

INTENSIVE CARE

A South Florida Universe Story

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Maeve Delaney's sneakers squeaked on the linoleum as she moved down the dim halls of Miami General's ICU. Dead of night. The ward was quiet except for the steady beep of heart monitors and the low hum of ventilators. Night shift was all the seniority she had, and it was already putting a strain on her marriage, but she liked the quiet. She'd left a tiny Midwestern town for Miami, finally a nurse after three years of hard work. A new job in a new city in a new state had been thrilling at first, but Miami was too hectic for her and it was always freaking hot.

Her emerald eyes scanned the empty corridor the way they always did, half expecting something to go wrong. Fair skin dusted with freckles, copper-red hair pulled back but still spilling down her back. The teal scrubs were tight and didn't do much to hide what was underneath. Her full breasts straining her scrubs, toned stomach, prominent hips, and firm well-rounded rear were mid-western grown but perfectly at home in Miami, suitable for the numerous billboards advertising gentleman's clubs throughout the city. The silver cross rested cold against her chest. Rosary beads sat heavy in her pocket reminding her to feel guilty constantly meant she'd never be on one of those billboards.

She had a new patient. Motorcycle wreck. Coma. Moved up from recovery earlier that day. Maeve pushed the door open slowly.

Stan Ellison took up most of the bed. Six-three, solid even under plaster. Both arms and one leg in casts, the leg jacked high in traction. Blue tribal ink curled across his shoulders and disappeared under the bandages. Shaved head wrapped, flat nose, dark skin. Sixty according to the chart. Maeve's first thought was the same one she'd had with the last two black patients, both lost to gunshots, thug, gangbanger, another statistic on the news. She pushed the thought down and pulled on gloves.

Chart said he needed a bath. She filled a basin with warm soapy water in the bathroom, set it on the counter, and peeled the gown down his chest.

His muscles were hard, well-defined, bruised purple from the crash, one bad bruise over a cracked rib, impressive for a man his age. The sponge left glistening trails across dark skin as she worked. She moved lower, lifting the gown past his knees...

And froze.

The head of his penis was already visible, heavy and dark against his thigh, huge and thick. Thicker than her wrist. Bigger soft than her husband when hard. Maeve's breath caught.

Empathy for the poor man nearly made tears well up in her eyes. This kind of swelling must be extremely painful, especially given how swollen his testicles were. Stan Ellison should be grateful he was in a coma.

She dipped the sponge and wrapped it around the shaft. The weight of it flopped over her fingers even through the latex. Veins stood out under the dark skin. She lifted it to clean underneath and around his testicles, so swollen his thighs couldn't close.

It twitched.

Then it started to grow.

The already swollen phallus was swelling even more.

Maeve gasped. She squeezed it and stroked the shaft attempting to ease the blood flow and help with the swelling, but the thing only stretched her grip out further.

The head darkened to a deep purple-black, rising, thickening, until the whole length stood rigid and heavy in her grip. Precum beaded at the tip. Maeve stared. Her pulse jumped in her throat. She squeezed once, testing. Steel hard. Not puffy. Not swollen the way trauma should look. Just... big. Painfully big. The head looked ready to explode.

She dropped the sponge into the basin. Both hands closed around the shaft, one under the head, one lower, and stroked. She stroked. Mechanical. Clinical. Just part of the job, relieving the swelling.

Maeve felt the heat... the throbbing through her latex gloves. A slow quiver started low in her belly and climbed. Her breath hitched. Eyes locked on the thick vein pulsing along the dark shaft. Hypnotic.

Her patient groaned. Low. Guttural. The sound rolled through her and her thighs clenched hard.

It was working.

The monitor beeps climbed. His hips jerked once, weak, pushing the heavy cock through her fist. Primal. Instinct. The head darkened to an angry purple-black and swelled thicker.

Then it erupted.

Thick ropes shot six, eight inches into the air, arcing onto the bunched gown, splattering hard on his stomach and chest. Her glove disappeared under an impossible volume of gooey white. The musky, raw scent hit her nose and her brain knew instantly, this wasn't an infection. This was pure semen.

Maeve froze. Heart thumping. The silver cross burned against her skin. Wetness soaked her panties filling her with shame.

Warmth slid down her arm. So much cum that it ran past the latex and onto her bare skin. She hurried to the bathroom, rinsed gloves and arm under cold water, then came back and cleaned him with shaking hands. Thick globs. Viscous strings. More than she believed Tom had produced in his entire life. The monstrous penis still dribbled onto his knee, even soft. She lifted it once more, wiped the head clean, and finally pulled the gown down, eyes lingering until the thick length disappeared, but the image was forever burned in her brain.

At the station she fumbled for the rosary, running the cool beads with practice over her thumb. Sinful that Mr. Ellison's huge black penis had caused her body to respond like that. The beads were no comfort. Every detail stayed burned behind her eye, the dark veins, the ridges, the large flare of his glans. She whispered a prayer. The words felt empty. Her womb seemed to ache with need even as her hard nipples scraped her bra.

The rest of her shift seemed to last an eternity.

The sun was just rising over Miami beach when she got home. Tom stood toweling off, lean and pale. His shriveled two-inch penis hung soft over a tight little scrotum. She stared. Imagined Stan's heavy black length in its place, swinging, obliterating Tom's small white penis. Her vagina clenched. Shame flushed her cheeks.

She peeled off the teal scrubs. Underneath was a plain white bra and simple cotton panties, practical, nothing meant to draw the eye. Her body made them draw the eye anyway. The bra cups strained around her heavy E-cup breasts. She unhooked it and let it fall. Pale, lightly freckled flesh spilled free, full and soft, capped with rosy pink nipples that tightened in the cool air. Freckles dusted the upper slopes and continued across her shoulders and the tops of her breasts. They sagged only slightly, but given their size, it was a small miracle they remained as proud and firm as they were.

The panties came next. She pushed them down over her hips and they dropped to the floor. A thick bush of wispy red pubic hair covered her mound, slightly matted from the long night and the wetness she was trying hard not to think about.

Tom stood there toweling off, watching. His skinny white penis twitched and rose, pale and thin, pushing just past five inches. Maeve's eyes flicked to it for only a second. The comparison filled her head without permission, Stan Ellison's thick black fourteen-inch penis, heavy and dark, the one that had pulsed in her gloved hands and spilled so much seed. It made Tom's penis appear childlike.

Her vagina throbbed. She was still wet, still aching from everything that had happened at the hospital. Yet she felt no desire for the man in front of her. Not now. Satisfaction would come later, after he left, when she could be alone with the secret toy she kept hidden in the drawer.

She pulled a blue nightgown over her head, working her arms through the sleeves and pulling it down her bare figure. The soft fabric clung to every curve as she climbed into bed, rosary beads clenched tight in one fist.

Tom kissed her goodbye, already half-hard and hopeful, then headed out for his early shift.

Maeve closed her eyes. Prayed for forgiveness. Told herself she didn't need it. She had only been relieving a patient's pain. She ran the beads through her fingers. It was like counting sheep.

Sleep brought sinful dreams.

She was on her knees completely naked but for her cross. Hands raised like prayer. Stan's thick cock between her palms as she ran them up and down the swollen shaft. He was still asleep, head bandaged, but his casts were gone. The huge black penis was swelling, hardening between her praying palms.

It bucked and exploded.

Cum splattered her face, coating her lips, dripped onto her breasts. The musky scent of his semen filled her nostrils. She leaned forward, her lips pursed to kiss the golf-ball sized head, still dribbling semen. Just as her lips were about to make contact...

Maeve woke with a sharp gasp, hips rolling against the sheets. Her thighs were slick. The nightgown clung damp to her skin. The dream vivid in her mind. Her black patient's giant black penis jerking and exploding thick white ropes of semen on her face.

She yanked the nightgown over her head and threw it aside. Nude, she opened the bottom drawer of the nightstand. Her fingers closed around the familiar toy: six inches, a little longer and thicker than Tom, the only thing that ever gave her real relief. She flicked the switch. The soft buzz filled the quiet room.

Maeve climbed back onto the bed, knees bent, legs spread, pressing the buzzing tip against her lower lips, but she didn't need its help getting wet. She guided the head between her folds and pushed. It sank in easily. Her vagina clenched around it. She flicked the switch again to the strongest setting, gasping as the vibrations sent waves of pleasure through her body. She tried to focus on the vibrations, on the mechanical rhythm, but her mind kept drifting back to Ellison's giant dark penis, her gloved hand gliding rhythmically up and down the shaft. The memory pushed her higher than normal. Her free hand found her breasts, squeezing the freckled flesh, pinching the rosy nipples. Pressure built low and tight.

The orgasm hit hard. The biggest of her life. Her back arched. A broken sound escaped her throat. Then it faded, leaving her trembling and still unsatisfied in some deeper way despite its intensity.

She pulled the toy free, switched it off, and set it aside. For a long moment she just lay there breathing. Then, as she always did after using it, she slid off the bed and dropped to her knees on the floor. Forehead pressed to her clasped hands against the mattress. The silver cross dangled above her bare breasts.

She prayed for forgiveness, for the dream, for the heat still throbbing between her legs, for the sinful desires she could not seem to quiet.

“Amen,” she whispered at last.

The dildo still glistened on the sheet. Maeve stood, carried it to the bathroom, rinsed it under the sink, and returned it to its hiding place. Then she stepped into the shower to wash her sin away.

Maeve did some housework before preparing some spaghetti and meatballs for dinner. She and Tom had a single hour a day to eat dinner together and talk before she left for another night shift.

Late that night the floor had gone quiet. The other nurses were gone. Maeve was the lone duty nurse.

She made her rounds slowly, checking charts and monitors, adjusting an IV here, straightening a blanket there. Stan Ellison's room she saved for last.

Nothing had changed. He still lay motionless, head bandaged, both arms and one leg locked in plaster, the leg elevated in traction. The monitors beeped steady and low. Maeve stood at the foot of the bed for a long moment, then stepped closer.

Gently she lifted the hem of his gown and drew it upward telling herself it was to see if the swelling had gone down. The tip of his penis appeared far sooner than it should have, unnaturally close to his knees. Soft, it was still plump and heavy, nine, maybe ten inches of dark flesh resting against his thigh.

The swelling had not gone down.

Maeve knew what he needed.

She crossed to the counter, pulled on a fresh pair of blue gloves, and squeezed a line of lubricating gel into her palms. Rubbing her hands together, she returned to the bed and carefully lifted the thick length. The moment her gloved fingers closed around it, the penis began to swell.

It hardened fast. The shaft thickened and lengthened under her touch until it stood rigid, an inch or two past a full foot by her best guess. She laid her forearm alongside it. The comparison felt accurate, thicker than her wrist. Dark bluish veins stood out along the length. The head was a deep, purplish black like a plum.

Maeve began to stroke.

Her hands glided up and down the heavy shaft, the gel making the motion smooth. The monitor's beeps climbed steadily. Stan's hips gave the faintest twitch. He lasted far longer than Tom ever had. Perhaps the swelling dulled the sensitivity or the coma reduced the feeling. Her

arms began to ache, but she kept the rhythm steady, eyes fixed on the thick dark length moving through her fists. "So big," she muttered.

Finally the shaft hardened even more. A low groan escaped his parted lips. Thick ropes of semen erupted from the head, spurt after heavy spurt, landing across his chest, staining the sheets, running down the shaft to coat her gloves in warm, sticky pudding. The musky scent filled the small room again.

His heart rate slowly settled back toward normal on the monitor as the dark penis lost its stiffness. It softened and turned limp in her grasp, semen still dribbling from the head.

Maeve spent the next fifteen minutes cleaning him with careful, thorough strokes of the sponge and fresh towels, making certain she found every thick wad and every thin trail of seed. When she was finished she pulled the gown back down, stripped off the soiled gloves, and left the room.

At her station she slipped one hand into her pocket and ran the rosary beads through her fingers. She prayed for forgiveness in a soft whisper, yet the words felt half-hearted. She had only done her duty. A nurse's duty. Giving comfort to a patient who could not help himself.

The next two nights followed the same pattern.

After the other nurses left and the floor grew quiet, Maeve finished her rounds and saved Stan Ellison for last. Each time she entered his room the monitors glowed soft blue over his still form. Bandaged head. Both arms and one leg were still locked in plaster. Nothing had changed.

She pulled on fresh gloves, squeezed gel into her palms, and lifted the heavy length of his penis. The moment her hands closed around it the shaft began to swell. Maeve stroked in steady rhythm, watching her gloved fingers glide up and down the dark, veined skin. The monitor beeps climbed. Eventually the thick head pulsed and another massive load of semen erupted, spurt after heavy spurt coating his hard stomach and six pack abs, the sheets, her gloves. The volume never seemed to lessen. If anything it felt the same every time: thick, warm, and endless.

She cleaned him carefully afterward, the musky scent of his penis and seed filling the small room. Somewhere in those two nights she realized she no longer found the smell unpleasant. It had become familiar. Almost welcome.

At home the change was harder to ignore.

After Tom left for his early shift she reached for the dildo. Again when she woke around three in the afternoon she reached for it a second time. Twice a day now. Each time her mind filled with the same images: her bare hands wrapped around Mr. Ellison's huge dark penis, the heat of it

against her skin, and him awake, watching, encouraging her in a deep manly voice. The fantasies pushed her over the edge harder than the toy alone ever had on its own.

Afterward she knelt longer. Prayed harder. Twice as long as before, rosary beads clicking between her fingers, forehead pressed to her clasped hands. The words felt necessary. The need felt stronger.

The lord had given her a sinful body, sinful thoughts and desires. He frowned down on her, watching as she satisfied the desires with the plastic dildo when it should have been her husband's bare penis inside her procreating. He'd placed a massive dark penis before her to tempt her further. The lord was testing her and she was failing.

She hoped god could forgive her.

Maeve arrived at the ICU the following evening still carrying the afterglow of her afternoon release. The elevated mood clung to her like a second skin, sharpening every sound and scent in the hallway. Monitors beeped softer than usual. The fluorescent lights felt warmer. Even the ordinary shuffle of shoes on linoleum seemed charged.

She turned the corner toward Stan Ellison's room and stopped.

The doorway and the hallway outside were packed. African-American men in black leather jackets filled the space, the snarling panther emblem bold on every back. Broad shoulders, thick arms, the heavy scent of leather and exhaust cut through the sterile hospital air. They stood with the easy confidence of men who answered to no one, a stark contrast to the quiet order of the ward.

Maeve drew a breath and pushed through the crowd. "Excuse me," she said, repeatedly.

Dark eyes followed her as she passed. She felt the weight of their attention settle on her face, her chest, the way the teal scrubs hung low on her hips. Heat rose in her cheeks. She kept her gaze forward, professional, even as her pulse quickened under their open appraisal.

Inside the room Stan Ellison was awake.

His dark eyes found hers the moment she stepped in. The bandaged head and remaining casts could not hide the sudden force of his presence. A slow grin spread across his face, magnetic and certain. Something low in Maeve's belly tightened in answer.

"Brothers," he rumbled, voice deep and steady, "I swear an angel brought me back. Felt her love tugging and tugging, pullin' me outta the dark and back into the light."

Maeve's throat went dry. She managed a formal nod. "I'm Nurse Delaney. Glad you're awake, Mr. Ellison."

The words came out steady, but her hands wanted to tremble. Somewhere beneath the professional tone a quieter thought whispered: had those nights of careful relief actually helped pull him through?

She turned to the crowded room, voice firm despite the flutter in her chest.

"Visiting hours are almost over. We don't want to excite Mr. Ellison too much. He needs rest."

Stan's grin widened. "I been resting for days, nurse. But if you want me all to yourself then brothers, you heard the lady. Panthers Ride!"

"Panthers Ride," the men answered in a low chorus.

One by one they approached the bed. Each man laid a hand on Stan's shoulder, murmured something short and solid, then filed out past Maeve. Their eyes dragged over her as they passed, appreciative, lustful, unapologetic. Mumbled growls reached her ears: fine white ass, big ol' white titties, snow bunny needs the BBC bad. Shame burned across her face even as an unwelcome pulse answered low in her body that had arousal soaking her panties.

An older, wiry man with a grizzled beard lingered. He held up a black leather jacket, the panther emblem glaring from the back, and draped it carefully over the chair beside the bed.

"Brought this, Alpha Prime."

The last of the men drifted out, still casting looks her way. Their crude remarks hung in the air after them. Maeve stood rigid, cheeks hot, outraged and something far more dangerous tangled tight in her chest.

Stan watched her from the bed, dark eyes steady, the faintest smile still playing at the corner of his mouth. She moved the buzzer to his right arm, most of his fingers were free of the cast. "If you need me, just buzz," she told him. The casts were now covered in graffiti, crude panthers and motorcycles, many words of encouragement almost childlike.

She left the room and sat at her station just as visiting hours were over. A redheaded woman hurried past the nurses' station, heels clicking sharp on the linoleum. Maeve followed to kick her out.

The woman leaned over the bed and left a small card covered in crayon hearts and the words "Feel better, Mr. Ellison!" Then she kissed him, soft, lingering, far too familiar. There was definitely passion and tongue involved. A tent formed beneath his gown. Something sharp and unexpected twisted in Maeve's chest. Jealousy. She pushed it down hard. He was her patient. Nothing more.

The woman turned and nearly bumped into her, green eyes bright with relief.

"Sorry. I raced here after school the second I heard Principal Ellison had woken up. We were all so worried about him." She glanced back at Stan with open affection. "I'll come back when there's more time."

"Thanks, Helen," Stan said, fingers in one cast wiggling a small goodbye.

Maeve glanced again at the signatures and short messages scrawled across the white plaster in different colors, children's handwriting mixed with the bikers' bold scrawl.

"Helen's one of my teachers," Stan told her once the woman had gone. His eyes followed the retreating figure for a moment. "I'm the principal at South Miami Elementary."

Maeve's eyebrow lifted. "And do all your teachers kiss you like that, Mr. Ellison?" The words came out sharper than she intended.

Stan's mouth curved. "Only the pretty ones. But I've been thinking about moving on to nurses."

His gaze dropped openly to her chest. Maeve felt her nipples tighten against the bra, pressing into the scrub top. The silver cross suddenly felt useless. Heat stirred low in her belly even as shame followed close behind. He was awake now. Everything that had happened before was off-limits.

She checked his IV to give her hands something to do. The needle glinted under the fluorescent light. Her fingers trembled once before she steadied them. Rosary beads shifted in her pocket as she silently asked for strength. Her hand found them the second she exited the room.

Later that night he buzzed her.

BUZZ!

"Sorry, nurse Delaney," Stan said, "I need to piss."

Maeve pulled on fresh gloves and retrieved the bedpan. "Of course, Mr. Ellison. How are you doing?"

"Got an itch under the cast I can't reach. Can't walk. Can't feed myself. Can't even hold my own dick to take a piss. Other than that, good as can be expected."

She positioned the bedpan between his legs and carefully lifted the gown. The thick, dark length of his penis came into view. Her breath caught for half a second before she forced herself to focus.

"You'll get there," she said quietly, guiding him into place.

"With your help, Nurse Delaney, I will." He watched her face. "I sure appreciate this."

"All part of the job."

A steady stream of urine filled the pan. Stan sighed in relief. "Been holding it a while. Now you're holding it. We should probably be on a first-name basis. Stan."

"Maeve," she answered, adjusting the angle so the head stayed clear of the rising liquid.

"Pretty name for a pretty woman. Tell me, Maeve, you ever hold a black man's cock before?"

She stiffened. "Please, Mr. Ellison. I'm a married woman. There's no need to be crude."

"Just curious. Have you?"

"Only yours."

A low sound of satisfaction left him. "Good. I like being a white woman's first black cock."

"Watch your language."

He chuckled. "Squeeze it forward and shake it."

Maeve did as instructed. A final small squirt and a few drops. She shook once more, too firmly. The thick shaft began to swell in her grip, lengthening, hardening, the soft weight disappearing as it rose. She stroked twice before realizing what she was doing and released it quickly. Too late. The heavy length stood rigid, lifting up, then settled against his stomach.

She took the bedpan to the bathroom and emptied it, giving herself a moment to breathe.

When she returned the erection was still there, dark and obvious. He obviously couldn't pull his gown down.

"Anything else I can do for you, Mr. Ellison?" The question left her mouth before she could stop it. Regret followed instantly.

Stan's voice dropped, low and direct. "Yes, nurse. My cock. I need you to make me cum."

"I warned you about being crass, Mr. Ellison. I'm a professional." She came over beside the bed and pulled his gown up, pulling it down over his penis, the huge shaft creating a large tubular tent beneath it.

"No," he said. "You don't understand. It hurts when it gets like this and it won't go down until I nut. I need to cum at least once a day or the pain in my balls just keeps getting worse."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ellison," she said, staring at the bulging tent, rising and falling. She sucked her lower lip into her mouth.

"Please," he begged. "I can't do it myself and... you're the reason it's like this." Maeve turned and walked towards the door. "Please," he called. "Please Maeve,"

Maeve peered out the door. The floor was mostly empty for the night and short staffed at that. She closed the door, leaving it open a crack. She turned and walked back over to her patient.

Stan looked at her expectantly. "Thank god," he sighed, letting his bandaged head fall back on the pillow. "Think of it as physical therapy. You're helping me recover."

"Fine, Mr. Ellison," she said, "but I don't want you staring at me. We'll keep this clinical and only because it's so badly swollen. I assume you must be in pain."

"A lot of pain. I appreciate this, Maeve."

Maeve retrieved the gel and squirted some on the palm of one gloved hand, reversing it and squirting it in her other palm. She pinched the hem of his gown and raised it, freeing the huge black penis, the head rising several inches off his abdomen and bobbing slightly. She grabbed the base, raising the shaft up, staring at it, still not used to the sight.

"Big, isn't it?"

"Clinical, Mr. Ellison, but yes, it's quite large." She ran her hand up the shaft, twisting it, rubbing the lubrication in, adding her other hand, slowly pumping the shaft up and down.

"Oh, that's good, Maeve," he moaned. "So, tell me, how long have you been married?"

"Kind of personal, but just under a year."

"Just trying to take your mind off things," he said, bucking his hips up through her hands. Maeve responded by pumping down each time he thrust up. "Fuck yeah," he moaned.

Maeve gasped, looking up at him. He was smiling, eyes closed. "Damn this thing's big," she hissed, trying to stroke him faster from the head to the base. "How big is it?"

Stan raised his head, looking down at her. "It's around fourteen inches."

"I can see that, but how big is it normally?"

"That is normal, nurse," he said, with a smirk.

"You mean it isn't swollen?" she stared at it in disbelief, taking one hand off and sliding the other down to the base.

"Of course it's swollen," he chuckled.

"But not from your accident?"

"No nurse, that's fourteen inches of big nigg... black cock in your hand."

"But how?"

"Baby, I was just born this way. The panthers only take alphas in the club and I'm one of the biggest, most of the brothers are around a foot long."

"A foot long!" she gasped in shock. "I don't believe it, Tom's only..."

"Work it, Maeve. It ain't gonna cum on its own." He waited, nodding when she started sliding her hands up and down his shaft, staring at it in awe. "Tom yo husband? He's only what, Maeve?" he asked.

"Tom's penis is only... it's under six inches... five inches, somewhere in between, I think. Maybe as thick as your thumb?" He wiggled the thumb sticking out of the cast. "Your penis is three times his size."

"That look like a penis to you, nurse?" he asked, she slowed her stroking, staring at the shiny dark black shaft. "That ain't no little white boy penis, that's a cock, a big nigger cock."

Maeve gasped, but her hands picked up speed. "Don't say that word," she hissed through her teeth.

"Fine, a big black cock then. It's like a penis only bigger and blacker. What's that you're jerking off?"

"Please?" she begged. "Keep it clinical. I'm just giving you a hand."

"A hand job, you're giving me a hand job. Say it!"

"I'm jerking off your big black cock," she gasped, pumping the thick black shaft even faster. Comparing Tom's penis to Mr. Ellison's huge black cock, they were so different, it only made sense that she would call them by two different names.

"Good, nurse. Now keep pumping them hands. I can feel my nut coming."

"Yes, Mr. Ellison."

"That little white boy dick, ever make you cum?"

"Please, sir," she begged, her vagina was drooling down her thighs.

"No, I'm sure it hasn't. Bet you got a dildo to take care of that needy pussy. Well do you, Maeve?"

Maeve trembled, blushing, still jerking his shaft.

"I'll take your silence as a yes. A body like yours, nurse, it ain't never gonna get off with a little white boy penis. Your body was built for big black cock. Let me get my nigga cock all up in that white pussy and I'll show you what a good cum feels like."

"Oh god," she pleaded, her pussy... vaginal muscles were spasming like it relished the thought, like it wanted it... needed it.

"Here comes my nut, Maeve. Watch out I cum a lot."

"I know," she replied.

"And how do you know that?"

"Um... well, you're a.. testicles are so large, I just assumed."

Stan chuckled. "Talk dirty, Maeve. Tell me you want it."

"I want it," she gasped, his cock swelling again, the purple head expanding.

"Want what?"

"I want you to cum for me," she gasped. "I want your big black cock's cum."

Stan grunted, bucking his hips up through her hands and his cock exploded a geyser of thick white semen, several more geysers following, flowing down, coating his hard black shaft and her gloved hands.

She jerked the last of his seed out, milking the shaft with her hands, staring lustfully as semen continued dribbling out of the head, running down his shaft. "So much cum," she gasped, staring at it, the scent filling her nostrils.

"More than last time?"

"About the same..." Maeve looked up at him in alarm. "What do you mean?"

"I know you been jerking me off, Maeve." He lowered his head. "I wasn't in a coma; I had catatonia from hitting my head. I was aware of everything you did for me."

"Dear god," she whimpered. She'd molested the man. She could lose her job or worse, go to jail. "You can't tell anyone, Mr. Ellison. I thought I was helping you."

"You were, you are helping me." Stan leered at her. "Just keep up the physical therapy and we good." Stan's body relaxed back on the bed with a sigh. Maeve disappeared, washing the semen off her gloves in the bathroom. She returned with some towels to clean up the mess. His cock had gone limp, laying over one strong thigh, still drooling semen, the residual dribble more than Tom's ejaculate. He raised his head watching her clean up his jizz. "You really did save me, Maeve. Those hand jobs pulled me back into the light. You were the angel that saved me. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Mr. Ellison." She tossed the sticky wet towels in the waste bin. "I'd better get on with my rounds."

“One more thing, nurse. I have to piss again.”

The sun was just cresting the horizon when Maeve stepped into the quiet apartment. Night-shift fatigue sat heavy in her bones, but the deeper weight was the secret she carried home with her. The air smelled faintly of Tom's cheap cologne. Ordinary. Safe. Completely removed from the blue glow of monitors and the musky scent that still clung to her memory.

Tom stood in the bathroom doorway, towel around his waist, brushing his teeth. He grinned when he saw her.

“Hi, honey,” he said. He crossed the small space and wrapped his arms around her, warm and familiar. “Missed you, babe.”

His lean body pressed against hers. Maeve felt an unexpected surge of need rise hard and fast. She didn't speak of the hospital. She didn't speak of Stan. Instead, she reached down and pulled the loose knot on her husband's towel. It fell to the floor. He stared at her in pleasant surprise as her hand found his small penis, stroking it. He hardened swiftly. She stepped back, quickly pulling her scrubs off. The silver cross bounced against her chest as the fabric fell away. Her bra followed. Full breasts spilled free, freckled skin pale in the early light, rosy nipples tightening.

Tom's eyes widened. She almost never initiated. Almost never let him see her like this in full light. His skinny white penis twitched, bobbing, pale and thin. Maeve noticed it only long enough for the comparison to flash unbidden through her mind, Stan's thick, dark length, heavy and veined. She pushed the image away and reached for a condom from the nightstand drawer, tossing it to him.

Tom rolled it on and climbed over her, kissing her neck, hands cupping her breasts. “You're so beautiful,” he whispered.

She guided him between her legs. He slid inside with little resistance. Maeve moved with him, hips rising to meet each thrust, soft sounds leaving her throat. Physically she participated. Mentally she was elsewhere, remembering the weight of a much thicker shaft, the heat of darker skin, the way a single groan had rolled through her. Tom finished quickly, a small pulse inside the condom that she barely felt, and collapsed beside her with a satisfied sigh.

“Love you,” he murmured, pressing a kiss to her forehead. He showered, dressed, and left for the warehouse, completely unaware that his wife lay unsatisfied and aching.

The door clicked shut. Silence settled over the apartment.

Maeve stared at the ceiling. The brief intimacy had done nothing to quiet the deeper need. She lifted the small silver cross to her lips. “Forgive me, Lord,” she whispered. Tears pricked her eyes.

She slid off the bed, still nude, and opened the bottom drawer of the nightstand. Her fingers closed around the familiar six-inch toy, the only thing that reliably brought her release. She lay back, knees bent, and guided it between her folds. The soft buzz filled the quiet room as she pressed it deeper. Her free hand squeezed one full breast, thumb brushing the sensitive nipple.

Her mind refused to stay on the mechanical rhythm. It drifted to Stan, his heavy dark penis swelling under her hands, the musky scent of his seed, the low sound of relief he had made. "I want it," she mumbled. "I want that big black cock." Stan's black face grinned in triumph at her. The memory pushed her higher. Pleasure tightened and broke. She came hard, hips lifting off the mattress, a broken cry escaping before the wave faded and left her trembling.

The satisfaction was temporary. The guilt arrived immediately after.

Maeve switched the toy off and set it aside. Still nude, she slipped to her knees beside the marital bed. Forehead pressed to her clasped hands. Rosary beads slid between her fingers as she began the familiar prayer.

"Hail Mary, full of grace..."

The words filled the quiet room. Outside, the city was waking. Inside, Maeve knelt between the life she had chosen and the pull she could no longer pretend was only clinical.

A quiet pattern settled over the first week Stan was awake.

Each night, once the floor emptied and the remaining staff thinned to a skeleton crew, the buzzer for his room went off at the nurse's station. Maeve would finish whatever task she was on, then walk the short distance to his room. No one noticed how long she stayed. The understaffed night shift left too many gaps, the other nurses on the floor busy with their own patients.

Stan never demanded. He simply said the same words in that low, steady voice:

"Nurse Delaney. I need my physical therapy."

He framed it as recovery. Necessary. Healing. And every time he added, "You're savin' me, Maeve," something in her conscience loosened just enough to let her step inside and close the door.

During ordinary care, checking vitals, adjusting pillows, marking the chart, Stan was polite, almost courtly. He thanked her. Asked how her shift was going. Never pushed. The perfect gentleman, Principal Ellison.

The moment her gloved hands wrapped around his thick shaft, the gentleman vanished and the Alpha Prime of the black panthers emerged.

Filthy words spilled out of him in a rough, appreciative stream. He told her how good her white hands looked on his black cock. How hard she made him. How good his big nigger cock would feel in her mouth... in her white pussy. Maeve flinched at the language every time, told him to stop, and insisted it stay clinical. Her hands never stopped moving, her nipples hard as rocks, her pussy drooling as she stroked him. She looked forward to getting home to her pink dildo.

Night after night she returned.

She prayed in the hallway afterward, beads sliding between trembling fingers. Yet the justifications grew smoother with repetition. He needed the relief. The swelling caused pain. She was helping him heal. By the fourth night the arguments felt almost automatic.

She grew familiar with the weight of him, the heat that bled through the latex, the exact rhythm that brought the thick head to full, dark tightness. Stan's hips would twitch. The monitor beeps would climb. Then the heavy pulses would start and another massive load of semen would spill across his stomach and her gloves. The volume never lessened. The musky scent had become something she looked forward to smelling.

Tonight he was close. She could tell now. The thing would swell even bigger, the glans darken to a purplish black. His hips would start bucking slightly and the heart monitor's beeps hit a certain crescendo. "OH fuck, Maeve," he groaned. "Lean closer."

She bent down closer, jerking faster.

"Quick, pull it down," he ordered.

Maeve hesitated for only a second. She bent his steel hard cock towards her. When the first thick rope erupted it hit her chin splattering down to her small silver cross. Hot seed striped across the front of her teal scrubs, dark spots and heavy white globs that soaked into the fabric before she could step back. She kept stroking it, more and more semen splattering the top of her scrubs. She finished him with shaking hands, cleaned the bed as best she could, and left the room with her top ruined.

In the locker room, she washed her face, the first blast of semen coming dangerously close to her mouth. She ran the wet towel down the sticky line on her chest to her cross before pulling her ruined top off her upper torso. She scrubbed at the stains with cold water and soap. They refused to lift. The musky smell clung even after the visible evidence faded to faint shadows. In the end she stripped off the soiled scrubs, stuffed them into a plastic bag, and changed into a fresh set from her locker.

Clean fabric settled over her skin. The silver cross settled back into place between her breasts. Maeve stared at her reflection for a long moment, then pinned her name badge on and returned to her station.

Several days later...

BUZZ!

Maeve looked up from her desk, her nipples hardening when she saw it was Mr. Ellison's room. Maeve entered Stan's room expecting the same routine. She opened the drawer for gloves and found the box empty. The day shift had forgotten to restock.

Stan watched her face. "Use your bare hands then."

The words landed heavier than they should have. Maeve hesitated, staring at her own pale fingers and palm. The barrier of latex had always let her pretend the contact remained clinical. Without it there would be nothing between her skin and his. Her white hand on his bare black cock.

She moved to the bed anyway, squirting the Medline jelly into her palm.

Her bare hands closed around the thick, dark shaft. Heat hit her palms immediately, hotter, sharper, more intimate than anything she had felt through gloves. The heavy vein pulsed against her fingers in line with the heart monitor. A soft sound escaped her before she could stop it. The sensation raced straight through her, settling low and insistent between her legs.

Stan's voice dropped into the familiar filth the moment she touched him.

"Feels better, doesn't it, Maeve? You like having your white hands on that big black cock."

"Don't talk like that, Stan," she whispered, but her hands kept moving, slow and deliberate, savoring the living heat and the texture of the veins. She twisted her hands around the shaft, making sure it was fully lubricated.

He chuckled, low and patient, and didn't push the language further. His eyes stayed on her, waiting.

"Why don't you take your scrubs off?" he said after a moment. "We don't want another accident like last time. Seeing more of that white body will help me finish quicker."

Maeve's hands slowed. The practical excuse and the open request tangled together. She should have refused. Instead her fingers went to the base of her shirt. She shrugged the teal fabric off, then pushed the pants down and stepped out of them. She stood beside the bed in a plain white bra and matching panties. The simple cotton did nothing to hide the heavy shape of her breasts or the flare of her hips.

Stan's gaze moved over her without hurry.

"Damn, girl. You look good. But my grandma had sexier underwear than that."

Heat flooded Maeve's face, weirdly embarrassed by her practical underwear. She glanced down at the ordinary white fabric and suddenly felt exposed in a way the earlier nights had never managed. The professional armor was gone. Only the cross remained.

She wrapped both hands around him again. The thick shaft glided through her fists. She stared at the contrast, pale fingers against dark, veined skin and felt her own breathing change.

Stan groaned, hips shifting.

"Yes," Maeve whispered before she could catch herself.

"Yes what, Maeve?"

She lifted her eyes to his. The words left her mouth in a rush, quiet and certain.

"I like touching your big black cock."

The admission hung between them. Stan's shaft pulsed hard in her hands. Thick ropes of semen erupted, striking her chest and the plain white bra, warm splatters landing across the silver cross and dripping down the freckled skin of her breasts. The musky scent rose strong and familiar.

Maeve kept stroking until the last pulses faded, staring at the evidence of what she had just said and done. Desire, embarrassment, and guilt tangled so tightly she could no longer separate them. The old rationalizations, therapy, swelling, patient comfort, felt thin and useless now.

She had wanted this.

She had said it out loud.

And the symbols of her faith, one to god, her cross, and one to her husband, her wedding ring, were both covered in Stan's ejaculate.

Maeve left the apartment early that afternoon, deliberately skipping the private routine she had come to need after Tom went to work. The ache was still there, unanswered, but she had somewhere else to be.

She drove to the Sunset Palms Mall and walked into Spicy, the lingerie shop that catered to the city's dancers, over 2000 at several dozen clubs according to a news article she'd read. The racks were loud with lace and straps, glittery mini-dresses, and tiny thongs. Maeve moved past the ordinary sets until she found a sheer green bra and matching thong. The fabric was thin enough to show everything, the cups cut to lift large breasts without trying to hide them. She paid in cash and left with the small bag on the passenger seat.

At the hospital she changed in the locker room before her shift started. The green lace settled against her skin, transparent over rosy nipples and the thick red hair between her legs. The thong disappeared between the curves of her ass. She pulled the teal scrubs over it and pinned her name badge in place, the secret already warm against her body.

Stan's right cast had come off, the arm paler than the rest of his dark skin, dried flakes of dead skin coming off. It wouldn't be long before he could take care of his own, "physical therapy".

BUZZ!

Maeve felt the familiar pull low in her belly and went.

She stepped inside, closed the door, and without waiting for instruction began pulling the top over her head. The scrubs fell away. She stood in the sheer green set, breasts heavy in the thin lace. Stan's eyes moved over her slowly. He lifted his weak arm, the fingers made a small circling motion. Maeve turned, letting him see the way the thong disappeared between her cheeks, the long line of her back, the flare of her hips, nearly all of her fair lightly freckled skin.

"Fuck, Maeve," he said, voice thick. "Now that's what I'm talkin' about. Them pink nipples and that red bush makin' my black cock hard. Panties barely cover it."

Heat rose in her face. "I would have trimmed it if I'd had time."

"Don't you dare. That red bush makes it look like your pussy's on fire. I love it."

The blunt approval landed deeper than it should have. Pride mixed with embarrassment. She reached for the lubricant, coated her bare hands, and wrapped them around the thick shaft that had already risen hard under the gown. The heat of him filled her palms. She leaned closer without thinking, breathing in the heavier, muskier scent of his skin. He needed another bath, but she kind of liked his musky sweaty scent. It belonged to him.

"Damn you look good, gurl," he growled, eyes sweeping her underwear clad figure. "Green suits you, but I've always been partial to black on a white woman... and in a white woman."

Maeve said nothing, but her cheeks flushed under his appraisal. She stroked with a steady, familiar rhythm. Stan watched her face. When the pulses started she kept her hands moving, letting the thick ropes of semen stripe across the new green lace, warm and heavy, soaking through to her nipples and leaving her cross coated in a wad of semen. Her new underwear was ruined in moments.

Maeve cleaned him first, then stepped into his bathroom. She wiped the cooling seed from her breasts and the soaked lace, watching the green fabric darken further under the water. The lingerie she had bought specifically for him was already marked past saving. It hadn't been inexpensive either.

She visited other patients and socialized with some nurses, her professional scrubs on the outside, her sexy lingerie soiled with the seed of a black patient beneath.

Maeve pulled into the hospital lot with a new bag from Spicy on the passenger seat. Three sets this time: a replacement green one, a blue one, and a black set complete with garter belt and stockings. The black one had been meant for Tom's birthday. She had never bought anything like it for him before. In nearly a year of marriage she had rarely even let him see her fully nude in the light. Stamina had never been his strong suit. The thought of surprising him with the black lace had felt like a way to balance the scales, give something to her husband while she continued her charity work with Mr. Ellison.

She carried the bag into the locker room and opened it. The black stockings slid cool against her legs. She hooked them to the garter belt, settled the sheer cups over her breasts, and adjusted the tiny panties. The mirror showed a woman she barely recognized. She told herself she was only trying the set on, that she would change back into something practical before her shift. Instead she pulled the teal scrubs over the black lace and pinned her name badge in place.

Stan looked better when she checked on him at the start of the shift. The bandage was gone from his head. Fresh scars crossed his scalp where the stitches had been removed, gray stubble starting to show. The free arm looked pale and flaky compared to the rest of him. The remaining cast was covered in crayon drawings and short messages from children. He could move the free arm, but it was weak.

"You're making progress," Maeve said.

"Couldn't do it without you, Nurse Delaney."

She felt a small, unwanted twist of worry. If he kept healing this quickly he would soon be able to take care of himself. The excuse that brought her to his room every night would disappear. She'd miss giving him his therapy, but then, perhaps, she could put this behind her and return to normalcy.

"I'll check in with you later," she said.

"I'll buzz when I'm ready for my physical therapy. One favor first?" He nodded toward the leather jacket draped over the chair. "Check the inside pocket."

Maeve reached in and pulled out a folded piece of black cloth.

"My do-rag. Put it on for me?"

She opened the skull cap and leaned over. Stan turned his head, pressing his face briefly into the soft give of her breasts as she settled the fabric over his scalp. She didn't pull away. When

she stepped back the do-rag changed him. The school principal was still there, but the man looking back at her looked more like the biker the Panthers had called Alpha Prime.

“Good?” she asked.

“Great. Thanks.”

“See you later, Mr. Ellison.” She gave him a small wink on the way out.

“I always look forward to our visits.”

The rest of the shift passed quietly. Maeve charted, traded a few words with an orderly, and ate a salad at the nurses’ station while the floor stayed slow. She pulled her pocket Bible from the drawer and opened it at random.

Matthew 26:41.

Watch and pray that you may not undergo the test. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

She read the verse twice. The flesh is weak. There was no arguing with that. Her body craved Stan Ellison’s thick dark penis with a steadiness that prayer had not quieted. The dirty talk he spilled once her hands were on him only made the craving sharper. All her life had prepared her for a different kind of man. The dildo at home still gave her release, but it was a lesser sin, and even that was starting to feel insufficient.

“I was sick and you took care of me,” she mumbled. Mathew 25:36/

She told herself Stan still needed her. Helping the sick was the reason she had become a nurse. As long as he required the relief she provided, she would continue. The argument felt thinner every time she used it.

Another thought followed, harder to push away. Ellison’s penis had begun to occupy too much space in her mind. She saw it when she used the toy. She dreamed of it. She caught herself imagining her bare hands on the shaft while she tried to pray. The word that rose unbidden was... idolatry. She was slipping into idolatry.

Idolatry consists of divinizing what is not God!

You shall not have other gods beside me. You shall not make for yourself an idol... You shall not bow down before them or serve them.

For the source of wantonness is the divinizing of idols.

Yet the bible said a lot about helping the sick and the needy. And Stan needed her. Giving in to the temptation of his giant black cock had brought him back from the brink. She was going to help the needy and as long as Mr. Ellison needed her, she would continue his “physical therapy.”

She closed her eyes, one hand slipping into her pocket to finger the rosary beads, the other lifting to the small silver cross at her throat. She tried to pray for strength. The image of the heavy black length sliding through her pale fingers kept interrupting the words.

BUZZ.

Maeve's eyes opened. Stan's room. Her pussy drooled, her nipples stiffened. She knew exactly what he wanted.

She stripped her scrubs outside his door, folded them neatly on the chair just inside, and stepped into the room wearing only the black lace set she had bought for Tom's birthday, sheer bra, tiny panties, garter belt, and stockings.

Stan's eyebrows rose. His eyes moved over her without hurry.

"Now that is what I'm talkin' about," he said appreciatively. "You remembered I prefer black."

Maeve felt heat climb her throat. "It's for my husband's birthday, but I thought I'd model it for you first."

The thin hospital gown tented hard between his legs. Stan's voice dropped. "Looks like my big ol' nigger cock likes Tom's present."

"Mr. Ellison, please. Don't use that word."

She stepped closer anyway. The stockings whispered against the floor. She wrapped her fingers around the thick shaft just under the head. The heat of him jumped straight up her arm. She had no interest in using gloves anymore. "Time for your physical therapy."

"Let's try something," he said. "Sit me up."

Maeve released him, leaned in, and slid her arms under his. Her breasts pressed against his chest through the thin lace as she heaved him upright. Stan's stubbled cheek brushed hers. He turned his face into her neck and breathed in. She didn't pull away.

She got him seated on the edge of the bed, untied the gown, and drew it off. He sat nude except for the remaining casts and the do-rag. The free hand rested on the mattress for balance, still weak, but gaining strength. His heavy dark penis rose thick and rigid between his thighs.

Maeve turned to the counter for the lubricant. Stan's voice stopped her. "As much as I love the outfit, take the top off."

Maeve gasped, her hand coming up to cover her mouth before she lowered it. She felt her nipples scraping the inside of her bra. "Really Mr. Ellison, that wouldn't be appropriate." She

flushed again, feeling foolish saying that while standing before him wearing garters and skimpy lingerie about to jerk him off. "That doesn't help with your physical therapy."

"It would, nurse. Staring at that stacked white body helps get me off quicker, relieves the pain faster."

"Sorry, Mr. Ellison, I'm not showing you my bosom." She shook her head scoldingly.

"Trust me nurse, you lookin' fine in that outfit, but we don't want to stain your husband's birthday present, do we?"

Maeve's brow furrowed. "No, we don't," she muttered.

"Besides, that green bra was so sheer, I could see everything through it and that bra ain't that much better."

"True," she muttered.

"It's up to you, Maeve, but I'm warnin' ya, my big ol' black balls are feelin' pretty full today."

Maeve gulped. Stan's scrotum was hanging over the side of the bed beneath his rearing shaft. His testicles were always huge, maybe it was her imagination but they did look bigger today, very full. Maeve sat the bottle down on the counter and reached behind her. She unhooked the bra, feeling the constraints on her breasts immediately loosen causing her to sigh slightly with relief. She held the top against her bosom as the straps fell to the sides. She moved her arm to cover her chest, pulling the bra out and setting it on the counter. His dark eyes stared at her in anticipation. She moved her arm, holding her palms over the ends of her breasts.

"Show me," he demanded. Maeve lowered her hands, her breasts dropped slightly, but despite their size, they were proud and firm. The A/C's cold air caressed her swollen nipples.

Stan slowly whistled. His big black cock jerked. "Look at them big white titties," he said, the lust in his eyes. "I love me some thick pink nipples. They hard for me?"

"It's cold in here," she lied. She could feel the strain in her nipples, pulling her areola off the ends of her breasts under his gaze.

"Dayumn white gurl, you may be an angel, but you built like a stripper."

"Please, Mr. Ellison," she begged, turning red. Spicy catered heavily to strippers and the kind of women parading on Miami Beach in tiny bikinis with their big fake tits bouncing, tramps and sluts all. The fact that she had to shop there for a bra and panties that fit her body confirmed what he was saying. "Stop appraising me." She grabbed the bottle and squirted the lube in her hand, reversing and filling her other hand. "Let's get this over with."

Maeve's face burned. She coated her hands and stepped between his knees. Both palms closed around the thick shaft. The familiar heat filled her grip. She stroked.

Stan leaned slightly left, raising his arm. His black hand reached out and caressed her breast.

Maeve gasped, staring down at the large black hand against the pale flesh of her breast. "Mr. Ellison, what are you doing?" Her hands continued twisting and gliding along his cock.

"More physical therapy," he muttered, weakly squeezing and kneading her breast.

He was treating her breast like it was a stress ball, working it to build up strength in his grip. She sucked her lower lip into her mouth, eyes lidded, lips parted, moaning slightly. His hand felt good, the only thing missing was his other hand kneading her right breast. She gasped, her nipple squeezing out between two fingers, tugging it slightly. She'd never been this aroused, this horny. She might skip church on her way home and jump Tom before he went to work. "Oh, Mr. Ellison," she moaned, lustfully.

"Come here," he said.

She leaned in. Their mouths met. Stan's tongue pushed past her lips. Maeve answered without thinking, kissing him deeper than she had ever kissed Tom. The contrast hit her hard, this was hunger, not habit. His hand kept working her breast while she stroked him. When he broke the kiss he spoke against her mouth, voice low and certain.

"Wrap them big white titties around that black cock."

Maeve's protest died unfinished. She slid down, guided the heavy length between her breasts, and pressed them together. The thick shaft disappeared into the soft valley. She moved, bouncing the full weight of her breasts along him. The silver cross swung and caught against the dark skin. Precum smeared her freckles.

Stan watched her with dark, steady eyes. Maeve kept the rhythm, chasing the approval she saw there, the same approval that had started to matter more than the excuses she still told herself.

When he finished, the first thick ropes struck her chin and spilled down onto the cross and the upper slopes of her breasts. She kept moving until the spurts faded, then stayed on her knees a moment longer, breathing hard, the musky scent heavy in the small room.

She rose on unsteady legs and went into the bathroom. The mirror showed a woman with semen cooling on her freckled chest, black lace around her hips, stockings still clipped to the garter belt, the small silver cross shining wet in the center of it all.

Maeve stared at her reflection and barely recognized the face looking back.

The next morning Maeve stood under the hot spray, naked except for her wedding ring and the small silver cross. Steam filled the bathroom. Water ran over her freckled skin, down the full curves of her breasts, across her stomach, and between her thighs. She worked soap over

every inch, lingering longer than necessary, as if thoroughness could reach the places the hospital washcloth had missed.

It hadn't.

Tiny flakes of dried semen still clung under one earlobe and in the shallow dip of her navel. She found them with her fingertips and scrubbed harder. The water could cleanse her body, but not her soul.

She lifted the cross, kissed the cool metal, and whispered against it.

"Forgive me, Lord."

The words felt familiar now, almost automatic. The water cleansed her skin. Nothing yet had cleansed the part of her that kept returning to the night before, the weight of Stan's thick dark penis between her breasts, the way his seed had striped her chest and caught on the cross, the low growling sound he made when he finished.

Heat that had nothing to do with the shower gathered low in her belly. Maeve closed her eyes. Her free hand slid down her stomach, through the wet red hair between her legs, and found the sensitive place that was already swollen. She circled it slowly, the cross swaying against her wet breasts, and let the memory take her: the heavy shaft disappearing into the soft valley of her cleavage, the musky scent, the first thick rope striking her chin.

Her knees weakened. Pleasure tightened and broke. She braced one hand against the tiled wall, breathing hard, water still cascading over her.

"Forgive me, Lord," she whispered again.

It wasn't enough.

Later, still damp, she lay on the bed with her pink dildo in hand. The soft buzz filled the quiet room as she guided it inside. Her hips rose to meet it. The fantasy returned stronger, Stan awake this time, watching her, telling her what to do in that deep voice. The second orgasm hit harder than the first. She cried out, the silver cross bouncing against her chest, and the name that left her lips was not her husband's.

"Stan," she moaned.

When the waves faded she stayed where she was, legs still open, the toy resting against her thigh. Desire had not left with the climax. It only settled deeper, waiting.

Maeve turned her face into the pillow and closed her eyes. Stan Ellison was no longer confined to a hospital bed or a late-night room, hadn't been for a long time.

He had followed her home.

BUZZ!

Stan's call light glowed at the usual late hour.

She stepped inside, closed it most of the way, and stripped the teal scrubs without being asked. The new sheer blue bra and matching panties clung to her freckled skin. Stan's eyes moved over her with open appreciation, a tent forming under his gown. Pride flickered through her that her body had this reaction on him..

Pride, another sin.

"Free them big titties, white girl," he said. "Don't want my jizz ruinin' that bra."

She reached back and unhooked it. Her breasts settled free, heavy and soft, rosy nipples stiffening under his gaze. Stan's free hand was stronger tonight. He raised the head of the bed, then reached out and cupped one full breast, kneading with more aggression. He was recovering quickly.

She coated her hands and wrapped them around the thick dark shaft that had already risen hard. The familiar heat filled her palms. She stroked while Stan's hand slid from her breast down the curve of her waist and under the back of her panties. His fingers traced the arch of her ass, then lower.

"Titty-fuck that big nigger cock, white girl," he murmured.

Maeve's breath caught. "Why do you have to talk like that, Mr. Ellison?"

He chuckled, low and certain. "I think you like it. Let's find out."

Maeve gulped, she was now facing his knees, bent over, bouncing her titties... her breasts faster over his shaft. His hand slipped lower, feeling her wet thighs. She squeezed the sides of her breasts tighter, the swelling of his cock pushing back against the softness of her tit flesh, nearly punching her in the chin. "Please?" she begged, feeling her arousal running down over his fingers. Move away. Close your thighs. Stop this before it goes too far.

She spread her legs wider.

Mr. Ellison's fingers slid along her slit. Maeve jumped slightly, pushing back, trembling. "Why Maeve, you do like it. Thought so." He chuckled again, working two finger tips inside her. "Does my big nigger cock make you wet, Maeve?" She mewled. "Answer me, white gurl."

"Yesss," she hissed, feeling a tightness in her womb. Mr. Ellison could only work the ends of his fingers inside her up to the knuckle, but it was going to be enough. The old man was going to make her cum.

"My dirty talk make you horny, Maeve?" He worked his fingers faster.

"Yes," she admitted, several tears of shame running down her cheeks, still bouncing her tits along his cock.

"You like me finger fucking that white pussy?"

"YESSS!" she cried, humping back into his fingers, cumming hard. She paused gasping for air.

"Good white gurl," he said, wiggling his fingers. "Now thank me by giving the head of my cock a kiss."

She bent her head down, the bulbous crowned head pushing up and down through her breasts, she kissed the head, showing her respect for his huge cock, precum squirting on her lips. She squeezed tighter, raising her breasts up, staring down at his cock, the long urethra ready to open at any moment to spew his hot seed over her face. A part of her wanted it, another part fought the desire. "Please don't cum on me," she whispered, not even sure he could hear her over the squelching noise.

His hand slipped back out from beneath her. She could feel how wet his fingers were on her ass cheek. He squeezed her cheek, reassuringly. "My nut is close. Wrap your lips around the head, gurl," he said, his voice an intense growl. She hesitated, her cross dangling against the side of his cock, but leaned down, her lips stretching around the plum-sized head, the musky taste flooding her senses, delicious, addictive. Her tongue licked along the underside. He came, filling her mouth, the volume overwhelming, thick ropes dribbling down her chin. She pulled back, a powerful blast of semen plastering her face, her breasts, her cross, before she clamped her lips tight, gulping another mouthful down her throat, more coating her tongue with his delicious seed. She dropped her breasts, grabbing his slick cock and jerking his shaft with both hands, milking the last of his semen into her mouth, swallowing eagerly, her pussy throbbing, missing his fingers, her body trembling with forbidden thrill.

Maeve pulled back, his cock head slowly exiting her mouth, her lips sliding along it, puckering kissing it again. She stood, turning as she slid her fingers along her breasts, scooping up wads of his seed and licking it off her fingers, looking at the old black man. He was staring back, sucking her cum off his fingers. She flushed with shame, hurrying to his bathroom, out of his sight, she hefted one breast, bending her head as she brought it up, licking his cum off her sensitive nipple. She dropped her breast and cleaned herself off.

Maeve came out dressing, constraining her breasts in the tight bra before stepping into her scrubs and pulling them up over her hips. "Why can't I quit you, Mr. Ellison?"

He smiled. "Because you don't want to, Maeve," he said, truthfully, pulling his gown down over his incredible black cock. Maeve was sorry to see him cover it. "Tomorrow, I want to see how good a cocksucker you are."

Maeve gasped, she turned walking away, her hand slipping into her pocket to finger her rosary beads.

Tom was already dressed for his early shift when Maeve came through the door. He studied her face longer than usual.

"You okay, honey?" he asked. "You've been distant lately. I barely see you with you stopping off at church every morning." He tried a small smile that didn't reach his eyes. "Maybe you should take a few days off. Whatever's going on at the hospital is wearing you down."

Maeve forced a light shrug. "Work's been intense. That's all."

The lie sat heavy on her tongue. Another sin. She waited until he left, then went straight for the drawer and the familiar six-inch toy, needing the release more than the prayer that would follow it. She came hard picturing her head bobbing up and down Stan's black cock.

His cum had tasted good. His cock had felt natural between her lips.

That night she returned to Stan's room on schedule, stripping to her panties, rubbing his cock over her bare breasts, her nipples aching. She wrapped her lips around it without him telling her to. She sucked the head, her lips stretching, the musky taste consuming her.

"Suck that big black cock, Maeve, like a good white slut," he growled, his voice dominant, the race play bold, her pussy clenching, her cheeks flushing with shame and arousal.

"Don't say that, Mr. Ellison," she whispered, grabbing his shaft and rubbing the head all over her lips and cheeks, almost rapturously.

"Suck it, slut," he ordered.

She did. Maeve wrapped her lips back around the head. She leaned over the bed, fighting off her gag reflex as the head began to push down her throat. It was horrible, her mouth was stretched, her jaw ached. It was hard not to gag. Yet, the moans coming from her own throat were lustful, wishing she could do better, filled with a desire to please this man. She paused, stroking and kissing the plum-sized head. "I haven't even sucked Tom's penis."

"I love being the first black cock past a white girl's lips, but if you're feeling guilty, give that white boy a blow job. He had his birthday yet?" Her lips were already wrapped around his cock, bobbing her head over his glans. She shook her head without stopping. "Blow out that boy's birthday candle then."

Maeve nodded her head in agreement. That might help her feel less guilty.

She shouldn't give her black patient what she didn't give her husband.

She grabbed the shaft with both hands jerking it while bobbing her rapidly. She felt the giant black cock throb, swelling with power. She sucked faster, ready for it this time. Still, the initial explosion of ejaculate caught her off guard, her cheeks bulged out, semen poured down her lower lip. Maeve gulped and gulped again, unable to get enough of his seed. She pulled her head back, moaning as semen splattered her face, forcefully bending his reluctant cock down to splatter more cum on her chest, her hand pumping the shaft, trying to get every drop out of his balls.

Maeve let go, his cock springing up. She ran her hand through the splatter on her chest, rubbing his semen into her skin.

Footsteps sounded in the hall.

"Maeve? You here?"

Sarah's voice, the nurse at the next station. Maeve jerked back, semen still on her chin, and bolted for the bathroom with her clothes in her arms. She heard Stan yank the gown down over himself.

"She's cleaning out my bedpan," he called. "Made a bit of a mess."

"Tell her I need help with a patient as soon as she's free." Sarah accepted the explanation and left. When the door closed again Maeve stepped out, heart still hammering. The near miss stripped away every remaining rationalization.

"We can't do this anymore," she said, fingers closing around the cross at her throat, the other hand finding the rosary in her pocket. "I'm risking my job, my marriage, and my relationship with god. We're done."

She waited for the argument, the dominance, the refusal. He surprised her.

Stan only sighed. "You're right. We got carried away. I don't think I could have gotten through this without you, Nurse Delaney. You've truly been my angel of mercy. Thank you."

The quiet gratitude hurt more than resistance would have. Maeve managed a thin smile that felt broken. "Just doing my job... well. Above and beyond, I guess." She bent and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek. "If there's anything else I can do for you..."

"There is one thing. Kind of a big favor."

"Anything."

Stan's expression shifted. "I still need my physical therapy, as I'm not quite ready to handle it myself." He held up his free hand, trying to make a fist.

"I can't, Mr. Ellison.:

Not you, my teacher friend, Helen. Just close the door and keep anyone from walking in while she takes care of it. That girl can suck the black off a dick.”

The words landed like a blow. Jealousy, sharp and immediate, twisted through Maeve’s chest. The thought of Helen’s mouth on him, of someone else drawing those low sounds from his throat, made her stomach drop.

“I’ll see what I can do,” she replied, her heart sinking. She felt like she’d just been dumped.

She left the room in a daze, the silver cross cold against her skin, the relief of ending the affair already poisoned by the image of another woman taking her place.

Tom stood in the bedroom doorway holding the green lace bra he had found in the laundry basket. The sheer cups and thin straps looked nothing like anything Maeve had ever worn.

“Since when do you buy things like this?” he asked, voice tight. “I’ve been asking you for years to wear something sexy. If I didn’t know better I’d start thinking you were having an affair.”

Maeve paused in the bathroom doorway. “Hang on a moment.”

She stepped out wearing the black lace set, sheer bra, tiny panties, garter belt, and stockings. The same outfit she had modeled for Stan. Tom’s jaw went slack. His thin penis twitched visibly inside his work pants.

“Holy crap. Maeve... you look amazing.”

“I bought a few things,” she said. “Birthday surprises. I was going to wait, but...” She let the sentence hang and crossed the short distance to him. “Maybe you should get your present early.”

Tom started to protest that he had to leave for the warehouse, but Maeve was already on her knees, working his belt open. She freed his pale, skinny penis, barely past five inches and already leaking and took it into her mouth, easily kissing his pubes.

“Holy cow, Maeve. I don’t know what’s gotten into you, but I like it.”

The taste was thin, almost nothing. She stroked and sucked the way she had learned, and Tom lasted less than a minute. His penis twitched, a small, watery pulse spilled across her tongue.

Maeve pulled back at once, face tightening at the horrible taste. She turned her head and spat into a tissue, then another, trying to clear the weak, slightly sour taste.

Tom stroked her hair, smiling like a man who had just been given a gift. “Sorry, I should have warned you.”

“Yech,” she said. “Yeah, you should have.”

“That was... wow. You never did that before.” He checked the clock and cursed under his breath. “I’m late . But on my actual birthday we’re definitely doing that again.”

“No,” Maeve said, the word sharper than she intended. Disgust still sat on her tongue. “We’re not.”

“I promise I’ll warn you.” He kissed the top of her head, and hurried out the door, already late and completely satisfied.

Maeve stayed on her knees a moment longer, the black lace still framing her body, the silver cross resting against her chest. The apartment felt emptier than usual once the door closed.

That had been disappointing.

Tom had stood there weakly, whimpering when he should have grabbed her head and fucked her face hard, growling about how she was such a good “cocksucker.”

His jizz was so bad, she was glad there wasn’t more of it.

She rose, went to the bathroom, and rinsed her mouth again and again until the sour taste of her husband was finally gone.

Maeve stopped by Stan’s room mid-shift on her rounds. “Do you need anything, Mr. Ellison?”

Stan’s dark eyes stayed on her face. “I need my physical therapy and I still can’t do it myself. I talked to Helen, she’s more than willing.”

She glanced at the open door. “I already told you I won’t bring anyone else in here. It’s too risky.”

“Then it’s still you,” he said simply. “I was hoping you’d change your mind. I’d rather it was you, Maeve.”

Maeve left without answering, but feeling good. When the buzz came after midnight she was already moving. She checked every room first. The other patients were asleep. Sarah was on the far side of the wing dealing with a restless transfer. All’s quiet.

She stepped inside and closed the door most of the way.

She entered Mr. Ellison’s room. He was sitting up on the bed. “Gotta piss, nurse,” he said. “Help me to the bathroom.”

Maeve was thrilled for the old man. She wrapped her arms around him and helped him up. He was a little unsteady when he stood. He leaned heavily on her as they hobbled to the bathroom. "When you're ready to try this on your own, Mr. Ellison, I can get you a walker or a crutch."

"A crutch will work."

"I'll need to be in the room to make sure you don't fall."

"Fine. Getting sick of bedpans."

They stood in front of the toilet. Stan used his good hand to pull his gown up. Maeve stared down at his plump cock, dangling down like a spoiled banana, the head nearly reached his knee. Soft it was still between 10 to 12 inches long. "I'll hold your gown up," she said.

"No, feeling weak and my arthritis is bothering me. You grab my cock and hold it." She hesitated and he added, "Hurry, it's coming."

Maeve grabbed his floppy shaft, raising his cock up. Urine burst from the head, striking the bowl, she moved it, aiming for the water. She could feel the fluid coursing through Ellison's shaft as she held it, keeping his aim true. He relaxed, the stream slackening, his cock jerking as several more shorts bursts of urine shot from the head.

"Shake it," he ordered.

Maeve shook the soft cock, drops of piss flying off the head. Stan's huge penis flopped around like a limp noodle for a second before the gap between her fingers started growing. His black cock extended, swelling, the head slowly rising up. Maeve shook it harder as it continued to grow, her hand starting to slide along an unbendable shaft, she stared down watching her soft white hand glide along Stan's massive black cock.

"Get me to the chair, Maeve," he said. He dropped the gown, it caught on the base of the shaft, his cock sticking out before him as they turned and hobbled towards the visitor's chair. Stan reached up and untied the back of his gown. It fell down as he turned and she lowered him into the chair. The old black man was naked except for the silly looking hospital socks. He spread his legs, grabbing his shaft, slowly stroking his huge cock as he stared at her. "Strip," he ordered.

Maeve pulled the top of her scrubs off, her tits bouncing down as her top cleared her head. She was wearing the sheer green bra today, rosy nipples visible through the material nipples already hard. "Arthritis better, I see," she said, sarcastically, watching his grip on his shaft. He grinned back while she pulled her pants down her legs and stepped out. Maeve reached behind her, unhooking her bra, sighing as her breasts sprang free of their constraints.

"Damn nurse Delaney, that body of yours belongs on the pole."

Maeve frowned. "What does that mean, Mr. Ellison?"

“A stripper pole, nurse,” he grinned. “Or a big black pole.”

“Mr. Ellison, please?”

“On your knees. That black cock ain’t gonna suck itself.”

Maeve knelt between his spread legs. The musky scent of him filled her nose as she took the thick head into her mouth. Stan’s free hand settled on the back of her head, not forcing, just resting there while she worked. The crude words started almost immediately, low and steady, praising the way her white mouth looked stretched around him, telling her she was a great “cocksucker,” how much he was going to give her. She made a small sound of protest around the shaft but didn’t pull away. Her free hand stroked what her lips couldn’t reach. The contrast with Tom was impossible to ignore: there was no watery sour taste here, the spurts of precum only made her more eager to taste his seed.

Stan’s hips tightened. Thick, heavy pulses flooded her mouth. Maeve’s eyes widened, then fluttered shut. She stroked the shaft hard and fast, gulping greedily, swallowing every drop she could, savoring the thick, musky seed as it coated her tongue and slid down her throat. What she couldn’t contain spilled over her lower lip and dripped onto her breasts, but she kept milking him until the last tremor passed.

Stan pulled her up by the arm. The moment she was on her feet his mouth found one tight, erect nipple and sucked hard. Maeve gasped, her hand sliding over the do-rag and cradling the back of his head, holding his face against her breast. His free hand shoved her panties aside, thick fingers gliding along her soaked lips before pushing deep inside her. He worked them in and out while his mouth moved from one nipple to the other, sucking, tonguing, biting gently.

Maeve tried to stay quiet, but the moans won, loud, helpless sounds. Her hips jerked against his hand. The orgasm crashed through her hard and sudden, better than her dildo. She cried out as she came, squirting hot and wet over his fingers and down her thighs, the silver cross bouncing on the do-rag while she held his head tight to her breast.

The distant rattle of the cleaning cart snapped the moment.

Maeve moved fast, wiping her mouth and chest, dragging the scrubs back on, helping Stan into the bed and pulling the gown up just as the cart rolled past the half-open door. The cleaner never looked in. When the sound faded, the room was quiet again except for the soft beep of the monitors.

Stan watched her from the bed, already half-hard again under the thin fabric.

“Thanks Mr. Ellison, I needed that.”

He chuckled. “I guess my physical therapy works both ways, nurse.”

The cleaning crew passed the door, swinging a mop back and forth.

“Same time tomorrow,” he said.

Stan Ellison repeated those words day after day. Maeve’s blowjobs deepened, her throat stretching, her lips kissing Stan’s pubes, her brain craving the musky scent of his cock, the taste of his voluminous cum. Sucking Stan’s cock was like assisting a doctor, intubating a patient with a 14-inch endotracheal tube, her precision clinical yet sinful. Her “cocksucking” skills grew daily. His other arm cast came off, his strength slowly returned, his dominance intensifying as his fingers slipped through her copper-red hair, holding her head and guiding her up and down his cock until he filled her mouth and belly with his delicious seed night after night.

Maeve sat at her station. She was horny, squirming in her seat. Mr. Ellison hadn’t touched her pussy in several days. She was still using her dildo to get off, but the old black man’s fingers felt more alive. She was alone, the second nurse having left a few minutes ago. He should be summoning her...

BUZZ!

She jumped, a smile spreading across her face when she saw it was Mr. Ellison’s room. Her stomach suddenly growled, hungry for his seed, just as a wet spot began spreading on the bottom of her panties. She sprang to her feet, her arousal growing with each step she took towards Stan’s room. She hoped he’d touch her again, wanting his fingers inside her as much as she looked forward to sucking his cock. If he didn’t touch her again, she was planning on working up the courage to ask him to finger her, but wasn’t sure she could.

Stan Ellison had other plans.

He was already naked. The gown bunched up beside his pillow. His cock was already hard, waiting for her, his large black hand tugging it. He raised it when she entered, the monstrous black shaft immediately drawing her hungry eyes. “Let’s try something new today, white girl,” he said.

Maeve nodded, staring spellbound by his shaft, wondering if she’d ever get used to seeing it. “Yes, Mr. Ellison,” she said, raising her top over her head. Her breasts fell down, encased by another new bra. This one was sinfully red and squeezed her tits tightly enhancing her already impressive cleavage. Hints of white tit flesh were visible through the lace.

Stan whistled softly, dark eyes raking over her as she grabbed the waist band of her scrubs and slid them down over her hips, the matching panties appearing, red pubic hair smashed against the lace. “Goddamn, your body is smoking hot. That red bush and lingerie is on fire. The heat coming off that white pussy is making my black cock sweat.” He wagged his cock at her, precum dribbling down the head like it was perspiring. “Lose the panties.”

Maeve stepped out of the scrubs around her ankles; her hands frozen on the hem of her panties. A flush crept up her freckled chest as her cross caught the light burning brightly for a

second. "That heat is more likely hellfire, Mr. Ellison," she replied sadly, believing it, but unable to quit her addiction to the older black man. She wiggled the panties down her thighs, tufts of red hair sticking out from her pubic mound like flames as her panties slid down her legs. She reached behind her and unhooked the bra, his eyes staring hungrily at her tits as she dropped the bra. "And what sin are we committing today, Mr. Ellison?"

"Put the rails down."

Maeve walked over beside his bed, his hand coming up to caress her tit as she lowered the side rail. She moved over to do the second rail and Stan hit the button lowering his head until the bed was flat.

"Climb up here, Maeve. I'm gonna return the favor."

Maeve's pulse thrummed in her ears as she climbed onto the hospital bed, her breath catching in her throat. Her emerald eyes swept over Stan's dark, tattooed frame. His body really was impressive for a man of sixty. "Is this for me?" she asked, reaching out to grab his cock, stroking it slowly. "Just what I wanted." She licked her lips, feeling like a whore for talking so sluttily, but Stan's huge cock swelled at her words.

Stan grinned. "Turn around and straddle me."

She straddled him, her copper-red hair spilling over her shoulders, brushing his chiseled chest as she hovered above his groin. She blushed thinking of the view she was giving Mr. Ellison. No man had ever seen her genitals that close. His 14-inch cock loomed before her, thick and veined, the glistening head beckoning her lips. She gripped its base and lowered her mouth, stretching wide to take him in. The musky taste hit her tongue, raw, earthy, overwhelming and she sucked, her throat tightening around his girth, her breath exhaling through her nostrils to caress his shaft.

Stan's hands seized her hips, pulling her down until her dripping pussy hung just above his face. His breath was hot and teasing, before his tongue struck, warm, wet, impossibly skilled. It parted her folds with a slow, deliberate swipe, tasting her slickness, and Maeve's body jolted. The sensation was electric, his tongue tracing every curve, lapping at her entrance, then flicking her clit with a precision that made her head spin. She tried to focus, to slide her lips along his shaft, but the pleasure shattered her rhythm, her moans vibrating against his cock as his tongue danced inside her, feeling better than Tom's penis ever had, better than her dildo, better than anything she'd ever felt before.

Stan's tongue was relentless, a hot, wriggling force that plunged deeper into her pussy, curling against her walls, igniting every nerve. It felt too good, too hot, too wet, too alive, swirling inside her, then retreating to tease her clit with quick, wicked flicks. Her hips bucked against his face, her thighs trembling as she ground into him, chasing the bliss. The cross swung down against the base of his shaft, tangling itself in his curly black pubic hairs, unable to anchor her. Not now. Not with his tongue sucking her clit between his lips, the wet heat pulling her apart.

"Stan... so dirty... so sinful... OH GOD," she gasped around his cock, her voice breaking, her lips faltering, unable to suck him, she ran his bulbous cock head around her cheeks, planting kisses of

gratitude all over the swollen head. The pleasure was a tidal wave, crashing through her, drowning her focus. Her pussy clenched, her clit throbbed, and she came hard, her cries muffled by his shaft as her body shook above him. The orgasm ripped through her, her mind blanking, her mouth slackening as she trembled, unable to focus. His tongue lapped at her quivering folds, drinking her release, and she was lost, adrift in the sensation.

Stan's tongue stilled, his hands loosening on her hips as her shaking subsided. Maeve pulled off his cock, her chest heaving, her lips slick with saliva and his precum. She gasped for air, her face flushed, her cross sliding up and down his shaft. "Stan... that was... incredible," she panted, her voice raw, her thighs still twitching from the aftershocks.

"You know how to thank me," he growled. He ran his hands over her rear end, caressing and squeezing her firm well-rounded cheeks. He planted a kiss on her slick thigh. The musky scent of him lingered on her tongue, her pussy still pulsing, and the guilt clawed at her chest, but the ache between her legs begged her to keep going.

With a shaky breath, Maeve leaned down again, her resolve hardening. She wrapped her lips around his cock, attacking it with desperate hunger. Her head bobbed fast, her tongue swirling the thick vein, her hands stroking the base as she took him deeper, her throat stretching to its limit. She poured everything into it, determined to thank him by making this the best blow job he ever had.

Stan groaned beneath her, his hands tightening on her hips again, and she felt him swell, his cock growing harder, hotter. She sucked harder, her lips sliding up and down, her tongue working the sensitive head, coaxing him toward the edge.

Just as Stan's cock throbbed with impending release, his tongue came alive again. It flicked her clit, light and teasing at first, then pressed harder, circling the swollen bud with a rhythm that matched her sucking. Maeve's body tensed, the pleasure surging back, her focus splintering. His tongue wiggled into her pussy again, hot and slick, holding stiff as she pushed back repeatedly into it. She moaned around his shaft, her rhythm faltering.

Then it happened, his tongue slid upward, tracing a wet, daring line from her pussy to her anus. The sensation was a shock, a jolt of unexpected pleasure as he teased the tight rim, his tongue warm and insistent. "Stan!" she cried, pulling off his cock in a gasp, her voice raw with surprise and ecstasy. But the moment her lips left him, he erupted. A thick blast of cum hit her face, splattering her cheeks, her lips, her chin, the warm, sticky mess dripping down her freckled cheeks.

Stunned but ravenous, she dove back, clamping her lips around the head as he kept cumming. Thick ropes filled her mouth until her cheeks bulged, and she swallowed hard, gulp after gulp, the musky taste coating her tongue. Her hands milked his shaft, drawing out every drop, her pussy clenching with need as his tongue lingered on her anus, sending aftershocks through her core. When it finally stopped, she pulled back, her face streaked with cum gasping for air. Stan kissed her pussy, pushing his tongue back in before pulling back. "Worth damnation, white girl?" he rumbled.

Maeve burned with shame and satisfaction. "Yes, it was, Mr. Ellison."

Maeve had the day off for Tom's birthday. She put on a soft green dress that hugged her figure and let him take her to the little Italian place they liked. Tom kept looking at her across the table, smiling like a man who thought he had his wife back.

"You seem happier lately," he said, reaching for her hand. "Work must be less stressful. Whatever's changed, I like it."

"I've been enjoying my job lately," she replied.

"I can't take my eyes off of you," he said, staring at her. She'd dressed up for him, a short green dress, showing a daring amount of cleavage. She'd even caught the host's eyes falling on the valley between her milky white tits as he held the chair for her. It bothered her less than usual. Her hair was up and she wore more makeup than normal. "You're so beautiful."

"Thank you," she replied. Maeve was finding it difficult to concentrate. Her mind kept drifting to Mr. Ellison. She'd forgotten to tell him she was off today and pictured him lying on the bed, stroking his cock when her fill-in walked in after Stan buzzed for his physical therapy. They'd both be shocked. She didn't know Franklin well, but he struck her as the kind of guy that might be willing to help out a well-hung black man with his PT. Mr. Ellison probably wouldn't be too pleased.

BUZZ!

Maeve jumped so hard her fork clattered against the plate. Heat flooded her cheeks and chest at the same instant. Her nipples tightened hard against the thin fabric of her bra. A sudden, unmistakable wetness spread between her legs. For one dizzy second she was certain it was the call light, that Stan needed her, that she should already be walking toward his room. The ache that followed was sharp and immediate, she wanted to be there, wanted his hands, his mouth, his black cock down her throat.

But it was only her husband's phone vibrating on the table.

Tom picked up the phone lying flat on the table and glanced at the screen.

"Just Mom," he said with a soft laugh. "Wishing me happy birthday."

Maeve forced a small laugh of her own and reached for her water. The wetness in her panties didn't fade. Neither did the low pulse of need that the ordinary phone buzz had triggered.

Tom placed his hand over her knee, rubbing the black nylon. "Is this that sexy garter ensemble?" he asked, with a smug grin.

"You'll find out later, Mr. Delaney," she said, leaning in for a kiss, but the waiter interrupted with their dessert. Maeve sat back, looking down at her Panna Cotta. Tom had ordered chocolate

cannoli's, brown tubes with a bit of crème on the ends. "That looks good," she said, staring at the chocolate shaft.

Tom bit one. "They are good." He watched her scoop up the berries on top of her Panna Cotta, slipping them into her mouth. She lowered the spoon down, staring at her dessert. "You okay, you seem distracted tonight?" he asked.

"Fine," she said, staring at the white pudding-like dessert, the texture reminding her of Mr. Ellison's cum. She scooped some up with her spoon and swallowed it, pretending... wishing it was Mr. Ellison's cum. "Just thinking about work," she added.

"Your compassionate nature is one of the reasons I fell in love with you," said Tom. "But you shouldn't bring work home with you."

"Sorry, I know this is your night."

"Do you mind?" Tom asked, leaning over and dipping one brown chocolate cannoli into her Panna Cotta. He raised it, the white cream threatening to drip from the tip as he brought it to his mouth. "Mmmm," he moaned. "Try this." He dipped his last cannoli into her dish, scooping up a generous dollop of cream and raised it to her mouth. Maeve leaned forward, mouth open, red lips closing around the tip of the brown tube, the cream filling her mouth. "Good?"

"So good," she moaned, her tongue flicking out to lick a small dollop of crème hanging off her lower lip.

Back at home Tom stood behind her and slowly unzipped the green dress. It slid from her shoulders and pooled at her feet. Underneath she wore the black lace garter belt and sheer stockings she had bought as a birthday surprise. The tiny matching bra and panties completed the set.

Tom stared, mouth slightly open, then stripped in a hurry. His skinny white penis sprang free, twitching and jerking so hard Maeve actually worried it might finish before he ever got inside her. She reached back, unhooked the bra, and let it fall. The panties followed. She left the garter belt and nylons on.

Tom dropped to his knees. He kissed her navel, then worked his way upward, trailing soft kisses over her freckled stomach until his mouth closed over one tight nipple. He licked, then rose higher and pressed his lips to hers. The small grape-sized head of his penis pressing against her folds. Maeve kissed him back, needing the closeness, the intimacy with her husband.

She slid a hand under the pillow for a condom and found none.

"I'm all out," Tom whispered against her mouth. "Maeve... you look incredible. Let's make a baby." His penis pushed inside before she agreed.

Her eyes widened for a second. Then she nodded. Condoms were his idea, get established at the hospital, healthcare, security, and then start a family. "Okay," she whispered. Bare, his penis felt better, more natural. This was God's way. Be fruitful and multiply, he commanded.

She wrapped her legs around his waist. All five thin inches slid into her easily. The raw feel of him was better than the latex had ever been, warmer, closer. Tom groaned and began to move. Maeve held him, eyes half-closed, trying to stay in the moment, wanting this night to be special, memorable, the night they conceived.

He lasted five strokes.

On the fifth he pulled back too far. His thin penis slipped free and jerked hard, spilling a small, watery load across her outer lips and the top of her mound instead of inside her. Tom collapsed against her chest, breathing hard, not even aware he'd failed, murmuring how much he loved her and how good it was.

Maeve stroked his hair and kissed the corner of his mouth, pretending the short, unfinished act had been enough. Inside she felt only the familiar hollow ache, the same quiet yearning that no amount of tenderness from her husband seemed able to fill.

She wanted more.

The old black man was sitting in the chair watching TV. He sighed with relief when he saw her come in the next day. Stan slowly pulled the gown up, his huge black cock hanging down halfway to the floor. It was already plumping up and rising as he stared at her.

"Damn, I'm glad to see you," he said with a low growl. "I was disappointed to see Franklin yesterday. Almost asked him to blow me,"

"He probably would have." Maeve felt a quick, irrational spark of jealousy even as she smiled. It was early, the day-shift staff still lingered in the halls, voices carrying just outside the door. She didn't have time for the usual slow build. She locked the door as quietly as she could, dropped to her knees between his legs, and took the swollen head into her mouth in one urgent motion.

She was so focused on speed that she never noticed the silver chain slip free of her scrub top. The small cross slid down the front of his thick shaft and settled against the dark, coarse hair at the base, resting there like an offering while she worked.

Stan's free hand rested lightly on the back of her head. She sucked hard and fast, cheeks hollowed, one hand stroking what her mouth couldn't reach. The risk of someone knocking made every second count. When he came the volume was startling, thick, heavy pulses that filled her cheeks faster than she could swallow. She gulped hard, milked the shaft with both hands, but still felt warm seed spill from the corners of her lips and drip onto her scrubs.

The sudden force of it made her jerk back on instinct.

The chain snapped.

Maeve wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, still tasting him, and looked down. Her small silver cross lay nestled in the dark, semen-matted pubic hair at the base of his cock, the broken chain trailing across his thigh. Thick white strands clung to the holy symbol, coating the metal. For one irrational second she half expected to see smoke rising from where the cross touched his skin, some sign that the sacred and the profane could not occupy the same space.

Nothing happened. The cross simply sat there, defiled and ordinary, glinting wetly in the low light.

Stan watched her with open satisfaction.

“That’s what happens when you skip a day, nurse. It backs up.”

Maeve reached down with trembling fingers, carefully lifted the cross free of the sticky hair, and closed her fist around it. She cleaned up in his bathroom as best she could, rinsed the cross under cold water until the metal shone again, and left to change into fresh scrubs. The broken chain stayed in her pocket beside her rosary for the rest of the shift, a quiet reminder of how close the sacred and the forbidden had come.

BUZZ!

She jumped at her station, her body already becoming aroused. She hurried to Stan’s room and was surprised to see him in the usual position, naked on the bed, holding his huge black cock up for her. It had only been a few hours since she’d sucked him off and he was ready again, impressive stamina for a man his age.

She stared at it. The thing continued to enthrall her. “How may I serve... can I help you today, Mr. Ellison?” she asked, slowly stripping.

“Climb on up,” he ordered.

Maeve climbed onto the bed. She moved to 69, but he stopped her. She laid beside him, her hand on his cock stroking it.

“Swing on over.”

“I can’t Mr. Ellison.” She didn’t want his giant penis anywhere near her vagina.

“No, higher.” She sat high on his chest, the head of his cock still pressing between her butt cheeks, dangerously close to her vagina. “Higher,” he said.

She slid higher up his body and he grabbed her ass cheeks, his grasp surprisingly strong as he pulled her crotch towards his mouth. She straddled his face, grinding against his tongue, trying

not to suffocate him as she pushed down into his skilled tongue. It wiggled, lapped and thrust until she came with a muffled cry, thighs trembling around his head. Then she slid backward and settled over his still-hard cock, letting the thick shaft rest along the length of her wet folds. She tried to leap off, but he grabbed her hips and held her still. She stared at the black man, his dark eyes dominant. His lips, cheeks, and chin were wet with her cum. The heavy vein rubbed her clit with every small movement. It had never made contact with her pussy before. She could feel it throbbing between her legs. It was so hot. He made it flex and she moaned as it rubbed her lower lips.

"How do you get so hard at your age?" she whispered, awed and a little breathless, unable to stop pushing down and sliding along the thick shaft. Mr. Ellison was her grandfather's age.

Stan grinned up at her. "Three times a day, easy. When I was younger? Seven. You need to take this cock for a test drive before I'm discharged."

Maeve's hips betrayed her. She slid along the shaft, up to the tip and pressed down, feeling her lips part around the broad head, the stretch sudden and intense. A soft moan escaped before she could stop it. She lifted halfway off, staring down past her freckled breasts, her chest bare of her ever present cross. Her eyes focused on the dark skinned muscular man beneath her. .

"Adultery would be my final sin, Stan. It can't happen."

Even as she said it her hips rolled again, letting the head nudge deeper, spreading her open, partially penetrating her with half the head and it felt great. She began to hump in short, shallow strokes, using only the tip, chasing the building pressure. She was going to get off on his big black cock. The orgasm gathered fast, tight, sharp, inevitable. Just an inch or two, she thought and she'd cum... just an inch or two. Maeve pushed down and back...

The sudden clang of a cleaning cart in the hallway shattered the moment.

Maeve gasped and scrambled off the bed, snatching her clothes and ducking into the bathroom just as the cart rolled past the half-open door. She stood there in the dark, heart hammering, thighs still slick, the ache of the unfinished climax pulsing between her legs. Outside she heard Stan's quiet, amused voice greeting the cleaner as if nothing at all had happened.

Maeve's dildo died at the worst possible moment.

The soft buzz cut out with a final weak sputter, leaving the thick plastic shaft silent inside her. She cursed under her breath, grabbed the base and worked it in and out of her pussy with one hand until she came in a short, unsatisfying pulse that barely counted. She was still horny when she rolled out of bed and got ready for work.

At the hospital she stopped by Stan's room first. A second man stood beside the bed, older, heavily built, dark-skinned, with a full gray-streaked beard and the same solid presence Stan

carried. He wore a black leather jacket with the snarling panther emblem of the club on the back.

Stan gestured between them. "Maeve, this is Ben Calhoun. Owns a store over in Miami. Ben, this is the nurse I told you about."

Ben's eyes moved over her in a slow, appreciative sweep that took in the way the teal scrubs stretched across her chest and hips. He gave a small nod both of approval and greeting. "Nurse, thanks for helping the Alpha."

She smiled. "It's been my pleas... a pleasure keeping Mr. Ellison satisf... happy," she finished with a blush, breaking eye contact in embarrassment, her eyes glancing down. Her bright green eyes widened at the sight of Mr. Calhoun's crotch, another large cock bulging down his inner thigh nearly to his knee.

Stan held out a plain brown bag. "I had Ben pick up a present for you. A gift."

Maeve shook her head. "I really can't accept gifts, Mr. Ellison."

"I won't tell if you won't, but open it later," Stan said. "When you're home alone."

She glanced at the bag. BBC BOUTIQUE, the store for lovers of BBC. "BBC BOUTIQUE?"

"Benjamin B Calhoun," Ben chuckled low in his throat, gave her one last look, and left with a polite "Nice meeting you, nurse. Enjoy your present."

That night Stan only wanted her mouth. He sat naked in the visitor's chair while Maeve knelt between his thighs, sucking him with the now-familiar rhythm until he flooded her mouth. Three big gulps, the final spurts she let roll on her tongue savoring the taste of his seed. He didn't touch her. When she left the room the ache between her legs was worse than when she had arrived.

She got home just after Tom left for his early shift. A note was posted on the door. "Miss you" it read. The apartment was quiet. She dropped her bag, pulled the dead dildo from the drawer out of habit, then remembered the batteries were gone. She was still considering working the silent toy in and out by hand when her eyes landed on the brown bag Stan had given her. It had a long elongated box inside.

She opened it.

Inside, nestled in white tissue, lay a thick, veined, twelve-inch black vibrating dildo titled the King Dong. The shape and color were close enough to Stan's that her stomach fluttered. It was extremely lifelike as if molded from some well-endowed black man's actual penis. She stared at it for a long moment, then set it on the bed and reached for her pocket Bible on the nightstand, flipping it open at random.

Deuteronomy 27:15 stared up at her:

Cursed be anyone who makes a carved or molten idol, an abomination to the Lord, the work of a craftsman's hands, and sets it up in secret!

She almost closed the book. Instead she flipped to another random page. Ezekiel 23:20:

She lusted for her paramours, whose members were like those of donkeys, and whose emission was like that of stallions.

Maeve's face burned. Where had that passage come from? What did it mean? She picked up the heavy toy, switched it on, and the powerful vibration filled the quiet room. A carved molten idol... an abomination.

She couldn't possibly...

Maybe if she hadn't been so horny...

She quickly stripped her scrubs off. Her amazing figure clad in dark red lacy lingerie that made her feel like the whore of Babylon. She unhooked her bra and slid her panties down, practically throwing herself on the bed.

She pressed the thick head between her legs and slowly worked it inside. The veins rubbed her walls, stretching her wider than her smaller dildo, filling her like she'd never been filled before. The first orgasm hit hard and sudden; the second followed almost as quickly. She pushed it deeper into new territory, inch after inch until it was buried in her up to the base. She reached down and switched it to the max setting. Her crotch bucked uncontrollably as the vibrations seemed to rock her entire body. She moaned, writhing, her fingers pinching and pulling her hard nipples as a big orgasm approached. She was mounted on Stan, staring into his dark eyes as she road his big black cock. "Stan," she moaned. "Stan... oh my god, Stan...

"STAN!"

The orgasm broke, rocking her body with pleasure. It was her biggest yet, the never ending vibrations in her pussy prolonging it to the point she could stand the pleasure any more.

When she finally switched it off she was shaking, the old six-inch toy already forgotten in the drawer. She slowly withdrew the King Dong and held it up before her eyes, the slick plastic was soaked with her fluids. "Stan," she mumbled again, staring in awe at her new toy.

The best gift she'd ever gotten.

The next afternoon Maeve stopped by Stan's room during her first rounds with a big smile on her face. He was sitting up, stronger than the day before, his leg scarred, weaker, but looking well. His do-rag was off and his bald head only had a mild bruise and stitch scar.

"You opened your present," he said, grinning.

Maeve's cheeks flushed hot and sudden. She didn't have to say a word. The color in her face told him everything. The glow of her skin, the soft smile of a satisfied woman. She'd used it again just before coming to work and it had been even better than the first time. She'd be using it now if she wasn't working.

Stan's mouth curved in a slow, knowing smile. "Figured as much. That thing might keep you company, but it ain't no substitute for the real deal."

She looked away and busied herself with the chart. Stan didn't push any further. He only watched her with those dark, patient eyes until she left the room, the unspoken invitation already hanging in the air for later that night.

He would summon her and she'd be back.

The BUZZ came a little before midnight.

He wanted her on top again and she agreed, sliding her wet folds along the length of his cock, sometimes letting the broad head notch against her entrance and push just far enough to stretch her open before she lifted away. She sat on his thighs and stroked him while the thick shaft rose between her legs, the heat of it searing her inner thighs. He sucked her nipples, kneading her breasts with enough strength in his hands he could have provided his own "therapy" now.

"Ride that nigger cock, white girl. You runnin' out of time to try the real thing. Let me put it in ya, turn ya out for black dick."

Maeve moaned, the filth spewing from his mouth making her more aroused. "Can't," she moaned, pushing down hard enough the entire head was nearly inside her. "So wrong."

"You won't be sorry," he growled, squeezing her tit so that her nipple puffed out, his lips and teeth closing around it.

She kept moving, sliding along his shaft, feeling his throbbing heat between her thighs, imagining she was taking his big black cock inside her white humping the glans, moaning loudly as her orgasm approached. If it felt anywhere near as good as the King Dong...

He was close, thrusting up as she pushed down. Maeve gasped as she spread open around half the golfball-sized head of his black cock. She humped it trying to cum just as Stan's black shaft jerked violently, the head entering her as he came. Maeve screamed cumming hard as his hot cum sprayed inside her, his cock still jerking and throbbing just in the entrance of her pussy. Every fibre of her being screamed at her to push back into his cock and take it deeper, but somehow she resisted the urge. The orgasm was big as his semen breached her pussy and covered her pussy lips and clit with milky white seed.

Her thighs and pussy were a mess as she cleaned in Stan's bathroom. His semen matted her red pubic hair, and her lower lips were coated in his thick seed. More ran down her inner thighs. She prayed most was on the outside, but certain that the first powerful blast had squirted inside her unprotected pussy.

"We can't do that again, Mr. Ellison," she scolded him. "It's too risky."

"Whatever you say, Angel," he said, putting his hands behind his head and grinning at her.

They did it again the next night.

Stan's free hand rested on Maeve's hip. She was already rocking above him, the broad, dark head of his cock stretched tight against her entrance with every small forward movement. The rest of the thick shaft lay heavy and glistening between their bodies.

"They're letting me out any day now," he said, voice low and rough. "Just let me put it in, Maeve. Final physical therapy. Just so I know what you feel like from the inside. Even if it's only a few seconds."

Maeve shook her head even as her hips betrayed her. She was already rubbing the full length of him between her folds, soaking the underside of his shaft with her wetness, the thick ridge of the main vein dragging over her clit on every pass. Heat bloomed where they touched. Her thighs trembled.

"I can't," she whispered. "Stan, I can't. I'm married. I made vows before God. I can't cheat on Tom."

Stan's thumbs stroked the soft skin just above her hips, patient, certain. "A little more. That's all. Just let the head in. You deserve to feel a real man inside you. It's better than the dildo."

She bit her lip hard enough to taste copper. "Better?" she moaned in disbelief. Could anything be better than the King Dong vibrating in her pussy? The stretch already bordered on too much every time the blunt tip pressed against her opening. Another slow rock of her hips let the head notch more firmly. The width of it made her gasp.

"I shouldn't..." The words came out shaky. "This is adultery. It's a sin. I can't break my marriage vows."

But she did move. A tiny downward press. Then another. The thick head began to spread her open, wider than Tom, wider than the dildo, wider than anything she had ever felt at her entrance. The first stretch was almost too much. Her body clenched against the intrusion and ached for more at the same time.

Yesterday, he'd cum inside her.

“Condom,” she managed. “We need—”

“No time for that,” Stan murmured. His hands slid up her waist and cupped her heavy breasts, thumbs brushing the tight, rosy nipples. “Just for a second. I’ll pull out. I swear.”

Maeve’s resistance frayed with every shallow push. She told herself she would stop at the next fraction of an inch, half inch, inch. Then the next. Each time the promise dissolved the moment the new stretch bloomed into a fullness that made her desire even more. Her pale thighs framed his dark hips; the contrast alone made her clench. It was the sexiest sight she’d ever seen.

She sank lower. The head pushing deep with a slick, irreversible give. Maeve cried out—short, sharp, shocked by the sudden width. The crown of him sat inside her deeper than Tom, a little past her pink dildo, stretching the ring of muscle to its limit, the latex-free heat of his skin pressed against her most intimate walls. She froze above him, trembling, loving the feeling of him inside her.

“Oh God—Stan—”

“Breathe,” he said. His jaw was tight. She could feel him restraining himself, the coiled tension in his hips. “Take your time, angel. Open up for me. Give that white pussy time to resize itself to black cock.”

She groaned loudly as she opened for him. Another inch. The shaft was thicker than the head. Her walls were forced apart around him, the internal stretch hovering on the border between pain and a fullness she had no reference for. Tom had never reached this far, only the black dildo and Stan was bigger. She could feel every vein, every pulse of his heartbeat transmitted directly into her.

“More,” she heard herself say, confusing her. She wasn’t sure she could take more. “More,” she said again. “I want all of you.”

“That’s my angel,” he growled, pulling down on her hips.

She took the rest of him in one slow, deliberate descent until her ass met his thighs and the full fourteen inches were buried inside her. Completely full. No space left that was not occupied by him. She sat there, impaled, hands flat on his chest, staring down at the place where her pale freckled stomach met his dark skin, fiery red hair merging into kinky black hair, the thick base of his cock stretching her entrance obscenely wide.

“I love it,” she breathed, almost in wonder. “Stan... I love it.”

Stan’s hands tightened on her hips, possessive now, victorious. “Ride it. Final therapy.”

“You can’t,” she begged, rocking on it. “You can’t cum...”

I’ll pull out.”

Maeve began to move. At first the strokes were careful, testing the depth. Then deeper. Then harder. The long, slick slide of him in and out of her became the only thing that existed. Filthy words spilled from her lips without permission, low and desperate.

"It's so big... fuck, I can't believe we're fucking... I love this black cock... it feels so good inside me... so big."

Stan's breathing turned rough. His hands came up to play with her nipples, pinching, rolling. "Bigger than Tom?"

"Yes! God, yes! You're stretching me so much, Mr. Ellison."

"Your body was built for this. Not that little white dick at home. This nigger dick turning you out for the black man," his eyes lit in triumph as he claimed his prize. "Tell me you love it."

"I love it."

"Love what?"

"Your big black cock."

"My big nigger cock. Say it," he demanded.

"I love your big nigger cock, Stan. I love it so much," She gasped in horror at what she'd just said, but it was true.

"Good white gurl. Now cum all over that big nigger dick."

She did. She was cumming every few inches, small, sharp flutters that left her shaking and wetter. The contrast of her white thighs against his black hips, dark black hands squeezing her milky white breasts, her hard pink nipples squeezing out through dark fingers, the wet sound of their bodies, everything sharpened into the most erotic sight she had ever seen. A switch flipped. His dark cock disappearing into her pale body became the sexiest, most addictive thing in the world. He was right, she was built for this.

"I'm getting close," Stan warned, voice strained. He moved his hands back to her hips, holding her tight.

"Wait! Please don't cum in me. I'm not protected. just let me cum again. I feel a big one coming."

Instead he thrust up harder, hands locking on her hips, holding her down so she had to take every powerful stroke. Maeve met him eagerly, slamming herself onto him, chasing the peak that was already rising like a wave.

"I'm cumming—" she cried.

Stan buried himself to the hilt and held her there. "Take my black nut."

There was one frozen heartbeat of pure horror as the first thick pulse flooded her unprotected depths, hot, heavy, irreversible. Then the orgasm crashed through her with such force that her vision went white. She came harder than she ever had in her life, body seizing around him, milking every spurt while something vast and bright opened inside her chest. For a moment she felt closer to God than she ever had on her knees in church, stripped of every pretense, completely filled, claimed, and somehow, impossibly, holy.

When the last tremor faded she collapsed forward onto his chest nearly blacked out. When she returned to reality, she found her lips locked on his in gratitude for her insemination, their tongues furiously teasing back and forth, Stan's seed already beginning to leak out around the thick cock still buried deep inside her. He stroked her back with slow, satisfied possession, the prize finally, completely his.

Every time she shifted on the chair at the nurses' station, every time she stood to check a monitor, warm slickness slid down the inside of her thighs. Stan's seed. Thick. Persistent. No amount of hurried trips to the bathroom stopped the slow leak. She pressed paper towels between her legs, changed her panties twice, and still felt him leaving her in slow, undeniable trails. Her hand flew to her chest, looking for the absent cross. She had let him finish inside her. Unprotected. In the fertile window between periods. The knowledge sat heavy and cold beneath the lingering heat.

Her fingers thumbed the rosary in her pocket, begging God's forgiveness.

By the time her shift ended she was almost running to get home.

She burst through the apartment door just as Tom stepped out of the shower. He barely had time to dry off before she was on him, kissing him hard, peeling the towel away, pushing him backward toward the bed. Her teal scrubs hit the floor. Bra and panties followed. She pulled him on top of her, freckled breasts heavy, red hair wild, eyes bright with a desperation he had never seen but liked.

"Please," she whispered against his mouth. "I need you. Inside me. Now."

Tom's face lit up. He had been waiting months for this kind of hunger from her. His skinny white penis rose quickly, pale and thin, already leaking. Maeve grabbed it, guided it between her legs, and sank down hard.

"You're so wet," he moaned,

But it wasn't because she was aroused.

He pulled back and thrust.

It slipped.

She wrapped her legs around his hips trying to hold him inside.

Yet it still slipped.

Tom lasted three frantic thrusts before his hips jerked and he came, thin, watery spurts that never made it fully inside. His penis slid over her pubes, still twitching, and painted a weak stripe in her hair and across her inner thigh.

Maeve stared down at it, frustration boiling over.

“Dammit, Tom, you aren’t going to get me pregnant if you don’t get it inside!”

The curse hung in the air. Tom’s eyes widened. He had never heard her swear. Not once in their entire marriage. She could see the hurt written on his face.

“I’m sorry,” he said quickly, face flushing. “You just... felt looser than normal. I couldn’t hold it.” He glanced between her spread thighs as he rose off her. A small, cloudy pool had already formed on the sheet beneath her, thick, viscous, far more than the thin mess he had just produced. “But I did get some in. Look. That’s... a lot more than usual. Hopefully that works.”

He didn’t know. He couldn’t know.

Tom kissed her forehead, dressed in a hurry, and left for the warehouse, smiling like a man that had just gotten laid, but his brow was furrowed at his wife’s strange behaviour.

The door clicked shut.

Maeve didn’t move for a long second. Then she rolled over, yanked open the nightstand drawer, and pulled out the thick black King Dong. She smeared the weak, watery residue of Tom’s orgasm from her thigh onto the heavy head, then pushed the toy deep inside herself in one long stroke. The powerful vibration filled the quiet room. She rode it hard, hips rolling, freckled breasts bouncing.

Please let Tom’s seed take. Please let it override what Stan left in me.

But the fantasy that rose behind her closed eyes was different. She saw herself back in the hospital bed, straddling Stan’s dark hips, impaled on the real thing, begging him in a broken voice to fill her, to breed her, to make sure his black seed took root. The orgasm hit hard and sudden. She kept going, chasing a second one just as fierce, moaning Stan’s name into the pillow until her thighs shook and she collapsed.

When she finally pulled the thick black shaft free, it glistened from base to tip with thick, viscous white fluid—far heavier and creamier than anything Tom had ever produced. For one disorienting second she stared at it, certain Tom’s weak contribution was no match for Stan’s volume or fertility.

She set the toy aside, pressed her thighs together, and felt the slow, inevitable trickle continue.

Stan was still inside her.

Maeve used the black dildo again before work.

She told herself the session would take the edge off, that the thick vibrating shaft would be enough to quiet the ache Stan had left inside her. It wasn't. Two hard orgasms later she only wanted the real thing more, the heat, the weight, the way he had stretched her open and filled her until she couldn't think. She lay there afterward staring at the ceiling, thighs still trembling, and made herself a promise.

Yesterday was a one-time fall. It could not happen again.

Knowing the weakness of her own flesh, she reached into the nightstand and took an entire sleeve of Tom's condoms, shoving them into her bag before she could change her mind.

At the hospital she walked straight to room 312, rehearsing the words in her head—Mr. Ellison, what happened last night was a mistake. It can't continue. The door stood open. The bed was stripped and empty. A housekeeping cart sat in the corner.

Stan Ellison had been discharged.

Relief hit first, sharp and clean, like the answer to a prayer she hadn't dared speak. Then the emptiness followed, sudden and hollow, settling low in her belly where he had been. She stood in the doorway for a long moment, one hand pressed to the place the broken cross used to rest.

"God's will," she whispered. It must be.

The night that followed was one of the busiest she could remember. Call lights flared up and down the corridor without pause.

BUZZ.

Her nipples tightened instantly. Arousal flowed between her legs.

BUZZ.

A fresh wave of wetness soaked the crotch of her panties.

BUZZ.

She clenched her thighs as she walked, every electronic chime dragging Stan's thick black cock back into her mind, the way it had looked rising between her pale hands, the taste of his cum, the way it had felt buried to the root. By three in the morning the dark stain of her arousal had soaked through the teal scrub pants.

Just as she finally sank into the chair at the station for a five-minute break, the light over Stan's room flickered.

BUZZ.

Maeve leaped up so fast the chair rolled backward, heart slamming, half-convinced it would be him. It wasn't. It was a new patient needing to use the bedpan. She returned to the desk shaky and aching.

She was leaving for home when her eyes fell on her mailbox. Amid the usual hospital memos sat a single envelope with a printed letter inside.

Patient Stan Ellison has requested private in-home nursing services for continued physical therapy and daily assistance during his recovery. Please contact the patient directly if interested.

Maeve's vagina clenched so hard she had to grip the edge of the desk. Lust, sharp and immediate, flooded through her. She read the address twice, folded the letter carefully, and walked out to the parking lot on unsteady legs.

She sat in her car for a long time, engine off, staring at the steering wheel. Home was the right choice. Tom. Safety. The promise she had made herself that morning.

Instead she typed the address into her phone and started the engine.

Stan's house sat in a quiet middle-class neighborhood of typical one floor Miami homes, pastel stucco walls, red barrel-tile roof, a wide front porch with white rocking chairs, and a neat square of lawn shaded by a pair of royal palms. A black motorcycle was parked under the carport beside a modest sedan. The place was nicer than her apartment, solid and lived-in, the kind of house that said its owner had put down roots.

Maeve drove past it three times.

On the fourth pass she turned into the driveway, killed the engine, and sat there with both hands on the wheel.

Stan opened the door before her knuckles even touched the wood.

He stood there shirtless in dark pajama pants, one hand on a metal walker, the heavy muscles of his chest and shoulders still impressive despite the lingering stiffness of recovery. The grin that spread across his face was pure satisfaction.

"My angel's arrived."

Maeve's cheeks burned. Shame and hunger tangled so tightly she couldn't separate them. She stepped inside. The moment the door clicked shut he shoved the walker aside, both big hands

grabbing her ass through the teal scrubs, and pulled her against him. His mouth covered hers—hot, claiming, no hesitation. Maeve melted. Her palms slid over the hard planes of his bare chest, feeling the heat of his skin, the residual power in the body that had been broken only weeks ago. His cock hardened pressing into her.

Stan tugged at her scrub top. She raised her arms and let him strip it away. Her hand slipped inside the waistband of his pajama pants, fingers closing around the thick, growing length of his cock, already heavy and hot. She stroked him while he shoved her scrub pants down over her hips. She stepped out of her shoes and the pooled fabric, left in nothing but a matching set of scarlet bra and panties she had put on that morning without admitting why.

He kissed her again and led her down the short hall to the bedroom. The bed was large, the sheets already turned down. Stan sat on the edge, unhooked her bra with one practiced motion, and pulled her between his spread knees. His mouth closed over one full breast, sucking hard at the nipple while his hands dragged the red panties down her thighs. She stepped out of them. His free hand slid between her legs, two thick fingers pushing into her soaked heat while he moved to the other breast. Maeve cradled the back of his shaved head, holding him to her chest as the first orgasm rolled through her in sharp, helpless waves.

She dropped to her knees. Stan lifted his hips so she could tug the pajama pants down. His cock sprang free, already sticking out through the hem, thick and dark and rigid. Maeve groaned with pure lust and took him into her mouth, sucking fast and deep, one hand stroking the shaft she couldn't fully swallow. He let her work for only a minute before he stopped her with a hand in her hair.

"Get on the bed."

She climbed onto the mattress. Stan followed, kissing his way up her body—inner thighs, stomach, the underside of each breast—until the broad head of his cock lined up against her entrance. Maeve's legs fell open of their own accord.

"Wait," she breathed. "A condom."

"Don't use them. Don't have any."

"I brought some."

He was already kissing her neck, the head of him rubbing slow, deliberate circles through her wetness. "Put it on then."

"Damn," she groaned. "They're in my car."

"Too bad," he said, rubbing the cock along her wetness.

"We can't—" The protest came out weak. Her hips were already lifting.

“Put it in,” Stan said against her skin. “Put that big black cock where it belongs.”

Maeve reached between them, wrapped her fingers around the thick shaft, and guided him to her. The broad head pushed inside. She moaned, long, broken, as he sank deeper, stretching her open again, filling her completely in one slow thrust. Her legs wrapped around his waist. She raised her hips to meet every stroke, the wet sound of their bodies filling the quiet room.

“I love it,” she gasped. “God, I love your cock, you’re so big, so perfect, please don’t stop...”

She came again, then again, each orgasm tighter and wetter than the last, her freckled body arching beneath him. Stan’s rhythm never faltered. When he finally drove deep and held there, flooding her with thick, heavy pulses, the force of it triggered one more climax so intense her vision blurred. He stayed buried inside her, kissing her mouth, her jaw, the side of her throat, keeping every drop of his seed locked deep.

Only when he finally pulled out did the tears come.

Stan propped himself on one elbow and looked down at her. “What’s wrong?”

Maeve turned her face into the pillow for a second, then met his eyes. Her voice was small. “I thought I’d never see you again.”

Stan leaned down and kissed her, slow and certain. “Never,” he said.

Maeve stayed naked the rest of the afternoon.

She moved through Stan’s kitchen barefoot, freckled skin warm under the ceiling fan, washing a large stack of dishes in the sink while he watched from a wide recliner in the living room. Every time she glanced over she found his dark eyes on her, on the sway of her heavy breasts, the curve of her ass, the soft red thatch between her thighs. By the time she dried the last plate his cock had risen halfway, thick and heavy against his thigh.

She didn’t need to be told. Maeve crossed the room, sank to her knees between his legs, and took him into her mouth with slow, almost reverent attention. She sucked him lovingly, tongue working the underside, hand stroking what she couldn’t swallow, until his free hand tightened in her hair and he flooded her tongue with thick, salty surges in powerful spurts. She swallowed every drop, letting the last of it gloss her lips when she finally pulled back.

Stan brushed a thumb across her lower lip. “Do my laundry while you’re at it?”

They ended up back in the bedroom. He stretched out and pulled her against his chest, one strong arm around her waist, the other resting heavy across her hip. Maeve napped there in the circle of his body, the steady beat of his heart under her ear, just long enough that she wouldn’t be completely useless on her upcoming shift.

She woke to his hands on her hips.

Stan turned her onto her stomach, then lifted her until she was on all fours in the center of the bed. The position was one she had always refused Tom, too animalistic for god's creatures. With Stan it felt different. Inevitable. He knelt behind her, the broad head of his cock nudging between her slick folds, and pushed inside in one long, claiming stroke.

Maeve's arms nearly gave out.

He fucked her with steady, dominant force, hands locked on her waist, pulling her back onto every thrust. Her ponderous breasts swung beneath her, nipples brushing the sheets. She found herself pushing back to meet him, soft howls breaking from her throat each time he bottomed out. Orgasm after orgasm rolled through her, wet and helpless, until she was shaking and dripping around him.

Near the end he pressed the pad of his thumb against her tight rear entrance and pushed inside. The dual sensation, thick cock stretching her pussy, thumb filling her ass, ripped a final climax through her so intense her vision whited out. Stan buried himself to the root at the same moment and came hard, pumping thick, virile seed straight into her fertile depths for the third time. Maeve's body clamped around him, milking out a series of surges and floods that peppered her womb, the strongest orgasm yet leaving her collapsed and trembling.

Stan followed her down, chest heaving against her back. He was still weak from the accident, but stronger than any other man she'd met.

Maeve lay there only a few seconds before the clock on the nightstand pulled her upright. She slipped out from under him, legs unsteady, and reached for her scattered clothes.

"I have to get home and get ready for work," she said, voice still rough.

Stan propped himself on one elbow, watching her with that same satisfied grin.

"See you tomorrow then, angel."

Maeve paused in the doorway, red bra dangling from one hand, the taste of him still on her tongue.

"Yes, Mr. Ellison."

Maeve visited Stan's house every day.

She arrived each morning after her shift, and she left only when she had to, sometimes washing her scrubs and showering at Stan's so she could skip going home all together. Tom's notes accumulated on the kitchen counter at home. *Miss you. You're working too hard. We need to talk.* But she never had time to answer them or wasn't home to see them. The apartment felt like a place she visited between the hours that mattered.

Every day Stan filled her at least twice, thick powerful ropes of semen driven deep into her pussy while she came around him. A third load always followed, either down her throat or painted across her freckled breasts while she pressed them tight around his shaft. And every day, at least once, he took her from behind. His thumb returned to the tight rosebud of her ass, circling, pressing, sinking knuckle-deep until the day he pushed the entire digit inside and held it there while he fucked her. The dual stretch tore a climax out of her so violent she nearly collapsed.

She felt the thumb was leading somewhere. On the fifth night she discovered where.

Maeve got on all fours in the center of the bed without being told. Stan knelt behind her and slid into her soaked pussy with slow, deliberate strokes, letting her feel every thick inch. Then she heard the soft click of a plastic cap. Cool liquid splattered across her exposed rear. Baby oil. His thumb worked it around her tight entrance, coating the puckered ring until it glistened. Maeve groaned in wordless disappointment when he pulled his cock free of her cunt. More oil poured over her ass. She felt him stroking himself, slicking the heavy shaft from root to tip.

Then the blunt, golf-ball-sized head pressed against her anus.

“Stan! Wait!” The protest came out thin. “That’s sodomy. It’s a sin.”

“So is adultery,” he answered, voice calm, almost gentle. He pushed.

The pressure was enormous. Maeve’s head dropped between her arms. The broad head forced her tight ring to stretch wider than it had any right to stretch. Pain bloomed bright and sharp, a burning tear that made her eyes water. She tried to pull away, but his slick hands held firm to her hips.

“You’re too big,” she gasped. “Stan, you’re too big... too big!”

He didn’t force it. He held her hips steady and worked the head with tiny, patient increments, letting her body fight and then yield, fight and then yield. Maeve muttered broken prayers into the sheets—sweet Jesus, make it stop, make the pain go away as the thick crown slowly, inexorably opened her.

Then, suddenly, the resistance gave.

The head popped inside. The burning stretch transformed in a single heartbeat into a deep, shocking fullness that stole her breath. Maeve’s eyes flew open.

“Oh! Oh God!”

Stan eased forward another inch, then another, feeding the thick shaft into her ass with the same unhurried control. The sensation was overwhelming, too full, too deep, the heavy vein along the underside dragging against nerves she had never known existed. When his hips

finally met her cheeks and the entire length was buried inside her, Maeve could only tremble and pant.

He began to move.

Slow strokes at first, letting her feel every thick inch sliding out and pushing back in. The pain had vanished. In its place was a dark, forbidden pleasure that climbed her spine with every thrust. Maeve's hips started to push back of their own accord, meeting him, taking him deeper.

Stan's voice dropped into the familiar filth, triumphant now.

"That's a good white slut. You like having that black cock in your ass, don't you?"

Maeve's answer came out broken and honest.

"Yes, Mr. Ellison... fuck my ass. I like it... I love it. Fuck me! Fuck my ass!"

"With what, angel?"

"Oh god! Fuck my ass with you big nigger cock," she begged.

He gave her what she asked for. The rhythm turned harder, deeper, the wet slap of his hips against her cheeks filling the room. Maeve howled into the mattress, pushing back onto every stroke, the silver cross long gone, nothing left between her and the complete surrender of her body. When Stan finally slammed home and held there, grunting as he flooded her bowels with thick, bursts of seed, the climax that ripped through her put every previous orgasm to shame. Her arms gave out. She stayed face-down, ass up, impaled and shaking while he emptied himself inside her.

He pulled out slowly. His cock sprang free with a wet sound and a heavy arc of semen splattered across the small of her back. Maeve remained exactly as he left her, head down, ass raised, the stretched ring of her anus slowly closing as thick white globs welled up and spilled out of her, running down her thighs and soaking the sheets. Her bowels felt squishy, overfull, claimed.

She stayed that way for a long time, breathing hard, feeling every warm trickle leave her.

Sodomy.

Her final sin and she'd loved it, begged for it in the end.

The fall from grace was complete.

Maeve left the hospital the moment her shift ended and drove straight to Stan's.

Her nipples were already rock hard and her panties were soaked partly from anticipation, partly from the Pavlovian response her body responded to every time the buzzer went off at the nurse's station. She was so horny and distracted, she failed to notice the familiar car pulling out of the parking lot and following her, keeping several cars between them.

Stan opened the door before she reached it. No walker. He stood taller, stronger, wearing nothing but dark boxers. The grin that spread across his face was one filled with the joy of being alive, a man that had been near death and had nearly fully recovered..

"Strip, angel."

Maeve's hands moved without hesitation. Scrubs hit the floor as soon as she stepped inside. The black lace bra and matching panties she had chosen that morning followed, pooling at her feet until she stood naked in his entryway. Stan's cock had already burst free of the boxers, thick and heavy, rising hard at the sight of her. She dropped to her knees and took him into her mouth, sucking with open worship, tongue working the underside, one hand stroking the shaft she still couldn't fully swallow, low moans coming from her throat.

From the corner of his eye Stan caught movement at the front window. It wasn't the first time. He smirked around a low groan, then pulled her off his cock with a wet pop.

"Get up. Lead me to the bedroom."

Maeve wrapped her fingers around the thick shaft and tugged him down the hall like a leash. In the bedroom he gave her ass a light, stinging slap.

"All fours."

She climbed onto the bed and presented herself. Stan walked to the window and yanked the curtains wide open. Early morning sunlight flooded the room.

"Stan, the neighbors!" she started.

"Want a little more light."

He ripped the boxers the rest of the way off and let them fall. Then he knelt behind her, lined up, and sank into her soaked pussy in one smooth thrust. Maeve came quickly, pushing back onto him with a broken moan. He fucked her through it for another half-dozen strokes before pulling out and pressing the slick, swollen head against her already-loosened anus.

"No, keep fucking my pussy."

"Need to keep this ass loose," Stan said, voice calm. "I'll fuck your pussy later."

He pushed. The broad head forced her open again. Maeve moaned, half protest, half pure need as the thick shaft worked deeper, stretching her bowels until his hips met her cheeks. He stroked slow and deep at first, then harder.

"You can fuck my ass whenever you want," she gasped, pushing back to meet him. "I can't believe how much I like being... sodomized."

"Your body was built for big black cock," Stan reminded her, hands locked on her hips as he reamed her with steady, powerful thrusts. "Say it."

"It was... fuck me... built for big black cock."

He drove it in to the root and held it there, flooding her bowels with thick, pulsing seed. Maeve came hard around him, thighs shaking. When he finally pulled out, heavy globs of semen followed, dripping down her pussy to her thighs. Stan gave her ass another firm spank.

"Be a good white girl and stay just like that. I'll be right back."

He tugged on a pair of pajama pants and left the room. Maeve stayed head-down, ass-up, seed leaking from her stretched hole, heart hammering. A sudden squeal and a choked sound came from outside the house. She jerked her head up toward the open window, but saw nothing.

Minutes later Stan returned, shoving a struggling figure ahead of him. The man stumbled and went down hard on the bedroom carpet.

"Caught me a peeper," Stan grunted.

Maeve's blood turned to ice.

"Tom!"

Tom stared up at her from the floor, at his naked wife, ass still raised, semen visibly trailing from her used hole and the color drained from his face. Tears already tracked down his cheeks.

"How could you?" he whispered.

Maeve started to rise. Stan's voice cracked like a whip.

"Stay where you are."

She froze on all fours. "Mr. Ellison needed me. I couldn't help myself."

"You're a nurse, not a whore!" Tom shouted, voice cracking.

Stan dragged the desk chair into the center of the room and planted it behind Tom.

"Get up, white boy."

Tom struggled to his feet.

"Now strip."

“No!”

Stan’s hand shot out, thick fingers closing around Tom’s throat just tight enough to make his cheeks bulge and redden. Maeve’s voice rose in panic. “Please don’t hurt him...”

“Strip.”

Tom’s hands shook as he peeled off his shirt, then his pants. He stood in plain white briefs, scrawny pale body looking almost boyish next to Stan’s heavy muscle. Stan nodded at the underwear. Tom hesitated only a second before shoving them down and stepping free.

Both men looked at each other.

Stan’s thick black cock, still glistening with Maeve’s arousal and his own seed, hung heavy and began to swell again as he took in the full measure of Tom’s thin, pale penis, barely five inches and already twitching in involuntary reaction. Tom’s own cock rose at the same time, hardening in the presence of the man who had just finished inside his wife, a dazed, helpless understanding flickering across his face.

“Jesus,” Tom mumbled, staring. “It’s so big...”

“Pathetic.” Stan chuckled, low and mean. “Damn, Maeve. You even feel that little thing?”

Maeve could only stare at the contrast, Stan’s massive, dark shaft jutting out inches beyond where Tom’s pale cock ended, the difference so stark it made her pussy clench around nothing. Two male organs had never looked more like different species.

“That thing’s small even for a white boy,” Stan said. He put both hands on Tom’s shoulders and pushed. “Sit.”

Tom dropped into the chair. Stan stepped in close. The huge, plum-sized head of his cock bobbed inches from Tom’s nose, the same cock Tom had just watched his wife worship in the living room, the same cock that had just sodomized her perfect ass. Tom reared back, eyes wide afraid of it.

Stan turned the thick shaft away from Tom’s mouth and pointed it toward the bed, toward Maeve still waiting on all fours, ass slick and open.

“Watch how a real man fucks your wife.”

Stan climbed back onto the bed behind Maeve.

He lined the thick, glistening head of his cock against her well-fucked pussy and pushed. Maeve’s head reared back. A long, soft moan spilled from her lips as the massive shaft sank into her again. Her heavy breasts swung beneath her, rock-hard nipples nearly brushing the sheets with every thrust. Her back arched. Her ass flexed and began pushing back to meet him.

Tom stared, frozen in the chair, unable to look away. How could she take that monster? The thought looped uselessly. His size! His stamina! How could he fuck her at such a rapid pace and not cum? His hand found his own thin penis and pulled at it, dry, inadequate. He spit into his palm and coated the five pale inches that had never once drawn the sounds now pouring from his wife's throat. Maeve came again and again, so many times he lost count. Stan Ellison's cock was a jackhammer pistoning in and out, fucking her with nearly the entire length. A fine sheen of sweat covered her freckled body, catching the light. Stan's dark skin shone the same way. Every so often the older man glanced over with a smirk, watching Tom stroke his little dick while he ruined the man's wife.

Stan suddenly snorted like a bull and buried himself to the root. "Take my nut, white girl."

Maeve's scream was deep, primal, a sound Tom had never heard from her in all their years together. Her eyes flew wide, then narrowed, then flew wide again, timed to each heavy pulse of seed flooding her womb. The expression on her face was pure, almost religious ecstasy. Tom squealed and bucked, a thin geyser of semen spurting from the grape-sized head of his dick. Even as he came, Maeve's emerald eyes locked on his shrinking penis, still fluttering through her own orgasm around the thick black cock buried inside her.

Stan gave her ass a firm slap and slowly pulled out. The shaft looked even bigger and darker now, swollen, rock-hard, soaking wet and glistening in the light. Maeve groaned, head lowered, ass still proudly raised. A soft, euphoric smile spread across her face.

Tom's voice cracked. "Maeve... no condom. That thing will get you pregnant."

She didn't lift her head.

"I know," she said, voice dreamy. "But it feels so good, Tom."

"No, Maeve, no. You can't get pregnant by a black man. They'll know it's not mine."

Stan strolled toward the chair, cock still gigantic and nearly brushing Tom's face. Tom reared back in fear.

"You don't want her pregnant, white boy?"

"God no, not by you."

"Then do your duty and clean her out."

Stan's hand closed on the back of Tom's neck and shoved him toward the bed. Tom stumbled, begging, until his mouth was pressed against Maeve's well-fucked pussy.

"Clean it."

Tom's tongue flickered out. The first taste was his wife, familiar arousal, then the thick, mild, salty bitterness of Stan's seed was almost nutty. Viscous globs coated his tongue. Not

unpleasant, almost good. He lapped faster, desperate to protect her, but the flow seemed endless. When he opened his eyes he saw the steady white stream still leaking from her stretched anus as well, dripping directly into his mouth. His penis hardened again, aching. He kept licking until Maeve's whimpers turned into a sharp gasp and she came on his tongue, flooding his mouth with another heavy wave of the older man's seed. Tom swallowed greedily. The taste and the sound of her climax pushed him over the edge; his thin penis jerked and spilled a second weak load onto the carpet.

He sat back gasping, staring at Maeve's red, used pussy and anus, both still leaking. There was no way he could get it all.

Soft clapping came from the chair. Stan sat watching, legs spread, the monstrous dark cock still dangling and slowly leaking the last of his semen.

"Well done, cuck," Stan said. "You made her cum."

Tom wiped his chin, lips still shiny. "I'm not a cuck."

Stan's laugh was deep and genuine. "You are a cuck, white boy. The question is whether you stay one."

Tom crawled to his clothes and stood, stepping into his underwear, trying to hide his spent, shriveled penis. Maeve's wide eyes stayed fixed on it, as if memorizing how small it looked.

"Maeve... I still love you. We can work through this. Let's leave and go home."

She looked at him with quiet sadness.

"I can't quit Mr. Ellison, Tom. But we can stay together."

Tom shook his head. "No. We can't. Come home with me now, or don't come home."

Maeve didn't answer. She only shook her head once.

Tom's mouth opened and closed. No words came. He finished dressing and walked out of the room, out of the house, without looking back.

Maeve sat on the edge of the bed and cried.

Stan stood, already stroking his cock back to full hardness. He stepped in front of her and pressed the thick, wet head against her lips.

"Don't worry, white girl. You can stay here."

Maeve looked up at him through her tears, then down the length of the heavy black shaft. She opened her mouth and took him in, sucking slowly while the tears continued to run down her cheeks.

EPILOGUE

Maeve stood in front of the mirror holding the tiny green string bikini like it might burn her.

"I can't wear this in public," she said. The two triangles of fabric looked barely big enough to cover the tips of her breasts. The bottom was worse, little more than a scrap that left tufts of red pubic hair sticking out. He refused to let her trim it. He liked her pussy looking like it was on fire.

Stan stepped up behind her. He wore faded jeans and his black leather Panther jacket, open over a bare, heavily muscled chest. Fully shaved bald and clean-shaven, the absence of gray stubble and the old do-rag made him look fifteen years younger, harder, sexier, more dangerously virile.

"You look great," he said, voice low and certain. "I'm proud to show you off to the boys."

Maeve's cheeks burned, but she stepped into the bikini anyway. The top barely contained the ends of her breasts. Her nipples stiffened in the cool air and pushed the small green patches outward. The bottom settled high on her hips; fiery red curls peeked out on both sides no matter how she adjusted it. In her navel the green gem piercing she'd had done at Ben Calhoun's store caught the light.

Stan opened the front door.

A roar of voices hit them immediately. Nearly twenty black men in matching black leather jackets lined the driveway and the street, engines already idling. They clapped, hooted, and began chanting in unison.

"Alpha! Alpha! Alpha!"

Stan stepped out first, chest broad, jacket open, grinning like a king.

Hidden behind him, her hand automatically came up to grasp the familiar weight at her neck, only the object wasn't a silver cross. It was a black spade with a silver Q in it. Another purchase from Ben's BBC store.

"Panthers," he bellowed, "May I present Maeve!"

He motioned her forward. Maeve walked into the sunlight on unsteady legs. The cheer that went up was deafening. Whistles cut through the applause. Stan's finger made a slow circle in the air. Maeve turned, shy, and presented her back. The thong disappeared between the full cheeks of her ass. At the small of her back the fresh snarling black panther tattoo, identical to the emblem on every jacket present, flexed as she moved, black ink vibrant against her pale flesh. Ben

Calhoun had a tattooist on staff, she'd laid on the chair in the green bikini while a heavy set black man had inked the panther into her back.

The noise redoubled.

One of the men called out, voice rough with lust, "You sharing, Alpha Prime?"

Maeve trembled, color draining from her cheeks, nearly two dozen men, all alphas, 10" to 14" big black cocks on every one.

Stan's arm wrapped possessively behind her back. "No. She's my old lady."

Maeve felt the words settle over her like a claim and, to her own surprise, smiled. And Stan was her old man.

Another voice shouted, "Where we headed?"

Stan swung a leg over his motorcycle, the same bike that had put him in the hospital, now fully restored like his body. "Temptations for amateur night. I want Maeve stripping. Then we ride wherever our bikes take us."

He roared the engine once. "Panthers—mount!"

Whoops and the thunder of two dozen motorcycles filled the afternoon. Maeve climbed on behind him, the tiny bikini bottom offering almost no barrier between her bare skin and the vibrating seat. She wrapped her arms around his bare torso, palms flat on the hard muscle of his chest, and pressed her cheek between his shoulder blades.

Just before he released the clutch she leaned close to his ear.

"I'm late."

Stan's shout of pure triumph carried over the idling engines.

"Panthers! We got a cub coming!"

The answering roar shook the street.

Stan rolled out first. Maeve clung to him, copper-red hair streaming, the green gem in her navel flashing, the Queen of Spades pendant warm against her skin. Behind them nearly twenty motorcycles fell into formation, black jackets and chrome glittering in the late sun as the whole club headed west, riding into the burning Florida sunset.

THE END

