek, then her forehead. Lori cried out in mock pain, a smile on her lips.

"Tell me your mine!" Damian ordered. "Say it!"

"Oh, God!" Lori whimpered pitifully. "Please don't make me say it!"

"Fine." Damian stepped away from her. "No cock for you."

"No, Damian!" she moaned and crawled across the floor after him. She grabbed his hard calf and hugged his leg. "Please."

"Say it."

She looked up at him with wide, wet eyes. What could it hurt? After all, she had done everything else for him, things she would never dream of doing for Bradley. That was proof enough who she belonged to.

What did words matter?

"I'm yours," she murmured. "I'm yours, Damian."

"That's right," Damian reached down, gripped her chin, and forced her to look into his eyes. "And from now on, I'm the only one who gets that pussy?"

Lori mewled deep in throat, but she already knew the answer.

"Yes," she said. "I'll break up with Bradley and only fuck you."

"Oh, I don't want you to break up with him," Damian grinned. "I want you to stay with the little bitch. You just don't get to fuck him."

"What?" Lori blinked in surprise. "I... I don't understand."

"You don't need to," Damian purred. "All you need to do is listen to me. Understand?"

Her body throbbed with heat. She didn't want to think about Bradley anymore. All she wanted to do was drown herself in Damian's body.

"Yes."

"Good girl," Damian smiled warmly, then he turned around and bent slightly over the bed. "Now, lick my fucking ass. I want Bradley to taste my ass when you kiss him."

"Oh, shit!" Lori moaned. "You're so bad."

"You haven't even seen how bad I can be," Damian laughed. "Now lick my ass, you little slut. You know you want to."

There was no point in denying it. She forced thoughts of Bradley from her mind, bent forward, and shoved her pretty, pale face between Damian's beautiful hard butt cheeks.

Her senses were immediately overwhelmed by the swampy smell of Damian's ass. But, underneath that smell was the musky, alpha male scent that made the young girlfriend dizzy with lust. She worked his tongue into his ass, cleaning the puckered opening thoroughly while she gripped his huge cock with both hands and massaged the massive length. Damian grunted, her ministrations having the desired effect. She continued to worship him, working the big, black man into a lather of hunger.

Finally, when he could stand it no longer, Damian hauled her to her feet and threw her on the bed. She landed on her phone and only had a moment to register the sharp pain in her back before Damian lifted her thighs, swabbed the fat head of his cock against her swollen lips, then plunged his thick, black shaft deep into her vulnerable body.

She forgot the pain in her back as Damian filled her up with his beautiful black flesh. Her body welcomed the invasion. Her boyfriend's bully had reshaped her body, forever altering her needs with his savage fucking.

Sorry, Bradley, the thought flashed hotly inside her head. You just can't compare to a Damian. He deserves my worship. You don't.

You don't

You

Don't

Then, all thoughts of Bradley were torn away as her black lover pounded into her, driving the head of his cock into her belly. Damian powerful arms folded her nearly in half, pushing her thighs against her breasts, his long spear pinning her to the bed as he fucked her.

"Oh, God! Damian! I love it!"

"That's right!" he growled down at her. Sweat beaded up on his dark forehead and dripped onto her cheeks. She was having as much of an effect on him as he was having on her. "You want me."

"Yes!"

"You need me!"

"Yes!" she cried.

"Yes!"

She cried out the word before she had any time to think about it. Did she love him? Wasn't it just sex?

Did it even matter anymore?

"Yes, yes! I love you!"

"Fuck Bradley!"

Damian growled and thrust even harder, taking Lori's breath away. Her body tensed and she felt it, the mother of all orgasms building inside her body, waiting to explode.

"FUCK BRADLEY!" She screamed.

Her world went white as the orgasm crashed through her body. Every nerve ending burst in pleasure. Her whole body jerked, her feet convulsing against Damian's shoulders as she experienced the most mind shattering, world bending orgasm of her young life.

She came back to reality a moment before she felt Damian's body tense. She realized with a moment of panic that he was going to cum inside her.

Oh God! I could get pregnant!

Then, the worry was gone as his cock filled her with his hot seed. Her body shook with aftershocks of her orgasm, pulling him further into her pussy, Damian's powerful seed attacking her unprotected womb. But, she couldn't worry about that. All she could worry about

was being connected with Damian in a way she had never been connected with anyone in her life.

If this isn't love, she thought. Then I don't want it.

Epilogue

Heather Wolff opened the back of the car and looked at the groceries stacked in the trunk. She was suddenly tired. Edward was due back the next day, and she was running behind on everything. She didn't know how things had gotten away from her, but they had.

She grabbed a bag and carried it into the house.

"Bradley?" she called. "I could use some help with the groceries!"

There was no answer. He was probably with Lori, although it seemed to Heather that the two of them hadn't been spending that much time together lately. Maybe there was trouble with them? That would be too bad. Lori was a pretty, nice girl and it would be hard on her stepson if she broke up with him.

She thought about that as she walked to the car. It was funny that she just assumed that Lori would break up with Bradley. She just couldn't imagine a world where her stepson was a heart breaker. She loved him and his tender ways. Bradley had a need to please that probably had a lot to do with his mother leaving when he was young. Heather had tried her best to be a good mother to him. Edward often commented on Bradley's attachment to her and that he would have to 'grow up' eventually. She needed to stop mothering him. That seemed as unlikely to Heather as Bradley breaking Lori's heart.

She walked out to the car again and grabbed another sack. She wished Bradley was home right now, because she didn't want to lug another bag of groceries to the kitchen.

As if conjured by magic, she felt a presence behind her. She turned, expecting to see Bradley. Instead, she saw a tall, muscular black man smiling down at her.

A thrill of fear shot through her body, but she quickly quelled it. The man was more of a boy, probably Bradley's age although he was taller and twice as broad in the shoulders. He had come no closer, but stood a respectful, safe distance away and raised his hand.

"Hi!" he said and a wide grin appeared on his dark, handsome face. "I'm looking for Bradley."

"Oh!" Heather said. She would have shaken his hand, but her arms were full of bags. "He's not home. Are you a friend?"

"Sort of," the black man said. "I know him from school."

He took a step forward.

"Can I help you with your bags?"

"Oh!" she said as he grabbed the bags from her and cradled them easily in his big arms. "I... I guess so."

"My name's Damian," the boy said.

The name sparked a note of recognition in her mind. She thought she had remembered Bradley mentioning someone named Damian, but that couldn't be right. From what she had heard, Damian was nothing more than a bully. This nice young man didn't seem the type.

"Ok," Heather said. "Bradley doesn't talk about his friends from school that much. Except for his girlfriend."

"Lori."

Heather nodded and grabbed another bag of groceries.

"Yes, Lori," she said. "Do you know her?"

"Very well," Damian said and followed the young wife and stepmother into the house.

He set the groceries on the counter.

"I'll get the rest of them, Mrs. Wolff," he said.

"Oh, that would be very nice of you, Damian," she said. "And my name is Heather."

"Heather," Damian said, testing the name in his mouth. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"And you," she said. She was feeling more comfortable with the handsome black man.

After all, any friend of Bradley and Lori was her friend, too.

That's why, when Damian returned from the car with another load of groceries, she called out to him.

"You know, Bradley should be home soon," she said, smiling at the young man from over the grocery bags. "Would you like to stay for dinner?"

"Yes," Damian said with that very handsome smile. "I would like that very much!"

His Stepmom

"Hi, Bradley!"

Heather called from the kitchen as soon as he came in the front door. Her stepson smiled. It might be a little childish, but he enjoyed having Heather waiting for him at home. It gave him a warm, cozy feeling.

He checked his phone again to see if Lori had called him. There were no texts or messages. It had been almost a full day since he had talked to her and he was on the verge of getting worried.

Bradley sighed, dropped his backpack, and headed to the kitchen.

He froze at the door to the dining room, shocked to see Damian Winters sitting at the kitchen island, drinking iced tea, and talking to his stepmother.

"Hey, Bradley!" Damian waved as if they were old friends. "'Bout time you got home!"

"What are you doing here?" Bradley asked.

"Bradley!" Heather said. "Is that any way to treat your friend?"

"We... aren't friends," Bradley said, then looked at Damian. "Are we?"

Just because the quarterback had apologized to Bradley didn't make up for the weeks of bullying he had been subjected to by the young black man.

"Bradley!"

"No, it's OK, Mrs. Wolff. Bradley's right. We aren't friends. In fact, I've been a bully." Damian stood up and walked towards Bradley.

Bradley flinched, but Damian stopped before he got within arm's reach. He raised his hands to show he meant no harm.

"Listen, I know I've been... " Damian looked over his shoulder at Heather. "Not such a nice guy. That's why I'm here. I want to invite you to a party."

"A party?" Bradley blinked. Was the quarterback and captain of the football team inviting him to an actual party?

"Yeah," Damian reached out and placed a hand on Bradley's shoulder. "I'd really like it if you and Lori came. I promise to be nice."

Bradley searched Damian's face for any sign of duplicity, but all he saw was a warm grin. Why was he being so nice? Did it have something to do with Lori stepping in to protect him? Or had Professor Adler said something?

Damian leaned forward and whispered.

"Listen, I've been an asshole, alright? I get it. I just want to make it up to you."

Bradley wanted to believe the charming black man. Not just because he didn't want to get beat up, but also a small, dormant part of him wanted to be popular. He had never been invited to a party before, not in high school and definitely not college. And now, here was the most popular guy in school pleading with him to go.

How could Bradley say no?

"Ok," he said.

"Fantastic!" Damian said and draped a powerful arm over Bradley's shoulders. "That's great!"

Together, the two boys stood there and smiled at Heather.

"That's so nice!" Heather said and Bradley could see that she was pleased.

"Thank you so much for the iced tea," Damian said and looked at Bradley. "I'll text you with the details?"

"Um... yeah!" Bradley said. Damian's arm was still around him. He had never been this close to the quarterback before, unless he was getting punched. This charming, kind Damian was overwhelming. "Sure. Um... thanks!"

"Don't mention it!" Damian said and, finally, took his arm off Bradley's shoulder and slapped him good-naturedly on the back. "See you there!"

"Yeah," Bradley said dumbly. "See you."

Damian left and Bradley turned to his stepmother who was beaming happily from the kitchen.

"Well, that was so nice!" she said. "Wasn't it?"

"Yeah," Bradley said absently, rubbing his shoulder where Damian had touched him. "Yeah, I guess so."

• • • •

HEATHER WATCHED AS Bradley left the room, rubbing his shoulder. She wasn't entirely sure what that had been about. She had seen the way her stepson had tensed up, and she thought, for a moment, he might try to hit Damian.

That was silly! Bradley didn't hit people! Which was good because in a fight between her skinny stepson and the towering black athlete, she knew who would win.

She hated to think that way about her Bradley, whom she loved, but it was the truth. Looking at the two of them standing side by side, you wouldn't guess that they were the same age; Damian was so much bigger and... more manly than her stepson. There was no other way to say it.

Heather heard footsteps in the hall. She didn't turn around, but called out.

"Bradley? Did you need a snack?"

"No, thanks," A deep voice said behind her.

Heather jumped in shock and turned to see Damian standing close to her.

"Oh! Damian! I thought you'd left!"

Damian smiled, and Heather felt her heart racing. He really was such a handsome young man! He couldn't really be a bully, could he? Not that she didn't believe Bradley, but Damian exuded good-natured charm.

He took a step towards her and, for an exhilarating moment, she thought he might kiss her. He reached forward, his hand grazing her arm, then grabbed his jacket from the back of the stool.

"Just need to get my jacket," he murmured softly.

Heather shivered, his hot breath drifting over her shoulder. Then, she remembered who she was and what she was doing.

"Oh, right!" she said and practically jumped out of his way. "Of course."

Damian smiled and slung his jacket over his shoulder. He gave her another long look, then headed towards the front door.

"Thanks for the tea," he said again. "Maybe I'll come back for that snack."

The innuendo in his voice made Heather's heart skip two beats. Was he flirting? No! Not only was it inappropriate, but it was silly! The tall, black man was her stepson's age and, from what little she knew of Layton County Football, he was popular too. The idea this handsome young man would be interested in her was ridiculous.

She smiled and opened the front door for him.

"Sure," she said. "Any friend of Bradley's is a friend of mine."

"Good," he said and stepped out onto the stoop. "See you soon."

He turned away, and Heather found her eyes following him to the end of the walk. What an odd experience! She knew she was pretty, she still turned heads even though she was closer to forty than thirty, but attention from someone so young and good looking? Not for a long, long time.

She shook her head and closed the front door, her heart beating a steady staccato against her ribs. Leaning back against the door, she took deep breaths, still thinking of Damian's smooth, chocolate skin and toned body.

"Heather?" Bradley called as he came down the stairs. "Lori and I are going to go out for dinner before the party. Will you be OK?"

Heather pushed away from the door and met her stepson in the hallway. How silly of her to get so excited by the attention of a young boy! Edward was going to be home tonight!

Don't be stupid! Heather told herself. *He wasn't flirting with you. You've just been alone too long.*

"Yes, that's fine!" Heather said. Her heart had slowed to a regular rhythm and her breathing was back to normal. However, when she stepped away from the door, she felt the moisture between her legs.

How long had it been since she'd gotten wet just talking to a man?

She had little time to process that thought, because her stepson was staring at her.

"You sure you'll be alright?" he asked.

Heather was touched by Bradley's concern.

"Of course, honey," she said. "Your Dad will be home. It'll be nice, just the two of us."

"Oh! In all the excitement, I forgot Dad was coming home. Maybe I should stay."

She looked at her stepson. Bradley was obviously excited about the party. Come to think of it, when was the last time he had been invited to a party? Heather couldn't remember.

"That's so sweet, Bradley!" she said and patted his shoulder. "But you go to the party. You can talk to your father tomorrow!"

As she ran her hand over her stepson's shoulder once again she was struck by how small he was compared to Damian. Bradley still had the body of a young boy where Damian, well Damian was all man.

What is wrong with you! Her mind yelled at her. *Why are you even thinking this way?*

"Have fun tonight," she said, then hurried into the kitchen, the damp spot between her legs spreading. "Don't get into too much trouble."

"What, me?" Bradley grinned. "I never get into trouble."

Heather chuckled, but Bradley had a point. Her stepson was a good boy who always tried to do the right thing. He wasn't the type to get in trouble at a college party.

Damian on the other hand? What kind of trouble would he get into?

"Wow!" Bradley said as he walked towards the cacophony of noise and blue lights from Baller Ave.

Lori gripped his hand tightly and he looked at her. His pretty blonde girlfriend had a frown on her face and a wrinkle of worry on her brow.

"Hey, it's going to be fine!" Bradley said, sounding more confident than he felt. "Damian invited us!"

"I know," Lori managed a weak smile. "I just don't know if you should trust him."

"What do you think he's going to do?" Bradley asked. "Lure me to a party just to beat me up? He can do that anytime!"

"I suppose you're right," Lori said. "Let's go."

Together they walked towards the noise and the lights. Bradley heard laughing and the splash of water. The buildings where the football players lived made a square around a pool. Steam rose in a blue cloud off the heated water. Bradley watched scantily clad women playing in the pool, their wet bodies sliding together with the muscular forms of the football players.

"Hey, Bradley!" A voice called from the poolside. "You made it!"

Bradley turned and watched as the crowd parted and Damian Winters emerged. The muscular black man was naked except for a pair of red trunks and Bradley couldn't help but notice the blue light illuminating every sharp curve of his body.

"Uh... hi, Damian," Bradley said and shook Damian's offered hand. "You... uh... you didn't say this was a pool party."

"It always turns into a pool party!" Damian laughed and put an arm around Bradley's shoulders. "Come on! Let's get you guys some drinks."

Damian threw another arm around Lori's shoulders and led the couple into the crowd. Bradley looked over at Lori to see her expression. She still looked worried, but she was distracted by Damian's familiarity. Bradley didn't know if he liked the quarterback

touching his girlfriend, but it made him feel better to have the athlete's presence.

"What are you doing here?" A looming hulk materialized in front of them.

Bradley felt a thrill of fear as he looked up at the jowly face of Lou Jenks staring at him with cold, dark eyes. The huge offensive lineman bent over Bradley and thrust his fat visage into the smaller boy's face.

"I'm just kidding!" Jenks laughed and his face broke out into a boyish grin. He slapped Bradley hard on the shoulder, the blow reverberating through his body. "Damian told us you were coming!"

Bradley's body relaxed, and he smiled awkwardly as Jenks pulled him away from Damian.

"C'mon man," Jenks said. "Let's get a drink."

Bradley turned towards Damian, but the tall, black man was leading his girlfriend into the crowd. He pulled against Jenks, but it was like trying to lift a boulder.

"We should wait for Lori..."

"Don't worry about your girlfriend," Jenks said. "Damian will take good care of her!"

What the hell does that mean?

"Hey, Lou," a sultry, feminine voice sliced through Bradley's thoughts. "Who's your friend?"

The two boys turned and, lit sensually by the blue light of the pool, was Yasmine Tanner, the gorgeous captain of the Wildcat cheer squad. Her firm curves were covered by what Bradley could only describe as the tiniest white bikini he had ever seen. The bright fabric covered just the smallest part of Yasmine's nipples, another bright white piece of cloth hugging the firm outline of her pubic bone. Bradley couldn't look at the hot cheerleader without imagining her pussy hiding just below the thin fabric.

He felt his cock burn in his pants and he suddenly felt helpless.

"Who is this?" Jenks said and gave Bradley a friendly hug. "This is Bradley! Bradley, this is Yasmine!"

"Um... yeah. We... we've met," Bradley stuttered.

"Really?" Yasmine cocked a teasing eyebrow at Bradley, then stepped uncomfortably close. "I would have remembered a cutie like you!"

Bradley blushed as the pretty cheerleader leaned in close. He could smell her sweet perfume and the hint of alcohol on her breath. Of course, she was drunk. That must be why she was flirting with him and not treating him with scorn.

That and he was with Lou.

"C'mon, babe!" Lou said. "Let's go get Bradley a drink! What do ya' say, Brad?"

Bradley looked again for Lori, but he didn't see her in the crowd. Yasmine slid her arm around Bradley's waist and drew him towards the pool.

"Come on, Bradley!" she chuckled as she pulled him towards the cloud of steam. "I've got just the thing for you."

Trapped between the huge lineman and the pretty cheerleader, Bradley let himself be dragged further away from his girlfriend.

• • • •

"OH, FUCK, GIRL! YOU'VE gotten so good at sucking cock!"

Lori whimpered deep in her throat, but she didn't stop sucking Damian's cock. She hadn't been able to think of anything else for days, Damian's scent and taste filled her mind, even when she was with Bradley.

Sorry, Bradley, she thought to herself as she had every day for the last week.

The guilt, however, was a small thing compared to the pleasure she got from Damian's cock. And he was right. Her mouth and throat had been reshaped by Damian's powerful manhood and she sucked hard until his pulse filled her head and her nose was in his crinkly, black pubic hairs. She held him there for as long as she could stand, then let him pop out of her mouth all at once, long ropes of spit spilling over her lips and landing on her bare, round breasts. Then, she attacked his shaft, running it over her face until she was gleaming with spit and pre-cum.

"That's it," Damian huffed, a true sign he was enjoying himself.
"Tell me. Have you fucked that little loser, Bradley?"

"No!" she moaned.

"Really?"

"No, never!" Lori moaned. She hadn't fucked her boyfriend for weeks. The most she would let him do is eat her dirty pussy and give him a teasing blowjob or handjob.

Bradley didn't even get to cum in her mouth. He only got to cum on his belly.

"Why?"

"Because," Lori moaned and pulled against Damian's grip so she could kiss his heavy balls.

Damian pulled her face back from his ball sac and forced her to look at his face.

"Why?"

"Because he can't fuck me like you do!" she cried. "No one can!"

"That's right," Damian chuckled, but he still didn't let her touch his cock. "And what is Bradley?"

She knew what Damian wanted to hear and even though she wanted his cock, she still didn't like to say it. It was bad enough that she was cheating on Bradley day in and day out and followed her black lover's orders never to give Bradley her pussy. That didn't mean that she didn't have feelings for her boyfriend.

He just couldn't make her feel the way his bully could.

"What is he, slut?"

Lori whimpered. She was a slut. Damian's slut. That didn't make it any easier to be reminded of it.

"He's a loser," she murmured.

Damian growled and slapped her cheek with his cock. She opened her mouth to take him in, but he only smacked her lips with his dark shaft.

"Louder," he commanded.

"He's a loser!" she cried. "Bradley's a loser!"

"Good girl!" Damian chuckled and let her go. Lori immediately buried her face in Damian's musky, dusky flesh.

"You know what I want, don't you?" He turned and bent over the low couch in his living room, giving her a view of his gleaming, black ass and puckered pink asshole.

Lori dove forward and pushed her face into Damian's asshole. Her tongue pushed through his tight anus and she buried herself in Damian's ass. On her knees licking the black man's ass, she was overwhelmed by the scent of his body and the taste of his dirty hole on her tongue. Worshiping Damian's ass, Lori didn't have to think of anything but pleasing her lover. School, work, and Bradley meant nothing. All that mattered was making Damian happy.

"Fuck yes!" Damian grunted, working his ass backward against her face. "Tonight I want you to give Bradley a big fucking kiss with my dirty ass on your tongue!"

Lori moaned, but kept licking and sucking until Damian couldn't stand it any longer and had to have her. He turned and grabbed her roughly by the shoulders, pulling her like a rag doll to her feet. She gave a shocked laugh as he threw her to the couch. Strong, dark fingers pulled her thighs apart and he sank to his knees, his heavy shaft sliding along her pussy, sending shivers of anticipation running through her body.

"Say it!" he growled. "Tell me what I want to hear!"

Lori mewled like an injured kitten, her hips already rising, smashing her clit into Damian's throbbing flesh.

"Bradley's a loser!" she whined. "You're so much better!"

The guilt and shame shot through her mind, replaced a minute later by the overwhelming pleasure of Damian's cock splitting her open and stabbing all the way to her wet, unprotected center.

"That's right!" He grunted, burying his dark cock to the hilt into her quivering flesh. As usual, Lori felt a moment of being full of Damian, of being connected in a way that poor Bradley could never hope to match. "He's a loser!"

"Yes! Loser! Fuck!"

Damian hammered his cock deep inside of her, the fat head penetrating to the opening of her inner body. Before Damian, Lori had never experienced the wonderful burning hunger of her womb.

Lust surged through every inch of her body. She'd had her first full body orgasm with Damian and now nothing else would do.

"I love you," she moaned as the pleasure filled her, her flesh taking everything the powerful black man could give her. "Love you!"

"Of course you do!" Damian slowed his pace and smiled down at her. "What would poor Bradley think?"

Lori whimpered and felt the tears of frustration sting the corners of his eyes.

Sorry, Bradley! she thought for the hundredth time. *But Damian is the one I want!*

• • • •

"BRADLEY! TAKE ANOTHER drink!"

Bradley grinned stupidly and took another drink at Yasmine's urging. She giggled and Bradley felt happy that she was happy. He looked around at the party, the steam off the pool and the tilting of the earth making it very hard to see.

"Where did Lori go?"

"I don't know," Yasmine said and bent forward, giving Bradley a generous view of her golden cleavage.

Bradley gulped, knowing it was wrong to be looking, but unable to tear his eyes away from the busty cheerleader.

Yasmine didn't seem to care.

"Don't worry, pal!" A meaty hand slapped his shoulder, nearly knocking the drunken boyfriend to the ground. "She just went to the bathroom."

Bradley blinked up at the heavy face of Jenks. He had the impression that he had asked before and Lou had given him the same answer. Yasmine pushed another drink into Bradley's hand.

"Drink!" she laughed, and Bradley looked down at his hand. What was he doing here? He couldn't remember why he was drinking or where his girlfriend had run off to, but he got the sudden feeling he needed to look for her.

"I'm... I'm going to find Lori," Bradley slurred and rose to his feet. "Where ish she?"

Yasmine laughed as Bradley stumbled towards the pool. Lou caught him before he could fall in and swung him around towards the apartments.

"Woah, boy," Lou said jovially. "Room 220. Good luck!"

He gave Bradley what was supposed to be a friendly push on the back, but it nearly sent him sprawling. He stumbled over Yasmine's feet.

"Shorry," he mumbled.

"It's about time!" he heard Yasmine say as he walked through the steam toward the apartments. "I can't believe Damian wanted me to—"

Her voice was cut off by the screaming of someone jumping into the pool and Bradley promptly forgot her words as he shambled through the knot of wet partiers. His only goal was to make it to the apartments and, hopefully, find Lori. The mixture of alcohol and Yasmine's nearly nude body had created a sense of urgency to find Lori and take her home.

"Watch out!" a girl's voice screamed and another large football player pushed Bradley roughly.

"Shu... shorry!" Bradley said.

He turned and found himself at a set of steps. He slowly walked up them, his hazy brain repeating "room 220" over and over in his mind.

The walkway was blessedly clear of ballers and cheerleaders. Bradley still felt it hard to walk and held himself up against the wall, trying to read each number. He couldn't find room 220 and he stopped, his legs turning to rubber.

"Yes! Damian! More!"

He heard the cries through an open window and they swam through his blurry mind. Damian. Damian was with someone. The screams of the girl were loud and abandoned. She had to be acting. Bradley had never heard such passionate cries outside of porn.

"That's it! You like that cock?"

"Yes!"

"Better than your loser boyfriend?"

"Yes! Yes! Much better!"

Bradley shook his head and smiled. Damian was fucking someone's girlfriend? Jesus, that guy had it so easy! Girlfriends and cheerleaders were throwing themselves at the popular jock's feet.

Not that Bradley was too jealous. After all, he had the best girl of all. Lori was his, and he knew he was lucky as hell to have her. So, Damian could have his fun.

Bradley would keep his girlfriend.

"Yes! Yes! I love youuuu!"

The screams reverberated through Bradley's drunken brain. He tried to stand up again, but he was exhausted. His vision turned black as the cries of the girl continued to pierce the night.

"I love you, Damian!"

...

"I LOVE YOU, DAMIAN!"

Lori's throat was raw from screaming, but she couldn't stop as Damian's cock forced another body shattering orgasm through her limbs. She clung to Damian's glistening black body for support, her tight hips bucking upward, meeting every thrust of Damian's cock. She wanted nothing more than to be a receptacle for Damian's lust. He deserved it.

"I'm going to cum inside you, Lori!" Damian hissed in her ear.

She had a moment of panic. He wasn't wearing a condom, but he had never cum inside before. Her brain, however, had been beaten into submission by lust and Damian's powerful fucking.

She didn't care. She wanted him to cum inside her. She needed it!

"Yes! Cum in my pussy!" she screamed. "Cum inside me!"

She bit the hard muscle of his shoulder and Damian tensed. He grew inside of her and, for the first time in her life, she was filled with a man's virile seed. It should have been her boyfriend, but it was Damian's body and his cock that unlocked that primal need to have a man fill her helpless womb.

As if to signal her body's acceptance of Damian's cum, she came again as the first blast of hot fluid exploded inside her. Her body

spasmed against his beautiful, black body and her pussy clasped hungrily at his squirting cock, intent on taking as much of his cum as she could.

"Yes!" she rasped, her throat too sore to scream. "Yes! Fill me up!"

Damian remained inside her for a long time, allowing his balls to spew their load into her. Despite his cock stuffing her pussy, the cum seeped out around his dark shaft and dripped down her ass.

"Good girl," Damian murmured in her ear. "That's my pussy now."

"Yes," Lori whispered. "Yes. Your pussy. All yours."

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"BRADLEY? BRADLEY?"

Bradley's return to consciousness felt like he was swimming frantically to reach the surface of the water. When he finally broke free, the world returned to him all at once. He jerked awake, completely unaware of where he was.

He looked up and saw Lori standing above him, smiling beautifully. Behind her was the looming presence of Damian, who was also smiling.

"What are you doing?" Lori asked.

"Doing?" Bradley looked around him blankly. "I don't know."

"You are so drunk!" Lori said.

Damian stepped past her and held out his hand. Bradley grasped it and Damian pulled him up to his feet. He swayed on his rubbery legs.

"Woah, there, big guy!" Damian laughed. "Bradley, how much have you had to drink?"

"Honeshtly," he slurred. "I can't remember."

"Oh, Bradley," Lori said, equal parts exasperation and humor. "Come on. We need to get you home."

Damian looked at Bradley who could barely stand.

"Bring him inside for a bit to sober up," Damian said. "Then I'll take him home."

"Thank you."

Lori slid her shoulder under Badley's arm and, with Damian's help, got him into the room and onto the couch.

Bradley fell down, groaning softly as the world spun.

"Why don't you give Bradley a kiss," Damian chuckled. "Looks like he needs it."

Bradley couldn't understand why Damian would say that, but he didn't care. Suddenly, he very much wished to kiss his girlfriend.

"Oh, I don't know," Lori said.

"Go on!" Damian said. "Look at him."

Bradley smiled crookedly up at her and, as if talking pity on her drunk boyfriend, she lowered herself into his lap, wrapped her arms around his neck, and gave him a deep kiss.

"I 'm home!"

Heather grinned and pulled the roast out of the oven. The house was filled with the savory smell of cooking beef, a smell that always made Heather think of home.

"Something smells good," Edward came into the kitchen and slipped his arms around Heather's chest.

Her husband was taller than Bradley by a head and he had once been quite the athlete, something he never let his son forget. When they had met ten years before, Edward had been a strong, handsome man with a still hard body and a great job. He still had a good job and was handsome, but he had lost the athlete's physique. Years of comfortable living now presented itself as a round paunch hanging over his belt. He had also lost his strong, erect posture, his shoulders rounded forward which gave him the appearance that he was shrinking.

She had joked when they were first married that he would be a cute, old man. She didn't make that joke anymore.

"Where's Bradley?" Edward asked as he hugged her from behind.

"He's at a party."

"Our Bradley?" Edward said, surprised.

"Yes!" she laughed. "Our Bradley! Evidently he's made a friend on the football team. Damian Winters."

"What? The quarterback?"

Layton County was a small community and, for a few months each fall the boys on the football field were celebrities. Heather wasn't from Layton originally, so the local adoration for the athletes didn't affect her.

Edward had played on the Layton County team and followed the team religiously. His main gripe about traveling this time of year wasn't being away from his family; it was missing football games.

"Yes," she said and turned to face her husband. A sudden image of Damian flashed through her mind. "The quarterback."

"Well, that's good!" Edward said. "I guess it's just the two of us, huh?"

They stood looking at each other for an awkward moment. There wasn't any real promise or innuendo in Edward's comment, just weary happiness to be home with his loving wife. She thought of Damian again, the memory of his muscular body making the heat rise in her belly, mixing with the shame.

Edward was the first to pull away, her warm body not enough to keep his attention. He took a piece of roast off the plate and popped it into his mouth.

"So," he said. "Ready to eat?"

Dinner was a quiet affair. They talked about Edward's trip and how life had been at home. Heather was surprised how quickly they settled into the comfortable, boring rhythm of a married couple.

That didn't stop the burning in her body that Damian had sparked that afternoon. As she ate, and drank more wine than was good for her, she found it hard not to think of the handsome, black man. She had to force herself to focus on Edward's words and she made the decision during dinner that she would use this excitement to give Edward a proper welcome home.

"What are you doing?" Edward asked later when she snuggled up against him in bed.

"I missed you," she moaned in what she hoped was a sexy voice. "Didn't you miss me?"

"Of course I did," Edward said and gave her a perfunctory kiss on the lips. "I'm just tired, you know. From the trip."

Heather rubbed her soft, round body against her husband, then dropped her hand down to his crotch. She felt nothing but a limp bump in Edward's boxers.

"Really?" she said and rubbed his cock, trying to coax some life out of it. "Nothing?"

"I'm sorry, honey," Edward said. "I promise to make it up to you this weekend."

I'll bet Damian would be hard.

She tried to shake off the dirty thought, but they persisted even after Edward rolled over and began to snore. She tried to focus on

sleep, but she couldn't fight the images of the strong, black man filling her brain. She sighed and rolled over on her back next to her husband, and lowered her hand between her legs. An illicit thrill shot through her loins and into her belly. It was so wrong to be doing this here, lying next to her husband, but her body was so needy for release, she didn't care. Edward wasn't home, and neither was Bradley. It was just her, alone with her fantasies.

She moaned as she pictured Damian running his dark hands over her body. What would it feel like, having those powerful fingers massaging her breasts? She pulled her nightgown up over her heavy breasts, squeezing them roughly as she worked her other hand into her panties.

"Oh, fuck!" she groaned as she probed her sopping pussy with her finger. The presence of that boy made her pussy weep with lust, even though it was wrong. She had spoken to him for less than a half hour and the only touch he had given her was a brush of his hand. However, once she closed her eyes, she could feel his heat and remember his primal musky scent. It was her fevered mind playing tricks, but those tricks worked on her pussy like magic.

She pinched her hard, pink nipple and rubbed her pussy furiously. She spread her legs to give her better access to her swollen clit. The pressure built in her belly and she relished the slow build, the almost painful weight of it inside her, just before the explosion.

Her foot kicked out and hit Edward. Her husband grunted as Heather's whole body, wracked with pleasure, convulsed on the bed. She bit her hand to hide the grunts and groans and fought to escape.

She forced her body to lie still and waited for Edward to speak. Instead, her husband grumbled sleepily, then began to snore again, oblivious to his wife cumming like crazy beside him.

Fuck! She thought. *I haven't cum like that for ages!*

And all because a boy her stepson's age had flirted with her. She felt guilty for pleasuring herself beside her husband while dreaming of a young man, but those emotions only lasted for a moment.

Fantasies were harmless after all.

It's not like she would ever act on them.

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HEATHER WOKE UP WHEN the front door slammed shut. Her heart beat sped up as it only can when you are pulled from a deep sleep.

She looked over at the clock and read the glowing numbers. 3:30. She listened for more noises and she heard Bradley's voice speaking in an exaggerated whisper.

"Shh! Be quiet!"

She heard another voice, but couldn't make out the words. Someone was with Bradley. Her heart steadied. It was just Bradley coming home from the party.

She looked over at Edward to see if he was still awake. Her husband was sleeping peacefully. He must have been more tired than she thought if he could sleep through the noise of his son stumbling around the living room.

She waited for the noises to die down. If Bradley kept this up, he was going to wake Edward. Sighing, Heather wrapped a robe around her scantily clad body, and quietly left the room.

She got to the kitchen and froze. Bradley was sprawled drunkenly on a stool. Standing next to him was the tall, muscular Damian Winters.

"Hey, Mrs. Wolff!" Damian whispered. "Sorry we woke you up. I was just trying to get Bradley to his room, but he can't remember where it is."

Heather shook her head and sighed. For the moment, her attraction to the tall, black football player, was overridden by her concern for her stepson.

She stepped forward and nudged Bradley on the shoulder. His head rolled to one side, and he looked up at her with unfocused eyes.

"Mom?" he mumbled. "What are you doing at the party?"

Heather was shocked that Bradley had called her mom. They had discussed this as a family years ago and Bradley had never been comfortable referring to Heather as his mother. It had never

bothered her; she wasn't his mother, but hearing him saying the words stirred something powerful in her chest. She couldn't help but smile and run her fingers through his hair like he was a little boy.

"You're not at the party, silly," she said. "You're at home. Come on, let's get you to bed."

Bradley lifted himself off the counter. His head rolled bonelessly to the side, and he looked at Damian.

"Hey, D," Bradley snorted. "Great party, my man."

"Thanks, 'my man'," Damian smiled over Bradley's head at Heather. "Come on."

Damian draped Bradley's arm over his shoulders and lifted him easily from his seat. Heather watched in awe as the muscular young man drug Bradley to the steps.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Fine," Damian said. "He doesn't weigh that much."

"I'm a lightweight," Bradley said innocently. "That's what Jenks said."

"Yeah, you are," Damian chuckled. "Let's go, lightweight."

Heather led the way as Damian lugged Bradley up the steps. Together, the three of them made it to Bradley's room without making too much noise.

Finally, Bradley flopped like a rag doll onto his bed. Damian rolled him onto his side and propped a pillow behind the back.

"Got to make sure he doesn't sleep on his back," Damian said. "In case he throws up."

"Ugh!" Heather let out an involuntary shudder.

"I know," Damon said. "Just being safe."

Heather nodded. Now that Bradley was safely in bed, she became aware of Damian's beauty again.

And, Damian wasn't shy about letting her know it. Hungry, hazel eyes caressed her body, appreciating the voluptuous wife's lush form. Heather felt the heat rise to her cheeks and an answering need deep between her legs.

Bradley snorted, and the spell was broken. She turned and practically ran from the room, Damian following languidly behind her.

He caught up to her at the bottom of the steps. He didn't grab her, instead he stood close to the stepmother, his heat burning into her back.

Reluctantly, she turned and looked up at him.

"Well... um, thanks," she said. "I appreciate you bringing Bradley home."

"My pleasure," he said, looking into her eyes. "How about that snack?"

"What?"

For a moment, Heather was mesmerized by the man's hazel eyes and cocky grin. What was he talking about?"

"The last time I was here, you offered me a snack," he said. "I'd like to take you up on the offer."

"Oh... oh!" Heather laughed. "Sure. What would you like? I have ham or—"

Damian gripped her chin and lifted her face upward.

"I want you," he said, then kissed her.

Heather was shocked by the heat and power behind the kiss. The lust she had been pushing down suddenly blossomed into a raging fire.

She might have kept kissing the young man if Damian hadn't broken the kiss to purr in her ear.

"I haven't been able to stop thinking about you," Damian said. "I jerked off thinking about you. It felt so good."

"Oh, God!" Heather moaned, but she stopped pushing against him, her hands exploring the hard, chocolate curves of his arms. His confession reminded her of her own masturbation session and she immediately felt guilty. "We can't do this!"

"Why not?" he pulled back and gripped her wrists. "What's stopping us?"

She looked down at his large, dark hands gripping her pale wrists. Her heart beat faster as he raised her arms and placed her hands on his warm chest.

"I'm married," she whimpered. "And Bradley—"

"Is upstairs, sleeping. So is your husband," he leaned forward, the heat of his words brushing her lips. "That makes me so fucking

hard!"

Heather moaned, but she didn't resist as his lips grazed her mouth.

Oh, God! This was so wrong! Edward and Bradley are upstairs! I can't do this!

But, her nerves burned with the electricity of being so close to this beautiful, black man. This close, she couldn't resist him. Her resistance broke and she kissed him.

Heather realized too late that this was precisely what Damian had been waiting for and, with her wordless submission, he took control of the pretty wife and stepmother.

He kissed her so hard he bruised her lips. She whimpered as his tongue slid invitingly against her teeth and teased her mouth. Heather instinctively sucked on him, her moans of lust filling the small kitchen.

"See? I knew you wanted it," Damian grinned.

"Stop!" she moaned. "Stop teasing me!"

"Fine!" he growled. He gripped her waist and lifted her easily to the kitchen island.

"Oh, my God!" Heather cried out as Damian skinned off her panties. She threw her hand between her legs, her pussy suddenly bare and vulnerable to Damian's hungry gaze. "I can't do this!"

"Of course you can," Damian said. "You deserve this. You deserve to get fucked by a man that can take care of you."

"My husband—"

Damian placed a powerful hand around her neck. He shoved his other hand between her legs. Heather gasped in pleasure as she felt his long fingers penetrate her swollen lips and invade her wet cavern.

"If your husband was taking care of you, you wouldn't be letting me do this," he hissed.

Heather's mind was a hazy boil of conflicting emotions, but her feelings were soon overpowered by Damian's mouth working in concert with his fingers. Her legs opened up to him, unconsciously giving the powerful, black man deeper access to her aching pussy.

"I'm going to fuck you," he growled in between kisses. Heather mewled in desperation, but didn't stop him. "I'm going to fuck you better than your husband ever could. Understand?"

Damian pulled his fingers from her pussy. She cried in anguish as the heat in her cunt cooled and she was left with an aching desire.

"Understand?" Damian asked.

She nodded and that was all the encouragement Damian needed. He stepped back and peeled off his t-shirt, revealing his beautiful, dark muscles. Heather whimpered, but she pulled off her nightgown.

Damian grinned hungrily, his eyes greedily feasting on the wife's lush curves. She could feel the heat in her breasts and loins, calling out silently to the powerful man in front of her.

But, Damian didn't attack her right away. Instead, he slowly, maddeningly pushed down his pants. She peeked over the edge of the counter and gasped in shock when his cock sprang free.

It was so big, much bigger than she had expected! Not only was it longer and thicker than Edward, it was also a dark brown color. Heather had always thought cocks were funny looking. Like a blunt tool, they served their purpose, but held no beauty for her.

But there was nothing funny about Damian's cock. It was beautiful and black like a sculpture chiseled out of onyx. It gleamed in the light from the kitchen window and she felt a deep, throbbing heat pulse between her thighs.

"I can't," she moaned. "I can't do that."

Damian moved forward, ignoring her weak resistance. He slowly rubbed the huge head up her swollen pussy, then ran the hot shaft across her clit. She moaned with desire, her body once again betraying the need inside of her.

"You can," Damian murmured. "You want it."

He continued to rub his cock against her pussy. The long, dark shaft laid onto her pale stomach and she was shocked to see that it reached just under her rib cage.

That's how far it's going to go in! She shook her head at the forbidden thought. *It's impossible!*

"You want it," Damian murmured again and his voice and the pulsing heat of his cock mesmerized the young wife. "You want it."

"Yes," she whispered, barely aware she was speaking.

"What?"

"Yes," she said, louder. "I want it."

"I know," he grinned.

He reached forward and hooked a warm hand around her neck and pulled her forward so she was sitting up. With his other hand, he pushed the fat head of his cock into her pussy.

"Watch me!" he hissed in her ear, holding her neck so she could see the dark length of his cock disappearing into her willing body.

"Watch me fuck you!"

"Oh fuck!" she moaned, but she watched as he speared her with his beautiful, brown shaft. "Fuck!"

She felt him hit something inside of her and her body spasmed violently. He let her fall to the counter, her pussy lengthening out to accept more of his cock. He was so thick he stretched her painfully, but she didn't care. She had imagined him fucking her, but this was so much more powerful than she had dreamed. A hot pulse throbbed in her cunt and her muscles clasped desperately against his dark shaft.

"See?" Damian hissed through gritted teeth. "You can take it. You took it all."

"Yes," Heather moaned, tears in her eyes. "Yes! Yes!"

"I'm going to fuck you now!" Damian growled and pulled his cock out until her pussy was gripping just the fat tip. "I'm going to fuck you so good, you'll forget all about your husband and that loser Bradley."

Heather shook her head, not understanding the shift in Damian's words. Why would he mention Bradley at a time like this? All it did was bring the images of Edward and Bradley to her mind, making the guilt swamp her in waves. How could Damian be so cruel?

Then, the big, black man thrust his cock in deep. Her eyes opened wide and she screamed as his cock tore any other thoughts away from her mind.

Oh no, no, no! she cried to herself. *Too big! Too big!*

She couldn't breathe, every inch of her pussy filled with Damian's dark cock. But, her black lover didn't give her any time to breathe.

Instead, he pulled out and slammed into her again and again. Tremors of pain and lust rippled through her body, building into waves of pleasure that lifted her body up, up, up.

"I'm going to make you forget everything!" Damian huffed in her ear, succumbing to the pleasure of forcing the young wife to submit. "I'm going to fuck your family out of your brain!"

Heather was so filled with ecstasy she rose to meet each hot thrust of his cock, the waves of lust too much to resist. Her brain tried to make sense of Damian's words. Family? What family?

Finally, her mind locked onto the one thing she could make sense of: Damian's cock. It was filling her with a pleasure she had never known.

"Yes!" She cried and the echo of Damian's words floated around her mind. "Yes! Fuck them out of my brain! Make me forget!"

Damian reached forward, grabbed her arms and pulled her body towards him as he slammed that wonderful cock inside of her. Her body exploded in the throes of pleasure, her bliss filling her up and spilling over into her pussy. She continued to spasm on the counter as Damian thrust into her with desperate abandon.

She felt him grow inside of her a moment later and she knew he was going to cum inside her. The only man besides her husband to ever release his seed into her unprotected pussy. She had an awful terrifying moment of fear, then she felt his hot cum burst inside of her and it triggered another explosion that rocked her body.

It took her a long, long time to come down from the heights of her orgasm. She lay on the cold countertop, twitching as Damian pulled his cock from her body. She immediately felt his absence followed by the thick trickling of his seed spilling from her womb.

Her head turned to the side and she covered her eyes as the full weight of what she had just done came rushing in like a flood.

Oh God! Edward! She thought, then another face flashed inside her mind. *Bradley!*

Damian pulled her hand away from her eyes and looked down at her.

"Stop it!" he growled.

She gasped in shock as he pulled on her arm and spun her around on the island. Pushing down on her shoulder, he made her lie down with her head hanging off the edge of the counter upside-down.

"Just focus on me." Damian said and he rubbed his cock over Heather's lips. She opened her mouth and tasted her pussy juices and the salty cum coating Damian's dark cock. "Focus on me."

Heather moaned, but she did what he wanted and soon, she was sucking eagerly on Damian's beautiful cock, her mind mercifully filled with Damian's dark body.

There was no room for anything else.

"Shouldn't you be out with Lori?"

Bradley stood up straight, startled by Professor Adler.

"Oh!" he said. "I thought I was the only one here!"

"You know, Bradley," she smiled wryly. "When I gave you the key to the newspaper offices, I didn't mean for you to be here all the time!"

"I know," Bradley said. "It's just... Lori's not answering her phone and I thought I could get these layouts done before Monday."

Professor Adler walked over to Bradley's desk and bent down over his shoulder to peer at the layouts. Bradley kept still as his professor's hair slipped out of her bun and tickled his cheek. Her slight, flowery perfume drifted into his nostrils and Bradley was suddenly very aware of Professor Adler's presence.

"Hmm," she murmured in his ear and the sound made Bradley's stomach do flip-flops.

Over the past week Bradley noticed that his relationship with Lori had changed. His girlfriend was busy studying, or had other commitments going on that kept her from her boyfriend's side. They used to spend hours together every day. Lately, Bradley was lucky to see her for an hour and, when they were together, Lori wasn't interested in regular sex. Their sex life had become a dizzying series of foreplay sessions..

Not that he didn't enjoy it. He had become quite good at cunnilingus, so good that Lori couldn't cum from regular sex. So, he went down on her again and again, worshiping her body even though, sometimes, her pussy was a swampy, sticky mess. But, he always powered through and was eventually rewarded with Lori's sweet, clear juices pouring over his tongue.

He'd get so turned on that Lori would usually jerk his cock for a few moments and he would cum all over his stomach. It was hot and, in a way, humiliating, but he enjoyed it nonetheless. Still, he would like to have sex with his girlfriend once in awhile.

He wondered now, as his beautiful professor leaned her heavy breast into his back and inspected his work, if the dramatic change in his sex life was affecting how he felt about his beautiful professor.

Not that Bradley hadn't thought about her before. Professor Adler was gorgeous and Bradley had harbored a secret crush on her from the moment he started at the newspaper. His professor had long, brown hair, usually done up in a messy bun and black, horn-rimmed glasses that hung from her neck by a silver chain. She wore the glasses now, to read and, if anything, they made her look even sexier. Like a hot librarian in a porno movie.

Of course, it didn't help that Professor Adler wore tight skirts and white blouses that accentuated her lush curves. As Bradley sat there, his professor leaning over him, he was reminded of Heather. His stepmother too had ample curves and heavy breasts. She was also loving and kind, a trait that Professor Adler shared with his stepmom.

Bradley tried to force the inappropriate feelings for his professor (and, to a lesser extent, his stepmother) out of his mind and focus on the screen.

"I think it looks good," Professor Adler said finally and stood up, pressing down lightly on Bradley's shoulders as she did so. Bradley tried not to read too much into the friendly touch, but he felt a dim burning in his belly and knew that he was getting turned on.

Damn! He thought. *Where is Lori?*

She hadn't returned his calls all day. That, in itself, wasn't unusual, but it had become a trend that worried him. And now, he was getting turned on just by the presence of his professor.

"You sure?" he said, again trying to focus on his screen. "The heading is good?"

"Yes," Professor Adler said and rubbed his shoulders.

Shit, what was she doing?

As quick as the question entered his mind, Professor Adler stepped away from him and walked back to her desk.

"You should go, Bradley," she said. "Call Lori. Go do something fun."

Bradley stood up, glad that his thoughts had stopped and his cock had not sprung up into an embarrassing bulge in his pants. Still, there was something in Professor Adler's voice that made him pause as he put on his jacket.

"Are you OK, professor?" he asked.

"Please," Adler smiled at him. "Call me Janet when nobody else is around. Having all you young people calling me professor just makes me feel old."

"Oh, you aren't that old," Bradley said and only after he said it, he stopped himself. "I mean... you aren't...I didn't mean..."

Janet laughed a pretty, girlish laugh that sent shivers down Bradley's spine.

"That's all right, Bradley," she leaned over the desk. "I get it."

"I only meant, my mother, well stepmother is your age and I don't think she's old."

"Your stepmother?" Janet frowned. "I'm old enough to be your stepmother?"

"Oh jeez!" Bradley slapped his brow. "That's not what I meant—"

"I know," Janet said, stood up, and crossed the floor to Bradley. "I'm just playing with you Bradley."

"So, are you OK?" he asked again.

"I am," she reached out and flattened his collar, her hand brushing his neck. "I just... I'm just lonely."

"Oh?" Bradley's voice cracked. He swallowed and tried again.

"What about Mr. Adler?"

"Mr. Adler?" she raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Adler is... well he's... not here is he?"

Bradley wondered what she was talking about when she leaned in close.

"Bradley, have you ever had to do something you really don't want to do, but you did it anyway?"

"What, like paying taxes?"

Janet laughed and up close, he thought her smile was even more beautiful.

"Something like that," she said. "Tell me, Bradley? Do you really think I'm not old?"

"No, you... " he fought for the right words, but couldn't find them. Then, one word entered his brain and before he could stop himself, he said it. "You're beautiful."

"Really?" Janet Adler, his professor and his crush, leaned forward, her lips inches from Bradley's mouth. "You think I'm beautiful?"

"Yes," Bradley said and his gorgeous, older professor leaned forward and kissed him.

All thoughts of right and wrong were burned out of Bradley's mind by the kiss. Janet's lips rubbed wetly against his and her tongue flicked out, teasing his mouth open. Bradley's senses were filled with the smell of Janet's perfume, the taste of her lips, and the feel of her soft, round body snuggling against him.

Stop!

His mind came back to him in a rush and he pushed his teacher away.

"Prof... Janet... what are you doing?"

"I... I'm sorry. I was just... just lonely."

Bradley saw the hint of tears in his professor's eyes and immediately felt guilty. Had he led her on in some way? What would Lori think if she knew that he had kissed his older professor?

All of this was complicated by the fact that Bradley's cock was rock hard.

"I... I think I should go," Bradley said. He walked away awkwardly, his hard-on bending uncomfortably in his pants.

"All right."

Bradley looked back once more. His beautiful, older professor looked vulnerable. A surge of lust ran through him. He could go to her, right now, and take her. He could fuck that gorgeous woman right there on the desk and she wouldn't stop him. He knew this with a primal instinct he had never experienced.

What about Lori?

Thoughts of Lori entered his tortured mind and cooled his ardor. He had a girlfriend, someone who loved him. He couldn't give into temptation, now matter how much he wanted to. He couldn't do that to kind, innocent Lori.

"I have to go." He breathed deeply, turned around, and almost ran out the door.

It wasn't until he was outside that he let out his breath in a huge sigh. He had mastered his temptation. He still wasn't sure what had happened, but he knew he had done the right thing.

He pulled out his phone and texted Lori.

Are u there? I really need to see u.

He sent the text, but there was no answer. After a few moments, he decided to head to Lori's apartment and try to catch her there.

Heather parked her car down the street from the apartment complex and checked her phone.

Laurelhurst Apartments. 220. see u soon.

Heather's heart hammered in her chest. She couldn't believe she was doing this! Going to see a young boy at his apartment? It was so wrong.

However, as she got out of the car, she felt the familiar stirrings of lust Damian had awakened inside of her. It had been so long since she'd been this excited about a man.

You've never been this excited.

The voice inside her head wasn't exactly happy about that, but it was true. She'd never felt this way for Edward or any of her old boyfriends. Damian had touched something deep and primal inside the housewife. When he had texted her with an address, she couldn't help herself.

She had to answer.

Luckily, the apartment complex was quiet. It being a weekday, the players were on curfew and shut up in their rooms playing video games, studying, or...

fucking

Heather's heart caught in her throat as the word clanged in her head like a bell. Fucking. That's what she was here for. There was no other reason for an older woman to be sneaking into a football player's apartment after hours.

She was here for one thing and she knew it. That's why her legs were shaking and her pussy juices were dripping down her thighs when she finally knocked on apartment 220.

She expected to see the large form of Damian in the doorway, but when the door opened, it was her stepson's girlfriend, Lori, standing in front of her.

"Lori?" Heather's heart stopped. Did she have the wrong room?
"What... who...?"

"It's OK, Mrs. Wolff. You've got the right room." The younger girl took Heather's hand and pulled the shocked wife and stepmother into the room. "Damian is waiting for you."

"Wait... I don't know... "

It was too late. The young blonde shut the door behind them and locked the door.

"Lori? What's going on?"

Heather looked down and only then noticed the younger woman was wearing nothing but an oversized t-shirt, her hard nipples poking against the thin cotton. Heather shook her head, trying to make sense of what was going on.

"Well, don't you two look lovely?"

Heather turned at Damian's voice and her breath left her lungs. He was dressed in nothing but a tight pair of black boxer briefs. His body was gleaming in the dim light of a lamp by the couch. She tried to keep her eyes on his face, but she felt her gaze dragged down by the beauty of his glistening body, stopping only when they came to the huge bulge in Damian's underwear.

"Like what you see?" Damian asked.

Heather's eyes snapped upward and she took an instinctive step backward.

"I don't think... I'm not supposed to be here."

She ran into Lori who was blocking the door.

"Lori, you shouldn't be here, either." Heather eyed Lori's firm, nymph-like body under the thin cotton. "I don't know why you're here, but Bradley would be devastated."

Lori had the decency to look ashamed, but she didn't move from in front of the door.

"No one cares about what little Bradley thinks," Damian said. His voice was shockingly close. Heather whipped around, directly into the powerful man's dark embrace.

"Damian? I don't know what's happening," she moaned. "But I should go."

"Where? Home to your loser stepson or your old husband?"

Damian gripped her wrist and pulled it down to his crotch. "Wouldn't

you rather stay here and be with someone who gives you what you need?"

"I... I thought you were Bradley's friend?"

"No," he said and placed her hand firmly on his crotch. "I only pretended so I could get next to you. Didn't you know that?"

Heather quivered when he placed her hand over his large bulge. His cock pulsed hot and hard through his underwear. Heather's mouth went dry. This was all wrong. She shouldn't be here and she shouldn't let Damian say such things about her stepson. Bradley was sweet and... and...

Her thoughts were hard to gather as Damian moved her hand up and down his cock. She felt a sticky wetness on her palm and realized that it was pre-cum. Damian was dripping for her.

"Feel that?" he murmured. "See how hard you make me?"

She nodded, and Damian let her wrist go. She did not take her hand from his cock.

Damian nodded over Heather's shoulder and the pretty wife felt Lori's soft, feathery hands slip around her waist and rub her belly.

"Lori?"

"I've been cheating with Damian," Lori whispered hotly into Heather's ear. "Bradley could never make me feel the way Damian makes me feel. Just like Mr. Wolff can't please you."

Lori raised her hands slowly, almost tentatively, up to Heather's heavy chest and squeezed. Heather gasped as she felt the lust burning through her breasts and down to her crotch. Lori took that as a sign and she hugged her tight, young body against Heather's back, rolling her hips into the housewife's lush bottom.

"I... I've never been with a woman before," Lori murmured. "But Damian wants to see us together."

"Oh God!" Heather groaned. She pushed back, but Lori's firm body held her in place.

She tried to stop stroking, but Damian held her hand in place. Meanwhile, Lori slid one hand down Heather's panties.

"Oh!" The wife and stepmother cried out as Lori's fingers found her swollen clit. She wiggled her ass to get away, but Damian gripped her shoulders.

"Look at me!" he snapped and Heather, her mind swirling with uncontrollable lust, looked up at him. "Just look at me and let yourself enjoy it. I want to watch you cum."

"Oh, Damian," she whimpered, but she kept looking at him as Lori's young fingers worked her pussy. "I can't."

"Yes," Damian murmured to her. "You can."

Damian lifted her shirt and pulled it up over her breasts, then pulled down her bra to expose her hard, rosy nipples. He dipped his head and sucked a nipple deep into his greedy mouth.

Heather moaned, her hand still rubbing Damian's crotch while Lori worked her pussy with her fingers. Trapped between the large black man and the pretty blonde was too much for the housewife and her body gave into the pleasure.

"Open your eyes," Damian ordered.

Heather's eyes snapped open and she came, looking into her black lover's face. It was so wrong, but the pleasure was explosive and Heather trembled between the two bodies.

Finally, they let her go. Heather's legs were weak and she slid to the floor, tremors of her orgasm still throbbing through her limbs.

"On your knees, Lori," Damian said. "Get on your knees beside Bradley's mom."

She wasn't Bradley's mother. She couldn't be. Would a real mother act like this?

She didn't move as the young blonde slid down beside her. Heather couldn't look at her, the shame of cumming for the girl, then kneeling before her stepson's bully filled with a deep shame.

Instead, she looked up at Damon for comfort. There was no solace to be found in the young man's gaze, just triumph at having two of the women Bradley cared about kneeling at his feet.

Oh God! Heather thought. *I have to leave before it goes any further.*

Even as the thought flitted through her mind, Damian slid down his pants and pulled out his beautiful, black cock.

"God!" Lori gasped next to her. "Isn't that beautiful?"

Heather was speechless as the young girl wrapped her pale fingers around Damian's thick, black shaft. The housewife watched,

mesmerized as her stepson's girlfriend lifted her pretty pink lips and kissed the fat, purple-black head.

"Make sure and share," Damian's voice rumbled from above them.

Heather looked into the young man's eyes in desperation, but she saw only a primal hunger that could only be satisfied by her submission.

Lori held out his cock to her with both pale hands as if offering her an exquisite treat.

"Go ahead, Heather. Kiss my cock. Show me how much you want me."

"Oh God!" Heather whined, the emotions warring inside her. How could Damian be doing this in front of Lori? How could Lori be cheating on Bradley?

Was she any better? Wasn't she betraying her husband and her stepson by being seduced and dominated by his bully? Even though she hadn't known he was Bradley's bully, she was sure of it now.

Why hadn't Bradley told her? And did it make a difference?

She didn't know, All she knew was a beautiful girl was holding out a gorgeous cock and she wanted nothing more than to taste it. She bent forward and opened her lips, the lips she kissed her husband with every day, and gave Damian's dark flesh a passionate kiss. Her tongue poked between her lips and she was rewarded with a briny drop of pre-cum that lit up her senses. She lost all reason and shoved Damian's thick cock into her mouth, moaning with pleasure as she was filled with his hot, dark flesh.

"That's my girl!" Damian murmured and ran his hand lovingly through the young stepmother's hair. "You look so good sucking my cock. I wish Bradley could see you."

Heather groaned, but didn't stop sucking. Lori looked at her hungrily, waiting obediently for her turn. But, Damian had other plans for Bradley's girlfriend.

"You know what to do, Lori," Damian said and shifted his body so he was in between the two women. He bent over Heather, hugging her head so she choked on his cock. Meanwhile, her stepson's girlfriend shoved her pretty face between Damian's ass cheeks.

So shocked by Lori's ass worship, Heather stopped sucking.

"Yes!" Damian sighed as Lori snuffled between his cheeks. He looked down at the shocked housewife. "Don't stop sucking my cock, Mrs. Wolff! I want my cock in your throat right now!"

Heather moaned and Damian pried open her lips and shoved his dark monster into her mouth. She gagged on the massive length of it and Damian pulled out, then shoved it back in. He moaned contentedly, reveling in the feel of the wife and girlfriend worshipping his black body.

Finally, the young black man pulled his cock from Heather's mouth and turned, dislodging Lori from his ass.

"Lori, kiss Mrs. Wolff." Damian stood over them, his monstrous cock hovering between them. "I want her to taste my ass."

Lori looked at Heather apologetically, then leaned forward. The young girl tentatively kissed her bottom lip. It was the first time that either of them had kissed a woman. She tried to pull back but Lori, eager to please her black master, grabbed the back of Heather's neck, held the older woman still, and forced her mouth open with her tongue.

Heather groaned as she tasted the swampy taste of Damian's ass. Lori kept up the pressure, her lips mashing against Heather's until her boyfriend's stepmother responded, Heather's tongue slipping across the younger woman's until they were battling each other, hungrily sucking at the remaining tang of Damian's body.

"Good girls," Damian murmured. "Such good little sluts."

Heather moaned, but she didn't stop kissing Lori, even when Damian pushed his thick cock between their lips. Soon, the two women were each kissing and licking his dark pole, sharing the offering of his flesh between them.

Damian pulled his cock from between their lips and Lori kissed Heather again, sharing the gift of Damian's taste. Then, Damian pulled Lori to her feet and pushed her to the couch.

Heather watched from the floor as Damian knelt between Lori's legs and felt a flash of jealousy and frustration, but there was nothing she could do when Damian sank that beautiful cock into Lori's tight, pink pussy. She groaned along with Lori as the young,

black stud fucked her stepson's girlfriend with powerful stokes of his cock.

"Take a closer look, slut," Damian grunted. "Lay down on your back!"

Heather didn't understand what he wanted. Damian pulled out of Lori's pussy, leaving the younger woman gasping in despair.

"Lie down!" He grabbed Heather by the shoulders and laid her on the floor with her head touching the couch. Then, he straddled her face with his strong, dark thighs.

She looked up at Damian's heavy balls, his glistening cock, and the firm curve of Lori's ass hanging over the edge of the couch.

This isn't happening! Of all the scenarios she had conjured when she had answered Damian's text, she never could have imagined this! She was trapped between Damian's muscular thighs, watching helplessly as he sawed that beautiful cock, deep into her stepson's girlfriend.

Lori screamed in pleasure as the powerful black man hammered into her pussy. The smell of Lori's cunt and Damian's groin filled Heather's nostrils even as Lori's cunt dripped juices onto her cheeks.

Despite the shame, her body responded to the lewd sight of Damian's black cock ruining the young girl's pussy. She pushed her hand between her thighs and diddled her swollen clit as Damian drove Lori into convulsions of pleasure.

"Lick my balls, slut!" Damian growled and the command penetrated Heather's brain like a sharp blade. She didn't hesitate. She raised her face and licked the Damian's salty, black balls as they smacked against Lori's ass. Damian groaned with lust, abusing the pretty wife's face as he used the girlfriend's pussy. If she had ever experienced anything so shameful, or hot, Heather couldn't remember it. She came on the floor, shuddering as Damian's balls rolled wetly over her face.

Then, Heather felt Damian's thighs tense squeeze her cheeks and the black stud buried his cock into the young blonde. Lori cried in ecstasy. Heather, her body still quivering from her orgasm, felt the deep pulse throbbing in Damian's balls as he emptied his load deep into Lori's unprotected womb.

Damian let out a low, deep grunt, then pulled his cock from Lori's pussy. Hot, thick cum spilled out of Lori's cunt and onto Heather's face. Heather gasped and salty drops of Damian's jizz landed on her tongue. Before she could move, Damian lowered his cock to Heather's mouth and pushed his dark shaft between her lips.

"Clean off my cock, Mrs. Wolff!" Damian said. "Get it nice and clean."

Finally, Damian pulled out of her and stood up. He towered over the two beautiful women who were both panting with lust.

Heather looked up at Damian who was stroking his still hard cock. He grinned at the defeated housewife, knelt down, and spread Heather's legs wide.

Heather was shocked. He had just cum inside Lori's pussy! How could he still be hard? She was used to her Edward who, if he did feel like having sex, fell asleep almost immediately afterward.

"Aren't you... aren't you tired?"

"Me?" Damian grinned. "I'm just getting started!"

....

"WHERE'S HEATHER?"

Bradley walked into the dining room to find his father setting pizza boxes out on the table. He couldn't remember the last time they had ordered out. Heather liked to cook and family dinner was important to her.

"Oh, she's out with some friends," Edward waved it off. "She'll be home late. So, I guess it's just us."

Bradley nodded and walked to the kitchen to get some plates. If he was honest with himself, being alone with his father was awkward. Edward Wolff was just as tenacious as his name implied. Even though he was getting older, Edward still had broad shoulders, a remnant of the athlete he had been. He had tried getting Bradley into sports, but his son's interests had always run to more... cerebral pursuits... much to the consternation of his father.

Add to that, his father's frequent absences made getting to know him hard. Heather had been a consistent buffer between the two of

them, especially when Bradley entered his teenage years.

So, they sat around the dining room table in near silence, his father drinking a beer with his pizza while Bradley had soda, just like when he was a kid.

"So, um... how's work going?" Bradley asked in a lame attempt at conversation.

"Fine, fine," his father said. "And you? How's school?"

"Good," Bradley said.

"You still with Lori?"

"Um, yeah," Bradley said.

"You don't seem too confident about that," Edward said and chomped down on his pizza.

"No, we're still together. She's just been busy."

Bradley wanted to change the subject. He was still reeling from Professor Adler's kiss. Why had his professor kissed him and what did it mean?

And, just when he needed to talk to his girlfriend, she was nowhere to be found. Bradley had gone by her apartment and tried the library. He had even stopped at the coffee shop they liked just to see if he could get lucky.

He hadn't.

"Hey," his father said, pointing his beer bottle at him. "You need to keep that girl happy. She's a pretty little thing. You certainly don't want to let her get away from you."

"Ok, Dad," Bradley said. "Whatever you say."

"You should listen to me," His father chuckled and took a swig of beer. "I've managed to keep your stepmom with me for years and she is gorgeous. You have to keep the pretty ones happy, Bradley."

Bradley shook his head, but he smiled. It was obvious his father was getting a little drunk.

"So, where is Lori tonight?" Edward asked finally.

"Honestly, I don't know," Bradley checked his phone for new texts, then put it back in his pocket.

"Well," Edward laughed. "Looks like we're both bachelor's tonight, son. How about a beer?"

Bradley grinned at his father. It had been a long time since he'd drunk a beer with Edward and the idea gave him a warm feeling.

"Sure, Dad," Bradley said and his father slapped the table, stood up, and wandered into the kitchen.

He came back with two open beers and handed one to Bradley.

"To keeping our girls happy," Edward said and clinked the bottles together.

"To keeping our girls happy," Bradley said and took a drink of his beer.

"Oh my God, Damian! I love your cock! I love it!"

Heather's cries were muffled by Lori's sticky pussy. Damian had ordered the young blonde to straddle the housewife's head as he plowed Heather's pale body with his thick, dark cock.

Damian's cum dripped into her nose and mouth as Lori rubbed her dirty pussy across Heather's face. Damian growled with lust and pounded even harder into the housewife's cunt, stabbing her deep. Heather was dimly aware that the two young people were using her like a sex toy, a powerless, fleshy plaything to be manipulated for their pleasure. The thought filled her with shame, but that only added to the lust growing in her belly as Damian overpowered her with his black monster.

"Clean that pussy out, Mrs. Wolff!" Damian ordered, insisting on using Heather's married name to increase the humiliation. "Eat your stepson's girlfriend, Mrs. Wolff. Be a good mommy and do it!"

Heather whimpered at the words, but she was too far gone to resist. She was no longer the faithful housewife and loving stepmother. She was nothing but Damian's fucktoy. She let everything else go as she gave into the shame, bursting through the other side with a freedom she had never known. It was so much easier to just give in to Damian, give in to the lust.

She buried her face in Lori's cummy pussy, drowning herself in the taste of Damian's cum and the heady scent of the younger girl's cunt.

Heather was so lost to her pleasure, she didn't even feel the orgasm until it washed through her. She screamed into Lori's pussy and the feel of her submission made her stepson's girlfriend cry out.

The two women came together, their shared cries overwhelming their black lover. Damian growled, gripped Heather's hips, and hammered frantically into the housewife.

"Gonna' cum inside you!" Damian grunted. "I'm going to cum inside you, Mrs. Wolff!"

Heather had only a moment to make sense of his words. Cum inside of her? No! She could get pregnant!

Then, Damian buried his cock inside of her. Her body opened for him, then clamped down, pulling him in, overriding her brain.

What did it matter? He had already taken everything else. Why not take her womb, too?

A second later, Damian's cock bulged inside of her and she came again when the first blast Damian's thick seed entered her womb. Her body spasmed in ecstasy as shot after shot of cum filled her up and spilled out around Damian's thick dark shaft.

Damian pulled out and Heather gasped against Lori's ass as hot cum drooled out of her pussy and over her asshole.

"That's good!" Damian huffed. "Fuck that was good!"

Lori moved off Heather's face and the wife and stepmother looked up at Damian's triumphant face. The realization of what she had done hit her and she tried to sit up, but Damian held her down.

He had cum inside both of them! My God! What was she going to do if he got her pregnant? What would she say to Edward, or Bradley?

"Relax, Mrs. Wolff," Damian murmured and slid down beside her, kissing her neck, then her lips.

He motioned to Lori and, without being told, Lori knelt between Heather's legs.

"Please!" Heather moaned. "This has gone too far!"

"It has," Damian agreed. "But it's done. Now, you can just enjoy it."

He ran his hand over her breasts. She moaned as he fingered her nipples. Then, she felt Lori's tongue in her pussy, lapping up the thick cum that was spilling out of her cunt.

Heather whimpered helplessly and fell back to the carpet as Damian and Lori kissed away her fears and left only a wanton,

quivering woman in their wake.

I'm sorry, Bradley, the exhausted housewife thought to herself.
I'm sorry, Edward. I just can't help myself.

His Teacher

Bradley kept his distance from the newspaper offices over the next two weeks. He still had a job to do, so he couldn't completely avoid Professor Adler, but he did his best.

Professor Adler seemed content to ignore what happened. The few times they were at the newspaper together, she sequestered herself in her small office, only emerging to answer questions or check a headline. This distance added to the confusion Bradley felt.

So, Bradley was surprised when he found himself once again alone one night with his beautiful professor.

"Hello, Bradley," Professor Adler said.

Bradley sat up straight in his chair, his heart beating faster.

"Oh! Hi, Professor," he said, using her official title and not her first name Janet.

Professor Adler smiled sadly as she looked down at the young man.

"I think it's time that we talk, don't you?"

Bradley didn't know what to say. He wasn't sure there was anything to talk about, and being alone with Professor Adler made him nervous.

It was almost three weeks since he and Lori had sex, by far the longest period since their first time together. They hadn't even been alone long enough for one of the heated petting sessions that had taken the place of actual intercourse. Bradley had too much time alone with his thoughts and fantasies, fantasies that featured his gorgeous, buxom professor.

All this was going through Bradley's mind as he looked up at Janet Adler.

"Oh... uh... OK," Bradley stammered. "What... what did you want to talk about?"

"Oh, Bradley," Professor Adler said with that same, sad smile. She reached out to touch his hair, then pulled back. "I think you know."

Bradley looked around the abandoned newspaper office. When had it gotten so late?

"I should really go," Bradley said. "You know, Lori and I have a date."

It wasn't true. He hadn't actually heard from Lori all day. Still, invoking the name of his girlfriend felt like a shield against Professor Adler's advances.

"I understand," she said. "I just wanted to apologize again for the other night."

"That's OK," Bradley said.

"No, it's not," Professor Adler said. "It was inappropriate. I was just in a low place."

"I see," Bradley said. "So, what you're saying is, you didn't want to kiss me?"

Bradley wasn't sure that made him feel any better.

"Oh, no, Bradley. It's not that." she said and this time she reached out and touched his shoulder. "It's just, I was doing it for the wrong reasons."

"I don't understand," Bradley said.

"I know," Professor Adler said and Bradley saw tears build in her eyes. "I don't either. Just know... just know that I'm sorry."

She was on the verge of crying. Bradley shot up out of his desk, his concern for her overriding the tangled mess of emotions in his heart. He reached out to hug Professor Adler, but she drew back.

"No, I'm OK," she snapped. Then, to soften the blow of her words, she patted Bradley on the chest. "I'm OK."

Bradley dropped his hands and stood awkwardly in front of Professor Adler as she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Did you say you had a date with Lori?"

"What?" Bradley asked. "Oh! Yeah. Yeah, I do."

"Ok." Professor Adler looked around the newspaper office. "I'll finish up here if you'd like to go."

Bradley knew he was being dismissed. He hesitated. He really didn't like to see his professor in pain, but he realized that staying would only make things worse. So, he grabbed his jacket, nodded at Professor Adler, and headed towards the door. He looked back as he

was leaving and saw Professor Adler, standing in the middle of the office, looking lonely and lost.

Bradley contemplated going back, then decided against it. If she wanted him to stay, she would have said so. It was better to leave and avoid causing any further pain.

His mind was in such a state of confusion, he nearly ran into someone on the way out of the building.

"Hey, there, Bradley," A familiar voice said. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Bradley looked up and was surprised to see Damian Winters. He had seen little of Damian since the party, a party at which Bradley had gotten very drunk and his onetime bully was forced to take him home. He hardly remembered anything that had happened except for one vivid memory of making out with Lori in front of the quarterback. Other than that hot, weird moment, the rest of the night was blank.

"Oh! Hey, Damian!" Bradley said. "I was just finishing up at the paper. What are you doing here?"

As far as Bradley knew, Damian Winters had no business inside the English building after hours. Why would he be there now?

Damian grinned.

"Just between us," He bent down conspiratorially. "I'm meeting one of the professors to talk about my grades. I guess I need some help in English, if you can believe it."

"Really? Most professors most professors don't meet students after hours."

Damian leaned in close and put a friendly arm around Bradley's shoulders.

"If you ask me, this professor has a soft spot for me. Don't tell anyone."

Damian chuckled to the young man, gave him a pat on the shoulder, and sauntered into the English building.

Bradley stood watching as Damian started up the steps and he got a suspicious feeling.

This professor has a soft spot for me? Is he saying what I think he's saying?

Bradley thought for a moment and pulled out his phone. There were no new messages from Lori or his family. No one was expecting him.

He looked up at the window of the newspaper office. The light was still shining. Bradley frowned, hoping he was wrong, then opened the door, and went back inside.

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"WHAT DID BRADLEY WANT?" Damian asked.

Janet Adler's back straightened, and she felt a tremor ripple through her body. Damn! Just the voice brought back the memory of his strong black hands, hands she wanted to feel on her body even as she fought the illicit urges.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

Did her voice sound needy, or was that just the pressure she felt building inside of her when Damian was away. A hunger that her husband could no longer satisfy, if he ever had been able to satisfy her.

"What? Did you miss me?" Damian grinned.

"You know I did."

"Did you do what I told you to do?"

Janet turned her eyes away from the tall, black athlete, shame making her cheeks burn. One night, at Damian's instigation, she had tried to seduce Bradley. She didn't know why Damian wanted her to distract the young man, but she couldn't deny her black lover.

Strangely, Janet felt worse about what had happened with Bradley than she did when she cheated on her husband. Bradley was an innocent, sweet boy. He didn't deserve what Damian was doing to him.

"I did," she said.

"And?" Damian stepped in close and lifted her chin so she was looking directly into his hazel eyes. She felt the need coursing through her body, a need that had been building for weeks.

"It was just a kiss!" she moaned and stepped closer to her dark lover, trying in vain to slide her arms around his waist.

Damian denied her even this comfort and slipped away from her grasp.

"Just a kiss?"

"Yes!" she cried. "Just a kiss. Just like you told me to do."

"But you wanted more."

It was not a question. It was a fact. How in the hell did he know?

She had felt an attraction to Bradley. It wasn't the intense heat that she felt with Damian, but a warm feeling. It was the same feeling she'd had for Robert, her husband, when they first met years ago, before she worked at Layton. Before Damian.

"Yes," she said.

"I think you have a crush on him."

"Damian, please," Professor Adler said. "I only did it because you told me to. I only want you!"

"You should," Damian said and finally, finally stepped to her and wrapped his muscular arms around her body. She melted into his rich, black form, the familiar bulge of his cock pressing against her stomach.

It had been so long! Too long! She needed that cock, needed Damian to take her, but Damian was playing his games again.

"Bradley's weak," he said. "Don't you agree?"

Janet moaned. She liked Bradley, she did, but she needed Damian like a man in a desert needs a mouthful of water to survive.

That made her answer easy.

"Yes," she whined. "He's weak. Everyone is compared to you."

"That's right," he said. Slowly, so slowly, he dipped his head and kissed her.

It was not a kiss of lust that one might expect. Instead, he kissed her teasingly, drawing the wife and teacher into his mouth until she was kissing him hungrily. Passionately.

With love?

No, not that. Anything but that. Still, what else would you call it. She'd never felt this way for Robert or any other man. She was old enough to know the difference between love and lust, and this was definitely lust, but it was a lust she couldn't live without.

Was that love?

She didn't care. All she wanted, in this moment, was to show Damian how much she wanted him.

"I only want you!" she whimpered against Damian's chest.
"Please Damian, you're all I want."

"I know," he said, and pushed her slowly to the ground. "Now, I want you to show me. Show me how much you love me."

"Oh, God!" Her knees hit the ground and a hot throbbing lust shot through her pussy.

Damian unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them down over his hips. His thick, dark cock burst from his pants and hit her bottom lip, making the beautiful married professor moan with unabashed hunger.

"Show me," Damian said.

Janet Adler didn't need to be told again. She bent forward and ran her mouth over the dark chocolate length of Damian's cock. When she got to his balls, she buried her face in them, sucking the heavy round flesh into her mouth. Damian groaned in pleasure and the lust pulsed in her pussy, spreading out from her stomach, and lighting up her whole body with fire.

Finally, when her face was gleaming with spit, she pulled back, opened her lips, and pushed the beautiful, black cock deep into her mouth.

The hallway was dark except for a few security lights that seemed to fill the empty hallway with even more shadows. It was an eerie feeling, walking through the usually busy building and he had the deep sense of dread that comes from being in a place that was off limits.

Despite that fear, Bradley hurried up the steps to the second floor where the newspaper offices were located.

Please let me be wrong! he thought to himself.

He didn't know why it was so important that Professor Adler not be with Damian. Perhaps it was the pedestal he had made for his professor, setting the beautiful woman on a level far above the vulgar day-to-day activities of the student body. Or maybe, it had to do with her interest in him, an inappropriate interest but one that Bradley could convince himself was pure and true. If she was with Damian, it would be an indelible blemish on his professor's image, one Bradley could never forget.

"Bradley's weak, don't you agree?"

Bradley heard Damian say his name and his heart pumped into high gear. He threw himself up against the wall. The door to the newspaper office was open, light spilling out into the darkened hall.

"Yes!" He heard a desperate voice cry out. Bradley peeked around the edge of the doorway and his heart stopped as he saw his beautiful professor in the arms of the big, black athlete.

"He's weak! Everyone is compared to you!"

Bradley couldn't believe it. She was talking about him! But why, why would she betray him like this?

"That's right," Damian said and Bradley watched in agonized jealousy as his bully slowly bent forward and kissed his teacher.

"Show me how much you love me."

Damian's words were low and husky. He put his strong black hands on Professor Adler's pale shoulders and slowly pushed her to her knees. Bradley's beautiful teacher could not have fallen any

further from the pedestal than she had right now as Damian pulled out the biggest, blackest cock Bradley had ever seen and smacked Janet Adler's face with it.

He watched in horror as beautiful Professor Adler dove forward into Damian's heavy ball sack and began sucking and slurping on his testicles like they were delicious fruit. He couldn't believe this was the same gentle teacher who had been talking to him just moments ago.

Damian had turned Bradley's crush into a whore.

As if to punctuate that point, Damian put his large hand behind Professor Adler's head and when the gorgeous woman opened her plump, pink lips, Damian forced her head onto his cock.

"That's good, you little slut! That's my good, good girl!"

Professor Adler moaned around Damian's thick cock, but she didn't stop sucking. Bradley watched, his own cock growing hard in his pants, as his professor gagged on the black athlete's shaft. The smaller boy caught his breath when Damian gripped his teacher's head in both hands and shoved his cock all the way down her throat.

Adler couldn't breathe and her neck was bulging from the girthy head of Damian's cock. Her nose was buried in his dark, glistening pubic hair. The helpless teacher raised her hands and pushed against Damian's hard thighs, her wedding ring sparkling in the dim light.

Bradley almost stepped forward to save his professor from choking, but a moment later Damian let her go, and Professor Adler fell back onto her heels gasping for air.

"You like that, slut?" Damian growled down at the gasping, married teacher.

Bradley was shocked when Professor Adler's mouth curled into a smile, and she laughed. Damian had just been brutally choking her with his cock, and she was laughing!

"More!" Professor Adler got back to her knees and gripped Damian's meaty cudgel in her pale hands. "More!"

"That's right!" Damian laughed. "I knew you wanted it!"

His black bully gripped Professor Adler's hair again and pulled her back to his cock. This time one large, black paw gripped Janet's chin, while the other hand grabbed a fistful of hair on top of her

head. Then, holding her still, Damian hammered his black cock into her mouth, fucking the respectable professor's face like it was a second pussy. The powerful athlete's heavy black balls slapped wetly against Professor Adler's chin.

It was the hottest, most horrible thing Bradley had ever seen. He never could have imagined his kind, professional teacher would be capable of such a thing. Yet here she was, on her knees, her mouth being used as a toy for Damian's cock.

The powerful black man pounded his professor's pretty face for several, long moments. Finally, Damian pulled his cock from the exhausted professor's mouth and slapped her lips and cheeks with the dripping shaft.

"Now, it's your turn!" Damian growled, reached down, and wrapped his dark hands round Professor Adler's pale neck.

He yanked her to her feet and pulled her to a nearby desk throwing her over the top. Papers and pens sprayed across the floor, but Professor Adler was beyond caring. She looked back over her shoulder at her black lover, a desperate, lewd expression on her face.

Damian pulled up the professor's skirt and ripped her panties down over her hips. For the first time, Bradley could clearly see something he'd only dreamed of. Professor Adler's round, beautiful ass and her swollen, dripping pussy.

"You want that cock, Professor Adler?" Damian spat.

"Yes!"

"Then you're going to have to beg for it!" Damian said.

"Please! Please Damian!" she cried.

Damian slid off his pants and pulled his shirt up over his large, black body.

"What about your husband?"

"I don't care anymore! Please!"

"What about Bradley?"

Bradley's name on Damian's lips hit the young man like a blow to his chest. Why was he bringing him up again?

"I don't care! I don't care about him!"

Bradley stifled a groan of pain as his professor said the words. The kiss no longer mattered to her. Whatever had passed between them had been ripped away by her black lover.

Damian laughed scornfully and pushed the professor down onto the desk. He aimed his thick, black cock at her pussy and Bradley felt a painful surge in his pants when Damian stabbed his teacher deep.

"Oh, God!" his professor screamed. "Oh, God! I missed that fucking cock!"

Bradley was too confused and lost with lust to make sense of the words. Finally, when they penetrated his fevered brain he realized... this wasn't the first time Damian had fucked Professor Adler!

How many times? How long?

The questions didn't matter. Bradley clung to the door frame as the big, black athlete drove his lovely professor into the desk. The furniture shook, and the computer wobbled dangerously, but neither of the lovers noticed.

"Oh! Your cock is hitting me so deep!" Professor Adler screamed. "It hits me so deep every time!"

"Little Bradley couldn't fuck you like this!" Damian spat down at her. "Your husband can't fuck you like this! Only I can fuck you this good!"

"Yes! Yes, only you!"

Damian growled like an animal and hammered his cock deep into Professor Adler's dripping cunt. Bradley lowered one hand and rubbed a painful erection through his pants. How could he be so hard? Why did this turn him on?

Then, he looked at Damian's cock sawing in and out of the professor's pink pussy lips and it didn't matter. All that mattered was that his black bully, for Bradley now realized Damian had always been his bully, was taking someone he cared about. He was destroying Professor Adler in Bradley's mind and ruining her body in front of him.

Professor Adler's screams increased, and her back arched upward. Damian caught her brown hair in his hand and pulled her

head back sharply. The beautiful professor pointed her face at the ceiling and screamed.

"Oh, fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Bradley had never imagined such rude words coming from his professor's lips. It was almost too much, and he nearly came in his pants. He pulled his hand away from his crotch and balled his fingers into a fist to keep from touching himself.

"I'm cumming, Damian! I'm cumming!"

Bradley never witnessed such lust, such release, in his life. The powerful orgasm affected Professor Adler's entire body, every muscle tensing and releasing as she convulsed on the desktop, continuing to impale herself on Damian's rigid black pole.

Damian, too, was at his limit. After all the cock worship and the furious pounding of the professor's pussy, the powerful athlete could no longer hold back his lust. He pulled out of Professor Adler's cunt and dragged her to the floor.

Once again, his lovely Professor was on her knees before the big, black man. Her blouse had popped open and her large round breasts, the breasts Bradley had dreamed about, were hanging free.

"Oh, you are a good little slut!" Damian grunted as he stroked his dark shaft over Professor Adler's face. "You are my good little slut!"

Professor Adler moaned and, just when Bradley didn't think it could get any worse, Damian unleashed a torrential downpour of thick, hot cum all over the pretty professor's face.

Professor Adler moaned as if she was being anointed with holy oil. But there was nothing holy about the milky ropes of cum that splashed across her cheeks, chin and lips. Thick, white globs of jizz dripped off her chin and onto her breasts.

Janet continued to moan and it was only then that Bradley noticed her hand working furiously between her legs. A moment later, she was convulsing again, having another orgasm as Damian shook out the last drops of cum into her mouth.

Bradley was shaking. The sight before him was so horrifying, so lewd, he didn't know what to do. Instinctively, he took a step back and hit the door, the large thunk loud in the empty hallway.

"Oh my God!" Professor Adler looked at the doorway, her eyes wide, her face splattered with cum.

Bradley ducked out of the way, hoping they hadn't seen him. His heart pounded in his chest as he heard Damian's heavy steps move towards the door.

His cock burning in his pants, Bradley finally ran. He ran awkwardly down the hallway, hoping his bully and the teacher he had once adored hadn't seen him.

Bradley's heart was still pounding in his chest when he finally exited the English building into the cool, dark night. His phone started ringing, and he looked at the screen.

It was Lori. He contemplated letting the call go to voicemail then, his cock straining in his pants, Bradley realized he really needed to talk to his girlfriend.

"Lori?"

"Hey, Bradley," Lori's voice was bright and cheerful. "How are you doing?"

Bradley looked up at the lit window of the newspaper office

"I'm... I'm fine," he said and began walking quickly away from the building. "Just uh... finishing a few things at the newspaper office."

"Oh," Lori said. "If this is a bad time—"

"No! No, it's fine!" Bradley was out of sight of the English building and his heart had slowed down. It was good to talk to his girlfriend especially after what he had just seen. "What are you doing right now?"

"Well," Lori said. "I was studying, but... "

"Yeah?"

"I just got to thinking we haven't seen each other for a while. I wondered if you wanted to hang out?"

"Sure!" Bradley said, the eagerness obvious in his voice. He took a deep breath. "That sounds fun."

"Good," Lori giggled. "Why don't you come over to my place. Anna is out for the night, we'll have it all to ourselves."

Bradley felt a sting of lust between his legs and realized he was still hard from the lewd scene he had witnessed in the newspaper office.

The promise in Lori's voice made his cock throb even harder.

"Yeah! That sounds great!" Bradley said. "I'll be over. Soon."

"Good," Lori chuckled again, recognizing the eagerness in his voice. "See you soon!"

By the time Bradley got to Lori's apartment, he could barely contain himself. He was still horny from the sight of Professor Adler being hammered by Damian. He was confused by the lust, but now that he was alone with his girlfriend, he realized he could get some release.

"Bradley? What's gotten into you?" Lori laughed as Bradley swept his pretty girlfriend up into a hug as soon as she let him in the door. He kissed her neck, smelling her clean, fresh scent. Her blonde hair was slightly damp, she must have just gotten out of the shower, and he couldn't keep his hands off of her.

"Nothing," Bradley lied. "I just missed you!"

"I missed you too," she laughed and pushed him away. "Just slow down."

Bradley found it hard to breathe. He wanted nothing more than to throw his girlfriend down on her bed, and fuck her hard and fast like Damian had fucked Professor Adler. But he knew if he did that, Lori would stop him, maybe even kick him out.

Finally, he managed a deep breath and sat down on the bed shaking. Lori looked down at him smiling.

"You really are worked up aren't you?" She asked.

"Yes," he said. "I am. It's been weeks since we've been together."

"It hasn't been weeks," she laughed as she went to the fridge, opened the door, and took out a bubbly water. "I saw you yesterday!"

Bradley took the offered water, cracked open the top, and chugged the cold liquid down his throat. It did nothing to cool the fire between his legs.

"That's not what I meant," he said. "We haven't been... *together.*"

"Oh, so you've been keeping track?" Lori said icily. "Is that why you're here?"

"No!"

"Oh, so you don't want to fuck me?"

"What? No! That's not what I meant!"

Bradley's mind was racing, searching for the right answer to Lori's questions, hoping something would unlock her desire to give him what he needed.

"I just... I just want to be with you?"

"You mean, you want to fuck me?"

Bradley shook his head. He wanted to fuck her, to hammer her teasing body into submission. But he couldn't very well say that to his girlfriend.

"No," Bradley said. "I mean yes. I just want to be with you!"

There was a sad, almost disappointed look on Lori's face. Then, she smiled again, took Bradley's face in both hands, and kissed him.

"Okay," she said. "Let's be together."

She slid to her knees in front of Bradley and her hands worked at the buttons of his jeans. Bradley sighed with relief as she pulled his jeans down over his hips.

"Oh, wow!" Lori laughed. "You really did miss me!"

Bradley's cock was red, raw, and looked almost angry. The head was sticky with pre-cum.

"Yes," Bradley said. "Yes, I did."

It was only half a lie. He missed her, but that wasn't why he was so turned on. Images and sounds buzzed around his brain. Professor Adler bent over her desk, Damian slamming into her body with powerful, rhythmic thrusts. He could still hear his Professor screaming, begging for more. In his mind, he saw Damian's dark, glistening buttocks tensing and releasing as he punished the beautiful professor until she couldn't stand it any longer.

Bradley's cock jumped as Lori wrapped her warm fingers around the shaft. He moaned. His ass jumped upward into Lori's hand, rubbing his shaft against her palm.

"Please!" Bradley moaned. "Please! I want to be inside you."

"Slow down," Lori said. "I don't want you to come too quickly!"

Even though she said the words, she jerked his cock hard and fast. Bradley gritted his teeth, screwing his butt cheeks into the bed trying to hold back his explosion.

"No! No Lori! I'm going to—"

"Come on, Bradley!" Lori pouted. "Don't come yet! I'm not even wet!"

Bradley tried his best to hold back the pressure in his balls. He wanted nothing more than to sink his tortured cock into Lori's wet, warm pussy.

His girlfriend grinned up at him as she stroked him. Then, she slid her other hand under his balls and her middle finger stretched out and pressed the spongy area between his balls and asshole. Bradley jumped and when he came down, Lori's middle finger popped through the tight sphincter of his anus and embedded itself deep inside.

"Lori, wait! I'm going to—"

Bradley let out a little squeak and his cock erupted. Hot, thin streaks of cum so much thinner than Damian's thick, frothy load, burst out of Bradley's cock and splashed across his belly.

"Oh my God!" Lori laughed as he spurted his lust into his belly button. "Did you really just cum?"

Bradley felt a wave of shame pass through him. He hadn't even lasted a fraction of the time Damian had lasted with Professor Adler.

"I told you to slow down!" Bradley sobbed.

"Aww, I'm sorry," Lori said and wiped her hand on Bradley's pants. "I didn't mean to get you so excited!"

She slid up beside Bradley and snuggled close to him, running her finger over the tip of his drooling cock. Bradley moaned as Lori chuckled.

"Sorry," he said, finally.

"For what?" Lori said.

"For cumming so quickly. I just couldn't hold it in."

"Oh, that's all right." Lori ran her hand down Bradley's flank. "It was fun seeing your little guy get so excited!"

Bradley's cock twitched again. He wasn't sure he liked Lori referring to his penis as a 'little guy', but her teasing manner turned him on all the same.

"So, uh, do you want to hang out?" Watch a movie?"

"Sure!" Lori smiled.

Suddenly, her phone buzzed on the bedside table. She picked it up and glanced at it, then frowned.

"Oh man!" she said.

"What?" Bradley said and tried to look over her shoulder at the screen.

Lori slid it into the pocket of shorts and sighed.

"Anna's car broke down again," she said. "She needs me to go get her."

"I'll go with you," Bradley said.

Lori patted him on the cheek.

"No, that's all right," she said. "I'll probably take her out to commiserate over a beer or something. Why don't you just head home?"

Bradley lay back on the bed and frowned.

"We haven't been spending much time together," he said.

"I know, sweetheart." Lori placed a warm hand on his cheek. "I promise, we'll hang out together soon. Call me later?"

Bradley nodded and smiled.

"Sure."

Lori got up from the bed and looked in the mirror, patting her hair down and straightening her shirt. Bradley watched her, enamored with her beauty. She saw him looking and smiled.

"You should clean up before you go," she chuckled. "You're a mess!"

Bradley looked down at his belly. His cum was already drying on his stomach. He nodded.

"I will," he said.

Lori bent down and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Lock up when you leave?"

"Yes," Bradley said. "Love you."

"I love you too, sweetie."

"So, did you let him fuck you?"

"No," Lori moaned an hour after she had left Bradley. "I did just what you told me to."

"But you wanted to, didn't you?" Damian said.

"No!" She moaned and ran her hands over Damian's dark, curved muscles reveling in the contrast of her pale hands on his chocolate skin. "I didn't!"

"Liar!"

How did he know? How did he know she had been tempted by Bradley's excitement? She had tried to tease her boyfriend, to get him to fuck her hard and fast like Damian did but Bradley just didn't have it in him. At the last moment, he had backed down creating a wave of frustration inside Lori.

So, she had jerked him off and made him cum all over his stomach. She had teased him about his 'little guy', and made him moan in anguish.

And, the worst part? She had enjoyed it.

Damian gripped her wrists and pulled her hands away from his chest.

"Tell me the truth."

"I did," she said. "I wanted to have sex with him."

"And why didn't you?"

"He... he wasn't man enough," she whined.

"Good girl," Damian practically purred and the low resonance of his voice struck a chord deep in Lori's belly. She felt a wave of happiness at pleasing Damian. It was enough to make her wet.

"It just seems... it just seems so cold, what we're doing to him," Lori murmured. "Why can't I just break up with him?"

"You're not ready yet," Damian said.

Lori stopped and looked up into Damian's face. He was smiling, but the smile was cruel.

"What do you mean, I'm not ready?"

Damian reached out and wrapped powerful hands around her thin, pale neck. He pulled her forward until she was inches from his face.

"You're not ready to destroy him," he hissed, his breath hot on her lips. "You're not ready to humiliate him."

"Why?" she moaned. "Why do you want to humiliate him?"

"Because he's weak," Damian said. "Because he has everything and he doesn't know what to do with it. He's weak and I'm strong and I'm going to prove it to him."

"I don't understand," she said.

"I know," Damian grinned. "That's why you're not ready."

Damian dropped a strong dark hand down Lori's lithe, naked flank. Lori gasped as he cupped her breast, squeezing the firm round flesh beneath his hands, then dipped his head and sucked a hard nipple into his mouth.

"Oh, God!" Lori moaned, a shiver of pleasure shot from her breasts down her spine. Damian wrapped a strong arm around her waist and held her in place as he sucked hungrily at her nipples.

"Do you want to be ready?" Damian whispered hotly in her ear. "Do you want to prove you're ready?"

Lori's mind was a tangle of confusing emotions. If by being ready, she had to destroy Bradley, she didn't know. Despite her boyfriend's weakness, she still had feelings for him. How could destroying someone you cared for be the right thing to do?

"I don't... I don't think I can," she whimpered.

All at once Damian let her go and shivered as he withdrew the warmth of his body.

"Then I guess you should go, " he said cruelly, and bent down to gather up her clothes.

"Go? Why?"

"Like I said, you're not ready."

"What does that mean?"

Damian turned on her, his eyes blazing with an intensity she had never seen.

"It means," Damian said. "If you want to be with me, then you have to leave your old life behind. And there's only one way to do

that."

"But I can't just be cruel like that," she said.

"Oh, you can," he grinned. "You've been denying your boyfriend sex for weeks. All he's gotten was a handjob while you've let me fuck you. How is that not cruel?"

Lori felt the sting of tears at the corners of her eyes. He was right, she had been cruel this whole time, even if Bradley didn't know it.

Damian stepped forward and lifted her chin with his hand so she could look into his intense, hazel eyes.

"Bradley doesn't matter anymore," he said. "You want me. And, if you want me then you have to give yourself to me. All of you have to give yourselves to me."

"All of us?"

"Don't worry about that right now." Damian gave her a warm smile. "All you have to worry about is pleasure and forgetting all about your Weak. Ass. Boyfriend!"

Damian lifted her in his muscular arms as if she weighed nothing and laid her gently on his bed. Then, he stood tall above her and slowly pushed down his boxers to reveal his long, thick cock. Lori bit her lower lip, already imagining him filling her with that beautiful monster. Without thinking, her legs spread, inviting her black lover inside.

"Now, do you want me to teach you how to be cruel?"

Lori moaned, but nodded.

"Yes! Please!"

"Good girl," he said and again the words made her heart nearly burst with happiness.

Damian gripped his cock and rubbed the fat head up, and down Lori's swollen slit. She moaned as he pushed his girthy rod deep inside of her. She was suddenly glad that she hadn't had sex with Bradley. He could never fill her as completely as Damian could!

A few weeks ago Damian's cock would have hurt her, stretching her beyond the point of pain. But now, her body had been molded over hours and days of hard, pounding sex. The only thing she felt when Damian stabbed to her core, was intense pleasure.

"Bradley can't make you feel like this!" Damian growled down at her. "He could never fuck you like this!"

"You're right!" she sobbed. "You're right, he can't! Fuck you are hitting me so deep!"

"That's right! You're mine, Lori. Say it!"

"Yes! I'm yours! I'm all yours!"

Damian let out a deep, violent growl and thrust hard inside the young girl. Lori's body rose to meet him, his cock spearing deep into her molten core. She let herself go, losing control under the furious pounding.

The pressure inside her belly built quickly. She wrapped her arms around Damian's thick, black neck, holding on to him as she gave in to his power. The mounting tension reached its apex inside of her and suddenly burst in a glorious, blissful flood.

"Yes! Oh, God! I'm cumming!"

Damian didn't let up. He pounded her through the pleasure, the first orgasm followed quickly by a second, then a third. Lori stopped moving, instead she wrapped her legs around Damian's waist holding on to him as he continued to pound her into the bed, molding her body into the perfect shape to accept his lust.

"Tell me you want me!" he grunted.

"I want you!"

"Tell me you don't care about Bradley!"

Lori moaned in anguish. All the memories of Bradley filtered through her mind. Their first date. Their first kiss. The first time Bradley had made clumsy, sweet love to her.

And all the while, Damian's cock pounded deep inside her belly, throbbing with intense heat. The memories were burned from her mind one by one as she came again on her lover's beautiful, black cock.

"I don't care!" she screamed. "I don't care about Bradley anymore! I only want you!"

"Good girl!" Damian huffed in her ear. "That's good! I'm going to cum inside you!"

"Yes!" Lori sobbed. She was beyond caring, beyond thought. Lori was in perfect, apocalyptic bliss. "Yes! Take me! Just fucking take

me!"

With a last violent thrust, Damian buried his cock to the hilt inside the pretty blonde. Lori felt him expand inside of her, throbbing with heat, then explode. Hot cum poured into her pussy until she couldn't hold it anymore, and she felt it squirt out around Damian's shaft.

Damian stayed inside of her for a long time as she twitched and jerked on the bed, her cunt claspng desperately at his pulsating rod, milking every ounce of his lust from his heavy balls. Finally, Damian pulled out of her and a gush of hot semen spurted out of her pussy. Lori moaned as Damian's hot load dripped out of her lips and down the furrow between her ass cheeks.

Damian climbed up onto the bed and pushed his sticky, glazed cock between her lips. Lori moaned with helpless hunger as she cleaned the beautiful black monster. She continued to lick his salty cum off the dark shaft until Damian's beautiful flesh was glistening.

"Now, you're ready," Damian murmured and brushed Lori's hair away from her face.

Lori lay back on the pillow, closed her eyes, and gave Damian a sticky, happy smile.

"Yes," she said. "I'll do whatever you want."

Bradley was getting worried. Despite Lori's promise to hang out, they had hardly spoken all week. When he called it went to voicemail and, when he got ahold of her, she seemed distracted. Bradley had asked multiple times if something was wrong and she always answered that she was really busy.

How busy can she be?

After all, Bradley had the same workload and, besides the newspaper, Lori had no other extracurricular activities.

And speaking of the newspaper, things had gotten complicated there, too. He tried to avoid watching Professor Adler or even speaking to her. Every time he looked at her, all he could imagine was her bent over a desk right there in the office, being hammered to the point of insanity by Damian's furious power. The only saving grace was that both Lori and Professor Adler were often gone. There seemed to be no explanation for their frequent absences which, although that concerned Bradley, it made working in the office much easier.

Heather was just leaving as Bradley was coming in the front door. His stepmother looked even more ravishing than usual. She was wearing a sheer silk blouse and a skirt that came to mid thigh. Her dark hair was teased and her makeup was perfect.

"Where are you going, all dressed up?" Bradley asked.

Heather seemed surprised to see Bradley at the front door. She frowned for a moment, thinking.

"Oh, I'm just going out with some friends," she said. "Your father will be home soon. Dinners in the oven."

"Friends?"

It was odd. Bradley had lived with Heather for most of his life and she had shown no interest in going out with friends before. Sure, she had people stop by every once in a while to have coffee, but she hardly ever went out by herself.

I wonder if she's having problems with Dad? he thought. He hoped not because he knew how much his father loved Heather.

"Yes," Heather said, smiling warmly. She patted Bradley on the cheek. "Just some old high school friends who came into town. I'll be back later. Your father already knows."

Bradley nodded dumbly and stood in the hallway watching as Heather walked out the door.

Bradley was used to having a lot of female energy around him, but now he was once again alone. He couldn't help but feel a little sad.

What the hell was going on with the women in his life?

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PROFESSOR JANET ADLER hurried to the English building, her heart beating rapidly. She did not know why Damian had called her and told her to come to the newspaper office. Janet had given up trying to figure out the strange notions of the sexy young man. No doubt this was another way of exerting his control over her. Damian seemed to revel in making the once faithful wife and professional teacher debase herself for his pleasure.

And yet, Janet was already feeling the familiar stirrings of lust in her body. She had not been intimate with anyone besides Damian for weeks and the pretty professor found she no longer minded not getting attention from her husband. Damian was more than man enough to please her. It might be wrong, but it felt so good.

The English building was mostly dark when she arrived, except for a few lights in the classrooms on the second floor. Janet felt a thrill of fear of being somewhere she shouldn't be. She quickly entered the dark building and hurried up the flight of stairs to the newspaper office.

Why would Damian want to meet me here? she wondered again.

She didn't have long to wonder when she walked into the office and was shocked to find Damian completely naked, his long muscular form sitting in an office chair. On her knees in front of him

were the nude forms of Bradley's girlfriend, Lori, and a voluptuous woman with dark hair that Janet didn't recognize.

"Damian? What... what's going on?"

"Oh, hello, Professor Adler, " Damian chuckled. "Come on in!"

Lori turned from Damian's crotch, a sly smile spreading across her face.

"Hi, Professor Adler!"

"My God! Lori? What are you doing?"

The other woman turned, and the professor could see she was about her age. She was also gorgeous, with large, full breasts and a plump bottom.

This new woman at least had the decency to look embarrassed.

"Who is that?" The beautiful woman looked up at Damian in confusion. "Damian?"

"Don't worry, Heather," Damian stood up and patted the woman on her head like she was a favored pet. "She's another friend. This is Bradley's professor."

"Professor?"

Damian ignored the woman and sauntered to the startled professor. He reached out to touch her brown hair, and she pulled back.

"What's the matter?" Damian asked. "You don't want me to touch you?"

"It's not that... it's this," Janet said gesturing at the two women who stood up and snuggled up against Damian. They seemed unable to stop touching his dark skin. Janet knew how that felt. Her own fingers itched to touch her dark skin.

"Listen," Damian murmured and put his arm around Janet's shoulders. "We're all here for the same reason. To feel good."

Janet trembled as Damian slid behind her running his hands over the sides of her breasts and down to her hips.

"Lori," Damian said. "Do you have something you want to say to Professor Adler?"

Lori nodded and bit her lip coquettishly. Janet had never imagined the studious and innocent Lori would be mixed up in something like this. But, as she swayed forward sexually on the balls

of her feet the innocent, no nonsense student was replaced by a confident, sexual woman.

"You're so beautiful, Professor Adler." she murmured and ran a hand across Janet's cheek. "I've had such a crush on you!"

"No!" Janet shivered under the young girl's touch. The startled teacher tried to step back from Lori's touch, but Damian's hard body held her in place.

"Oh, yes," Lori grinned up at her teacher. "Let me show you."

Janet whimpered as the young girl slid her hand around her professor's neck and pulled her down into a soft, wet kiss. As Lori's mouth worked on Janet's lips, Damian unzipped the back of the professor's skirt and slid it down over the swell of her hips.

Lori continued to kiss Janet, sucking her teacher's tongue into her mouth. Slowly, she unbuttoned Janet's blouse and Damian pulled it back and off her shoulders. Damian's sure agile fingers unsnapped Janet's bra and he exposed her large breasts and hard, pink nipples to the young blonde.

"Oh, God!" Janet moaned as the young girl suckled her breasts. Heat filled her chest and spread down to the professor's belly.

Damian took advantage of the distraction and slid her panties over Janet's round ass and down to her ankles. And just like that, the cheating wife and disgraced professor was naked.

Lori slowly kissed her way down Janet's body until she was on her knees. Damian gripped his professor's leg and lifted it up, holding her up on the toes of one foot, and spreading her pussy for the young girl.

"Oh, Lori! Don't..." But Janet didn't mean it. Her whole body was electrified by Damian's touch and the hungry kisses of the blonde girl.

Lori's tongue flicked out and slid up the swollen furrow of Janet's cunt. She cried out in pleasure as Lori teased her clit, sending a shock of lust through Janet's body. She quivered in Damian's arms but he held her up easily, allowing Lori to attack Janet's pussy with her hungry mouth.

"Come here, Heather," Damian demanded. "Come here and give Bradley's teacher a kiss."

Janet lifted her head and watched the older woman walk towards her. Lori continued to lick and suck at her pussy, drawing her clit into her mouth and attacking it with her tongue. Meanwhile, Heather came up to Janet's side, her mouth inches from Janet's lips.

"This is Bradley stepmother, " Damian whispered in Janet's ear. "You are all the women in Bradley's life. And now you're all mine."

Janet moaned, but Heather was already pushing forward, sliding her tongue between Janet's lips and forcing the professor's moans down her throat. Janet fought for a moment, trying to hold back her mouth from Bradley's stepmother, when her pussy suddenly burst and released a flood of fluid into Lori's mouth.

Heather swallowed the pretty professor's cries as Lori continued to work her pussy. Janet's whole body spasmed in pleasure and she shook in Damian's arms. The one leg holding her up suddenly gave way and Damian gently lowered her to the floor, disconnecting Janet's body from the other women's mouths.

Janet continued to shiver on the floor, reveling in the powerful orgasm. Three smiling faces looked down at the quivering professor. Janet looked up at the black man and he grinned. warmly down at her.

"Good?" he asked.

"Yes," Janet said. "So good!"

Damian kissed Lori, then gestured for her to kneel down beside her teacher. Damian then kissed Heather, but the wife and stepmother seemed reluctant to sink to the floor.

"I don't know," Heather moaned.

"What don't you know, Heather?" Damian lifted her chin and placed a small kiss in her bottom lip. "Don't they look beautiful?"

Heather looked at the two women on the floor, then nodded her head.

"And you want me, don't you?"

"Yes, Damian," she said and her voice sounded like a little girl's.

"Then, you know what to do."

Heather nodded and, finally, dropped to her knees beside Janet and Lori. All three women looked expectantly up at the black man.

"Well now," Damian said, knelt down, and picked up Janet's dropped bag. He opened it up and pulled out her phone.

"Why don't you call Bradley and tell him to come over here," Damian grinned. "Tell him it's an emergency."

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AFTER BRADLEY RECEIVED Professor Adler's text, he tried calling her back, but got no answer. What could his professor want? Did she know he had watched her and Damian? Or, was this another attempt to seduce him?

No matter the reason, Bradley realized he couldn't just ignore the message. He had to find out what was wrong.

Bradley parked his car in the empty lot by the English building and contemplated his reflection in the rear-view mirror. He straightened his collar and smoothed back his hair, then stopped himself.

Why are you worried about how you look? It's not a date!

He smoothed a stray lock of hair down, anyway. Even though it was wrong, he couldn't suppress the excitement of seeing his beautiful teacher. If his girlfriend would not pay attention to him, at least his professor would.

Like the night he had spied on Damian and his professor, the halls of the English building were dark, lit only by dim security lights. The rooms were empty and everything was ghostly quiet, hammering home the illicit nature of this act. Bradley pushed such thoughts away and hurried up the steps.

Again, the newspaper office light was on. Again, Bradley could hear muffled voices. Thankfully, there were no cries or the rhythmic pounding of two people having sex. Instead, there were giggles and indistinct murmurs coming from the room. Bradley wondered who else was in there.

He stepped into the doorway and stopped. Janet Adler wasn't there. Instead, Bradley saw two naked women kneeling in front of Damian, eagerly worshipping the black man's enormous cock.

"Well, well." Damian flashed a handsome, evil grin. "What have we here?"

Bradley couldn't move. He was mesmerized by the vision of the two women's mouths on either side of Damian's cock running the glistening black length of it between their lips. Then, they both turned to look at Bradley.

Bradley's heart stopped! On the floor, on their knees in front of his black nemesis, were Bradley's girlfriend and stepmother. Their faces were wet with spit and the sticky drops of pre-cum leaking from Damian's dark monster. Lori grinned drunkenly, in a fugue state of lust. His stepmother, the woman who raised him, frowned, but she didn't get up. Instead, she stayed close to Damian's leg, his thick, black shaft rubbing against her cheek.

"I guess we're all here," Damian chuckled.

Bradley shook his head, unable to speak, but knowing that he couldn't stay here. Already his body was reacting to the site of his girlfriend and stepmother on their knees in front of Damian. If he stayed here, he wouldn't be able to hide the growing hard on in his pants. This was humiliating enough without having them see he was excited. He needed to run.

He stepped back and stumbled, only to feel a soft, warm body press itself against him.

"I'm sorry, Bradley," A husky voice murmured in his ear. "I didn't want to, but Damian said it was the only way."

Bradley turned and was shocked to find Professor Adler standing behind him. She was naked and, for a moment, all he could do was look at her round full, round breasts and wide hips. Her pale skin was flushed like she had been running or...

or fucking

... or that. He couldn't move as the voluptuous professor snuggled up against him, wrapped her arms around his waist, and pulled him into her swelling curves.

"What are you doing?"

"I think that's pretty obvious," Professor Adler chuckled. "Tell me you're not that innocent."

"What? No, I mean... why?"

"That's simple," Damian said. Professor Adler turned Bradley around to face his bully. "You have everything. Money, a nice family, a loving girlfriend."

At this, Damian snickered down at Lori who had the decency to look away.

"You have everything and you don't deserve it. Because you're weak."

"I'm not!" Bradley snapped, and he balled his hands into fists.

"Are you going to hit me, Bradley? You know how that's going to go."

Bradley took a step forward, anger slicing through his chest. He saw only red, red and the dark skin of Damian Winters.

Professor Adler wrapped her arms around Bradley's shoulders holding him in place as Damian took a step forward. His body was inches from Bradley and the smaller man realized with horror that the thick length of Damian's cock was bumping against his leg. Bradley braced himself for Damian's fist to hit him in the stomach.

But, that wasn't the pain Damian had in mind. He nodded over his shoulder at Professor Adler. Professor Adler slid her hand down and cupped Bradley's hard cock.

"Oh my God! She moaned. "You were right, Damian! He does like it!"

"No!" Bradley groaned and pushed her hands away. Damian stepped forward and gripped Bradley around the neck.

"Hold still," he hissed in Bradley's face. Meanwhile, Professor Adler unbuttoned his pants and slid them down over his didn't hips. Bradley's thin, pale cock sprang from his shorts.

"Oh God, Heather!" Lori said. "Look at it. Look at it next to Damian's!"

Bradley whimpered as his stepmother crawled over to them and looked up at Bradley's thin cock quivering next to Damian's huge, black pole. Lori came up on the other side and gripped one in each hand.

"I knew you were small, Bradley!" Lori laughed. "I just didn't realize how much smaller."

"God, please stop!" Bradley groaned, but Lori didn't stop. Instead, his girlfriend stroked his cock. He realized as she stroked him hard and fast that he had been trained to enjoy handjobs and Lori had gotten very good at them. So good that even as he protested, pre-cum drooled out of the tip of his cock and on to her hand.

"He's so close!" Lori giggled. "Look at him! He's going to explode!"

Bradley shook off Damian's hands and pushed back against Professor Adler's body. He wanted to run but he couldn't hurt his female professor or his girlfriend. He was trapped between their bodies, unable to run and unable to curb his mounting desire.

Heather was frowning sadly, but Bradley couldn't tell if it was because she pitied him or was disgusted by Damian's behavior. Since his stepmother was the only one not laughing, he called out to her.

"Please, Heather!" he sobbed. "Please! You don't have to do this."

Damian's eyebrows shot up and he looked first at Bradley, then at Heather.

"Have to do this?" Damian laughed. "Bradley, she wants to do this."

He turned to Heather, his thick, black cock swaying inches from his stepmother's face. This was the woman who had taken care of him most of his life, who had held him when he was sad, and who had kissed his pain away. Those lips, so pink and perfect, now opened wide and Bradley reeled back on his heels as Damian stabbed his black monster deep down his stepmother's throat.

Heather gagged on his dark pole, her throat bulging as Damian invaded her windpipe. She choked and gagged herself on his bully's cock, reveling in her masochistic submission. The echoes of her gurgles and coughs filled Bradley's ears and he couldn't stand it. He sank slowly to his knees, getting an even better view of his bully face fucking the woman who raised him.

"It's beautiful, right Bradley?" Lori whispered in his ear, her firm hand back on his cock. "Heather is so beautiful when she's happy."

"Oh, God!" Bradley moaned. "Please, no more."

He struggled, but Professor Adler was now next to him, her pale arms around his chest, holding him in place while his stepmother sucked his bully's black cock and his girlfriend stroked his penis in time to Heather's face fucking.

"Lori, I can't! I can't hold it!"

"I know!" Lori laughed. "You always cum so quick!"

Damian growled and pulled his cock out of Heather's mouth. His stepmom gasped for air, then dove forward and buried her face in Damian's balls, snuffling and rooting at his crotch, unable to get enough of his bully's dark flesh.

Lori bore down on Bradley's cock. He felt the orgasm press upon his balls, the pleasure an exquisite agony.

Yet, just as he was about to cum, Lori stopped stroking. Bradley groaned and humped his hips upward, involuntarily trying to find his girlfriend's hand. His penis twitched and wept pearly drops of cum, but the full pleasure of his orgasm was denied.

"Don't cum yet, baby!" Lori giggled. "We're just getting started!"

Damian pulled Heather to the floor, her head facing Bradley. With strong black hands, he lifted the stepmother's legs until her thighs were pressing down upon her large breasts. Then, with a grin and a wink at Bradley, he thrust his huge, black cock deep inside his stepmother's pussy.

"Oh, God!" she screamed. "It's so big!"

"Tell your stepson!" Damian growled. "Tell your stepson how good it is!"

"So good! Bradley, it's so good!" Bradley tried to look away, but Professor Adler held his head in place forcing him to watch as Damian pounded his stepmother into the carpet. The woman who raised him screamed with pleasure, her feet twitching with each thrust of Damian's monstrous cock. Bradley couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"Damian! Damian, fuck me! Fuck me!"

Damian grunted, a cruel smile on his face and he pounded even harder into Heather's body. Bradley watched, helpless, as Heather's head rolled back and forth. Suddenly, her back arched her face

upside down and pointed at Bradley. Her mouth opened and she screamed at her stepson.

"Yes! Yes I'm cumming!" she cried and a moment later her body convulsed on the floor. Every muscle tensed and released as her orgasm rolled through her body.

"I'm going to cum too!" Damian hissed. "I'm going to cum in your married fucking pussy!"

"Yes! Give it to me!

Bradley shook his head, but couldn't look away.

"I'm going to give you my baby! I'm going to fuck a baby inside you!"

"Yes! Give me your strong, black baby, Damian! Please!"

Her cries echoed in Bradley's years as Damian buried his black shaft to the hilt inside Heather's body. Heather screamed, another orgasm bursting through her, even as Bradley's powerful bully filled his stepmother with his potent seed.

"No!" Bradley moaned. "No more!"

"Sorry, baby," Lori stood up and walked over to Damian. "It's not over yet."

Lori knelt down beside Damian, gripped his dark cheeks in her pale hands and planted a deep, passionate kiss on his lips.

No! Bradley thought. *This can't be happening!*

But, it was happening. Right in front of his eyes.

And Lori was next. Damian pulled out of the twitching body of his stepmother and enfolded his pale girlfriend in his powerful, black arms. Lori kissed her boyfriend's bully with more hunger than she had ever shown with Bradley. Her small, white hand slid down Damian's dark chest, across the ridges of his stomach and took his enormous cock in her fingers. Bradley moaned, watching as the thick, black cock coated with his stepmother's juices and Damian's sticky, white cum grew hard again. Damian had already cum once and he was hard again, turned on by Bradley's humiliation and the firm body of his girlfriend.

Heather continued to writhe upon the ground as Damian pulled Lori to the desk. Bradley shook his head again and tried to move, but Professor Adler was there, her soft body pressing up against his

back, holding him in place with a pillowy pressure Bradley couldn't resist.

"Watch, Bradley," Janet murmured in his ear. "Damian's going to make your girlfriend so happy!"

Bradley groaned in anguish but, when Janet dropped her hand between his legs, he was shocked to find that his cock was harder than ever. Despite the pain and humiliation, when Damian gently laid his girlfriend on the desk and lovingly opened her legs, Bradley's cock throbbed with lust.

"I don't know how he knew," Professor Adler chuckled. "But he did. Damian knew you'd like it."

Bradley could only whimper as his beautiful professor stroked his cock. A moment later, his girlfriend cried out from the desk as Damian sank his thick, black cock deep inside her.

"Oh, fuck, baby!" Lori sobbed. "Fuck, it is so big!"

"It feels good, doesn't it?"

"Yes! Yes! So good!"

Damian sawed his thick cock in and out of Lori's pink cunt while Professor Adler continued to pump his cock. It hurt, but the pain brought forth an exquisite pleasure buried deep within the young man.

"Better than Bradley?" Damian growled.

"Yes! Yes, so much better!" Lori screamed and Bradley felt the pressure build in his balls at his girlfriend's confession.

"Tell him!" Damian commanded. "Tell him it's over!"

"Oh, God!" Lori craned her head sideways and locked her eyes on Bradley. "It's over, Bradley! I don't love you!"

The first spurt of cum appeared at the head of Bradley's cock and Professor Adler stroked him straight through the emotional pain.

"Who do you love?" Damian said.

"You! I love you, Damian!"

"No!" Bradley screamed, but already his cock was spurting out a second load of cum. It dribbled out of the end of his cock and splattered on the floor.

Lori screamed and her screams pierced Bradley's heart. She was cumming on Damian's cock as Bradley's small load made a puddle

on the floor.

To add insult to injury, Damian grunted a moment later and hammered his cock inside Bradley's girlfriend. Lori wrapped her arms and legs around the big, black bully, holding onto him as Damian shot his cum deep into Lori's womb. Bradley fell back into Professor Adler's arms. She cooed softly in his ear. Meanwhile, Damian and Lori kissed like lovers on the desktop.

Finally, Damian pulled out of Bradley's girlfriend, rubbing the tip of his cock against Lori's pussy. Then he turned his attention to Bradley.

"Come here, Bradley!" Damian stepped forward, his sticky black cock swaying back and forth. Bradley tried to look away from the monster that had fucked his girlfriend and stepmother right in front of his eyes, but he couldn't.

Damian grabbed a handful of Bradley's hair and pulled him forward towards the desk where Lori was still lying.

"Show Bradley what he's going to be missing," Damian grunted.

Lori smiled up at her black lover then turned around on the desk and lowered her legs over the side. She spread her thighs and showed Bradley her dripping, pink pussy.

"Clean her up, loser," Damian growled and pushed Bradley's head between his girlfriend's thighs. Bradley could smell the rank odor of Damian's seed mixed with the juices of his girlfriend.

"I... I can't," Bradley groaned, trying to pull away from his girlfriend's pussy. "I can't."

Lori grinned down at her boyfriend.

"Bradley," she laughed. "You've been eating his cum for weeks!"

Bradley's heart fell. He remembered the times that he had licked Lori's pussy over the last few weeks, how her juices were sticky, how her cunt had taken on a swampy, rank odor. But, he had eaten her anyway. Enthusiastically, even hungrily, trying to please his girlfriend in any way that he could.

It was only now he realized the only way to please her was to clean Damian's cum from her dirty pussy.

Heather sat up beside him, finally able to move after her powerful orgasm. She placed a warm hand on the back of Bradley's

neck.

"It's all over now, honey," she said. "She's not your girlfriend anymore. I'm not your stepmother. It's all done. It's time to give in."

Then, Heather gripped the back of Bradley's head and shoved his face into his girlfriend's pussy.

Bradley groaned, but didn't fight against his stepmother's hand. Instead, he buried his face into Lori's dirty, smelly sex.

Meanwhile, Damian pulled Professor Adler to the desk. He bent her over the top, her huge breasts hanging over the edge, and entered her from behind.

"Fuck! Fuck!" She cried. Bradley looked up to see Professor Adler's round breasts bouncing violently as Damian pounded her from behind. "Oh, Bradley! It's so big!"

"He could never satisfy you!" Damian growled. "You're better off without him."

"You're right! Oh God! God forgive me, I love you!"

Her words were like acid inside Bradley's brain. Heather pushed him deeper into Lori's pussy, and his girlfriend's thighs clenched against the sides of his head, muffling the screams of ecstasy from his professor. He was helpless from the onslaught of sounds, smells, and tastes. All he could think of was giving what little pleasure he could.

Meanwhile, the desk shook, each thrust of Damian's cock thumping along the desktop and making Lori's body vibrate. There were tears in Bradley's eyes, but he couldn't watch as his lovely professor was the last to succumb to his bully's beautiful, black body.

"Oh, God! Damian, I'm going to cum!"

Professor Adler screamed. Lori dug her fingers into Bradley's hair and forced his face against her pubic bone. Furiously, she rubbed her cunt up and down his nose and mouth to force herself over the edge.

Professor Adler cried out a moment before Bradley's girlfriend bucked upward against his lips and jammed her pubic bone into his nose, the pain firing through his brain. He didn't fight; he didn't move. Instead, he let Lori use his face like a sex toy until, finally;

she came. Damian's thick cum dripped into Bradley's mouth, followed by a Lori's clear, tangy juices.

"My turn!" Damian howled.

Lori pushed Bradley back onto his heels. He was just in time to see Professor Adler, tears of joy dripping down her face, staring at him. Damian grunted and stabbed deep into Bradley's professor and she stared, her eyes locked onto him as his bully filled her with his virile seed.

"He's cumming inside me, Bradley! He's going to make me pregnant too!"

Bradley fell backward onto his bottom, defeated. Heather stood up and hugged Damian as Lori snuggled up against the black bully's other side. They rubbed his chest and the rippled muscles of his abs, and Damian rewarded them with deep passionate kisses.

Professor Adler finally broke her connection with Bradley. She gave him a last, sad smile then spun around on the desktop. to her back, her round bottom pointed towards her student. Bradley could see the dribbles of cum leaking from Professor Adler's pink, swollen lips as she bent forward and cleaned off his bully's cock.

And just like that, the three women in Bradley's life forgot about him. Their sole focus was Damian's pleasure. Damian smiled cruelly at Bradley, knowing that he had truly taken everyone Bradley loved.

Epilogue

Bradley entered his house, the sounds of sex meeting his ears almost immediately. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, his bag dropping lifelessly to the floor. The thoughts he had been trying to avoid all day came back in a rush.

Lust, hunger. Shame. A complex cocktail of feelings that Bradley had yet to process. Of course, Damian didn't give him time.

"That you, Bradley?" Damian called from the living room.

Bradley trudged to the doorway, unable to stop his feet.

Lori and Heather were naked and kneeling in front of Damian who sat in Edward's old chair and grinned at Bradley as the unfortunate young man entered the room.

"It's about time you got home!" he laughed.

Lori giggled, but her laughter was muffled by Damian's thick cock in her mouth. Heather was kneeling beside her, petting the blonde's hair like she was a favorite daughter.

"Oh, Bradley!" Heather beamed up at him, her eyes glassy with lust. "Would you mind making dinner? I was going to but this bad boy distracted me."

"It didn't take that much, did it slut?" Damian laughed and Heather swatted him playfully on his muscular thigh.

"Oh you!"

It had been like this ever since Bradley's father had left. Well, left was a generous term. Heather had gotten the house in the divorce and Damian, Lori and Janet had all moved in. Bradley should have left with his father, but something pulled him back to the house.

The two women, on the floor turned and Bradley suppressed a groan as he saw their expanding bellies, both of them full of Damian's baby. The affairs, as well as the children, were an open secret at the school but, because of Damian's football skills, it had been swept under the rug by school officials. That didn't stop the snickers as Bradley walked down the halls, cheerleaders and football players openly laughing at Bradley's pain.

Eventually, he would have to leave the house, and college, and move on. But, right now, all he could do was watch his ex-girlfriend and ex-stepmother worship his bully's big, black cock. Bradley's body was already responding to the horrible, tawdry sight. It was that pleasure, fleeting as it was, that kept him coming back for more.

"What are you waiting for?" Damian snapped. "Get the fuck in there and make us dinner!"

Both women laughed, then continued to lick and suck their black master.

Bradley stumbled into the kitchen, only to be greeted by the lovely, pregnant form of his professor. Janet was dressed in a flimsy robe open in the front to show off her taut, round belly.

"Oh, Bradley!" she said and smiled warmly. "I'm so glad you're home!"

Bradley's heart leapt. She sounded like she was really glad to see him and a warm flush crept to her cheeks.

"Damian just fucked me so hard!" she moaned, sat down on a stool and spread her legs. "I need some of your special attention."

Bradley let out a small whine as he looked at his gorgeous professor's pussy dripping with Damian's thick seed. Despite the shame, he felt a tingle on his tongue as he imagined licking Janet's swollen lips, cleaning away the mess Damian had made.

"I don't... I don't know," Bradley protested. "I'm supposed to be making dinner."

"I'll help you," Janet said and ran a finger up the side of her pussy. "Don't you want to lick me? It's been a long time."

Bradley nodded. Janet scooped a dollop of Damian's cream onto her finger and held it up for Bradley.

"Come on, Bradley!" she cooed. "If you eat me, I'll make it worth your while."

Bradley looked into her eyes to see if she was teasing. It was a rule around the house that the women weren't supposed to touch Bradley.

"How?" Bradley asked.

Janet sat up and pressed her large, milk-laden breasts together. Bradley's mouth went dry as she molded her cleavage for him to

see. Then, the sexy professor sat back and rubbed her sticky hand across her round belly.

'I'll let you jerk off and cum on my belly," she said. "I'll let you cum looking at the gift Damian gave me. Is that what you want?"

Bradley whimpered and stared at Janet's round belly. He shook his head, but his cock was rock hard in his pants.

"Suit yourself," Janet huffed and started to stand up.

"Wait!" Bradley said.

Janet sat back and pouted up at her student.

"What?"

Bradley said nothing. Instead, he sank to his knees on the tile. Janet's face broke out into a beautiful smile and she opened her legs. Bradley looked up at his beautiful professor, then buried his face between her legs.

"That's good, Bradley!" Janet laughed. "Such a good boy!"

The End

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