

White Wife Ally



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Chapter 1: The Corner on 5th Avenue

Emma hurried along the crowded sidewalk, her heels clicking briskly against the concrete as she clutched her leather tote bag tighter. At thirty-four, Emma had the polished look of a successful New York City marketing professional. She sported a flowy mini skirt, swirling playfully around her toned thighs with each step, topped with a silk blouse and finished with some mid-height heels. Her shoulder length hair was pulled back in a tight, blonde pony to give her a polished appearance.

She and her husband Michael had built a comfortable life together in their West Village apartment. Like many of their West Village neighbors, they both worked full-time, spent weekend mornings at the farmers' market, went out in the evenings, and shared a circle of progressive friends.

This morning had started like any other. Michael and Emma shared a quick kiss at the door before heading off to their office jobs in opposite directions.

Emma preferred to walk to work. Constantly working on her physique, she tracked her step count daily on top of her after-work gym routine. She was determined to keep her body attractive even as she aged.

The voices as she walked down 5th stopped her in stride.

A group of six Black men stood on the corner of 5th Avenue and 23rd Street, elevated on milk crates and a low ledge. Their signs were bold: "Reparations Now," "White Silence = Violence," "The System Owes Us." A

portable speaker pulsed beneath their words, and the tallest of them spoke with a deep, resonant authority that carried clearly over the morning traffic.

“Marching is easy,” he boomed, his voice projecting for the whole corner to hear. “Posting black squares and voting blue is easy. But when are y’all going to give what’s actually owed?”

Emma listened for a moment, then moved closer but still a respectful distance away. She felt a familiar swell of solidarity. She had marched in 2020 multiple times, carrying signs and chanting until she was hoarse. She voted the right way in every election and donated to the right causes, at least when she remembered. These men were speaking the truth, and she was glad she could support their cause.

The speaker noticed her. He gestured directly at her from his elevated spot, still addressing the small crowd as much as her. “You right there. Yeah, you, ponytail girl in the flowy skirt, come closer. Don’t just stand on the sidelines.”

Emma stepped forward, cheeks flushing as several pedestrians glanced her way. “I’m an ally,” she said earnestly. She raised her voice to respond, “I marched in 2020. Several times. I voted in every election, donated to BLM causes, signed all the petitions... I’ve been trying to do my part.”

The men exchanged glances. The leader’s expression hardened as he projected his voice even louder, making sure everyone nearby could hear. “That’s cute, princess. Real cute. You marched with your little signs, snapped some selfies for the ‘gram, then went home to your nice West Village apartment. Felt real good about yourself, didn’t you? I’m sure you

voted blue and felt all warm and virtuous. But do you really think that counts as support?”

Emma blinked, confusion knitting her brows. “I... I don’t understand. We showed up. We amplified the message. Isn’t that what allies are supposed to do? I thought you’d be happy about that.”

The leader shook his head, his powerful voice ringing out across the sidewalk. “Nah. That’s just the entry fee. Marching and voting? Bare minimum. That’s you staying comfortable while the real debt keeps piling up. For hundreds of years, Black people have been held in a subservient state to the white man. We’ve been forced to serve, to bow, to build your wealth while getting nothing back. Reparations ain’t just checks or policy changes. It’s reversal. It’s us taking our rightful place on top. White folks finally learning what it feels like to submit and be subservient, to give access and service whenever and however we demand it. That’s the only way the balance gets corrected.”

His words echoed publicly, drawing more stares from passersby. Emma stood frozen, her mind spinning. Subservient... submit... reparations... The guilt hit her, sharp and unexpected. She had always believed her efforts were meaningful and relevant contributions. Michael always praised her for them. Their friends called her “woke.”

Why wasn’t that enough? Why were these men making her feel like she had personally failed, like she still owed a deep, personal debt right here on a public street corner?

The bearded man with a broad chest and permanent half-smirk beside the leader jumped in, his voice also carrying. “Exactly. White subservience is

required now. After centuries under the boot, the least y'all can do is get on your knees and kiss our boots. Show us you're really trying to rectify what your people did. That's how you start proving you're more than just another performative ally."

He looked straight at Emma and added, almost conversationally, "And don't look so shocked, princess. We've seen a hundred of you march and then go home feeling virtuous. You're not special until you prove it."

The leader lifted one heavy Timberland boot and planted it firmly on the edge of the crate, the thick, dusty toe pointing directly toward Emma. Several pedestrians slowed down, phones already out, recording videos with smirks and murmurs.

Shame burned through Emma, sending a deep crimson flush racing from her cheeks down her neck. Her stomach was doing flips.

They're filming this. What if Michael sees it? What if my boss or coworkers stumble across the video?

Yet the fear of looking like a hesitant white woman who walked away overpowered everything else.

I have to show them I'm a real ally. I can't let these videos make me look like just another performative liberal. They'll cancel me if I don't prove I'm truly for the cause.

The conflicting emotions warred inside her. The raw, burning embarrassment clashed with her desperate need to be seen as one of the good ones.

Her flowy mini skirt fluttered lightly around her trembling thighs. She felt a warmth collect low in her belly, making her press her legs together. She hated how exposed and vulnerable she felt in the short, swirling fabric, but she couldn't risk the videos painting her as insufficiently committed.

"I... I want to understand," she said quietly, her voice shaky and barely audible now, eyes locked helplessly on the boot in front of her. "I really do."

The leader looked down at her, his voice booming so the whole corner could hear. "Then start right now. Get on your knees, right here on the sidewalk, and kiss this boot. Prove you actually want to support. Prove you're ready to begin the real reparations."

Emma stood paralyzed, pulse roaring in her ears. She was already running late for the office. Every instinct told her to turn around, to walk away and pretend this had never happened.

She actually shifted her weight, ready to leave.

Then she saw the phones still pointed at her. A couple of people were openly smirking, waiting to see if the well-dressed white woman in the flowy skirt would back down. The thought of becoming another video of a checkbox liberal who talked a big game and then ran away when things got uncomfortable made her stomach twist.

If I walk away right now, that's exactly what I'll look like.

Her throat tightened. She could already imagine the comments. The judgment. The way it would confirm every accusation the men had just thrown at her.

Emma closed her eyes for half a second, then forced them open again. Her legs felt unsteady as she stayed rooted in place, staring at the heavy Timberland boot still waiting for her on the edge of the crate.

Chapter 2: On Her Knees

Emma's heart hammered wildly as the leader's command echoed across the busy corner. Phones were pointed at her from every direction, recording her every movement. Her mini skirt fluttered around her toned thighs in the morning breeze, the short hem feeling dangerously high on her thighs all of a sudden. She could feel the embarrassment crawl up her neck, but a desperate need to prove herself overpowered it.

I can't be the white woman who hesitates on camera. I have to show I'm a real ally.

With trembling legs, she sank slowly to her knees on the dirty sidewalk in front of the milk crate. The mini skirt rode high up her thighs, exposing smooth skin as the gritty concrete pressed into her knees. The crowd murmured as she sank to her knees. Some giggled at the submission she was showing.

The leader went first. He placed his heavy Timberland boot on the edge of the milk crate, offering the top near the toe. Emma leaned forward, blonde hair falling across her flushed face, and pressed her soft lips to the dusty leather in a long, deliberate kiss. She held it for several seconds, making sure every phone captured her submission.

He stepped back. The bearded man took his place, lifting his boot onto the crate. Emma adjusted her knees, trying to relieve the pressure from the concrete and kissed his boot as well. Her lips once again pressed against worn leather. As she sat back up, she couldn't avoid noticing the thick bulge

straining against the front of his jeans, right at her eye level. The denim was pulled tight enough that she could make out the heavy ridge of the head. She swallowed hard, her mouth suddenly dry.

One by one, the other men followed, each alternating as they placed a boot on the crate for her. Emma kissed each one obediently, lingering just long enough to look sincere on video. With every lowered kiss, the prominent bulges in their pants became impossible to ignore. Thick outlines pressed against the fabric. The sight made her cheeks burn hotter and sent a confusing rush of heat between her legs. Her mini skirt had slid up so far she could feel cool air on her dampening panties.

When she finished the last kiss, her knees were marked with indentations, her face a deep crimson, and her lips carried the faint taste of leather and street dust. The men looked down at her with satisfied, hungry expressions.

As she stood, there were pings on several nearby phones. Emma's pinged also, and she looked to see several public air drop notifications appear. She clicked on them all, hoping to see the videos that were captured during her act of support. Maybe she could even share to social media to show her support.

The leader interrupted her thoughts speaking loudly enough for the growing crowd to hear. "That's a start, white girl. Kissing our boots in public like a proper ally. But this is just the beginning of real reparations. You've got a lot more to learn about true submission and support."

The bearded man nodded. "Go to work and think hard about how you can be much more supportive. Not this cute little show. Real support. We'll be right here after you get off. Come back and show us you actually

understood what today means. Don't disappoint us."

Emma rose unsteadily to her feet, tugging her flowy mini skirt down with shaking hands. Her pulse still raced, shame and arousal twisting together inside her. She grabbed her tote bag and hurried down 5th Avenue, already very late for work, the taste of their boots still on her lips and the weight of dozens of videos following her every step.

* * *

By the time Emma burst through the glass doors of her midtown marketing firm, it was almost nine-thirty. She smoothed her mini skirt down, hoping no one would notice the faint dirt on her knees or the persistent flush on her cheeks. The open-plan office buzzed with the usual morning energy, but all she could think about was hearing those deep voices and the taste of leather against her lips.

She slipped into the nine-thirty campaign metrics meeting ten minutes late, apologizing as people turned to look at her. The slides flashed across the screen, but her mind kept slipping back to the sidewalk.

Kneeling in public, kissing their boots while they stared down at me.

She crossed her legs under the table, feeling a fresh throb of heat between them. The image of those thick, heavy bulges so close to her face refused to leave her head. Her nipples tightened against her silk blouse.

Why is this turning me on? I'm married. I'm a professional.

She shifted again, pressing her thighs together, but the arousal only grew.

The meeting finally ended. Emma escaped to the restroom, locking herself in the farthest stall.

As she sat on the toilet, Emma pushed her earbuds into her ears and started playing the first video from the air drop.

A clear profile view of herself appeared on the screen. The leader's deep, commanding voice filled her ears immediately. "Get on your knees." The sound alone made her pussy clench and fresh wetness pulse into her panties. She heard the murmurs and occasional laughter of the crowd as her on-screen self walked forward on shaky legs and slowly dropped to her knees in front of the milk crate.

Emma's heart pounded hard. Watching herself relive the moment from less than two hours ago felt intensely surreal. Everyone is going to see this. They'll know I was the white woman who got on her knees in public. She paused the video, quickly hiked her mini skirt up around her waist, and tugged her drenched panties to the side. Her fingers dove straight to her drenched pussy.

She began circling her swollen clit and hit play again, her eyes locked on her own submissive posture and the way her skirt had shifted so shamefully high on that street corner.

On the screen she leaned forward to press her lips to the first boot. She was shocked at how high her skirt had moved up, exposing so much of her thighs, but the second her lips touched the dusty leather everything else faded. One by one the men placed their boots on the crate. With every submissive kiss, the aching pressure between her legs grew stronger.

When the fourth man stepped up, the camera panned slightly to the right. Emma's breath caught. The side profile clearly showed the thick, heavy bulge straining hard against the front of his jeans.

Fuck... look at how big it is.

She swiped her finger and thumb outward on the screen to zoom in. The image enlarged until the outline of his cock filled most of the display. Even through the denim she could see the thick ridge of the head and the heavy shaft running down his thigh. It looked obscene. Far thicker than anything she had ever encountered.

Emma stared at it, her fingers still moving between her legs. Almost without thinking, she placed her phone on her thigh and slowly traced the outline on the screen with her fingertip, following the shape of him as if she could feel the heat and weight through the glass. The simple act made her clit throb harder against her thumb.

She had noticed the bulges that morning, but seeing one this clearly, and being able to study it, made the size difference impossible to ignore. The massive outline stretched the denim, growing thicker as she watched.

She plunged two fingers deep inside herself, the wet sound loud in the quiet stall, thumb working her clit in tighter circles. She watched herself continue kissing their boots while those huge, hardening members hovered right in front of her face on the screen. The sight was filthy and overwhelming, and her pussy clenched hard around her fingers.

The camera zoomed out as she rose from her knees. The leader stepped forward again, his own massive bulge prominently visible as his deep voice boomed through the earbuds about true submission.

That was all it took.

Emma came hard, biting down fiercely on her lip to choke back the moan rising in her throat. Powerful waves of pleasure crashed through her body, making her thighs tremble uncontrollably as wetness spilled over her fingers and onto the toilet seat. The orgasm stretched on, intense and overwhelming, until she was left gasping and slick.

A wave of relief washed over her, but the shame only deepened.

The taste of leather still lingered on her lips, and the image of herself on her knees kissing Black men's boots while strangers filmed her made her stomach twist with disgust. She should have been horrified. She was horrified.

Yet even as the shame burned hotter, her fingers were already moving

again, slowly circling her still-sensitive clit. Before she could stop herself, she reached for her phone and restarted the video from the beginning.

I shouldn't watch it again.

But her thumb hit play anyway. The moment the leader's voice filled her ears and she saw herself dropping to her knees once more, a fresh throb of heat pulsed between her legs.

She came a second time just as the video showed her leaning forward to kiss the fourth man's boot. The orgasm was sharper, almost painful in its intensity, leaving her slumped against the stall wall with her legs trembling and her fingers still buried in her dripping pussy. It took her several long minutes to catch her breath and clean herself up.

When she finally stepped out of the stall, her cheeks were still flushed and her panties were saturated again. She knew the relief would only be temporary. The images of herself on her knees, skirt riding high, were already burned into her mind, waiting to pull her back the next time a quiet moment arrived.

The rest of the morning crawled by in emails and campaign notes. Every few minutes the thoughts returned, even stronger now that she had seen the video.

Those powerful legs surrounding me. Their approving stares. How wet I got just from kissing their boots.

She squeezed her thighs under her desk, feeling herself grow slick again. When a colleague stopped by to ask about a project, Emma gave professional advice while secretly imagining kneeling in front of the men again after work.

*** * ***

Lunch with Sarah and Josh was torture. She picked at her salad, nodding along to their conversation, but her mind was elsewhere.

I came in the bathroom thinking about sucking on their boots like a desperate slut. Why does that memory make me throb?

Heat pooled low in her belly. She crossed and uncrossed her legs repeatedly, trying to ease the building ache. By the time she picked up to leave, her panties clung wetly to her again.

The afternoon meetings were even worse. In the strategy session on the social justice campaign, the team focused on how to show more support for the Black community. Emma smiled politely, but her mind was on the support she showed that morning.

If only they knew I spent my morning on my knees kissing Black men's boots while their dicks got hard.

The thought made her clit pulse. She had to excuse herself early.

She returned to the restroom just after three o'clock. This time she didn't even tell herself it was for anything else. She locked the stall, yanked her skirt up, and fingered herself furiously, plunging two fingers deep inside while her thumb again moved to her clit.

She pulled out her phone with her free hand and opened the hidden album. Scrolling quickly, she selected a different video, this one shot from directly behind her.

The angle was merciless.

On the screen she watched herself bend forward to kiss the boots, her mini skirt slipping all the way up her thighs. The crotch of her lacy panties was completely exposed to the entire crowd, the dark wet spot clearly visible and growing larger with every kiss. The fabric clung obscenely to her soaked pussy as she bent to each boot, the glistening evidence of her arousal impossible to miss, the wet patch spreading further each time she shifted her knees.

Emma's body shook with fresh humiliation, but the sight made her clit throb hard against her thumb. She plunged her fingers deeper, fucking herself faster while staring at the video of her own dripping panties plastered to her lips and on full public display.

Everyone saw how wet I was. Fuck. They all knew I was getting turned on by submitting and kissing their boots.

The degrading view of her darkened crotch and ass on full display for strangers while she submitted was too much. Her second orgasm slammed into her even harder than the first. Her legs shook violently as her pussy clenched around her fingers. She bit down hard on her arm to muffle the desperate moan that tore from her throat. Pleasure ripped through her in shuddering waves until she was left panting with her juices dripping down her thighs.

Even after the orgasm faded, the thoughts refused to leave her. The last hour of her afternoon was filled with the memory of leather on her lips and those powerful Black men towering over her. And now that she had watched the other video, the filthy knowledge that dozens of strangers now had video proof of her wet panties while she knelt in submission, sent her stomach fluttering and kept her panties consistently wet.

Around four-thirty, Michael texted asking about dinner, but Emma's thighs were slick again and her mind was made up.

She typed back that she would be home late and he should just grab some take out.

She already knew exactly where she was going after work.

Chapter 3: The Return

Emma left the office right at five. She had been watching the clock for the last thirty minutes, her body buzzing with anticipation. Now she was retracing her steps from that morning, hurrying back to the corner and the men who had demanded her submission.

She told herself she was only going to learn more ways to show support. Her body already knew better. It craved the thrill of kneeling for them again, of discovering exactly what they would require next.

As she rounded the final corner, a rush of excitement hit her, quickly followed by a spike of anxiety.

But the men had already spotted her.

“Ah, I knew you’d come back, princess,” the leader called out with a smug grin. He gestured toward the milk crate. “Come forward.”

Emma’s knees nearly buckled. Her legs trembled as she stepped into the same spot where she had submitted earlier that day.

The leader placed a firm but gentle hand on her shoulder. Emma offered no resistance. As she lowered herself to her knees, she felt her slick pussy lips slide wetly against each other.

Phones rose around her once again. She knew this was being recorded, just like before. She gave her skirt a quick tug, trying to preserve a shred of modesty before the inevitable boot appeared on the crate.

“Are you still willing to show your support, to submit completely?” the leader asked, his voice carrying over the sidewalk. “Because this morning was only the beginning.”

Emma leaned down slowly and pressed her lips to the same spot she had kissed earlier.

“My boots are looking a little dusty,” he said, nodding at the worn Timberlands. “I think they could use a cleaning.”

Emma’s cunt pulsed hard at his words. She opened her mouth, first giving the toe of the boot a slow, open-mouthed kiss. She pulled back just enough to admire the shiny wet spot she had left, then extended her tongue and dragged it wetly across the leather.

“That’s it, blondie. Show your white submission to your Black king,” he said from above her.

Emma shifted to the side of the boot, flattening her tongue to cover more surface. She glanced up and saw the leader’s approving smile as she continued licking. The thick bulge in his jeans grew noticeably larger with every stroke of her tongue. She moved to the other side, repeating the

process, then leaned even further to reach the heel.

In this position, she realized her entire crotch was on full display again, the slippery wetness visible to those behind. A wicked little thrill ran through her. She gave her ass a subtle shake, knowing someone was almost certainly capturing the moment.

When she finished the first boot, the leader presented the other. As he shifted his foot, his heavy meat moved visibly inside his jeans, the thick ridge of the head pressing clearly against the denim.

Emma's breath caught at the sight, but she didn't hesitate. She bathed the second boot with the same slow, devoted attention, the dusty leather turning slick under her tongue while the thick outline of his cock shifted just above her face.

As she flattened her tongue and dragged it slowly along the side of the second boot, Emma became even more aware of how exposed she was. The short skirt had ridden dangerously high, and every shift of her body sent the light afternoon breeze brushing across the soaked crotch of her panties. She could feel the fabric clinging obscenely to her swollen lips, the wetness growing with each deliberate lick. The knowledge that the crowd behind her had a clear view only made her pulse faster.

Once both boots were glistening, she remained on her knees, looking up at the leader for further instruction.

He reached down and grabbed the back of her ponytail, using it like a

handle to pull her face closer to his crotch until she was only inches away.

“Now kiss here,” he commanded. “Show your submission by kissing the balls that will breed the next generation of Black men to lead you and others like you.”

The fat head of his black dick strained hard against the fabric as he spoke.

Emma paused for just a second. Long enough for him to start to question her.

“I knew—”

But she didn’t want her dedication doubted.

She leaned in and pressed her face fully against his crotch. The heat radiating through the denim was shocking, almost burning against her cheek. His length felt impossibly heavy, thick and solid as it strained down the leg of his jeans.

The masculine scent hit her at once, dense and musky, stronger than anything she had ever experienced. It filled her nose, heavy with the scent of clean sweat and something darker. Her head spun.

Emma knew she should pull back, but she lingered longer than she

intended, breathing him in deeply. Her lips brushed against the thick outline as she inhaled again and again, letting the raw, virile smell sink into her. A soft, needy sound escaped her throat before she could stop it.

Oh my God. I've never smelled anything so... manly.

She inhaled deeper, committing the smell to memory, then moved to the side of his crotch where his massive tool ran down the leg of his pants. The scent was different there but just as pungent. She kissed just below the base of his shaft, breathing in through her nose and allowing the heat of her breath to exit through her mouth, sending warm pulses into the man's clothing.

The man vocalized a subtle, approving moan. She kissed and sniffed greedily, her lips eventually finding the base of his massive shaft through the denim. With open-mouthed kisses, she worked her way down the thick outline until she reached the swollen head.

She placed two wet kisses directly on the visible ridge, then breathed hot air through the fabric. When she pulled back slightly, she saw a small wet spot of precum leaking through the jeans.

Emma moved in again, covering the spot with her open mouth. Her tongue slid across the fabric, tasting the salty, slightly musky fluid. She licked eagerly, coaxing more of it out.

“Very good,” the leader said, glancing up as a mounted policeman slowly approached down the street. “You’re showing real promise. Hand me your wallet.”

“M-my wallet?” Emma asked, surprised.

“Oh, because I’m Black you think I’m going to steal it?” he said, sounding disgusted. “I thought we were making progress.”

“No, no... I’m sorry. It was just unexpected. Here.” She quickly pulled her wallet from her bag and handed it to him.

He opened it, removed her driver’s license, and snapped a photo. “Okay, Emma Carson,” he read aloud. Then he spotted her work badge hanging from her tote and took a picture of that too. “Now you’ll return here tomorrow. And every day after. If you don’t, I know exactly where you live and where you work.”

Emma swallowed hard. She already knew she would be back. The thrill of today made that undeniable, but them having her personal information made her nervous. The anonymity she had enjoyed was gone.

“You can call me King Jermaine or Sir when you address me,” he added sternly. “Every single time. Fail to do so and there will be consequences. In fact, you can address all my brothers here as King as well.”

“Damn straight,” said the bearded man, laughing. “King Omar next time, Emma. Maybe if you bow low enough, I’ll tap my sword on your shoulders.”

“Yes, Sir,” Emma replied softly. “I’ll definitely come back tomorrow. I promise.”

As she rose to her feet, the group began gathering their things and heading the opposite direction from the approaching officer. Emma turned toward home, her mind spinning with everything that had just happened.

Chapter 4: The Next Day

Emma awoke the next morning and slowly began preparing for her day. Michael had been sweet and attentive when she finally got home the night before, kissing her and asking about her long day at the office. The guilt had settled heavily in her chest as she lied to his face, telling him she had simply been stuck at work.

In reality, she had rushed back to that corner because she desperately wanted to submit to those dominant Black men again. Michael was a good husband, but he was so meek compared to those men, not to mention that his thin build and average penis length made the men dwarf him in physical appearance as well.

Even though she knew returning today would likely pull her into even deeper acts of submission, she couldn't stop herself. They had her full name, her address, and her workplace. There was no escaping them now.

Besides, she didn't want to escape.

She craved their commanding presence and raw power. She had even felt a sharp pang of disappointment yesterday afternoon when no new AirDrop videos appeared after her second, more intimate display. She kept wondering what the footage looked like from the perspective of the strangers watching. She pictured herself on her knees, face pressed against King Jermaine's bulging crotch, breathing him in like she was addicted.

The memory alone sent a fresh wave of heat through her body as she stood in front of her closet, choosing her outfit for the day.

Emma continued getting ready, lingering in the shower far longer than usual. Hot water cascaded over her body as her hand slipped between her thighs. She closed her eyes and replayed the videos from yesterday, remembering the intoxicating, manly scent of King Jermaine when she had pressed her nose and lips against his bulging crotch. The memory alone made her tremble. She rubbed her swollen clit faster, biting her lip as a powerful orgasm washed over her under the steam.

She stepped out of the bedroom just as Michael was grabbing his keys to leave. He leaned in and gave Emma a quick kiss before heading out the door.

“Have a good day, babe,” he said with a smile before heading out. His schedule was more strict than hers, so he couldn’t wait around for her to finish getting ready this morning.

Once she was alone, Emma poured herself a cup of coffee and sat at the kitchen counter. She couldn’t resist pulling out her phone and opening the video shot from behind her. The sight was shameless. Her flowy mini skirt was hiked all the way up with her moistened panties clinging tightly to the shape of her pussy. The dark wet spot was clearly visible as she knelt and kissed their boots.

She wondered how many people had seen it. At least twenty strangers had been standing there when she finally stood up, and the air drops had spread quickly. She knew at least one of those videos would end up online or get passed around.

Emma's pussy had stayed constantly wet ever since her display yesterday. She almost wished she had asked one of the strangers recording for a copy of their video. She would have to make do with her memories.

King Jermaine's potent masculine scent still clung to the inside of her nose, and the thick, heavy feel of his black dick pressing against her lips through the denim had burned itself into her mind like a brand. Even hours later she could almost taste the salt of the precum she had licked from the fabric.

Curious, she opened her browser and tried several search terms for footage of her second submission, the moment her face had been buried in King Jermaine's crotch. Nothing came up. She sighed.

It was a long shot anyway.

Emma gathered her things and headed out the door. She walked briskly to the street corner on 5th Avenue where she found the men yesterday, but she was surprised to see the sidewalk empty. She was immediately disappointed although there was also a sense of relief. She wasn't sure how she would have stopped on her own. If the men just didn't show back up, that may resolve things for her.

She continued on to work, getting there on time today. She was still distracted with the thoughts from the previous day, and she still made a trip to the bathroom stall just before lunchtime.

Around three o'clock, the receptionist appeared at her desk holding a bouquet of chocolate from the candy shop a couple blocks away.

"Looks like someone has a secret admirer," Judy intoned in a sing song voice.

"Oh, wow," Emma responded. "Must be from Michael. Thanks, Judy."

Emma took the bouquet as Judy returned to her desk. Emma removed the card from the envelope simply labeled "Emma" and read it.

You seemed to really like chocolate yesterday. This should help while you're at work. Be at Nusr-Et, the steakhouse just down the street at six. The reservation is under your name, Emma Carson. We have more chocolate for you... and more submission.

Emma's heart sped up as she read the note. The simple, commanding words sent a rush of heat straight between her legs. Before she even opened the link or looked at the video, she could feel herself getting wet, her pussy clenching at the recollection of what had happened on that corner.

Her nipples tightened against her blouse and a fresh trickle of arousal soaked into the crotch of her skimpy thong. She shifted in her chair, pressing her thighs together, but it only made the growing ache worse.

Fuck. They haven't gone anywhere. They're just changing where I'm meeting

them.

As she went to put the card back into the envelope, she noticed a slip of paper in it. She removed the slip and noticed it had a web address on it.

Using her phone — there was no fucking way she was using her work computer for this — she typed in the URL and clicked “go.”

The link took her to a porn site. As it began, she realized it was on that same street corner, and when the camera panned toward the men, she saw herself, already on her knees just as King Jermaine was raising his first boot onto the milk crate.

Emma paused the video and glanced nervously over both shoulders. Seeing no one watching, she hurried back to the ladies’ room, locked herself in a stall, and lifted her short skirt. Today she had chosen a skimpy, sexy thong, hoping the men would be on the corner again and wanting to show even more of herself.

She pulled the thin front panel of the thong to the side and hit play.

On the screen, she watched herself lean down to place the first kiss on the boot. The camera angle was merciless, capturing every humiliating detail. Her ponytail swung as she moved from boot to boot. Her short skirt rode dangerously high up her thighs. The obvious dark wet spot had soaked through the crotch of her panties. The fabric clung obscenely to her swollen lips, the glistening evidence of her arousal impossible to miss even from a distance. Emma’s fingers found her swollen clit and began rubbing in fast,

needy circles as fresh shame and excitement flooded through her.

As the video continued, she plunged two fingers deep inside her soaked pussy. The sight of her own submission, the way her ass and dripping thong were on full display for the crowd, pushed her closer to the edge. When the clip showed her pressing her face against King Jermaine's massive bulge, breathing in his scent and licking his precum through the denim, she came hard. Her thighs shook and she had to bite her arm to stay quiet as the orgasm tore through her.

Even after the intense release, she didn't stop. She kept the video playing on loop and brought herself to a second, shuddering climax while staring at the clear evidence of her arousal on screen.

By the time she finally stepped out of the stall on shaky legs, it was nearly four. The next hour dragged by in a haze. She answered emails and clicked links on her computer absentmindedly, but her thoughts stayed fixed on the steakhouse reservation. Every few minutes she felt a fresh throb between her legs at the thought of what the men might demand of her tonight.

At five-fifteen she messaged Michael, telling him that she'd be late again — business dinner. Then she shut down her laptop, touched up her makeup, and adjusted her short skirt. Her heart pounded with a mixture of nerves and dark excitement. She had no idea what awaited her at the steakhouse, but she knew she was going to find out.

Chapter 5: Dinner at Nusr-Et

Emma's heels clicked against the polished sidewalk outside Nusr-Et as she approached the upscale steakhouse. The restaurant was glowing with warm amber light in the early evening. The city hummed around her with taxis honking and pedestrians rushing home from work, but her world had narrowed to the heavy beat of her heart and the persistent, aching throb between her legs.

She decided to change just before leaving the office into a sleek black dress that hugged her curves, the hem stopping teasingly mid-thigh. She kept it in her office in case of impromptu business dinners. She didn't bother with the jacket tonight since this wasn't really business.

The dress was modest enough for a professional woman but short enough to remind her exactly why she was walking toward this place. The flowy mini skirt from that morning felt like a lifetime ago. Now she was voluntarily stepping into the lion's den because she couldn't stay away.

Her stomach fluttered with nerves as the hostess gave her a polite smile and led her through the elegant main dining room. The restaurant was busy with well-dressed couples and business groups, the air rich with the scent of seared meat and expensive wine. In the back, a large booth waited. The six men were already there, seated around the darkened table. Candlelight danced across their dark skin and powerful frames. King Jermaine rose first, his broad shoulders and commanding presence filling the space. The others followed, their eyes sweeping over her body with open, unapologetic hunger.

“Princess,” Jermaine said, his deep voice rolling through her like thunder. “You came. I knew you would.”

Emma’s cheeks burned as she took the seat they had saved for her between Andre, who was one of the older men, and Jermaine. Omar, the bearded man, sat across from her, looking at her like he also had expected her to be there.

Immediately, Jermaine’s hands were on her. A warm palm rested high on her thigh under the heavy tablecloth. Fingers from another brushed her arm. Jermaine’s hand moved and settled possessively on her lower back, his thumb stroking slow circles that sent sparks straight to her core. The touch was casual to anyone glancing over, but to Emma it felt electric and dangerous. The touch was utterly thrilling as it coursed through her married body. Her nipples tightened against the fabric of her dress, and she could already feel her thong growing damp with anticipation.

Delicate plates of carpaccio, oysters, and rich cheeses arrived along with a bottle of expensive red wine. Conversation flowed easily at first as they discussed the city, the weather, and their work in the community. But every word, even in the minor discussions, carried weight. Every glance reminded her why she was sitting there. Jermaine’s hand never left her. It moved on her thigh, sliding higher than before, the heat of his palm seeping through the thin fabric. Fingers traced the hem of her dress, then Jermaine’s hand boldly guided hers beneath the tablecloth until her palm pressed firmly against the massive bulge straining in his pants.

Emma froze.

Her pussy clenched involuntarily, a fresh rush of wetness soaking into her

panties. She could feel the massive ridge that separated the head from the thick shaft. The heat radiated from him, making her mouth water and her breath come faster.

Her hand trembled as it absorbed the outline, feeling it twitch and grow harder under her touch. Her fingers traced the impossible thickness, and she felt a jolt of disbelief.

Oh my God... it's so much bigger than Michael.

Even half-hard, Jermaine's big black dick felt heavier and thicker than her husband ever got when fully erect. The sheer size made her stomach flutter with nervous excitement. She squeezed gently, trying to wrap her fingers around it, but they didn't even meet. The contrast was shocking.

"I... I'm married," she whispered, voice barely audible over the soft clink of silverware and ambient restaurant noise.

Jermaine's eyes darkened with amusement and something sharper. He leaned in, his breath warm against her ear. "We know this. And yet here you are, stroking a Black man's cock under the table like a good little ally. If you were truly for the cause, you wouldn't hesitate. Or is your 'support' only convenient when it doesn't cost you anything real?"

The words landed like a slap. Shame flooded her chest, hot and sharp, but so did a fresh gush of wetness between her legs. Her thong was already drenched. She didn't pull her hand away. Instead, her fingers tightened around the thick shaft, stroking slowly across it through his pants as the

waiter brought the next course. The risk of being seen only made her arousal deepen, her nipples tight against the fabric of her dress. She could feel her juices starting to trickle down her inner thigh.

Dinner continued with increasing boldness. The men talked casually about politics, reparations, and “true equality,” while under the table, Jermaine’s hand slid further up her thigh, rubbing the crotch of her thong.

Suddenly, Jermaine’s hand reached up, moving behind her neck and guided her head down. Emma’s heart slammed against her ribs. This was a public restaurant. Elegant. Crowded. Expensive. Anyone glancing their way might notice. But as her face lowered, hovering near his lap, the heavy, masculine scent of him hit her like a drug. Musk, clean sweat, and pure male arousal. She inhaled deeply, her resistance crumbling in seconds as her pussy throbbed with need.

Jermaine undid his pants under the tablecloth. No underwear lay beneath. His massive shaft sprang free, thick and heavy, veins pulsing along the length. Easily more than twice her husband’s size already, the dark shaft and head continued expanding further.

The head was already leaking a steady stream of clear, slippery precum. Emma’s mouth watered instantly. She wrapped her lips around the very tip, sucking gently at first, then deeper. The flavor was salty-sweet and addictive. She lowered her head, swirling her tongue around the crown, her mouth opening wide as she worked to accommodate his size. She could barely fit the the bell-shaped glans in her mouth. Her lips stretched to reach the shaft, and she could feel every vein and ridge against them as her tongue worked to collect every bit of his nectar.

Jermaine's hand rested lightly on the back of her head, making sure she stayed in place. "That's it, princess. Show your submission right here. Someone you know may walk by. Maybe your boss is eating here tonight. It's public, but this is how you serve."

She sucked him eagerly, tongue flicking into the hole as it leaked, lips sliding up and down the sides of the thick shaft. Precum flowed freely now, coating her tongue. She swallowed greedily, the taste making her pussy clench rhythmically.

"Take it deeper," King Jermaine told her.

She pushed it further into her mouth, bumping the entrance of her throat.

When he pushed her head down further, she gagged softly but held, eyes watering, determined to please him. She had one or two inches push into her throat, stretching it. Saliva dripped down her chin onto his balls as she worked. The wet, obscene sounds were muffled somewhat by her position, but she was sure the other men at the table could hear them.

The men ate and talked casually above the table, occasionally glancing down with approving smirks. The casual discussion as she performed this lewd act caused Emma's some embarrassment, but her arousal was off the charts. Her thong was soaked through, her thighs slippery. She could feel her juices trickling down as she sucked. Her clit throbbed with every bob of her head.

Andre tugged at her dress, pulling it up over her ass as she worked King

Jermaine's member. Soon, she felt her thong pulled aside and Andre's two long fingers being pumped into her white cunt.

"Is anyone ready for dessert?" the waiter asked.

Shit. The waiter's here?

Emma wasn't expecting that. One of the men handed the waiter some cash, "Feel free to watch," she heard Omar say.

"Watch what?" said the waiter, clearly doing the job of a good waiter at a restaurant that values the privacy of the patrons. But he stayed anyway, looking on.

As she continued working King Jermaine's throbbing dick, Emma caught a glimpse through a small gap under the tablecloth. A woman at a nearby table turned slightly. For a split second their eyes almost met. Emma froze with Jermaine's dick still in her mouth.

Is that Sarah from accounting?

She couldn't be sure, but the possibility sent a fresh spike of panic and arousal through her. If it was someone she knew, they might see her under the table with a Black stranger's cock between her lips. The thought made her suck harder, shame and thrill twisting together.

The diamond of Emma's engagement ring caught the light, sparkling as she stroked Jermaine's shaft and sucked harder. The naughtiness of the situation bringing her arousal to new heights.

Jermaine's thickness swelled and pulsed in her mouth. When he was ready, he pulled her hair, lifting her head just enough. Thick ropes of cum pumped onto her tongue. The volume was shocking. It was so hot, thick, and seemingly endless. She swallowed frantically, trying to keep up, but a few dribbles escaped down her chin, falling onto her wrist. She licked them up greedily, cleaning him thoroughly before he tucked himself away.

The check came. The bill was nearly five thousand dollars.

Jermaine slid it toward her with a satisfied smile. "Your card, princess. This is just the start of your reparations. A small price to pay for everything your people have taken."

Emma's hands shook as she handed over her personal credit card. The men watched with deep satisfaction as she signed for the expensive meal. The message was crystal clear. Her money, her body, her time, all belonged to them now.

Fuck. How am I going to hide this from Michael.

As they left the restaurant, Jermaine leaned in close, his hand possessively on her ass. "Tomorrow. You know where we'll be. You better stop by on your way to work. Get there early. I have some jobs for you to do."

Emma walked home on unsteady legs, cum still faintly tasting on her tongue, her mind spinning with shame, guilt, and overwhelming desire. She knew she would obey.

Chapter 6: Back to the Corner

When Emma returned home that night after the steakhouse, Michael greeted her at the door.

“Hey, babe. You know that firm is working you to death,” he consoled as he pressed his lips to hers in a loving kiss.

She didn’t want to seem unresponsive, so she kissed him back. Her pussy hadn’t stopped dripping since she swallowed King Jermaine’s cum in the restaurant. She was horny.

Too horny.

Her lips parted as she snaked her tongue out to trace her husband’s lips.

He has no idea he’s tasting King Jermaine’s cum right now. He doesn’t notice.

Apparently Michael didn’t know the taste that was in his wife’s mouth, or maybe he was too excited by her kiss to even register the flavor. Either way, Emma didn’t care, she needed fucked, even if it wasn’t the cock she had imagined fucking her all night.

“Wow, someone really missed me today,” Michael said with a grin, clearly pleased by her sudden eagerness. He didn’t seem to notice the faint salty-musky taste lingering on her tongue or the subtle masculine scent that still clung to her skin and clothes.

Ten minutes later, Emma climbed off of their bed to clean up. Thank God she was so aroused from the last couple of days and the restaurant. She came almost immediately. But so did Michael. If she wasn’t already on the edge, it would have been extremely disappointing.

The next morning, Emma woke up even before her alarm. She was excited. The thought of King Jermaine’s BBC pulsing as he pumped his load into her mouth immediately popped into her mind. The taste of his manly essence as it slid across her tongue and down her throat as she gulped still lingered. Maybe just as sensory memory, but to Emma, the taste was seared into her taste buds.

She jumped up, getting into the shower before Michael even awoke. When he came into the bathroom to brush his teeth, he sensed a difference.

“What’s got you up so early? Normally you’d be dragging yourself out of bed like a zombie much later than this.”

Emma answered carefully. “Just excited about the new campaign we’re presenting today. I’m hoping it’s as memorable as I’m wishing for it to be.”

She carefully selected a dress that would be short enough to ride up again. She craved the thrill of finding a recording later of her ass sticking out as

she kisses the men's boots. She left the underwear off today, already feeling herself moisten from the thought of flashing the cameras.

Emma kissed Michael goodbye after she finished dressing. She moved quickly out her front door, hustling down to the street corner, thrilled to please King Jermaine.

It was still early. There weren't many people around when she arrived. Five of the men were there behind a plywood divider that gave them limited privacy. King Jermaine stood in the middle of the group, directing their strategy for the day.

"Emma," his deep voice boomed. "I hope the rest of your night was as amazing as dinner."

Emma blushed, immediately recognizing his reference. "You said you needed me to do some work."

"I said I have some jobs for you to do. Come here," his voice commanded.

He grabbed a chair cushion from one of the seats nearby and tossed it onto the ground at Emma's feet. Without even being told, Emma knelt on it and leaned forward to kiss his boots.

The deep rumble of his laugh startled Emma. "Not that right now, but you do need to remain kneeling," he intoned as he tugged his zipper down.

He hauled his massive member out. Emma's eyes widened.

He wants me to suck him off here? On this street corner?

They had some privacy from the plywood, but anyone could easily look around it. And even people just passing by on the other street, had a direct view if they were paying any attention.

The streets were still quiet, but the few people walking by on their morning commute to work slowed down when they saw what was happening behind the plywood divider. Emma felt incredibly exposed. It was barely past seven in the morning, and she was already on her knees about to service five Black men in broad daylight while the city woke up around her.

But Emma knew there were no questions when King Jermaine gave his orders. She took hold of him in her left hand, seeing her diamond engagement ring sparkle as the morning light caught it, and put the semi-erect dick into her mouth.

Emma's heart pounded as she wrapped her soft, warm lips around the thick head of King Jermaine's cock. The moment her tongue touched the swollen tip, a heavy bead of precum oozed out, coating her taste buds with a rich, salty-sweet flavor that made her moan softly around him.

The heavy, masculine scent of him filled her nose, making her head spin. She inhaled deeper, trying to engrain his scent in her nostrils for the

remainder of the day. She felt her pussy throb, leaking down her thighs as she sucked him with growing hunger.

She sucked gently at first, savoring the warmth and the way his shaft pulsed against her tongue. His head was so thick her jaw had to stretch to take him, but the discomfort and the contrast of his dick to her husband's only made her wetter. She bobbed her head slowly, taking more of him into her mouth, gagging lightly as he bumped the back of her throat.

She worked his heavy meat with her hand, using her saliva and the precum that was pouring from the tip of Jermaine's tool as a lubricant to stroke him while her tongue swabbed the head and her lips caressed his dark shaft.

She saw from the corner of her eye that the other men were pulling themselves out as well. All of them carried long, heavy-looking equipment.

Omar went second. He wasn't quite as thick as Jermaine, but he made no effort to hide how much he enjoyed the audience. He rested a strong hand on the back of her head and spoke loud enough for the people slowing on the sidewalk to hear.

"Look at this married white girl. Seven in the morning and she's already on her knees cleaning black dick like it's her job. That's a real ally right there."

He pushed a little deeper when she gagged, smiling down at her.

Andre moved in next. He was quieter, almost silent except for a low, satisfied sound when her lips stretched around him. His hands stayed firm on her shoulders, guiding her pace without commentary, as if the public spectacle was secondary to simply using her mouth. The contrast made her stomach flip. With Omar she felt displayed, but with Andre she felt like an vessel.

Emma moved from one to the next at Jermaine's direction as they stepped forward, her lips stretching wide around each thick, veiny shaft. Each one felt and tasted different. Jermaine's had been the thickest, stretching her jaw. Omar's was longer, the heavy head easily bumping the back of her throat and making her gag softly. Andre's leaked a heavier precum that coated her tongue and made her moan around him.

She continued worshipping them with long, slow licks from base to tip. She alternated, swirling her tongue around the heads and licking down their shafts to their heavy balls. Precum flowed freely, making her lips slippery, dripping down her chin, and staining her blouse. She swallowed as much as she could, the addictive, overwhelming variety of their flavors only emphasizing the lewdness of what she was doing and making her wetter.

Passersby slowed. Phones came out. Emma could see them recording her on her knees, servicing these powerful Black men in the shimmering morning light. The humiliation burned through her, but it only made her suck harder. She fingered herself openly now, two fingers plunging in and out of her soaked pussy while her mouth worked the next cock.

The men groaned in approval, their hands resting on her ponytail or shoulders as they fed her their precum. Some were gentle, letting her worship at her own pace. Others were firmer, holding her head and fucking into her throat. Emma gagged and drooled, tears of effort mixing with the precum on her face.

Soon, cum began to flow. The thick, heavy loads poured out. She swallowed as best she could, but some spilled down her chin and onto her blouse, leaving wet, sticky spots on the fabric.

By the time she had serviced all five men, her blouse was dotted with drool and cum, her face flushed and messy, and her pussy was dripping down her thighs. She was extremely aroused, fingers still buried inside herself as she knelt there panting, her body trembling with need.

The men zipped up, looking satisfied. “Good girl,” Jermaine said, patting her head. “Now get to the office. We’ll see you after.”

Emma’s eyes shot open, but she said nothing. Instead, she rose on shaky legs, adjusting her blouse and skirt as best she could. At least she wouldn’t be late for work today, but the ache between her legs and the taste of their cum in her mouth would be a reminder of what she did. It made her smile as she hurried down the street.

As she hurried toward her office, Emma glanced down and realized several wet spots of cum had soaked through her blouse. The fabric clung to her skin in obvious patches. A fresh wave of panic hit her.

What if I run into someone from work? What if the spots don’t wipe off at the office?

The thought should have horrified her. Instead, it sent another throb of

arousal between her legs as she imagined trying to act normal in meetings while still carrying the evidence of what she had done.

Chapter 7: Full Exposure

Emma wasn't sure exactly how she was going to explain getting home late again. It was the question that was on her mind all day, until mid-afternoon when a text message popped up on her phone.

It was another link.

She quickly made her way back to that restroom stall. It was clear once the video started that it was one of the men she had sucked that recorded the video. She hadn't even noticed, but with those big black cocks surrounding her, she shouldn't have been surprised that she was distracted. Her focus revolved only at the level of those thick members.

Watching the video and seeing the spit and cum that dripped to her blouse, Emma was brought back to that morning. She rubbed her clit frantically, losing herself almost instantly. She could still taste their cum on her tongue. She'd been savoring it all day.

As she continued watching and closed in on her orgasm, she realized the video completely showed her face. It wasn't a private link either.

Just a video of my face as I suck off several black cocks on the world's largest porn site. God, someone I know is sure to see this.

She thought this and her pussy spasmed uncontrollably. Just then, the door opened as someone else entered. Emma stifled her cries, but her body was already on its way. Her pelvis racked hard as she began to spray in pulses, squirting the stall door, causing the splash hitting the metal to ring out.

“Are you okay?” a voice called out.

“Y-y-yes,” Emma forced out, not sounding very convincing.

She wasn’t sure who it was, but she was happy not to know. She didn’t want to be facing them in the office after this, wondering if they knew she was getting off in the bathroom, much less try to explain why.

Emma had only been back at her desk for twenty minutes when three of the younger associates clustered around a phone near the copy machine started laughing in that particular way that made her stomach drop. One of them, a guy from the social media team named Tyler, waved her over.

“Emma, come look at this shit. I think you’ll notice something familiar here.”

She stood on unsteady legs and walked over, already bracing for the worst. The video was playing muted, but the moment the screen tilted toward her she recognized the plywood barrier and the stores across the street. It was the corner from that morning with the same group of Black men. And there she was on her knees, blouse already dotted with spit and cum, moving from one thick black dick to the next.

Her heart slammed so hard she thought the others must hear it. For several long seconds she was certain they had recognized her. The angle was slightly different from the one she'd watched earlier. This one more from the side, with her face half-obsured by the nearest man's hip and her swinging ponytail. Still, it felt impossibly obvious. She waited for someone to say her name. For the silence to turn sharp. For the end of everything.

Instead Tyler just shook his head and laughed. "Bro, look at this BBC slut. Straight up on a public sidewalk on her way to work, sucking every one of them off. No shame at all."

One of the women beside him leaned in closer. "I walk past that exact corner every day. That's the Duane Reade and the Starbucks on 5th. She's doing this right out in the open where anyone can see?"

"And she's into it," Tyler added, zooming in slightly on the way Emma's left hand was working one shaft while her mouth stretched around another. "Look at her. She's even got a wedding ring on. Some married chick who decided black dick was worth the risk."

Emma's face burned, but the flood between her legs was immediate and humiliating. Her pussy clenched hard, still sensitive from the orgasm she'd just had in the stall. She forced a short, awkward laugh and nodded like she was just as shocked as they were, all while her juices clung to her bare lips threatening to flood down her legs. Instead just a fresh trickle of arousal escaped down her inner thigh. They had no idea it was her. The angle and the morning light had hidden just enough. The relief should have cooled her down.

It didn't.

At 5:15 she grabbed her bag and headed to the corner. She didn't know exactly what would happen, but her stomach was doing flips from a dizzying mix of fear and dark excitement.

Emma's legs were still trembling as she hurried back toward the street corner. The thick, salty taste of the men's cum still coated her tongue from that morning. The potent, addictive reminder refused to fade. Her pussy was flooded, her bare lips rubbing wetly together with every hurried step. The thrilling, risky decision to go without panties that morning now left her completely vulnerable, threatening to expose her at any moment as she returned to bow to them.

As she rounded the corner, the men were waiting. King Jermaine stood elevated on his makeshift platform, his powerful voice booming across the sidewalk as he delivered another fiery speech about the Black New World Order.

"...and the time for half-measures is over!" he proclaimed, his deep, resonant tone carrying over the evening traffic. "White submission isn't optional. It's required. Reparations mean reversal. It means white bodies serving Black superiority in every way. White mouths, white pussies, white asses, all given freely whenever and however we demand it. That's the only way the balance gets corrected. No more fake performances. No more marching with your little signs and going home to your comfortable lives. Real submission starts right here, on your knees."

The crowd had grown larger than previous days. Phones were already out, recording. Emma's heart raced as she stepped closer, already knowing her

place.

King Jermaine's sharp eyes found her immediately. A satisfied, predatory smile spread across his face. He gestured toward the front, tossing a cushion down in front of the milk crate on the sidewalk.

"Come here, princess," he called out, his voice carrying for the whole corner to hear. "Show these people what a real white ally looks like."

Shame flooded Emma's cheeks, hot and prickling, but the aching need to show complete submission overpowered everything else. She dropped to her knees right there on the dirty sidewalk in front of the milk crate. Her short black dress shifted higher immediately, exposing lower globes of her ass to the late afternoon sunshine and the growing crowd. She could feel the eyes on her and the phones capturing every humiliating detail.

King Jermaine looked around carefully, scanning for any police presence. He wasn't too worried. He knew the police had been quietly instructed by city leadership not to intervene in anything his group was doing unless it turned violent. The message from the top had been clear to allow them speak, let them demonstrate. It was better for optics. King Jermaine smirked inwardly. Perfect. No interruptions today.

He stepped down from the platform and stood directly in front of her. His voice boomed out even louder, making sure every bystander and every camera could hear.

"Watch closely, everyone. This married white wife is going to show you

what real submission looks like. Not your weak little marches. Not your virtue-signaling posts. This, right here, is how you begin to pay the debt.”

He lifted one heavy Timberland boot and placed it on the edge of the milk crate, offering it to her. Emma leaned forward and pressed her lips to the dusty leather in a long, deliberate kiss. She held it for several seconds, making sure the phones captured her submission. As she did, her short dress rode even higher. With no panties on, her puffy pink lips and the slick trail of arousal running down her inner thigh were completely exposed to the growing crowd behind her. She could hear their murmurs and gasps at the exposure presented to them.

King Jermaine’s voice rang out again. “Kiss it properly, princess. Show them you understand your place.”

Emma extended her tongue, dragging it wetly across the boot while her ass stayed presented to the cameras. She could hear the whispering and occasional laughter from the growing crowd. The humiliation burned through her, but it only made her wetter. She moved to the other boot, licking and kissing it with the same devotion, her bare pussy on full display the entire time.

When she finished, Jermaine looked down at her with satisfaction. “Now I want you to state your oaths, white girl. Loud enough for everyone to hear. Tell them you submit. Tell them your body belongs to Black men now. Say it.”

Emma’s voice shook as she looked up at him, but she knew she had to obey. “I... I submit. My body belongs to Black men now. I’m here to serve and make reparations.”

King Jermaine's smile widened. "Louder. Tell them you're a married white wife who gets wet for black cock."

Fresh humiliation scorched her face, but the words spilled out. "I'm a married white wife... and I get wet for black cock."

The crowd grew louder and more excited. Phones captured every word.

"Worship," King Jermaine commanded.

Emma could see the thick outline in his jeans. She pressed her face to his crotch, inhaling the scent she had come to crave and nuzzled down his leg along the heavy shaft beneath the denim.

King Jermaine nodded in approval, then finally unzipped his pants and pulled out his massive, heavy cock. It was already semi-hard, thick and dark, easily more than twice the size of her husband's five inches. The heavy head leaked a steady stream of precum as it swung free, disconnecting and landing on Emma's chin as he aimed it toward her mouth.

Emma's mouth watered instantly. She leaned forward and took him into her mouth without hesitation, sucking him eagerly as he continued his speech above her. Phones captured everything. With her bare, dripping pussy on full display, as her dress had ridden up, Emma took King Jermaine as deep as she was able. The obscene bulge in her throat visible to the cameras as she pushed to take him deeper.

Emma eagerly worked the head and shaft, worshipping him with her mouth while King Jermaine continued talking about Black supremacy and white submission. She sucked him greedily, gagging and drooling, her fingers plunging in and out of her dripping, bare pussy for the cameras. Precum coated her tongue, her chin, her tits. She swallowed as much as she could, the taste making her clit throb.

When he finally came, he painted her face, open mouth, and tits with his thick, heavy load. Emma looked up at him, flushed and messy, cum dripping from her chin onto her dress, her bare pussy still throbbing with need.

King Jermaine patted her head. “Good girl. Tomorrow is Saturday. Bring your husband. It’s time he learned what real reparations look like.”

Emma rose on shaky legs, tugging her dress down as best she could. Cum still dripped from her face as she hurried home, her mind spinning with shame, guilt, and overwhelming desire. She knew she would obey.

Chapter 8: A New Kind of Ally

Emma stepped through the door of their West Village apartment, her heart still racing from the afternoon on the corner. Emma had wiped the cum from her face, but some had dried on her skin beneath her dress, and the thick, masculine taste of the men still lingered on her tongue. She found Michael in the living room, scrolling through his phone on the couch.

“Hey, babe,” he said, smiling as he looked up. “Long day again?”

Emma forced a tired smile and kicked off her heels. “Yeah... but it was eye-opening.” She sat down beside him, close enough that her thigh pressed against his. “I ran into that group again on 5th Avenue talking about reparations. They’re really making a lot of sense, Michael. More than I realized before.”

Michael nodded slowly. “I mean, yeah, the cause is important. We’ve marched, we’ve donated. We’re doing our part.”

Emma placed her hand on his thigh, gently stroking upward. “Are we, though? I’ve been thinking about it all day. They said marching and posting and voting is just the bare minimum. Real support means more. It means showing actual submission. Proving we’re willing to put ourselves beneath them to balance the scales.”

Michael shifted a little, surprised by her intensity. “I get the sentiment, but we’re already good allies. Our friends know that. We live the values.”

Emma's fingers drifted higher, brushing lightly over the front of his pants. She could already feel him starting to harden as she touched.

God, it feels so tiny compared to them.

The contrast sent a fresh throb between her own legs as she leaned in closer. "That's what I used to think too. But listening to them... they're so powerful, Michael. The way they speak, the way they carry themselves. It made me realize we need to do more if we want to be real leaders in the movement. We need to set an example for other white people."

Her hand rubbed him more deliberately now. When he was fully hard, Emma unzipped his pants and reached inside, pulling his modest white dick out into the open air. It stood stiff in her hand, already leaking a small bead of precum at the tip.

"Today I showed them real submission," she whispered, stroking him slowly. "I got on my knees right there on the sidewalk and kissed their boots. In public. Just to prove I was a real ally and not just another performative liberal."

Michael's eyes widened in shock. "You... you kissed their boots? Emma, why would you do that?"

Emma kept stroking him gently as she explained. "Because they called me out on it. They said marching with signs and posting black squares and then

going home to our nice West Village apartment doesn't actually cost us anything. That it's easy to feel virtuous without making any real sacrifice. They said real reparations means learning to submit. So I did it. I got on my knees in front of everyone and kissed their boots to show I was willing to do more than just the easy stuff."

Emma felt Michael's dick swelling further in her hand, and she wanted to push it.

Emma continued, her voice growing huskier. "While I was down there I couldn't help but notice the bulges in their jeans. They were massive, Michael. So thick and heavy, straining against the fabric right in front of my face. I kept wondering what they must look like underneath... how big and powerful those black cocks really are. The kind that could make any woman weak in the knees."

Emma... on her knees in front of those big Black men? Kissing their boots while their massive bulges were right in her face?

The image flashed through Michael's mind. To his surprise, it sent a sharp jolt of arousal through him. His dick twitched hard in her hand.

She stroked him with long, slow movements, spreading his leaking precum over the head.

"Just thinking about it turns me on. How those men must dominate women with tools like that. How powerful and confident they must feel knowing they have something so much bigger and stronger than white men. The kind

of cocks that could seduce even the most loyal, conservative white wives and completely ruin them for their husbands.”

Michael was breathing heavily now, his hips starting to move with her hand.

“We could help them, you know,” Emma whispered hotly, tightening her grip. “Find those prim, conservative young wives, the ones who go to church and vote red, and bring them to the men. They would be able to convert them to the cause. The men would use their deep voices, their strong muscles, and those massive dicks to make the wives curious. They’d tease them, let the wives feel that power radiating off them until the women are squirming and wet, questioning everything they thought they knew.”

Emma’s hand moved faster, stroking with purpose as Michael’s hard-on throbbed wildly.

“Then the men would start making them do things. Get on their knees like I did. Kiss their boots. Worship those huge black cocks through their jeans. Lick and suck on them like desperate little sluts while their husbands are home thinking their wives are at book club or the gym.

The wives would be blushing and ashamed at first, but they wouldn’t be able to stop. They’d end up drooling all over those fat shafts, gagging as they try to take as much as they can down their throats. The men would laugh and call them good white girls while they fuck their pretty faces and cover their tongues in thick precum.”

Michael was panting, right on the edge.

“After the wives are completely broken and addicted,” Emma whispered, stroking faster and tighter, “the men would breed them. Fill those fertile white wombs with load after heavy load of superior black cum until their bellies swell with strong Black babies. Those babies would grow up to be more Black men to support the cause. Their cuckold fathers and white siblings would feel compelled to support the same causes.”

Emma knew he was close. She wanted to push him over the edge while he was picturing the men’s thick members.

“I wonder if they’d let us watch. I’d love to see those Republican cunts getting stretched out by their big black dicks, see the men’s thick length pulse as they pump their virile loads deep into their pussies. And then when they pull out, the sticky seed would very slowly ooze out, fighting to stay inside their tight, fertile wombs.”

That was the final straw. Michael cried out, his whole body tensing as he came harder than Emma had ever seen. Hard jets of his cum spurted out, spraying across his shirt and belly in messy, pulsing squirts. She kept stroking him through every powerful wave, milking him completely until he was spent and trembling.

When he finally slumped back, panting and dazed, Emma slowly released his softening penis. She looked at the impressive mess on his shirt with a small, satisfied smile.

“See?” she said softly, her voice shifting back to something gentler and more reasonable. “That felt intense, didn’t it? Supporting the movement like

this... it's powerful. We should at least go listen to them together tomorrow. Just come with me and hear what they have to say. We don't have to do anything else."

Michael, still catching his breath and staring at the cum stains on his shirt, gave a weak nod. "Yeah... okay. I'll go with you to listen."

Emma kissed his cheek tenderly, hiding the dark thrill that coursed through her. One small step at a time.

Chapter 9: Saturday Submission

Michael walked beside Emma toward the corner on 5th Avenue, his stomach twisting with nerves. He had agreed to come listen, but the reality of standing among the growing weekend crowd felt far more intimidating than he had imagined. Emma, by contrast, seemed almost eager, her short summer dress hugging her curves and swaying with each confident step.

The men were already set up, elevated on their platform, their deep voices carrying over the sidewalk as they preached about the Black New World Order. King Jermaine spotted Emma immediately, a predatory smile spreading across his face.

“Ah, there’s our princess,” he boomed, his powerful voice commanding the attention of the entire corner. “Come forward and show these people what real submission looks like.”

Emma didn’t hesitate. She walked straight to the front, her heels clicking on the pavement. The men placed a cushion down for her, and she dropped gracefully to her knees. Michael stood frozen a few feet back, heart pounding as he watched his wife lower herself before the group of tall, muscular Black men.

Emma started with intense, seductive focus. She leaned forward and pressed her soft, full lips to the leader’s dusty Timberland boot in a long, lingering kiss. She held it there for several seconds, eyes half-closed, making sure the crowd could see her devotion. Then she extended her tongue, dragging it slowly and sensually across the leather from toe to ankle with

obvious erotic hunger.

She worked the sides and heel with open-mouthed kisses, licking and sucking gently at the material as if it were the most delicious thing she had ever tasted. Soft, needy little moans escaped her throat as she bathed both of the leader's boots until they glistened with her saliva. Her short dress had ridden high up her thighs, giving the onlookers teasing glimpses of smooth skin and the curve of her ass.

Michael couldn't look away.

Fuck... she's really doing this. In public. And the way she's licking them... like she's worshipping.

His dick twitched and began to harden painfully in his pants.

The men watched with satisfied, hungry expressions. When Emma finally sat back on her heels, flushed and slightly breathless, King Jermaine gestured toward Michael.

"Who's this white boy you brought with you today, princess?"

Emma rose gracefully and took Michael's hand, gently pulling him forward. "This is my husband, Michael."

The group exchanged knowing glances. Jermaine looked Michael up and down slowly. “So, Michael. You here to support the cause? Or are you just another performative liberal who lets his wife do all the real work?”

Michael swallowed hard, his face burning. “I... I support the cause. We both have. We’ve marched and donated.”

One of the bearded men chuckled. “Then why is your wife the one on her knees showing real submission while you just stand there?”

Emma jumped in smoothly. “He’s not a racist or anything like that. He’s a supporter. He just doesn’t fully understand yet that we need to do more. He’s still learning what true support looks like.”

King Jermaine nodded, his commanding presence looming over them. “That’s the problem with too many white men. You think good intentions and votes are enough. But in the Black New World Order, you need to understand your place. Beneath us. Submissive.” He pointed at the ground in front of him. “Prove it, white husband. Get on your knees and kiss our boots like your wife just did. Show everyone you’re ready to submit.”

Michael froze. His heart hammered in his chest. Dozens of people were watching. Phones were recording. The humiliation burned through him like fire.

I can’t do this... not in front of all these people.

Emma squeezed his hand and whispered softly, “It’s okay, baby. Just do it. For the cause. For us.”

Michael hesitated for a long moment, sweat beading on his forehead. The crowd began chatting confusedly. Finally, with shaking legs, he sank to his knees on the dirty sidewalk. He stared at the boot in front of him for several seconds, then leaned forward and pressed his lips to it in a quick, stiff kiss.

The men laughed lightly. “That’s a pathetic start,” King Jermaine said. “You’ve got a long way to go if you want to worship like your wife. Try again. Put some real effort into it. Show us you understand your place.”

Michael’s cheeks burned with deep shame. This is insane... but Emma did it. He leaned in again. This time he licked the boot tentatively, his tongue dragging awkwardly across the leather. It felt degrading... yet his white penis was now rock hard in his pants. As he looked up from his submissive position, his eyes locked onto the massive, heavy outlines straining in the men’s jeans.

Jesus Christ...

They were enormous. He could see the shape of the thick, long cock that was far bigger than his own or anything he had ever seen, even in porn. The sight made his stomach flip with a confusing mix of humiliation and unwanted arousal.

The men gave him grudging nods. “Better,” King Jermaine said, patting Michael’s head condescendingly. “Keep practicing. You’ve got a lot of

catching up to do.”

Then the leader turned back to Emma, his voice booming for the whole crowd. “Now, princess, show everyone here how a true supporter submits to King Jermaine and other Black men to earn our pleasure.”

Emma’s eyes gleamed with dark excitement. Without hesitation, she dropped back to her knees in front of King Jermaine. The leader unzipped his pants and hauled out his massive black member. It was thick, heavy, and already drooling long, sticky strands of precum that stretched down toward the ground. He tapped the fat, glistening head against Emma’s lips, smearing the warm, salty fluid across them.

Michael’s eyes widened. “Emma... wait,” he protested weakly, his voice barely audible.

Emma pulled back just enough to look at him, her lips already shiny with precum. “I have to do this, baby. We both need to show our submission. This is what real support looks like now.”

Before Michael could say anything else, Emma leaned forward and took the massive head into her warm, wet mouth. She moaned loudly around it, sucking greedily as her tongue swirled to collect every drop of the thick precum.

Michael’s face burned so hot it felt like the whole corner could see it.

This is insane. I'm on my knees on a dirty sidewalk while strangers film me, and my wife is taking another man's cock in her mouth right in front of me. I should stand up. I should pull her away and get us both out of here.

Instead his dick throbbed harder against his zipper. The sight of Emma's lips stretching around that thick black shaft made something sick and heavy twist in his gut, humiliation and arousal so tangled he couldn't separate them. He stayed on his knees.

King Jermaine groaned in pleasure, then pulled his glistening head from her mouth. "Now lick and suck on my balls, princess. Show your husband what a devoted white wife does."

Emma hesitated for a moment, glancing nervously at Michael.

King Jermaine's voice sharpened. "What's the matter? Second thoughts already? I thought you were a real ally."

Emma flushed with shame. "I'm sorry, Sir. I'm sorry." She quickly leaned lower, pressing her face beneath the heavy shaft.

Oh my God... I've never even done this for Michael. I barely ever gave him blowjobs... and here I am, on my knees in public, about to worship this Black man's balls. This is already the third time I've had his black cock in my mouth in just over twenty-four hours.

She nuzzled her nose and lips against the large, heavy balls, inhaling his potent masculine musk. Then she extended her tongue and began licking them with long, wet, worshipful strokes, bathing the wrinkled sac with sloppy affection.

She sucked one heavy ball into her mouth, then the other, moaning lewdly around them as she rolled the superior balls on her tongue. Saliva dripped down her chin as she devoted herself completely to the act.

They're so big and heavy...

Emma's pussy throbbed with need.

I'm such a slut for them already.

Michael was astounded. His wife was sucking this stranger's black balls right in front of him.

The sheer sluttiness of the act made his face burn with humiliation, but his dick was leaking down his leg, throbbing painfully as he watched his wife submit so completely to the Black men.

King Jermaine groaned deeply and pulled his heavy balls from Emma's eager mouth. "Back on my stick, princess. Finish me."

Emma immediately obeyed, taking the thick shaft back between her lips. She sucked him with renewed hunger, bobbing her head and stroking the thick base with her hand. Wet, gagging sounds filled the air as she forced more of his massive length into her throat. King Jermaine's hips began to thrust, fucking her face more aggressively while the crowd watched.

With a deep, guttural groan, he finally came. The first powerful rope of thick, hot cum blasted straight down Emma's throat. She gulped it down greedily, swallowing loudly as her eyes watered. Another massive spurt followed, then another. She kept sucking and swallowing, taking most of his heavy load like a desperate cumslut.

Finally, Jermaine pulled his throbbing length from her mouth with a wet pop. He aimed the pulsing head at her face and unleashed the rest of his load. Thick, ropery strands of cum splattered across her nose, coated her lips, and dripped from her chin in messy, obscene strings. Emma kept her mouth open, tongue out, looking up at him with lust-filled eyes as the last spurts painted her pretty face.

Michael stood there in complete shock, breathing hard.

She... she actually swallowed most of it. She always made me pull out or she'd spit mine out... but with him she's gulping it down like it's the best thing she's ever tasted.

The sight of his wife's cum-covered face, dripping with strings of another man's seed, was too much. Michael couldn't help himself. His hand moved to the front of his pants, stroking his aching dick through the fabric. He could feel his own precum seeping through his underwear and running down his leg.

King Jermaine patted Emma's head approvingly, looking down at her cum-streaked face with satisfaction. "Good girl. That's how a proper white wife shows her submission."

He glanced over at Michael, then back to Emma. "Both of you have made progress today. But there's still much more to learn. Meet us at my apartment tonight at eight. We'll continue your education in private. I'll text you the address, princess."

Emma, still kneeling with cum dripping from her chin, nodded eagerly. "Yes, Sir. We'll be there."

Jermaine smirked. "Good. Don't be late."

Chapter 10: Private Education

Michael paced nervously in their bedroom as Emma stood in front of the mirror, carefully applying her makeup. It was Saturday evening, and the memory of what he had witnessed that morning on the corner still burned in his mind. He could still picture his wife on her knees on that street corner, licking King Jermaine's boots in a way that was clearly sexual. The way she sucked on his massive black cock and swallowed his sizable load of cum while strangers and Michael himself watched, would be a sight that Michael would never be able to forget.

"Emma, are you sure about this?" he asked, his voice tight with anxiety. "What happened today, with you on your knees like that, in front of everyone... and then with sucking Jermaine... I don't know if I can handle seeing more."

Emma turned slightly, touching up her lipstick. She looked stunning and elegant, yet undeniably sexy, in a tight black dress that hugged her body and stopped high on her thighs.

"King Jermaine," she emphasized. "I know it was intense, baby. But we have to do this. They're right. We've been performative for too long. Tonight is important if we want to show we're truly committed."

She continued putting on the final touches to her outfit as she continued, "We need to be the leaders in showing how white people need to be subservient to these men. Besides, you saw the size of that cock. God, it was so heavy. Long and thick. I could barely get my lips around it. And the

precum... fuck, Michael, it tasted so good, salty and sweet at the same time.”

Michael could feel his own penis swelling in his pants listening to his wife lustily describe the scenario he had been replaying in his mind on a loop all day.

“His balls were so large too. I could smell the power in them. He was made for breeding those conservative white wives, and we’re going to help him get them. That load of cum that he shot could have bred multiple women. I’ve never imagined a man being able to come in my mouth four or five times the size of your load and then still have another three or four loads worth to shoot onto my face.”

Michael’s erection had now become fully engorged listening to his wife rave about what King Jermaine had given her earlier. Apparently she knew her husband well enough to recognize the signs.

After she had finished getting ready, she walked over to Michael. Without warning, she reached down and unzipped his pants, pulling out his modest dick, finding it fully erect. She wrapped her fingers around it, slowly stroking as she looked into his eyes.

“Look at this,” she murmured softly. “So cute and small compared to King Jermaine’s.” Her hand moved with deliberate, teasing strokes. “His cum tasted really good too. It was thick and creamy. It wasn’t thin like yours. I actually enjoyed it. It felt like the least I could do after everything his people have been through for centuries.”

Michael's penis throbbed in her hand, leaking steadily. He was mortified by how turned on he was getting from her words.

Just as he was getting close, Emma smiled softly as she slowly tucked him back into his pants. "We need to go, baby. We need to show we're truly committed to the cause."

Emma took the lead as they headed out of their apartment to the elevators and out onto the New York City streets.

They arrived at the address Jermaine had sent just a few minutes before eight. Michael was surprised when the doorman let them into a luxurious high-rise in one of Manhattan's nicest neighborhoods. The apartment itself was stunning — spacious, modern, with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the glittering city lights. Soft music played in the background.

Inside, about ten Black men were gathered, all tall, muscular, and exuding raw confidence. Emma was the only woman in the room. King Jermaine greeted them with a confident smile, immediately pulling Emma close. His large hands roamed possessively over her body, squeezing her ass and groping her breasts through the thin dress as he spoke.

"Welcome," he said, his deep voice filling the room. "This is what the Black New World Order looks like, white women learning their proper place and white men learning to step aside and support."

Michael watched nervously, his dick already stirring again as Jermaine's hands explored his wife like he owned her.

Jermaine gestured to one of the men. “Show your husband how well you serve, princess.”

Emma dropped to her knees without protest and began sucking the man’s thick shaft. Jermaine turned to Michael while Emma bobbed her head enthusiastically, wet slurping sounds filling the air.

“You don’t get to oppose any of this, Michael. For your own good. White boys don’t have a real place in the BNWO unless they’re completely supportive. Understand?”

The man groaned and came in Emma’s mouth. She swallowed most of it, then stood and kissed Michael deeply, pushing some of the stranger’s warm cum into his mouth. He recoiled slightly when he tasted the salty load on his wife’s tongue but caught himself before offending anyone.

King Jermaine then had Emma suck on Andre while he fingered her from behind. His thick fingers pumped into her aroused pussy repeatedly, making obscene wet sounds as her juices dripped down her thighs. Her moans grew louder around the cockhead in her mouth.

Eventually Jermaine bent her over the back of the couch, lifting her dress. Emma gasped as she felt the massive head of his prick rubbing against her dripping pussy lips.

“Wait. Do you have a condom?” she asked, voice shaky.

Jermaine stopped, his voice cold with irritation. “A condom? You want a Black man to wear a condom while fucking you? That’s racist as hell, princess. You should never ask a superior black cock to cover itself. Do you think all Black men are diseased or something?”

Emma hesitated. “No. I... I’m just trying to be safe, but—”

Jermaine didn’t let her finish. He pushed forward.

The thick, flared head forced her entrance open with brutal pressure. Emma’s mouth fell open in a silent scream as the biggest dick she had ever felt began stretching her married pussy far wider than anything Michael had ever managed. Inch after thick, veiny inch forced its way inside her. Her walls fluttered and clenched desperately around the invading shaft, trying and failing to stop the relentless advance.

“Fuck... you’re so big,” she gasped, her voice breaking. “I can’t. Ungh. It’s too much!”

She only managed to take about eight inches at first. The remaining length stayed outside her, heavy and dripping, while her pussy stretched obscenely around the massive girth. Tears pricked the corners of her eyes from the intense fullness. Michael stood frozen a few feet away, watching his wife’s pussy lips strain white around a cock that made his own look small and inadequate.

Jermaine gave her only a few seconds to adjust before he started thrusting. Each stroke forced a little more of his length into her. The wet, filthy sound of her saturated cunt being forced open each time filled the room. Emma's moans quickly turned into broken, high-pitched cries.

“Ungh. Ungh. Oh my God!”

Within minutes he was driving nine thick inches into her with steady, powerful strokes. Emma's eyes rolled back. Her entire body shook as the first orgasm slammed into her without warning. Her pussy clamped down hard, but the massive meat simply forced its way through the contractions.

“That's it,” Jermaine growled, never slowing. “Take that black cock like a good white slut.”

Michael stood frozen a few feet away, his own dick painfully hard, watching his wife's pussy stretch around another man's shaft. Every wet sound made his stomach turn.

I should say something. I should stop this. That's my wife. They're fucking her like they own her.

The thought of pulling her out of there and taking her home rose and then died just as fast. He couldn't move. The same sick heat that had made him hard on the sidewalk was back, stronger now, fed by the exact thing that should have killed it. He hated how much he was leaking in his pants.

Jermaine fucked her through the orgasm and kept going. The wet slap of his heavy balls against her clit mixed with her increasingly desperate moans. A strange, building pressure suddenly exploded inside her. Emma's eyes flew open in shock as a powerful spray of clear fluid gushed out around his thrusting shaft, soaking the couch and running down both of their thighs.

“Oh fuck. I'm squirting. I've never—” she cried out, completely overwhelmed.

Jermaine only laughed and pounded her harder, driving nine inches deep over and over while she squirted and came again, her body convulsing helplessly on his cock. Michael watched in stunned silence, his own erection throbbing painfully in his pants as his wife was thoroughly claimed in front of him.

“I'm going to cum,” Jermaine finally growled, slamming in to the hilt of what she could take. “This pussy belongs to Black men now.”

With a final deep thrust he buried himself as deep as her body would allow and started pumping. Thick, heavy ropes of cum flooded her womb in powerful surges. Emma moaned brokenly, feeling every pulse of his length as he filled her.

“Take it all, you white slut,” he snarled against her ear. “Feel that superior black seed filling you up. This is what you were made for.”

He kept his BBC buried inside her until the last spurt, making sure every drop stayed deep.

After he pulled out, a thick river of cum immediately leaked from her stretched, gaping pussy and ran down the insides of her thighs. Emma stayed bent over the couch, panting, her legs trembling. Before she could even catch her breath, Andre, the thin quiet one, stepped up behind her.

He didn't bother with words. He simply lined up his thick length and pushed into her in one long, smooth stroke, sliding easily through the mess Jermaine had left behind.

Emma moaned weakly as he bottomed out and started fucking her with hard, steady thrusts. The wet, filthy sounds of his rod churning the previous load filled the room. Michael watched in stunned silence as his wife's pussy stretched around yet another thick black cock, the excess cum being forced out around the shaft with every stroke.

Andre finished quickly, burying himself deep and adding another heavy load to her already full cunt. The moment he stepped away, Omar took his place. Omar was rougher. He grabbed a fistful of Emma's hair, yanked her head back, and pounded into her with short, brutal strokes that made her ass ripple. Emma's moans turned high and broken.

"Oh fuck. It's so much," she gasped.

He kept thrusting hard until he buried himself as deep as he could and came with a low groan, pumping another thick load directly into her already full pussy. The moment he pulled out, a heavy gush of mixed cum spilled from her stretched hole.

A fourth man immediately took his place, sliding into her messy cunt in one smooth stroke and fucking her with deep, purposeful thrusts. He didn't last long either. After only a minute he slammed in hard and added his own heavy load to the growing pool inside her.

One after another the remaining men stepped up, each of them mounting her from behind and breeding her in turn. Every single one of them came deep inside her pussy, flooding her with load after load until a constant thick stream of cum leaked out around their shafts and ran down her thighs in messy rivulets.

By the time the last man finished, Emma was a complete mess. Her pussy was red, swollen, and visibly open. A thick, steady stream of mixed cum leaked from her well-used hole and pooled on the floor between her knees. Her inner thighs glistened with the overflow, and her legs trembled from the intensity of being fucked and filled by so many men in a row. She looked thoroughly claimed.

Michael stood frozen a few feet away, his own dick painfully hard and leaking in his pants, unable to look away from the sight of his wife completely claimed by the group.

At the end, Jermaine smirked. "Looks like you're getting bred tonight, princess. Good white pussy finally doing what it was made for."

Emma, still catching her breath and leaking cum from multiple men, shook her head. "I'm... I'm on birth control. I probably won't get pregnant."

Jermaine's expression darkened instantly. "You should have told me that from the beginning. Hiding information like that means you're not truly committed to the cause. Get out! Both of you!"

Emma looked devastated as she pulled the hem of her dress back down. Suddenly feeling ashamed as she felt like she'd failed his test.

As they walked out the door, Emma teared up, softly sobbing. Michael was quiet, a strange mix of relief and confusion swirling inside him. As they rode the elevator down, Emma whispered, "I disappointed him... I ruined everything."

Michael didn't know what to say. Part of him was relieved this chapter of their lives would finally be over. The other part of him was already missing the arousal that came with watching his wife be a total slut for these Black gods.

They headed back to their apartment both lost in their own thoughts.

Chapter 11: The Reclaiming

When they walked through the door of their own place, Michael held Emma closely as she softly sobbed into his shoulder.

“Don’t worry, sweetie. We’ll figure out a way to make it up to them. We’ll show them that we’re true to their cause,” Michael said, soothingly.

“Do you really think so?”

“Of course, baby. We’ll make it work. Besides, I think they enjoyed fucking you too much to give that up,” Michael said, squeezing her ass cheek.

Emma moaned lightly, feeling her own fluids beginning to join the cum the men left in her pussy.

“You looked so hot taking those big cocks,” Michael praised as he began kissing her neck. “You know, I’ve heard some of the best sex when sharing is the reclaiming.”

“Well let’s go to the bedroom then,” Emma said.

The two moved together down the hallway to the master bedroom. Emma

climbed onto the bed with clear anticipation, lying back and spreading her legs for him. She watched eagerly as Michael pushed his pants down and moved between her thighs, still high from everything that had happened.

The moment he slid inside her, her expression shifted.

There was almost no resistance. Her pussy was still loose and slick from the men, and Michael's smaller penis slipped in with almost no friction. Emma's breath caught as he began to move. She waited for the familiar stretch, the pressure... but it never really came.

Michael groaned above her, already thrusting faster. "Fuck, babe... you feel so different."

Emma wrapped her arms around him and tried to stay present, but with every stroke the realization settled deeper. She could barely feel him. After being stretched and filled so completely earlier, his erection felt small and insufficient inside her. The wet, easy glide only made the difference more obvious.

Her enthusiasm faded. The soft moans she gave him became quieter, more automatic. She stared at the ceiling while he moved, her body responding out of habit rather than real need.

Michael didn't last long. Less than a minute after entering her, his hips jerked.

“Ah, fuck. I’m already coming.”

He finished with a strained groan, emptying himself into her messy, well-used hole the other men had already claimed. The orgasm hit him hard, but it felt frantic and almost desperate.

He collapsed onto the bed beside her a few seconds later, breathing heavily.

Emma lay still, still feeling loosened from the men earlier. She didn’t even notice when Michael’s dick slipped out of her. The contrast was impossible to ignore.

Michael lay beside her, still catching his breath, his penis softening, coated in the wet mess the men had left in Emma. The intense, almost overwhelming climax he’d just had left him dazed. Fucking her while she was still loose and full of other men’s cum had pushed him over the edge faster and harder than anything they’d ever done together, and the thought of experiencing that same filthy, overstimulating pleasure again already had his mind racing.

Michael turned his head to look at his wife. “We’ll definitely figure out how to get back on their good side, babe, whatever it takes.”

Emma wasn’t sure what they could do. She knew that she wasn’t going to let tonight be the end. Michael seemed more certain, but if he was willing to do whatever it takes, it gave her a little more hope.”

They fell asleep hard that night. Both were satisfied in ways they'd never experienced, Emma from the intense fucking the men gave her and Michael from his release after. Both however dreamed of the same thing.

Emma getting fucked by those Black men again.

*** * ***

The next morning they sipped their coffee at the kitchen table, both quietly checking their socials as their minds kept drifting to how they could reenter the graces of the men.

“Let’s go back there,” Emma said. “Right now. Who knows if they’ll be there, but I don’t want to wait.”

“Right now? Don’t you want to wait until later? Relax a little?”

“No. You said, ‘Whatever it takes,’ right?”

“Yeah, babe, of course, but... Okay, if you want, we can go back,” Michael said, seeing the worry in her eyes shift to hope. “Let’s do it. Let’s go now.”

“Whatever it takes?” Emma asked, seeking confirmation.

“Whatever it takes, babe,” Michael agreed.

Emma practically leapt from her chair to get changed. Michael followed a little more slowly, but he was happy to see his wife excited again.

They bustled through the city streets back to the apartment they left the night before in shame. Emma, dressed in a flowy sundress, looked hopeful, but Michael was concerned that she may be disappointed if they weren’t accepting of her this time.

“Whatever it takes, right?” Emma confirmed with Michael.

“Absolutely, babe.”

Emma rapped on the door. About five seconds later, the door opened. King Jermaine stood there, looking even more imposing than Michael remembered from the previous night.

“Well, well. If it isn’t our little dishonest slut... Why are you back here?”

“I... I wanted to apologize. I didn’t mean to mislead you. I really do want to support the cause. I didn’t think being on birth control without telling you was an issue,” Emma said apologetically.

“How are you supposed to be a supporter of the Black New World Order if

you're on birth control?" King Jermaine questioned. "If you want to be a true supporter and not some performative fake, you need to get off the birth control now. Starting today."

Emma's eyes went wide. She looked at Michael with uncertainty.

Her stomach tightened. The words hit harder than she expected. Stopping the pills meant more than just another act of submission. It meant risk. Real, lasting risk. The kind that could change everything, her body, their future, the careful life they had built. For a moment the old version of herself pushed back hard.

This is too far. You don't have to do this. You can still walk away.

Michael's face showed the same flash of alarm. She saw the hesitancy form behind his eyes, the instinct to protect her, to say something. Neither of them spoke any word of protest though. The fear of angering King Jermaine again, of being thrown out a second time, kept their mouths shut.

"See, I knew you weren't for real," King Jermaine began, assessing their silence as resistance. "A true supporter would—"

"Wait," Emma blurted.

Emma's pulse hammered in her ears. The internal struggle was still there, sharp and real, but the memory of last night's rejection crushed it down.

The shame of being called a liar. The way he had looked at her when he ordered them out. The hollow feeling of having disappointed him. She could not go back to that.

She swallowed once, then forced the words out before the hesitation could grow any stronger.

“I’ll do it,” she said. “I’ll stop now.”

“Emma—“ Michael started to speak.

“You said, ‘whatever it takes,’ babe. This is what it takes.” Emma said definitively, leaving no room for discussion.

Michael’s jaw tightened. She felt the quiet protest still locked behind his teeth, the same fear keeping him silent now that was keeping her own doubts unspoken. He only managed a quiet, strained, “Yes, dear.”

“Well then. I don’t want any fakes or liars. Go get me your birth control and any backups you have. Bring them here now,” King Jermaine commanded.

“Babe, go get them. I want to apologize properly,” Emma said, slipping the straps from her dress off of her shoulders, allowing the dress to fall to the hallway floor.

Now she was standing in the public hallway completely nude. She didn't care if they were outside of his apartment. She wanted to show King Jermaine that she was committed.

"Go," she told her husband again.

Michael had immediately become distracted when she dropped her clothing. Now his only thought was to move as quickly as possible to return in time to watch his wife get fucked again.

King Jermaine wrapped his arm around her waist, pulling her into the apartment with him. Michael heard the loud thud of the door shutting as he waited for the elevator down the hall.

Inside, Emma dropped to her knees, taking King Jermaine into her mouth. She could taste pussy on his dick, but she didn't know if it was hers from last night or someone else that came in after her. She didn't care either way. She wanted to show her sincerity.

She was pushing down hard and gagging on him within seconds, determined to prove her worth to him. Thick rivers of saliva poured around the shaft and down Emma's chin, the overflow creating a shiny mess on her tits.

King Jermaine was enjoying this. Her reaction was perfectly aligned with what he knew would happen when he rejected her the night before. And her weak husband was the typical white cuck, who is just going to do whatever his wife wanted.

As much as he was enjoying the blowjob, he knew that he needed to progress with her submission. “Get up, slut. Bend your ass over that couch,” he commanded.

Emma climbed onto the couch, kneeling on the cushions and facing the back, face laying on her crossed arms along the top rail of the couch. She even gave a little ass wiggle knowing what was coming. After last night, this was all she could think about.

King Jermaine wasn’t gentle. There was no warm up or tenderness. He grabbed his massive cock and pushed deep immediately, sliding in easier than before, but still feeling the grip of her tight married pussy.

From his angle, he could see the pink interior of her pussy pull back with his thick head on every withdrawal. It only made him plunge it back in even harder each time.

“You gonna be a good little white slut from now on?” he asked.

“Yes, Daddy,” she answered, already breathing hard.

He kept thrusting while he spoke. “Where are you in your cycle?”

“I finished my period a few days ago,” she said. “It would still be risky if I stopped my pills.”

King Jermaine drove into her harder and brought his hand down sharply on her ass. The loud smack mixed with her moan. “And are you stopping them?”

Emma’s fingers tightened on the couch. “Yes. I’ll stop them.”

“That’s the only acceptable answer.” He fucked her with steady, deep strokes and spanked her again. “I’m going to use this married white pussy every day. You’re going to take what I give you and thank me for it. Understand?”

“Yes,” she moaned.

He leaned over her. “You’re not some performative bitch anymore. You’re a breeding slut for the BNWO. Say it.”

“I’m a breeding slut for the BNWO.”

“Louder.”

“I’m a breeding slut for the BNWO,” she cried out as another firm thrust forced the air from her lungs.

The pressure inside her built quickly. Her thighs started to shake and her pussy clenched hard around him. A sharp, broken cry left her mouth as the first orgasm hit, her body tightening and pulsing while he kept moving through it.

King Jermaine spanked her ass again while she came. “You’re going to carry Black babies. You’re going to raise them to know their place is above white men. Say it.”

“I’ll carry your babies,” she gasped, still trembling. “I’ll raise them to know their place.”

The front door opened. Michael stepped inside, holding Emma’s dress, which they didn’t even bother to collect from the hallway, just as King Jermaine decided she was ready. He gripped her hips and forced the rest of his shaft into her in one powerful thrust, burying every inch inside her married pussy.

Emma’s moan changed immediately. The sound that left her throat was higher and tighter, sharp enough that it was hard to tell if it came from pure pleasure or from being stretched beyond what she was used to.

King Jermaine kept the full length of his rod moving in and out of her while he looked at Michael. He brought his hand down hard on her ass again.

“Tell your husband, slut. Tell him what you just promised me,” King Jermaine intoned.

“Oh fuck, baby. I’m going to have his babies. We’re going to have his babies. Fuck.”

“Where are those birth control pills, bitch?” he directed at Michael.

“H-here...” Michael responded, holding out the freshly opened pack and two unused packs that Emma had for backups.

“Bitch, I don’t want them. Go flush that shit down the toilet. Your wife’s breeding for the BNWO now.”

“Emma, are you... are you sure?” Michael asked uncertainly.

“Yes. Yes, I’m positive. Flush them, Michael,” Emma gasped, closing in on her third orgasm.

King Jermaine showed her no mercy. He kept driving the full length of his thick member into her with powerful, relentless strokes, making sure she felt every inch. Emma’s high, broken moans filled the apartment as he used her.

Michael stared at the packs in his hand as he started walking towards the bathroom.

This is permanent. If I flush these, she's not protected. They're going to keep trying to breed her.

He looked back at Emma, still leaning against the back of the couch with Jermaine's BBC buried in her, and felt a sharp, almost angry resistance rise in his chest. He wanted to say no. He wanted to walk out with the pills and end this.

Instead he walked into the bathroom, popped the pills out of their blister packs into the toilet. The plunk, plunk, plunk of the pills hitting the water made his little dick harden. Once they had all been emptied into the toilet, Michael stared at them for a second... and flushed. The sound of the water felt final.

When the sound of the toilet flushing reached King Jermaine and Emma, something inside her snapped. The knowledge that Michael had just destroyed her birth control and accepted what was happening pushed her straight over the edge.

Her body locked up hard. A raw cry tore from her throat as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy clamped and spasmed around the massive tool that continued to claim her without slowing. King Jermaine fucked her straight through the climax, forcing her to take every deep thrust while she shook and sprayed around him.

King Jermaine's breathing grew heavier as he drove into her even harder. His thick member swelled inside her, and he buried himself to the hilt with a deep, guttural sound.

“Take it,” he growled. “Take every drop of this black cum. You’re getting bred tonight.”

Emma moaned in broken agreement as the first heavy pulse of his orgasm flooded her. “Yes. Yes.”

He kept his meat buried deep and continued to empty himself inside her, each thick spurt filling her while he spoke. “This pussy belongs to the cause now. You’re going to carry my babies.”

“Yes,” Emma cried out between shaky moans, her body still trembling from her own climax as he pumped her full. “I’ll carry them. I’ll take it.”

King Jermaine held her there until the last of his load was deep inside her, making certain she stayed filled.

Chapter 12: His New Role

King Jermaine held himself deep inside Emma until the last pulse of his orgasm faded. Only then did he slowly pull out. A thick stream of his cum immediately began to leak from her stretched pussy, running down over her swollen lips and dripping onto the couch cushion beneath her.

Michael stepped forward, already reaching for his belt, ready to reclaim her the way he had the night before.

King Jermaine put a firm hand on his chest and stopped him.

“No,” he said. “You’re done fucking her.”

Michael froze. “What?”

Michael’s stomach dropped. The words were unexpected and hit hard.

He’s serious. He’s actually taking her away from me.

A sharp spike of anger rose in his chest, quickly tangled with something darker and more humiliating. His dick twitched anyway. He hated that it did.

“You heard me.” Jermaine’s voice was calm but absolute. “That pussy doesn’t belong to you anymore. Not while she’s being bred. Every load that goes in her from now on comes from a Black man. You’re not going to dilute it with your weak seed.”

Michael’s face flushed. He opened his mouth, then closed it again.

Jermaine continued, “But you can still be useful. A true ally doesn’t just watch. He helps. Get on your knees and clean your wife. Lick every drop of my cum out of her. The orgasms she has while you’re doing it will help her body pull my seed deeper. That’s how you support the cause now.”

Michael looked at Emma, searching her face for some sign that this was a joke or a test. She only stared back at him, cheeks still flushed, eyes dark with leftover pleasure.

“You need to accept your new role too, baby,” she said softly. “This is part of it. If you want to be a real ally in this world, you have to do what he says.”

Michael’s jaw tightened. He hesitated for several long seconds, humiliation and arousal warring across his face. He looked at the thick cum leaking from his wife’s pussy and felt his stomach twist.

I can’t put my mouth there. That’s another man’s load. That’s what he just pumped into her while I watched.

The humiliation was so sharp it almost made him dizzy. He should refuse. He should tell them both to go to hell.

Instead he sank to his knees between her legs, the same sick arousal that had followed him since the morning before still pulsing in his penis, and leaned in.

Emma reached down and guided his head forward until his mouth was only inches from her messy pussy. Thick strands of Jermaine's cum were still leaking from her.

"Go on," she whispered. "Clean me. Show him you can be useful."

Michael leaned in and dragged his tongue through the mess. The taste of the spunk combined with his wife's pussy was a combination he never thought he'd be experiencing. Emma let out a low, appreciative moan and threaded her fingers into his hair, holding him in place.

"That's it," she said, her voice growing thicker. "Lick it all up. Get your tongue in there. Push his cum deeper while you clean me."

Michael worked reluctantly at first, then with more focus as Emma's hips began to move against his mouth. She kept talking, her words turning filthier the closer she got.

“Good boy. Keep licking. Every drop of that superior cum belongs inside me. You’re helping me get pregnant right now. You’re helping him breed me.”

Every stroke of his tongue felt like a surrender. The taste was strong and foreign, and the knowledge that he was swallowing another man’s cum while his wife moaned and watched him made his erect member ache painfully in his pants.

I’m really doing this. I’m eating her out so she can pull more of his seed into her womb.

The thought should have killed his erection. Instead it made him harder.

Emma’s thighs started to tremble. She pressed his face harder against her pussy and ground against his tongue.

“Fuck... just like that. Don’t stop. I’m going to come while you clean me out. I’m going to come knowing it’s his cum you’re swallowing.”

Emma’s back arched. A sharp, broken cry left her throat as another orgasm rolled through her. Her pussy clenched and fluttered against Michael’s mouth, forcing more of Jermaine’s load onto his tongue while she shook and moaned above him.

King Jermaine watched the entire time, arms crossed, a satisfied look on his

face.

King Jermaine looked down at the two of them and began laying out the new rules in a calm, absolute voice.

“From this moment on, things change. Emma, your pussy is available to any Black man who wants it. If a Black King tells you to bend over, you bend over. If he wants to fuck you in a bathroom, an alley, or in front of your husband, you let him. You will never ask a Black man to wear a condom. Not once. His cum belongs inside you.”

Emma’s fingers slipped between her legs as he spoke. She was still messy and sensitive, but she began rubbing slow circles over her swollen clit, biting her lip as the words sank in.

“Michael,” Jermaine continued, “you are never fucking her again. Not with a condom. Not without one. Not even a little bit. That pussy is closed to you permanently unless I personally decide to let you have it for some reason. Your only job now is to support, to watch, and to clean when you’re told.”

Emma pushed two fingers into her cum-filled pussy while she listened, her breath growing shorter. The idea of Michael being permanently locked out of her body sent a fresh wave of heat through her.

“Both of you are going to recruit,” Jermaine said. “I want white women. Married ones especially. The more conservative and oppositional they are, the better. Church girls. Republican wives. Women who think they would never go Black. You’re going to bring them to me.”

Emma's fingers moved faster. She was openly fingering herself now, the wet sounds of her used pussy mixing with Jermaine's voice.

"I'm going to fuck those wives," he went on, his tone almost conversational. "I'm going to stretch their tight, loyal pussies open with this BBC until they're shaking and begging. I'm going to pump them full of cum and send them home to their husbands dripping. Once they're addicted and properly broken in, I'll breed them. I'll put strong Black babies in their white wombs and make them raise the next generation of the cause."

Emma let out a shaky moan. Her fingers were working hard between her legs, chasing another orgasm as the images filled her mind. Those prim conservative wives on their knees with their married pussies getting ruined, and their bellies swelling with Black children.

"You're both going to help make that happen," Jermaine finished. "That is your role now."

Emma's back arched as she came again, her fingers buried deep inside herself, moaning openly at the future he had just described.

Emma slowly came down from her orgasm, her fingers still resting between her legs. She looked up at King Jermaine with glazed, obedient eyes.

"I understand," she said, her voice thick with leftover pleasure. "I'll do everything you said. Any Black man who wants me can have me, no

condoms. And Michael doesn't get to fuck me anymore unless you approve. We'll recruit for you. I'll help you get those wives."

Michael swallowed hard. After a long moment he gave a stiff nod. "I'll... do what I'm told."

Emma leaned in and whispered something against King Jermaine's ear. He listened, then gave a small, amused smile.

"Alright," he said. "I'll allow it."

Emma turned back to her husband, a wicked little spark in her eyes.

"King Jermaine says you can jerk off while I talk to you," she told him. "But that's all you get."

She had Michael stand in front of her and take his penis out. As soon as he started stroking, she began speaking in a low, filthy voice.

"Look at you. Last night you just watched a room full of Black men fuck me. You just flushed my birth control and then watched King Jermaine breed me. You cleaned their cum out of my pussy with your tongue. And now you don't even get to fuck me anymore. This is your life now, baby. You're going to watch me take black cock whenever they want me to. You're going to help them fuck my married pussy open. You're going to watch me get pregnant with Black babies while you stay locked out of me."

Michael's hand moved on his dick almost against his will. Her words were cruel and precise, and each one landed like a stroke of its own.

She's enjoying this. She's getting off on telling me I'll never fuck her again.

He wanted to stop. He wanted to walk out. Instead he kept stroking, the shame and lust twisting tighter with every filthy sentence she spoke.

Michael's hand moved faster. His breathing grew ragged.

Emma kept going, describing in detail how she had been fucked that morning, how full she still felt, and how many more black loads she planned to take. When she saw he was getting close, she took him by the hand and led him into the bathroom.

She kept talking the entire time he stroked, standing close and watching his white dick with open interest.

"That's it. Get yourself there. You're going to cum so hard remembering how they used me."

When his legs started to tense, Emma reached out and lifted the toilet lid.

“In here,” she said. “Put it in the toilet. That’s where all white sperm belongs now.”

Standing a foot or two from the open toilet with his erection in his hand, Michael felt a final, sharp wave of resistance.

This is where she wants it. This is what she thinks of my cum now.

The degradation was so complete it almost hurt. And still his orgasm was building harder than anything he could remember, driven by the very humiliation he was trying to fight.

Michael groaned helplessly as he stepped forward and aimed. Heavy sprays of cum shot out of him and splattered into the water. The orgasm hit him like a freight train, his whole body shaking as he emptied himself into the bowl.

The moment he finished, Emma reached past him and flushed.

She watched the water swirl his cum away and gave a soft, cruel little smile.

“There it goes. Right where it belongs. Down the drain with the rest of the waste. That load won’t be getting anyone pregnant. Now, I’m going to spend the rest of the day taking King Jermaine’s loads. I’ll see you at home later.”

Chapter 13: A New Kind of Confidence

The next morning, Emma walked into the office with a noticeable spring in her step. Her body still ached in the most delicious ways from the day before, and the constant, leaking reminder of King Jermaine's cum dripping from her pussy for the last twenty-four hours made her feel alive. She had chosen a fitted blouse and a slightly shorter skirt than usual, one that swayed teasingly around her thighs as she moved.

Katherine, her boss, noticed almost immediately.

Katherine was forty-five, with shoulder-length dark hair that she often pulled up into a ponytail. She managed to stay in decent shape, but her larger hips and breasts made her appear on the heavier side. Still, she was impeccably put-together and the picture of conservative success. Married for over twenty years to an ultra-conservative husband, she had raised four children while climbing the corporate ladder.

Her oldest two daughters had leaned left in college, much to her disappointment. Her son followed firmly in his father's footsteps. But it was her youngest, an eighteen-year-old daughter named Madison, who was even more conservative than her father. She was quiet, traditional, and fiercely opposed to the "woke nonsense" she saw everywhere. She was her mother's favorite.

"You're glowing this morning, Emma," Katherine said with a warm but curious smile as they stood in the break room. "You seem different today. Happier. More confident. Did something different happen this weekend?"

Emma smiled softly, stirring her coffee. She could still feel the ache between her legs from the previous day and her mind was still reeling from the debauchery. “You could say that. I’ve been exploring some new... perspectives. It’s been very eye-opening.”

Katherine raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued. “Well now you have me curious. Come on, spill it. What’s going on with you?”

Emma met her boss’s eyes, a small, secretive smile playing on her lips. She wasn’t ready to give anything away just yet, but the idea of showing Katherine the truth later sent a quiet thrill through her.

“I don’t want to say too much here,” Emma replied, keeping her voice light. “But if you’re free after work, I’ll give you the deets. I think you might find it interesting.”

Katherine studied her for a moment, then gave a short laugh. “Alright, now I’m really curious. You’ve got my attention. Let’s talk after the day is done.”

Emma nodded, hiding the dark excitement building inside her. She already knew exactly who she was going to introduce her conservative boss to.

*** * ***

After lunch, Emma slipped back into her cubicle and quickly texted King Jermaine.

Bringing my boss, Katherine, to happy hour at The Oak Room after work. Conservative, married, repressed. I've got her curious. Want to meet us there?

His reply came almost immediately.

Good girl. I'll be there. Get her ready and let me know when to approach.

*** * ***

Once they were settled, Katherine gave Emma a pointed look over her glass.

"All right," she said. "This morning you came in looking like you'd won the lottery. You've been floating around the office all day. What exactly happened this weekend?"

Emma smiled and took a sip of her wine.

"Michael and I have been opening things up a little. In our marriage."

Katherine blinked. She set her glass down carefully. "Opening things up? You mean you're seeing other people?"

"I am," Emma said. "Just me. Michael isn't. He's... supportive, in his own way. But I'm the only one who's allowed to see anyone else."

Katherine was quiet for a moment. She took a sip of wine, clearly choosing her words. "That's... surprising. I've been with David for twenty-three years. The idea of either of us doing something like that feels impossible."

Emma didn't push. She let the silence sit. After a minute she asked, lightly, "Is it still good? With David, I mean."

Katherine gave a small, dry smile. "It's fine. Predictable. We used to be more active, but after the girls were born it just... slowed down. Now it's every couple of months if that. I think we've both gotten used to it."

She took another drink, then added almost as an afterthought, "I had a boyfriend in college who was more... intense. I used to think about that sometimes and feel guilty."

Emma smiled but kept her tone casual. "Intense can be hard to forget."

Their first glasses were nearly empty. Emma ordered a second round. While they waited, Katherine shook her head as if amused at herself.

“My older daughter told me a little too much over winter break,” she said. “About the guys in her dorm. I pretended to be scandalized, but part of me was just sitting there thinking how different it all is now.”

Emma laughed softly. “Different how?”

Katherine hesitated, then shrugged. “Easier. More casual. She said most of the girls aren’t shy about sleeping around. Or about wanting a guy who’s larger or actually knows what he’s doing. It makes me wish I had gone to college in this era.” She looked mildly embarrassed at having said it out loud and reached for her new glass as soon as it arrived.

Emma let a few more minutes of smaller conversation pass before she spoke again.

“The man I’ve been seeing is very different from Michael,” she said. “It’s not just the novelty. He takes control in a way I’m not used to. I didn’t realize how much I needed that until it happened.”

Katherine’s fingers rested against the stem of her glass. The second glass was already softening her usual reserve. “And Michael is... all right with it?”

“He’s adjusting,” Emma said. “It’s complicated. But I’ve never felt so wanted. Or so overwhelmed.”

Katherine was quiet. She drank again, eyes on the table. After a long pause she asked, almost carefully, “Overwhelmed how?”

Emma leaned in a little, keeping her voice low.

“He’s bigger than anyone I’ve been with. When he’s inside me I feel completely full. Stretching in a way that borders on too much. And he doesn’t rush. He just takes what he wants.”

Katherine’s cheeks had colored. The conversation warmed more than just her cheeks. She took another sip of wine and waited expectantly for Emma to continue.

They ordered a third glass. Katherine would normally have stopped at two, but tonight’s discussion told her she needed at least one more.

After a few sips of the third, Emma added, almost offhandedly, “He’s a Black man.”

Katherine looked up sharply. Genuine surprise crossed her face, stronger than before, followed by a quick, almost reflexive discomfort she tried to mask. She took a longer drink of her wine before speaking.

“He’s Black?” she repeated, as if confirming she’d heard correctly. “I... I couldn’t imagine doing that. Not that there’s anything wrong with it, but in my world that just isn’t something women like me do.”

Katherine paused for a minute. Emma could see the woman's mind working as she pictured the scenario for herself.

“Is it true?” she asked, her voice lower, a little thicker from the wine. “What people say about Black men, about them being... bigger — Jesus, Madison would die if she could hear me right now.”

Emma gave a soft laugh. “I won't tell her.” Then she met Katherine's eyes.

“Yes. He is. And it's not just the size. The way he fucks is way more intense. His smell is so fucking masculine, especially... down there. And, my God, he shoots so much fucking cum. I can usually feel it leaking out of me long after.

Sensing Katherine's interest, Emma leaned in closer, pushing the naughty conversation one step further. “One time, after I had sucked him, I went home and tongue-kissed Michael without telling him that I had just swallowed another man's seed.”

Katherine's breath caught. She stared at her glass, face flushed, thighs pressed tightly together under the table. The third glass had loosened the last of her usual caution. A soft, almost inaudible exhale escaped her before she could stop it.

Emma glanced down at her phone, typed a quick message, then set it face-down on the table. A moment later it vibrated once. She checked the screen,

gave a small satisfied smile, and took another sip of her wine.

Receiving his cue, King Jermaine walked across the bar with confident. He spotted Emma and Katherine immediately and approached their table with a warm, disarming smile.

“Emma,” he said smoothly, his deep voice rich and pleasant. He leaned down and gave her a brief, familiar kiss on the cheek before turning his attention to her boss.

“And you must be Katherine. It’s a pleasure to meet you. I’m Jermaine.” Before she could fully respond, Jermaine stepped forward and pulled her into a friendly but firm hug. His large, strong arms wrapped around her, pulling her body briefly against his powerful frame. The contact was warm, confident, and lingered just a second longer than was strictly polite. Katherine stiffened at first, surprised by the sudden intimacy, but the heat of his body and the subtle scent of his cologne combined with a stronger, masculine scent made something deep inside her flutter.

When he finally released her, Katherine felt an unexpected pang of disappointment as the warmth disappeared. She quickly smoothed her blouse, trying to hide her flustered reaction. Her fingers trembled slightly as she reached for her glass again.

Jermaine sat down with them, still smiling easily. “Emma’s told me a lot about you. I’m glad I could finally meet the woman she speaks so highly of.”

As the conversation continued, Emma reached over and rested her hand

lightly on Jermaine's muscular forearm, her fingers tracing small, absentminded circles on his skin. Katherine's eyes followed the movement, unable to look away from the contrast of Emma's pale fingers against his dark, powerful arm. She shifted in her seat once more, the pressure between her legs becoming harder to ignore.

"He's so dominant in bed," Emma continued, her voice soft but eager. "The way he takes control, it's nothing like anything I've experienced before. He fucks me so deep I feel it for hours afterward. And the way he makes me cum... I lose count. He just keeps going until my legs are shaking and I feel completely used."

Jermaine gave a low, confident chuckle and placed his large hand over Emma's, gently squeezing it. "She's being modest," he said, looking directly at Katherine with a charming smile. "Your employee here is a natural at taking BBC when she lets go. She takes it better than most."

Katherine's cheeks burned. She tried to stay composed, but her nipples were painfully hard against her blouse and she could feel her panties growing damp. The casual way Emma touched him, combined with Jermaine's deep voice and commanding presence, made it impossible for her to ignore the heat building between her legs. She pressed her thighs together again and kept her eyes on the table for a long moment, as if looking at either of them directly might give too much away.

Emma kept talking, her fingers still stroking Jermaine's arm. "I'm completely his when he's inside me. I've never felt so completely possessed."

Katherine's breath caught. She glanced at Jermaine again, imagining what Emma was describing, and a fresh wave of shameful arousal flooded

through her. Her hand on the edge of the table tightened until her knuckles turned white.

After a while, Emma stood up. “Katherine, let’s go freshen up a bit.”

They walked to the back of the room to the small hallway running the width of the building. The restroom there was small, with just a single toilet and sink. Once they were inside, Emma turned to her boss with an excited glint in her eye.

Inside the small, single-toilet restroom, Emma turned to her boss with a conspiratorial smile, as if they were two best friends sharing secrets rather than a manager and employee.

“So, be honest with me,” Emma said playfully, leaning against the sink. “What do you think of Jermaine? He’s pretty hot, right?”

Katherine’s face flushed deeper. She hesitated, clearly uncomfortable but unable to deny the truth. Her fingers twisted together in front of her. “He’s... very attractive,” she admitted quietly. “I mean, objectively speaking. But Emma, you’re married. This is all so unconventional. I just don’t know how you can do it.”

Emma stepped closer, her voice dropping into a sultry whisper. “Because it feels incredible, Katherine. The way he takes what he wants. The way he fills me up so completely I can barely think. He’s so thick and long that when he pushes inside me I feel like I’m being split open in the best possible way.”

Katherine's breathing had grown shallow. She pressed her thighs together, trying to ignore how soaked her panties had become. The dirty details were hitting every repressed button she had. Her eyes flicked toward the locked door, then back to Emma, conflict plain on her face.

Jermaine stood just outside the door, waiting patiently.

Emma's eyes sparkled with excitement. "You need to see it to believe it, Katherine. Trust me."

Before Katherine could ask what she meant, Emma cracked the door open and quickly pulled Jermaine inside. She locked it again with a soft click.

The already small bathroom felt instantly smaller. Jermaine's large frame filled most of the remaining space, leaving Katherine backed against the sink with almost no room to move. She stiffened in surprise, eyes widening.

"Emma—" she started, her voice tight.

There was nowhere to go. Jermaine stood between her and the door. The polite, well-mannered part of her froze; making a scene in a public restroom felt worse than staying still. She pressed herself back against the sink, heart pounding, and stayed where she was.

Emma dropped smoothly to her knees in front of Jermaine and looked up at

her boss with a wicked grin.

“Watch,” she whispered, reaching for his belt.

Chapter 14: Intense Watching

Emma dropped smoothly to her knees in the tiny restroom, her eyes gleaming with excitement as she reached for Jermaine's belt. She worked it open quickly, then pulled down his zipper and reached inside. With a soft, eager sound, she freed his massive black cock. It sprang out heavy and thick, already half-hard and swaying in front of her face.

Katherine's eyes widened in genuine shock. She stared at the enormous dark shaft, the thick veins running along its length, and the heavy head already glistening. Her backside pressed harder against the sink. A sharp inhale caught in her throat. It was so much bigger than anything she had ever seen, even in pictures. The sheer size made her stomach flutter with disbelief.

Emma smiled up at her boss proudly, one hand wrapping around the thick base. "See? I told you. Isn't it beautiful?" She stroked him slowly, her fingers not even able to close around his girth. Almost immediately, a thick bead of precum welled up at the tip and began to drip in a long, sticky strand. "Look how much he leaks when he's getting hard. It's constant."

Katherine's breath caught. She watched, transfixed, as Emma continued to stroke the massive shaft, coaxing more precum to ooze from the slit. The sight was obscene and hypnotic. Her free hand curled into a fist at her side. Heat was already spreading low in her belly despite every instinct telling her to look away.

Emma leaned forward and took Jermaine into her mouth like a complete

slut. She moaned loudly around him, sucking greedily as she bobbed her head, taking as much of his thick length as she could. Wet, sloppy sounds filled the small bathroom as she worshipped him, saliva dripping down her chin.

Katherine's hands trembled at her sides. She tried to look away, but her eyes kept returning to the lewd sight of Emma sucking the huge black cockhead. Her nipples were painfully hard and her pussy was already throbbing. Without realizing it, she began pressing harder against the sink, then unconsciously brushed her hand over the front of her skirt, touching herself through the fabric.

This is wrong.

The thought flickered, thin and distant. Her body was already answering differently.

The internal struggle raged inside Katherine for another long moment. Her conservative values screamed at her to stop, to leave, to pretend none of this was happening. But the sight of Emma's eager submission and the sheer size of Jermaine's leaking shaft were too much. Her legs felt unsteady. A soft, involuntary sound escaped her throat before she could swallow it.

With a shaky breath, Katherine finally gave in. Her hand slipped under the waistband of her conservative skirt and slid into her panties. The moment her fingers touched her soaked pussy, she let out a soft, involuntary whimper.

Katherine couldn't look away. Emma continued sucking Jermaine's thick member with shameless enthusiasm, her cheeks hollowing as she bobbed her head. Wet, obscene slurping sounds filled the tiny bathroom as saliva dripped from her chin onto the floor. Jermaine's hand rested lightly on the back of Emma's head, guiding her deeper.

Emma suddenly pulled off with a wet pop, strings of saliva connecting her lips to the glistening head. She looked up at Katherine with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"See? Isn't it everything I told you?" she asked breathlessly. "Doesn't it look even better up close?"

Katherine could only nod weakly, her hand still moving slowly inside her panties. Her fingers were already slick.

Emma smiled wickedly. "You have to smell him, Katherine. You won't believe how good he smells, especially his precum."

Katherine shook her head quickly, her voice strained. "No. I can't." The protest sounded thin even to her own ears. Her hips shifted restlessly against the sink.

Emma kept stroking Jermaine's heavy shaft, her hand gliding over the slick, veiny surface. "It's just smelling, Katherine. That's not cheating. You're not touching him, but you need to experience this."

Katherine shook her head quickly, though her eyes stayed fixed on the thick, leaking cock in Emma's hand. "I shouldn't. This is already way past anything I should be seeing."

"You're already seeing it," Emma said softly. "God, I need to be able to talk to someone else about this at work. Just lean down for a second. That's all."

Katherine's breathing had gone shallow. She tried moving backwards, but the sink kept her from retreating. "Emma... if anyone found out I was even in here with him..."

"No one will," Emma said. "It's just us. No touching. Just smell him."

Katherine's eyes flicked up to Jermaine's face, then back down. Her fingers were still working between her thighs. After a long pause, she leaned forward half an inch, then stopped.

"I can't believe I'm even considering this," she whispered.

Emma didn't push. She simply continued stroking slowly, letting the heavy, musky scent fill the small space between them.

Katherine closed her eyes for a moment, exhaled shakily, and leaned in a little further until her nose hovered just inches from Jermaine's thick shaft.

The moment she inhaled, her eyes fluttered. The potent, masculine musk hit her like a drug, deep, musky, and overwhelmingly virile. It filled her lungs and sent a powerful jolt straight to her clit. She lingered for a second longer than she intended, breathing him in, before pulling back sharply.

“Oh God,” she whispered, her voice shaky. She was soaked now, her fingers moving faster inside her panties as the intense aroma lingered in her nose. Her thighs trembled.

Katherine’s hand was no longer subtle. She had pushed two fingers deep inside her soaked pussy, pumping them in and out while her thumb rubbed frantic circles over her swollen clit. Soft, desperate whimpers escaped her lips as she stared at Emma worshipping Jermaine’s thick BBC.

Emma pulled off Jermaine’s cock with a wet pop and looked up at her boss with a wicked smile. She held her hand beneath the thick, drooling head and began collecting the steady flow of precum. Katherine watched, completely transfixed, as the clear, sticky fluid dripped from the swollen tip in long, glossy strands. Drop after drop landed in the center of Emma’s palm, slowly pooling into a small, shimmering puddle. The longer Emma held her hand there, the more precum gathered, thick and viscous, until it nearly overflowed between her fingers.

Katherine’s breathing grew ragged. The sight of Emma’s pale hand filling with that clear, masculine fluid while Jermaine’s enormous black meat throbbed above it was almost too much. She pumped her fingers faster, her eyes locked on the growing pool of precum. She was right on the edge, the memory of his scent mixing with the filthy display in front of her.

Emma finally lifted her precum-filled palm toward Katherine’s face. “Smell

it,” she whispered seductively.

Katherine leaned in without thinking. The second the strong, musky aroma hit her, her eyes rolled back and a powerful orgasm crashed through her. Her legs shook violently as her pussy clenched hard around her fingers, a sharp, muffled cry escaping her throat.

As the orgasm tore through her, Emma moved her palm to Katherine’s open mouth. “Taste it,” she cooed. “It’s so warm and slippery. You have no idea how good it tastes. Go on, Katherine. Taste what a real man’s precum is like.”

Lost in the throes of her climax, Katherine’s mind went blank. She leaned forward and slurped the clear handful of precum from Emma’s palm, sucking and licking greedily as wave after wave of pleasure rolled through her body. The salty, slightly sweet flavor coated her tongue while she moaned helplessly into Emma’s splayed fingers.

Katherine’s orgasm slowly faded, leaving her slumped against the bathroom wall, panting and trembling. Her fingers were still buried in her soaked panties, sticky with her own release. The strong, musky taste of Jermaine’s precum lingered on her tongue, and the memory of how thick it had felt in her mouth only made her ache for more.

Emma stayed on her knees, still stroking the massive black meat with slow, deliberate movements. Thick strands of fresh precum continued to leak from the tip, coating her fingers. She looked up at her boss with a soft, encouraging smile.

“You’re so close, Katherine,” Emma whispered. “You’ve already smelled him. You’ve already tasted him. Don’t you want to feel how heavy and hot he is in your hand?”

Katherine’s eyes were glassy, her breathing still uneven. Every conservative instinct in her body told her to push past them and leave. Instead, she stayed frozen in place, staring at the thick, veiny shaft throbbing just inches away. Her hand twitched at her side, as if it already knew what it wanted to do.

Emma reached out and gently took Katherine’s wrist, guiding her trembling hand closer to the dick without forcing it.

“Just a little further,” Emma murmured. “You can feel it if you want to.”

Chapter 15: Crossing the Line

Katherine's mind was a battlefield.

I'm married. I've been faithful for over twenty years. I have children. This is wrong.

But the ache between her legs was louder than any of those thoughts. She could still taste the salty precum on her tongue. She could still smell the heavy, masculine musk that had flooded her senses. Justifications kept repeating in her head, thin and increasingly unconvincing.

It's just smelling. It was just Emma's hand I was licking. That's not cheating.

As Katherine's thoughts pinged around in her head, Emma's fingers gently guided her wrist the final inch. The moment Katherine's palm made contact with the thick, hot shaft, her breath left her in a shaky gasp.

It was so much more than she expected.

The heat was intense, almost burning against her skin. The skin was velvet-soft over a core of solid steel. Thick veins pulsed under her fingers. She could feel every powerful throb as blood surged through the massive shaft. Without thinking, her hand closed around it. Her fingers didn't even come close to meeting.

For a long, suspended minute, Katherine forgot everything else. She forgot her husband. She forgot her children. She forgot the conservative values she had lived by for decades. All that existed was the heavy, living heat of Jermaine's meat filling her hand. She stroked it slowly, almost reverently, feeling the thick precum smear across her palm as she explored the impossible size.

A soft, helpless sound escaped her throat.

Thick strands of precum continued to leak from the swollen head, quickly slicking Katherine's hand as she stroked. The slippery heat made it even harder to stop. She didn't want to let go. Every slow up-and-down motion sent another jolt of forbidden pleasure through her body. Her fingers tightened around the massive shaft, exploring the varied contours and the heft of him.

Emma moved closer, her soft lips brushing against Katherine's neck. "That's it," she whispered. "Just feel him." Emma's hands slid up under Katherine's blouse, cupping her breasts through the conservative lace bra. Her thumbs brushed over the stiff nipples, sending sharp sparks of sensation through Katherine's already overloaded body.

The combination was too much. The thick, hot cock in her hand. The lingering taste of precum on her tongue. Emma's soft kisses along her neck and the gentle teasing of her breasts. Katherine's mind went hazy. She kept stroking, unable to stop, her hips beginning to shift restlessly.

Then she felt strong fingers at the hem of her skirt. Jermaine pushed the

fabric up and hooked his fingers into the crotch panel of her soaked panties, pulling them aside. Katherine gasped as the cool air touched her dripping pussy. A moment later, thick fingers stroked along her swollen lips, gathering her wetness before sliding firmly between them.

She hadn't been touched like this in years. Sex with her husband had become rare. It was only once every couple of months at most, and never with this kind of focused, confident skill. Jermaine's fingers explored her with slow, deliberate pressure, circling her clit with his thumb as his fingers worked inside her tight, neglected entrance.

Katherine's head fell back against the mirror behind the sink. Her mouth opened in a silent moan as the overwhelming sensations crashed together. The heavy BBC throbbed in her slick hand, Emma's lips and fingers played on her breasts and neck, and Jermaine's skilled fingers worked her pussy like he already owned it. Her arousal climbed higher and higher, building toward a boiling point she could no longer control.

Katherine's body was trembling on the edge, her breath coming in short, uneven gasps. Jermaine shifted closer, the broad, flared head of his member pressing firmly against her slick entrance. The heat of it was startling. He dragged it slowly up and down through her folds, coating the tip in her wetness before settling it back against her opening.

Her hand flew to his hard stomach, fingers pressing against the solid muscle in a weak attempt to hold him back. "I can't..." she breathed, the words soft and unconvincing.

For a moment she almost pushed harder. Almost insisted. The thought of her husband, of her children, of the life she had carefully built, flared bright

and sharp. She could still stop this. She could still walk out of this bathroom and pretend none of it had happened.

But she didn't want to.

Jermaine didn't stop. He applied steady, unrelenting pressure. The thick head forced her tight entrance to yield, stretching her open far wider than she had ever been. A sharp, broken moan escaped Katherine's throat as the impossible girth pushed inside her.

The stretch was intense. A deep, burning fullness stole the air from her lungs. Her walls fluttered helplessly around the invading thickness, struggling to adjust to something so wide. Her legs trembled. Her back arched above the sink. Every nerve in her body lit up under the overwhelming sensation of being forced open so completely.

Katherine's resistance finally cracked. The intense stretch, the heat, the overwhelming fullness of just the head inside her had pushed her past the last of her hesitation. She wanted more. She needed more.

"Just... just don't come inside me," she whispered, her voice shaky but clear. The words were the only boundary she could still hold onto.

Jermaine gave a low, approving sound and began to push deeper. Inch by thick inch, he fed more of his heavy shaft into her tight, long-neglected pussy. Katherine's eyes went wide as the burn returned, sharper this time, her walls forced to stretch wider around the invading shaft. He only gave her a little more than half of his length, careful not to overwhelm her

completely, but even that was more than she had ever taken.

Emma leaned in and closed her mouth over one of Katherine's stiff nipples, sucking gently through the thin fabric of her bra before tugging the cup down to take the bare peak between her lips. At the same time, her fingers slid between Katherine's legs and found her swollen clit, rubbing slow, firm circles as Jermaine began to move.

The first real thrust made Katherine cry out. Jermaine pulled back slightly, then pushed forward again in a steady, controlled rhythm. Each stroke stretched her open and filled her in a way that left her trembling. The wet sound of his thick cock sliding in and out of her mixed with Emma's soft sucking and the quiet, desperate moans spilling from Katherine's throat.

Katherine couldn't believe this was really happening. A strange, Black man fucking her in a public bathroom as her employee was playing with her body... this wasn't even in her list of possibilities before today, before the dirty words, before the three glasses of wine.

The image of her husband's face flashed through her mind, followed by her children's. What would they think if they could see her now with her skirt hiked up, legs spread, and a massive black cock stretching her open while she moaned like a desperate slut? The thought should have stopped her. Instead it only made her clench harder around him.

Jermaine kept his pace measured, giving her only a portion of his length with each deep, rolling thrust. Katherine's body responded. Her hips began to move on their own, meeting his strokes. Emma's tongue flicked over her nipple while her fingers worked Katherine's clit in perfect rhythm with Jermaine's cock. The dual stimulation was overwhelming. Katherine's head

fell back against the mirror, her eyes half-lidded, lost in the forbidden pleasure of being taken by both of them at once.

Jermaine kept the same careful depth, avoiding the urge to bury himself deeper. The initial burn of the stretch had faded, replaced by a deep, overwhelming fullness that made her toes curl. Each controlled stroke dragged against her sensitive walls and sent waves of pure pleasure through her body.

Emma stayed close, her mouth moving from one nipple to the other, sucking and teasing while her fingers rubbed faster circles over Katherine's swollen clit. Katherine's moans grew louder, higher, her hips rolling to meet every thrust of Jermaine's tool.

Emma's lips brushed against her ear. "Look at you," she whispered hotly. "Taking that big black cock like you were made for it. Your husband's never stretched you like this, has he? He could never fill you this full."

"N-no. Never..." Katherine whimpered, her body tightening. The dirty words mixed with the thick meat pumping in and out of her and Emma's skilled fingers on her clit, pushing her rapidly toward the edge.

Emma's voice dropped lower, more intimate. "He's going to come soon, Katherine. Are you sure you still want him to pull out? Or do you want to feel him fill this married pussy up?"

Chapter 16: Decision Time

Katherine's body was trembling on the edge, every muscle tight, every breath coming in short, broken gasps. Jermaine's thick cock continued its steady, measured thrusts, stretching her open in a way that left her mind blank and her pussy clenching helplessly around him. Emma's fingers worked her clit in perfect rhythm while her mouth stayed busy on Katherine's nipple, sucking and teasing without mercy.

Emma's lips brushed against her ear again, voice low and filthy. "He's close, Katherine. I can see how hard he is, how his balls are pulling tighter to his body. Are you still sure you want him to pull out? Or do you want this married pussy filled the way it should be?"

Katherine tried to form words. Her mouth opened, but nothing coherent came out. A desperate moan escaped as another deep stroke dragged against the sensitive places inside her. The pressure was building too fast. She could feel the orgasm rising like a wave she had no chance of stopping.

Emma reached into her bag with one hand, never stopping the circles on Katherine's clit, and pulled out her phone. She angled it carefully, the camera capturing the thick Black cock sliding in and out of Katherine's stretched, glistening entrance, then tilting up to catch the open-mouthed, lost expression on her boss's face.

"Look at you," Emma whispered, still recording. "You're about to come on that big black cock. Tell me where you want his cum, Katherine. Say it."

Katherine couldn't answer.

The orgasm hit her hard and sudden, ripping through her body with a force that stole her breath. Her back arched against the wall. A broken, high cry tore from her throat as her pussy clamped down hard around Jermaine's shaft. Her legs moved on pure instinct, wrapping tightly around his hips. Her heels dug into the backs of his thighs as she pulled him deeper just before the climax crashed over her in relentless waves.

Jermaine groaned low in his chest at the sudden tight pull. He took the invitation without hesitation. His hips snapped forward, stretching her deeper to bury another inch of cock in her, and he started to come.

Thick, heavy pulses of cum flooded Katherine's pussy in powerful surges. She felt the swelling of his cock and the rhythmic pumping as her body was forced to take it all while she was still shaking through her own orgasm. Her legs stayed locked around him, holding him deep as he emptied himself inside her.

The power of coming together left her gasping, her body twitching around the cock that continued to throb and spill into her.

When the last pulse finally faded, Jermaine held himself there for several long seconds, keeping her full. Then he slowly pulled back.

Emma's phone stayed trained on the moment his glistening cock slid free. A heavy, slow ooze of cum immediately followed, thick white fluid leaking from Katherine's stretched, well-used hole and trailing down the inside of

one thigh. Emma captured every second of the exit, the gape, and the steady drip before finally lowering the phone.

Katherine stayed slumped against the mirror, ass still resting on the sink. She was breathing hard. As her breathing slowed, reality began to filter back in, tangled and heavy.

The risk of pregnancy surfaced first, sharp even at forty-five. One unprotected load from a man this virile was enough to make the possibility real, and with it came the image of her husband's face when he found out, the quiet destruction of twenty-three years of marriage, the looks from her children.

Madison's face rose clearest of all. Her youngest. The most conservative. The one who still looked up to her. Katherine could almost see the girl's expression if she ever learned her mother had wrapped her legs around a Black man's waist and pulled him deeper while he filled her. The thought twisted in her stomach even as her pussy continued to pulse and leak around the memory of that stretch.

Emma had watched the whole thing. Her own employee. The younger woman who had brought her here and then filmed every second of her coming on his BBC as he emptied himself inside her. The power between them had shifted permanently in this tiny bathroom, and Katherine felt the weight of it even while her body still hummed with the aftershocks.

Yet underneath the fear and the shame a different truth kept rising, warmer and harder to silence. Nothing in her marriage had ever felt like that. The stretch had been overwhelming in the best way, the fullness had reached places her husband never could, and the orgasm had torn through her with

a completeness she had not known was possible. Her body still throbbed with the memory of it, sticky and open and freshly claimed. Part of her already wanted to feel it again.

The warmth of that realization lingered for a moment, mixed with the slow leak between her thighs, before her eyes finally focused enough to register the phone still in Emma's hand.

Her stomach dropped.

“You... you recorded that?”

The knowledge that the act, this Black stranger coming inside her married pussy, had been recorded settled over her like cold water. If that video ever left this room it could destroy everything. Her marriage. Her career. Her children's respect. She was not in any position to demand the phone or threaten consequences, and the helplessness of that fact made the fear sit heavier.

Emma lowered the device and gave her a soft, knowing smile. She stepped closer, voice calm and almost gentle.

“Of course I did. You looked incredible. I'll send it to you later tonight.” She reached out and brushed a damp strand of hair from Katherine's cheek. “That way you can watch it whenever you want. Whenever you need to remember exactly how good it felt.”

When Emma offered to send it to her, a small measure of relief mixed with the unease, enough to keep her from panicking outright.

Instead she only nodded once, the motion small and dazed, and made no move to pull her legs free.

Katherine stayed slumped against the wall for several more seconds, legs still loosely wrapped around Jermaine's hips, the thick slow drip of his cum continuing to escape from her body. The afterglow was still humming through her when a sharper, colder feeling began to cut through it.

Her eyes flicked toward the still-locked bathroom door.

The question of time hit her suddenly and urgently. She would be back home with her husband soon. He'd be waiting. The usual quiet evening. The life she was supposed to return to. She needed to get out of this tiny room, away from the scent of sex and clean herself of the evidence still leaking out of her.

A wave of discomfort followed close behind the nerves. Not regret exactly. She could not claim that after the way her body had responded. It was a tight, restless unease. Emma had seen everything. Emma had filmed it. Jermaine had just filled her with his seed and was still standing between her spread legs like he belonged there. The normal rules of her life felt very far away, and she suddenly needed them back.

Katherine carefully unwrapped her legs. Her feet found the floor. She winced at the wet, open feeling between her thighs as she straightened her

skirt and adjusted her panties with shaking hands, trying to make herself look presentable again. The fabric stuck wetly where cum had already soaked through. Every small movement reminded her that her body still felt stretched and used even as she tried to put the normal pieces of herself back in place.

“I... I need to go,” she said, her voice quieter than she intended. She avoided both of their eyes as she smoothed her blouse and reached for the lock. “I have to get home.”

Emma stepped aside without argument. Jermaine simply watched her, calm and unhurried, as if he already knew she would be back. They had accomplished their goal.

Katherine unlocked the door and slipped out into the short hallway, then through the bar and onto the sidewalk without looking back. The evening air felt too cool against her flushed skin. Every step reminded her of what was still slowly leaking out of her. She kept her arms close to her body and walked faster than usual, already calculating the quickest route home, the fastest way to shower, the cleanest way to pretend the last hour had never happened.

Chapter 17: Better Be Safe

Emma unlocked the apartment door a little after nine. Michael was already on the couch, phone in his hand, waiting the way he had been told. He looked up the moment she stepped inside. His eyes moved over her face, then down her body, searching for signs of what she had done.

She closed the door and walked straight to him. Without a word she reached down, unzipped him, and pulled his already half-hard dick free. Her fingers closed around it and began stroking slowly, almost absently, as if the act itself were part of the conversation.

Michael's voice came out quiet. "How did it go?"

Emma kept her hand moving. "Better than I expected. Katherine is further gone than she wants to admit."

She felt him thicken against her palm and tightened her grip just enough to make him feel it.

"We got her into the bathroom at the bar. I had him out so she could see what she was dealing with. The size alone knocked the air out of her. I started sucking him while she watched. She tried to look away at first, but she couldn't. By the time I pulled off and let him drip into my hand, she was already touching herself."

Michael's breath had already changed. "Did she touch him?"

"Not right away. I made her smell him first. She leaned in like she was going to refuse, but once that scent hit her she just stayed there. Then I held my hand up and told her to taste it. She licked his precum out of my palm while she came with her fingers still in her panties."

Emma stroked him slower now, watching his face.

"After that it got easier. I got her hand around him. She kept whispering that she shouldn't, but she never stopped stroking. When he finally pushed the head against her she tried to hold him back for a second. That last little bit of the good wife. Then he started stretching her open and she stopped fighting. She took more than half of him while I played with her tits and rubbed her clit. She came hard with her legs shaking."

Michael swallowed. "Did he finish inside her?"

Emma's smile was small and satisfied.

"She locked her legs around him and pulled him deeper when she came. He took that as the answer. Buried the rest of it and filled her up. She was still twitching around him when he pulled out. I got the whole thing on video."

She felt Michael's cock jump in her hand and gave him a slow, deliberate stroke.

“She’s going to be back, Michael. She can tell herself whatever she wants about it being a one-time mistake, but I saw her face when he came inside her. That woman is already gone.”

“That’s what the BNWO looks like in real life, baby. Not marches. Not posts. A conservative white woman with everything to lose opening her legs for a Black man because her body finally understood who it belongs under. She’s going to feel that stretch when she’s sitting at her desk tomorrow. Every time she looks at her husband, she’s going to remember how much more full she was with a Black man.”

She leaned closer, still working his hardness with the same steady rhythm.

“King Jermaine said something else to me earlier. He said white husbands don’t get to keep using the same pussy once it’s been claimed for the cause. He said the only way to make sure my baby is Black is to lock your white dicklet away so it can’t dilute anything. He wants you caged. So he knows that when I come home full of him, nothing of yours is getting mixed in.”

Michael’s eyes widened. His penis jumped hard in her hand.

Emma smiled as she felt it and kept talking in the same even tone.

“You’re going to wear it every day. The only time it comes off is when he decides you can jerk off into the toilet again, or when he wants you to stroke yourself as you watch him fuck me. That’s your place now. Supporting the

BNWO means your dick stays restrained while superior black cock does the real work.”

She released him and stood. From her bag she pulled the chastity cage King Jermaine had given her. The clear polycarbonate cover and the locking base ring caught the living-room light.

“Stand up. Pants all the way off.”

Michael obeyed. His dick was still rigid, flushed nearly purple, and leaking. Emma knelt in front of him and wrapped her hand around it again, stroking slowly and steadily while she looked up at him.

“I’m sorry,” she said quietly, almost gently. “I really am. But this just isn’t enough anymore. Not after what I’ve had. I need more than this. I need to be filled the way King Jermaine fills me.”

She tightened her grip a little and worked him in steady strokes.

“It’s not your fault. You just can’t give me what he can. His cock stretches me open in a way yours never could. When he comes inside me it feels like he’s claiming something. I want that. I want him to keep putting his seed in me until it takes.”

Michael’s breathing had turned uneven. His hips twitched despite himself.

Emma glanced at the side table, reached over, and picked up an empty glass. She held it under the head of his cock and started stroking him with firmer pulls.

“Come on, baby. Get it out one last time before I lock you up. I don’t want this little dick interfering with what he’s putting in me.”

She worked him faster, her voice soft and intimate.

“He’s going to breed me, Michael. He’s going to keep filling me until I’m pregnant with his baby. And I need you locked up so there’s no chance of your cum getting in the way.”

Michael’s whole body tensed. A broken sound left his throat as he started to come. His cum spurted heavily into the glass she held steady for him. Emma kept stroking him through it until he was shaking and spent.

She looked down at the cloudy mess in the glass, then glanced back up at him with a small, thoughtful frown.

“What should I do with this?” she asked. “I can’t just leave it sitting out. I don’t want any risk of it getting near me. Not when I’m trying to get pregnant with his baby.”

Michael swallowed, still breathing hard. “Drinking it would be safe. That would get rid of it without getting you pregnant.”

Emma's eyes lit up, suddenly thinking of a way to twist her husband's words.

"You're right," she said sweetly. "If someone drinks it, there's no risk at all." She held the glass out toward him. "Open."

Michael hesitated, realizing too late how she had turned his words around. Emma waited, patient and expectant, until he leaned forward and took the glass. He drank it down in a few quick swallows while she watched.

"You're becoming a very good little cum drinker," she teased as he swallowed the last of the fluid.

She set the empty glass aside and reached for the cage "I'm sorry it has to be this way," she murmured as she placed the base ring behind his balls, then guided his softening cock under the clear cover. "But this is how you support me now. I need you to stay denied while you help me take his baby."

The lock clicked shut. She held the key up for a second so he could see it before slipping it onto a chain that she placed around her neck.

Later, when they went to bed, Michael lay on his side in the dark with the cage locked firmly between his legs, the plastic already starting to feel like part of him.

His mind wouldn't settle.

His locked up dick still tried to expand as the things she had said kept replaying in his mind. She needed to be bred. King Jermaine was going to keep filling her until it took. Michael's own cum was something to be disposed of so it couldn't interfere. The denial itself had a sharp, humiliating heat to it. He was locked while his wife planned to carry another man's child. The thought made his stomach twist even as his trapped cock continued trying to swell against the unyielding plastic.

At the same time, a colder reality sat underneath the arousal. He couldn't come unless she unlocked him. And she had made it clear that even that would only happen with King Jermaine's approval. His release was no longer his. It belonged to the same man who was going to breed his wife.

Michael shifted under the sheet, the cage shifting with him. Sleep felt far away. All he could do was lie there with the dark excitement of being denied and the certain knowledge that nothing about this was temporary.

Chapter 18: The Morning After

Katherine barely slept that night.

Every time she closed her eyes she felt the stretch again, the dense pulse of Jermaine's BBC emptying into her, the way her legs had locked around him without her brain commanding them to. The memory swirled in her brain sending electricity down her spine to low in her belly. She had practically scrubbed herself raw in the shower the moment she got home, but the sensation of being opened and filled refused to leave.

When she and David slipped into bed, both faced opposite each other as they did most nights. She lay rigid beside him, thighs pressed together, the faint residual ache between her legs a private reminder of what she had allowed. She could still feel the oozing wetness that had continued all evening, even after her shower. It created a slippery layer between her still swollen labia that made it difficult to avoid shifting her legs to make them glide together.

She kept pushing the dirty thoughts from her mind, though, and eventually drifted off to sleep.

By morning she had almost convinced herself the entire episode could be sealed away. Still, when she stood in front of her closet, she reached past her usual conservative options. She settled on a fitted blouse that sat lower than she normally wore and a skirt that ended higher on her thighs than anything she typically brought to the office. The choice felt deliberate even as she told herself it meant nothing. She applied her makeup with extra care

and left for work determined to reclaim the version of herself that had existed before the previous evening.

Her conscious determination lasted until she sat down at her desk and her personal phone buzzed against the wood.

A text from Emma. No words. Only a video attachment and a kissing emoji. Katherine's finger hovered over the screen for a long time before she finally opened it.

The clip began on her phone, volume low. There she was, on the edge of the sink, back against the bathroom wall with her skirt hiked. Her legs were spread with a thick black cock sliding in and out of her while Emma's fingers worked her clit. Her own face filled the frame a moment later. Her eyes were half-closed and mouth open. It was the exact expression she had worn when the orgasm tore through her. Then the camera dropped again to capture Jermaine pulling out and the slow, heavy ooze of cum that followed.

Katherine's hand went under her desk almost without conscious thought. She pressed her thighs together hard under her hand, but the pressure only made the throb worse. She watched the clip twice more before the need became unbearable. She locked her office door, sat back down, and slipped her fingers into her panties.

On the screen her recorded self arched against the bathroom mirror, legs locked tight around Jermaine's hips, the exact moment she had pulled him deeper as he started to fill her. Katherine's eyes stayed fixed on that image while her own fingers worked frantically under the desk. The memory of that thick member stretching her open mixed with the sight of her own face lost in pleasure, the combination pushing her over the edge.

She came hard and fast, biting the side of her hand to stay quiet. The orgasm tore through her in sharp, shuddering waves. It wasn't the same as with Jermaine, but still far more intense than she ever remembered with her husband. Her pussy clenched around her fingers as if trying to hold on to that same fullness she remembered from the night before.

The climax left her shaking, breath coming in short broken pulls. The amazing feeling lasted only a few seconds before the guilt and tension came rushing back in. She stared at the still-open video. Her chest was tight. The evidence of what she had done the night before and what she had just done while watching it played in her mind.

She was a married woman. A mother. A respectable boss. And she had just masturbated at her desk to footage of herself taking a Black man's cum in a public bathroom. The shame sat heavy and nauseating in her stomach, tangled with the lingering pulse between her legs. She closed the video with a shaking hand and shoved the phone into a drawer as if that could put distance between her and what it contained.

She spent the next two hours answering emails and signing off on reports while the memory of both the night before and the orgasm she had just given herself sat under her skin like the bite from a mosquito that she fought not to scratch.

But her mind continued to drift back to the stretch, the heat, the way her body had taken him so completely. All of the fears remained. Pregnancy, discovery, the destruction of everything she had built hadn't faded, but it no longer stood alone. Something hungrier had taken root beside it, and the guilt only seemed to feed it.

Just before eleven Emma appeared at the entrance to her office, smiling as if nothing unusual had happened the night before.

“Morning,” Emma said lightly. “Do you have a minute?”

Katherine gestured her in, her heart already beating faster. Emma closed the door behind her and sat in the visitor’s chair with easy confidence.

“Did you watch it?” Emma asked.

Katherine’s cheeks burned. She gave a single tight nod, then looked away.

Emma’s smile deepened. “Good. I thought you might need a reminder of how much you enjoyed yourself.” She leaned forward slightly. “Jermaine asked about you this morning. He said you took him very well for a conservative, married woman. He wants to see you again.”

Katherine’s mouth went dry. The guilt from her earlier climax surged back, sharp and defensive.

“No,” she said, stronger than she felt. “Last night was a mistake. A serious one. I have a husband. I have children. I am not going to do that again. Whatever this is, it stops here.”

Emma did not look surprised or offended. She simply waited, patient.

“I mean it,” Katherine continued, forcing the words out. “I let things go too far. I should never have let you pull him into that bathroom. I should never have touched him. I am not the kind of woman who does those things, and I will not become one.”

Emma’s expression remained calm. “You also have a body that came harder than it ever has in your marriage. You can keep telling yourself it was a one-time thing if that helps you get through the day. But we both know you felt how good it was. And we both know part of you already wants more.”

Katherine looked down at her desk. The firm refusal she had just delivered felt thinner the longer the silence stretched.

Finally, she heard herself ask, very quietly, “What does he want?”

Emma’s expression softened with something like approval. “He wants you to stop fighting it. He wants you to come back to the apartment tonight after work. No one else will be there except the three of us. You can leave whenever you want, but he thinks you want more, and so do I.”

Katherine’s pulse was loud in her ears. She thought back to the video Emma sent. She remembered the way her pussy had clenched around him when he came. Her mind jumped back to the orgasm she had just given herself at this very desk while watching the replay of last night. She pictured her husband’s quiet, familiar body beside her in bed and how weak he suddenly seemed in comparison.

“I don’t know if I can do that,” she said. The earlier firmness had already begun to fray.

Emma stood, smooth and unhurried. “You don’t have to decide right this second. Think about it during lunch. Watch the video again if you need to. I know Jermaine would love you to show up.”

Emma paused at the door. “And Katherine? He already knows you will.”

The door clicked shut behind her.

Katherine sat motionless for a long time. Then, almost against her own will, she took the phone back out of the drawer and opened the video once more. She watched herself take Jermaine again. She watched how she responded to him. This time, she noticed new details in her facial reactions and body movements she had missed before.

By the time she finally closed the file her decision was already forming. The result seemed inevitable.

At the end of the day, she told herself she would only go to talk, to set boundaries. She would just go to make it clear that last night could never happen again.

She couldn’t admit it to herself yet, but she already knew it was a lie.

Chapter 19: The Apartment

Katherine stood in the hallway longer than she should have before she raised her hand and knocked.

The building itself had already unsettled her. Clean stone, quiet elevator, soft lighting. Nothing about it matched the raw version of the man who had fucked her in a bar bathroom the night before. When the door opened she was even less prepared.

Jermaine's apartment was large and carefully finished. Floor-to-ceiling windows looked out over the city. Soft music played at a low volume. The whole place smelled faintly of something clean and masculine that she already associated with him.

Emma was there waiting, seated comfortably on the long couch with a glass of wine. She looked completely at ease, as if she belonged in the space. A few feet away, near the side of the couch, a naked white man knelt on the floor with his hands resting on his thighs. His dick was locked in a clear chastity cage. Katherine recognized him after a moment. It was Michael, Emma's husband.

"You came," Emma said, smiling as though she already knew the outcome.

Katherine stepped inside. Jermaine closed the door behind her with a quiet click. He was barefoot, in dark jeans and a simple black shirt. He looked completely at ease in a way that made her own careful posture feel stiff.

“I only came to say something,” Katherine said. Her voice sounded thinner than she wanted.

Jermaine gestured toward the couch. She sat on the edge of it, upright, rigid, hands folded. She tugged on her short skirt to keep it lower. Now, Katherine wondered why she selected it. Emma stayed where she was, quiet but looking amused. Jermaine took the chair across from them, pulling it closer once Katherine had settled.

Katherine forced the words out before the atmosphere of the room could soften them further.

“Last night was a mistake. I should never have let it happen. I’m a faithful wife. I have children. Nothing else is going to happen between us. I came to make that clear in person.”

Jermaine listened without interrupting. When she finished he gave a short, unimpressed chuckle.

“You’re calling it a mistake,” he said. “But you came harder on a black cock than you ever have on your husband’s, didn’t you? That isn’t a mistake. That’s you finding out what you’ve been missing. It also means you’re no longer a faithful wife.”

The bluntness of it landed harder than any softer persuasion would have. Katherine felt heat rise in her face. She could already feel a faint warmth

starting between her legs and hated that it was happening so easily.

“That doesn’t mean I’m going to do it again,” she replied, overly defensive.

“You’re here though,” he said. “Already dressed for getting fucked. I’m sure that pulse is pounding. Already remembering how it felt when I stretched that tight white pussy open. You didn’t come to end anything. You came because a superior man showed you something your husband never could, and you already want more of it.”

Katherine’s fingers tightened on her hem. The memory of the stretch, the way she had locked her legs around him, and the orgasm that had torn through her refused to stay buried the way she needed it to. Her body was already responding to the nearness of him and to the confidence in his voice.

Emma watched quietly. Michael kept his eyes averted.

Jermaine shifted closer on the couch until she could feel the heat of his body. He didn’t touch her yet.

“You’ve spent years with a white man who could never fill you like that,” he continued, voice steady and low. “Last night you felt the difference. A real man’s dick. A Black man’s cock. You came like your body had been waiting for it. Then you went home and tried to pretend it didn’t matter. Now you’re sitting in my apartment with wet panties telling me it was a mistake.”

Katherine opened her mouth and found nothing solid. Shame and arousal tangled so tightly she could no longer separate them cleanly. She crossed her legs, as if it would prevent anything, but the pressure only made the ache clearer.

Jermaine reached up and brushed a strand of hair behind her ear. The contact was light. She still did not pull away. His fingers trailed down to rest against the side of her neck, feeling the quickened beat there.

“You’re already responding to me,” he said. “That’s what happens when a superior man takes a woman who has only ever had average. Your body knows the difference even when your mouth is still trying to lie about it.”

Katherine’s breath had gone shallow. The prepared refusal was crumbling under the weight of her own physical reaction and the way he kept naming exactly what she had felt. His thigh pressed closer along hers, solid and warm through the denim. Even that simple contact made her stomach flutter with nerves and want.

Just once more. If I feel that again one more time I can get it out of my system.

Jermaine’s hand settled more firmly against her neck, thumb brushing her jaw.

“Stop pretending last night was an accident,” he said. “A Black man opened you up and made you come harder than you ever have. You’re here because you want that feeling again. Say no if you need to. Your body already gave a different answer.”

Katherine's eyes closed for a moment. The last of her resistance loosened under the combined pressure of his nearness, the frame he kept placing around what she had felt, and the smaller permission she had already started giving herself. She did not say yes out loud. She also did not stand up and head for the door.

That silence, and the way she stayed exactly where she was, was answer enough.

Jermaine's hand slid from her neck down to her knee, then higher along the outside of her thigh until his fingers reached the hem of her skirt.

"Take your panties off," he said. "Give them to me."

Katherine's breath caught. For a second the old resistance flared, but it had nowhere solid to land. Her hands moved almost on their own. She reached under her skirt, hooked her fingers into the waistband, and worked the damp fabric down her legs. The air felt cool against her bare skin as she stepped out of them. She held the panties out, cheeks burning.

Jermaine took them from her and turned the crotch outward so she could see clearly. The pale fabric was visibly soaked, creamy and sticky with the evidence of how wet she had become just from sitting near him and listening.

He held them up between them.

“Look at that,” he said, voice low and certain. “That’s what a superior Black man does to a married white woman who keeps trying to pretend she doesn’t want it. Your mouth is still looking for reasons to leave. Your pussy already told the truth.”

Katherine stared at the wet mess in her own panties and felt the last clean edges of her denial slip further out of reach.

Jermaine held the wet panties up a moment longer so Katherine could keep looking at the creamy mess she had made, then tossed them across to Emma.

“Clean those,” he said.

Emma caught them without hesitation. She brought the soaked crotch to her mouth and dragged her tongue slowly through the sticky center, licking up the thick evidence of Katherine’s arousal in long, deliberate strokes. The wet sounds were seemed to echo in the quiet apartment. She kept going until the fabric was glossy with saliva instead of cream, then set the cleaned panties aside on the arm of the couch.

Katherine watched, stunned. The ease of Emma’s obedience unsettled her almost as much as the act itself. Her own employee was licking the taste of her from the crotch of her panties on command without a single word of protest. The power in the room felt absolute.

Jermaine looked at Emma again.

“Get your boss ready for me.”

Emma moved immediately. She shifted down to the floor between Katherine’s legs and gently pushed the shorter skirt higher to expose Katherine’s bare, wet pussy. Emma leaned in and dragged her tongue through the slick folds in one slow, thorough pass, then another, tasting her directly now. Katherine’s hips twitched at the contact. A helpless sound escaped her throat before she could stop it.

The sensation was overwhelming. Emma’s tongue was soft and relentless, moving over her clit and then lower, pushing into her open pussy with focused hunger. Katherine’s thoughts scattered under it.

She was naked on a near-stranger’s couch while her own employee, a female, licked her open for a Black man who had was about to fuck her for the second time. The wrongness of it only made the pleasure sharper, and it became that much harder to hold on to the reasons she had come here to refuse him.

Emma took her time. She licked with focused, sensual attention while her hands worked at Katherine’s clothes. The fitted blouse was unbuttoned and eased off her shoulders. The bra followed. Emma’s mouth never fully left her as each piece came away. The skirt was worked down over her hips and dropped to the floor. In a few careful minutes Katherine was completely naked on the couch with her skin flushed and legs still open. Emma continued working between them with her tongue moving in slow, wet strokes over her swollen clit and open lips.

Jermaine watched the entire time. He stood and stripped without hurry, first the shirt and then the jeans. His shaft came out, free and heavy and already thick. The dark shaft thickened further as he wrapped a hand around it and stroked. Clear, slippery precum was already drooling from the head in a long, glistening strand that stretched and then broke, creating an audible splat on the floor. The wet sound made Katherine's stomach tighten. He kept stroking, spreading the wetness down the shaft as more of the clear fluid welled up immediately.

Katherine's eyes locked on it. It looked even bigger than she remembered from the bathroom, the length and girth enough to make her stomach flutter. The sight of all that precum spilling from him while Emma's tongue worked between her legs pushed her past the last of her hesitation. She reached down, slid her fingers into Emma's hair, and pulled her employee's mouth tighter against her pussy, hips lifting into the contact as she stared at the thick, drooling meat that was about to take her again.

Only then did her gaze flick once toward the other side of the room. Michael was still kneeling in the same place, eyes lowered, the clear chastity cage between his legs. The contrast was deliberate and complete.

Chapter 20: Learning Her Place

Katherine's fingers were still tangled in Emma's hair, holding her employee's mouth tight against her open pussy, when Jermaine moved.

He stepped behind Emma, flipped her skirt up over her back, and pulled her panties to the side in one smooth motion. Emma made a soft sound against Katherine's wet flesh but did not stop licking. Jermaine lined the thick, precum-slick head of his cock up against Emma's entrance and pushed forward.

The wet stretch of him sinking into Emma was unmistakable. Emma moaned into Katherine's pussy as she was filled, the vibration humming straight against Katherine's clit while the scent of sex thickened in the air between them. Jermaine settled into a steady rhythm, hips working, the heavy sound of his body meeting Emma's filling the quiet apartment.

Katherine watched it happen with a sharp, unexpected twist of jealousy. She had been the one stripped naked. She had been the one spread open and licked ready. She had been staring at that thick, leaking member and bracing for it. Instead she was watching it disappear into her employee while she was left aching and empty.

Jermaine looked down at her over Emma's back and gave a low laugh.

"I see that look," he said, never slowing his strokes into Emma. "You thought you were next. You thought being naked and wet on my couch

meant you were getting this dick. That's not how it works around a Black king. You don't get to decide when you're used. You learn your place first."

Katherine's face burned. The jealousy sat ugly and obvious in her chest, made worse by every wet sound of him fucking Emma right in front of her. Emma's tongue was still working between her legs, but the pleasure only sharpened the feeling of being denied.

Jermaine fucked Emma deeper, one hand on her hip, the other resting lightly on the back of her head to keep her in place against Katherine.

"If you want to feel this BBC again," he said, voice calm and absolute, "you address me properly. 'King Jermaine' or 'Sir'. Every time. That's the price of getting what you came here for."

Katherine's throat tightened. The old resistance flickered, thin and useless. She had already given up her panties. She had already let Emma strip her and lick her open. She had already stayed when she could have left. The idea of watching him finish in Emma and then being sent home still empty felt worse than the submission he was demanding.

She swallowed and forced the words out.

"Yes, King Jermaine."

The title felt foreign and heavy on her tongue. Saying it out loud sent a

fresh, conflicted pulse of heat through her.

Jermaine's mouth curved slightly. He kept thrusting into Emma with slow, powerful strokes, the thick shaft glistening as it moved in and out of her.

"Good. Now prove you can take a command. Get under her. Lick her pussy while I fuck it. Show me you understand your place."

The order stopped Katherine cold.

Her mind recoiled hard. She had never touched another woman like that. Never even seriously considered it. The idea sat completely outside everything she had been raised to believe about sex, marriage, and her own body. Licking her own employee's pussy while a man fucked her in front of the woman's kneeling husband felt like crossing into something she would not be able to take back. It was one more line past the ones she had already crossed, and this one felt different. It felt more personal, more shameful.

She stayed frozen, staring at the place where Jermaine's thick cock was sliding in and out of Emma. The jealousy was still there, sharp and hot, but so was the ache of being left empty after everything she had already allowed. If she refused, he might decide she had not earned another turn. He might finish in Emma and send her home with nothing but the taste of denial. After getting this far, after giving up her panties, after letting herself be stripped and licked open, after calling him King, the thought of leaving without feeling that big cock again was almost unbearable.

The two needs warred inside her. Conservative instinct said this was a step

too far. Desire said she had already come too far to stop.

Katherine shifted before the internal argument fully resolved, sliding down until she was on her back beneath Emma. Emma adjusted without being told, spreading her knees wider so Katherine's mouth could reach her. The scent of Emma's arousal mixed with the heavier smell of Jermaine's thick length already working in and out of her.

Katherine lifted her head and dragged her tongue through the stretched, slick folds where Jermaine's thick shaft was thrusting. The taste was immediate and intimate, Emma's wetness, warm and slightly sweet, mixed with the salt of his precum. Each time he pushed back in, fresh fluid coated her tongue and the musky scent of his swinging balls filled her nose. The texture was soft and swollen under her tongue, made slicker every time his thickness pushed back in. She licked again, slower, following the place where Emma was stretched around him.

The taboo of it hit her in a fresh wave. She was a married woman on her back licking another woman's pussy while a Black man fucked it. The wrongness of the act only fed her arousal. Every pass of her tongue made the situation more real and more taboo. She could feel Emma's clit under her tongue and taste the way Emma's body responded when Jermaine drove deeper. The wet sounds of her own mouth working between them combined with the moist squishing of the dark shaft sinking deep into Emma's cunt. The shame and the heat tangled together until she could no longer fully separate them.

Above her, Emma moaned louder against Katherine's pussy. Emma's obedience to Jermaine's command continued even after the position change. Jermaine looked down between them with a grin on his face as he continued to fuck Emma over Katherine's tongue.

“That’s it,” he said. “Learn your place. A married white woman on her back licking another woman’s pussy while a Black king uses it. This is what you came back for.”

Katherine kept licking, eyes half-closed, the thick meat sliding in and out just above her mouth. The jealousy had not disappeared, but it had been folded into something hotter and more obedient. She was no longer the one being fucked. She was the one serving while he took his pleasure, and the wrongness of it only made her wetter against Emma’s tongue.

Emma’s body tightened suddenly around Jermaine’s cock. A broken moan spilled out of her against Katherine’s pussy as she came, her walls clenching and releasing in waves. Thick, creamy fluid pushed out around his thrusting shaft, coating the dark length in glossy white. Jermaine fucked her through it for several more strokes, then pulled free with a wet sound.

He shifted forward and brought the coated head of his black dick down to Katherine’s mouth.

“Clean it,” he said. “Get every bit of her off me.”

Katherine stared at the thick shaft glistening with Emma’s cum. The order sat heavy in her chest, but she opened her mouth and took the head between her lips, sucking the thick ridge clean. After, she worked carefully with her tongue, licking along the flared head and the upper shaft, tasting the warm, slightly sweet cream that belonged to the cute blonde wife. The act felt even more intimate than licking Emma directly. She was cleaning another woman’s orgasm off a Black man’s cock. The thought sent a fresh, shameful

pulse of heat through her even as she kept licking.

When the shaft was mostly clean he pulled back.

“Put it back in her,” he said. “I want to breed this one.”

Katherine’s stomach dropped. The disappointment was immediate and sharp. She had followed every command. She had licked Emma. She had cleaned him with her mouth. Some part of her had still believed that meant she would be the one he finished in. Instead she reached up with both hands, guided the thick, wet head back to Emma’s open pussy, and watched it sink in again.

The word “breed” stayed in her mind as he started thrusting. Emma was going to let him do it. She was going to take a full load with the clear intention of getting pregnant. Katherine had assumed her employee was on birth control like most women their age who were not trying for children. The realization that Emma was willingly unprotected and actively open to carrying his baby sent a jolt of shock through her that mixed uncomfortably with arousal. Emma wanted this. She was moaning for it while a conservative, married woman licked her from below.

Katherine’s head turned to look at Michael between the space under Emma’s tight, youthful stomach. He was still kneeling and watching. But as talk of King Jermaine breeding his wife hung in the air, Katherine could see stringy threads of precum leaking from his restrained dick.

She moved her attention back to Emma as King Jermaine resumed his

steady, powerful strokes. Almost at once more of Emma's cream was forced out around him, running down the shaft and over his heavy balls in slow, sticky trails.

"Clean my balls," he ordered. "Get your mouth on them."

Katherine lifted her head and dragged her tongue over the full, hanging sac, tasting Emma's fluid mixed with his skin. The texture was different here, warmer and heavier. She licked carefully at first, then more thoroughly as more cream continued to drip down onto her tongue.

"Suck them," Jermaine said, never slowing his thrusts into Emma. "Suck my balls so I can dump a big load in this pussy and knock her up."

Katherine opened her mouth wider and took one side of his sac between her lips, sucking one testicle gently while her tongue moved against it. The position left her completely under them, mouth full while he fucked Emma toward the breeding he had announced. The knowledge that Emma was truly going to take that load and possibly carry his child stayed with her, equal parts unsettling and hot.

Jermaine looked down at her between strokes.

"You've followed instructions well enough," he said. "I'll fuck you again. You've earned that. But this one," he drove deeper into Emma and held there for a moment, "this one is more likely to take a pregnancy and carry it. White women like her are useful for putting more Black children into the world for the Black New World Order. You're useful for other things."

Remember the difference.”

The full phrase landed strangely in Katherine’s ears. Black New World Order. She had seen the term online before, dismissed it as fringe talk and angry fantasy. She had never taken it seriously. Now, as she sucked his other ball in, with her lips stretched around both of his sperm producing organs and the wet sound of him fucking Emma above her, it felt harder to wave away.

Everything she had experienced since the bathroom, the size of him, the way her body had responded, the ease with which both she and Emma obeyed, lined up with the claim in a way that unsettled her. If this was what the movement looked like in private, then the superiority he spoke of was not theoretical. It was currently buried in her employee while she cleaned his balls with her tongue.

Katherine did not pull away. She stayed under them, sucking obediently, the taste of both of them thick on her tongue, and let the resignation settle in alongside the shame and the heat. Whatever the Black New World Order actually was, she was already inside it.

Chapter 21: Submission for the Cause

Katherine kept her mouth working under them, lips stretched around the heavy sac while Jermaine drove into Emma with deep, steady strokes. Her nose was pressed into the warm crease of his taint, and every breath filled her with the thick, manly scent that surrounded her. The smell was dense and overwhelming, pure heat and musk, mixed with the wet sounds of him fucking Emma just above her face. Her head felt light even as her tongue kept moving.

The phrase he had used kept turning over in her mind.

Black New World Order.

She had seen the letters before. BNWO. On social media, usually in posts that mixed anger with intense sex. Sometimes the posts talked about justice and history and power shifting. Other times the same letters appeared under images of white women on their knees, mouths open, captions about submission and breeding and knowing your place. She had scrolled past those posts with a tight feeling in her chest and told herself they were just fringe talk, fantasy, the kind of extreme content that lived in the corners of the internet.

Now the same idea was being demonstrated over her while she sucked on a Black man's balls so he could finish inside her own employee, a married white woman, while her husband watched next to them.

The realization did not stop her. It settled deeper.

She was a married woman on her back in a Black stranger's apartment, mouth full of another woman's juices and the man's heavy balls, helping him breed her.

Emma wanted this. Emma was moaning for it, hips lifting to take every inch, open and unprotected on purpose. Katherine had guided that thick shaft back into her after cleaning it. She continued cleaning him now as the cream would trail down to his balls. The heavy masculine scent stayed with her as she worked, a constant reminder that she was helping this virile man spread his new order.

The social justice posts and the sexual ones no longer felt separate. In this moment they sat on top of each other. The talk of history and debt and balance had become the reason a superior cock was buried in a white woman's pussy while another white woman served underneath.

Katherine's own body had already answered the question of which version felt more real. The stretch from the night before still lived in her memory. The way she had locked her legs around him. The way she had pulled him deeper when he started to fill her. That had not been theory.

Jermaine's voice cut through her thoughts.

"Keep sucking. I'm close."

Katherine opened wider and took more of him into her mouth, tongue moving across the smooth orbs while he fucked Emma harder. The wet sound of his pulsing manhood working in and out grew louder. Emma's moans broke into short, sharp cries. Katherine felt the change in the balls against her tongue as they drew up slightly, followed by the heavy pulse she felt in the shaft that pressed against her bottom lip.

He buried himself all the way in Emma and held.

"Take it," he growled. "Every drop."

Emma's body clenched hard around him. A long, warbling groan left her throat as she came again, her walls pulsing while Katherine felt the heavy throb of his cock against her tongue and lips. She stayed under them, mouth still working, tasting the fresh fluid that leaked down his shaft with each heavy surge. He kept pumping, slow and deep, making sure nothing was wasted as Katherine licked what reached her tongue and swallowed it.

When he finally pulled free, a thick stream of mixed cum followed. It ran down over Emma's swollen lips and dripped onto Katherine's face and open mouth. She cleaned what she could without being ordered. The rest she left where it landed.

Jermaine looked down at her, still breathing hard. His dick hung heavy between them, still thick but visibly softer now after the long load he had just given Emma. The dark shaft glistened with their combined fluids and had lost some of its earlier rigid force.

“You did well enough. Get up on the couch. On your back. Legs open.”

Katherine moved. Her legs felt unsteady as she climbed onto the cushions and lay back. Emma shifted aside, still catching her breath, cum continuing to leak from her used pussy onto the fabric. Katherine spread her thighs. The air felt cool against how wet she was.

Jermaine stepped between her legs and dragged the semi-hard head of his dick through her folds once, then again, coating himself in her. He did not ask if she was ready. He simply pushed forward.

The stretch returned all at once, but the entry felt different this time. The softening shaft still forced her open, yet it lacked the full iron hardness she remembered from the bathroom. Katherine’s breath caught as the first few inches settled inside her. Then, almost immediately, she felt him swell. The cock thickened rapidly against her walls, hardening with each slow push until it was fully rigid again, stretching her the way it had before. The change was unmistakable. What had started slightly soft became thick and unyielding within seconds, filling her completely.

Each stroke reminded her of the tension she felt the night before. The fullness made her eyes water. She could feel every thick vein, every shift of the flared head inside her. Emma watched from the side of the couch, one hand already between her own legs again, fingers sliding through the mess Jermaine had left. She beckoned her husband over to clean her as she watched Katherine take the BBC once again.

Katherine’s mind kept circling the same idea.

This was what the posts had meant. Not the marches or the slogans. This. A white woman opened and used to advance a cause, to show true power. The power was not theoretical when it was stretching her open and making her moan. The debt was not abstract when it was being paid in the most physical way possible.

Jermaine leaned over her, still thrusting, and spoke close to her ear.

“You feel that? That’s what belongs inside you now. Not the small dicklet you go home to. You’re going to take my BBC whenever I decide. And when I tell you to bring me another one like Emma, you’re going to do it. Understand?”

Katherine’s answer came out broken between thrusts.

“Yes, King Jermaine.”

He fucked her harder after that, deeper, the wet sound of her body taking him filling the room. His voice stayed low and steady against her ear.

“You’re part of this now. The BNWO needs white women who can open doors. Women with status. Women with access. You’re going to help me get more of them, conservative ones, married ones. The ones who think they would never end up like this. You’re going to bring them to me the same way Emma brought you. That’s how you serve the cause. With this pussy and with the women you deliver.”

The pressure built fast as he drove deeper than the night before. She came with a sharp cry, legs shaking around his hips, pussy clenching hard around the thick shaft that kept moving through it. He did not slow down. He fucked her through the orgasm and kept going until the next one started to rise, still talking.

“Every time you come on this cock you’re helping. Every time you leave here full of black cum you’re proving the point. White pussy belongs under us. You’re going to make sure more of it ends up right where it belongs.”

When he finally finished, he buried himself deep and held there, flooding her with a heavy load. Katherine felt every thick pulse, the heat of it spreading inside her while her legs stayed open and trembling. She continued to spasm, breathing hard with the knowledge of what was inside her settling into her body the same way the words had settled into her mind. The scents of King Jermaine and Emma still lingered faintly on her face, a quiet reminder of the breeding she had witnessed before being filled herself.

He pulled out slowly. Cum followed in a thick stream. Katherine looked down at it and did not close her legs.

Emma stood up and looked down at her husband.

“Michael. Come over here.”

He shuffled on his knees in front of Katherine. Still naked, the clear cage holding him in between his legs he watched as Emma pointed to the space between Katherine’s open thighs.

“Clean her. Get every drop of King Jermaine’s cum out of her pussy with your tongue. That’s your role in the new world order now.”

Michael knelt between Katherine’s legs without argument. He leaned in and began licking the thick, slow leak from her stretched opening, the salty taste of Jermaine’s cum spreading across his tongue as he took the mixed load into his mouth the way he had been trained. Katherine watched him work, still breathing hard, the last of her old resistance loosening another notch as she felt a denied white husband cleaning a Black man’s seed from her.

Emma rested a hand on the back of Michael’s head, keeping him in place.

“That’s your place,” she said, voice calm and certain. “You stay contained so nothing of yours can interfere. You clean what superior black cock leaves behind. You watch. You wait. You don’t get to fuck anymore unless a Black king decides he wants to take your asshole. You only get to swallow black cum or help it get to where it belongs.”

Michael kept licking, obedient and silent. Katherine felt the last clean edges of her former life slip further away. She was still a wife. Still a mother. Still the woman who had spent years telling herself certain lines could never be crossed. Those facts had not disappeared, but the lines had been obliterated.

Now, the truth of what she was formerly had simply been folded into something larger and more demanding. She wondered what Madison would say to her when she found out. She knew it wouldn’t stay a secret forever. It couldn’t.

The Black New World Order was no longer a phrase she could just scroll past. It was already here for her. And she knew that she would help it perpetuate.

Chapter 22: The New Normal

Six weeks later, Katherine was addicted. She had fought with herself each time she found herself leaving the office early to go to King Jermaine's. After a week or two, it had become a need.

Now, she walked into Jermaine's apartment like she belonged there, already unbuttoning her blouse before the door fully closed. Emma was on the couch on her back, legs spread, King Jermaine's thick cock sliding in and out of her in long, wet strokes.

With Katherine on board, Emma was rarely even in the office anymore. She stopped by in the morning and would head to King Jermaine's by lunchtime, spending her entire afternoon there taking on whatever breeding bulls King Jermaine had lined up for her.

The sound of fucking filled the room. Katherine watched for a moment as King Jermaine thrust deep again, slapping his heavy balls against Emma's winking asshole, then sank to her knees beside them without being told.

King Jermaine looked down at her and nodded toward his balls.

Katherine leaned in and licked them while he fucked Emma. The heavy, musky scent of him filled her nose. She sucked one side of his sac into her mouth, then the other, tasting the mixture of Emma's wetness and his skin. When he pulled out of Emma and pushed his glistening cock toward Katherine's face, she opened for him immediately. He fucked her throat in

short, deep thrusts until her eyes watered, then pulled free and pushed back into Emma.

Omar and Andre arrived twenty minutes later.

They didn't ask permission. Omar pulled Katherine up by the hair, bent her over the arm of the couch, and shoved into her from behind in one hard stroke. She cried out, the stretch still intense even after weeks of taking them. Andre stepped in front of her and fed his cock into her mouth. They used her like that while Jermaine continued to breed Emma a few feet away.

Omar gripped Katherine's hips and slammed into her harder, making no effort to keep his voice down. The wet sound of his cock plunging into her carried through the apartment.

"Listen to this white pussy open up!" he growled at her. "Conservative wife, family woman, and look at her now. She's bent over taking BBC like she was built for it."

He continued using his entire cock to push deep as his words darkened. "I saw those pictures on your phone, girl. You've got daughters at home. Bet they'd stretch even nicer around this dick than their mama. The BNWO is going to get to them soon. You'll have mixed grandbabies running around your house soon."

Katherine came hard at the words, shaking between the two men. Her mind had come so far the last several weeks. From conservative wife and mother to black cock slut, she had been completely transformed. Instead of being

repulsed by his words, the thought of her daughters breeding for these men was making her clench hard against Omar's thick shaft.

The squeezing set Omar off, flooding her pussy with a heavy load. Andre finished down her throat. When they stepped back, Katherine stayed bent over, cum leaking down her thighs, waiting for whatever came next.

Emma, on days she actually stayed in the office, still went to King Jermaine's after work. Some evenings she only stayed long enough to get fucked and filled. Other nights she stayed for hours, taking him again after he had already used Katherine, or kneeling beside her while both women served. Michael never came with her anymore. He waited at home, caged, knowing exactly what was happening to his wife.

Michael was waiting on his knees that night when she returned home. She opened the door to see him there, looking pathetic.

Emma didn't speak. She pulled her skirt up, pushed her soaked panties to the side, and pointed. Michael crawled forward and buried his face between her legs. The taste of Jermaine's fresh cum flooded his tongue. He licked deeper, cleaning her the way he had been trained, while Emma stood over him with one hand in his hair.

She let him work until she was satisfied, then ordered him to the bedroom.

That night she unlocked him.

The key turned with a soft click. Michael's cock, pale and sensitive after weeks in the cage, sprang free. Emma didn't let him stand. She pushed him onto his back on the bed, climbed up, and straddled his head, lowering her still-slick pussy onto his mouth.

"Jermaine said I could unlock you tonight," she said. "He was feeling generous."

She settled her weight on his face.

"Eat."

Michael obeyed. The taste of Jermaine was still strong inside her. Emma reached down, wrapped her hand around his freed cock, and began stroking him in a slow, steady rhythm.

"That's it. Clean your wife's cunt while I touch you."

She stroked him a little faster, her voice calm.

"I took a test today at Jermaine's. I'm pregnant."

Michael's tongue faltered beneath her.

Emma kept her hand moving on his cock and pressed down a little harder with her hips.

“The baby will be Black for sure. I showed him the test and he smiled like I’d just given him a gift. He told me it was his, no matter whose seed actually got there first. He bent me over the couch and fucked me harder than he has in weeks. One hand on my hip, the other pressed right against my stomach.”

She tightened her grip slightly.

“As he fucked me, he told me I was finally doing what white pussy is for. That I was going to get big and round with his Black baby while you watch me. He said every load he puts in me now is just to own you. That having Black babies is how I pay the debt. How I serve the BNWO.”

Michael moaned into her, the sound muffled by her wet flesh. His hips jerked in her fist.

Emma stroked him faster, rocking her hips in small motions against his tongue.

“For the next nine months everyone will think it’s yours. Our families. All our friends. They’ll congratulate you and touch my belly and assume you’re the father. But you’ll know the truth the whole time. You’ll watch me get bigger with another man’s baby and stay quiet. And when it’s born, when they all see that Black child come out of me, everyone will know exactly what you are.”

She kept her voice steady as she worked his cock.

“I’m going to get bigger. My tits are going to fill with milk for his child. You’re going to stay locked except when King Jermaine decides you can be out. And when the baby comes, you’re going to help me raise it knowing it belongs to a superior Black man, and so will everyone else.”

Michael came hard, spilling over her fingers with a broken, helpless sound while his tongue was still buried in the cum-soaked pussy that no longer belonged to him. Emma kept stroking him through it until he was shaking and oversensitive beneath her.

Then she lifted off his face, wiped her hand on his cheek, picked up the cage, and replaced it on him again.

“Sleep on the floor,” she said. “I want the bed.”

Michael nodded, still tasting Jermaine, and lowered himself to the carpet.

Emma lay back against the pillows, one hand resting on her lower belly, and closed her eyes.

The debt was being paid. And there was so much more still to collect.

About the Author



Lauren Veyron

Lauren Veyron is an emerging author specializing in steamy, provocative erotic fiction that explores themes of desire, adventure, and boundary-pushing relationships.

With a bold and unapologetic voice, she crafts intimate confessions and tantalizing tales that draw readers into worlds of passion and forbidden excitement.

Drawing inspiration from the complexities of human sensuality and the thrill of the unconventional, Lauren writes to captivate and arouse, inviting readers to embrace their fantasies without judgment. When not weaving her seductive narratives, she enjoys exploring new ideas and connecting with an audience that appreciates raw, honest storytelling. You can join Lauren on X @lveyronwrites and her website laurenveyron.com.

Lauren lives in Tennessee, and is excited to share her latest release with fans of spicy romance and erotic adventures.

Books By This Author

Hotwifesophie: Public Sophie

This is the first in a series of Hotwifesophie stories. Nothing can compare to Sophie's slutty life in her fansly or in books. She's one of the hottest hotwives out there. More books coming soon. Follow along with the first book [here](#).

She loves the risk. She loves the audience. And she loves knowing her husband is watching every second of it.

Sophie is a married Queen of Spades who can't get enough of being claimed in public. When her older Black bull Marcus takes her out for an afternoon stroll, she doesn't just hold his hand, she rides him on a park bench in broad daylight while her cuckold husband stands nearby, holding her bag, aching and ignored.

But the park is only the beginning.

By the time they reach a busy gastro pub, Sophie is already ready for more. She orders drinks with her wedding ring sparkling against her bull's bare hand, feeds her husband's humiliation in front of the cute waitress, and then decides the table is the perfect place for round two.

What starts as a teasing public display quickly turns into something far more shameless... and far more permanent.

Public Sophie is a filthy, unapologetic hotwife short story packed with exhibitionism, BBC ownership, cuckold humiliation, and the kind of public risk that leaves everyone watching.

This is a wife who already knows who she belongs to. Hubby might be disappointed to find out the answer to this one.

Readers who enjoy public sex, Queen of Spades themes, older Black bulls, and wives who push every boundary will feel right at home here. (Also contains interracial hotwife and cuckold themes, exhibition, creampie, public fun)

18+ only. Explicit content.

Hotwife Fantasies Unleashed

When a devoted husband's deepest fantasies become reality, the lines between love, jealousy, and raw desire begin to blur.

In Hotwife Fantasies Unleashed, follow the journey of Rebecca, a stunning and adventurous wife who decides to fully embrace her sensual side with the encouragement of her loving cuckold husband, James. What begins as playful exploration quickly evolves into something far more intense as Rebecca discovers the thrill of being taken by strong, dominant Black men who know exactly how to satisfy her with their BBCs in ways her husband never could.

Blending real-life moments with tantalizing fantasies, this story follows Rebecca as she indulges in passionate encounters with powerful lovers while James watches, serves, and learns his true place in their evolving marriage. From steamy dates and public teasing to intensely private nights at home, every chapter pushes the boundaries of pleasure, humiliation, and surrender.

Written with the full approval of the real-life hotwife who inspired it, Hotwife Fantasies Unleashed is a raw, erotic exploration of a couple's journey into the hotwife lifestyle — where one man's greatest fantasy becomes another man's pleasure... and his wife's ultimate satisfaction.

For mature readers only. Contains explicit adult themes including cuckold dynamics, interracial encounters, light BDSM, extreme humiliation, and power exchange. Lauren's Dress: Gloryhole Night A romantic date night

turns deliciously filthy when Tim's wife Lauren decides to push every boundary.

After weeks without sex, Lauren is burning with need. She teases her husband mercilessly in a short dress with no panties, flashing her nipples to the waiter and giving strangers peeks up her skirt at the bar. The heat between them builds until they make an impulsive stop at an adult store — where a dark hallway and a row of private viewing booths change everything.

What starts as playful exhibitionism quickly escalates as Lauren discovers just how far she's willing to go to satisfy her cravings... and how much Tim loves watching her.

This is a raw, pulse-pounding hotwife adventure full of public teasing, risky encounters, and intense anonymous pleasure. If you enjoy steamy cuckold erotica with a bold, confident wife and a devoted husband who gets off on her adventures, this story is for you.

A personal vault release from Lauren Veyron — unfiltered and extra spicy.

Categories: Hotwife, cuckold, interracial erotica, gloryhole (glory hole), stranger sex

March Mating: Tournament Time

When Jeff invites his tall, charismatic Black college teammate Derek to crash at their place for a full weekend of March Madness basketball, the cozy living room filled with takeout, beer, and old sports stories quickly turns into something far more charged. Steph, Jeff's hardworking nurse wife, finds herself unexpectedly captivated by Derek's commanding presence and undeniable physical gifts—sparking a night of teasing, temptation, and escalating desire that none of them can resist.

What starts as innocent couch time during the tournament soon spirals into a steamy exploration of boundaries, size differences, and raw attraction. As the games play on in the background, Steph discovers pleasures she never knew she craved, while Jeff watches his wife awaken in ways that leave him torn between shock, jealousy, and overwhelming arousal.

Over the course of the intense weekend (and its lingering aftermath), the trio navigates a new, intoxicating dynamic—one filled with passionate encounters, deep surrender, and irreversible changes that will reshape their marriage forever.

Filthy, emotionally layered, and relentlessly explicit,

March Mating: April Showers

The weekend that changed everything is over, but the real transformation has only just begun.

With Derek now living under their roof, Jeff and Stephanie's marriage has entered a thrilling and dangerous new phase. Stephanie is fully embracing her role as a passionate hotwife, while Jeff finds himself sinking deeper into the addictive thrill of watching the woman he loves submit completely to his best friend.

But as Steph's body begins to change and their secret life grows more intense, new complications, and new temptations, arise. When Steph's best friend, who had moved several hours away, arrives for a weekend visit, the lines between old memories and new desires begin to blur. Derek's powerful presence continues to dominate their home, and soon it becomes clear that while one man may be enough to satisfy the growing needs of the women in Jeff's life... it's not Jeff — it's the Black man with the huge member who's stretching them both beyond their limits.

As spring brings new life and even deeper cravings, Jeff must confront just how far he's willing to go — and how much he's willing to share — in this new world they've created together.

Watching My Hotwife Take BBC

When a devoted husband confesses his long-held fantasy of watching his beautiful wife with a well-endowed black man, their once-vanilla marriage ignites into something far hotter and more addictive than either of them expected.

Rachel is sweet, stunning, and completely loyal — until the night two confident, hung black strangers start flirting with her in a Chicago bar while her husband Mike watches from the shadows. What begins as innocent teasing quickly turns into shameless attention, lingering touches, and an invitation that pushes every boundary. Mike discovers just how much he loves seeing his wife come alive under the gaze — and hands — of powerful black men.

From steamy private encounters to nights filled with raw, uninhibited pleasure, Rachel embraces her new role as a hotwife with growing confidence and hunger. Mike finds himself more turned on than ever, thrilled by the intense contrast, the overwhelming size, and the way his wife surrenders completely while always coming home to him. This erotic journey is packed with interracial BBC, hotwife sharing, cuckold watching, filthy dirty talk, breeding fantasy, and deep marital trust that only grows stronger with every naughty adventure.

Approximately 31,000 words of explicit, pulse-pounding heat.

Perfect for fans of hotwife erotica, BBC breeding, and loving cuckold stories where the wife explores her wildest side and the husband supports every

dripping, moaning moment.

Lauren's Dress: Gloryhole Night

A romantic date night turns deliciously filthy when Tim's wife Lauren decides to push every boundary.

After weeks without sex, Lauren is burning with need. She teases her husband mercilessly in a short dress with no panties, flashing her nipples to the waiter and giving strangers peeks up her skirt at the bar.

The heat between them builds until they make an impulsive stop at an adult store — where a dark hallway and a row of private viewing booths change everything.

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stranger sex

Addicted to Shane: My Vegas Surrender

Lauren and Tim arrive in Las Vegas expecting a fun, lighthearted getaway—gambling, neon lights, and a little playful spice in their marriage. Tim harbors a long-held fantasy: watching his beautiful wife taken by a dominant black man, a kink he's only ever explored through Shane Knox videos and whispered dirty talk in the dark. Lauren indulges him with teasing words, but she's never had any real intention of crossing that line.

Until the night they spot Shane Knox himself at a quiet steakhouse off the Strip.

What begins as a nervous, flirtatious introduction quickly spirals into something neither of them can resist. One drink leads to dancing, dancing leads to Shane's house, and the fantasy Tim has jerked off to for years suddenly becomes very, very real.

Over one transformative week, Lauren surrenders completely—drawn deeper into Shane's orbit with every touch, every thrust, every whispered claim. The casinos are forgotten. The hotel room is abandoned. Their entire vacation unfolds inside Shane's home, where boundaries dissolve and desires take over.

A raw, intense cuckold hotwife story packed with graphic BBC scenes, creampie obsession, cleanup moments, and a wife's complete transformation.

(Approximately 25,000 words)

Keynote Confessions

A week-long digital marketing conference in Chicago was supposed to be just business—networking, sessions, and a break from everyday life. But when Emily, a devoted wife and mother, locks eyes with Jalen, the charismatic keynote speaker, everything changes.

One innocent drink at happy hour turns into whispered conversations, stolen touches, and a night that ignites desires she never knew she had. Distance makes the heart grow fonder—and the imagination wilder. Her husband back home isn't just okay with it... he's captivated.

As the conference stretches on, Emily finds herself drawn deeper into a world of forbidden pleasure, confidence, and surrender. What starts as a single spark becomes an all-consuming flame—one she can't (and doesn't want to) extinguish.

A steamy, emotionally charged tale of temptation, power, and self-discovery. For readers who crave intense chemistry, slow-burn tension, and the thrill of crossing lines you never thought you would.

Perfect for fans of spicy, character-driven erotic romance with heart and heat. Naughty Kitty at the Party A lavish masked costume party. Hundreds of strangers. One playful rule: her husband has until dawn to find her—or she'll come home in her outfit and he'll discover exactly what she's been doing all night.

Dressed in a glossy black latex cat suit—high collar, hidden zipper, dark wig, full-face mask—she slips through the crowd, evading him, teasing the edges of temptation. Every sway of her hips rubs the zipper seam against her most sensitive spot. Every glance from masked strangers sends a thrill down her spine.

Then a towering, muscular stranger in tight wrestling gear steps into her path. “Damn... I think I just found the sexiest cat in the jungle.”

What starts as innocent flirting quickly turns heated—hands wandering, bodies grinding, anonymity fueling desire she never expected.

How far will she let it go before the night ends?

And what will her husband find when she finally walks through the door?

A steamy hotwife tale of masks, temptation, and boundaries pushed to the breaking point.

Heat level: Explicit and consensual.

Word Count: approx. 13,000

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Beyond the Black Diamond

In the glittering world of Aspen's most exclusive resort, Victoria Harrington has everything money can buy — and nothing she truly craves.

Trapped on yet another ski trip with her older, billionaire husband who lives for the slopes, Tori spends her days in boutiques and fire-lit lounges, quietly bored and restless. When she books a lavish spa treatment to escape the monotony, she stumbles onto the resort's hidden "off-menu" indulgence: the Triple Black Diamond package.

What begins as an extravagant massage quickly becomes something far more dangerous — a slow, deliberate unraveling of every boundary she thought she had. A mysterious therapist with commanding hands and a body built for sin awakens desires Tori has buried for years, pushing her toward a forbidden edge she can't resist.

Luxury. Secrecy. Surrender. Some runs are meant to be taken off the marked trails... and some pleasures come with no safe way back.

Beyond the Black Diamond is a steamy, high-stakes erotic tale of temptation, power, and the thrill of crossing lines that were never meant to be crossed. Perfect for readers who love lavish settings, dominant lovers, and wives discovering exactly what they've been missing.

Heat level: Explicit and unapologetic

Themes: Hotwife/cuckold undertones, interracial, forbidden affair, luxury erotica

Length: Novelette (approx. 12,000 words)