

# Invasion of the Ghetto Sluts

The Talkman

## Sean

It was the hottest summer on record. That's why I felt bad for the moving guys next door. It was unusual to have people move into the neighbourhood, since it was nicer than most, and once people got here they tended to stay. That's why I was so shocked when our old neighbours moved out and went down south. It was very sudden, one day, things were great, the next, they appeared visibly shaken as they started loading the moving trucks, and they seemed eager to leave and move back home to Mississippi. But I didn't linger too much on my old neighbors. We were never particularly close, so I wasn't heartbroken to see them go. I was kinda excited. It was going to be nice having new blood in the neighbourhood.

My name is Sean Naples. I am 28, and happily married to my lovely wife, Emma, who is the same age as me. People look at us and see us as the stereotypical rich, white, all-American marriage. People look at our way of life and they assume we came from money. That could not be further from the truth.

Both of us had come from middle-income families. We both had to put ourselves through school, which is where we met. And once we graduated we still struggled to get by. But then, things started to turn around. I was part of a small team at an engineering firm, a team that was developing new products. Not to toot my own horn, but I had come with a mechanical part that created a more efficient system in jet engines. I drove cross-country, selling my part to various aerospace companies. Luckily, I had a pretty good handle on business matters, and plus, I had a good sales pitch. And thankfully, they loved it. My part caught on with all the major companies in the aeronautical industry. Luckily, I owned the patent on this part, and since this part had taken off, suddenly, I was making money hand over fist. I got my name on a few more patents, and made even more money.

Luckily for me, Emma was an investment banker, and it was natural to have her handle not only my account, but the account of my engineering firm, which had now grown like crazy. Emma had used the knowledge she had gained professionally, plus the success with me my company's accounts, to quickly rise among her colleagues and make

some serious money. We had gone from struggling, to getting by, then to having more money than we could deal with.

Our living situation quickly improved. We went from living on the bad side of town to living in the nicest neighborhood in the city, a gated community. We went from sharing a car every morning to having two nice, practical, cars. And every morning, when I woke up and saw all these blessings I had, I was happy, because we had earned them.

I loved my wife with all my heart. She was cute and petite with bright blonde hair. I loved her independence and her professionalism. When you looked at her you could see that quality in her. She was a classy broad, as she usually joked. She was a cute, tight package. A nice petite butt. Adorable small, perky, breasts, enough to just fit my hands. Her skin was pale white, like snow or porcelain. It was a good pale though. Silky, creamy pale skin, skin that was stunning, making her quite pleasing to the eye. But, her intelligence showed through at all times as she was practical and clear thinking always. She never let down her professional veneer, except for me. I got to see the true her and I loved it.

So, anyway, like I said, it was broiling hot outside, which kept us indoors. But we were insanely curious about the identity of our new neighbors, so we kept watching, keeping an eye out for them. But after the first day, all we saw were the movers. No sign of the occupants. As we left for work the next day the movers were showing up, getting an early start. And when we got home later that day the movers were pulling away, finished for the day. I wiped my brow, the heat still overwhelming, as my wife pulled into the driveway.

"Hey." I said, giving my wife a peck on the lips as she stepped out of her car.

"Damn, this heat is killing me." she said.

"Tell me about it.", I said.

"Any sign of the neighbours?" she asked.

"Not from what I've seen." I replied, wiping my brow again. As if on cue, the roar of engines could be heard from down the road. I turned to look, and saw two flashy sports cars heading this way, the same model, one red and one yellow. The blare of loud rap music nearly drowned out the loud engines as the cars approached, and I could feel the heavy pound of the bass in my chest, keeping rhythm with my heartbeat. This was an unusual occurrence in this neighbourhood. Part of me was dreading the truth about the owners of these cars, but deep down I already knew. I knew these were going to be our new neighbours and it was with little surprise that I watched these two flashy, expensive looking cars back into the driveway next to ours. Me and my wife watched as the doors opened and we got our first glimpse of our new neighbours.

The first thing I saw was a leg. A long, bare leg, clad in a stiletto heel. A long, bare black leg. I watched as the leg flexed, and I watched a tall, black woman emerge. Her legs were long and smooth and bare and my eyes traveled up them. She was wearing a tight pair of denim booty shorts, which barely went lower than her crotch and molded to the dynamic curve of her body. My eyes moved upward. Her bare midriff was left exposed by her purple tank top, which

was clung tightly to her, a size too small. And then I noticed... them.

I am typically not the type of guy whose attention is drawn to these kind of things, but it would be too hard not to. This woman had giant breasts. Just huge. And she was clearly wasn't wearing a bra since I noticed how they jiggled as she got to her feet, plus the way her nipples poked through her top. Luckily for her, though, they were firm enough to stand proudly even without a bra. Her boobs were pressed tightly together by the too-small, low-cut shirt, forming a perfect line of dark, enticing, cleavage. They were just an impressive set of hooters.

I tore myself away from musing on her distracting breasts up to her face. She was pretty... gorgeous even. She had pouty, full lips, and penetrating eyes. She was very made-up, as if she spent an hour in front of the mirror before going outside. Her eyebrows were trimmed into thin lines, giving her a very severe, but still attractive appearance. Her black hair looked perfectly styled, pouring in waves from her head. She looked like she probably spent hours in the salon getting her hair to look that way. Her hair had a bit of a natural curl, settling around her shoulders. Her full lips

were turned up in a haughty sneer; she looked like the type of woman who would not take any shit.

I looked her entire frame over. She was an imposing woman, not that I'm saying she was over-weight or fat or anything like that. She was just like... an Amazon. She was just as tall as me, and I'm not short. And she just looked intimidating. Despite the fact that she was, she appeared to be very fit. She appeared to have strong, firm arms, and impressive, muscular legs. Her top clung to her fit belly, and the bit of midriff she left exposed showcased her impressive fitness. And even though she was fit, she was still a curvy, voluptuous black woman. And like all voluptuous black women, she had a large, round, jutting ass. She had turned around to grab her bag, and in doing so showed off her perfect, muscular, imposing black ass encased in her tight shorts. The shorts were so short they nearly exposed her round, perfectly ripe ass-cheeks. I pulled away before I could be caught staring.

I looked towards the other car, expecting to see her husband or boyfriend. But I was surprised when I saw the driver of the other car was another woman. Another black woman.

While the first woman was more Amazonian, this woman was a bit more petite. She was shorter than her friend. And while her friend was a deep, dark black, this woman's skin was more caramel colored. But she definitely shared some similarities with her friend. Like her friend, she looked like she would not take any shit from anyone. But she did seem a bit more severe. She came across a bit cold, at first glimpse, a bit harsh. It was just the expression on her face. She came across a bit disinterested. A bit arrogant. But despite that, she was the cuter of the two, with an almost model like face. She was honestly that gorgeous. Her hair was straight, dark black in color and pouring down to her mid-back. Slim, full lips, strong cheek-bones, and smooth colouring. Her eyes glimmered with intelligence, but her body made you think otherwise.

Even though she shorter and more petite than her friend, somehow, someway, her boobs were even bigger than her friend's. They were just huge. Massive, succulent breasts, nearly obscene, but they appeared to be all-natural like her friend's. They rode proudly on her chest, with her stretchy pink tank top molded around them, overflowing with creamy brown flesh creeping over the edges, making it

clear she was not wearing a bra and also making it clear her nipples were hard. While her friend was curvier, she was a bit more slim. She was very fit, with a flat, toned belly left exposed by her top, but she was not as imposing as her friend physically, but her attitude made it clear she was not to be messed with.

She was wearing slim, tight, denim booty shorts. And as she turned near her friend, I realized that, despite her slim frame, her ass was round, firm, heart-shaped and proud. Her legs were slim and firm, and she was wearing stilettos, like her friend.

There was definitely a contrast with her. She appeared to be very severe, almost angry, but her body was so lush, voluptuous, and welcoming, desperate to be touched, begging to be touched by whatever lucky man she allowed to touch her.

And, oh by the way, I forgot to mention both of these girls were wearing thongs that matched their tops. How did I know this? Both girls were rocking some serious whale-tails. Their thongs were pulled up so high that I thought it must

be uncomfortable. The shorter girl's stretchy, hot-pink thong-straps nearly met her top, and the taller woman's thong was simply made of string and fancier than her friend's, the triangle part in the back made of separate strings.

Both me and my wife were awe-struck by these impressive, gorgeous black women. They both started to walk into their garage, and as they did, they glanced over at us. They didn't come over and greet us. They looked over towards us, but weirdly, it felt like they were only looking at me. The taller one gave us a small nod. But the shorter one, she looked straight at me, capturing my eyes with hers, looking at the eyes that were already looking at her, and winked. Just a simple gesture, but it felt so strange, intimidating, almost predatory. They continued walking, and finally, once they left our view, we were both shaken from our reverie.

I looked at Emma, and she looked like me.

"Well, this will be interesting." Emma said. I wrapped my arm around her as we headed inside. Our new neighbors

were very beautiful. I guess it was a good thing I wasn't in to black women.

I looked at Emma and she smiled smugly, thinking she had me figured out. I would show her she didn't know as much about me as she thought. I squinted at her and moved my knight.

"Ooh, good one." she mocked.

"You talk big, but you know I have you beat." I said with a laugh.

Both me and Emma were analytical thinkers. Problem solvers. We were both fairly bright, so we challenged each other intellectually. That was what made our relationship fun. We loved to try and stump each other. We loved coming to each other when we heard of some incredible invention or innovation in the news. We loved to expand our minds with knowledge. I know it sounds corny but it's the truth. We loved to learn.

We loved puzzles. We loved riddles. We loved playing games. Anything that could let us compete and challenge each other intellectually. It sounds nerdy, but that is how we would wind down.

We loved to play chess. We had splurged a little to buy a really nice chess set, with hand carved pieces and a handmade marble board. It was really nice. Neither of us were great at chess when we first met, but battling each other over the years has improved our skills greatly. We probably wouldn't take out any grandmasters, but we could make it interesting.

We knew how to play each other well. Our best matches were always against each other. We knew each other's tendencies and tricks, so it was truly a battle of the minds between us. We were reading each other's expressions as much as we were reading the board.

"So what do you think about the new neighbors?" Emma asked, moving her pawn.

"I know as much about them as you do." I said. It was my turn and I was stumped. I smiled as I moved my bishop.

"Maybe they're rappers?" I pondered, deliberately stereotyping.

"Yeah, not all black people are rappers." she replied in a faux mocking tone, moving her bishop.

"They got tired of all the rigors of touring and decided to settle down here." I speculated.

"They made all their money from their hit song, 'Fast Cars and Slutty Clothes', from their debut album, 'Uncomfortably High-Heeled Shoes.'" Emma said, making me laugh. I moved a pawn.

"Their follow up album, 'Matching Red and Yellow Cars', was good but not quite as successful." I replied, playing along. She moved her bishop again.

"Although, it did feature their hit single, 'Over-Inflated Boobs.'" Emma said. I moved my queen.

"You have to admit that was a good song." I said.

"Yeah, it was alright, but kind of plastic. Kind of fake. Too much time in the studio." Emma replied. I laughed.

"I don't know. It all seemed like natural work to me." I replied as she moved her rook.

"You clearly don't understand anything about music." Emma said.

"That song was as natural as their follow up single, 'Big Black Booty's'." I replied, eyeing the board.

"Now that was all them. The other one, not so much." Emma said. I looked my wife in the eye, matching the humor. In a second, she saw the look in my eye. She knew me too well. She quickly glanced at the board, scanning it.

"Shit!" she said. I moved my rook into place.

"Check-mate." I said smugly.

"Asshole." Emma said. I smiled in pride. Just to rub it in her face, I picked up one of my pieces and acted out the final blow.

"The black queen, thanks to her loyal assistant, the black rook, conquers the white king."

The movers came back the next day to, I assume, arrange things exactly how the neighbours wanted. Emma and I were hanging outside when we saw the movers drive away and we noticed the neighbours were outside too. I figured this would be a good opportunity to introduce ourselves.

Hand in hand, we walked over to their driveway until they caught sight of us.

"Hello." Emma said happily.

The two women both looked up as we approached. Both were wearing big, gaudy sunglasses, shielding their eyes from the bright sun.

"What up? You the neighbors?" the taller one said.

"Uh, yeah, we live right next door." I replied. "I'm Sean, and this is Emma" I added, as we held out our hands.

"Monique." the taller woman said as I shook her hand. I turned to face the other woman, and she had lifted her sunglasses on top of her head. As I stood in front of her, her eyes looked into mine, practically staring into my soul.

"Sydni." the shorter woman said. I felt a strange jolt as I took her hand in mine and I pulled away quickly.

"It's nice to get some new blood in the neighborhood."  
Emma said.

"Are we so different from the types of people that live here?"  
Sydni challenged Emma, raising one perfectly plucked  
eyebrow as she cast a critical eye on my wife.

"Well, yeah, it's just, uh, it's nice to have, uh... a bit of color  
in the neighborhood." Emma said, trying to elegantly say  
that it was nice to have some black people as neighbors.

"Not a lot of black bitches in this neighborhood, that what  
you sayin'?" Monique spat tersely. Emma was taken aback  
by this aggressive attitude.

"Uh, yeah, I don't mean anything bad about it. I'm just  
saying." Emma stammered, nervously engaging with these  
intimidating black women. Both of the neighbors looked a  
little mad at this line of questioning.

"She didn't mean anything by it. Let's just move on." I said, attempting to smooth things over. Both of them still looked angry, so I tried to change subjects.

"So, what prompted you guys moving out here? New job or something?" I asked. This caused them both to laugh.

"Shit, believe me, you will never catch either of us doing any bullshit work again." Monique said. They noticed the confusion on our faces.

"Don't you guys watch the news? Shit, I'd expect some middle class white-folk like you guys to know our whole story." Monique said. Sydni pulled out her phone and began to fuss with it. After a few seconds, she handed it over to me. I grabbed it, held it so Emma could see it as well, and looked at the screen. It was a news article and the headline leapt out at me.

**'PAIR OF STRIPPERS WIN \$221 MILLION JACKPOT!'**

Below the headline was a picture of the two of them, wearing skimpy but presentable outfits, no doubt in a strip club, being handed a check. I looked at what Monique was currently wearing, an airy, silky bright blue-dress, a bit see-through slim enough to mould to her impressive body, her fit belly and her large, imposing breasts. The dress barely, and I mean barely, went below her hips, exposing her long, firm legs and her high-heel clad feet. She was wearing bracelets on her wrists that clicked and clacked as she moved her hands, her face was heavily made up, with lots of eye shadow. She also had on these big, noticeable hoop earrings. I mention this because the outfit she was wearing now was nearly identical to the one she wore proudly in the strip club photo. I quickly realized she probably wore a lot of outfits very suitable for a strip club in her daily life.

While in the photo, Sydni's clothing was very skimpy, a tiny skirt, stockings and a tube top, her outfit now was a bit less skimpy. A tight t-shirt, molding to her impressive breasts, tight shorts, tight but not indecent. Flip flops as opposed to those uncomfortable looking high heels Monique was wearing. Sydni still looked very attractive, but she wasn't being as blatant as her friend.

"You guys won \$221 million?!" Emma asked in shock.

"You guys are strippers?" I asked.

"Damn straight! Bitches got PAID!" Monique replied proudly, answering both questions.

"We WERE strippers, past tense, thank you." Sydni corrected her friend, glaring at her out of the corner of her eye, "Monique and I buy a ticket every week. We wanted to get ourselves out of that fucking club. And with the jackpot being so substantial, we figured we should buy more than one. We got lucky."

"Are you getting incremental payments or one lump sum?" Emma asked.

"One lump sum," Sydni replied plainly, " We plan to have some fun with it right away."

"You should invest it. I'm an investment banker, I could help you out." Emma offered.

"I can handle it." Sydni said firmly.

"You sure?" Emma said, not believing these women knew their way around money.

"What, you don't think us dumb black girls can handle their money?" Sydni said.

"No, it's just that people who get large sums of money sometimes have trouble handling it." Emma said amicably.

"We'll be fine." Sydni said sternly, holding Emma's gaze with serious eyes. Emma knew to drop it.

"So, you guys are going to bask in the winnings for a while?" I asked.

"Of course. No work, just fun. Wouldn't you do the same?"  
Sydni said.

"Well, I don't know.", I said. Emma was not the type to spend wildly. She was actually pretty thrifty, to be honest. Not like these girls.

"You guys live in this nice neighbourhood. You probably have to have some serious paper. You should live it up...do it big, *playah!*" Monique said.

"That's not really our style.", I said. This caused both girls to giggle.

"We don't really like to flaunt our wealth around." Emma added.

"Well, I'm sorry you think we are showing off too much,"  
Sydni said coldly, "I suppose we look like we're just two more ignorant black bitches to you."

"Oh, I meant no disrespect by it." Emma stammered, taken aback by this confrontational attitude again.

"Listen." I said, trying to smooth things over once more, "I think we might be getting off on the wrong foot. We're just trying to get to know you guys a bit."

"It's all good, Money," Monique said, "Once we get all set up, we're going to have a get-together. A housewarming party. It'll be hot! We're gonna go all out, set this motherfucker on fire, know what I'm sayin'. You guys should come. You'll figure out what we're all about there."

"That sounds great.", I said.

"Monique, let's go." Sydney said. Monique complied with her petite friend, turning to leave.

We said our goodbyes and as we walked back to our house, I grabbed Emma's shoulder.

"They don't seem like the friendliest bunch.", I said.

"Yeah, I know! It was like they were jumping down my throat after whatever I said." Emma said.

"It's probably just the way they are. Once they get to know you, I'm sure they'll love you. Like I do." I said, kissing her forehead. She smiled warmly.

"I'll tell you one thing." she started, "Those girls are going to blow away all that money in two months."

The deep bass boomed from the throbbing rap music as we explored our new neighbour's home. It was the night of their house-warming party, and they made sure to let us know. We hadn't really interacted much since our initial meeting, so I was eager to see what made these girls tick.

I am by no means a racist, and neither is Emma, but I had to admit I was a little uncomfortable at this party, since probably 95% of the people there were black. So, we just

hung around each other, exploring the house. Both the girls were tied up with their guests, so we didn't get to really talk to them.

I didn't have many black friends. Not that I was opposed to it, I just didn't. I remember in my younger days, my parents had told me to avoid a certain group of other kids, a group who happened to be mainly black. I don't think it was because it was black, it was just that they were the 'bad kids'. Most of the people I went to school with were white, same with where I worked, so it was understandable that I didn't have many black friends. And I had very little experience with black girls. I never dated any black girls, or was even particularly close to any of them. I hoped that I could change that and be friends with our new neighbors, Sydni and Monique.

The décor of the house really displayed their taste, which was gaudy, loud, and abrasive. It was full of things that people think rich people have, but really don't. Big TV, booming sound system, hideous art-deco paintings and antique knick-knacks, even a crystal chandelier! I hated to sound elitist, but it was very 'new-rich.'

Since we didn't really know anybody here, we hung close to each other. We were both itching to leave, but we figured we need to make some face time and make sure the girls saw us. We were sipping our Cristal, something that we always heard rappers did. I thought it was kinda overrated, but who was I to judge?

"I need to go to the bathroom." Emma said as we neared the bathroom and saw it open. "Can you stand outside?"

I nodded and she entered the restroom. I stood outside and noticed a hulking black guy leaning against the wall near me. I looked at him and nodded, and he did the same in return. I leaned on the wall next to him.

"How do you know the girls?" I asked him.

"Uh, I know them from the old days, before they were all rich." the guy said.

"Any dark secrets I should know about?" I asked with a smile, half joking and half serious. He looked into the next room, where Sydni and Monique were, surrounded by a group of their girl friends.

"You have no idea." he said with a laugh. I laughed and sipped the wine.

"I'm Sean." I said, holding out my hand in a gesture of friendship.

"T. J." he replied. "How do you know them?"

"Next-door neighbors." I said.

"You never had anything like these girls, believe me." he remarked. There seemed to be an ominous overture to how he phrased it; my curiosity was piqued.

"So, seriously, what's their deal?" I asked. He looked to the next room to make sure the girls were still there, before

turning back toward me. His mood had changed. He was serious now...and even seemed to be a little scared. But that was impossible, right? T.J. was a big guy, just a little taller than me, and well muscled...I'd even go as far to say he was imposing. What could he possibly have to be afraid of?

"You want the truth?" he said. I nodded. "My advice is to not get involved with them. Just stay out of their way."

"Why?" I asked, now worried and confused at why this big guy seemed so afraid of my neighbors.

"I know it's tempting, man. Just look at them. They are smoking! And imagining them together is enough to drive anyone nuts. I've seen it. I've experienced them. And as hot as it was at first, it wasn't worth it. The things they did, the things they are capable of, it's crazy. You know, I'm usually the man with the girls I'm with, you know, but something about those girls, you just can't say 'no' to them. Those girls are nuts."

"Why are you even here?" I asked. He laughed in disappointment.

"Because they asked me to." he said, shaking his head. "Like I said, you can't tell them 'no'. Look, I bet half the guys that are here are guys they've been with. And I guarantee that none of them want to be here. They are here because those girls asked them...DEMANDED them...to be here."

"Why are you telling me any of this? I'm married." I asked. He laughed.

"It doesn't matter to them." T.J. warned. "You never see those girls apart. They are best friends. They are a team. A good team. I'm telling you all of this because I heard a rumor that they have a thang for white guys. I would bet you that..." he started.

"Hey."

As if out of nowhere, Sydni appeared in front of us, in front of T.J. He stiffened up, as if he was a student caught by a teacher doing something bad.

"Hey, what's up, Syd?" T.J. said, downplaying our conversation. I played along, not wanting to get T.J. in any sort of trouble.

"You're not spreading any nasty rumours, are you?" Sydney asked, with a sweet smile. It was baffling to see this huge black guy so intimidated by this girl who was a foot and a half shorter than him.

"Of course not, baby," T.J. asked, trying to maintain his cool demeanour. I could see a tiny bead of sweat slowly roll down his brow, "You know I only got good things to say about you."

"Good, I wouldn't want to have my neighbor think any less of me." she said. She turned and looked me in the eyes, staring me down. "C'mon, I want you to meet my girls." she said, grabbing my hand.

"But I... my wife." I started, looking back at the bathroom door.

"It will only be a minute." she said from over her shoulder with a devious smile. I looked back at T.J, and he shrugged. As she led me into the next room, I couldn't help but glance at her bouncing ass. She was wearing tight denim shorts, which moulded around her jutting ass, showcasing it. And as usual, it seemed she was rocking another whale-tail. This one was white, which contrasted with her brown skin well. Her ass swayed and rolled as she walked, and I had to force myself to look away from the hypnotizing rhythm of her confident stride.

She led me into the next room and I found myself surrounded by a gaggle of ghetto girls. Not all of them were black, though. Some were white girls who had adopted the look of black girls, and they sort of, for lack of a better term, acted black. I was surrounded by about six or seven girls, including Sydni and Monique. Five were black. Two were white.

"Girls, this is my new neighbor, Sean." Sydni called out. Their eyes roved across me. They looked at me appraisingly, and it seemed liked they liked what they saw. Each of the girls smiled at me hungrily.

"You are damn lucky!" one of the other black girls said.

"Mmm-hmm." one of the white girls said.

"Your married neighbor." I corrected Sydni, holding up my hand, displaying my wedding ring. I expected some disappointed groans, but nothing. It didn't stop their leering. Sure, I was a decent looking guy. I kept myself in good shape, but I had never been treated like a piece of meat like these girls were at this second.

"Sean, these are the girls who we worked at the club with. Danni, Tawny, Cammy, Kelly, and Kayla." Sydni said. I suddenly realized I was surrounded by a group of strippers. Sure, not all of them were as voluptuous as Sydni and Monique. Some were trim and petite. Some were curvy. But one thing they all had in common: They were all sexy.

"Hey, we were thinking..." Sydni started.

"Sean!" Emma called out. I glanced over at her, acknowledging her presence. "Sydni, Monique, you throw a great party, but we have to be going."

"Ah, don't go, baby. You guys have barely been here." Monique pouted.

"Sorry, we gotta work in the morning." I replied. I broke free from this group and made my way to my wife. The group of girls all watched me go, eyeing me up. I grabbed my wife's hand and we quickly left the house.

Emma rubbed her ears as we escaped the loud music.

"My ears are going to be ringing for weeks." she said.

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I got a weird vibe from Sydni and Monique after the party, and after my talk with T.J. I thought it was best to just stay out of their way. Something about them seemed off. But

they had a way of keeping themselves at the forefront of your mind.

They blared their loud, abrasive, rap music all day long. The engines on their cars were enough to wake up the entire neighborhood whenever they drove home in the middle of the night. And seeing the fear in T.J.'s eyes when he spoke about these two told me that they were trouble. Plus, a lot of shady looking people went in and out of their house, the type of people I didn't want in our neighborhood. I hated to say it, but part of me feared for our safety.

Beyond all that, the way Sydni, Monique and those girls looked at me made me more uncomfortable than I had ever been. So, I took all opportunities to avoid them. When they were outside, I made sure not to be. And when I went outside, I made sure to do it quickly. I had a good system going. Emma was even more uncomfortable with the neighbors than I was, so she went in and out even quicker than I did. They had been so confrontational with her that I couldn't blame her. But like I said, they had a way staying in the forefront of your head.

Emma had some work function, so when I got home from work, I was alone for a few hours. But it was mere minutes after I got home that there was a knock on the door. I went to it quickly and opened it, and sure enough...

"Hey Sean." Sydni said. She and Monique were standing at my door.

"Uh, hi." I stammered, caught off guard by seeing the people I had been avoiding at my door.

"Haven't seen your sexy ass in awhile, baby. Hope you haven't been avoiding us." Monique pouted.

"No, of course not. We've been, uh, real busy." I said. "What's up?"

"Can we come in?" Sydni said, taking a tentative, commanding, step towards me.

"Uh, yeah, sure, of course." I said, stepping back, letting these two women into my house, trying to not give them the signal I was worried about them. I watched as they appraised my house, and as they did, I could not help but check out their outfits. Sydni was wearing some black, stretchy booty shorts, which contained her prodigious round rump, barely. Her black thong was peeking out from under it. She was wearing a white tank top, and I hate to say it, but the way her huge boobs moved from under it, plus the slight hint of nipple I could see through the material made me realize real fast that she wasn't wearing a bra.

Monique was wearing tight, stylish jeans, and a light blue top, low cut enough to show off her expansive cleavage. Her light blue thong matched her top, naturally.

"Real nice place you got here." Monique said. "Your wife here?"

"No, she had a work thing tonight." I replied.

"Good." Sydni muttered. I watched them look around, checking out my home. Emma had an eye for this kind of

thing, so I let her handle the decorating. The decorations weren't too flashy, but they were stylish. Light colors, nothing that jumped out, but enough to avoid looking plain. It was strange to see these two flashy black girls walking around my house. Appraising it. Judging it.

"This place is...nice." Sydni said, expressionless. I was not sure if she was telling the truth or lying through her teeth. If she was lying, she was a good liar.

"Give us the grand tour, sugar," Monique demanded, "Let's get a better look at this bitch."

"Uh, sure." I said, thinking it would be rude to say 'no'.

I led them through the house, giving them mine and Emma's story, what we did and how we got to this point in our lives. I showed them through our basement, our kitchen, and our upstairs. I showed them our bedroom, but didn't let them in it of course. I then led them to our fun room. Where we kept our movies, our fun stuff. And it gave our neighbors a glimpse into my hobbies for the first time.

I had two passions: Music and Cars. The car thing was kind of in line with why I was an engineer. I was always fascinated by cars, and how they worked and the evolution of the technology and the elegance of design. The girls saw this and couldn't help but say something.

"You a car guy, Money?" Monique asked.

"Uh, yeah, kinda." I said sheepishly.

"Then why don't you drive a nicer car?" Sydni asked plainly.

Now that I had gotten some money, part of me expected to buy a nice car, a car I always wanted. But Emma talked me down from it. She pointed out that it was bad news to start flaunting our wealth and we should be more economical, more practical. I could see her point. And that was why our cars were more practical than you would expect for a person with the wealth we had. But, part of me could still dream. I had car parts all over the room, my contribution to the decoration. Parts that I thought were cool, or retro,

or were just nifty looking. My ultimate dream was to restore a classic car. Rebuild it, update the outdated parts while making it look better than ever. That was one of my dreams. But Emma would never go for it. She said it was a lot of money to drop on a hobby. But hey, I could still dream.

"Maybe at some point, but not now." I replied. I watched Monique walk over and fuss with my guitar a bit.

I was fascinated by electric guitars. I can't explain why, I just was. I knew how to play guitar, and I was fascinated by how each one was different and how they sounded different. I always envied those guys who had expansive guitar collections, and wished I could do that. But once again, Emma talked me out of it, saying what was the point of having all these guitars just sitting around. It was a fair point. No big deal.

I might make it sound like Emma is a tightwad. She really isn't. I think she is still in the mindset of the person who didn't have a lot of money, so she still kinda acted like we didn't have the money we had. Plus, with the line of work

she was in, she knows that money can be fleeting, so she didn't want to go spending everywhere and then lose all that money we earned.

"You know how to play?" I asked Monique, a little annoyed at how her long nails teased the paint, afraid she'd scratch it up.

"HELL no, player! Guitars *ain't* my thing." Monique said, laughing loudly, before dropping the guitar back in its stand. I flinched reflexively, restraining my urge to rush over and examine it for damage, when I noticed Sydni standing before the shelf that held Emma's antiques. Something seemed to have caught her eye on a shelf.

"What is this? It's beautiful." Sydni said admiringly. I followed her eyes to the case on the shelf.

"Ah...that is a ring that has been in my wife's family since the civil war days." I said. Sydni was staring at a ring in a locked glass case. It was probably the most expensive thing in the house. My wife had inherited it from her grandmother when she passed a few years ago. No one

knew she had this ring, so it was a shock when she gave it to Emma. We had had it appraised, and it was there that we found out its history. It was made in France, and it came to America at some point in the early 1800's. It somehow ended up in my wife's family, where it is till this day. Apparently, Emma's ancestors were pretty rich. No one knew for sure how expansive their wealth was, but part of me suspected, from the region they lived in, and the time in history they were in, that they were wealthy land-owners. And they probably were slave owners. Nothing is concrete about this assumption. It was just a suspicion I had. So this ring is kinda a relic of that time in history and I was struck by the irony of seeing it be admired by this black woman.

"Civil War days, huh?" Monique said, joining her friend in admiring the ring, "Ain't that, like, slave times or some shit?"

"Yeah, I don't know the details of how we got it in the family, but yeah." I said nervously, hoping they didn't share my suspicions.

"That is a big rock." Sydni said, admiring the huge diamond. We had found out the value of this ring, and suffice it to

say, it was worth a lot of money. A lot of money, a value we couldn't believe. A value so high that if we had still been struggling for money, we would have contemplated selling it to make ends meet. But thanks to our hard work, we were able to hold onto it.

"Yeah, it's a nice ring." I said trying not to give away its true worth. I could see the hunger in both these girls' eyes as they admired the ring, but it passed quickly.

"So that's the end of the tour, I guess. Did you just come over to see the house or something else?" I asked. A dark smile spread to both girls' faces, but it disappeared quickly.

"Yeah, you seem like a hands-on guy. We were hoping you could help us with a little project at our place?" Sydni asked, staring me down with those serious, intelligent, eyes.

"Uh, yeah, sure." I answered quickly, knowing she expected me to not say no. "What kind of project?" I asked.

"Bring some tools." was all Sydni said.

I followed these two black girls over to their place. Even though we were only outside for a few seconds, but due to the oppressive heat, sweat beaded up on all three of us. My eyes were drawn to the sweat dripping down Sydni's long legs all the way to her stiletto heels. They led me inside, into the blessed air conditioning. I hadn't noticed during the party, but they had a very strong smelling house. Not bad, it just smelled very perfumey.

They led me upstairs, and down the hall. Without hesitation, they led me to a bedroom. I reluctantly followed. As I walked in, they were standing there, waiting for me. I looked around, and I saw a long, shiny pole leaning against the wall. Immediately, I realized what it was and I laughed.

"Seriously?" I asked, "A stripper pole? I thought you gave that stuff up."

"We ain't working in that club anymore. But that doesn't mean we ain't stripping anymore. We need to practice. Keep up our skills." Monique said with a laugh, her flashy

jewelry and long nails clicking as she moved her arms around.

"I can't tell you how many problems we have got out of by being able to work the pole." Sydni said.

"So, you want me to set this pole up here?" I asked.

"Yeah, what place would be better?" Monique said. "Besides, our room needs a pole in it. It'll really set the room off. Make it hot."

"Our room?" I asked, raising a questioning eyebrow.

"Yeah, me and her share this room. This bed. Is that a problem?" Sydni asked, gauging my reaction with her penetrating, humorless, eyes.

"No, just wondering." I said uncomfortably...was I wrong about them? Could they be lesbians or something?

"Besides, it leaves our other rooms open. For our clothes and our other shit." Monique said. I examined the long metal pole, trying to figure out how it was supposed to be set up.

"You think you can get it?" Sydni asked.

"Yeah, I think so." I replied confidently.

It took a couple hours, but I finally was able to get the pole set up stable enough to hold someone up.

"I think I got it." I said, wiping the sweat from my brow. Sydni and Monique had been in and out of the room as I worked. I couldn't figure out how I ended up going from avoiding these girls to setting up a stripper pole in their bedroom. Something about them threw me off my game...I didn't want to offend them, or have them think less of me. I was overly sensitive to how they viewed me and wanted to make a good impression, I suppose. I didn't want them to think I was avoiding them because of their race, I guess.

"Well, let me try it out." Sydni said. With a liquid grace, she ran to the pole and jumped onto it. Like an experienced pole dancer, she glided down it, her heels still on, her boobs jiggling under her top, threatening to spill out. She spun around and around, and as she reached the floor, she was hanging upside down, her boobs threatening to spill from her top. As the top of her head touched the floor, she spoke.

"Feels peeerfect." she purred. Elegantly, she removed herself from the pole and returned to her feet. Monique was right behind her, and she took a spin around the pole herself.

"Fucking perfect." she agreed.

"That all you need? I asked, feeling a little uncomfortable.

"Well," Sydni started, "I think we both feel that you deserve a reward. How about you sit down there on the bed and we show you all our moves." she said, spinning around the pole lazily. Monique started to push me towards the bed.

"Uh, no, that won't be necessary." I said, escaping Monique's grasp, her long nails scraping my chest as I pulled away.

"C'mon, babe. Emma ain't here. There's no harm in getting a free show." Monique teased.

"I need to get going." I said, moving towards the door.

"You, sure, baby? We all know you deserve to see this." Sydni said, her fingers raising the hem of her shirt, exposing her flat belly. I didn't stick around to see anymore. I turned and headed downstairs, eager to escape the lair of these black strippers. I took one last glance at their bedroom doorway, just in time to see Sydni's top fly through the air, landing in the hall. It seemed like pole practice was happening with or without me.

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I didn't know what to make of these girls. T.J. had warned me that they were into white guys. He warned me that they

were not to be messed with. He warned me to stay away. I was definitely starting to believe that something was up with them. They were definitely not shy around me. They were willing to give me a strip tease. And maybe more.

Sure, they were extremely sexy. And if I was single, I would gladly take in a strip show of them. But I wasn't single. I was very happily married. I don't know if that was how they were. Maybe they were naturally flirty. They were strippers so they were not shy about showing off their bodies. They were used to living in a different section of society than I was, so maybe that was the kind of thing they did to get by. All the same, I was leery of them and I vowed to resume my policy of avoidance.

For some reason though, I was feeling a little frisky that night, more than usual. I told myself it wasn't because I had spent a few hours in the presence of some black strippers who offered a free strip show. They were sexy, sure, but I wasn't into black girls. I just never found them attractive in that way. I could appreciate that they were hot, but they weren't my type. So it wasn't them that got me excited. It wasn't their smooth black skin. It wasn't their sexy black

faces. It wasn't their giant black breasts. It wasn't their perfect black booty's. It was just a coincidence.

So as soon as Emma entered the house, I pulled her into my arms and kissed her.

"Mmm, what's got you worked up?" she said between kisses.

"You." I said, pushing her back, still kissing her.

"Hold on, let me set my stuff down." she said. I was not in the mood to slow down. Eventually, she just dropped her stuff onto the floor and jumped into my arms. I put my hands under her ass to hold her up as I carried her to the bedroom as our making out deepened.

We fell to the bed, our noses bumping into each other as we landed. This caused us both to laugh. I pulled away and pulled my shirt over my head. She started to unbutton her blouse, but I interrupted by kissing her neck.

"Mmm, so forceful." Emma complimented. In response, I ripped apart her blouse, sending the buttons flying.

"Hey! Dammit, I liked that blouse." she mumbled, caught between annoyance and arousal as I didn't stop sucking her neck. I kissed my way down her neck to her chest, reaching her bra-clad breasts. It was a plain, white number, so I felt no hesitation to yank it up forcefully, causing a tearing sound of fabric to be heard, exposing her B-cups to my eyes.

"Hey, calm down baby." She muttered as I took her nipple into my mouth. I squeezed her other breast in my hand, its pale flesh fitting snugly in my palm.

I enjoyed her breasts for a few minutes before kissing my way down her pale belly. I had never really minded her paleness, as she was the type who couldn't tan. Her pale, creamy flesh suited her. I reached under the hem of her dress pants and yanked them down, revealing her plain white panties. She kicked her legs out from the pants as I yanked her panties down, revealing her bright blond bush.

As she extricated herself from the rest of her clothes, I unzipped my pants and yanked them and my underwear down, revealing my throbbing dick. I was proud of my sizable dick, a full 10 inches and thick. I had never had a girl disappointed with it. Once I was free from my pants, I fell on top of her, eager to get started.

"Whoa, slow down mister. Don't forget the condom." Emma reminded, as she always does. I reached to the nightstand, removed a condom, and quickly put it on before slipping into her.

Our lovemaking was usually slow and gentle, but in the mood I was in, I was up for something a little more... fun. I drove into her at a little faster pace than I normally did.

"Take it easy." Emma whispered, but I kept going at the same pace. "Uh, ow, hey, slow down." she whispered again. I was in a zone as I drove into her.

"Hey!" she yelled out, getting my attention. I stopped and looked at her. "Not so fast! You know you are too big to go that fast."

"Oh, uh, sorry." I said, driving into her more gently than I was.

"I don't know what got into you today." Emma said. She had kinda killed the moment, so it took me awhile to reach my climax going at the pace she wanted. With how I treated her tonight, it was no surprise that she didn't cum.

We had a nice relaxing dinner afterward, now that we had some stress relief.

"You run into the neighbors at all?" Emma asked.

"Um, no, still trying to stay out of their way." I replied, not wanting to let her think that spending the day with them got me worked up, cause it didn't.

"That's for the best. Just try to ignore them." Emma affirmed.

But I was about to realize they were not the type to be ignored. And I realized if someone didn't let them get their way, they would do what they wanted anyway. They would not be denied.

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(Emma)

Life had been perfect. I was married to the man of my dreams. He was handsome, a good man, and a great lover. We had made a ton of money. It was like a dream. A fairy tale. I was waiting for the bubble to burst and wake up from the dream. Then Monique and Sydni moved in next door.

I tried to get to know those girls. I did. But they were not having it. They seemed to have it in for me since we met. They acted like I was racist.

I wasn't racist at all. One of my heroes was Martin Luther King, for Pete's sake! I was totally open-minded. And I loved most of the black women I knew. They were fun to be

around. But they weren't as angry and confrontational as these two were.

I had been avoiding them for weeks now. They intimidated the shit out of me, to be honest. I always looked for the best in people and I tried to be friendly with everyone. But these girls were a challenge. I vowed to win them over. They were much different than girls I typically dealt with. They were loud. They were bitchy. And from how they dressed and acted, they were kinda slutty. I vowed to turn my enemies into friends. I hoped Sean didn't buy into what they said. But I wanted to play it safe. I would show Sean how open-minded I was.

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(Sean)

I was mowing the lawn one day. The heat was sweltering, so I was trying to finish quickly. Coincidentally, someone was mowing Sydni and Monique's lawn as well. It wasn't either of the girls, mind you. No, neither of them would be caught dead doing lawn work. They hired a lawn care service, a

nice one. So, while I was sweltering in the heat, the girls were no doubt comfortable inside while the older man with the riding mower was taking care of their lawn. I talked to Ted, the landscaper, and he seemed like an alright guy. He was probably in his mid forties, with silver hair. He seemed like he took care of himself and he seemed liked he did his job well. He offered his company's services to me, but I declined. It seemed like a nice little business he had, which he ran with his wife. Emma didn't see the point of hiring a lawn service, as it was all stuff we could handle with a little work. On days like this, I wished she wasn't so stingy.

I started a little before the guy next door did, so I finished with the front lawn before he finished with theirs. I made my way to the back. It was then I realized that the girls were not inside.

"Hey Sean!" Monique called out drawing my attention. The girls were out back, by their swimming pool. And as I got closer to the low fence that divided our properties, I realized they were in their bikinis. And these weren't beach bikinis. They were porn bikinis. They were tiny and they showed off an indecent amount of skin. I was instantly uncomfortable, but I couldn't just walk away now. They

were sipping from wine glasses as they approached the fence.

"What do you think?" Sydni asked, spreading her arms, letting me admire her outfit. She was wearing a light brown bikini with little designs on it, the bikini a little darker than her caramel skin color. Her top could barely contain her giant breasts, both sides of her breasts visible, with the small stretchy patch covering up the middle sections of her breasts. They looked so soft as they pressed together to form a long line of admittedly incredible cleavage. Her skin was shiny with sweat. Her flat, fit belly was exposed to my eyes. Her bikini bottom was tiny, barely covering her nether regions. Her long legs were shiny and firm. Her face looked gorgeous, her hair down and curly, looking like a model. She was wearing large, gaudy sunglasses, making her look like a Hollywood princess.

She spun around and my eyes bugged out. I realized now that she was wearing a thong. A teeny, tiny thong. And just like that, there was Sydni's ass. Just hanging out there. It just stuck out, begging to be appreciated. A heart shaped, round, jutting ass. The cheeks were so firm, and perky, and black. I couldn't find any words.

"Don't forget about me." Monique said. I looked over at her.

Monique's bikini was bright blue, which contrasted nicely with her dark black skin. Her bikini was just as skimpy as Sydni's was. Hers was made with strings with tight stretchy patches. Just like Sydni, heaping amounts of her flesh was exposed. Her breasts were pouring from both sides of her top, and the way they pressed together was stunning, the canyon of dark cleavage seemingly inescapable.

Monique's body was just as impressive as her friends. Just as impressing, but a bit more imposing. A bit more intimidating. Even though she was taller and curvier than her friend, her curves accentuating her attractiveness. Her belly was smooth and dark but firm and fit. She had wide, prominent hips, providing perfect resting points for her bikini straps. I had no doubt she was wearing a thong like her friend, judging by the thin straps and the small patch of material covering her vagina. And as she spun around, and exposed her bare black flesh, she proved me right. Her dark flesh really set off the bright blue string stretched across her back, holding her top up, and the equally skimpy thong

tucked snugly between her ass cheeks. It was a shockingly tiny thong, the tiny string hidden by her impressive ass, only emerging to meet the string running across her hips. Her ass was far larger than her Sydni's, more the typical black girl booty. It was large without being excessive, the perfect size to impress. Her cheeks were large and fleshy, as firm and round as her friend's.

She was wearing big, gaudy sun glasses, like Sydni's, and as always, she was perfectly made up. I noticed she added a streak of blond to her dark black locks. She spun back around so both girls face me, smiling. It seemed like they were determined to show me their bodies. They didn't succeed with the pole dancing, but they had succeeded now. And I had to admit, their bodies were insanely sexy.

"So?" Monique asked, "What you think, honey? Does this shit rev yo' engine?"

"You guys...uh, you look good." I stammered, gulping.

"Just good?" Sydni asked.

"Well, you guys look spectacular." I said.

"Do you think we look sexy, baby?" Monique asked.

"Yeah, I suppose you do." I replied nervously.

"Say it!" Sydni commanded softly.

"You guys... uh... look sexy." I stammered. This caused them both to smile slightly.

"Does that skinny bitch Emma have bikinis like this?" Monique asked.

"Not quite like that, no." I said, ignoring her slight against my wife, knowing it wasn't worth getting them angry.. Emma tended towards more practical swim wear. One-pieces or bulky two pieces. She would never be caught sporting a thong. It was all full coverage for her.

"You guys better cover up. I think your landscaper will be back here soon." I said. As if on cue, the landscaper emerged into the backyard. Monique and Sydni just locked eyes at me, unashamedly flaunting their wares in front of their older, white landscaper. And he took the opportunity to ogle these black women's voluptuous bodies. This caught me off guard. He was married, but I guess with the way their bodies were exposed, I couldn't blame him.

"I gotta get going." I said.

"You'd better take ya own advice. Cover up a bit. Cause you looking pretty hot, baby!" Monique said, her eyes staring hungrily at me. I had taken off my shirt, so I was only wearing my basketball shorts. I was a pretty fit guy. I didn't have a six pack or anything like that, but my belly and chest was enough to turn heads.

"Let me feel that bicep, baby. C'mere." Monique ordered. I felt compelled to move closer, even though I felt uncomfortable. Monique looked at me expectantly, till I felt no choice but to curl my arm up and flex my bicep. Monique confidently reached over and palmed my flexing

bicep, giving it a firm squeeze, her long nails digging into my skin just a little bit..

"Mmm, mmm baby! Damn that's hot!" Monique said. I smiled nervously as she pulled away. I didn't have enough time to walk away before Sydni took her place, feeling my bicep as well, her fingers and squeezing it firmly and confidently. She pulled her hand back, looked right at me, brought one of fingers that had touched my bicep to her mouth and sucked the sweat off the tip.

"See ya, Sean." Sydni said calmly, smiling a teasing smile and spinning around turning to sit back on her lawn chair, Monique doing the same. I happily escaped from the uncomfortable interaction with my neighbors and tried focus on my lawn. I couldn't help but keep one eye on the action next door. Since most of their backyard was a pool, Ted finished before I did. I watched him approach the girls after he was done. I couldn't hear them, but I figured he was asking for payment. The girls stood, and I watched them lead Ted inside. I was confused as the minutes added up and nobody emerged from next door. How long does it take to pay someone?

I finished up a few minutes later and was packing up my stuff when I heard it. It sounded like a roar. A feminine roar. I stood silent and just listened. I heard it again. A long, grunting roar. And it was coming from next door. I took a few steps towards their house and I looked up. I saw an open window. And hanging from the sill was a brown bikini top. And it was then I realized the source of the noise.

"C'MON, FUCK ME!" I heard Sydni grunt, her throat sounding hoarse.

"EAT THAT PUSSY! EAT THAT SHIT!" Monique moaned out, so loud the neighborhood could hear. I couldn't believe it. They were fucking him. Monique and Sydni were fucking their landscaper. Their married landscaper.

"UGHHH! KEEP DOING IT! KEEP GIVING ME THAT FAT WHITE COCK! UGHHH FUCK!" Sydni moaned, her moans sounding like she was giving birth. Or being murdered. Well, she was certainly being stabbed with something. I could hear the bed squeaking, the wood groaning from the intense fucking going on.

"C'MON WHITE BOY! TAKE YOUR PAYMENT. CUM IN ME. DO IT!" Sydni screamed.

"FUUUUUUCCCKKK!" Monique screamed in pleasure.

"UGHHHHHHHH!" A deep guttural male roar emerging from Ted. I couldn't listen anymore. I stepped inside to escape the noise.

I kept an eye on their house, curious to see the guilty parties. But a few hours passed, and no one emerged. It was dusk when I saw the front door open, and Ted emerged.

He looked like he had been through a battle. Earlier, he seemed spry, younger than his years. Now, he was walking like an old man. He walked slowly, as if his hips were broken. He looked shaken, as if he had seen a ghost. I saw him twirl his wedding ring around his finger, no doubt feeling guilt. As he entered his truck, he looked back at the house, almost in fear. He jumped into his truck and zoomed away. I would never see him again.

What the fuck just happened? What did those girls do to him?

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I couldn't get what had happened out of my head. Not just what happened with Ted, but the glimpse I got at my black neighbors sexy bodies. Luckily, work got busy, so I was able to push those thoughts away the best I could.

I had never been into black girls. Never. I wasn't opposed to the idea, but I just never really was attracted to any black girls. But those two, Monique and Sydni, were immeasurably sexy. They were gorgeous, and they had those giant breasts, and those perfect booty's. If I had met them in my single days, I wouldn't have hesitated to be with them. But I was married, and I couldn't go down that road. But the strange thing was, those girls seemed to want to show off their bodies to me. Why could that be?

Work had been getting busy, so I was working extra hours. Things were going well until I received a call.

"Sean, we've been robbed."

I rushed home, hoping to make sure everything was okay. I found police at my door, with Emma.

"Are you okay?" I asked, rushing to my wife.

"I'm fine. I found it this way when I got home." Emma said.

"What got taken?" I asked.

"The ring, Sean. Just the ring." Emma said, emphatically. The Civil War ring. The ring that had been in my wife's family since the Civil War. The ring that was the most valuable possession we had. The ring that I showed Monique and Sydni. I looked over at their house. They were standing at their front door, watching the action over here. I looked right at them.

I didn't want to be that guy. The guy that assumed the guilty parties were the only black people in the neighborhood. But they knew about the ring. No one else around here did.

"What?" Emma asked, noticing my gaze.

"They knew about the ring. They saw the ring. I showed it to them." I said.

"I knew it." Emma said, stomping over across our lawn to theirs. I followed quickly.

"Did you take it? The ring? Did you take it?" Emma yelled out at Sydni and Monique.

"What are you talking about?" Sydni said.

"You know, don't you? The ring. My Grandma's ring!" Emma said, shaking in anger.

"Why the fuck would we want a slave owner's ring, you racist bitch!?!)" Sydni said. Emma slapped her. She slapped Sydni across the face. I was frozen in shock. Sydni looked at my wife, with pure anger in her eyes. Quick as a flash, Monique sprinted forward in her friends defense and slapped my wife harder than I thought possible, knocking her down. Monique pounced on Emma, punching, scratching, and hair-pulling while Sydni watched the fight happen, screaming at my wife. I pounced, grabbing Monique by the waist, pulling her away, having to use all my strength to lift her because she was seeing red. A cop ran to us, and separated Sydni from my wife. I tossed Monique aside and ran to my wife. She was bloodied, bruised and scratched. She had bumps and bruises on her head, a swollen eye, and a bloodied lip. I pulled her to her feet, but she was not done.

"This is all your fault!" Emma screamed, angrier than I had ever seen her. "If you guys had never moved here, and brought all your nigg..."

"OH, DON'T YOU DARE BITCH!" Monique roared, stepping closer, forcing me to jump in the middle.

"Say it, bitch. SAY IT!" Sydni screamed. I wrapped my arm around Emma and dragged her away, towards our house as the cop held back the girls. I pulled her inside.

"What are you doing?" I said loudly.

"They took our ring!" Emma screamed.

"We don't know that for sure." I said.

"You said it yourself. They knew about the ring. Tell me you trust them...go on!"

Emma studied my face with wild, angry eyes. I opened my mouth to say something, but had no argument that would satisfy her, so I close it again, impotently clenching my jaw.

"I didn't think so. Those two have been bitches to me since they moved here. I tried to be nice, but they just come at me. Those girls are evil. I can feel it." Emma spat angrily.

"Maybe so, but screaming racial slurs won't help." I said.

"It just slipped out. You know I'm not racist." Emma said.

"I know." I said comfortingly.

"But, they're just, they're such stereotypes! I'm sorry, it's just that, if they don't want to be viewed as something more than just Ghetto women, they should act like it. They blare loud music. They waste money. They dress cheap. They act 'all street'. They're bitches. " Emma said, airing out her grievances. I let her get it all off her chest.

"It's just... I'm not racist, but I don't like them. It's not that they're black, but those two are evil. And I know they stole my grandma's ring. I know it." Emma said, looking like she was about to cry. I pulled her close and hugged her.

"I love you." I whispered.

"I know." she said.

"We'll get the ring back." I told her. I kissed her on the forehead. There was a knock on the door. I went to it and the cop was standing outside.

"Can we talk?" he said.

Turns out, Sydni, and Monique had alibis for the time of the robbery. They had multiple people vouch for the whereabouts, and they were able to confirm it by a cell-phone video recording. Sydni and Monique were innocent. But the problem was Emma started a fight with them. Even though the girls won the fight, it was on them if they wanted to press charges. Emma was in handcuffs while they tried to figure everything out. The girls were sitting on their front stoop. I figured I should try to talk them down. I walked over to them.

"Can we talk?" I asked. Sydni looked up at me angrily. Both of them looked unharmed by the fight. Angry, but unhurt.

"I knew it. A couple of black girls can't move to the nice neighborhood without being accused of being criminals. I didn't realize how fucking racist you two were." Sydni said.

"We're not racist." I said.

"Uh, hello... you heard the word your skinny white bitch just about had cross her thin, racist, lips!" Monique said, gesturing towards my wife, indicating her actions.

"She's not racist. She was angry." I said.

"It's amazing what you can get away with when you're angry. You could say anything and not mean it." Sydni spat, mocking me.

"I heard that when people are mad, their true selves come out," Monique jumped in.

"Too true, Monique..." Sydni agreed, "I guess the SLAVE owner doesn't fall far from the tree."

"What can I do so you guys don't press charges?" I asked, holding my hands out submissively. The turn this conversation had taken was making me uncomfortable, as I had no defense prepared for Emma's words, and both Sydni and Monique seemed incapable of forgiving her. If I was going to gain their favor, I'd have to take a different approach. They looked at me, appraising me. Sydni whispered in Monique's ear. Finally, they looked at me.

"I'll make you a deal." Sydni started. "We won't press charges. In exchange, you spend some time with us. Helping us out. If you can convince me that you two are not racist, we won't press charges. If you can put aside your prejudices and help us out with a few things, nothing too bad, nothing bad will happen to your little wifey."

"What are you saying?" I asked, rubbing my head in frustration.

"Let me put it in terms your racist ass will understand." Sydni started, standing up and stepping close to me. She stopped about a foot in front of me, Monique not far

behind. "We won't press charges on little Emma there if you agree to be our slave... to make up for her family's history. A bit of... reparations."

I gulped. That was such a loaded word, a word you don't say in the company of a black person.

"What do you mean, slave?" I asked.

"I mean you do whatever the hell we want you to, and in exchange, wifey stays out of jail." Sydni said.

"What would I have to do?" I asked, wondering what she meant by slave.

Sydni stood and sauntered up to me, wrapping her soft hand around my neck and drawing me down to her height. She placed her full lips next to my ear, and I could feel her hot breath tickling me. I gulped, my throat working heavily. The hairs stood up on my neck from her electric touch. Monique smirked confidently.

"Nothing you don't want to." Sydni whispered.

I looked back at Emma, and she looked at me, pleading with her eyes to get her out of this mess. I looked at Sydni and Monique, at their arrogant, yet gorgeous faces.

"Fine." I said, coming to a tacit agreement to be the 'slave' of these two black women.

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I presented this arrangement gently to Emma, telling her that they wanted me to help out with a few things. She was not happy, and we had a few fights about it, but I reminded her this was her fault.

There were no leads on the ring but the investigation was ongoing. The ring was an expensive piece of property. I didn't want the cops stopping until that ring was found.

The bad luck did not stop there. A few days later, my car crapped out on me. It was an older car, so it was a matter of time. But I swear, just a few weeks ago, it looked fine when I'd looked under the hood. The price to fix it was not worth the trouble, so just like that I was in the market for a car. In the meantime I was renting a car, a minivan to be precise, to get to work and go about my daily duties. It was as I was pulling into my driveway with my rented minivan that my 'servitude' began.

I had just had a really bad day at work and was just eager to get inside and relax. And the last thing I wanted to see was my neighbors strutting over to me. Those girls, who sat around at home basking in their winnings. They looked perfectly styled, evidence of how easy they had it. And now these girls had power over me. I had to do what they said, or they would press charges and put my wife in jail. These girls had kicked my wife's ass, and now I had to do their bidding. I had to show them that I would not be so easy to control. I would not play their game.

"Hey Sean." Monique said arrogantly, wearing a very light, thin pink blue dress, with a matching pair of gaudy, pink earrings, bracelets and stiletto heels.

"Sean." Sydni said with little emotion. She was tight denim shorts and a low cut pink tank top, a bit less showy than her friend but no less attractive.

"We've been waiting all day for you to get home. We want you to take us shopping." Monique said.

"Girls, I'm really beat. Can we do this another time?" I asked, really not feeling up to dealing with them.

"I thought we had a deal, Sean." Sydni said, looking right into my eyes, staring me down. I sighed in frustration.

"Fine, let's go." I said, exasperated that I just couldn't go home and relax. I started walking back to the minivan when they stopped me.

"Uh, we ain't riding in that thing." Sydni said, looking disgusted by the van, "We'll take my car."

I shrugged and turned around. We walked towards her sports car, the red one...the one I'd been eying since they'd moved in. I didn't want to give away my excitement, so I kept my cool, but I actually couldn't wait to see how this baby drove, even if it was a passenger. Emma wouldn't even let me test drive one...she knew it'd just make me want one even more.

I started walking to the passenger seat when Sydni put her hand on my shoulder.

"Uh uh. You drive." Sydni said, dropping the keys in my hand. "You sit in the back, bitch." she added, slapping Monique's large ass, displaying again that even though she was the more petite of the pair, she was definitely the Queen Bee. Monique complied with her friend without dispute. I wanted to be annoyed with being forced to drive these women around, but part of me looked forward to driving this car. So I wasn't too mad as I sat in the driver's seat, Sydni sat in the passenger seat, and Monique in the back. I turned the key and the engine purred to life. I revved it a few times.

"That's some good shit, huh?" Sydni purred.

"Yeah, that's nice." I admitted, forgetting my annoyance for a moment. As we pulled out onto the street and sped off, I admired how well the car drove. "It rides like a dream." I added. Then I remembered where I was and the annoyance I felt with these two.

"So, what's this 'slavery' all about? What are you gonna want me to do?" I asked, ready to drop out of this deal if they wanted something that crossed the line. Sydni looked back at Monique and smiled. "What?" I demanded sternly.

"We are both convinced that you are one racist motherfucker." Sydni said.

"You know that's not true..." I interjected before I was interrupted.

"As I was saying." Sydni said firmly, shutting me up, "We are convinced that you are racist. And we know your wife is as racist as it gets...that ring proves it's in her blood. She

displays that fucker with pride. I looked her name up online...her family tree is littered with some notorious slave owners. She plays that liberal white guilt, she may even deny to herself that she has it in her, but her first impulse is accuse her black neighbors of thievery and drop the N-Bomb when things don't go her way...she's a fucking racist," Sydni paused to let this sink in as I drove, "But that's her. You, Sean, I believe are a good, open minded person deep down. I believe that there is hope for you. What we are trying to do is get you to confront your racism and get over it. We don't think you have been around a lot of black people. So we are gonna teach you about black culture. We are gonna teach you about black music, black women, the ins and out of black sex..."

I nearly choked on my own spit as she said this.

"Excuse me?" I said, "I don't want to know anything about black sex."

"Wow." Monique said, looking offended. "I thought you said you weren't racist, sugar...even the idea of fucking a sexy black bitch offends your delicate sensibilities, is that it?"

"Uh, I meant no offense." I stammered.

"Sean." Sydni said calmly, "How black people fuck is part of who we are. Especially with black women."

"I know how sex works, thank you." I said, eager to end this line of questioning. Monique laughed loudly and Sydni giggled lightly, only slightly smiling. It struck me how rarely she smiled, and when she did, it seemed to be a façade.

"Sean, you clearly don't, since you clearly have never been with a black woman." Sydni said matter-of-factly.

"What makes you say that?" I asked.

"Sean, if you had been with a black woman, you wouldn't be with a white woman." Sydni said confidently.

"What do you mean?" I asked as I reached a stoplight. She looked right into my eyes.

"If you had experienced what a black woman could do, you would have one sucking your dick, right now." Sydni said. I looked at her with wide eyes.

"Or maybe two." Monique added. I gulped and kept my eyes forward as I resumed driving.

"It's a dirty little secret that white girls will never tell you. They all know that black girls are better lovers. They all know that black girls are capable of things that they could never do. That's why they are so scared of us. So intimidated. Cause they all know we fuck their men better than they do." Sydni said.

I was stunned into silence. It was ridiculous! How could they say that all black women fuck better than white women? Sure, there were probably some that did, but surely not all. There were some black women that just exuded sex appeal. But some white women did too. I had never been into black women, but I could admit that there were certain black

woman who seemed to be built for nothing but sex. Those black women seemed just filthy. Something about them let you know they were nasty. I hate to over generalize but a lot of them were brash, loud, and outspoken. Some seemed ready to either fuck you or fight you. They were flirtatious and intimidating at the same time. Obviously, not all black women are like this. The women I am thinking about are those really ghetto black chicks. They seemed trashy, and tough, but something about them was so fucking sexy. Was it their big black breasts? Their full, round black asses? Their gorgeous, sexy black faces? Their brash, intimidating attitudes? Like these two, Sydni and Monique. Both of them seemed to fit the bill of the perfect ghetto black slut. But something about that was kinda hot. They had beaten up my wife, but why did I think they were kinda hot. They should be repulsive to me.

I was looking for anything to change the subject.

"So, where are we going?" I asked.

"Just follow my directions." Sydni said. For the next few minutes, I followed her directions. The silence in the car

was deafening, so I turned on the radio to my favorite rock station. Both of the girls reacted as if the music playing was nails on a chalkboard.

"This not your kind of music?" I asked with a bit of smile at seeing their discomfort.

"What, you think if it's not rap, we don't listen to it, you racist mother fucker?" Sydni said quickly.

"Uh, I, uh..." I stammered. Then Sydni smiled.

"I'm just fucking with you, Sean." Sydni said.

"Yeah, you're right. All we listen to is rap." Monique said with a laugh, "Or if we're not listening to rap, it's gotta be hip-hop!"

"Well, maybe I can enlighten you on the joys of rock." I said, turning it up. Sydni reached down and changed the station. Deep beats filled my ears.

"Uh, that's better." Sydni said. "My car, my rules."

I rubbed my ears, uncomfortable with the heavy bass.

"You not much of a rap fan, Sean?" Monique asked.

"Not really." I said.

"Well, we can teach you all about good fucking rap music." Monique said, "I'll make you a mix tape."

I laughed as we continued to drive. I was surprised as we reached our destination. A car dealership. A high end one, with some expensive looking cars.

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

"We're thinking about getting another car." Sydni said calmly as we pulled into a parking spot.

"What? You have two cars already! Sports cars!" I said, amazed at how willing they were to causally spend lots of money.

"We want to get a truck or some shit. Something nice and big." Monique said as we stepped out of the car.

"So why am I here?" I asked.

"We could use a man's opinion. Plus, you know you're shit about cars. Figured you could help us out." Monique replied.

"Fine, whatever." I replied, resigned to my fate.

For the next half hour or so, we browsed around at the different cars. There was a wide range of cars here, from used to practically new, from economical to ridiculously expensive. No one came up to help us, so we were on our own. I tried to steer the girls towards practicality, with nice, useful trucks, but they would shoot down every suggestion

I made. It wasn't until we made our way towards the nicer, more showy, more expensive trucks, that they got interested. I warned them against them, due to the poor gas mileage, being big targets for tickets, but they were not going to be swayed. I was getting frustrated as they shot down every suggestion I made, until it reached the point where they practically dismissed me, telling me to look around for a bit. Quite frankly, I couldn't be happier.

I was in the market for a car, so I took the opportunity to look around. The cars here were a bit too rich for my blood, so I was just checking out the nicer looking cars more than looking for a car to possibly buy.

"Can I help you?" a man said, approaching me.

"Oh, no, just looking." I told him. He was a few years older than I, handsome sure, but he had a bit of a scheming quality to him. A typical car salesman.

"You in the market to trade up?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, just wondering if you're satisfied with what you have. Cause you wouldn't be here if you were." he asked.

"Well, I am in the market, but I'm just looking right now." I said.

"Well, do you need any advice?" he asked.

"No, I know my stuff." I said. "I came with some friends to give them some advice, but they aren't taking it. Maybe you could get through to them." I said, pointing, trying to shoo him away.

"Maybe I can. If you need anything, let me know. I'm Jeff by the way." he added, heading towards Monique and Sydney, who were out of sight.

"Okay." I said, glad to be rid of him. I looked at cars for a few minutes more, and was a bit surprised to see Jeff

walking briskly away from where the girls were at. But my confusion was gone as soon as I saw it.

"Holy shit!" I muttered to myself. A 2011 Aston Martin DBS. A nice, deep black. One of the top sports cars in the world. One sexy fucking car. I couldn't help myself as I opened the door and sat in the driver's seat. It felt so good! So right! This was like a dream car for me. Then I looked at the price tag.

"Oooh shit." I said with a laugh as I realized it would only ever be a dream to have this car. Let's just say the price was in the six digits. Emma would laugh in my face if I told her I wanted this. I didn't want to tempt myself any further, so I opened the door and got ready to step out. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder. Before I could react, Monique slipped into the backseat behind me, taking her hand off my shoulder, and Sydni slipped in next to me.

"Wow, this is hot!" Sydni said.

"I can't believe they have this car here." I said.

"Yeah, this guy has the hook-up on all the best shit." Sydney said.

"This leather seats are sexy." Monique said. "You buying this car, Money?"

"Oh, no, no, no. This thing is way too expensive." I said. They both looked at the price tag.

"Yeah, but you could afford it. You have the money, right?" Sydney said.

"Well, theoretically, yes, I could buy it. But Emma would kill me. We don't buy things like this. It's way too flashy." I said.

"But if you could, if it was your decision, you would?" Sydney asked.

"Uh, I don't know. I'd feel weird buying something so expensive." I said.

"What's the point of having earned all that money if you don't spend it?" Monique asked.

"Well, if we save our money, we can retire comfortably." I said.

"Yeah, but why not spend that money when you're young and can have fun with it?" Sydni said.

"Money can be fleeting. Sure, we have money now, but it can drop off like that. Not all of us won the lottery." I said with a smile.

"But you guys do have money. A lot of it from what I'm guessing. And..." Sydni started, before getting up on her knees on her seat and leaning close to me. I couldn't help but notice the deep canyon of soft, black cleavage bursting from under her top as she readjusted. She leaned close to

my ear and began to whisper. "Spending large amounts of money is a rush. A feeling you can't replicate."

"Spending a ton of cash, showing everyone that you're better than them, is amazing." Monique said, joining in with her friend, whispering in my other ear.

"Uh, I'm not interesting in showing people I'm better than them. I don't feel that way." I said, feeling rapidly more and more uncomfortable.

"But you've never done it." Monique replied, her hushed voice as smooth as silk. "You should do it now. Buy this car." she added sternly.

"No, uh, I can't." I said, breaking out in a cold sweat.

"Sean, this car is built for you." Sydni began. "This car is built for a big, strong man like you." she said, rubbing my arm with her palm, sending a shiver up my spine. "You don't know what seeing a guy like you in a car like this does for women."

"You could get so much pussy with this thing." Monique whispered, running her finger on my shoulder, raising goose bumps on my arms. I tried to open the door and extricate myself from the situation, but Monique and Sydni firmly held on to me.

"Listen, I'm not buying this thing. Besides, I'm not interested in getting any pussy." I replied. Sydni leaned back.

"Wait, you don't cheat?" Sydni asked in disbelief.

"No! Of course not!" I said. This caused them both to laugh loudly. I had never seen Sydni laugh like this...or at all. She was usually so humorless...it was a bit disconcerting. It caused her boobs to jiggle, and despite knowing better, I allowed myself to watch them bounce.

"What?" I asked.

"I didn't know they still made guys like you." Sydni said, coming down from her laughing fit with a warm smile.

"That's adorable, baby," Monique added, "All, like, chivalrous and shit. You help old ladies cross the street too? That's some 1950's, white bread, Leave it To Beaver-ass game you got going there."

"I guess I'm old fashioned." I said, still uncomfortable with the situation.

"That's a damn shame." Monique said.

"Yeah, cause this is the type of car that gets a girl wet." Sydni said.

"Excuse me?" I asked, shocked at how candid they were being.

"Trust me, player, she ain't lyin." Monique replied, practically confessing to being wet right at that moment.

"This is the kind of car that makes a woman's nipples hard." Sydni said, guiding my eyes to her rock hard nipples showing through her top. I looked at them a few seconds before meeting her eyes again.

"I should go." I said again, reaching for the door handle.

"Listen, what you need to do you can handle right here." Sydni said.

"What?" I said, confused. She looked at my crotch then met my eyes again. I looked down and realized I was rock hard.

"Okay, I need to go." I said, opening the door and escaping the car, hoping the fresh air would clear my head and soften my dick. What was wrong with me? Why was I rock hard? Why were they flirting with me? They knew I was married. Before I could think about it, the girls stepped out of the car.

"We should get going." I said, pulling my shirt down, trying to hide my hardness.

"Sean, do you want the car or not?" Sydni said, her earlier humor now gone.

"I, uh, I can't spend this type of money. In my dreams, sure, I would buy it. But no, I just can't." I said.

"Sean," Sydni started, walking towards me. "I want you to reach real deep, look around, and find your balls. I thought you were a man. Not some pussy-whipped white boy who does whatever his cheap shrew of a wife wants."

"Oh, fuck off!" I said, reaching my breaking point. "Just cause I don't spend my money on sports cars and other frivolous shit doesn't make me less of a man!"

My outburst hung there in the air, and I immediately regretted it. It wasn't them I was mad at...it was myself for allowing myself to be in this situation. Sydni was right, in a way...I was constantly being controlled by my wife...chafing

under her rule. I didn't want to admit it, but it was frustrating...emasculating.

"You fucking hate us, don't you?" Sydni said.

"No, I don't hate you." I replied.

"Be honest. We're big girls." Sydni said, staring me down. I was not afraid of her. I would not back down.

"I don't hate you, but I hate things about you. I hate how you treat my wife. I hate how you blare your music. I hate how you spend money on stupid shit you don't need. I hate how fucking ghetto you are!" I said. That last sentence kinda slipped out, and I wondered how the girls would react to that. The last reaction I expected was the one I got. Sydni smiled.

"It's good that you're being honest with me, Sean. I appreciate it. And I would appreciate more of it. Do you want the car?" Sydni asked.

"No!" I said emphatically.

"What if I could get you a deal?" Sydni asked.

"What?" I asked.

"What if I could get you a deal?" she repeated slowly.

"It'd have to be one huge fucking deal." I said.

Sydni smiled.

"Leave it to me." she said, walking past me to the building, her high heels causing her ass to bounce in her tight shorts.

"What is she doing?" I asked.

"She and the guy that run this place have a special relationship." Monique said.

"What kind of relationship?" I asked. Monique simply smiled. I turned and watched Sydni enter the front door of the building. Monique leaned back against the hood of the car next to the Aston Martin and pulled out a cigarette. She held the pack out to me, but I declined. I joined her next to the car.

"I'm sorry about what I said earlier. I didn't mean it." I said.

"Yeah you did." Monique said, blowing out a puff of smoke. There was a long pause before she continued, "You said the truth. We are tough to get along with. We're tough to live next to. And it's true, me and her are ghetto girls, through and through, and that won't change. I'm proud of it. I'm proud of being a ghetto sista." she said with a laugh.

"That's fine. Be who you want to be. The only thing I won't accept is how you've been treating Emma." I said. Monique nodded.

"Yeah, but, she's kind of a bitch." Monique said, blowing more smoke.

"No. She's really not." I replied.

"But you have to admit, that she might just be a teensy bit racist." Monique replied.

"She's not." I said.

"I think so." she said in a sing-song voice. I just shook my head, knowing I wouldn't be able to change her mind.

"Do we make you uncomfortable, Seanny-Baby?" Monique asked, amused.

"Yeah, a bit!" I said with a laugh. Monique tittered at this. "It's just, I've never known anybody like you two." I added. She nodded.

"You called us ghetto earlier as if it were a bad thing. We are trying to show you that us being ghetto isn't so bad. You need a bit of ghetto in your life. We want to show you that

our ghetto lifestyle, our ghetto way of life, is pretty fucking good." Monique said.

"Well, uh, we'll see, I guess." I said.

"Sean, you don't have to be scared of us. Syd might be a bit intimidating, but she ain't so bad. Me neither, baby." Monique said.

"I'm not scared. I can handle you guys." I replied.

"I bet you can." she muttered. A silence fell as we waited for Sydni to return.

"How long you've been married?" Monique asked.

"Three years." I said with a proud smile. "You ever been married?"

"Shit no!" Monique said with a laugh. "I ain't found a man that can keep up with me."

"Is that why you flirt with married men?" I asked.

"I do that for fun, baby." Monique said with a wink. I was finding myself more at ease talking to her. Sydney was a bit more stand-offish; a lot more stand-offish; while Monique was someone I would not want to mess with, she was approachable, and she seemed to have a sense of humor about herself. For a second, I thought I could get to like her. Then I remembered how she beat up my wife, and my opinion soured. Sure, Emma started the fight, but they took it too far.

Finally, Sydney emerged, checking her make-up with her compact. Her heels were severely high, so she walked with a distinct bounce in her step, causing other parts of her to bounce. As she got close, I spoke up.

"Sydney, I don't want the car..." I started.

"He can give it to you for 90 thou." Sydney said.

"What?" I said.

"That's less than half the price, Sean." Sydni said proudly, and with an arrogant, matter-of-fact, smirk, as if I never should have doubted her.

"I, uh, really?" I asked, shocked at this price. No way it was real.

"Sean, this is a top of the line sports car. You will never get this car for this price anywhere else. You'd be stupid not to buy it." Sydni said.

"I, uh, I just don't know. I should talk to Emma." I said. It was a tempting offer. It was an insanely cool car, a dream car. But I just couldn't buy it, could I?

"Sean, it's time to man up. Girls don't respect a man who bends to her will every time. Believe me, I know, a girl will take full advantage of that. They want a man that will stand up to them. Show her that you're your own man. Show her

that you don't need her approval for everything you do. C'mon, that's a hot fucking car." Sydni tempted.

Emma would be pissed if I bought this car. Pissed. And I kinda wanted this car. I really wanted this car, and I could afford it. The only thing holding me back was Emma. But if there was one thing Emma liked more than being thrifty, it was getting a good deal. And I would never get a better deal on a car than I was right now. Maybe I could talk her into it.

"How'd you get him to bring the price down?" I asked.

"Me and Jeff, we have a special arrangement." Sydni said simply. "Listen, we need to get going. I already bought our car." she said, holding out some keys. "Are you gonna buy it or not?"

"Wait, you bought a car?" I asked.

"Yeah." Sydni said. "Are you gonna buy this hot as hell sports car or slum it in that minivan till Emma talks you

into some economical car. You're a car guy, Sean. She should at least let you have a nice car." Sydney said softly.

I looked at the car, looking sleek and black and sexy. I couldn't resist.

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I shook my head as I drove my new Aston Martin home. Emma was gonna kill me. Behind me, Monique was driving their new, tricked out Cadillac Escalade, and behind that, Sydney drove in her car.

I was already having extreme buyer's remorse already. I kept expecting the deal to fall through, and it wasn't till I signed the papers that I believed it. Jeff looked nervous throughout the whole deal. I don't know what deal him and Sydney had, and I couldn't ask him because she was in the room next to us. I was able to sneak back into the room after the deal was finalized and I asked him how he could give me this deal. Nervously, he replied.

"Man, I'm losing money on this. But trust me, it's worth it to get those two out of my life. I don't know what your deal is man...My advice is to not get involved with them. Just stay out of their way."

I nodded to him and left, his words rattling around in my head...the same exact thing that T.J. had told me the night of their housewarming party. It was like a curse.

"My advice is to not get involved with them. Just stay out of their way."

Like I told Monique, I was not afraid of them. But what was causing all these guys to be so terrified of these girls? What could they possibly do to warrant this fear?

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"What the fuck is that?" Emma asked.

"It's a new car." I said sheepishly.

"That's a fucking sports car!" she screamed.

"I needed a new car." I said quietly.

"Something normal, not a sports car!" she cried.

"Em, we can afford it." I said.

"Just cause we can afford something doesn't mean we should buy it. We can probably afford to buy gold plated mirrors and multiple sports cars, but we don't. Because it's tacky. It's gaudy. We're not the type of people who waste money. We're not the type of people to show off our wealth." Emma argued.

"You're not that type of person." I said quietly.

"Excuse me?" she questioned.

"Listen, I get what you're saying. I do. But if all went your way, we would be living in some tiny house, buying just enough to get by." I said.

"I..." she started.

"Let me finish!" I said. "I get what you're saying about not flaunting it. I do. But Em, we worked so hard to earn this money. Let's have a little fun with it. I understand saving it, and I understand not spending wildly. But we should at least grant ourselves a little bit of money to have fun with. I wanted a new car. A nice car. Emma, I am a car guy. I really want a nice car. I work hard. We both work hard. What's the point if we are just gonna save all that money and not get to reap the fruits of our success?"

"I, uh... you just don't get it." she mumbled, turning around and storming out.

"Emma?" I called, but she didn't stop, going upstairs and slamming the bedroom door. I rolled my eyes and stepped outside to clear my head. I saw Sydni in her backyard, and I stepped closer to the fence separating us.

"How'd she take it?" Sydni asked.

"She wasn't happy." I said with a laugh.

"Hmm, sorry." Sydni said, smiling slightly before regaining a straight face.

"That make you happy?" I asked, angrily.

"No, of course not. I don't want to see anything get in between a happy couple." Sydni said.

"Well, there were probably some things that needed to be said." I replied civilly. There was a long pause.

"We want to go shopping tomorrow. We were hoping you could drive us." Sydni asked.

"Yeah, I guess." I replied, knowing I didn't have a choice.

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I gave my wife space for the rest of the night. I drove my new car, and that took away my anger at my wife. This car was so smooth and sleek and sexy. I loved it.

I pulled in after night fell. There was no sign of Emma, so I figured she was still camped out in the bedroom. Gingerly, I opened the door and stepped in. She was sitting on the bed and as I stepped in she gave me a slight smile. I took off my watch and set down my wallet. She broke the silence.

"I know I am kinda thrifty." Emma started. "I had no money for years, and I hated it, and my worst fear is to end up like that again."

"You won't. We won't." I said.

"I know, but I sometimes feel like the bubble will burst and this dream life will be gone." Emma said. I sat down next to her and put my arm around her. She looked right at me.

"I'm sorry I can be kinda reluctant to spend money. I don't want to be a nag or a killjoy." Emma said.

"I know." I said. "I'm sorry I didn't talk to you first."

"I don't want to be that type of person that flaunts their money. I don't want to be like Sydni and Monique." she said.

"I know. I understand." I said.

"But... I guess if you want to spend money, it's okay. Let's not go nuts or anything, but the occasional big purchase will be fine." she said. I didn't plan to go on a spending spree. I was pushing it by buying the car. I know she wasn't crazy about it. She was doing it for me. I kissed her on the forehead. "Besides, it is a nice looking car."

"It is very nice. And I got a really good deal on it. That's why I couldn't talk to you about it." I said.

"You did?" she said. I know how much she loved getting a good deal.

"Yeah, an insane deal." I said, kissing her cheek.

"Well, now that you got that, I hope you don't mind if I get a bigger closet." she said with a laugh.

"Of course not." I said, kissing her lips.

"No, stop, I feel gross." She said. She had been sheepish about sex since the incident with the neighbors, and her black eye was still healing. She felt ugly. I kissed her again.

"No, stop." she said unconvincingly, her voice getting husky. I pulled her down onto the bed as she melted into the kiss. As our hands began to fumble with each others' clothes, I knew I was in for a fun night.

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I was in a good mood, and having to spend the day with the neighbor girls couldn't spoil my good spirits. Without getting too descriptive, the previous night was one of the most fun I had ever had. Make-up sex was the best.

Our sex life was good. Emma was always so in control, so professional, so I always enjoyed seeing her let loose in the bedroom. Hearing her scream and moan in pleasure was music to my ears. She held her end of the bargain, as she was not a cold fish or anything. She gave as good as she got. She didn't go nuts, and she had lines she wouldn't cross, holes she wouldn't let me enter, but that was fine. She couldn't drop that professional veneer completely. But it was fun for me to try to get her to let loose. The more she was engulfed in the pleasure and let her professional veneer slip away, the more nuts it drove me. We were perfectly compatible in the bedroom. I loved her.

But like I said, I was forced to have to spend a day with the girls again. I was hoping to give Emma a ride in the new car, an inaugural ride, but she was busy the next day, and Monique and Sydni wanted to get an early start, so the first people to ride in my new car were Sydni and Monique. They marched right over to my driveway and got into my

new car before I could ask about our driving arrangements. I joined them and sat into the driver's seat.

"Damn, this is one hot fucking car!" Monique said from the back seat. I smiled in pride as I turned on the car. Before I left the driveway, I looked at Sydni. She looked at me, her eyes hidden behind her sunglasses. I revved the engine a few times. I looked back at Sydni, and she was in the same position as before, but there was one noticeable difference. Her nipples were now rock hard. I gulped deeply and looked forward. I remembered what she had said before. This was the type of car that made girl's nipples hard and their pussies wet. I looked in the rear view mirror, and noticed Monique's nipples were just as hard as her friends. And judging by the scent that was burning my nostrils, their pussies were sopping wet.

I proceeded to drive, Sydni giving me directions.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"A little shop we like. I'll tell you right where we're going. So just shut up and drive. Cause we've got something very important to discuss." Sydni said.

"Okay, what?" I asked.

"Today, we want to teach your racist ass a little bit about black sex." Sydni said.

"Um, what do you mean exactly? Cause I have a pretty good knowledge about sex." I asked nervously.

"You know about cute little white sex. Black sex is completely different. Like we told you before, black women are far better lovers. Black women are built for sex. I mean, just look at us. Black women like us have hot bodies. Most black women have bigger tits than white women." Sydni said.

"Much bigger." Monique chimed in.

"Most black women have hotter, rounder asses than white women." Sydni said.

"Much hotter. Much rounder." Monique said.

"Black women have this sexy, dark skin. Not pale, nasty, disgusting white skin like your white girls have." Sydni said.

"Nasty." Monique added.

"Black women have rhythm. We can dance. We can shake our asses. We can shake our bodies. Not shake like spazzes like white women do." Sydni said.

"Idiots." Monique added.

"Everything about black women exudes sex. The way we look. The clothes we wear. The music we listen to. The cars we drive. It's all sex." Sydni said.

"I think you guys are the racist ones. You seemed to not respect my race." I said.

"Just the white women. We respect white men. Look, just think about it. The hottest women, the ones with the hottest bodies, they are all black." Sydni said.

"I've seen plenty of hot white women." I said.

"Sure, there are some. But the hottest ones are black. You have to admit that?" Sydni said.

"I will not. There are some black women that are very sexy, but not all of them." I said.

"Most of them." Monique said.

"The biggest difference between black and white women: black women don't play games. White women screw around. Not black women. Black women go after the men they want. Black women don't fuck around. They just fuck.

We don't make love like white women do. We fuck." Sydni said.

"Hard." Monique added.

"You know that saying once you go black, you never go back?" Sydni asked. I nodded. "That doesn't just apply to white women with black men. It works the other way too. Once a white man fucks a black woman and experiences the rigors of black sex, he can't possibly go back." There was a long silence.

"Huh." I said, not finding any other words to say. It couldn't possibly be true what they said. It was impossible to say that all black women were hotter, sexier, and better fucks than their white counterparts. I am sure there were some that were better. I am sure that there were some black women who had bigger tits, better asses, hotter faces and fucked harder than some white women. And there were some that were probably so good, you wouldn't go back.

I was shaken out of my thoughts when I realized where we were. We were on the bad side of town. Near the ghetto.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Well, we want to show you how black women are better. All women like a man in a nice car. But white women hide it. Not us. Not black women. Us black women will let you know exactly what this car does to us." Sydni said.

As I drove through the ghetto, in this fancy Aston Martin, I realized Sydni had a point. When we passed black women or a group of black women on the street, or in another car, every single one of them stared at this car. Each one of them practically eye-fucked it, and me. They were women like Sydni and Monique, young, hot ghetto girls, and they all made it clear they liked what they were seeing. I saw them turn their heads, I saw them lick their lips. And I swear when I looked close, I could see hard nipples.

"Maybe you have a point." I muttered, causing both girls to smile. So apparently, I was driving a car that could drive black women wild.

We made our way through this part of town, until they had me pull into a parking lot. I wasn't sure where we were going. The girls didn't say anything until I hit the button on my keys to lock the door. As the beep echoed between the buildings, Sydni and Monique turned to me.

"Oh no no no no no." Sydni said.

"What?" I asked.

"You think that just cause you're in a black neighborhood you have to lock the doors?" Sydni asked in disbelief.

"I would lock it up wherever I went." I said.

"Leave it open. Leave it unlocked." Sydni commanded.

"No." I replied. "I am not gonna leave my sports car unlocked."

"Trust me, with a car like that, nothing bad will happen. Just leave it unlocked. If something bad happens, I'll buy you a new one. Okay?" Sydni asked. With a worried expression on my face, I unlocked the car, and followed the girls away.

They led me to a boutique, not the classiest place in the world, but for this neighborhood, it was high end. It was very girly on the inside, filled with all sorts of girl clothes. Like I said, it wasn't the classiest place, but the clothes there had that trashy charm these girls reveled in. All the workers there were black women, and they greeted Sydni and Monique like old friends. And as the girls introduced me to the workers, I felt like a piece of meat as they eyed me up and down. I nervously watched them whisper and giggle to each other. Finally, they parted and I followed the girls around like a little boy following his mother.

"It's time to teach you what black style it is all about." Sydni said, grabbing clothes off the rack. "White style is about looking cute and smart and professional. Black style is much different. Black style is about tight clothes, showing off our bodies. Black style is about tiny underwear. Black style is about looking hot. Black style is about getting men."

"Okay." I said, not knowing what to say. Within moments, both of the girls had a pile of clothes in hand.

"You just sit here and wait. We're looking for a man's opinion on this shit." Sydni said, as both of them marched to the changing rooms. I awkwardly sat there, waiting to see these two black neighbors that I didn't really like in various slutty outfits. And they did not disappoint.

As some R&B played over the speakers, the girls emerged, one at a time, in various outfits. They started off looking good and mostly covered, wearing tight jeans, tight blouses, and high heels. I had to admit, they looked good, and with their bodies, it would be hard not to look good in whatever they wore. But as this went on, the outfits got skimpier. They progressed to tight shorts, showing off their firm legs and highlighting their asses. They progressed to low-cut tops, allowing their jiggling black breasts to pour out of them. Monique wore an indecently see through dress, providing a hint of a view of her nipples to me. I had to admit, these girls knew how to strut their stuff, knowing how to make their boobs bounce and asses jiggle. I gave

them the okay on each of their outfits, getting more and more uncomfortable.

I was stunned when they began to strut out in underwear. I was amazed at how brazen they were being, marching out in the middle of a store in skimpy underwear. And it was skimpy. I don't know if these girls knew that panties existed that weren't thongs, because that was all they wore. And they wore jiggle bras that caused their breasts to bounce in just the right way. They were in all different colors and styles, but they were all sexy. They would pepper me with comments and questions while modeling for me.

"How does my butt look?"

"Can you see my nipples?"

"Does this color look good on me?"

"How do they jiggle in this?"

"Do they look big in this?"

"Can you see my asshole in this? You can't? Dammit."

Finally, I had had enough. I was getting uncomfortable with these two black women parading their bodies around me. I think they knew the effect they were having on me. I had an uncomfortable erection, which I tried to hide. I justified it to myself. They were two sexy creatures, and any man would react the same way. As Monique marched out in front of me, in a stringy thong and bra combo, I finally had to speak up.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked. Monique walked over and stood in front of me.

" Because it's so much fun to drive you crazy." Monique said with a laugh. Mercifully, they returned to their normal outfits with piles of clothes in hand that they intended to buy. I watched as they paid, and I was forced to do most of the heavy lifting as I took the clothes back to the car. Luckily it was still there, having not been stolen. I put the clothes

into the back seat, and as I opened the driver's door, I realized my car had not gone untampered.

"What the fuck!?" I said, looking at the seat. The girls matched my stare.

"What?" Sydni asked, confused at my horror.

"There's... thongs on the driver's seat!" I said in shock.

"So?" Monique said.

"Is that a normal thing?" I asked, in disbelief about how calm these two were.

"What did we tell you? Black women are very direct." Sydni said, sifting through the underwear. She flipped over the pile and started from the beginning. This pile started with a phone number on a post-it. Then another one. Then, a full coverage panty with a number scrawled on it entered the pile. The panties got skimpier and skimpier, becoming

thongs and g-strings. And not only did they get skimpier, the crotches got wetter. I was horrified. I looked around and saw a few black women, in bunches, just watching me, licking their lips.

"Just throw those things away and lets ago." I said, horrified.

"What a waste that would be." Sydni said, carrying the pile of skimpy underwear as she walked to the passenger seat. "Let's just hold onto these for awhile. Maybe you'll reconsider." she added, tossing the panties into the glove compartment. Well, I guess I'll never feel clean using that glove compartment again.

I think the girls enjoyed watching me squirm, as I was uncomfortable for the entire drive. That feeling increased when the scent of wet pussy hit my nose. It wasn't a bad smell. I didn't know how to describe it. All I know was that it caused shivers to run down my spine and goose bumps to arise all over my skin. I didn't know what the source of the scent was. Was it from the piles of panties in the glove compartment that were soaked in the juices from black women, or was it from the two women in the car with me?

Luckily, the drive home did not take long. I carried their bags inside and set them down, and I was just about to leave when Monique stopped me. She held out something to me. I took it and looked at it.

"An iPod?" I said. "I already have one."

"Yeah, but you filled it with that weak ass white shit. I put all the best rap on this." Monique said. I scanned through it quickly. I knew a bit about rap, but I didn't recognize any of the artists. But one thing I did notice: all of the artists listed were female.

"I don't know any of these rappers. I didn't know there were this many female rappers." I told her.

"Shit, black girls are the best rappers. You want to know the best thing about black girl rappers?" Monique asked. I nodded, and she stepped close. "This shit is the perfect shit to jack-off to."

"Excuse me?" I asked incredulously.

"You heard me. Just try it. It'll blow your mind." Monique said, stepping back. I hastily made my way home, Monique giggling from behind me.

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With rubber gloves on my hands, I carried a handful of black women's panties. I made sure no one was watching. I would have just left them in the car, but I was afraid my car would smell like pussy if I did. So here I was, carrying a pile of thongs and other panties to the garbage. The scent was strong, but I kept going. Once I got within a few feet of the garbage can, I heard a noise from behind me. A car, pulling into the driveway. Shit! Emma was home! Thinking fast, I tossed the panties into an empty box, knowing Emma would see the panties if I had to lift the lid and throw them in the garbage. I pulled off the gloves, tossed them in the box, and kicked the box into a pile just as Emma emerged.

"Hey, what's up?" she asked, kissing me, not noticing anything amiss. Not wanting her to notice anything, I led

her into the house, quickly forgetting about the box of black women's thongs.

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Emma was gone for the day, and I was taking care of things around the house. Boring cleaning stuff. I had my iPod in my pocket, with the music blasting through my headphones, but it was one of those days where none of the songs were sounding interesting. It felt like I had heard them all a thousand times before, which I had. The other iPod I had was calling to me. It was a newer iPod, better than the older one I had. And it was full of music I had never heard before. I put my iPod onto my bedside table, went to my sock drawer, and grabbed the iPod Monique had given me. I figured it would be a chance to expand my musical palate. What was the worst that could happen?

A blast of sound hit my ears, forcing me to quickly turn the volume down. Once my ears adjusted, I could feel the heavy beats entering my ears. The rhythms resonated deeply. It did not take long for the vocals to hit my ears. A voice emerged, a smooth, sexy voice of a black woman, and

she began to say the nastiest things. It became clear quickly that this woman was rapping about sex. About fucking. I skipped ahead to the next track, but found more of the same.

I skimmed through the tracks, and it didn't let up. Sure, there were different female rappers, with different voices and styles. Some voices were smooth, some brash, some loud, some bratty, but they all had one thing in common: All the songs were about sex. About having sex, or how good they were at sex, about them getting ready to go out and find a man for sex, or about how hot they were, or about how much better they were than some other girl. I finally just settled on a track and decided to give the music a chance while I did my chores.

But then a funny thing happened. I started to find an appreciation for what I was hearing. It was a bit outside my comfort zone, but it had good flow. Good rhythm. I could see why it would be popular. I found my head bopping unconsciously. But as I moved around, I realized that was not the only part of my body to react.

I was rock hard. How did this happen? Listening to this black woman rap gave me a throbbing, painful erection. What could have caused this? Monique did say this music was perfect for jacking off to. But why? Was it that the deep rhythms of the music that seemed reminiscent of the rhythm of sex, the perfect rhythm of two people bouncing and pleasuring each other? Was it the outright confidence and near arrogance of these black women who proclaimed they were the best at sex? Was it their sexy voices, voices that reminded you of the voice of a nasty slut in your ear as she fucked you? That must be it. These songs radiated sex. It was natural to have this reaction. But it would probably be best if I sat down for a bit.

I never heard of any of these rappers, so I decided to look them up online. One by one, I found pictures of each of these female black rappers. I saw women of all different types. Tall, short, thin, and not as thin, some dressed well, some dressed trashy, some with straight hair, some with big, curly hairstyles, some with lots of jewelry, some with little, some heavily made-up, some not. All these women were distinct, yet they had one thing in common: they were all sexy. They all had that look that told you they were nasty. And none of them had much shame, as they clearly

didn't mind being photographed in very little clothing. Seeing all that black flesh exposed was a jarring experience. I don't think I had ever seen a black woman naked. I rarely ever look at porn, especially at black porn. My wife kept me more than satisfied. So seeing this much smooth, soft black skin was a new experience. And so seeing this much bare black flesh, and listening to the rhythm of this hard black female rap, and hearing these confident, arrogant black women rap about sex, well, it did little to deflate my erection. Each beat caused my cock to throb. Each glimpse of black flesh made my cock drip pre-cum. I had never fantasized about black women, but they were at the forefront of my mind at the moment. I didn't know what it was. Was it their blatant sexuality? Their brash arrogance? Their admittedly sexy black flesh? I couldn't be sure, but it was definitely affecting me. I knew I wouldn't be able to continue my chores in the condition I was in.

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I laid naked on my bed, my lubed up 10-inch cock in both of my hands as I furiously stroked it, imagining a pair of big bare black tits bouncing in front of me. My eyes were closed in fantasy, and loud rap music blaring in my ears, the

arrogant voice of a black women bouncing in my head. All of this stimuli combined to give me a throbbing erection. My cock was literally tingling, on the edge of cumming. I kept myself on edge, extending my pleasure. I was coated in sweat from this vigorous jack-off session.

I cupped my balls as I stroked with the other hand. While I enjoyed sex as much as other people, I always felt like it was never the central focus of my life like it was for other people. I had a healthy sex life, but I was never the type of guy to go bar-hopping for pussy. I wondered if I was weird for not being as sexually driven as other guys. But right here, right now, on this bed, I was more sexually charged than I had ever been. And it was with black women on the brain. I didn't let myself think about it too much. I was too lost in the pleasure. I was lost in fantasies of black women. And it was when I remembered that I had two sexy black women next door, I felt my balls clench up.

"FUCK!" I roared as I began to spurt. As I furiously stroked myself, a geyser of cum erupted from my cock. It fell onto my torso and chest as more cum exploded from me. Again and again and again and again. I had never shot this much. I was nearly in tears it felt so good. After minutes of

pleasure, after what felt like an eternity of cumming, my arms fell to my sides. I opened my eyes and lifted my head. I looked down at myself, and saw that my chest and stomach was covered in my own cum. Now that my head was clear, the shame set in. What had I done? I had furiously jacked off thinking about black women. I had betrayed my wife by fantasizing about other women. I tossed the iPod away, took a shower, washed the sheets, and aired out the room.

I made sure to never indulge myself in this line of fantasies again. I would pack the iPod away, and never get involved in this stuff again. And when Emma came home, I made sure to kiss her extra hard.

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I quickly found that my shameful fantasies of black women were hard to suppress when living next to two voluptuous black women.

The heat was still overwhelming. It was the middle of the afternoon, and I stepped out to grab the mail. And as I did, I heard splashing water from next door, so I turned to look.

Monique and Sydni were washing their new Escalade. They were wearing matching clothes, thin white tank tops and cut-off shorts that just barely covered their large asses. They had buckets full of sudsy water. Monique was leaning over the hood, scrubbing the windshield with a sponge while Sydni was spraying the car with a hose. Both had their backs to me, and I was hoping to retrieve the mail and avoid their attention. But the mailbox was working against me, squeaking loudly as I opened it. Both girls turned to look, and once they saw it was me, they turned to face me.

They were both soaked with water, which made their smooth black skin shiny as well as plastering their clothes to their bodies. Their white tank tops became practically see-through. Their giant black tits were visible under their tops, but unfortunately, the fabric was scrunched in such a way that I was unable to get a good look at their nipples. I was only able to see a hint of them. But the shape and firmness of their giant racks were evident. Their midriffs

were bared, and they were showing off their smooth, sexy dark flesh.

They looked like they were on the set of a black porno. A black woman porn, where they probably team up and double team some white guy. That's what happens in porno starring black women, right?

"Hey Sean." they said in unison with smiles on their faces. I nodded and quickly made my way inside, shutting the door behind me, hoping to avoid having to talk them when they were so exposed. When they were showing off so much of their smooth black flesh. Like their huge black breasts. Their firm black legs. Their full, tight asses. And if I got close, I bet they would make sure to tighten their shirts to make sure I saw their nipples. Their no doubt hard nipples, sticking out from their perfect black breasts. God, they were so hot!

I remembered the iPod hidden in my dresser, and the black female rap on it, which conjured up such insane images of black women in my head. Hot black women, rapping about sex. I remembered their sexy voices and naughty words. I

knew I shouldn't, but I figured I should give the music a quick listen, maybe get these nasty thoughts out of my head.

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"Mr. and Mrs. Naples, we have good news and bad news." the detective told us. We had received the call to come down to the station. Emma had been calling the detectives a few times a week, desperate to get her ring back. We were both hopeful when we entered the police station and sat at the detective's desk.

"Did you find the ring?" Emma asked impatiently. The detective, an older, worn down man, sighed and began to speak.

"The good news is we tracked down the man who stole the ring. The bad news is we don't have the ring." he said.

"What?" I asked.

"Wait, how can you have the robber and not have the ring?" Emma asked.

"We found evidence at your home that led us to our culprit. But, by the time we found him, he said he had given the ring to someone else." the detective said.

"Who did it?" I asked. He held up a picture of a familiar face.

"His name is T.J. Howard." he said, holding up a picture of the guy I met at Monique and Sydni's party. "The evidence we found eventually led to him. He confessed to the crime, but he will not give away the name of the person he gave the ring to. From what we can find, there was no money given to him for this."

"So why did he do this?" I asked.

"I don't know. Maybe he had a debt owed to somebody. He won't budge. It's strange though, he almost seems happy. Happy to be caught. If I had to guess, I would say he was in deep with some bad people. The way he talked about the

people he gave the ring to, he sounded absolutely terrified of them. Pure fear. So, in a way, I think he wanted to be caught. Put in jail, away from the people he feared." the detective said.

As he said this, I flashed upon my one meeting with T.J. And the people he seemed terrified of. Monique and Sydni. Suddenly, I knew where the ring was.

In retrospect, I don't know why I didn't tell the detective my suspicions. At the time, I thought it might be best to handle it myself. I knew them well enough where I was pretty sure I could see through their BS. And the girls seemed slippery enough to avoid suspicion. So that was why we walked out of the station empty handed. That was why Emma was down for the rest of the night, not getting her ring back, not wanting to talk, or have fun, or make love. That was why I vowed to get my wife's ring back the next day, and be her hero.

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It was the hottest day on record. It made the night uncomfortable to sleep through, and Emma's frosty attitude about the ring didn't help matters. I saw her off for the day, and she was gone for five minutes when disaster struck.

Rolling blackouts tore through the city. The heat had overwhelmed the transformers, creating a near citywide blackout. Emma worked outside of the affected area, and had taken off for the day, which worked perfectly in my plan to confront the girls. But the blackout threw a wrench into things. I did own a generator, but I was not gonna hook it up immediately unless I knew the blackout was gonna last awhile. But I was quickly realizing the heat was insane. It was a sticky heat, causing the sweat to immediately form all over. I was tempted to hook it up just to get the air conditioner going. But before I could even consider that there was a knock at the door. I opened it up and there stood, making my plan easier, Monique and Sydni.

"Sean." Sydni said. She was wearing a white tank top and stretchy booty shorts. Behind her stood Monique, in an airy baby blue dress, very low cut, showing off her expansive cleavage.

"Uh, what's up?" I asked, caught off guard by their sudden appearance.

"This fucking heat's a killer." Sydni said, wiping the sweat off her face. Both her and Monique were already shiny with sweat.

"Yeah, hopefully they get the power going soon." I said amicably.

"We got a generator, but we need help setting up. Do you mind?" Monique asked. Of course, these two girls would not wait an hour before having to fire up the generator.

"Uh, yeah, okay." I said, following them over to their house. I figured once we got inside, I would begin my plan to get back the ring I thought they had. I followed them in and as we walked through their house towards the back, I decided to speak up.

"Hey, can I ask you guys something?" I asked. They turned and looked back at me.

"What?" Sydni asked. I rested my hand on their couch and leaned against it. I smiled as I asked.

"Do you guys have the ring?" I asked.

"What?" Monique said.

"What are you talking about?" Sydni said.

"They caught T.J. for stealing the ring. The same T.J. that was here at your party. They said he gave it away to someone, someone he was terrified of. And if I'm not mistaken, he seemed pretty intimidated by you guys." I said. Sydni looked at me, angrily, seeming like she was staring through me. I looked right back at her, unafraid to back down.

"The police cleared us." Monique said.

"The police said you had an alibi for the time of the crime. That doesn't mean you didn't get it later." I speculated.

"So, the racism has come to a head. You meet one black guy, and you automatically assume he is in cahoots in a crime with the only black people you know. Us." Sydni said.

"No. Don't cry racism here. Answer the question." I demanded. I looked into Sydni's eyes, and she looked into mine.

"I'll answer your question. But fuck the generator. We're gonna go upstairs and hash this all out." Sydni said, marching upstairs. Monique looked angry at me as she followed, and facing no other choice, I followed them. They had gone to their bedroom, and I followed them in.

"I am tired of your racist bullshit. We are gonna get you to confront your racism right now." Sydni said.

"Sydni. Answer the question! Do you have the ring?" I asked angrily. Monique walked towards me and pushed me back onto the bed hard. "Hey!" I said, falling to a sitting position, rubbing my chest where she hit me.

"Calm down and listen!" Sydni ordered. "I will tell you what I know. But only if you admit that you are a racist."

"I'm not a racist!" I said with a manic laugh. "Why are you so convinced that I'm racist?" This caused Sydni to laugh evilly.

"Look at us, Sean." Sydni said softly. I looked at them as they stood above, their bodies coated with a sheen of sweat. I was once again struck by how beautiful these two were.

"Okay, what?" I asked when they didn't say anything.

"You want to know why we think your racist?" Monique asked. I nodded again.

"You know how hot we are right? You would have to blind not to. We are the hottest women you have ever met. Admit it!" Sydney said.

"What? No..." I said, confused.

"Yeah we are. We are hotter than any woman you have ever met. We have these huge tits and hot booties. And your wife doesn't." Sydney said.

"Why are you saying this?" I asked, confused.

"We are saying that since we are so fucking hot, the only reason possible that you haven't fucked us yet, the only way you haven't tapped our asses, is that you are racist, that you hate black women." Sydney said emphatically. I laughed at this accusation.

"Really?" I asked. "First of all, I'm married. Second of all, I'm just not into black women. That's not me being racist. Those are just my tastes."

"All white guys are into black women, deep down." Sydni said.

"How do you know you're not into black women, Sean? Have you been with a black woman." Monique asked.

"No, they just don't do it for me." I said.

"Did you listen to that music I gave you?" Monique asked.

"Uh, yeah, I did." I replied.

"That was some good shit, huh?" she asked.

"It was alright." I said.

"Really? Just alright? Or was it...hot. It's like I said, that shit is perfect to jack off two. No one would blame you." Monique started, joining me on the bed, leaning in close. She began to whisper in my ear. "All those sexy black women saying such nasty things in your ear. Their smooth,

sexy black voices. No one would blame you for unzipping your pants, wrapping your hand around that fat white cock of yours, and jacking yourself senseless."

"Ookay. I should go." I said, standing quickly, but Sydni pushed me back down.

"I don't hear a 'no'. I don't hear you denying the fact that you beat off thinking about black women. I don't hear you denying that the best sex of your life was not with your wife. It was with your own hand, listening to black women's voices. I don't hear you denying that you think black women are so hot that merely the voice of a sexy black woman is enough to give you a more powerful orgasm than your wife ever could." Sydni said. I was shocked speechless. I couldn't find any words.

"Think about it, Sean. We are better than your wife in every way. Sean, we are strong, independent gorgeous black women. We are the pinnacle of women. We are built for sex. Monique, who's prettier? Us, or Emma?" Sydni asked.

"Us." Monique said simply, hands on her hips.

"That's right. We've been told we could model. All the best models are black. Because no white woman could be as hot as us. No white woman could have our sexy eyes. No white woman could have the full, sexy lips that we do. No white woman could have the hair we do. Monique, who has better hair, us, or Emma?"

"Us." Monique said again.

"Black women's pride and joy is their hair. Look at it. It's so deep and dark and sexy." Sydni said, her lustrous black locks shimmering in the light. "And look at hers. So full, and sexy." Sydni added, describing Monique's hair. Her hair had more curl, which suited her. It fell over her shoulders in waves, and the streak of blonde she added suited her perfectly. "Monique! Who has better skin, us or Emma?"

"Us." Monique said.

"A black women's skin is superior to any white woman's. It's not nasty and pale and boring. Not black skin. It's smooth,

and dark, and sexy. And as we all know, the nastier the sex, the better. And as I always say, the darker the skin, the darker the sex." Sydni said. "Monique, who has bigger, better tits, us or Emma?"

"Us." Monique said with a laugh. "Not even fucking close."

"Not even fucking close. A white girl won't have tits like these. Just pathetic, sad little mosquito bites, like your wife has. A white girl won't have monsters like we have. They can't. A white woman isn't built to handle big tits like black women are. They are flimsy. They are weak. Black women are strong. They deserve to have big tits. Big, firm, soft tits. Perfect to the touch. Begging to be squeezed. With perfect hard nipples." Sydni said, her nipples throbbing under her top, harder than I had ever seen them. She was breathing hard, her tits clearly dying to escape their confines. I looked over at Monique, and her tits were pouring out from under her dress. "Monique, who has better asses, us, or Emma?"

"Is there even a question?" Monique asked with a laugh.

"It's a stereotype for a reason, Sean. Black women have big asses. Round firm asses, built to handle anything. White girls don't have butts like this, because they are inferior. Look at our butts, Sean." Sydni said. They spun and showed off their asses to me. Sydni's shorts molded to it, showing off the perfectly ripe cheeks, sticking out firmly, jutting out from her back, begging to be spanked. Monique's was the same, bigger than Sydni's, and more imposing, but equally sexy. That ass could do some damage. "These are black asses, Sean. You don't see white girls with butts like these." Sydni said. "Monique, what's better? A black women's pussy, or a white woman's pussy?"

"Shit, that's easy. A black girl's cunt...HOLLAH!" Monique said.

"That's right. It's a fact, Sean. Black cunt is better. It's tighter. It's wetter. It's deeper. It's tastier. It's built to handle anything. Black cunt is not loose and nasty like white girl pussy. It's the perfect home for a fat, white cock, and believe me, there is nothing hotter than seeing a white cock stretching out some black pussy." Sydni said. "Monique, who's sexier. Black women, or white girls?"

"Black women." Monique yelled enthusiastically, "A-MEN!"

"Black women are built for sex. That's what we are here for. Black women can dance. Black women can shake our asses. Black women can flirt. Black women can fuck. Black women do anything. We are not pathetic little twigs like white girls. We are built to take whatever a man can offer. The worst black woman still fucks better than most white women." Sydni said. "So, I think we have shown we are hotter than Emma in every way. But that isn't the only reason we are better than Emma. We are smarter than her. Sure, we didn't finish school. We didn't need to. We didn't waste our time. And look who's better off. Us. We are richer than her. All that work she did, all that school, and we are still better off. Black women are winners. We have fun. We spend our money. We don't fuck around. We don't 'invest in our 401k's'," Sydni said, imitating a nerdy white girl voice. "No, we spend our money. We have fun. What's the point of not spending? Shit, she can save her money and have no fun. I would rather have fun with it."

"So I have shown you that me and Monique are superior to your wife in every way. So why aren't you fucking us? The only thing it could be is that you are racist against black girls. Your prejudice is stopping you from endless pleasure." Sydni said, her terrifying speech over.

Wow, just wow. Where to start.

"I love my wife. Love is not about who is the superior woman is. Love is about personal connection. It is about personality. It isn't about who has the bigger tits. It isn't about race. It isn't about money. It is that connection that two people share." I told her.

"I'm not saying you love us." Sydni countered. "I'm saying that it doesn't matter. The things I said before matter. Because, well, just look. Here is white sex." she said, holding her hand just over the floor. "And here is love." she said, hovering her hand near her waist. "And here is sex with black women." she added, holding her hand as far as she could over her head. "Black sex is better than love. We have fucked a lot of white guys, and I can guarantee that the time they spent with us are the best moments they've ever had."

No, when all these married white guys look back to the best moment of their life, they don't think of the day they got married. They don't think of the years of joy with their wife. No, they think of the time they hooked up with some crazy hot black girls. It's that good. It's the best thing any white guy could do. Hooking up with black girls."

"So you are into white guys then?" I asked.

"Mmmm, I love white guys. I'll fuck the occasional black guy if I have to, but I am a white guy kinda girl." Sydni said. "There is nothing better than riding a huge white cock. And there is nothing better of rubbing a white girl's face in it. I fucking hate white girls. They act so snobby and they think they are so much better than us. I show them what their men are really into."

"You sound like the racist one." I countered.

"Oh no doubt. I hate just about every white woman I see. Why wouldn't I feel that way? I'm sorry, but black women are better. And the best white women are the ones who act black." Sydni said.

"I understand now." I began, standing up fast and getting in Sydni's face. "You are both crazy! You have some racist agenda you are trying to prove. Well, I am not gonna be a part of it!" I yelled, looking down at her. I turned to run out the door, but Monique stood in the way.

"I'm not moving, Sean. If you want to get out, you will have to put your hands all over me. Can you handle that?" Monique teased. I was tempted to just grab her and move her out of the way, but I would never put my hands on a woman.

"Get out of the way!" I screamed. But she was not backing down. She was not afraid. "Move!" I roared.

"You're hot when you're angry." Sydni said.

"Oh, fuck you!" I said, turning to face her, looking into her eyes. I held her gaze and she met mine.

"Monique, let him go." Sydni said, surprising me. I looked over my shoulder and saw Monique step out of the way. I turned to walk out the door. As I stepped out into the hall, Sydni called out, "Come back when you want to find out about the ring."

This stopped me dead in my tracks. I could just leave now escape their lair and never come back. But I have to get that ring back. My wife would be down in the dumps until she got it back. I had to get it back for her.

"What do you know? Do you have it?" I said, marching back into the room, walking up to her, looking down at her again.

"I know who has the ring. I know that T.J. took the ring. I know why he did it." Sydni said.

"Out with it!" I said. Sydni simply smiled.

"You're bullshitting me. If you knew anything, you would have told the cops." I said. They both laughed loudly at this.

"I don't know where you come from, but in my world, you don't get very far by talking to the cops." Sydni said. I couldn't find any more words.

"What do you want? I've listened to your insane ramblings..." I started.

"You should listen to yourself." she replied.

"What?" I said, confused. She looked down at my crotch. I followed her gaze. In all my anger and rage, I had looked past one noticeable fact: I had a throbbing erection. Embarrassed, I brought my hands down to cover myself. The girls laughed as I did. Why was I hard? They had spoken very brazenly, very sexually. We had a very sexually charged conversation. That was why I was hard. It wasn't like I was secretly into black women or anything.

"Listen, I just... I think... it's just..." I stammered.

"Just sit down." Sydni said, pushing me back to the bed again. I tried to will my dick to soften.

"You are getting in the way of our dance practice." Sydni started. "So if you just sit there and let us dance, we will explain everything."

"I can't watch you dance. That's wrong." I said, looking at Sydni, terrified to see them working the pole.

"Is it?" Monique said. I turned to face her, and as I did, her dress fell off her shoulders, falling to the floor in a puddle at her feet.

Holy shit! Just like that, I was seeing Monique's body, practically nude, the only thing preventing her from being totally nude was her skimpy thong. My eyes were immediately drawn to her chest, and those massive titties she was showing off. I had never seen a black woman naked, let alone seeing a pair of black breasts. Holy fuck! They were magnificent. They were round, and smooth, and firm, and soft looking. They were as big as volleyballs! I had seen some big white breasts in my time, but something about this pair was better. I don't know if it was the dark black skin, or the dark cleavage they naturally formed, or the dark hard

nipples that capped them off perfectly. I couldn't take my eyes off of them. I had to step back, almost afraid of them

Her bare belly was soft and lush looking, not as tight and fit as Sydni's, but still very nice. Even her belly button was sexy.

"There ain't nothing wrong with seeing these, is there?" Monique said softly. I was struck dumb by her huge black breasts. "And since you've already seen my perfect black breasts, there is nothing wrong with seeing a little more, right?" She took my silence as an affirmative. She reached down and ran her fingers under her thong straps of her light blue thong.

I jumped as the stereo was flipped on by Sydni, the music jarring in the silence. I realized I recognized the beat, as I had heard it on the iPod Monique had given. A familiar female voice pervaded the room, the beat perfect for booty-shaking.

"Dance, bitch." Sydni commanded to her friend.

I looked back at Monique and she had turned around, putting her hands on the stripper pole I helped set up. She was bent forward as she did this, providing me a primo view of her imposing ass. Her legs were strong and firm, and that firmness translated to her ass, and although it was fairly big, it was still firm and muscular. The cheeks were large and round and they jutted out from her firm back. Her tiny blue thong disappeared between the cheeks, but the color really stood out against her dark skin. It's a good thing I'm not into black women, because her body was insane. It would be hard for a guy that was into black women to resist.

She began to pop her hips, shaking her ass like a true stripper would. She straightened up and began to roll her hips, gyrating her ass. She leapt onto the pole and possessing a grace I didn't expect her to have she began to spin around the pole, her boobs bouncing as she spun. I watched her climb the pole like an expert, her boobs wrapped around the metal pole. Even though the pole was large and thick, it disappeared into her cleavage. I watched her tuck her leg around the pole as she reached the ceiling, then begin to spin around, upside-down, before coming to

a stop just as her head grazed the floor, her hair falling to the floor, her boobs pushing against her chin.

I felt hands on my chin, turning my head. My vision was brought to Sydni as she began to dance. Her hips began to bounce she drew my attention. She had a pout on her face as she rolled her hips, spinning so her ass faced me. Her ass, while not as imposing as Monique's, was equally insane. It suited her smaller frame while still being equally impressive. The firm round cheeks were pressed against her stretchy black booty shorts, bursting for escape. She ran her fingers under the hem of the shorts, and as she rolled her hips, she began to lower the shorts.

The first things to appear were the straps of her black thong, followed by the sexy triangle were the straps connected. Then her flesh began to emerge. The smooth skin of her ass cheeks began to show, pouring over the edge of her shorts, desperate to escape their confines. Finally, with one firm yank, she ripped the shorts down her legs, exposing her nearly bare ass, clad only in her skimpy thong.

Her ass was incredible. I had gotten this view before, but it was still jaw dropping. The cheeks were firm and round and practically provided a shelf as they jutted out from her back. Her caramel skin looked perfectly smooth, and for an otherwise firm body, her ass was surprisingly fleshy, making it all the more impressive that she was able to fit that ass in her tight booty shorts.

Sydni stood straight up and resumed dancing, spinning to face me. As she did, her fingers teased the hem of her top. My eyes widened as she slowly, teasingly began to lift the top. Her flat, smooth belly began to emerge, teasingly exposing her belly button. With the beat pulsing, she lifted the top higher and higher until the bottom of her breasts began to emerge. She teased with the top, not going any higher, leaving it just under her nipples.

"It's pretty hot in here." Sydni said. I had totally forgotten about the heat wave, and the blackout and the fact that all three of us were drenched in sweat.

"You'd better take off all that clothing." Monique said to her friend. Sydni's eyes were on me.

"You first." she said to me.

"Excuse me?" I croaked.

"It must be awfully hot in all that clothing." Sydni said, "You'd better take it all off."

"No. NO! I-I-I just came here to find out about the ring." I stammered, remembering why I was watching these two black women strip.

"And you will. Just take off your clothes. C'mon, if you want to see us naked, you have to give us a little something." Monique said, "Like the song says, player, 'It's getting hot in here, so take off all your clothes!'"

"I don't want to see you naked." I said. This caused both of them to laugh. I looked down, and my hard dick was pretty clearly evident in my pants. It wasn't that I liked seeing their bodies. It was the music. It had a deep, sexual beat.

"It's not you guys, it's just the music..." I started.

"Take off your clothes, and I'll show you my tits!" Sydni commanded.

"You'll tell me who has the ring, too?" I asked.

"Yes! Just take off your clothes!" Sydni said impatiently.

"Fine. I'll take off my clothes, but I am leaving my underwear on. No way that's coming off." I said, unbuttoning my shirt quickly. They watched appreciatively as I tossed my shirt aside, revealing my bare, fit chest and torso. I undid my belt and ripped my pants down, standing before these two black sluts in my tight boxer-briefs. I figured it was like seeing me in swim trunks. It wasn't that bad. It wasn't sexual.

Both girls gazed at my strained briefs, my throbbing dick clearly bulging, desperate to be free. I sat back onto the bed and my attention returned to the girls. And as soon as I

looked at Sydni and my eyes met hers, she peeled off her sweaty top and tossed it aside, standing topless before me, hands on her hips.

Holy fucking shit! After seeing Monique's tits, I thought it was impossible to see bigger, more impressive breasts, but Sydni had them. Even though she was shorter in stature, her tits were monumental, more titanic than her friends impressive pair, her smaller frame making her tits look even bigger than they already were. They were firm and perky, their flesh round and smooth. Her dark nipples were really set off by her caramel skin, and they looked as hard as diamonds, seemingly begging to be sucked on. Her flat belly looked ridiculously sexy. She was a gorgeous woman. She was so stacked, and so sexy, and that combined with her demeanor made me terrified of her. Seeing her practically nude made her more intimidating than ever.

"Damn girl!" Monique said, "You got those big suckers, and here I am, stuck with these tiny little EE's." Monique said with a laugh.

Sydni's focus was all on me as she danced in front of me. Her tits jiggled as she bounced her hips, and I was caught by surprise when she sprinted towards the stripper pole, and like a true pro, she spun around it at a blinding speed. Like a cobra, she slithered off the pole onto the floor. She grinded her ass-crack against the stripper pole. She spun around, and with a rawness that Monique hadn't displayed, she proceeded to lick the stripper pole where her ass had been, and in one continuous motion, engulfed the pole between her tits, smothering the pole with their expansive flesh. In this same motion, she bent back, grinding her belly, then her pussy against the pole. She brought one hand to the pole, got her feet under her, and began to grind against the pole, her ass hovering just above the floor.

This went on for a few moments, and with a smooth jump, she leapt onto the pole, spun like Monique had, and rested the top of her head against the floor. She used her hand to scoop her right breast and bring it to her mouth, biting her own nipple. I watched this with a sick fascination until Monique took the wind out of me, jumping onto my lap.

My vision was consumed by her black flesh as she bounced onto my lap, and she settled into my place, her bare flesh

against mine, her giant breasts pressed against me, her hard nipples scraping my chest. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders as she began to speak.

"I can tell you like what you see, baby." Monique whispered huskily, grinding herself against my crotch.

"Uh, it's not what you think." I said, desperate to escape this situation. "What about the ring?" I asked.

"Who cares?" Monique said, "But, if you reach into the wallet of yours, grab the fattest bill you can find, and slip it into my thong, I might be more willing to talk."

Gulping deeply, and getting nervous about the fact that I couldn't see what Sydni was up to, I reached into the back pocket of my discarded pants, which were on the bed next to me, removed my wallet, sifted through the bills, and removed a twenty. Looking into her eyes, I tucked the bill into her thong strap. She stood up, and using one arm, she pulled my head forward, smothering me in her sweaty breasts.

"Mmmmmph!" I moaned out, trying to speak but her tits smothering me. I was surrounded by her soft flesh, the sweat transferring from her huge breasts onto my face. It felt incredible. Her tits were so soft and firm, the perfect place to rest your head. I was struggling to breathe, and she could tell I was getting desperate. What a way to go this would be. She finally released me from her clutches, and as I began to breathe in fresh air, she pulled something over my face, covering my nose and mouth. The smell hit my nose before I could process what she did, and I realized the air coursing through my lungs, the air filling my nostrils, came through a filter that was her thong. Specifically, the part that had covered her crotch. I could feel the moisture that had soaked the material, and I could smell her scent as it coursed through my body.

"Hey, get this off of me!" I said, but she had grabbed my wrists, preventing me from removing the thong covering my face. She wrestled my hands until they were pressed against her mighty rump.

"Breathe it in, baby, breathe it in. Take it! That's a black woman's scent. Get used to it! You're gonna be getting a lot of it." Monique said, struggling to hold me down. In my struggle, I was breathing in her scent. And although I had gotten a whiff of it in the car, getting it full blast was a different story. It was noticeably different from white pussy, but it wasn't bad. But at this point, it was the last thing I wanted to smell. I felt like Monique's scent would be burned into my nostrils for good if I didn't get the thong off my face. Finally, I freed my right arm from Monique's grasp, and immediately ripped the thong off, tossing it aside. I tried to breathe in fresh air, but each breath was tinged with pussy. I wrestled with Monique, trying to free myself fully. I could feel her pussy rubbing against my leg as we struggled. Finally, I spun away and fell back onto the bed, lying on my side. And then I found out what Sydni was up to. She was lying on her back behind me, her legs spread, knees pointed to the ceiling. And as I fell back, I fell right between her legs, my face within a foot of her thong clad pussy. I tried to roll away, but Monique held me down. Looking down at me over her twin peaks, she reached down, calmly pulled the front of her thong to the side, exposing her bare pussy to me, and said one word.

"Eat."

I struggled to free myself as I stared at her bare pussy. Just a tiny strip of hair above it. The lips of her pussy were puffy and smooth, and her slit was tight and compact. It was a gorgeous, black pussy.

"No." I replied. "Just tell me where the ring is! Tell me!" I yelled angrily.

"Do what I say and you'll get the ring back. Now...eat." she commanded. She looked down at me, fire in her eyes, as I tried to defy her. That look instilled a bit of fear in me, but I had to fight.

"No! I'm married. I don't want this!" I roared, the veins on my forehead popping. Sydni rolled her eyes in annoyance as she looked over my head. Before I could stop it, I felt Monique's hand against the back of my head, pushing me towards Sydni's cunt.

"No no no no..." I said, trying to stop this, but my words being cut off as I was pressed face first into Sydni's pussy. I kept my mouth closed as she rubbed her pussy against my face, trying to coax me into compliance. I would not play along. I would not give her the pleasure. She reached down and grabbed my scalp roughly in her own hand, and with this grip she was able to roughly grind her cunt against my face.

I tried to keep my lips closed, I did. But she was grinding against my face so hard that she was somehow able to pry my lips apart. And as soon as she did, she pressed her pussy as hard as she could against my open mouth. My open mouth was pressed into her soaked cunt, but I tried to keep my tongue far away from her.

"We can stay here all day, Sean. Unless you want your breath to smell like a black woman's cunt permanently, I suggest you get this over with quickly." Sydni stated. I looked up at her over her massive breasts, meeting her eyes, shooting daggers at her, conveying how much I hated her at that moment. Then I licked her soaking cunt.

"FUCK!" Sydni moaned as I gave her cunt a few tentative swipes. I didn't want to do this, but they left me no choice. The only way to get out of this predicament was to eat out my black neighbor's cunt.

I will admit, I always enjoyed going down on a girl. Emma always enjoyed my ministrations, as had girls I had previously dated. But this black cunt was a whole new experience. My hesitance was now gone as I looked to get this over with. My tongue dug into her warm, tight cunt, her copious juices spilling into my mouth. I ran my tongue up her warm lips, across her hard clit, through her landing strip, and back into her cunt. Her cunt was so wet, and tight!

"How's that cunt taste? Huh?" Sydni goaded. I couldn't help but compare Sydni's pussy to my wife's. My wife's pussy was good, but Sydni's, admittedly, was... great. It tasted great. It was soooooo good! I have gone down on a bunch of girls, and as much as I hated her, Sydni's pussy was the best I had ever tasted. The juices tasted delicious, her pussy was gorgeous, and her cunt fit my mouth perfectly. It was tasty, and so sexy, and so... black! This was a real black cunt I was eating. This wasn't like the white cunts I had eaten

before. This was different. Decidedly different. Tantalizingly tasty. Definitely better.

"That's some good shit, isn't it?" Monique said, scrubbing her sweaty breasts against my back. I grunted my answer, and as I did, Sydni's thighs tightened against me.

"FUCKKKK! SWALLOW IT! SWALLOW IT!" Sydni screamed, holding me against her cunt as her juices squirted into my open mouth. I had no choice but to swallow her juices as more and more came, overflowing my mouth. This lasted a minute, me swallowing her juices until I swallowed everything I could. She fell back to the bed, temporarily sated. Her juices, their taste, their scent, overwhelmed my senses, making me dizzy. I tried to rewrite what I had thought before, about her pussy being the best I had had, but I couldn't. It was the truth. Her pussy was the best I had ever eaten. It didn't mean all black pussies were better. It was just coincidence that the best, most tasty pussy I had ever eaten happened to be a black one.

I was in a daze, and I was too dizzy to escape. I was rolled onto my back and pushed up farther onto the bed so I was

entirely on it. I tried to shake out the cobwebs, and as my vision cleared, the first thing I saw was Monique lowering her black pussy onto my open mouth.

Her pussy spread over my open mouth as she lowered her weight onto me. I didn't bother fighting. I knew I had to get through this to get my wife's ring back. So that was why I immediately brought my tongue to her soaked cunt. It wasn't like I enjoyed this. It wasn't like I enjoyed eating out black women. It was what I had to do.

I wished I could say her pussy was nasty, proving my theory that it didn't matter what color the cunt was. But I couldn't. Her pussy tasted amazing! There was something about her cunt, something that Sydni also had, that made it so good. I couldn't put it into words. I don't know if it was the incredible tightness. I didn't know if it was the tasty juices. I didn't know if it was the incredible scent. But ranking all the women whose cunts I had eaten, the two top spots were now occupied by black women. Could it be? Could black cunt be the best?

Monique's cunt was definitely different from Sydney's. It was a bit bigger, a bit deeper. But just as tasty. She used her stripper moves to rotate her cunt around my mouth, allowing me to lick and suck her sweet clit. But when she finally came, when I finally brought her over the edge, she ground herself against my face hard, making sure to put her cunt against my open mouth, making sure to squirt all of her juices into my open mouth.

"Make him swallow it all!" Sydney commanded.

"Oh, I will. Swallow that shit! Drink it up!" Monique moaned out. I sputtered and coughed as I tried to swallow it all, but some of it spilled out of my mouth and onto the bed. Again, this whole situation was putting me in a daze. I was covered with sweat, so maybe it was heat-stroke or dehydration. It probably wasn't dehydration, with all the cunt juice I just swallowed. I was in such a daze that I didn't fight it when a pair of hands pulled down my briefs, leaving me nude.

"Holy shit!" Monique gasped.

"I knew it! I knew he was huge!" Sydni said. I felt a hand grab my rock hard cock, and move it around as if admiring it from all angles. As my vision cleared I looked down. I saw Sydni, her mouth inches from my cock. And on her hand, the hand holding my cock, was my wife's ring.

"Hey..." I said, stunned, but I was interrupted by the sensation as Sydni lowered her mouth onto my cock, burying it to the root in her tight throat.

"Ah, ah, hey, uh, holy shit!" I stammered, my anger dissipating. It was hard to stay angry at someone if your cock was in their mouth.

"Please, stop! I'm married!" I begged, lazily trying to push her away as I regained my strength. I began to sit up, but Monique pushed me down to the back. She pressed herself into my side, her sweaty breasts molding into the side of my face.

"Don't fight it baby." Monique whispered, cradling my head. "She's already sucking your dick. You might as well enjoy it." I looked down at Sydni as she bobbed on my dick,

her mouth filled to the brim with my meat. My arms felt like they weighed 100 pounds, and I couldn't lift them to push her off. I had to fight them off. I had to, for the sake of my marriage. For Emma. But no matter where I looked, I saw big, bare, black breasts. And those suckers were enough to intimidate a man into obedience. Sydni was looking right into my eyes, daring me to resist the pleasure. She would attack my dick with gusto, baring her teeth as she sucked me. And her blowjob did feel amazing. She could work her tongue like no other, feeling like it was coiled around my dick like a snake. She was on all fours at the end of the bed, her ass sticking up in the air, now totally bare, her thong now gone.

"It's too much work to fight, baby. It's so much easier to just lie there and take it. It's so relaxing to lie back and let her work her magic. Isn't it?" Monique whispered, her soothing voice near hypnotic. I was in sensation overload, with Sydni's magic mouth inhaling my cock, Monique's sweaty form pressed against me, her giant black tits, one stacked on top of the other, pressing into the side of my face, her hard nipple inches from my mouth. I was about to lose my mind. I was in need of some comfort, something to stabilize me with this cascade of sensation I was under. I needed one

thing to focus on. One singular pleasure. That was when I opened my mouth, leaned forward, and took Monique's hard nipple into my mouth.

"That's it baby. Suck my titty. Just relax and suck honey." Monique whispered, her voice like silk. My eyes lidded over as I focused on nipple, drowning out all other sensation. My dick was practically numb, the pleasure I was feeling was so great. I was feeling more pleasure than I ever had, but I was not that close to coming. I could go all day. As long as I focused on Monique's titty, her nipple in my mouth, I would last forever.

I played with her sweaty nipple, running my tongue around her smooth areola, then flicking the nipple. I wrapped my lips around the entire nipple and sucked as hard as I could, hollowing my cheeks. She used her hand to force as much of her breast into my mouth as she could.

"This ain't a tiny white boobie, baby." Monique cooed. "This is a big, fat, black titty! Savor it, cause it's all you're getting from now on." Her words wormed their way into my mind, but I was in too much of a daze to fight her off or object.

"Do you hear me baby? You're a black woman's man. Your hot body. All those sexy muscles. That big, fat giant white cock of yours. All of that is the property of black women now. You hear me? You're gonna be fucking black women from now on. Because you won't be satisfied with anything less."

I sucker at her breast for what felt like an eternity, and I was shocked out of my daze when I felt Sydni remove her sucking mouth from my cock. With a smooth grace, she moved from all fours to hovering above me, her pussy hovering inches over my erect cock, her intent clear. I put up one last line of defense.

"Wait! Please, let me go. You can keep the ring. Please, just let me go. I don't want to do this." I pleaded.

"But, I can have the ring and your cock." Sydni said naively, reaching down with one hand, stroking my cock, and then using the other hand, the hand which she wore the ring on, she began to rub her pussy. I looked at the ring around her black finger. A ring, which was owned the rich elite in the 1800's, people who probably owned slaves. This ring had

been passed down my wife's family as a priceless heirloom, but now it was in the possession of this black stripper. The original owners were probably rolling in their graves knowing a black woman had this ring now. My wife would be enraged knowing this bitch had stolen her ring. This black slut, this absolute bitch, was using my wife's priceless heirloom to flick her clit. To provide herself pleasure as she buried her fingers in her cunt, the ring smothered by her tight black pussy. Sydni looked into my eyes as she reached behind herself, and I watch her grimace in slight pain. I realized what she had done. Her finger, the finger carrying my wife's priceless ring, was now buried in her own asshole. A black stripper was fingering herself with a slave owner's ring! I watched as she removed her finger, brought it to her mouth, and sucked it deep into her mouth.

"Jesus." I muttered, shocked at her depravity.

"The only way you get this ring back is if you suck it off my finger. C'mon, you want a taste?" Sydni asked.

"If I do it, do I have to fuck you?" I asked, looking for a way out.

"No baby. Of course not." she said, leaning forward, her finger pointed at my mouth. Reluctantly, I opened my mouth, and she slowly, teasingly, inserted her finger into my mouth. I shut my mouth, wrapping my tongue and mouth around her finger. Her taste hit my tongue, and surprisingly enough, it wasn't that bad. I could taste her pussy, since I was familiar with her taste already. And the taste of her ass was not really as bad as I expected. It was different, but not bad.

So I tried to wrap my tongue around her finger, but the ring was firmly stuck. I tried to suck it off, but it didn't budge. I tried to lick it off again, and it finally began to move. Just as it reached her knuckle, she curled her finger in my mouth, preventing me from removing the ring. I gave a muffled groan in confusion. Sydni smiled evilly.

"This ring is mine! And so are you." Sydni said, and before I could react, she began to lower herself onto my dick.

"OH FUCK!" I yelled out, her tight pussy beginning to stretch. "But you said..."

"I lied." Sydni said, grunting as she sat on my cock. "I am only giving you what you really want. You showed me that ring because you wanted me to have it."

"No, stop, it's, fuck that's tight! No, it's not yours." I said, not sure if I was talking about the ring or my cock. I reached up to try to push her off, but my eyes met hers. I don't know what it was about her, but something about her was terrifying. Looking at her made you afraid to defy her. I don't know if it was her demeanor, or her giant tits, but when she said something, you felt like you should comply. I was sure in that moment, that if I tried to shove her down and tried to escape, both her and the equally intimidating Monique would find a way to stop me. They would hold me down and fuck me. There was no escape. My arms fell to the bed. I wouldn't be able to stop this. I would have to fuck her.

"Fuck, that dick's big!" Sydni moaned out. "Your ring and this cock will suffer the same fate. Once belonged to your white wife, but destined to end up with a black goddess. HOLY FUCKING SHIT!" she screamed, as my cock delved

deeper into her. Her eyes lidded over as she lost herself in the pleasure.

"It's like she said," Monique whispered as Sydni tried to force my large cock deeper. "This is what you wanted. You have wanted this since we moved in. You have wanted this your entire life. We could tell just by looking at you. You have always wanted to be dominated by a pair of sexy black women. It's totally obvious that's what you really want. But you're afraid of it. That's why you're so racist."

"I'm not racist. FUCK! I'm married! I don't want to do this." I said, my eyes scrunched closed, not wanting to see what was happening. Sydni's pussy was unbelievably tight. She had to swivel her hips and maneuver herself to try to get my cock deeper. But she was dug deep, and my cock just kept going deeper and deeper inside of her, never hitting bottom. Her cunt smothered my dick with tightness, clinging to my cock like a vice. Her pussy was extremely wet, providing copious juices that lubed my dick, making its journey easier. I felt Sydni flexing, trying to fit my dick inside of her. Finally, her ass landed in my lap, my cock buried to the root.

"Fuck, that's a big white dick!" Sydni moaned out. She just sat there, flexing her cunt around my cock. I kept my eyes closed, not wanting to see this sexy nude black woman sitting on my cock.

"Open your eyes, baby." Monique cooed.

"No." I said.

"It's not gonna go away. The next time you open your eyes, you're gonna see a black woman riding your cock. Might as well get it over with." Monique whispered.

"Shit, 'Nique, look at that!" Sydni said excitedly.

"Fuck, baby! That's what I'm talking about! That's so fucking hot!" Monique squealed. "That's why we do this! That right there is why we fuck white guys!"

I had no idea what they were talking about. I was trying to drown out the pleasure I was feeling from Sydni's cunt.

"Sean, you want to know why we love white guys?" Monique asked. "Open your eyes and see why." Monique teased. I grit my teeth. I had to do it. I had to open my eyes. There was no way out of this situation without doing so. They had me tied up with their hot bodies. Cautiously, I opened my eyes.

The first thing I saw was Sydni's face. She usually looked so severe, but for the first time, she looked relaxed, content. She was sitting up straight, which pushed her tits outward. I had to admit, her big black tits looked amazing. They jutted outward, like perfectly firm, ripe fruit. Enlarged, giant, squishy fruit. Her nipples looked ready to explode they were so hard. My eyes traveled down her sexy flat belly and down to her pussy. I saw Monique point her finger down there.

"There! That is why we do this! Right fucking there!" Monique pointed. I looked down and saw Sydni's cute, tight little cunt stretched to the brim by my cock. I saw my thick

cock jammed into her, her sexy dark flesh meeting my white skin.

"There is nothing sexier than seeing a fucking huge white cock jammed into a perfect, tight black pussy. That right there is sex! That is what fucking is all about. That is what real fucking is. The only way real sex happens is if a white cock and a black cunt are involved." Monique said. I had to admit, her tight black cunt engulfing my cock did look incredibly hot. I couldn't help but examine their logic.

"I thought all you black girls wanted was big black cock." I grunted out. They both laughed.

"You're not even ashamed of your racism, are you?" Monique said. "Believing racist myths."

"And believe me, it's just a myth." Sydni added.

"But here is one myth that is true: White girls can't fuck." Monique said. Silence fell as Sydni methodically tightened

her pussy around me for a few agonizing minutes. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore.

"Sydni, Monique. Please! Just let me go. I really don't want this!" I pleaded.

"If you didn't want this, your cock wouldn't be throbbing. If you didn't want this, you would have walked out. If you didn't want this, you would not have hung out with us after we kicked your wife's ass! No way you really believed that bullshit. You knew what we wanted, and you wanted it too. You wanted us to fuck you. And we wanted the same thing." Sydni said.

"We are strong, independent black women." Sydni declared.  
"The top class of women. The best of the best. We are the smartest. We are the sexiest. We are the best of the best."

"It's not true, you racist bitch!" I said. She smirked.

"You're about to find out how true it is." Sydni purred. With that, she lifted herself, releasing my cock from her confines,

inch by inch. Before the tip escaped, she stopped, and started to fall back to my lap. Despite my objections, this interracial fuck session had begun.

"You want to learn what real fucking is? You want to learn how black women fuck? Check this shit out!" Sydni said. With that, she fell forward, her chest meeting mine, her huge breasts pillowing out against me. She dug her nails into my shoulders for leverage, and before I could comprehend it, her ass began to bounce at a blinding speed.

"Holy shit! Slow down!" I said, her ass driving into my things hard.

"Fuck you! Man up you piece of shit!" Sydni hissed, bouncing even harder.

"Please, I don't want this. I'm married..." I said, my words drifting, their venom diminishing with every bounce.

"Quit whining! You're wife doesn't matter anymore! All that matters is us. Black women. Sexy black women who know

how to fuck. So just lie there, let me do my work, and learn to love it." Sydni said, and before I could say anything, her mouth darted forward and met mine. Her tongue burrowed into my mouth, and I couldn't help but respond. Her tongue mashed into mine as I French-kissed my black neighbor. Her tongue was all over, playing with mine as she bounced on my cock.

She started sucking my neck as she demolished my cock with her cunt. I had to admit, her cunt was amazing. She was squeezing my cock constantly. I had never been in a pussy this tight. She was much tighter than my wife.

"Holy fuck, this shit is hot!" Monique moaned out from the side, the sound of her fingering herself reaching my ears.

The speed she bounced at was incredible. Her ass was a blur. This made it incredibly jarring when she stopped. She stopped her bouncing and sat up straight.

"I thought you were a real man, Sean." Sydni said, sweeping her hair behind her head. Her body was literally dripping sweat. The room was like a sauna. "While I do like the fact

that you haven't cum yet, you haven't made a single move to squeeze these." she said, resting her giant tits on her arm. "Or this." she said, running her hand over her smooth ass. "We really thought you were the one. I mean, you're hot, you're white, and you've got a big fat cock. I thought you had it in you to keep up with me. All you white boys can't keep up. You bitch and complain. Why can't one of you just stand up and be a man!?"

"Because this isn't what sex is supposed to be. This isn't love. This isn't what I want. This is..." I said, stopping.

"Say it." Sydni said. "Are you really gonna say this isn't what you really want? Because you could have gotten out at any time. We are two defenseless girls, and you're a big strong man. If this isn't what you want, why are you still here?"

"I am here for the ring. I am here for my wife's honor. I came here for that and nothing else. And I will show you how wrong you are. How misguided you are. And when I do, you will hand that ring back to me." I replied.

"Oh really?" she said, shocked that I was fighting back. "I thought you were here to confront your racism. To make up for all your prejudices by fucking some black girls. The hottest ones you could find."

"If you are so hot, and so good at sex, why haven't I cum yet? Trust me, I can hold on like this for hours. This ain't nothing to me. Because this isn't the sex I like. I don't like black girls." I said.

"Well let's find out who's right?" Sydni said, looking like she was enjoying this back and forth. Monique was to the side of us, watching us with great interest. "I haven't cum yet either. The better fuck is the person who lasts longer. This fuck will keep happening. Whoever gives in first, whoever loses themselves to the pleasure, loses. If I lose, I will give you the ring and let you go. If you lose, then you belong to us."

"Deal." I said defiantly. With an evil smirk, she fell onto my chest, her mouth now near my ear as she resumed her previous fucking speed. For the first time, my arms left the bed as I rested my hands on her hips to increase the power

of our fucking. I gave her no sign this affected me, and she did the same.

"You think you have awesome dick control? You don't know who you're dealing with. You've clearly have never been with a black girl." Sydni whispered.

"I have had much better sex with Emma." I challenged.

"I doubt that. Does your pathetic white wife fuck you this hard? I don't think so. Does she have big tits like this? Definitely not. The only thing she does have is her nasty ass pale skin. She ain't nothing compared to a nasty-ass black girl like me." Sydni said.

"Oh, you're nasty? Really? Tell me how nasty you are!" I dared her.

"You want to know how nasty I am? I fucked our gardener." she said.

"I know. I heard you. Is that the worst you've done?" I said.

"I fucked Jeff at the car lot to get you that car." she said.

"Well, that just makes you a slut." I replied. Her face scrunched up in frustration.

"I told T.J. to steal the ring. He's is so whipped he broke the law and went to jail, just for me. That's how good I am at fucking." Sydni said.

"You're evil." I said, angry at this revelation. I knew T.J. was a good guy. He got manipulated by this slut.

"But it made your dick throb. I felt it." she teased.

"No it didn't." I replied.

"If you like evil, check this out: it turned me on to kick your wife's ass. I can't wait to do it again." she said. I had never ever hit a woman, but I was about as close to doing that than

I had ever been. This bitch was bragging about how kicking my wife's ass turned her on. But shockingly, my dick did throb. Her pussy felt so good. But she couldn't know that.

"I felt that. You're nasty like I am. Give in baby. You know you want to." Sydni pleaded, sitting up straight. "You know you want to squeeze my big black breasts. They are so soft. So firm. And look how sweaty they are. They are so fun to squeeze when they are slick like this."

"Fuck you." I said, turning away from her tempting breasts.

"Look at them. If I'm not affecting you, then looking shouldn't matter." Sydni challenged. I looked right at them, showing her they didn't affect me. I noticed the way they bounced. I noticed her rock hard nipples, and how fun they would be to tweak. To suck. To bite.

"Put your hands on my ass, baby. If you're not enjoying this, then it shouldn't be a problem." she dared. Meeting her gaze, I slid my hands down her sweaty flesh and took her insane ass in my palms. I squeezed it to show that I wasn't afraid of her hot ass. It wasn't like I was secretly into black

women, and always secretly desired to squeeze their ghetto booty's. It wasn't like I secretly loved Sydni's ass and was seeking out an excuse to squeeze her perfect, firm cheeks. I did it again and again, filling my hands with her ass, letting her know I wasn't afraid.

"If you squeeze my ass, it shouldn't be any worse to squeeze my tits, right? It shouldn't be a big deal to a guy like you who doesn't like this kind of thing?" Sydni said.

I didn't realize that I had stopped challenging her. I didn't realize that I was doing everything she told me to. I didn't realize how good her tight fucking cunt felt. I didn't realize I was losing our battle. If I was thinking clearly, I would have. But even to a guy like me, with good stamina, her pussy was driving me nuts. I was having a harder time controlling myself. If I was thinking clearly, I wouldn't have removed my hands from her ridiculously sexy ass and slapped them onto her tits.

As soon as my hands met her flesh, my hands squeezed, as if on instinct, as if I secretly wanted to squeeze her giant fucking jugs this entire time. Her soft, pillowy tits, which

felt so fucking good, which overflowed my palms, the black flesh looking so good in my white fingers.

"Squeeze them, baby. Squeeze them hard. Don't worry, I can take it." Sydni begged. And I complied. I squeezed harder, and harder, as hard as I could, but I couldn't make this bitch moan. I tweaked her hard nipples, but she just stared down at me, unaffected. She suddenly bent forward, her massive udders hovering over my face.

"Here, honey, suck them if you want. That shouldn't bother you, right?" she teased. I squeezed the bottom of her breast, pointed it at my mouth, and leapt forward, sucking it into my mouth. My mouth hollowed as I sucked on Sydni's left nipple. I played with it with my tongue, flicking the nipple. I brought my teeth to it and started to chew the nipple as I sucked, but Sydni was unaffected by this. I squeezed her breasts as I sucked showing her how unaffected I was by her body as she fucked me with her crazy tight cunt.

She let me go on and on, sucking her nipple to my heart's content. Monique got on her belly and began sucking and biting my neck playfully. As she did this, Sydni brought her

lips to my ear as she smothered my with her giant black breast.

"Just admit how much you love this baby." Sydni whispered.

"Nnnnooph." I said, my mouth muffled by Sydni's nipple.

"Aw, c'mon, sweetie. We can tell how much you love fucking me. Only a racist mother fucker wouldn't be loving this." Sydni said.

"I justsh don'tphhh like black girlsh." I said, my voice still muffled.

"Says the guy fucking a black girl and sucking her nipple. You don't like black girls?" Sydni said with a raised eyebrow. Then she uttered one word that changed everything.

"Why?"

I was about to respond quickly when I asked myself her question. Why? Why don't I like black girls? Why did I only date white girls? It was because I was just not into black girls. But why was that? Black girls could be sexy. As much as I hated these two, they were both unbelievably sexy. So what stopped me from dating a black girl? It should be nothing, but I never went after one. They just weren't my type. They weren't white.

And just like that, it hit me. They were right. Sydni and Monique were right. I was racist. I never dated black girls because of their skin color. I had no negative feelings about black people or anything like that. It was just my preference. I only dated white girls. I never gave black women a chance. I never even considered it. Why hadn't I considered black women as a viable option? They could be sexy. Now that I think about it, they could be extremely sexy. I had to admit, their dark, smooth skin was hot in a way I couldn't put into words.

I hadn't known a lot of black women, but the ones I knew were very good looking. And they were blatantly sexual. Looking at them let you know they loved sex and were built

to please. Black women were built for sex, it seemed. Like Monique and Sydni. They were built for sex.

To say that white girls and black girls were the same would be a lie. Of the girls I had known, most of the white women were very well put-together, proper, mature women. And that was great. But the black girls, they were more raw. More sexual. A bit trashy, but in a way that suited them. They were honest. They were upfront. They were real. White girls were a bit more reserved and proper. These black girls were in your face. They were honest. They let you know what they wanted. They took what they wanted. In a way, that was admirable.

I know that this judgment didn't apply to all black and white women. There were definitely exceptions on both ends. White girls could be trashy and raw, and black women could be more professional and well-put together and more reserved. I was just going by the women I knew. Most of the white girls I knew were classy and well put together. And most of the black women I knew had that raw, dark sexual appeal emanating from them. The white girls were wife and girlfriend material. And all the black women I knew were ghetto sluts.

These ghetto sluts were trashy. They were loud and irritating. They blared loud music and had a bad attitude. But they were upfront. They were honest. They told it how it was. They dressed to highlight their bodies. They exuded sex appeal, in a way white women couldn't match. A white woman could never keep up with a black woman sexually. In that sense, black women were sexually superior.

All these thoughts crystallized in my head at that moment. I realized now that black women were superior to white women. I had been blinded to that fact by my prejudices. My racism. Now that I understood the truth, that black women were better, where did that leave me? I was a married man, married to a lovely wife. She was funny. She was smart. She was pretty. But she was not as blatantly sexual as these two black sluts. Emma could stimulate me intellectually like no other, but these girls were becoming experts at stimulating my cock. These black sluts were superior to my wife in that sense. And these two never got as emotional as my wife did. My wife would pout when she didn't get her way. She would whine and complain about these two. But she never did anything about it, and when she did, she got her ass kicked. These two magnificent black

sluts had owned my wife at every possible occasion. They stole her ring from under her nose and got away with it. They kicked her ass and got away with it. These girls were winners. They always got their way. Fate favored women like them.

And honestly, these girls were more fun than Emma. These girls weren't sticks in the mud who hated to spend money. These girls spent as they pleased and lived happily because of it. They didn't live below their means to prove a point. These girls did what they wanted. I could admire that.

Last but not least, these girls were ridiculously hot. They had gorgeous faces, perfect asses, and giant tits. And they had that sexy black skin. My wife had tiny tits, no ass to speak of, and that unappealing white skin. These two were so much hotter than my wife.

So here I was, getting fucked by this perfect black woman, and I was fighting it. Why? They were better than my wife in every way. Why would I resist this? There is only one reason a guy would not enjoy fucking these black sluts: they

were racist mother fuckers. I had been racist. I had. But not anymore. I had to come clean.

I pulled my mouth off of Syndi's nipple to speak my mind. To admit the truth.

"I'm racist." I said.

"What was that?" Sydni said.

"I'm racist." I repeated.

"Scream it!" she demanded.

"I'm racist!" I screamed.

"That's good. Sean." Monique said. "You're getting there. You're so close. Prove that you can change. There is only one way to prove that you're not racist anymore. Fuck the shit out of a black woman, scream how much you love it,

and cum in every one of her holes. Can you do that, Sean? Can you prove you're not racist?"

Sydni was looking down at me. We had a wager, to see who would give in to the pleasure first. She was looking down at me, ready to claim her victory. Her pussy was so tight. She was bouncing so hard. Her tits were so enormous and perfect. Her skin was so black! And she was too good at sex to not give in and accept her superiority. I felt the racist me slipping away, and in its place, emerged a new Sean. A new Sean that was only interested in one thing: Hot black women. My eyes lidded over. My defeat was at hand.

"OH FUCK! IT'S SO GOOD!" I screamed.

"You like that? You like that black pussy." Sydni demanded, bouncing violently on my cock.

"I LOVE IT! I NEVER KNEW BLACK PUSSY WAS SO GOOD!" I moaned out.

"You belong to us now, don't you? You are truly our slave, aren't you?" Sydni asked.

"Yes! You two own me! I'm yours!" I groaned, driving back into her, my hands molesting her perfect black breasts.

"You want to cum?" Sydni asked.

"YES!" I screamed.

"Beg me! Beg me to give you the good shit so I can let you cum!" Sydni ordered, violently rocking my cock.

"Please let me cum! Please!" I begged. She reached down, gripped the bed, and started to bounce at a violent rate I didn't think was possible.

"SHIT!" I screamed. "IT'S SO GOOD!"

"UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! GOD DAMMMIT!" Sydni voice, her voice sounding demonic. She groaned from deep down, as if she was giving birth.

"Please let me cum!" I said, desperate for her permission.

"DO IT YOU FUCK! PROVE YOU'RE NOT RACIST! CUM IN MY BLACK PUSSY! MAKE ME PREGANANT!" Sydni screamed.

"HOLY FUCK!" I screamed, as my balls jerked painfully. My cock exploded, firing off stream of stream of hot cum deep into her tight twat. At the same moment, Sydni's pussy convulsed around me, cumming at the same time I was. Her tightening pussy drove me nuts, and I fired off shot after shot of creamy spunk deep inside her. She rode our mutual orgasms out, clinging to me, our bodies convulsing in a deep, dark mating ritual. Finally, my balls fired their last shot deep into her, and we collapsed onto the bed.

She rolled off of me, or bodies a sweaty mess. We lied there for a few minutes, catching our breath, coming back to Earth. After a few minutes, Monique spoke up.

"Now, any racist mother fucker could accidentally get one black woman pregnant. Happens all the time. It just happened in this bed a few minutes ago. But to really prove you're not racist, you have to get two black women pregnant." Monique said, spreading her legs, exposing her black pussy to me.

"Monique, I am exhausted." I told her, shaking my head.

"Uh, I don't think so." she said, crawling over to me. She grabbed my half-hard dick and slapped it against her pussy.

"I don't think it'll happen." I told her. I had good stamina, but it would take me days to recover from the fuck Sydni just gave me.

"One thing young need to learn, Sean. If a black woman wants to be fucked, they will get fucked." Monique said.

"No, please, I can't." I told her, wanting to fuck her black body but knowing I didn't have it in me. That didn't stop

her, as she sat on my half-hard dick. Her pussy felt good, but I couldn't enjoy it. I wasn't in the mood.

I looked down at her black cunt surrounding my cock, and hers looked equally as sexy around my cock as Sydni's had. Her cunt had a cute triangle of hair on it. I was able to take another look at her impressive body. Seeing all this bare, dark black flesh was amazing. Her smooth, sexy belly. Her gigantic dark breasts. Her silky black skin. She looked incredible. She began to bounce, causing her huge tits to jiggle.

"Please, I'll fuck you, but you have to give me a few minutes." I told her.

"No deal. You will fuck me as hard as you fucked her." Monique commanded.

"I can't." I told her, trying to rationalize that it was impossible for me to do what she wanted.

"You will. If you want to fuck black women, this is what you have to do." Monique said as she fell forward, her hands on the bed just past my shoulders. This position allowed her to furiously bounce on me, her ass slamming into my sore hips, her tits spiraling out of control.

She looked spectacularly sexy, but I couldn't enjoy it. My dick was fucked raw by Sydni. I was past the point of enjoying it. My balls felt empty. My cock sore. I couldn't imagine myself enjoying this fuck. It was kinda uncomfortable. At this point, this was the last place I wanted to be. I couldn't keep up with these two. If they wanted this much sex, I didn't think I could keep up with this. I just lied there, trying to get through this.

She just kept bouncing, her tight pussy wrapped around my half-hard cock. Her pussy was admittedly extra tight. Her tits were so huge, so bouncy and black. She was a perfect example of a black woman. A black woman with an insatiable sexual appetite. A black woman who would not be denied. A black woman who didn't care if a man was married.

I thought about Emma. She was so unlike these women. Emma was nice and pretty and wholesome. Not like these girls. These girls were nasty. They were only out for one thing: Sex. They would do anything to get it. They would fuck a man who didn't want it. They would try to steal him from his wife. They would try to ruin his life. They didn't care. They were selfish, evil women. And it was with that thought that my dick began to harden.

All these horrible aspects of these girls were turning me on. They were evil. They were sexy. They were black. All of this merged in my mind and churned out a single response: My dick was regaining its previous strength. My eyes lidded over. I felt like something shifted inside me. I could feel my balls starting to boil. I thought my balls were empty, but Monique's bouncing was changing that. I felt like an extra tank had been opened inside me. A tank full of cum. More cum than I knew what to do with. Cum that would take hours to take care of. I felt like I had hit a runner's high. But instead of running, I was fucking. I had reached a fucking high. My senses were renewed. My strength regained. I looked up at Monique, eyes wide open.

Monique looked down at me arrogantly. These two needed to learn a lesson. They needed to learn that I was not a typically white guy who would crumble beneath them. These girls needed to get royally fucked extra hard just to show they couldn't dominate all men. I could be the man to teach them that. I had to.

I leaned up and grabbed her hips. I tossed her to the side, causing her to squeal. I rolled along side her, till I was on top. So I was in control. I began to drive into her viciously, harder than I had ever fucked a girl. I began to give her a fuck no white girl could handle. Only a voluptuous black woman could take it. She wrapped her legs around me, holding me in her clutches.

"That shit's nice. That shit's nice!" she panted. Sweat covered us both again, my sweaty body meshing with hers. Her pussy felt spectacular. It was definitely different than Sydni's. Not quite as tight, but just as good. I squeezed her tits roughly in both hands, biting her nipple.

"Oh, that's it! Fuck me, white boy! FUCK ME!" Monique groaned, scratching my back with her long nails.

"You like that shit?" I asked.

"FUCK YEAH!" she moaned, grabbing me and jamming her tongue into my mouth. I furiously made out with my black neighbor.

"You sluts! Look what you did to me!" I growled, angry at the beast I had become.

"We made you into the perfect man for black women." Monique said, panting as I banged her. She rolled me over, sitting up, her hands on my chest, once again taking control of this fuck. I was dazed for a second, but I regained my senses just as Sydni entered my field of vision, straddling my face, her cunt hovering above me.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Don't worry baby. There's one hole you haven't had your tongue on yet." Sydni said, leaning back so her ass hovered over my mouth. Before I could say anything, her ass

dropped onto my face, her asshole being forced against my mouth. My tongue grazed against her ass, but I was afraid to dive in, afraid of what it would be like. Her warm, sweaty ass cheeks surrounded my face, smothering me. I heard kissing, and I realized Sydni was leaning back and kissing Monique, who was bouncing as she fucked me.

So there I was, a black woman rocking my cock while another black woman sat on my face. So I couldn't be blamed for being close to cumming. The end was coming, and Monique sensed it. As soon as I began to fire hot cum into her, she tightened her legs around me, holding me in deep, as she matched my orgasm with her own.

"Take my cum you black bitch!" I roared, my voice muffled by Sydni's ass, flexing my own ass as I shot my cum deep inside her.

"Give me your white cum!" Monique moaned out. We rode our orgasms out, and her legs loosened from my hips, falling to the bed. But this time, I wasn't done. I pulled out of her and sat up on my knees.

"Look what you did to me." I said, pointing at my still throbbing cock, amazed that I was not even close to being sated. Both of them looked at my rock hard white cock admiringly. Sydni had been watching us fuck, and she was ready for action. Monique was still recovering. These black women had changed me, from a loving husband to a sex crazy monster. It would take a lot of work to get this cock down. I still had a full tank of cum to deal with. "C'mon, sluts. Get on your knees. I want some more. Unless you can't handle it?" I challenged. They both smirked, satisfied at what I had become. I knew neither of them would back down. Both of them crawled up, got on all fours, and pointed their black asses at me, both reaching back and parting their cheeks, exposing their assholes to me.

"Can you handle this, Sean? Can you handle some real asses? Black asses? Or are you afraid?" Sydni dared. I was afraid before, but right now, nothing looked sexier than those tasty looking assholes. I smiled wolfishly, leaned forward, grabbed Sydni's ass cheeks, pulled them farther apart, and proceeded to run my tongue up the crack of her ass, not shying away anymore as I delved my tongue deep into her asshole.

"That's it. Taste my ass." Sydni moaned, her face resting on the bed. As soon as her ass was wet enough, I jumped over, grabbed Monique's larger ass-cheeks, spread them wide, and gave her the same treatment. I delved into that black asshole of hers, savoring the experience.

"You like that? You like my ass?" Monique said.

"It's perfect." I moaned.

"When you get home, I want you to kiss your wife with that mouth. I want our asses on her lips." Sydni said.

I sat up and admired my work. I reared back and gave both of these sluts a hard spank, the bang echoing through the room, making these two moan in pleasure. I balanced myself behind Sydni, placed the tip of my cock against her asshole, and began to push.

It was even tighter than her cunt, but it began to give way. I was able to dig deep into her, getting my cock deep inside her and still going. But the remarkable thing was, she didn't

groan in pain. She was unaffected. She was just looking back at me, her eyes meeting mine, daring me to make her moan. I got myself to the balls inside her. I reared back, pulled my dick back to the tip, and drove deep into her. She shuddered but didn't moan. I slapped her ass, trying to get her to moan, but no moan. I grabbed her hips, leaned forward, and drove into her hot black ass as hard as I could.

I watched Sydni bite her lip, stifling a moan. My hips were moving at a blinding speed, my cock a blur going in and out of her ass. I saw her defenses crumbling. I saw her resistance fading.

"OH, GOD! KEEP FUCKING ME! KEEP FUCKING MY ASS!" Sydni screamed, the pleasure too much to resist.

"Moan, bitch. Moan! Tell me you love it! Tell me how much you love my cock!" I demanded.

"OH I LOVE IT! I LOVE THAT FAT WHITE COCK!" Sydni screamed. As soon as she did, I stopped.

"Oh, you fucking bitch. Keep going." Sydni begged. I looked down at where her ass and my cock met. As good as my cock looking buried in her pussy, seeing my cock disappear into her ass was even better. The sexiness, the color contrast. It was perfect.

"Pull it out baby! Give me a taste!" Monique begged. I popped the tip of my dick out of Sydni's ass, admiring how it gaped, proud of the damage I did to it. I swiveled my hips, and fed my juice covered cock to the other hungry black slut in the room. She sucked hard on it, savoring it, her full lips feeling incredible. After a minute, I popped it out of her mouth and reentered Sydni's ass. I reached under her, cupping her titanic breasts in my hands.

"Cum, you black slut. Cum!" I whispered in Sydni's ear. She turned to me, looking in my eyes, and brought her lips to mine, passionately kissing me, her tongue entering my mouth. I still drove into her, as I felt the urge to cum become too much to resist. I felt her ass clench around me, and as she groaned into my mouth, I groaned into her, filling her ass with my cum. My hips were pumping violently, driving her into the bed. We clung to each other for a few minutes and I finally relaxed, pulling out of her as

I felt her asshole leaking my cum. But my dick was not done. These bitches had made me a monster. And I was not sated.

I rolled across the bed smoothly, got behind Monique, and forced my cock into her deep asshole. Monique was a lot more unrestrained than Sydni, vocalizing her pleasure as soon as my dick entered her.

"Oh yeah, give me that fat cock! I love it! Fuck my black ass! I love it. I love your fucking white cock." she moaned.

I got my dick inside to the root, and began to give her everything I gave her friend. I palmed her large ass, and her darker skin made the skin contrast between us even hotter. I was in autopilot at this point, a sweaty, well oiled sex machine. I drove into her smoothly and confidently. I felt Sydni press herself into me, her tits pushing into my back. She rubbed my biceps softly in her hands, and she gave me a soft kiss on the cheek. I looked at her, and she gave me the prettiest smile I had ever seen. I think she was positively smitten. I leaned over and furiously Frenched her again as I fucked her friend up the ass. I groaned loudly, my muscles

clenched, and roaring like a lion, I came up Monique's ass, filling it to the brim, and I fell back to the bed, having to catch my breath. I looked up as the two girls looked down at me.

"I hope you're not done yet." Sydni said, causing all three of us to laugh.

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The room was a sauna as Monique rode my cock. This fuck session had gone on for hours. Sydni was splayed out next to me, smoking a joint as she regained her strength. We were all dripping sweat. I had probably lost ten pounds in this room, from both the sweat and cum that I had lost. But it was as Monique was riding me, both of us drenched in sweat, as the hum of power flowing hit our ears, the blackout repaired. We both groaned in pleasure as the air conditioner kicked on and blasted blessed cold air across our bodies.

Our fuck session eventually reached its end, and as I put on my clothes, Sydni spoke up from the bed.

"There is one more thing you have to do for us, and until you do, you can't have us again." Sydni said.

"I think I proved I'm not racist. Not anymore." I said.

"You did, but you need to make it official. You need to vow to never fuck any white woman again. Not your wife. Not anybody. You are for black girls now. And to prove it, you need to find more black women. You need to pick up some black women and fucking rail them. Only then will you prove that you are not racist anymore. Can you do that for me?" Sydni said. I thought about it, and nodded in reply. "Good, because you are not going anywhere. You belong to us now. It will take years of reparations to make up for all that racism you showed us. The only way to make up for it is to become our slave. Cause we have fucked a lot of white guys in our time. A lot of white guys. And no one has kept up with us like you did. So you might as well agree to become our sex slave, cause we will be fucking you again, whether you want it or not." Sydni said sternly. I looked at her sprawled out form, and Monique's as well. Their statuesque bodies. Their huge black tits. They were so

impressive. So imposing. You couldn't say no. I nodded as I gulped deeply. They smiled as I left the room.

I limped across to my house, feeling the effects of our rough fuck session. I felt like I just ran a marathon. I just wanted to pass out, but I couldn't do that. I had to shower, and erase the scent of black women off of me.

As I cleaned myself up, the guilt hit me. I had cheated on my wife. She didn't do anything to deserve this. She deserved better. I had fucked a pair of black women that she fucking hated. I had done unspeakable things, said unspeakable things. I loved her, but those two ghetto sluts gave me sex I couldn't believe. Sex I had never gotten before, and sex I would never get with Emma.

I licked my lips as I remembered Sydni and Monique, and I realized I could still taste their asses on my lips. They wanted me to kiss my wife with those lips. They wanted me to show their superiority by rubbing their asses in my wife's face. They wanted me to choose. My white wife, with her disgustingly pale skin. They wanted me to choose between her and my two sexy, voluptuous black neighbors. With

their big black tits, their perfect big, black asses. Their smooth, sexy, black skin. Or my white wife, with no tits and no ass. But I loved her. Which mattered more to me? Love, or two sexy black women.

My decision was made for me when Emma got home. Her pretty face as she saw me and smiled, so full of love. I couldn't stop myself. I gave my wife a big, juicy kiss, smearing my lips to hers, making sure Sydni and Monique's ass flavor transferred to her lips. It's hard to believe that a marriage could end with a kiss, but mine just did. Because how could you respect a woman who could be duped so easily? How could you respect a woman when two other women displayed how much better they truly were? When two black sluts find a way to get their ass onto their rival's lips, it's hard to deny that they were the victors. They had won. I was defeated.

That was why I snuck downstairs after Emma went to sleep. That was why I snuck into the garage, eager to prove my loyalty to my two black sluts. That was why I found the box that I had tossed the pile of black women's underwear in. That was why I sniffed them as I lifted them out of the box. That was why I found the skimpiest, nastiest, sexiest thong

and picked it from the pile. That was why I found the phone number scrawled on it and dialed it into my cell. Any lingering guilt I felt disappeared when I heard the smooth, sexy voice of a no doubt hot black woman on the other end. I was a black woman's man now. I had experienced black sex, and I couldn't wait for more.

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(Emma)

I still remember the day I caught my husband fucking our two black neighbors.

I should have the seen the signs. He had been acting weird, and distant. I vowed to confront him about it, but the night I planned to do so, I ended up working late. As I got home, all the lights were out, and it appeared the girls next door were throwing a big party. I rolled my eyes as I entered our house. I couldn't find Sean anywhere. It was strange because he was usually never out late. I realized there was one place he could be.

I entered Sydni and Monique's house and the party was hopping. It was hard to move, the house was so crammed. I looked over people's heads, looking for Sean. I saw him across the house, talking amiably with Sydni and Monique. What the hell? Since when were they friends? As soon as I saw them, some drunk chick next to me spilled her beer all over my nice work clothes. I groaned in annoyance and made my way to the bathroom.

I cleaned myself up the best I could, left the bathroom, and went to find Sean again. He wasn't where he was before. For the next few minutes, I looked all over the first floor, and found no sign of him. There was only one place he could be: upstairs.

Loud music was blaring from upstairs, and I heard voices break through the beats intermittently. I followed the beats to a cracked door. I pushed it open, and my jaw dropped.

Sydni was bent over the edge of the bed, completely naked, getting fucked hard from behind. Her huge tits and her chocolate skin looked admittedly spectacular. Monique was

on her back on the bed, Sydni between her legs, eating her out. And behind Sydni was... Sean!

"Sean!" I screamed out in hurt, falling to my knees. He looked at me, looking more animal like than I had ever seen him.

"Look at them. Can you blame me?" he said, cupping Sydni's huge tits.

"How could you?" I said.

"It's not your fault." he said, his hips driving into Sydni in time with the beat. "You can't compare. You never stood a chance. You don't have these." he said, roughly squeezing her tits. "Or this." he said, slapping her ass. "And most importantly, you're not black." he added with a roguish smile. "You see, you never had a chance. You were inferior from the start."

"I don't know what you're saying." I said, belligerent, tears falling from my eyes.

"Bitch." Sydni started, "You can take your stubby little legs out of here, or we will kick your ass... again. And trust me, we would love to kick your pale ass." she said with a laugh.

"No. He's my husband." I sobbed. Both of the black girl's faces dropped in anger.

"BITCH!" Monique roared, getting to her feet. She stomped over to me, standing over me, looking down at me, her body covered in sex induced sweat. Her sex scent was overwhelming. "GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE BEFORE I KICK YOUR SCRAWNY ASS!" she roared, getting in my face, fingers pointing at me.

I backed up in fear, but I had to fight. She was one woman. When they beat me up before, it was both of them. But now it was just her. I had to fight her. If I could beat her down, and then Sydni, maybe, somehow, someway, I could shake Sean out of whatever they did to him.

"No, he's my husband." I squeaked out, trying to present a tough exterior. Monique smiled evilly. I reared back to punch her, but as I did, Monique, showing speed I didn't know she had, shoved her hand into my face and shoved me backward, my head bouncing off the wall. I heard Monique, Sydni, and Sean all laugh. Through my blurry vision, I saw Monique strut over to the strutting couple, shaking her ass as she walked. Sean leaned to her, pulled her close, and met her in a fiery kiss. With one hand, he reached up to paw and squeeze at her sweaty breasts, keeping his other hand on Sydni's hip as he kept fucking her.

It took me a bit to shake myself out of this dizzying daze I found myself in, thinking I had a concussion. Once my vision cleared, I saw all three on the bed, Sean on his back with Sydni bouncing on his cock, while Monique sat on his face, grinding into it as he palmed her prodigious cheeks. In that moment, I realized there was no chance for him to be rescued. He was gone from me. He was with them now.

I had no choice. I couldn't fight these two. I sprinted out of the house, surrounded by people having a blast. It was the last place I wanted to be.

That day was the beginning of the end for my life the way it was. I couldn't stay at home, not next to those two bitches. I stayed with some friends while the dust settled. I didn't hear from Sean for awhile, until I received the divorce papers.

He had hired this absolute cunt of a divorce lawyer, Katie something, and I don't know how she did it, but she somehow got Sean, the man who cheated on me, almost all the money in the settlement. I was left with nothing.

Professionally, this was a nightmare. No one can trust an investment banker who was bankrupt, so I was soon let go. They quickly realized, as did I, that my success was less about my own talents as an investment banker, and more due to the two huge accounts my husband handed to me. I thought me and him were a team, making each other better, making our lives together better. I was able to do some investigating, a dark part of me hooping my husband's wealth was drained by those idiotic black sluts. Unfortunately, for me, I found out my husband's wealth had nearly doubled in the time we had been apart, so

apparently, I was just a parasite, mooching off of his success. He was the bread winner, and I was the leech, a nothing, a hanger-on, latching to his success. I had never felt so small, so pathetic in my life. I was a failure as a person, as a professional, as a wife, as a woman.

So yeah, I got fired from my old, prestigious job, and I was out of work for awhile. I eventually found work. Unfortunately, it was in the bad side of town. So, after having my husband stolen from me by two black whores, I was forced to work with many black whores, and sit idly by as they wasted their money.

I often fantasized what I would do if I saw Monique and Sydni again. I looked back at that moment when I crumbled in their presence in their bedroom. I wished I had fought back. I wished I had run over, and slapped their smug black faces, following them as they hit the floor, and attack them like a woman possessed, leave them as bruised and bloody as they had left me, leaving my husband so impressed at my passion and fight that he would take me back. But I knew deep down that this was a pipe dream Both of those women were so... intimidating. So imposing. I was too logical to think of any other possible outcome other than

them kicking my ass, tying me up, then forcing me to watch them fuck my husband with their voluptuous black bodies. But, even if I got my ass kicked, I would have at least had some dignity. Now, I just don't. Those two always claimed I was racist, and I truly am not. But I hate those two black bitches.

And I was beginning to hate all these black bitches. I had to live on the bad side of town, so I was surrounded by black women. I hated their arrogance. I hated their brashness. I hated how they flaunted themselves. I hated how they wildly spent their money. I hated how happy they were. Don't they know how important it is to hold onto your money? Believe me, I did. I had it all, now I had nothing. And it was thanks to Sydni and Monique.

I hate black women.

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(Sean)

I love black women. How had I never realized it before? They were all just so fucking hot. Luckily, Sydni and Monique were happy to let me fuck other black women, and I happily complied, experiencing all varieties of black women with each confirming I made the right decision by leaving my white wife. But I was never tempted to leave Monique and Sydni. They were the best of the best. And besides, they were now two knocked-up black sluts, which made them so much sexier to me.

I lived with them now, and it was so liberating. I didn't work anymore, having more than enough money to live the good life. They allowed me to pursue my hobbies, music and cars. It was incredibly thrilling to spend money! I owned two cars now and a fixer upper. I owned a room full of guitars. But, unfortunately, my new hobby of fucking black women got in the way of my old ones.

I would happily admit that I was racist before, and I could admit now that I was still racist. But now, I was racist against a different group: white women. The typical pale white woman did nothing for me anymore. I just couldn't see them as attractive. How could I, when I had experienced black women, and I now understood how insanely sexy

they all were? How could white women even act like they were attractive? How could they pretend they compared to their black superiors? And the only white women that could compare to black women were the ones who imitated black women. Either in attitude, like Monique and Sydni's white friends, or with their bodies.

The only white women that came close to matching the sexiness that a black woman could offer were the ones who had similar bodies to their black counterparts. Huge boobs, nice big butts and gorgeous faces. Explain to me how could I respect a white woman when they could so rarely compare to black women? How could I respect any white woman who didn't have huge tits and a perfect round ass? I didn't care if those things didn't come naturally to most white women. I didn't care if they were born with flat chests. If they really wanted to try to act sexy, then they should have the decency to go out and get implants. Huge implants, DD cups at least, so they could come close to comparing to black women. But there was the rare white woman who could come close.

Like the lawyer the girls got me for my divorce, Katie. God, her tits were huge. She was one of the few white women I

got hard for after leaving my white wife. I had had few moments of temptation to cheat on my black goddesses, as the girls kept me very satisfied, but Katie did tempt me. I would never cheat on Sydni and Monique, at least without their permission, and they only let me fuck their black friends. And I now knew that disobeying those two was a really bad idea.

Living with Monique and Sydni changed my views on them. The sex and the fucking was consistently awesome. But I realized that a lot of my views on them were clouded by my racism. I viewed them as stereotypical black skanks. But how wrong I was. I realized that a lot of what they did was playing into my preconceived notions of them. They played into my prejudices. I thought they were just dumb black sluts. But as it turns out, Sydni was fiercely intelligent. She was an incredible fascinating creature the more I got to know her. Just watching her, trying to understand her, stimulated me more intellectually than Emma ever did. She truly deserved to wear my wife's grandmother's ring, a true symbol of the bond me and her shared. And Monique, she was a blast to be around. She was one of the most vivacious and fun people I had ever met. The girls were distinctly

different, so things never got boring. If I craved something, one of these girls or the other could provide it.

I realize now how unsatisfied I was with Emma. That life was just about intellectual stimulation. Emma was more friend-material than wife-material. Sure, Emma would be someone you would talk to, having interesting conversations with, but at the end of the day, she's not the type of girl you want to go home to. Emma was the type of girl you talk to. Sydni and Monique were the type of girls you go home and fuck. My relationship with them was not solely based on intellectual stimulation. My relationship with those two was more about base instinct, physical pleasure, deep lustful stimulation. These girls made me feel like a real fucking man. And if I had to choose between intellectual or physical pleasure, I think it's pretty obvious which choice I preferred.

I realized how much my initial racism pervaded my life. I was skeptical of Sydni before. But now, I realized, she was incredibly good with her money, because she had already doubled her net worth. My first thought that she was up to some illegal things, and that was how she increased her worth. But she assured me that those thoughts were the old,

racist me shining through. She assured me she had made money through smart investments, nothing crazy or illegal. It would be racist of me to think otherwise. But deep down, I knew the truth, and I think she knew it. I raised a lot of questions near the beginning of our relationship, partly in fear of my safety, and also for ethical reasons, of course. I was not interested in getting involved in any illegal activities. But the more questions I asked, the angrier she would get, and I soon learned that she was someone you did not want to get angry. Her temper was enough to intimidate the strongest of men, and the things she would say and threaten to do were too awful for words. A small part of me wondered if I should escape this situation, that I was in over my head. But I also learned that when Sydni got angry, she would fuck angry, and that kind of sex was enough to cause any questions to disappear before they left my lips. Eventually, I stopped asking questions altogether. Sydni's temper was enough to keep me in line. So that was why I never raised a fuss whenever I saw something suspicious, cause deep down I knew the truth: Sydni and Monique were drug kingpins. It was the only explanation. I had to guess that those shady people she met with all the time were drug dealers and mobsters. I had to guess they had used their lottery winnings to fund their way into the criminal underworld, and they had increased their worth through

illegal drug dealings with the worst people in society. But like it or not, I was in deep in this operation. I knew Sydni and Monique would never let me leave now. Despite any reservations I may have previously had, I knew better than to fight it anymore. Their temper was too great, and their bodies were too hot. I just stopped asking questions, played dumb to their actions, and went with the flow. I learned that the easiest path was compliance. And as long as I provided them my big white dick on a regular basis, they were happy. And as long as I got to experience their luscious black bodies and their nasty black fucking, I was happy too.

Sydni's major project was buying property downtown. She purchased it and converted to a high end strip club, a place for her old friends to work in safety. She owned the place, but she didn't run the day to day business. She just partied there with her friends and hired someone to do the hard stuff. She loved her friends. They were ghetto like her, but in a good way. The club catered to the elite, as a lot of rich people went in and out of the club. Sydni would even hold private meetings with people, walking into a meeting room flanked by burly bodyguards. An assortment of people would go in that room. Cops, politicians, guys that looked like gangsters, guys that looked like mobsters. I even saw a

nun in there once! I figured I knew what was going on, but I didn't raise any more questions. All I had to know was that the club was raising money hand over fist. And I knew why. Besides being a very popular club in its own right, I figured they were laundering money from their super secret criminal dealings through this club, and that was how they made the real money. But I didn't care anymore. As long as they let me fuck their hot black asses, they could do whatever they wanted.

I know I make them sound bad, but in my mind, they were not stereotypical black women. Sure, they blasted their music day in and day out. Sure, sometimes, they laid around all day and smoked weed all day. Sure, they might be involved in criminal activities. But they were normal women, not caricatures. I had never met anyone like them. They didn't fit into any stereotype. They were independent black women.

Sydni had bought my old house, and had her friends move in there. When the housing board in the neighborhood raised a fuss, Sydni simply bought her way onto the board, eventually taking it over. She would not be denied, and soon, people all over the neighborhood were moving, as if

terrified for some reason. As if someone had threatened them into moving. Soon, our entire neighborhood was full of black women. There were even big black bodyguards all over the place, as if there was someone here that needed protecting. It reminded me of those movies where a criminal kingpin would always be surrounded by bodyguards. I knew Sydni and Monique were going places in the criminal underworld if they had reached the point where they needed protection. I raised one last question, asking Sydni if I should be worried. But as she rode my cock in her tighter than tight pussy, her huge black breasts bouncing all over, she laughed, as if the question was a joke, and she confidently said no. That was all I needed to hear. If she wasn't worried, I wasn't either. Like I said before, I think she knew that I knew what they were up to, so when she asked for access to my bank account, we both knew the reason. We both knew that if I said yes, all the money I had earned for my hard work and dedication would be used to help fund these girls budding criminal empire. But if I got to have threesomes with insanely sexy black women every day, it would be worth it. That was how Monique and Sydni gained full access to my small fortune. That was how my small fortune was used to fund the criminal actions of two sexy black women.

My neighborhood was being invaded by more and more black women, black women who loved to fuck. It seems like the neighbors saw this coming and went back down south to avoid it. Downtown was being invaded with the black strip club that Sydni and Monique owned. It seems like the invasion of the ghetto sluts had begun. And looking at the life I had now, living with and fucking multiple black women, I couldn't be happier.

I wouldn't change a thing.

**\*\*\*\*\*THE END\*\*\*\*\***

## **Author's Note**

I know the black women in this story were a bit stereotypical, and that was not my original intent, but it just kinda worked out that way. Hopefully, I did not offend. Sorry for the long wait for the story. Rest assured again that I am not planning on going away, and I am always hard at work on new stories, so checking in and seeing if I'm still writing is appreciated but not necessary. I want to thank you all again for your excellent support of my stories. I have noticed I am not receiving as many story ideas as I used to, so I will put the call out again for my ideas in this vein. A lot of readers are eager to hear back from me, but I simply don't have the time to correspond with you all. But the quickest way to get a response from me is to send some really good ideas, so if you want to hear back from me, that's the way to do it. Okay, that's all I got. Hopefully, the wait shouldn't be too long for the next story.

Thanks again.