

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is performing on stage at night. She is wearing a purple bikini top and a gold watch on her left wrist. She is holding a microphone in her right hand and has her eyes closed. The background is dark with some blurred lights.

JESSICA'S NIGHT OUT!

BLACKKED
BY THE
RAPPER!

Sally p

**JESSICA'S NIGHT OUT!
BLACKED BY THE RAPPER!
AND HIS FRIEND!**

A HOT TABOO, BMWF, CHEATING, INTERRACIAL
HOTWIFE, MMF, THREESOME, SNOWBUNNY
EROTICA STORY!

BY

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HERE!! FOLLOW ME SO YOU NEVER
MISS OUT ON EROTICA
GOODINESS!**



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This story is also meant for sale to adult audiences only. It contains sexually explicit scenes and language which may be considered offensive. All characters in this work are eighteen (18) years of age or older and engage in consensual sexual intercourse.

This story also involves heavy use of taboo erotic roleplay language that is respectfully used in context to the interracial relationship portrayed. Neither the author nor the model on the cover nor the platform this story is published on subscribe to such language outside of roleplaying scenarios. Please respect the creative freedom that the author chooses to employ in this particular featured work.

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Jessica couldn't believe the energy pulsating through the air at the concert. The crowd was a sea of movement, bodies swaying to the rhythmic beats that echoed through the venue. The electric atmosphere enveloped her, and she felt a newfound sense of freedom as she surrendered to the music. Surrounded by strangers, she found comfort in the anonymity of the crowd.

The bass reverberated through her entire being, syncing with the rapid beats of her heart. The vibrant lights painted the scene in hues of blue and purple, casting an enchanting spell that ignited the night. With each dance move, Jessica felt a release—an escape from the constraints of her daily, boring life. The thumping music drowned out the world, leaving only the present moment of euphoria.

Grinding with strangers became a form of liberation, a dance of connection in the pulsating rhythm of the night. Jessica was enjoying the liberation of her inhibitions, losing herself in the sea of bodies that moved in unison. Every glance exchanged, every touch, felt like an unspoken understanding—an acknowledgment of shared joy in the music's embrace.

She only had her best friend Mackenzie Smith to thank. She was the one who got her tickets for ZeeJay's concert. Mackenzie, her best friend, and partner in crime, was the catalyst for this spontaneous adventure. It was Mackenzie who had surprised her with tickets to ZeeJay's concert—an unexpected detour from the usual rhythm of their lives. Jessica smiled, grateful for Mackenzie's knack for injecting excitement into the ordinary.

As the music pulsed through the air, Jessica couldn't help but feel the electric charge of the moment. Mackenzie, with her wild spirit and adventurous heart, had orchestrated this escape from the familiar cadence of their routines. Tonight was a departure from the ordinary—a chance to dance to a new tune, to embrace the unexpected.

Amid the rhythmic beats and vibrant lights, Jessica's mind briefly wandered to her boyfriend, Brandon. He was a good guy, no doubt—a familiar face in the often-chaotic rhythm of her life. But lately, the routine had started to feel monotonous, like a melody played on

repeat. Brandon was the embodiment of stability, yet stability sometimes felt stifling.

As the bass thumped, Jessica found herself yearning for something different, something that would shake the predictable notes of her existence. Brandon was reliable, dependable, but perhaps a bit too predictable. She reminisced about their nights together—Netflix marathons, quiet dinners, and whispered 'I love you's. Safe and comforting, yes, but tonight was about breaking free from the usual cadence.

Jessica couldn't help but wonder if there was more to the symphony of life that she hadn't explored. The allure of the unknown beckoned her, challenging the familiar melodies of her relationship with Brandon. Dancing in the crowd, surrounded by the intoxicating energy of the concert, she contemplated the harmony she sought—something that resonated with the pulsating beats of her heart. In the midst of the electrifying concert, Jessica found herself drawn into the dance of a thousand bodies, each movement a celebration of freedom. The air was charged with the palpable energy of rebellion, and the beats of ZeeJay's music became the heartbeat of the pulsating crowd.

As Jessica moved with the rhythm, the boundaries between self and others blurred. She revelled in the synchronicity of the collective dance, bodies swaying in unison, forging connections in the transient embrace of the music. The touches and grazes of strangers became a language of liberation, a silent understanding that transcended the need for words.

Lost in the kaleidoscope of movement, Jessica felt an unexpected thrill every time a stranger's hand brushed against hers, or a fleeting connection was made in the twirl of a dance. It was a dance of liberation, an unspoken agreement that in this moment, amidst the sea of bodies, they were all part of something greater than themselves.

These encounters, though brief, carried an intimacy that defied definition. Each touch, each shared glance, became a brushstroke in the canvas of the night, painting a picture of spontaneity and

unrestrained joy. Jessica, once tethered by the familiar, was now carried away by the current of the unknown, her senses ignited by the collective energy of the concert.

Little did she know that the rhythm of the night held promises yet unexplored, and the grazes and touches were but the prelude to a symphony of sensations that awaited her.

For starters, she caught a stray hand trying to cop a feel of her breasts, which on any other day would have sent her flying with rage. This time, however, she giggled and playfully swatted the intruding hand away. The atmosphere was infectious, and Jessica found herself letting go of the usual reservations that governed her personal space. And as the hand came back, she made it a point to look down at it. Whoever was trying to cop a feel of her, was clearly black. And they had a strong grip, Jessica thought to herself. Mackenzie was just across her. Her best friend flashed her a playful smile as Jessica giggled louder. She was enjoying this, her giggle intensifying. A good feeling rushed into her loins and then to her cheeks as the hand took its prize. A brief squeeze was felt before the owner let go.

She turned around in time to catch a black man flash her a wide smile. The man didn't say anything, but he kept smiling at her.

"I have a boyfriend," Jessica smiles at her black admirer while feeling a naughty rush to her system.

The guy, who is equally her age, flashed her a witty smile, and said something that caught the young, white vixen by surprise, "He doesn't have to know about it, girl." The young stud was cute and quite forward too.

Of course, he doesn't have to. But he was still my boyfriend, Jessica thought. But her body was betraying her. It seemed to enjoy the attention it was getting from a total stranger. Her nipples stiffened under her clothes. Her breathing deepened. The rush to her cheeks intensified. She's sure she's blushing. She was aroused. She couldn't deny that.

Her eyes followed the guy as he left. He was still looking at her. And she was looking back.

"You got game, girl! That guy was damn fine," Mackenzie said with a beaming smile.

Jessica shook her head and focused on dancing again. "I'm not interested."

"Yeah, right," Mackenzie rolled her eyes in exaggeration. "That guy was cute."

While Mackenzie is one of those party girls who loves going out, she is also the friend who is always there for her—the one who will stay sober while her friends get wasted. Mackenzie is a friend that's like a sister. And more importantly, they've known each other for a long time. They've done almost everything together.

"Brandon is cuter," Jessica was quick to answer. She had to defend her boyfriend. Brandon was a great boyfriend. Loving, caring, cute, kind, respectful but.... sterile. That was what Jessica had recently realized about her man. Brandon was like a perfect boyfriend, but there was no zest. There was no excitement. He is a man who lives his life on a schedule.

"Okay, whatever you say," Mackenzie laughed out loud and kept on dancing. "Look he's back," she winks and decides on leaving her friend to her own devices.

Jessica didn't care for what her friend says. Brandon is the safe choice. Brandon is the steady drum beat that keeps the song grounded. Brandon is the one who's always there when she needs him. Brandon is the predictable tempo of her life. He's the one who's been there for her through the ups and the downs.

But maybe, just maybe, that's the problem.

It is not the guy's fault. It was hers.

That's when she realizes Mackenzie was right. The guy was indeed cute.

CHAPTER 1:

I couldn't believe what I was doing.

My hips were grinding up against this stranger's ass. This black stranger, who I had never seen before.

This wasn't like me.

This wasn't the Jessica that Brandon, my loving boyfriend, knows.

The bass pulsed through the air, a rhythmic thrumming that matched the pounding of my heart.

And in the middle of it all, there was me, rubbing my barely clothed pussy against the ass of a black man.

I'm a good girl. At least, I'm supposed to be. But here I was, at a concert, dry humping a stranger.

As the music washed over me, I couldn't help but lose myself in the moment. It was me. I was the one to smile at him right after he came back. He didn't hesitate to smile back at me either. He was hot. Tall, dark, handsome. Everything a girl could want.

Everything Brandon wasn't.

And in that moment, I didn't care. All I wanted was to feel the heat of this black man's body against mine.

We didn't speak, but we didn't have to. Our bodies did the talking. As the music pounded through the air, I pressed my body against his, surrendering to the rhythm.

He was a stranger, but in that moment, I needed him. I needed to feel the press of his body against mine, the electricity of our connection.

It was wrong, but it felt so right. As the music washed over me, and the lights danced across the room, I surrendered to the moment. It

was an escape, a chance to let go of the restraints of my normal life and live in the moment.

And in that moment, my inhibitions melted away, and all that remained was the pure, raw energy of the music, and the heat of this black man's body.

Every beat, every pulse, every graze of his hands against my body, sent a thrill through my veins. My skin burned where he touched me, a fire that could only be quenched by his presence.

I had never felt anything like it before. It was like a drug, an addiction that I couldn't resist. Every graze, every touch, only made me crave more.

In the midst of the crowd, with the music enveloping us, I felt like we were the only two people in the world. It was a heady feeling, knowing that I could make this stranger feel the same way that he made me feel.

As the music pulsed through the air, we moved as one, our bodies syncing to the rhythm of the moment. The boundaries between us blurred, and for a brief moment, we were one, sharing a connection that transcended words.

My body burned with the heat of his touch, a fire that could only be extinguished with the flames of passion. As the music washed over me, and the lights danced across the room, I wondered if I was doing the right thing.

Yes. I needed this. It was fine as long as it was just dancing. And just harmless touching.

How harmless could letting him grope my tits be? I didn't stop him and I let him do it. I was flaunting them off anyway. My top was tight and the material was thin. So, he had his fingers pressing into my boobs. Brandon didn't have to know about that.

And I let this guy, who's still a stranger, feel my tits. No one has to know that.

I'm not bad. I was only dancing. The concert's energy is intoxicating.

Our bodies moved as one, his firm ass against my barely covered pussy, his hands gripping my hips. The heat of his body radiated through me, igniting a fire in my core.

Every graze, every touch, only fueled the flames of my desire. My nipples hardened beneath my top, aching for his touch. I whimper softly as the friction of his movements sends shivers through my body. The music enveloped us, a magnetic force drawing us closer in the dimly lit concert hall. His hands traced the curves of my body, and I surrendered to the rhythm, the dance, the intoxicating allure of the night. His touch, bold and electric, set my skin ablaze with desire.

The thrill overpowered my reservations, and I convinced myself it was just innocent dancing, harmless touches.

His fingers found their way to my bare breasts under my top and then my lingerie, a secret liaison beneath the guise of the pulsating music. The fabric of my tight top offered little resistance, and I let him feel the contours of my femininity. A rush of guilt mingled with the heady pleasure, but the concert's energy justified the indulgence.

Brandon, my oblivious boyfriend, needn't know the details of this electrifying encounter. I reassured myself with the belief that I wasn't doing anything wrong—just dancing to the rhythm of rebellion, embracing the liberty of the moment.

Our bodies moved as one, an intimate choreography of passion. His hands on my hips, the heat of his body against mine—their effect was undeniable. My senses were heightened, every graze and touch pushing me closer to the edge of desire. His movements ignited a fire within, a yearning that seemed like it whispered, "This is the thrill you've been craving. A thrill you're missing out with Brandon."

I succumbed to the magnetic pull of the music, the electrifying dance, and the enigmatic black stranger who was taking his time exploring the soft contours of my exposed breasts. My whimpering moans were drowned out by the thumping music, but my body betrayed the forbidden pleasure that I was allowing.

As the bass pounded through the air, and the lights danced across the room in a kaleidoscope of color, my doubts were drowned out by the electricity of the moment. It was an escape, a chance to lose myself in the thrill of the music, the dance, the connection with this mysterious black man.

We were surrounded by a sea of bodies, yet it was as if we were the only two people in the world. The energy was electric, and the temptation was undeniable. I told myself it was just a dance, but the growing fire in my core challenged that assertion.

I've never ever been this intimate with a black guy before. I've never even dated one before.

And now, here I was, letting a complete stranger cop a feel of my breasts, letting him explore the soft curves of my body. Brandon would never know. He would never know how wet I was getting, how my nipples ached for his touch, how my pussy craved this black man's firm body. Brandon would never know the rush that surged through me, the thrill that I was experiencing.

But I would know. And deep down, I knew it was wrong. But at the same time, it felt so right.

CHAPTER 2:

My body burned for the stranger's touch, an inferno that could only be quenched by the flames of passion. In the midst of the crowd, with the music enveloping us, I lost myself in the moment, surrendering to the intoxicating allure of the night. I was leaking. The best decision I've ever made in quite a while, I thought to myself. ZeeJay was up there on the stage having the crowd eat from the palm of his hand, and all I could think about was the stranger's touch and how it made me feel.

I've never had this kind of chemistry with Brandon. With Brandon, the sex was predictable, routine. There was no spark, no electricity. But with the stranger, it was different. With every graze, every touch, a jolt of passion surged through my body. I felt alive, awakened, the desire flowing through my veins. And we still haven't fucked yet.

Hold on. No, I wouldn't. I can't cheat on Brandon. What the hell was I thinking?

The concert's energy was intoxicating, and the lure of the moment was undeniable. Brandon would never understand the thrill of this forbidden dance, the ecstasy of this connection.

I told myself it was just a dance, just innocent touches.

But I couldn't help but fantasize about him bending me over right here and right now, thrusting his cock deep inside me. Fuck. I was losing myself.

I had a boyfriend. I had to remind myself of that. A white, predictable, boring, bland, vanilla boyfriend who loved me and respected me.

Was that what I wanted? Safe, predictable, vanilla? Or did I want the spice, the danger, the electric passion that the stranger ignited

within me?

My thoughts were interrupted when the song ended and the lights came back. The stranger and I were left staring at each other. I was breathing heavily, and so was he. His eyes were intense, and I felt a shiver go down my spine.

"Why don't we go somewhere private?" the black stranger asked me. I could only blink at him. Going somewhere private with him surely meant something else. Something bad.

"What's your name?" I decided to ask him instead.

"Jason," the stud answered.

"I'm Jessica," I whisper as he pulls me closer. "We shouldn't..."

He was still taller than me, and I had no choice but to look up at him. Brandon is not this tall. Nor did he have a grip this strong.

My mind was screaming no, but my body was saying yes. His touch, his closeness, ignited a fire within me, a passion that couldn't be denied. I let out a small moan as he gropes my perky breasts from the front instead. I could feel him breathing on me. His breath was hot, and it sent shivers down my spine.

"A pretty name for a pretty girl," Jason whispers into my ear.

And then he plants a kiss right on my cheek.

Fuck.

I have Brandon. But here I was, letting some stranger kiss me. And what's worse, I was letting him feel me up, and I was enjoying it.

"No, no," I murmur, trying to resist. But I couldn't. I was burning with desire. It was as if he could sense my raging lust that I tried my best to not show.

"I have a boyfriend," I found myself repeating it to him again between the wettest, sloppiest kisses that were planting themselves all over my face. Jason ignored what I was telling him. And what made things more wicked were my nonstop mews, my sexual panting. I tried hard not to appear aroused, but I could tell I was already wet in between my thighs. And the way his hands moved from my tits to my flat stomach was not helping things at all. It was

supposed to be him seducing me, begging me to spare a fuck, but here was I, appearing all willing and aroused, as if I was dying to have his thick, fat cock inside me. I was the one begging. I was the one pleading.

But he kept pressing. That wasn't a nice thing to do with someone who is already committed. Someone who already had a boyfriend at home.

Fuck. Just fuck. This guy was seducing me and he was good at what he does, even more dangerous. I might give in. Fuck.

"You're sexy," Jason whispered. "And you smell good too," he added. "Let's fuck," I heard him whisper, and I swear I was a puddle of horniness, about to go for the naughtiest, raciest adventure ever. I wasn't this wild before. Never in the past would I have done something as risqué as what's happening now. Not until this guy caught me with his touch, his whisper, and his intense stare.

I'm not an easy lay. Hell, I wasn't a lay. Not unless I had the proper fucking date first.

The line I've drawn is no longer solid. And Brandon wasn't to blame, of course. It is mine. I crossed that line and there was no turning back.

My neck rolls back in sheer bliss as his hand makes its way right down below my hips. His fingers perch themselves on my firm ass cheeks and linger there.

His fingers slipped under my skirt and pulled aside my already wet thong, the cool air rushing against my exposed slit. I let out a low gasp and shivered, arching my back up and into him, encouraging his advances. The tips of his fingers gently stroked along my inner cheeks, and I nearly choked back a moan. I didn't want him to stop, but at the same time, I knew it was wrong. Yet, the forbidden nature of our affair only turned me on even more. His other hand snaked its way inside my crop top and bra to cup one of my boobs, teasing my stiff nipples and sending waves of pleasure throughout my body.

Jason's expert tongue wrapped itself around my own spit covered tongue as if it were showing dominance.

My mind raced with questions of morality; my body raged with desire. One last chance at resistance—I mustered the words, "Please...don't do this...stop." My voice was shaky, barely audible above the sound of my pounding heart. I was surprised at my ability to utter a word at this point.

"I don't want this," was my weak statement, which sounded more like a whine of frustration, wanting more and yet knowing the damage that might transpire once his mouth touches my private areas.

A sharp gasp escaped my throat as he hiked my skirt all the way up in response. "Sure," he mocks me.

The fact that all of this was happening right out in the crowd while the light, although dim, was enough to illuminate the contours of my body, made this all the lewder. He had left me standing there, back turned, like a showman displaying a beautiful specimen. All of the sudden I'm wetter and a thousand times more aroused than when I was making out with the sexy black stud, and that's saying a whole lot. A hundred thousand times more aroused than I've ever been with Brandon in all the six years that I've been with him.

Before I knew it, his deft fingers slid into my panties from the front. The tips teased at my entrance before pulling back slightly to rub against the protruding tip of my engorged clitoris.

CHAPTER 3:

"Ahhh! Oh! Yes! Mmmm!" My eyes closed involuntarily as my entire body shivered uncontrollably from the rush. The tension that had built up over the evening exploded, unleashing a torrent of pure lust that threatened to consume my mind. I can't. No. Not in here. No. I immediately grab his hand in reflex and break away from his kisses. "Wait," I manage to catch my breath and compose myself. "Not here."

His hand is soaked in my nectar and a grin forms on his face. I don't know why, but for some reason, his confidence irritates the heck out of me. He wasn't trying to convince me of anything else. He knew he could do it. Maybe Brandon just lacks confidence and determination when it comes to pleasuring his woman. This stranger however, he had the perfect cocky air of a lover, one who knows and believes that he could bring any woman to the precipice of pleasure just with his fingertips alone. And I'm about to find out whether or not that's true. I loved him so much for it.

"Let's get out of here," my voice cracked as I pushed him away. My face flushed bright red. This wasn't like me at all. I'm not this easily persuaded to follow a random guy just so I could cheat on my boyfriend.

With an outstretched finger, he points out a particular area. "There's an emergency door exit that leads outside," he smirks. "That's where the smoking section is. Few people pass by there," Jason explains, as if he already knew what is in my mind. As if he already understood my resolve is crumbling fast.

"There might be security, —" I start to explain. I have to tell him no and just leave. But my heart's desire is obviously saying another

thing. I don't have to make it obvious by speaking my thoughts, though. My horniness betrayed my true desire.

Jason simply smiles and grabs my arm again to drag me with him. The short trip outside the concert was filled with worry, regret, and excitement. The humid, summer air filled my lungs as I was being ushered by the handsome dark stranger. A thousand thoughts rushed into my head. Would there really be people who smoke in that corner? Were we actually going to have a sex? Am I going to cheat on Brandon? What does this guy have anyway to make me behave this way?

"What if we get caught?" I asked, breaking free from his hold, my voice barely above a whisper.

"Shhh," was all Jason told me. I was starting to think maybe this guy is a master criminal on the loose or a sex-crazed maniac and I am the unfortunate prey. I couldn't let the intrusive thoughts win.

As we walked along the side of the venue, a few yards away from the entrance, we came upon the back door that Jason was speaking of. True enough, there was a section behind the concert hall, away from the people coming and going through the main entrance, but more crowded than the parking area. But despite the crowded area, it is lit with the lights coming from a lamppost nearby.

There are no people smoking around though. And just like that, we are at that section which could give us the most privacy I needed.

It honestly didn't take long for me to get right down on my knees and for him to pull his cock out.

Thankfully, one look at his massive slab of meat was enough for me to allay all feelings of regret and guilt.

In its semi-erect form, the gorgeous specimen must have been over half a footlong with a thick pair of balls to boot. The mere size of it is enough for me to lick my lips and lose myself into a trance. "Jesus Christ, you're way bigger than my boyfriend" I cooed, feeling my lips involuntarily salivate. My admission only elicits a laugh from him.

"Fuck," I whisper as I look right up at him.

CHAPTER 4:

Jason. That was his name. His dick was growing in size in my fingers. He's hung and fully loaded, and the erect veins running all the way along his shaft were in a slight curve upwards. I could feel those veins throb in frenzy. As Jason looks down at me, I only hope that I looked pretty as hell for him. A dolled up white chick is an image many black men like him would want to see. At that moment, my fantasy started materializing. There is the beauty kneeling in front of the monster black cock, as if this is what my life aspired to be. The rest is history as I slowly trace the throbbing head of his cock against my lips and cheeks, knowing full well that my lipstick and make up are being transferred onto his cock and balls.

This must be the world record for being the dirtiest girl I've been. I could just tell Brandon all about the ZeeJay's awesome performance, but he would never, not in his wildest dreams, imagine how hot it was for his girlfriend to perform her own scandalous gig right there. On my knees too, with my mouth full of a hot, studly black man's cock that is far bigger than what he can probably muster to fit in me.

"Yeah, fuck, suck it," Jason grunted at me, pushing his hips towards me so that he may force me to go deeper and suck his cock faster. I almost couldn't fit his head into my mouth, it was massive, and not to mention it was still growing in my grip. I almost couldn't believe this is actually real life and not some surreal porn scene.

As I took my hands and begin stroking it's massive length, I felt my pussy getting more wet. The sheer thickness and girth of it all was too much, I was moaning out loud with no care in the world.

"Ahhhh," I moan, struggling to take his growing shaft as I run my tongue up his veined underside. "Ahhh..." I moan in awe of his cock

and his cock only. "Mmm... I think you're even bigger and thicker than I imagined."

"You love that dick, white girl?" he asks as he strokes the side of my face.

"Ughhh...yeahh...."

As the only response to his sexual brashness, I grab ahold of him again and push myself deep to let him slide down my throat.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" he exhales loudly. "Shit!"

I pop it out a little just so I could say to the handsome stud, "Mmhhm...I love your big black cock," I giggle without shame. There was no reason for me to be ashamed. Why should I? My boyfriend has been doing fine, sure. I'll give him that. But this guy here, this Jason, is showing off an absolutely godlike prowess with his monster black dick and balls that has me worshipping him. "So fucking big."

Then, before the sexy black man could have a moment to respond, I take him into my mouth again and with the loud, wet noises of oral pleasuring echoing into the humid, summer night, I sucked his dick as deeply and sensuously as I can. He threw his head back and let out a loud groan, pushing his pelvis towards me, desperate for my mouth. "Goddamn!" he whispered out in the darkness. I smiled with him in my mouth, letting my teeth drag gently across his sensitive flesh. He grunted at the pain, and grabbed the back of my head, forcing his member deep into me, fucking my mouth in shallow, rapid strokes.

"Fuuuuck...you suck like a fucking champ, gurl...," he grunts.

I do. I do suck like a fucking champ. Only when the guy I'm sucking off has an actual cock and not a tiny little shrimp dick like what I'm used to. I giggled again at his compliment, as I tried hard to take all of his dick.

"Suck it, bitch," Jason added.

A nasty slut inside me stirred awake and I obeyed. And out of desperation, I reach with both hands and begin jacking him off fast with a hard pumping motion, wanting him as rock hard as possible before letting him loose in me. My mouth soon felt his cock

hardening even further, it was fucking incredible. I pull his cock out of my mouth and moan out loud. I stretch my tongue right out and slap his bulbous cock head on it hard, over and over, playfully beating his meat like a little toy I'm only proud of. My giggles of enthusiasm soon stopped as he pulled my mouth over his head and jammed the head of his massive cock all the way back down my throat.

"Ahh. Oh, oh fuck," the strong taste was enough to set my insides ablaze. I gagged and spluttered and he pulled away from me.

My stomach felt tight and I realized I'd barely remembered to breathe. I panted hard. I must have looked like a mess; face painted with his precum, saliva and the remains of my mascara, my blonde hair tussled. "Oh fuck," I rasped, my voice sounded coarse from the face-fucking that I'd been treated with. Spit and snot dripped from my lips and nose. I could feel tears dripping from the corners of my eyes. Nasty, crude words spewed from his lips as Jason pulled at my long hair and slid himself back down my throat. It was like being the slut of your wildest wet dreams. Only problem was, I had a boyfriend who may or may not find out that I've been a bad girl.

"MMMMMmmmmmm," I mumble to Jason as his cock slides out of my mouth. I gulp down air and wipe my lips, sticky with his precum. My lips puckered and sucked at his pulsating glans as he began pulling away, drawing him in, begging him to fuck me once more. His balls bounced rhythmically against my chin as I sucked the life out of him in frenzied excitement. I don't even know how I can do that. I mean, I didn't realize I could suck someone's cock with so much vigor before. But this is different. This time it's with a huge black cock.

I bring my right hand under his scrotum to cup his large testicles, weighing them in my fingers. They felt so heavy. I am sure his balls were full of potent seed that could make any bitch pregnant on the drop of a dime.

"Shit, that mouth of yours is fucking tight," Jason remarks before cursing loudly.

The coarseness in his tone was enough to send my body shivering in rapture, but I had to remain focus on the task at hand. There was no stopping me this time, and my horny inner whore told me just to let go. Let go of every single doubt, hesitation, and guilt that I'd once possessed before stepping out from Brandon's world into the sexual promiscuity that I can't get enough. It's like everything was changing. I was a completely new person; an erotic being of unadulterated lust. My other hand worked his cock like a pro. My fingers wrapped themselves around his shaft and I stroked and bobbed in a swift, deliberate motion. The drool ran down my chin and dropped onto the ground, forming a small pool beneath me. All of the sudden, the fear of him popping too early hit me. So, while he was not in the cavern of my mouth, I made sure that my spit was smothered over his enormous girth for maximum lubrication. The desire to let him have full rein was evident in his body, and my ass shivered once, the clap resonating throughout the relatively open space of the corridor. I whimper in pleasure and pain as my jaws ached.

And then out of nowhere, I could feel his cock engorge to its peak firmness. It was hard as a rock. My eyes go wide in shock as I realize what was about to happen. Oh, no. Oh, fuck. He was going to-

"SHIT!" Jason the stranger grunts out loud and shoves my head straight down the length of his shaft. "FUCK, I'm CUMMING, BITCH!"

"Mmmrrghghhh!!!" I struggle to breath as his cock twitches once. Then, I wince and shudder as it spit the first volley of his cum deep into my throat. I jerk my mouth from his pulsating rod but can't let the load go as he's holding me tight onto him.

"Ohhhh, fuckkkkk!!!!"

The second blast of his orgasm hits the roof of my mouth with such force and velocity, and his tasty seeds splatter all over the back of my throat, leaking down the roof and then right over the tip of my tongue. This time however, it was bit too much.

I choked nastily. Snot mixed with his cum flowed out of my nostrils as I heave.

"Ahhhh!" The volume was quite something, my whole face covered in a deluge of his creamy load now shooting all over his face. His thick load dripped down from my mouth onto the tops of my exposed breasts.

CHAPTER 5:

He came down, his breathing fast and ragged, a faint sheen of sweat on his forehead. I slumped to the side as the remnants of his climax spattered over my chest, a weak trickle coming out and down to the top of my cleavage. My face and tits felt warm and moist. Fuck. He came on my top and dress, a testimony to what's done. I held a finger against my burning cheek and wondered how in hell did I get to this point where I'm left outside the concert, gasping for air, as my lover dumps a load, his fat cock softening and bouncing from his abdomen.

"You're amazing," Jason grunts, patting my head softly. My whole body was sore, my throat feeling strained from all the sucking. I could feel my jaw cracking as I smiled back at his compliment.

I knelt up shakily and swallowed his load. I felt sick. His cum tasted awful as I wipe my mouth of his oozing seed. The tears were streaming down my eyes now and there was no doubt on my mind. I hated myself. My mascara was ruined. My lipstick was all over the place.

"Fuck, you suck dick good, bitch," he laughs as he strokes his cock over my face.

Fuck. I hated him for doing this to me. Hated him for making me the way I've become. But most of all, I hated Brandon, for I chose this slutty path because he lacked the proper technique in pleasing a woman sexually. As much as I didn't want to admit it, his comment really stroked my ego.

"Now, turn around."

I turn my back at him as I lift my skirt all the way up and lean right over my ass towards him, as if I am begging for his touch. He looks me over as I try hard not to whimper at the exposure. My heart

skipped a beat at the mere thought of him touching my ass. I felt so ashamed. Standing out here, bent over with my ass bared to a black guy that I just met tonight?

I moan as I feel his hand cup my ass cheek under my hiked up dress and skirt. I shudder and my cheeks burned a deep scarlet as his touch sends an involuntary twitch down the sensitive flesh. Fuck, there was something about his touch that was so much fucking different from than my loser white boyfriend. He was touching me like he meant it. Unlike-

Jason's phone rings to interrupt my thoughts.

"Yeah," he answers. "Yeah, I'm out here in the back. Yeah, bet. And yo, don't worry about it, Zee. I got you. And I might bring something special along too."

Zee? My ears perked. ZeeJay?

"Was that-."

"Yup," he nods. "Me and him go long back."

"Oh, wow. I'm a huge fan."

"Duh, that's why you here, bitch," he gives me a smack on my bare ass cheek. "You wanna meet him?"

I blink. Ok, that was out of left field. I sort of did want to but what I wanted more at the moment was-

"I mean," I hesitate as I pull my skirt back down and turn to face him. "Sure, but aren't we g-yeah, you know what," I was not letting go of the opportunity to meet ZeeJay. No way in hell. "Can my friend tag along? I just gotta text-," I bring my phone out of my purse. I had a couple of calls from Mackenzie. And one from Brandon.

"Nah, don't think so," he says. "Zee out backstage taking a break before he gets back on stage."

"Oh," I shrug. I slip the phone back in and adjust my clothes. "Fine, just the two of us then," I try to hide the excitement in my voice but I can't help gush like a fangirl. ZeeJay! ZeeJay!

"C'mon then, let's go. I'll probably try and get you an autograph for blowing my dick," Jason smiles. "And here, wipe your face off first."

"Wait, can I put on my make up fi-."

"We ain't got time for that," was his reply.

I couldn't believe this was happening. What are the odds of this happening?

As Jason leads me through a dark, secluded passageway that leads backstage, I can't help but think about what's to come. Am I really going to be meeting the hottest rapper of our generation? Or am I just dreaming?

"Yo, what's the deal, man," another black guy wearing a suit asks. Security. Jason and the guy talk, but my mind's still reeling. "Where you been? He's been lookin' for you. Man, you better have that shit," he said, obviously annoyed at Jason. "You know he doesn't like to wait."

"Yo, I got this shit right here, bruh." Jason takes out a small bag from his back pocket and nods in the direction of ZeeJay's room.

"And who is-."

"Oh, just someone special that's gonna give me and Zee some company, y'know," Jason explains and winks at me. I giggle and look back at the security man with a wide smile on my face. I was smiling so wide. I couldn't believe this!

CHAPTER 6:

The security man just shakes his head in annoyance at my presence but he lets me pass, much to my delight. I don't really care at all at this point, as long as I get to meet the star, and I just might get lucky and get fucked by him too, that was on the card, right? That's what Jason meant by company. I didn't mind at all. I was still wet and horny ready for a good fucking. I wasn't going to just go home with a blowjob. Fuck that. I needed a hard fucking and I wasn't going home until I got it. I could just feel it, ZeeJay was the one to give it to me. I didn't care about how fucked up I look or the fact that my makeup was messed up. Mackenzie wouldn't even believe me if I told her what I was up to. I could just imagine the jealous look on her face once I tell her that I.... fucked ZeeJay.

"Damn, nigga," the rapper says to Jason, not noticing my presence. He was standing by a small table with drinks. "What the fuck took you so long, man?"

"Hey Zee, chill. I got what you want here," he brings up the plastic bag. This time I catch a glimpse of it. Weed. They were gonna light a blunt.

ZeeJay finally sees me for the first time and smiles at me, flashing a perfect set of teeth and two dimples on his face. His handsome, black face that had me weak in the knees. He was wearing a black buttoned-down shirt that was open with no undershirt. He looks at me like he knows who I am. I guess he must have seen me out in the crowd somehow. For some reason, ZeeJay looked so much sexier in person, even from the concert venue. He looked ripped. I could feel the heat rise up in my cheeks as I notice the beads of sweat that adorned his sexy, black chest. I can't help but bite down on my lip as my eyes drink in his perfectly chiseled frame, his abs

prominent beneath the thin fabric of his shirt. My heart fluttered in anticipation. He's gorgeous.

He steps up and closes in to kiss my hand, the warmth of his touch sending a chill through my spine. His gaze lingers over me and he nods appreciatively.

"What's up?" ZeeJay gives me a handsome smile. I notice he was checking me out. I hoped I looked presentable even though I knew I didn't. I probably looked like a street hooker with disheveled clothes, ruined makeup, and messy hair.

"Hi." I found myself only capable to say the same greeting to him. "I'm such a huge fan..," my voice comes out as a squeal more than anything.

I look at ZeeJay's eyes and give him a big, sexy smile and wink at him, and his grin gets wider as I walk over to stand right by him, my hips swaying sensually and seductively.

"Bitch is crazy, Zee," Jason tells him. "She blew my dick like a fucking champ, bro."

I felt like such a slut, and I loved it. ZeeJay looks back at me, impressed at Jason's appraisal of me. I guess it must have been pretty good for Jason to say it in front of me and him.

"Damn, really?" ZeeJay asks his friend, "A white girl who knows what's up. She looks pretty too, yo."

My eyes grew wide as Jason handed him the bag of weed. "Just so you know," Jason looks at me and points to the weed. "This ain't for you. That shit is for later."

I ignored him. I wasn't here for the weed! I was here for this handsome, sexy, black hunk straight out of my dreams.

"I love you ZeeJay!" I smile. I giggle as he puts his hand on my hip. Oh, fuck. I'm gonna swoon so hard!!

"You're hot as hell, girl," Zee eyes me up and licks his lip. I felt something flutter in my stomach as my eyes dart to his sexy lips.

"Thanks," I whisper and pull back a strand of hair as I smile in response.

"She got a boyfriend too," Jason points at the crowd and I already know it's my boyfriend in question. "Didn't stop her from making me buss' in her mouth."

"Aye, now you got me liking this," he winks as if I understood the inner joke that's happening between these two. "She cray cray."

"I am," I give out an embarrassed response. I was getting wetter by the moment.

"Well, I gotta get back on stage," Zee says and without hesitation drops his pants down to the floor. "But we got time, don't we?"

I didn't hesitate. I was horny. I was in heat. I was going to have the time of my life here with the rap star of my dreams. I was not going to let this opportunity go to waste.

I get on my knees almost immediately with a small giggle and look straight up at him. My baby blue eyes meeting his dark brown eyes.

I gasp as I pull ZeeJay's pants down by its waistband. "Jesus Christ, you're so fucking big," I let out an awkward laugh as his massive black dick reveals itself to me. It was just as long as Jason's but a lot thicker. Like a fucking beer can. I was in sheer awe at its girth! I felt my cunt tremble and my mouth water in expectation as he orders me, "Now show me what that mouth do, bitch!"

"Open your mouth, gurl," I hear Jason instruct me from behind.

My lips part slowly until my mouth formed a perfectly "O" shape as ZeeJay angles his literal slab of black meat to position the tip at the entrance of my throat. It was like a fucking baseball bat but probably even thicker. Heavy and meaty. Like a fucking giant black pornstar's cock. Cheating on your boyfriend by sucking another man off was one thing, I guess. But there was something crazy hot about sucking off a big black cock while your white boyfriend was at home waiting for you, it had a taboo attraction to it—which had somehow amplified its allure. My insides were going crazy just by looking at his black dick. ZeeJay didn't waste any time pushing himself into my warm, moist hole.

It didn't fit. Holy shit. My mouth strained just to accommodate his thickness. I slurp in instinct and let out a gargle. I moan and place

my hands on ZeeJay's hips next, tilting myself forwards and allowing him full access to my mouth.

"Mmm..." My jaw immediately straining in agony as he pushed the tip further down my gullet, but I kept it open, letting him use my face for his pleasure.

I was surprised, and also rather proud, I can take so much of the massive rod, and as he paused and let it sit in my mouth for a few moments to allow me to adjust to it, I started sucking and slurping hard. He growled and gave out a primal sound before fucking my face to his heart's content.

"Damn," ZeeJay hisses. "She crazy."

"This girl loves dick," I hear Jason say right behind me. For some reason, I pull my skirt right back up like before as if I were inviting him in. What a crazy slut I'm being right now. Nobody was forcing me to do this. I was doing all of this on my volition. I was cheating on Brandon and I had zero regrets. Fuck you, Brandon. You don't deserve me.

And right after I pull my skirt up, Jason slaps his cock right over my bare buttocks. He was getting hard. His big black cock was getting harder and harder while being rubbed against a hot white bitch's ass cheeks.

CHAPTER 7:

I moan again at his touch as he rubs his hands over my bare butt, and the sounds that come from my throat cause Zee to groan loudly in satisfaction. My body felt like it was on fire and I started to wonder how it was going to feel once ZeeJay pushed that massive thing inside of my tiny, petite body too.

Two black dicks inside me at once. For fucks sake, I couldn't take it. I've only ever seen it in porn.

Jason stood ready from behind as ZeeJay was pushing past the back of my mouth and into my throat. My pussy quivered. I've never been fucked by two guys at once before. I always dreamed about it but Brandon's puny white dick was nowhere near enough to satisfy me. I've never imagined this.

"Fuck," ZeeJay curses. "She tight as hell," he grins as he looks down at me. I smile back as ZeeJay finally pulls his cock out with a pop. I take long, hard breaths as I begin stroking his fat dick that was now covered in my spit and throat essence. I didn't even bother wiping away the snot that ran down from my nose. I was too much in heat to care.

"Your cock is fucking huge," I pant out loud. "And Jason, your cock is big too."

ZeeJay smiles at his friend, "She wants more, bruh. Let's give it to her."

Jason simply grins as ZeeJay positions his cock in front of me again. The singer wasn't wasting any time. I guess it must be time for his set.

"Fuck me," I plead. "Put your fucking dick in me, Jas-ohmph!" before I finish speaking ZeeJay cuts me off by shoving his prick right back in. My eyes bulge and my body jerks forwards in shock as the

rapper's cock makes its way back down my throat a lot easily this time. "MMMRghhh!!" I let out an incoherent gag as Jason teased the pinkness of my wet pussy with the tip of his cock. And then he too pushes his cock into me.

Fuck.

Holy. Shit. I did a double take when his hard rod slides into my wet and well-used slit. My eyes go wide in horror as my body literally trembles all over.

It didn't slide inside me, nor does he attempt to gently push himself into me. Jason enters with the brashness of a marauder, ripping into me, sending the poor thing into a mess of incoherence. My mouth falls slack in between the fattest balls that ever made a brief entrance right in front of me. "Jesus fuck!" Jason hisses. "She tight as hell. This is one tight pussy."

"Shit, her mouth's tight as hell too," Zee laughs. I was so turned on hearing them compliment me. Brandon complimented me too but it wasn't the same. These men clearly understand what I truly am: a sex craving white female desperate for black dick. And I was receiving what I craved from them: black monster dick and gallons upon gallons of potent black cum. A horny, hot, messed up white bitch that wanted to get fucked like a street whore by these two black assholes.

My face contorts from the sharp thrust into me. Jason was getting hard too as he slaps my buttocks. "MMRPGHH!!!" I let out another gag as the hot, rapper stud begins fucking my mouth. His big black cock was sliding in and out of me like it was nothing.

"Argh, fuck..." ZeeJay started grunting.

The reality of this lewd scenario was clear for me to see. I was on my knees, having a long, fat, black dick jammed into my mouth as far as it would go, filling my oral cavity in the filthiest, most degrading, obscene, salacious possible manner; whilst at the same time, a complete and utter stranger's manhood penetrating my tight, virgin, white pussy for the very first time, causing all sorts of

unwarranted feelings that have awakened the nasty, lecherous whore that hid within.

He was pumping himself deeper into my mouth. My tongue was so fucking sore and my makeup was now completely ruined by all the sweat, tears and precum that was dripping from my face. My jaw ached and my throat felt like it was on fire. I couldn't see it, but my gut was telling me that I looked a fucking mess, with mascara and saliva dripping all the way down to the ground where my spit-soaked top lay.

And at the same time, my tiny little pink pussy was getting stretched out by another black dick from behind me.

I'm dripping with their sweat and body fluids. My tongue was now covered in the salty taste of the Zee's black rod. I loved every minute of this. Mackenzie, if only you could see what was happening to me right now, bitch! You were the one who convinced me to come with you and I cannot thank you ENOUGH!

ZeeJay started grunting with each thrust, the sound of our skin slapping together resonating in the otherwise quiet room. Jason pulls out as he teased me from the back as he rubbed his hardening cockhead up and down my wet folds, gathering the moisture before slamming his member back into my aching pussy, forcing a loud whimper out of my lips and a head-splitting throb in my temples. My face was still in between Zee's thighs, as I was unable to do much, with his cock thrusting deep into my mouth while he grabbed my head in a vice grip with one hand, his other hand smashing my boobs over my dress and bra in a lust-crazed state. I fucking knew my face was growing red like some sort of tomato.

"That's right bitch! Suck that black cock," ZeeJay slaps my face.

"Yeah, suck that dick, bitch!"

"You love it, don't you?" Jason slaps my ass next from behind making me wince and whimper.

"Yeah, look at this white bitch go."

The vulgar remarks sent my head spinning. I couldn't believe that I was being degraded, talked about, in this manner. I shuddered in

shame. White bitch was right. I was a white bitch on my knees sucking big black cock. And I loved it. I was their white bitch to use.

"Fuck, Ima fuck this bitch's pussy," Jason growls just as ZeeJay pulls his cock out again letting me breathe.

"Ohhhhhhh," I moan out loud and shriek. "FUCK!! Pffftt," I spit out a disgusting mix of saliva, puke, and pre-cum.

At last. At fucking last. I had a chance to breathe. "Faster," I turn back and hiss at Jason. "Fuck me faster, daddy!"

God. I can't believe I was calling another man daddy while I had a fucking boyfriend. Then again, what good did having a boyfriend do if he couldn't fucking please me like a MAN was supposed to do.

"Yeah, daddy! Fuck me! FUCK ME, AH!!!"

CHAPTER 8:

Jason was fucking me a lot faster now, sliding in and out of me at an ever-increasing speed. My wet pussy squelched and spurted out juices all over the floor. I could feel it trickle right down my thigh. His pace and his size were just too much, but the sheer pleasure that I was feeling at that moment was something that I never felt before with my white, little-dicked boyfriend.

The thought of him, at the moment, was irrelevant. I couldn't believe this is the first time that I'm getting a good, long, deep dicking with a big-cocked black man. For all I care, I needed this. I needed to be pleased like a real woman deserved to be pleased.

My eyes rolled up to the back of my head and I screamed, "Oh, God!" I bury my face in my fingers and try to crawl forward to get off this asshole's menacing dick, to regain some composure but Jason pulled my ass back towards him and rammed his cock back in. "Get back here, bitch!" he spansks me making me yell out in pain. He was so much bigger and thicker than Brandon that I swear to God, he might as well rip me up! "Ah! Ah! Ahhhhh..." I let out a loud groan as his thick tool reached parts that my white boyfriend never could. I couldn't even hold myself upright with my hands, let alone talk, or do anything, at this point. My pussy felt so fucking stretched that it was a wonder that it even managed to take on Jason's monster black cock.

I can only imagine the sight we all presented as I'm between Zee's muscular thighs, bent over while I'm being taken from behind by Jason. Zee's big, black dick slams against my nose and forehead, and it was such a turn-on for me, while his heavy balls rested against my chin. It reeked of sweat and man-musk. I was going crazy as I stared down at them and admired how they were the size of my palms and wondered to myself how much of their precious

black cum they contained. My mind was going insane and I couldn't stop drooling as Jason fucked my cunt and I suckled at ZeeJay's enormous cockhead, my fingers slipping and sliding around the black skin as my palms cupped them in a soft, caressing way. My insides were aching from Jason's large member as it repeatedly hit all the right places in my pink pussy. The friction that his girth provided was just enough to bring my body to its peak of pleasure, while I'm also trying to focus on pleasuring this huge black monster that was thrusting itself in and out of my mouth.

"Ahhhhhhh, fuckkkk," I croak. "I can feel you deep inside me," I wince. My body shuddered with every deep stroke from Jason, but I forced my mouth down onto Zee's shaft, as he was pushing me deeper and deeper onto it with each thrust of his hips. I couldn't breathe properly but I forced myself to breathe through my nose as the cock pushed all the way to the back of my throat, hitting my gag reflex. It felt amazing to have him in there, so far and deep. I'd never experienced this type of pleasure before. The two black guys grunted in sync with one another, as their cocks drilled my throat and pussy relentlessly. "Ahhh!" I yelp out in pure ecstasy. For some odd reason, I was glad it was Jason fucking my pussy and not Zee. Zee's cock simply wouldn't fit in my pussy. And even if it did? I genuinely don't think it would ever go back to the same size as it used to be. ZeeJay's fat dick was NOT something that I've ever imagined a guy to have. Then again, what would I know? I was stuck with my boyfriend Brandon's little white dick.

"Mmmm, ahhh, ffffuuckkk, yeah!"

My tongue felt so sore but it still didn't stop me from savoring ZeeJay's monster meat. I was sucking on his balls too now.

"You love that dick, bitch?" Zee slaps my face, sending another rush of ecstasy through me. My vision goes white. My head's a blurry mess, my whole face covered in the smell, the feel and the taste of black cock. It's like the perfect storm. The storm of sex. "Take this shit," Zee growls, ramming his cock back inside. He pushes me down as deep as possible until my lips kiss his skin, his huge black balls resting against my chin, as if telling me that's the deepest he'll ever

go. The entire thing is now inside me, filling me to the brim and I can feel myself clenching down around his rod as it penetrates me. It was too much for me to handle and I almost lost my footing, but Jason caught my fall with both his hands as he pummeled me from behind. I was never ever going to enjoy sex with Brandon again. My pink pussy throbbed with pain and pleasure as this beautiful black stud plowed me from behind, while my mouth is occupied with another hung stud. I felt so ashamed, so used, so humiliated but so fucking alive as my two black studs plowed and defiled my little, white, pink cunny. "Awwwww! FUCK, AHH!" I yelled. "So, fucking deep in my pus-AHH!!!" I cried.

Jason had been hammering at me with the full weight of his hips behind every thrust of his fat dick, and Zee's thick meat filled my entire throat with every push, sending shockwaves through my body with each deep thrust. Zee's balls bounced against my chin, slapping my skin and making the obscenest slapping noises every time he pulled his dick back.

"Louder, white bitch," the black rapper ordered me to do. "Fucking slut. Say it. Tell us you love our black dicks."

"Ahhh...ahhh...," I stuttered. My head was still spinning, my heart was still beating erratically and I couldn't even begin to process the magnitude of pleasure that I was feeling at this very moment. "I love your black dicks!!!"

"Say you love this big black dick," Zee hissed again. He was grabbing a firm hold of my head as he forced his cock in and out of me, faster and harder. I was on the verge of coming again as my pussy spasmed and contracted around Jason's fat member, gripping onto it tightly. Zee's huge cock pushed in deep, almost going all the way back out of my mouth with every stroke. I was barely able to hold on to my senses.

"I love your big black dick, ZeeJay," I moan as I inhale the nasty musky scent of his black balls. "I love your big black cock, Jason!"

"We bigger than your boyfriend?" Jason laughs as he spanks my ass. I nodded, still in awe, unable to properly say it. "Y-Yhessh!"

"Fucking whore!" Zee yells and smacks me across the face. "Say it."
"Yes," I gasp and let out an animalistic grunt. "Ohhhhhhhh, shittttt!"
"Louder!" Jason grunted from behind.

"Yeshhhh, yeshhhh," I stutter as they continued to punish my poor cunny from both ends. It felt like my whole body was on fire. It felt like my entire cunny was being split apart and yet my body couldn't help but yearn for more, it was a feeling that I had never felt before. "So much fucking bigger than my boyfriend's!!"

"AGAIN!" Jason spanks my ass again at the same time ZeeJay slaps my now bruised cheek.

"So much FUCKING BIGGER," I yell at the top of my voice. "I LOVE YOUR BIG BLACK COCKS!"

The black guys just laughed and continued their assault. Jason grabbed my ass cheeks and squeezed hard, sending a shock of pleasure through my body as I whimpered. My hands grasped desperately onto ZeeJay's hips to support my weak body and as I was trying to gather my thoughts, Zee slammed his dick deep inside me once more, burying himself in my throat as his cock pulsed. I couldn't take it anymore. I was going to pass out from it all. The bliss was just too much and I ached everywhere. I didn't want to cum. My tight pussy was being stretched out and my clit was THROBBING. I could feel the warmth all over my stomach but I just didn't want to cum. I wanted more. I didn't want this to end. I didn't want this to end with me cumming until I was squirting all over ZeeJay's big black cock.

And ZeeJay probably read my mind.

"Ayy, Jason, switch," he snaps his fingers, pulling me away from his cock and then stepping out of my range, with Jason still thrusting hard and deep into me. My whole body convulses with every stroke as Jason fucks me into a limp pile of flesh before pulling out. ZeeJay quickly kneels behind me, taking the position that Jason once held.

"You gon love this, bitch. You gon take daddy's black dick in your cunt," ZeeJay growls.

My body was shaking and I couldn't stop it. My fingers tremble as Jason was now right in my face. ZeeJay strokes my now gaping, wet pussy as I groan out. My vision was growing black.

There was no point in holding back any sort of dignity I had left at this point.

“Oh, GOOOOOOOOOODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!!!” I let out a hideously erotic shriek.

CHAPTER 9:

My fucking GOD!

"Oh, shit, put it in, daddy," I cry out. "Put it in me, ZeeJay! Yes, daddy! Yes!!"

"You want this big black dick in you?" he asks as he slaps my ass cheeks with his thick, black member, leaving red marks. He grabs my waist with both his hands and slides himself along the slit of my cunny, coating his huge, veiny black cock with my juices. I whimper loudly, begging for him to enter.

"Put it in me. Put it in me, pleasssee...daddy," I gasp.

"Tell me what you want. I can't hear you," he growls, rubbing my pussy with his fingers. I was going to go MAD.

"Fuck me!" I begged. "Put that huge black dick inside meee!"

I wanted his cock deep in me so bad, I was shaking and squirming as my cunny was leaking in anticipation, and my legs felt like jelly. I had never experienced anything like this before, I'd never thought it would feel this good. I had no idea how it could even feel this good, I wanted this moment to never end.

"Fuckkkk, AHHHHH," I cry as he entered my pink, throbbing cunt, splitting me apart, making my eyes go wide in disbelief at the pleasure. He went in all the way in a single, smooth thrust.

I was a screaming mess of orgasmic pleasure at that point and the two hung studs fucking me weren't letting up one bit. I was gasping for air as Jason began to ram himself back into my mouth. His cock was glistening with my pussy juice and I couldn't resist myself as I inhaled his manly scent before taking him fully into my mouth and sucking him with everything I had. "Mmmmmm..." I moaned. It tasted so good, his thick member coated in my juices.

Jason let out a soft groan of appreciation before grabbing my head and thrusting in deep.

"Ahh," I cry out.

I had a hard time keeping myself from fainting in my pleasure induced stupor as the massive rod is shoved back and forth into my mouth, its owner making the most obscene and vulgar sounds in pleasure as he uses me for his sexual needs. I didn't mind at all though.

As I tried to take him in as deep as I can, I was so lost in the act that I had forgotten I was still getting fucked from behind. ZeeJay's cock was literally stretching my tight little cunt and he didn't hesitate to point it out.

"Damn, this bitch's pussy tight. Your boyfriend don't fuck you, bitch?" he asks me. I moan in response. It turned me on so fucking much that he kept calling me 'bitch' like I was a dirty little slut for his enjoyment only.

"No, he has a tiny dick," I cry and whine in pain.

"That's right. I'm fucking your little white cunt. You love this, don't you bitch," ZeeJay teases me more, slapping my ass again as his dick plows deeper inside of me.

I was still in shock that I was even there, doing these nasty things. This wasn't who I am! This was all so wrong and I'm getting off from it. The sheer lewdness of it all. The shame of it. My face flushes and my cunt clamps down on him. "Fuck," Zee growls. "Fuck, fuck!"

My head was still spinning, my eyes glazed over. Jason pulled out and I fell on my knees in exhaustion. He let go of my hair as I rested on the cold, tiled ground, gasping for air. ZeeJay followed soon after, sliding himself out of me with a squelching sound and allowing me to catch my breath for a brief second, my insides feeling sore and swollen, aching for release. But then, Jason pulls me back up by the arm and with no more hesitation, slams his huge, hard dick into me. I whimpered again, my legs giving out on me. ZeeJay moves behind me again, as I can feel his body against my ass. Brandon would know now. Even if I didn't tell him, he was going to know now for

sure. I've been stretched beyond repair. Zee's fat cock is once again buried deep within me. And as he penetrates my wet opening, I can feel myself stretching wide again. It was a tight fit, and my body shuddered violently at the feeling, as if it couldn't get used to this level of pleasure.

I look up at them with lustful eyes and whimper, "Fuck meeee...give me all your black seed, daddies."

He looks down at me with a grin before he pulls out. Then, I feel ZeeJay's hands grabbing my ass cheeks and spreading them apart. Jason's dick slaps against my lips as his tip rubbed against the folds of my opening. ZeeJay slides into me, stretching me impossibly wider. My eyes rolled back into my head. I wanted all their cum in me. I needed to feel that I am the nasty white slut who they used.

"You want black seed, bitch," he growls before pushing his fat rod further in me. My pussy is being stretched apart again as my body convulses, unable to hold it together any more. I whimpered as my whole body was on the verge of coming. The black stud was going to take me to heaven from destroying my pink pussy.

"Yesss!"

ZeeJay groans, slapping my ass as his cock rams itself in, then he pulls out. Jason takes the chance and slides his fat dick back inside.

"Mmmm!"

My body began shaking as my eyes rolled back, my body spasming and trembling. I was going to cum hard . My vision blurred as I cried out, "AHHhhhhh. I'm gonna-cum! I'm-CUMMINNNNNNNNNNGG!!!"

CHAPTER 10:

"I'm FUCKING CUMMMINNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGG!"

Jason shoves his cock all the way into my mouth and ZeeJay forces himself balls deep into my pussy. My ears begin to ring so loud that it cancels out every sound. I'm a quivering wreck now and I can't even comprehend what's going on. My legs were like jelly and my cunny was quivering as I came again and again. I was in heaven and I could never go back to white dick again. Not now that I've tasted this pleasure. Not ever again. My mind went completely blank from the mind-blowing pleasure. I lost all control of myself as the orgasmic waves washed over me, washing my brains out of me, making me forget everything that was once in there. My pussy flooded with Zee's potent sperm as it flooded my insides, while my mouth filled up with Jason's semen, spurting from his thick cock in massive streams of warm liquid. I couldn't breathe as I'm gasping for air and my chest was rising up and down from the overwhelming amount of ecstasy coursing through my veins.

I wanted more. I wanted more of their potent sperm.

That was when I realized it.

No.

Oh, no.

Neither of them wore any protection. And I wasn't on the pill. Which means. Oh, God. Oh, no, no, no. I was letting ZeeJay cum inside my pussy RAW. He was going to knock me up and put a baby me.

My womb was now full with his virile cum and I felt fuller than ever in my entire life. I had no idea that this much pleasure was even possible to feel in my entire life. And at that moment, I couldn't help but think of myself giving birth to a lightskin baby. And it only made me-.

"Argh! AHHH! FUCK!!! CUM IN ME!! CUM IN MEEEEEEEEEEEE!! SHIT! I'M GONNA CUMMMMM," I cry out loud. "I'm cumming again. I'm cumminggg! I'm CUMMINGGGGG, FUCK!!!," I let out a cry of pain and pleasure. Tears streamed down my face. I was weeping in sheer ecstasy. I do not know what was happening to me right now. I quaked all over as if I was struck by a bolt of lightning. The voice instantly was gone from my throat as I could only croak and groan in response to being cummed inside.

"That's it bitch. Let it out. Squirt it out for me," ZeeJay teases.

My pussy exploded in warmth. And when the last of his seed shot straight into the depths of my cum right into my womb, it sent me into a mind shattering, mind blowing orgasm. I could only hear white noise. I was gone, completely gone, from reality. I was in another plane of existence entirely, and nothing mattered except the feeling of complete ecstasy. My senses were so overwhelmed that it was hard to make sense of the world. Everything around me was a blur and all I could hear was ringing in my ears as I came one more time, before blacking out from the mind-bending ecstasy of getting fucked and creamed by two huge, well hung black cocks. Two black men, one that initiated contact by grinding up against me, taking me out so I could blow his cock, and then the other, the celebrity rapper himself, ZeeJay. I was used like some sort of fuck doll. A dirty little cumdump. And I couldn't have it any other way.

ZeeJay, who was still pumping me full of his spunk, slowly slides out, pulling his dick free with a loud 'pop!' sound. A pool of their semen formed under me, a massive puddle of thick white fluid pooling at the center of it, before oozing out and dripping from my open slit. Jason did the same as well and I watched his cock spurt another load, the second one, into my face and chest. I was covered in cum. My body was glowing. As if on cue, I get up to my knees, grab hold of my tits and squish the cum from both their cocks. I simply didn't know where I found the energy to do that but I was on my fucking knees like some sort of sex slave destined to please its masters. My lips smacked and my fingers sucked down the cum as my eyes rolled into the back of my head. I was so fucking spent. My pussy spurted

out more cum, adding to the growing pool. My hands couldn't get enough of the stuff as it continued to run out from between my thighs. My eyes rolled as my mind spun into delirium, and the black studs continued to shoot their load over my face and body. I couldn't breathe. My lips were parted open, tongue hanging out as the black men shot the last of their sperm over my tits and face. "Yeaaaaah, fuckkk, mmmm!!" I savour and relish their cum like my life depended on it. Their nasty, thick, black semen was mine to devour. "Fuck, man. This bitch fucking crazy!" Jason's voice cuts through from in front of me.

"Gurl got skills, for real." ZeeJay says. "Where the hell did you pick her up?"

"Just danced with her." Jason responds. "Bitch got a boyfriend but she down bad."

"Damn," Zee laughs.

As my senses started returning, I realize my hands were still in their balls. The guys had let them fall free of my grip. My face was a sticky mess of their cum as the guys stood before me, dicks hanging limp in the air, softening slowly. Their manhoods glistened with my saliva. Their musky scent invaded my senses. The pain in my thighs and cunt was excruciatingly unbearable and yet I couldn't get enough of the feeling. My fingers went up to my face and I licked them, savoring every drop of their potent cum. I couldn't stop moaning. I was trembling all over, whimpering like a lost child, as if begging for their cock. I couldn't help but bring myself to orgasm one last time with my fingers as my legs were spread open, with all the semen dripping freely out of me and into the ever-growing puddle beneath my knees.

"You wild as hell, bitch," ZeeJay slaps my ass. It sort of makes me jerk in pain but also makes me smile while I'm in half a daze. "What did you say your name was?"

"Jessica..."

I don't care about what they think anymore. I don't even care about what Brandon will say anymore. My body felt weak and spent, my

throat sore, and my pussy felt like it's been fucked to its core. I've had a taste of heaven, and now I can never go back. My body couldn't take any more, and I just laid on the ground, whimpering softly, covered in their cum as my eyes rolled into the back of my head and I slowly passed out into a blissful sleep, covered in the seed of two well hung black studs.

My vision grew blacker and blacker. I was going to pass out. My pussy ached just as bad as my mouth but I was so blissfully satisfied, I didn't even mind. And then as the blackness overcame me, my eyes slowly closed as I drifted away.

"Alright, shit, I gotta get back on stage," I hear ZeeJay say.

Oh no, Mackenzie...I left her alone at the concert. I hoped for Mackenzie's sake, she will have better luck. I wouldn't blame her though. Mackenzie had the perfect body for dancing in the club. Long shapely legs and a round, bubbly butt. And the slutty dresses she wears. Well, she's bound to get attention. But not the good kind. And I've felt envious seeing my own boyfriend Brandon eyeing her up. Then again, what could Brandon even do? What could he do with that tiny little white dick of his?

He's never fucked me senseless. He's never given me an orgasm in God knows how long. All it took for these two hot black assholes to make me cum more than my own boyfriend had ever done were my pussy and my mouth. And for once, I was glad for my boyfriend's naivety and ineptitude. It's his own fault for fate bringing me here in the first place. He shouldn't be blaming me for anything, right?

I groan as I see Jazon help me lay down on ZeeJay's mini couch. I only barely heard what he said to Jason as my senses were leaving me. "You go on ahead, I'll take care of her."

I could barely muster up enough energy to keep my eyes open, I felt so spent from the last hour's escapades with these two hung studs. They didn't seem to care either. Both of them looked like they had just fucked a bitch into submission, but I just looked like the dumbest whore who's been fucked so hard she passed out on the dressing table of the rapper that I idolized. My head throbbed. And

then I slowly lost consciousness, but not before I caught ZeeJay's eyes staring down at me, a smile on his lips. The last thing I remember was Jason covering me up with a towel as he walked towards the door. I was glad he had a sense of decency. I would've been too embarrassed if anyone saw me like this. I couldn't bear the humiliation of being seen by others like that.

And just like that, my mind shuts off and I am now left to the mercy of my dreams, the filthy dreams of sex with a complete stranger. Or strangers.

I dream of myself getting gangbanged by a dozen or so hung black men.

While my limp dick passive boyfriend Brandon was watching me pleasure them all with my mouth. And my other holes. And my fingers.

I moan in my sleep as I feel my pussy leak between my legs.

EPILOGUE:

"You WHAT???" Mackenzie hisses at me. "You BITCH!!!!!" she snaps. "Why didn't YOU CALL ME!!!!!"

Mackenzie was flipping her shit right now as I told her about tonight's events on our way back home. She was dropping me off. My mind was still a bit muddled when she woke me up. My eyes hurt. Everything hurt. My jaws hurt. My body was so sore. And, I didn't even want to start about my pussy.

"Aaaaargggh, fuck you, Jess!!! I hate you so much," she scolds. "I still don't believe you!"

I shrug and give her a giggle. I told her everything in great detail while she was driving. She didn't seem to believe me though.

"Really!?!?! Oh, no!" Mackenzie glares. "You're making that up!"

She still looks unconvinced though. I don't blame her. It sounded like something out of a cheesy porn movie to me as well, but it actually happened. I can't tell her enough.

"Really!? You're not joking, Jess!?!?"

"Nope!"

"Well," she smirks as she parks into our driveway. She turns the ignition off and puffs. "Bitch!" she side eyes me. "Are you going to tell Brand-."

"No," I cut her off. "Absolutely not," I tell her quietly.

"What he doesn't know can't hurt him," she smiles. I know what she means. We both exchange devilish grins.

I ring the doorbell and Brandon opens it almost immediately.

"Hey, baby," I give him a smile. "You really should have come with!"

"Next time, hun," he smiles and gives me a hug. "How was the concert?"

"Amazing," my voice comes out more of a mumble than I'd like as I felt my cheeks burn up, the memory of the night's events coming fresh. I realize my eyes are watering. My pussy was sore and raw, I wanted a rest so bad right now. And yet I really wanted another round of getting dicked down by Zee and his friend. "Mackenzie and I had a lot of fun!"

"I'm glad to hear that," he draws his face near mine.

I giggle as I kiss my boyfriend, Brandon, fully on the lips. If only he knew where those lips had been all night long.

THE END

Author's note:

Thank you for reading all the way till the end! I hope you guys loved this story as much as I loved writing this!

I am working hard on finishing all the other series I've started, so please follow me on my amazon page for more of my upcoming stories! Don't forget to check out my other works too!!!

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