

Michelle's **BBC** Affair

1

CHEATING

on my

WHITE

CUCKOLD

Husband with the

BLACK

TRAINER!

SALLY P

CHEATING ON MY WHITE CUCKOLD HUSBAND WITH THE BLACK TRAINER! MICHELLE'S BBC AFFAIR!

A HOT TABOO, BMWF, UNFAITHFUL WIFE, INTERRACIAL,
IMPREGNATION, QOS HOTWIFE EROTICA! **BOOK 1**

BY

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

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

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In the polished facade of suburbia, Michelle's once vibrant marriage to Steven now echoes with the silence of unspoken desires. As they grapple with the arduous journey of conceiving a child, the spark in their intimacy flickers, leaving Michelle feeling an unrelenting ache of neglect. Enter Travyon, the magnetic black tennis trainer, whose fit physique stands in stark contrast to Steven's unathletic silhouette.

My heart was beating wildly in my chest and my mouth went dry as I watched Travyon slide his hands down my wife's back and into her tennis skirt, rubbing her slowly and sensually. I hear Michelle turn to her side and whisper something.

I had to do something now. I just couldn't keep watching.

"Damn it, Michelle," I curse under my breath. "Why'd you have to wear such a short skirt?"

In the hushed corners of her backyard, Michelle can't help but thirst after Travyon's sculpted form — a tempting allure that sends shockwaves through her dormant desires. Caught in the gravitational pull of forbidden yearning, Michelle struggles to resist the magnetic charisma of her tennis instructor.

I didn't know what had come over me. When I first saw Travyon, my mind was suddenly filled with thoughts of him.... doing indecent things to me. His big, muscular arms and his deep, husky voice. He looked like he could have his way with me if he wanted to. Hell, I couldn't even stop him if he wanted to try. Neither could Steven. Good God, he was sexy. Phew!!

The way he touched me. He wasn't even flirting with me. Not really. He was just being nice. He was trying to help me loosen up. But his touch sent shivers down my spine.

As Steven unsuspectingly bears witness to the tantalizing flirtation between his wife and the black trainer, Michelle faces a crossroads that could redefine her marriage. Will the seductive whispers of desire lead her down the path of clandestine passion, or can she resist the pull of temptation and rekindle the flames within her marriage?

Can she navigate the labyrinth of forbidden trysts and resist the allure of Travyon's chiselled physique, or will she succumb to the intoxicating pull of passion, risking the very fabric of her once-stable life?

Of course, Michelle does not resist! How could she? Michelle falls head over heels for the sexy black Travyon and his superior Godlike physique!

Embark on a scintillating journey where secrets intertwine with suburban gossip, and Michelle stands on the precipice of a choice that could unravel or reignite the threads of her relationship.

DISCLAIMER: Contains heavy themes of infidelity, cheating and taboo interracial eroticism between a black man and a white woman! It also contains several instances of obscene, lewd, sexist, misogynist, homophobic, race themed colorful language that is used solely in the context of erotic roleplay. Please do not read if these themes offend you!

STEVEN, THE HUSBAND

CHAPTER 1:

"Baby," Michelle smiles at me. "This is the guy I told you about. Travyon. He teaches my friend Betty tennis," she adds, putting her hand on his shoulder. "Travyon, this is my husband, Steven."

"Hello there, Mr. Rivers," Travyon says, shaking my hand. His handshake is firm and he doesn't let go.

"Travyon, please. Just call me Steve," I reply, pulling my hand back with a wince.

"Nice to meet you, Steve," he says, his smile as bright as the sun.

Travyon was taller than me. He was tall, handsome, black man. And boy, he was jacked. His shoulders were so broad, his biceps looked like they could crush watermelons. He didn't look that older than me however but was in a way better condition. I looked all flabby and weak compared to him.

"So, you want to get started, Mrs. Rivers?"

"Please, just call me Michelle," she replies, her voice a little flirty. I raise my eyebrow at her but Michelle doesn't seem to notice. She was wearing a loose-fitting blue tennis blouse and a matching skirt.

"I'll be upstairs in my room, then," I smile awkwardly at Michelle who nods her head gleefully.

I didn't want to spoil my wife's mood but I had to admit I kinda felt insecure. I mean, who wouldn't? Travyon was a tall, dark and handsome dude. He had a deep, resonating voice and a smile that could make any girl melt. And with those muscles and those abs, he was like a Greek God. His arms looked like they could rip off a door and his chest looked so broad and masculine, that I had no doubt he could bench-press me and my wife both. He looked scary.

Travyon nods, his expression unreadable. "Alright, Michelle. Let's go. We've got some tennis to play."

I could hear Michelle's laughter as I turned around and walked upstairs. Michelle leads Travyon by his hand out into the courtyard where they could play some tennis.

I sigh and enter the room. My room. The master bedroom. I shut the door and look around, taking a moment to collect my thoughts. I knew I should trust Michelle. I shouldn't be paranoid. But her voice was all breathy and flirty. And that man, he looked like a fucking model. There was something about him that I couldn't place, and it made me feel uncomfortable.

My gaze goes to the window and I see them. They were setting up the net and arranging the balls. Travyon is laughing and telling jokes and Michelle is giggling and smiling at him. Michelle's body language was flirty. She kept looking at him like she was trying to seduce him. Her hips swayed slightly and her skirt rode up her thighs, revealing her perfect ass.

"She's probably just happy to have a new tennis partner," I mutter to myself. I didn't want to play tennis with Michelle so she went ahead and got herself someone to play with. "Travyon's a good guy. He trains Betty too. And she's married."

I try to focus on my laptop. Work is calling, after all.

It didn't take long for me to get distracted as the sound of Michelle's laughter drifts up from outside and my eyes dart to the window. My heart skips a beat when I see them. Travyon and Michelle.

"You're such a flirt!" I hear Michelle giggle.

"That's a bad thing?" Travyon chuckles.

Michelle shakes her head, smiling at him.

Travyon steps closer to her. "We'll need to stretch first."

Michelle looks up at him. "I already did."

"Your shoulders are too tense, Michelle," he says. "Here. Let me show you."

I watch as he puts his hands on her shoulders, kneading the muscles gently. His fingers dig into her skin, making her moan out a little "oooooh" softly.

My stomach clenches and I swallow hard.

CHAPTER 2:

"God, Travyon," I hear my wife say. "That feels so good!"

"Mhm," he replies. Travyon stands right behind my wife and massages her shoulders.

"What are you doing?" she asks.

"Helping you loosen up. Don't want your shoulders hurting."

"Mmmm," Michelle moans again. "Feels good."

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. My wife was being touched by another man. But she didn't seem to care. She leaned into his touch and moaned, enjoying every moment of his hands on her shoulders. Michelle's eyes were closed and she looked so relaxed, like she was melting into his arms. Travyon's fingers moved down to her neck and massaged her muscles, causing her to gasp softly.

"Travyon, that's enough," she protests, her voice weak. "You're making me feel all tingly."

"Just a little more."

Michelle nods her head, biting her lower lip. Travyon's fingers were strong, but they were also gentle and soft. It was almost like he was caressing her instead of massaging her. And his hands were huge. They could easily wrap around her neck and choke her if he wanted to. I watched with wide eyes as his hands slowly slid down from her neck and ran down her shoulders and arms. I could feel the rage build up inside me.

"Mmm," she moaned again, her body quivering slightly.

What the hell? I could hear them ever so clearly. The audacity-

"You like that?"

"Yes," she admits.

"Good," he smiles. "Now, let's move on to your hips."

"Wait, what?" Michelle blinks rapidly.

"Your hips," he repeats. "I need to massage them."

"Oh."

Travyon grabs her waist and pulls her close to him. Michelle gasps in surprise. I could see her chest rise and fall as she took quick, shallow breaths.

"I promise this will make you feel better."

"Ok. I don't know," she says awkwardly.

I watch, horrified, as he starts to massage her hips. His thumbs press into her flesh, rubbing small circles.

"Is this ok?" he asks.

Michelle nods, unable to speak. Maybe she was just as shocked as I was. I had to go down there and put an end to this. This wasn't right. I couldn't let another guy handle my wife like this.

But if I did, Michelle would be angry. She'd get mad that I interrupted-no, this was fine. He's a trainer. I'm sure he's supposed to do things like this. It's not like he's touching her breasts or her ass. And she's my wife. I have no reason to worry. I trust Michelle enough for her to not be disloyal to me.

"Oo-OH!" Michelle yelps out in surprise and grabs hold of Travyon's arms. "Oh my God, I'm so sorry!" Michelle blurts out. I could make out Travyon's fingers digging deep into her hips. He was massaging her intensely that it made her cry out.

"No worries, Michelle. You're not used to it," he smiles. "You're a little tense."

"Y-yeah," she agrees. "I think I am."

"That's why you need to let go and relax."

"If you can't relax, then you won't be able to play properly."

"Okay," Michelle agrees, letting her head fall forward.

My heart was beating wildly in my chest and my mouth went dry as I watched Travyon slide his hands down my wife's back and into her

tennis skirt, rubbing her slowly and sensually. I hear Michelle turn to her side and whisper something.

I had to do something now. I just couldn't keep watching.

"Hey, guys!" I call out to them from my window. "How's everything going on down there?"

"Great, baby!" Michelle replies. "Travyon was just helping me loosen up!"

I could tell that Travyon was getting a kick out of this, too. He smirked up at me and gave me a little wave, then pulled his hands out of Michelle's skirt.

Michelle giggles and turns away from him, looking down at her tennis shoes.

"Glad to hear that, baby. Let me know if you guys need anything," I shout down.

"Sure, honey," she calls back, waving up at me. "Get back to your work, everything's fine!"

I walk away from the window and sit back down at my desk, feeling angry. I couldn't watch anymore. How could Michelle allow that to happen? What did she think was going on? She should have stopped him. He did have his fingers down her skirt. Did he touch her panties? Why didn't she stop him?

"Damn it, Michelle," I curse under my breath. "Why'd you have to wear such a short skirt?"

I didn't have any work to do today, but I opened up the laptop and pretended to look busy anyway.

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MICHELLE, THE WIFE

CHAPTER 3:

I didn't know what had come over me. When I first saw Travyon, my mind was suddenly filled with thoughts of him.... doing indecent things to me. His big, muscular arms and his deep, husky voice. He looked like he could have his way with me if he wanted to. Hell, I couldn't even stop him if he wanted to try. Neither could Steven. Good God, he was sexy. Phew!!

The way he touched me. He wasn't even flirting with me. Not really. He was just being nice. He was trying to help me loosen up. But his touch sent shivers down my spine.

Travyon had the biggest, hardest muscles I had ever seen. They rippled with every movement he made. And his chest. Oh, God. It was so broad and firm. And his abs! They looked like they could crush a rock.

"You like what you see?" he grinned at me when we first met.

"Uhm, well," I stuttered. "Yeah. I think you look amazing."

I looked at him breathlessly and mentally thanked Betty for introducing me to this guy. He was handsome as hell. His blue shirt that he wore showed off his massive arms and chest. And his pants were tight. I couldn't help but steal glances at his bulge.

"Come on, let's play some tennis," he said, winking at me.

"Go easy on me," I giggle.

"Oh," he says. "I go easy on all my white clients. They can't handle a black man like me."

I smile shyly at him, not knowing what to say. I knew what he meant by that. I mean I don't doubt any woman, white or not, could handle a guy who looked like a Greek God, who stood taller and bigger than their own husbands and had biceps the size of their heads, and probably a dic-no, what was I thinking?

It was obvious what he meant by "can't handle" him wasn't the physical kind of thing. More like a sexual one. Did Betty end up fucking Travyon? She wouldn't do that. She was happily married just like me. Well, happily was more of a stretch for us. Not like it was that bad. Steven wasn't exactly the man he was a couple years back when we started dating. But a good guy all in all. We never fought, not that often, we get along alright and when the time comes, we usually go a few rounds before deciding it's too late to do so, then we head on to sleep.

I wanted Travyon, and I knew he wanted me too. But I also knew I wouldn't give in. I mean what kind of woman wouldn't want a guy like him to fuck her brains out.

The only thing that stood in the way was my marriage with Steven. I've also never been with a black guy before. Honestly, I knew it was just an old fantasy I wanted fulfilled but cheating was definitely out of the picture, right?

"Hello, earth to Michelle?" Travyon breaks me out of my daze.

"Hm? Right!" I blush. "Come on, let's play."

"Damn, you're a wild card," he smirks.

"So, I'm told." I stick my tongue out playfully at him. I threw the first serve with my mind racing with the most indecent of thoughts involving me and Travyon. And Steven, for some reason. I couldn't help but imagine Steven watching us do the deed with an incredulous look on his face.

He was probably reading or surfing through his PC or something else to pass time since work didn't have much to do at home.

Sometimes, his work really gets the better of him. And I appreciate he tries to spend time with me despite all that. Most men would have gone crazy and moved out. Heck, even the two of our divorces combined could probably rival that of Hollywood. But at least I had one thing they never had, true love.

Love might not solve all of our problems, but at the very least we always try our best not to let work or other issues get the best of us. When was the last time Steven made me orgasm anyway? Steven

loves me, I know that, and I love him. But this time I just couldn't stop wondering whether the man watching me from across the court, the way a hungry lion watches its prey from its cave, could make me scream his name while we fucked, until Steven came over in rage after hearing how amazing he made me feel?

Travyon returns the first shot effortlessly, causing it to speed right past my head. "Whoops!" He lets out a fake laugh. "That was an accident!!"

His biceps flexed as he shifted his racket in the other hand.

I sigh and try again, using my dominant hand. This time my ball hits the net. "No, that was your fault."

"Right," I smile. My heart was thumping against my chest but not out of excitement from playing this game. If anything, it was probably pumping blood straight to my groin, my thighs growing warm. Travyon, oh, fuck. I wish I could scream his name out into the air when he takes my body.

"Betty gave me more of a challenge than that," he taunts me. "But at least your form look amazing."

The courtyard was now filled with grunts and moans. Well, my own. It was mostly moans on my part and manly grunts from my tennis coach's. I was breaking out into a sweat.

The way Travyon touched me before was already more than enough for me, if we can keep it that way, I know I could easily resist. My willpower wouldn't waver for a piece of meat, though damn did his looks and those muscles and hands and smile made my knees tremble.

I tried avoiding eye contact the entire time. It was hard not to though because whenever I look back at him, he always makes me feel like he wanted nothing more than to have me. My knees tremble even more every time his eyes roamed over my body.

The way his fingers dug into my skin, oh fuck. I was getting wetter and wetter.

It wasn't long before I was leaking uncontrollably.

CHAPTER 4:

Our match doesn't last long after that, I let my own desires get in the way. Travyon smiled at me after winning, and his smile made me want him even more.

He puts his racket down and walks toward me, towering above me. "Great work out, Michelle."

He wraps his arm around my shoulders and guides me off the court. Something about his touch felt so different from what I was used to. Like there was electricity flowing between the two of us. Or maybe it was the feeling of wanting to fuck him senseless and him wanting to fuck me senseless. I bite down hard on my bottom lip when my mind was about to drift off once more.

"Um, yeah!" I laugh a little nervously and glance at him sideways. God, he had such a sexy smile. I mean, his jawline was so sharp, I just wanted to lick him from his neck to his face, all over those muscles. And oh, those eyes were staring straight into mine like a hunter does with its prey. I could feel myself getting lost in the heat of those chocolate-colored irises, his mouthwatering scent wafted right up my nostrils and into my brain. The scent of his sweaty man musk was overwhelming...

Suddenly, as soon as we enter the kitchen and right after I lay my racket down on the floor, Travyon pushes me, causing me to slam back-first on the grassy surface. I winced as I landed, looking at the tall hunk with an accusatory gaze. His hand went for my top and he tore off the buttons one by one, exposing my bra and my nipples. Travyon ripped the last few ones clean off the fabric and pulled the garment apart, baring my big tits and pale, pink, supple nipples held in place by my bra.

"Travyon, what are you doing? What the fuck-."

Travyon slaps me hard across the face making me shut up instantly. No, no. This wasn't happening. This definitely wasn't happening. What the hell? He was groping and grabbing at me like some sort of hungry animal. This brute holds his large, black, hands over my mouth and stifles my moans and cries for help. I felt so exposed, yet his strong hand wasn't done. His strong fingers, slightly calloused but still soft, pulled down my bra. The bra straps bit at the flesh on my shoulders and I cried out when the hard, leather, straps dragged themselves down and into the crook of my arms. He wasn't being gentle at all. The gently, friendly Travyon from minutes ago had turned into some sort of sex crazed beast. I watched, my lips parted, and my eyes wide, as he raised one of his arms in the air and swung them down onto my breasts. I felt the tears flow out of my eyes and I squirm at his side, begging to be left alone.

I try to fight him off. His arms were just too strong. He held me in place as I tried to kick, punch, scratch my way out of this. I tried screaming for Steven but he had my mouth covered. I bit the inside of his palm in an attempt to dissuade him from molesting me but he only slaps me in retaliation hissing at me to stop fighting.

I whimper pathetically and stop squirming, I hear the fabric of my skirt tearing and he lets go, and he throws the last remnants of my garment aside along with the ripped bra. I was crying now and shaking my head frantically. I was begging for him to leave me be. No, this cannot happen. I was a married wife. I was loyal to my husband Steven. Tears flew out of my eyes as I groaned as loud as I could while he held my mouth shut. Travyon's big black hands were squeezing and pinching my breasts. His nails dug in painfully as he lifted his legs up and grinded his crotch over mine. My nipples stiffened at his touch and I bit my bottom lip in shame. Why was I feeling this way, enjoying the man rape and assault me? What kind of wife was I?

No! This couldn't be happening. I had to fight it. This was wrong and the last thing I wanted was to betray my husband's trust. But how could I resist someone as strong as Travyon? Even if Steven were to

come down right now there was nothing he could do. He was a weak old middle aged white man who didn't know how to fight.

Steven was no match to the strength of Travyon. And certainly, no match to the girth and length of Travyon's huge fat black cock that was grinding against me through his pants. Oh, my goodness, it's already starting to leak precum. I scream but I can't.

I moan helplessly into his palm and stare into his eyes, shaking my head back and forth. No, don't do it, Travyon! No, please don't fuck me with your big black cock!! Don't do it! My husband's gonna find out that we did this in his own house, my house! No, no, no-.

But he doesn't care, the way he smirked at me just made it obvious that my struggles were futile.

Travyon lowered my black panties, those which matched the bra, revealing my freshly shaved mound. With just a snap, the flimsy strap holding it together gave, and the black pantie snapped, frayed edges torn to shreds. In one, fast motion, Travyon buried his cock all the way inside of me. I bit harder at the inside of his hand but was helpless when he slid into me, his huge dick stretching my vagina open wide. Travyon took the other hand from my mouth and slapped me twice, causing me to cry out and weep like an animal. My clit throbbed. He was merciless.

I just wanted more and more.

CHAPTER 5:

And what about Steven? Oh, Steven was no use. There was nothing I wanted him to do in the situation. Partly because it would have been wrong. It would have been wrong for Steven to interfere. Because I deserve this.

I am a woman and I have needs.

And Steven simply could not satisfy those needs.

But what if Steven did try to interfere? What if Steven did pounce on us and try to rip Travyon from me?

I would feign innocence and shriek in terror. "Steven," I would sob. "Oh, God. He tried to force himself on me!!"

And Steven would-no! Steven wouldn't do shit.

Travyon would beat him black and blue and then proceed to fuck me senseless in front of my husband. Steven was a weak little pussy who wouldn't dare put a hand on Travyon.

I was trapped, completely at Travyon's mercy.

His girth had broken me. His shaft broke down all that fight in me. I wanted him so bad. I've never had a cock as good as his, and now I would give anything to fuck it. I've become nothing more than his cumwhore slut. I've been made into a dumb sex toy.

Travyon's white breeding cocksleeve bitch.

It hurts, oh god, it hurt so much, he wasn't wasting any time pounding away at me like an animal, grunting, growling at me as his balls made loud sounds as they smashed up against the bottom of my vagina every time he drove himself into me. My fingers dig into his back and my mouth hung agape. His black body pressed up hard against my figure, his teeth, bared, teeth sank into my neck as my

entire body trembled and shook, my pussy dripping as it was crushed around the black stallion.

"AHHH!" I scream at the top of my throat. "FUCK!!! HELP ME! STEVEN, HELP ME!!!"

"BABY!" I hear Steven scream back. "WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING???"

Oh, no. Steven. Steven was here. He had heard me scream for help. Travyon was fucking me, in front of my husband's eyes.

My eyes looked at my poor white husband pleadingly, to do something, to fight back. Oh, but I knew deep inside my soul that this is what I really wanted, my husband, in the sidelines, watching in horror at his own wife being mauled and impregnated by this black beast, whose balls slammed against my white pussy making a satisfying slapping noise.

The view from where he stood must have been incredible because instead of trying to help me, save me from this animalistic black bull that was reaching into depths that I simply didn't know existed, he was simply staring in awe, mouth wide open, a look of hopelessness in his eyes. Travyon did not care, the stud simply kept railing me over and over and over, filling up every inch of my cavern and stuffing it until there was simply no room left, and he sprayed his cum inside me.

Steven's wife was now big black Travyon's white cumdump. A nasty black dick loving cumslut wife. I screamed his name as my body began to shake violently and as the seed that was left deep within the bowels of my womb stirred, awakening.

Travyon roared in my ear and a pool of cum exploded inside me and soaked every part of my womb with his hot, thick, musky seed. And the entirety of the estate seemed to shake at its foundations when he roared. Travyon! TRAVYON! TRAVYONN!!!! WHAT SEXY FUCKING NAME!

I shudder hard as his seed enters my body, swelling my stomach and breasts, and blooming a new life inside. Travyon the dark stud, impregnated me. My Steven watched in horror and could do nothing,

absolutely nothing, to save his poor, fucked, brainless, black cock loving slut wife.

The words would not even form in my mouth. Travyon was on top of me, grinding himself deep inside as I laid lifeless, but still breathing. I moaned weakly in protest. My eyelids drooped but no more could they stop a stream of tears that ran from the side of my cheeks, the salty liquid rolling off the edge of my chin, dripping, staining the green ground beneath us. Oh, MY FUCKING GOD!!! I'M CUMMING!!! I'M CUMMING!!! TRAVYON!!! TRAVY-.

"Michelle?" Travyon's voice reaches me from afar.

"Wha-."

"You okay? Michelle? Kinda lost you there for a moment."

CHAPTER 6:

I blink. What? What the hell just happened? Where was I?

Oh, we were in the kitchen. Travyon stood right in front of me with a glass of water in his hand. He was looking at me all concerned. "Are you alright?"

All of it was just a fantasy, then. I smell his cologne, and the subtle musk that came from underneath it. Musk that belonged to a real black stud. But the imagery seemed so vividly real. I could feel his touch, his breath, his gaze. I must have been blushing because Travyon could tell I was in some state of shock or another, and my gaze must have gone wild because he smiled at me knowingly.

"Michelle, here," Travyon passes me the glass. I accept it numbly. I place the cold beverage over the nape of my neck, the shock of the cold glass snaps me awake fully. "Must have been the sun."

I nod. I was panting. My breathing was just obscenely loud. He could probably sense me. I was in heat. I needed him right now. I wanted Travyon to take me right here and now in the kitchen. Spread my legs wide apart and plunge that big black cock into me while my husband was upstairs. I hear my phone go off in the living room so I end up retrieving it. I excuse myself and leave Travyon alone in the kitchen so I could recompose myself.

Oh no. Travyon was making me act this way, these lustful, debaucherous thoughts flooding through my head were all his fault. I didn't want them but at the same time... they just felt right. "It sure is hot today huh?" I try to shake the images off. They just kept flooding; my fantasy played like a reel in my head. The fantasy that had turned open a dam between my legs. I was gushing. Travyon towered over me. His hulking figure stood over me. He smirked at me knowingly. And I knew. That Travyon was reading through every

fibre of lustful fantasy of wanting that cock of his. To fuck him, right here.

Travyon probably knew I had fantasized about him, fucking me hard. He fucking knew. That smug smirk on his face gave it off. This must definitely not be new to him. Was Betty put through the same thing? Did this asshole have his way with Betty the same way? Did Betty cheat on her husband? Poor Mark. He was never ever in Betty's league whatsoever.

Well, he was NOT going to have me that easily. No, mister, I wasn't some sort of whore to fall for you that easily. Even though I just might if he took the initiative right here and now. I go back with the phone in my hand. It was a message from Betty. That sly bitch. She set me up, for sure. I didn't open it just yet.

"Sorry, I'm back," I smile at my tennis. "Thanks Travyon," I place the glass over the table. The cool breeze that drifted in the air conditioning cooled my sweat and kept me somewhat in check. I didn't look him in the eye. God knew what I might do. Come on, grab me. I flicked my eyeballs at him seductively, I wanted to be pounded mercilessly by Travyon so damn badly at the moment. I set my phone on the top right next to the counter. I was hoping he would grab me from behind and make full use of my vulnerability. But no, nothing came. All that greeted me was an indifferent grin. He didn't make a single move. The opportunity passed. Was Michelle Rivers too much of a challenge for him? I had to find out.

"Well, are we done for the day?" Travyon teases me. "I guess I was way too much for you to handle, Michelle."

"Oh, we'll find out soon enough!" I smile at him. God, I was so fucking wet. How was Travyon not sensing this lust emanating from my figure. "We'll go for another round."

Travyon shrugs in indifference and nods his head, picking his racket up, he gestures towards the kitchen door to my courtyard. No sooner did I lead him out, did I come up with the brightest idea.

I dipped. I swoon.

"Oh, jeez, I don't feel so good," I sway and feint a dizziness that did the job. Before I could fall and hit the stone-cold floor, Travyon rushes over to my aid. He quickly grabs me by my waist before I fall and lowers my head down to the floor.

CHAPTER 7:

"Michelle! Are you okay?" he asks me. This was it! My eyes were half open. This was my chance, I wiggled seductively beneath his gaze and moan helplessly while his fingers caress my soft, round pinkish cheeks. I was looking into his dark, brown eyes with my baby blue ones. And he just looked at me in awe and concern. I smirk at him seductively and allow myself to fall limp in his big, muscular arms.

My eyes linger on his thick, purple lips for only a moment before I kiss him deeply and passionately. He flinches at first and his grip slackens for only a moment as Travyon allows me to kiss him. But as soon as he saw me struggling to kiss him and passionately kissing him, my soft pink lips going over his, a smirk etches on the side of his lips, before he opens his mouth and kissed me back hard. Twice as hard. "Mmmm," I moaned into his lips when my tongue went over his, and he bit me hard and I taste the small pool of spit that collected inside. My eyes nearly roll up to the back of my eyes. Fuck, yes.

Travyon would never have suspected me to do this. But I was wrong.

"You didn't have to fall like that you know," he whispers into my mouth as he smirks.

How stupid I really was, his kind, nice, Mrs. Rivers persona of mine might fool Steven, but Travyon sees right through me. No white wife could ever hide her lust from the real sexual conquering a black stud like him brings. Betty must have fallen prey to the same.

"I-."

There was no way anybody could ever resist this. Travyon was going to use me for the dumb white slut that I am, he would fuck me in every possible position until I was left like a limp rag, cum leaking

out of all of my holes, with his thick, big, black cock. All my vivid fantasies from a minute ago would occur.

"You are naughty," he whispers into my ear seductively. Travyon goes over me and kisses me again. My panties were getting even wetter by the moment as I melted in the heat of his thick, strong, arms. "So that's how you like to play tennis, Michelle."

Travyon quickly responds to my moans. Whatever that remained of my dignity flew right out window as he gropes at my breasts harshly with his big black strong fingers. I wince. My body shudders in response to his act as if it were earning for more. Yes, grope me. Molest me. Make me yours, Travyon. Own me. Squeeze the fuck out of my big, round, breasts. The force alone was enough for me to cringe in real pain but that pain, my god, only fuelled my fantasy even further. His hands wander all over my exposed body. Over my tight tennis blouse. Travyon rubs my thighs, and groans softly against my neck, feeling my soft, unblemished, and pristine skin. He smelt of a musky sex, that of an animal. A beast. Oh, fuck yes, Travyon was fucking my body, for all I could give, and more. I was just his little white slut that was there to satisfy his lusty needs and nothing else.

He cups the curve of my ass and his lips move over the other side of my neck and kisses me and I moaned loudly in surprise. "Oh, fffuckk. Oh fuck! Ahhh-FUCK-" My screams echoed along the kitchen and bounced back and forth to me in my head. Travyon responds by quickly covering my mouth with his hands, stifling my cries for help, which only causes me to moan and whimper helplessly into it even more.

Travyon pinched at my pink nipples roughly and twisted and I convulsed beneath his grasp. I've been fucked by other man before Steven but never a stud as big and powerful and strong as Travyon. Oh, fuck me, Travyon's cock would make Steven's look like a goddamn tic tack, I fucking knew.

The pleasure. It was overwhelming. My mind was blank and my body, and voice, had grown limp. All I could let out was muffled moans and cries to his name. It was obvious that he wanted to fuck

my body like a toy and just leave me lying there, ruined, cum leaking out of me, my brains completely fucked out. I was shivering. I was-.

"Honey?" a voice came from upstairs. "Are you alright?"

I froze. And so did Travyon. My insides went cold.

Steven?! Honey?! FUCK. NO! NO!! Travyon froze up for only a second and stares into me, my face had turned pale and cold, my cheeks gone lifeless. I shivered in terror and fear.

"Stay there, hon. I'm fine!" I yelled up. "It was nothing, just hit a wrong shot," I told him with a crack. I cursed at my self-control for turning to pieces, for all I wanted to do was scream like mad for him to rush down and put an end to this sexual beast's brutality but how was that any good?

Yeah, like that was going to happen. Maybe if I had an actual man for a husband instead of Steven.

What would Steven do, anyway? And more importantly, what would Travyon? Travyon would fuck us both up probably. Fuck me right in front of my husband and beat him up, or probably the other way around. I didn't know nor did I care. Hopefully, it was the other way around. I don't know what even came over me. Travyon's physique was just so superior to Steven's. There was no comparison to be made.

Travyon was the superior man. And it was only right for someone like me to be his bitch.

CHAPTER 8:

What had come over me?

Such obscene lust and a willingness to watch my dearly beloved Steven get brutally beat up by a big black hung beast of a stud. Steven. You useless excuse for a man. You and Travyon are nowhere comparable in physique or anything for that matter. Steven must watch Travyon plunder and defile and ravage me, his, MY, womb. It belonged to Travyon at this point. This brute. Black hung bull. Stallion. This monster! He would make a literal sex toy out of me. I fucking knew it. I still hadn't laid my eyes on his black cock and I still knew it. "I'm f-f-fine," I screamed at Steven, "It was just a wrong shot."

I hear our bedroom door open followed by the footboards creaking. "Motherfucker," I hiss as I and Travyon scramble to our feet. He was grinning from ear to ear as I quickly tried to correct my appearance. I quickly wrap the tennis skirt over my body and brush my messy hair with my hands. This couldn't be good. This had taken a terrible wrong turn. FUCK!!

I see Steven walking down the stairs. He didn't notice us. Yet. This was good. He walks into the kitchen and gives us both an awkward smile.

"What's up, Mr. Rivers?" Travyon asks him with a polite smile.

Travyon was obviously younger than Steven. Steven was thirty-eight, and I was thirty-three. At that moment, I felt nothing but the most unpleasant of feelings toward Steven. Anger. Resentment. Regret. Here was Travyon, so big, tall, and fucking sexy, just radiating a dominating aura, smiling right at my husband with no fucking remorse or guilt or anything of that kind. I felt embarrassed just at the fact that my pussy gushed like a goddamn fountain when Steven

hadn't even walked in. Travyon almost had me completely dominated in my husband's house. Travyon had a sort of look to his face. Why, Steven? Why couldn't you make me feel this way?

He knew full well the sexual feelings I was emitting towards his direction but that was before he ravished me into next week. He had something completely different now, a dominant look about.

My gaze flickers quickly to Steven with an apologetic smile. "We were just taking a break, hun. Had to come in for a glass of water," I give my pathetic husband a response.

"Gotcha," he smiles back and nods. "So, work sort of called me in. They want me to come over and fix something for them."

I blink in confusion. Travyon just looks at him. I knew what Steven meant. Work ALWAYS called him. He was barely home because of 'work'. What kind of a man, no, a husband leaves his wife alone at home with a complete stranger like Travyon?

The feeling of embarrassment was turning me into a flaming red. "Again?" I tell my husband dryly. "But it's the weekend. Hun, can't you just tell them-."

"I tried," he sighs. "Look, I'll be back by lunch, alright?"

I nod. "Yeah, fine," I say bluntly trying my best not to hide the upset in my voice. Wait, what was I upset about? Steven was leaving. He wouldn't be back until hours later. Which meant, that I had the house all to myself and..... Travyon. Steven must have seen my face fall first and then light up because he suddenly begins to look a little confused. Travyon notices this too and simply stands by the kitchen door with a glass of water. Travyon looks at my husband the same way a predator looks at its prey. Oh, fuck me, Travyon was probably thinking exactly what I was thinking about.

"See you later, hun. And you too, Travyon," he turns to my coach.

"Have fun, you two."

Steven picks up his workbag and gestures goodbye, giving me one final look at the door and then taking his leave, his work car revs up and he's driving off.

Travyon tosses the glass aside without a care. "He won't be coming back until when?"

I gulped, my gaze returning towards him after I lock the front door as a precautionary step. "Two. Or three."

"Which leaves us with," he pauses.

"Hours."

Travyon smirks at me. His muscles flexed as he crosses his arms in front of me.

I didn't hesitate at all. I threw all caution out the building as I threw myself right at him.

This time, there was no holding me back as my pretty, pink lips smacked loudly against Travyon's. His kiss had so much dominance that it made my brain spin like mad. Oh, his big, strong, arms wrap me in such a loving warmth that makes my legs tremble like nothing. "Oooohh," I groan when Travyon's tongue finds its way over mine and bites my soft lips harshly, making me whimper against the heat of his body.

Oh, God. Fuck me. Yes, fuck me!! Fuck me fucking senseless!! I don't know anymore. I wanted Steven back just to see me fuck a real, hung, stud right in front of his eyes. Or not. Honestly, I'm glad he was gone. Travyon was so powerful that just having his large black arms wrapped around me made me feel helpless like an idiot slut. We exchanged spit, pleasant moans, groans, and all of it was just raw animal passion that ran inside me. It just made me feel like Travyon was slowly rendering my soul useless. Yes.

I was a useless sex doll for him. Nothing else. A helpless slut at the mercy of this strong, muscled black sex bull.

CHAPTER 9:

Travyon even smelled different. His odour literally screamed masculinity and power. It reeked of pure testosterone and alphaness.

Oh, I couldn't get enough of his musk. That musky, sexy scent made me go crazy. The pheromones were working their magic and it was driving me wild all over.

Travyon, you devil, you utter, fucking brute, fuck. Fuck. Oh FUCK. This was actually happening. I had been kissing this man. I had been touching him. What's there left now.

My eyes stare down towards the bulging tent that formed at the front of his pants. My fingers shook as they went from exploring Travyon's jacked chest to caressing the front of his crotch, I cupped his growing cock, the sheer girth and length scared me off but also made my knees tremble. Yes. It was going to do a number on me. FUCK!!! Travyon would wreck my pussy and womb until Steven sees absolutely nothing left of me and it's all fucking his fault. I want you to fucking cum inside me right now, Travyon. "OH," I break our kiss, my face had gone numb. Travyon just didn't waste a single fucking second. "FUCK!" I hiss as he buries his face in my neck.

He grabbed and tore at me, grabbing at me like an animal. He held my big round ass, that of an unsatisfied white wife. He was kneading my ass cheeks just as I groped and stroked that maddening bulge of his. His fingers slowly crept in the direction of my anus, and, as if knowing, he poked at the rim of the hole, as if testing the waters. "OH, TRAVYON. DO IT, TRAVYON. PLEASE. MMMMM."

I winced a little, his fingers prodding and poking and nudging and demanding at the tightness of my asshole. No. Please no, Travyon. I bite hard at my bottom lip. No. Don't enter, Travyon. I would hate it.

But, a large part of me wants that large black dick of yours to fuck me senseless and penetrate and tear and rip my back entrance, breaking me further into pieces, shattering me as if I was a vase. "OH, TRAVYON!" I cry out in reflex. It was getting really hard to take. Travyon bit hard at my neck causing me to wince and grimace in pain. He left hickeys everywhere he kissed and it just made me feel all the hotter, knowing that I couldn't possibly wear this amount of make-up anywhere near in the city without others finding out I was the neighborhood cumslut. Steven would never find out. He was just way too dumb to know why I was putting on more makeup than usual. My useless, limp dick husband doesn't deserve me.

Look how much more of a man Travyon actually is. All it took was one sunny morning with an alpha like him and I was already melting in his arms.

"TRAVYON-OOHH!" Travyon didn't listen to me, no. Rather, he wrapped an arm over my head and pinched and pulled at the strands of my golden blonde hair, before forcefully snapping his head back. His tongue flicked over the side of my ear and I winced. Loud smacks between our lips were exchanged as I nearly stumble back from the sudden, sharp motion of my lover. His strong, big, burly hands grabbed me tight by the ass. Squeezing my plump behind tight. I moan even harder and louder into our kiss. OH GOD. OH MY GOD TRAVYONNN. DON'T STOP. DON'T EVER STOP. "Oh God! TRAAVYOOON!!!"

"Not so shy now, are we?" his whispers softly at me.

His hands slip down onto my thighs, as he starts fondling and groping me and my breath was shaky and uneven. "Oooh-nngh!-mm," I squeal and moan. Travyon slaps his hand over my mouth and stifles it. He bites my lower lip and kisses me again.

It only gets me off even harder. What the hell? I would've been horrified to let my own husband to touch and use my bare body like a sex toy yet I've gone so low with this stranger who only just came to give tennis lessons. Travyon, you sex bull. What the fuck are you doing? No, Steven never deserved me. I'm too good for him. I DESERVE someone who can satisfy me like Travyon.

Travyon, my black sex beast. You know you can make a slut like me do anything you want and make me your cumslut toy, black stud. An unsatisfied white wife like me needs to get used up and abused by a beast like Travyon. The difference between black guys like Travyon and a normal white guy like my worthless husband are in the physical department. Travyon was just a stud. Look how wet my pussy got because he had gotten so much as close to my body. Look at all those hickeys I have, they would last a week at best, maybe more. I can't go out for a week wearing a turtleneck in Florida, but all because of him. It was Steven's fault.

But fuck it. I didn't regret any single one of them.

And the big dick bulging in Travyon's pants, oh my God, I've been counting down till the moment, where he reveals himself to me. I'm shaking at the thought of it. Oh god, if Steven comes back and catches us in the act and does absolutely NOTHING to help me. What would he do anyways. Throw a temper tantrum? Cry and scream at us to get out of the house? I don't give a shit, Steven. I'll leave with someone who's actually capable of giving me the greatest orgasms in my life, no questions asked.

My stomach tightened. The very act of his skin burning with mine was too hot for me to even comprehend. His huge, powerful hands nearly covered my entire ass. His big cock must be like a large slab of meat that was going to tear a hole into my tight pussy and make a bitch out of me. He wouldn't have even cared about Steven not being around, my stupid, no-good, good-for-nothing husband, just about the fact that we could be caught red handed. Even if Steven dared to put his hand on me, Travyon would just smack him down like a fly. My husband was a weak, goddamn pussy.

A poor excuse of a white male that could not, even if he tried, satisfy me in bed. It was my turn. I was a proper wife who deserved better and a better lover to fuck me so good that my toes curl. And that better man was my black trainer, Travyon.

Travyon is ten times the man Steven is.

CHAPTER 10:

My blouse was off and so was Travyon's shirt. My mind blanked at the mere sight of his ripped physique. His jacked abdominal muscles. His built chest. His wide, gorgeously shaped shoulders. His boulder-like arms. Everything about Travyon screamed superior. It was like watching a man that was sculpted by God himself for pleasing a woman's eyesight.

I was bared for Travyon to see in my black bra. My big, round, breasts were pushed up into a pair of high hills by the cup that it spilled over and bared. Travyon snorts hard as I unhook them for him. The man was getting even harder to deal with, my nipples harden in the air and the heat of his chest as the front of my bra was pushed up and over. With just another snap, Travyon tore apart the left strap, pulling at my brassiere and my round, luscious, tits finally jiggled out, nipples stiff with my own arousal. The second strap followed right after, Travyon showing no restraint as he ripped apart the whole bra, leaving me panting and completely topless in his embrace.

Steven couldn't have known my weakness. All those men before him. None of them did. We were like two animals in heat entwined and hopelessly horny. I was already imagining things: Travyon bent me over the kitchen counter. He spread my pussy wide apart and plunged his big black rod all the way. God. Oh, fuck, his huge cock was bigger than anything else.

My panties were soaked. The fabric must have grown quite thin in the spot I was aching so much. If Travyon knew I was aching so much, it probably would be just so much better. If he only saw the thin panties and the large, moist, patch that spread across the surface. I shuddered, pressing my big tits tightly into his chest and squeezing in a submissive gesture to my black sexual dominant

alpha male, letting Travyon know that he's already got me hooked and that there was nothing I wanted more now than that massive black monster, cock, just waiting to break open my tight little pussy, like a toothpick. And guess what, fucker? It was working. It was so goddamn fucking working. His face was buried between my breasts. He was sucking, no, gnawing at my pink, stiff, rock-hard nipples as I wrapped my hand around his head.

He was sucking on my nipples so loud. Wet, loud, smacks. I knew my big, round, white titties would come in handy, fuck you Steven, they will only be useful for pleasing and pleasing Travyon. Fuuuck, I whimper, oh God! They were the kind only a slut wife with a cock of her husband like Steven would yearn for. I don't know if I can even call myself his wife. Well, at least not the wife he hoped and dreamed of. Not anymore. After this was over, I doubt I would have anything left. I wasn't even the wife I expected of me either. Not with a man like this. I felt sick thinking about my husband while Travyon sucked, twisted, pinched my pink, perky tits, rendering my body useless. He was giving me little bites, pulling on my pink nipples, tugging at them little by little, chewing softly, leaving trails of spit wherever he goes. They're beginning to get wet, glistening from all the saliva. My god! There was no fucking stopping him. I was fucking starving for that cock of his. My spine melted. Oh, yes. YES! Yes, Travyon.

Steven and my marriage were about as useful as a goddamn wet rag. Travyon's thick, meaty fingers were almost like a vice grip as they groped me like a dirty fucking bitch. The feeling was unimaginable. As was the growing tent of Travyon's pants. I couldn't take it anymore. If this went on. God, he would have me right there, right here in the middle of my kitchen for his black stallion lust to burn through.

"TRAVYOOON-OHH GOD!!" I cry out and moan in pure pleasure, this time loud enough for even the neighbors to hear. That would not have mattered to Travyon, nor me. "OH, FUCKKKKK!!!!!" I scream at the top of my lungs as he clamps down hard on my sensitive nipples.

My legs were shaking. The pressure that was building inside of me needed a release that felt like it was almost there. Like a ticking time bomb. "Travy-ON!" I yelp as my black lover effortlessly picks me up and slams me, ass first, on the kitchen counter. All while sucking on my pink nipples.

"Mmmm, FUCK!" I scream again. "I-Baby, I'm going to-I'm going to fucking cum."

Travyon doesn't hesitate. He lifts my tennis skirt up right over my waist. My black panties that were soaked to the point where my white husband could even dream of making this mess stood bared. A part of me just wanted him to tear them right off. To reveal what's right under. The need. That heat and wetness that just would not cease.

"Baby, hurry!" I moan.

Travyon grabs the bands of my now pussy juice-soaked panties and rolls them down my legs.

Then, Travyon does something that Steven has never done in the fifteen years of our marriage.

He buries his face right into my pussy.

"FUCKKK," my eyes roll backwards and I nearly pass out from the overload of pleasure when his tongue first hit my throbbing, desperate, aching clit. Travyon had buried his nose and tongue deep inside my sweet wet crevasse. He held my leg and had them firmly spread wide apart. The pressure was driving me insane, but there was nothing that I could possibly do against it. Travyon began moving his face around inside, his nose digging against me while his tongue and lips took turns in trying to fuck me out. Oh, this couldn't be good.

All the pent-up horniness that was left in my body was welling up into a frenzied crescendo. I was bucking my hips up and down like some sort of crazed animal. No, no, no, not that fast, Travyon, or else I'm gonna go insane. "OOOH FFF-MMMF!" I cry into the air when Travyon plunges two fingers right inside me. OH! God no! Noo-noh!!

His fingers found my sensitive g-spot. NO. NOT THE G-SPOOOOOT!!!
He pushes against it and the pleasure nearly makes me writhe.

A feeling I've never experienced even in bed before writhes
throughout my fucking flesh. I was beside myself.

I was literally going crazy with lust for a big black brute many times
the size of my actual husband.

CHAPTER 11:

No one, Steven and no other guy in history has ever managed to find the fucking thing, but Travyon found it right away.

He begins thrusting at it rhythmically. His fingers pumped inside my gushing, wet, fuck tunnel and at the same time, licking and sucking on my swollen, throbbing clit. I bit on the palm of my hands to stifle the shrieks. If anyone came across me now, they would've been so shocked to see a married wife, a friend, a respected member of the community to be caught doing what was at that moment, the most sensually depraved act to them. My legs had become wet and shaky. It had been only ten seconds, and I had already begun to feel myself quiver. The pressure was unbearably building and my core started to turn. OH YES. TAKE ME LIKE AN ANIMAL. HUH. OH. OH. HNNNNNNMMMM-FFF-OOH. FUCKKKK. I wasn't bothered at all by the hideous groans, grunts, and growls I was making. This is what my body desired. The man who made it his sole purpose of existence, was taking a great deal of pleasure from my exposed cunt.

The ecstasy I was feeling. I was seeing white stars. "Oh-oh-oh fuck. OOH GOD, FUCKK," my knuckles grew pale and white. I clutched hard on his head as Travyon assaults the parts that had never been touched.

He doesn't stop at all. Oh God! He just didn't! FUCK! FUCK!

"Trav-Travyooooon-!!" my eyes roll back. FUCK ME! NO! NO, PLEASE DON'T DO THIS. DON'T MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A DIRTY FUCKING SLUT. GOD! "AHH! I'm almost there, baby, right there, right there," he pulls away from his head, droplets of pussy juices, the mark of my own lust for his big black cock, glistened all over his lips, wet, dripping, shining brightly in the midday sun, a slut's marks of desire. "NNOO, GOD NO. TRAAV-HMPFH HHH," my eyes widened when his big, thick lips engulf mine and suck at my tongue once again.

This time though, it's all tongue. FUCK! WE'RE SO BAD.

What the hell did Travyon just awaken in me? In the living room, there's a portrait of the two of us, a portrait of a happy family, the portrait of Steven and me. When we first got married, a picture from happier times. Now the same portrait seemed to just mocks us, it was so stupid. Steven and his limp little pink prick couldn't satisfy me the way Travyon was doing. My own husband should watch, no, should witness the brutish sexual display I was making out in the open in his living room for an intruder to just barge in and see, and tell Steven what his white little wife really is: a filthy slut, an animal, who gives it all for a massive black hung stud who makes her his bitch. Steven would always dream that his wife was the white girl next-door type, but as she was driven insane with pleasure. My slutty, pink pussy and pussy hole, Travyon made me a real one, a submissive one for his pleasure.

If Travyon, just fucked, I could feel it, and I wanted it so bad, I could feel it.

It was the tickling from the base of my stomach to the ends of my toes. I could no longer resist Travyon as he continued ravaging my poor helpless, pathetic, cunt, making me feel things my white husband could never. I clutched against him tightly, my long, French manicure digging into his shoulders. I no longer felt the warmth from the floor anymore because all my limbs, my legs were in the air as Travyon's bare chest pressed itself against my big round tits. My pussy quivered as we hugged each other tight while making out. My tongue poked at the wetness of his, our saliva mixing together as drool began trickling down my mouth and cheeks as I slowly became a total slut and animal, ready for some black fuck. Travyon's chest rose up and fell slowly, then, and then I felt the sweat coming, and then there were the tides that raged inside, and, then and then, my vision blurred.

It was happening. Darkness sort of crept in from the sides. I was feeling light headed. What the hell was happening? Travyon, where did you go? Where-oh, shit. Oh, Fuck. Travyon was slurping on my wet, pink, pussy. He was tongue fucking me. My clit throbbed for

attention and Travyon somehow magically knew as he licked and slurped on it. I shook as I opened my mouth only to scream wordlessly. Everything around me grew black as-Oh, no. No. NO!!!!!!
"I'm..... CUMMING!!!" I croak.

My insides burned up as I experienced my very first orgasm in what seemed like EONS. My head rolled around in a limp fashion, dizzy, and blank and exhausted as my slut pussy gave out. It was only in the presence of my dark stud that it really released all it had held in and went completely out of control. The wetness I had was a testament to my raw lust, my pussy juices flooding all around.

I began cumming heavily onto Travyon's handsome black lips and face. His mouth was sucking, licking, lapping all the way until my first, short wave of climax ended and the others started coming in a row one after the other. The sensations were numbing.

One, two. Three! I couldn't even count anymore, Travyon was sucking, thrusting his face into my wet crevice, every fucking lick, every stroke of the tongue made me come harder and stronger, and as Travyon brought out two fingers only to shove them into my wet cunt.

My ears were ringing. I found myself groaning, salivating like a rabid dog, everything inside me was numb. I couldn't feel a fucking thing, not anymore.

My toes curled till they ended up spasming in pain.

CHAPTER 12:

Travyon hadn't stopped eating, slurping, licking, his fingers were pumping in and out and I couldn't feel anything but the emptiness and heat within. The sexual heat of a real sex animal was raging inside. My legs shuddered helplessly and I screamed and yelled and shrieked for help, only nobody was around. Not even Steven. Why? You'll get to watch my white wife's pussy gush and spew for a black stranger when you return! "TRA-YEERGHH-."

I could only throat out wet, guttural groans. I was slowly growing crazy, my voice a weak and trembling thing. My orgasm was subsiding but my body just didn't give up. "Plllehshs...." I murmur weakly. My mind was slowly beginning to fade into sleep.

The ringing in my ears slowly diminished, and I could feel it all over. My world was beginning to feel whole again, I could breathe and open my eyes. Only this time, I looked at Travyon, not in the sense of a tutor and a learner, or even the feelings of shame or disgust, no, none of it, only pure desire, nothing more, I gazed upon the man who had stolen my sanity. The man who showed me the limits and bounds of true sexual ecstasy. I stared at the black, muscled, brawny, jacked, animal, beast. The black alpha beast that had just put me in my place and made me feel like a woman. I breathed out so loud as he looked into me with his smoldering, dark eyes, with those eyes that showed absolutely no sign of mercy or compassion, no, I think the words to describe his dark orbs was of hunger and of raw passion, just the sheer display made me shake and shudder. There was absolutely no going back now. My body ached for his big black cock. The darkness in his eyes showed promise, promise of the fact that he was going to give me what I wanted. His cock was surely bigger, longer, thicker, meatier than anything I had ever encountered before. F-Fuck... He had something absolutely brutal,

that could break and dominate a white, defiant, married woman like me, fuck, no, if this thing were to plunge into me without a second thought, I don't think I'd be able to ever go back to Steven at all.

No, I would never go back to Steven at all. I would never ever let Steven put that tiny prick of his in me ever again after this.

Travyon steps out of his pants as he pulls me closer towards him by my legs. My eyes were fixed there at that bulging spot in his boxers. I shook in anticipation. Finally. The big black monster was revealing itself. I couldn't wait, oh, not, at all! He didn't hesitate to then discard his underwear next. Lo and behold, I finally saw what I always wanted to saw.

What the fuck-. The sheer size of it nearly made me fall unconscious. Oh, FUCK. Oh god, no. I couldn't. Oh God, no. God, no. I gulp, tears nearly forming in my eyes as Travyon's touch makes me curl my toes even tighter than it did before, the nerves that went right up, straight up to my spine, every fucking inch that made my entire body shudder in fear and pain and lust.

It was.... HUGE. AND THICK. Like it belonged in a porno, the way his shaft looked and that bulbous, pink, purple, tip was dripping wet and covered all over in his pre-cum.

Thick droplets of his white fluids dripped down onto the floor, oozing down into the white marble tiling. No, God no. If I could-Fuck! NO!!! Travyon. W-W-Why the fuck are you doing this to me? Was Travyon a member of the same godforsaken species? With an appendage of his between his legs? How, and how the fuck did he walk with that? This was inhuman. My head spun in fright and absolute horror.

Travyon, stop this, stop! We mustn't do this, look at how scared you're making me, stop, oh, God. I shook my head in fear as if I was trying to tell him 'no, Travyon, I can't. It would never fit. You're going to hurt me. Stop, stop. No. No. NO. NOOO!! AH!!"

Oh my-AHH. AHH. FUCK-WHY. Why is my cunt growing wet? So soon after his finger had fucked it? Oh no. RIGHT AFTER HE JUST ATE ME OUT. Oh GOD!! WHY IS MY WHORE, SLUT, PINK PUSSY GETTING

SO FUCKING WET ALREADY?! No! My knees began shaking and my legs gave up. I couldn't feel my legs from below my waist anymore. Travyon slaps his meaty cock right over the mound of my pussy. "Oh, FUCK!" I yelp out in pain as it lands in a soft thud. It was fucking heavy. How surreal! The thing was easily a foot long, a massive meaty sausage that was no bigger than what a beast would have.

Travyon would really use his sizeable meat to assault a vulnerable married respectful white woman's tiny pussy in an attempt at inflicting pure torture upon her. He was the predator and I the prey. Travyon would brand my little white slit, making sure it was completely imprinted as a place to let loose his endless balls of cum into and fuck it good. His giant cock would stretch open and rip my entrance. My mind flashed white, thinking of a white woman, a petite white female's unsuspecting and tight, little, pussy getting violated by a black stud like his. Betty, oh, GOD. Betty. My best friend. She was the one who recommended Travyon to me. She knew that I was having a boring, incredibly dull, sex life with a worm-dicked husband like Steven.

This was why. Betty probably already fucked him too, I'm just another one of his sluts. That's how she had no problems talking about a guy like Travyon, and with such a tone of confidence and familiarity.

I bet she begged for his thick black cock and probably took him right in front of her hubby as he watched on with his limp pink prick in his hand.

Betty wasn't alone, either.

What other white women had he already plundered? Just how many have had their pussies ruined for the size of his meaty dick? God, they should fucking let me know because the knowledge would comfort me greatly. Or better yet, the women should be present. He should fuck them in front of each other, and their hubbies watching on.

That's what a man like Travyon, no, an ALPHA man like Travyon, should be destined to do.

CHAPTER 13:

He deserves a row of the most unsatisfied white wives all lined up one right next to another waiting for Travyon or dozens of black men like Travyon with their massive cocks out hard and throbbing to breed them while their limp dick white husbands stood around watching, jerking off their useless pricks like a bunch of eunuchs. Men like Steven don't deserve to be called a 'man' or 'husband' anymore.

It didn't seem to take very much effort for him, and even the soft, warm slap made me cry out in pain. God no. Travyon isn't done with me. How could he.

"Are you ready, Michelle?" he growls. I shake my head to indicate no. Please, no. Travyon, no.

I can't. I couldn't. Think about my marriage, Travyon. Please don't ruin my marriage with my poor husband Steven. My eyes were tearing and watery, and my hair, sticky, and damp. My entire body felt hot to the bone. All thanks to his black hands. Fuck. Travyon held himself tightly around my curvy, tiny, waist. He was going to do it. His humongous, heavy cock head just lay there on top of my mound leaking out precum like some sort of nasty monster.

Let me go, Travyon. I can't.

I can't cheat on Steven like this. Steven would be so upset if he finds me cheating on him, and it'll all be your fault. My heart was about to beat right through my chest. The idea of me submitting to Travyon's big black cock felt obscene. It felt like it was primal and quite brutal. To cheat on my husband inside our house. I can't. The sanctity of marriage couldn't be defiled by something like this. Travyon wanted something that my useless Steven would never be able to possibly comprehend. In our own godforsaken marital house, the home I

built for the life of happiness I wanted, that's how low Travyon could go and use that for something so vile, vulgar, and dirty. He would break me to his heart's content here in our living room. And I'll submit.

I can't leave you. I could only moan and groan and gasp, gasp like a fucking whore in his hands, even before Travyon had his meat deep into my tight little cunt, this man made my eyes grow dark and hazy, and my entire face pale at the sight of his God-knows-how-many inches giant cock about to violate my pink pussy. I'm so sorry, Steven. It's not my fault, I think to myself as my gaze lands on our wedding photo hanging there on the wall. The sanctity of our marriage was going to be broken right here and now.

By Travyon's gigantic, girthy, veiny, thick, black cock.

"Oh, FUUUUUUUUUUCK!" I scream at the top of my lungs as Travyon finally pushes the first half a few inches of his meat into my incredibly tight pussy.

It was as if a seal was being broken somewhere in my cunt. Like I was losing my virginity all over again even though my hymen probably hadn't been intact in years. I could actually hear something pop as Travyon's humongous cock head stretch my pussy wide. Holy shit. Holy SHIT! OH GOD!!! AHH FUCKK. IT HURTS. MY PUSSY CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE. GOD. TRAVYOOON-

OHH-SHIT. FUCK-WHAT! God-no. I lay there limp on top of the counter as Travyon slowly pushes himself into me.

My voice cracked as the heat got so intense that it felt like steam would spew out from the ends of my lips. Oh fuck. Fuck. I was already broken into pieces and we barely started at all! If Steven comes back. Oh my god, not this again. What the fuck can he do? What would he do, fucking cry like a baby and throw a tantrum and even refuse to acknowledge our marriage further? Oh, no, the absolute tragedy!! No, how could I lament not having to share a bed with the most uninteresting, boring, tiny dicked white husband, oh Steven! NO. WHY IS MY CUNT TIGHTENING AGAIN AROUND

TRAVYON'S FAT MONSTER DICK LIKE I ACTUALLY WANT TO BE USED UP BY A PURE SEX BEAST?!

Travyon must know what he had already accomplished.

"T-Tra-V-" I groan in pain, only he paid not a single fucking ounce of care to the suffering he'd just put me through. Instead, Travyon grabbed me by my hips as he buried a quarter of his entire length into my tiny pussy, completely unfazed. His meat felt like it was scalding hot even though it was my body that was practically on fire.

Fuck. How I feel so hot. God, I couldn't, FUCKK-The tightness and wetness of a married white wife like me must make him feel so horny, Travyon. Just how tight am I for him? So goddamn much that even a monster like him needed some effort to just burrow his thick cockhead in? LOOK AT HOW MESSED UP I'VE BECOME. MY WET CUNT, IT ISN'T EVEN UNDER MY OWN CONTROL ANYMORE, TRAVYON CONTROLLED IT. IT WAS HIS TO OWN. MY PINK PUSSY WAS JUST HIS TO BE USED AND DOMINATED BY. OH MY GODD.

Travyon continues pushing inside me with all his effort as I cried and wailed helplessly, only instead of the pleasure he had given to Betty and the rest of those unsatisfied white wives, he was now going to give it all to me. Their happy endings were out of their mind with pleasure. They couldn't stop after knowing such ecstasy. Fuck.

Travyon hasn't even half sheathed that gigantic penis inside me and it already makes my heart skip like nothing. Oh FUCK. You must have broken and destroyed so many women just like me, haven't you, Travyon. Or, GOD. I shudder again in pleasure, all in absolute terror when I imagine the absolute mindless faces my pathetic white husband Steven must have put on. I wonder what expression Steven would've made when Betty tells him about Travyon. OH, GOD.

"YOU'RE SO FUCKING BIG!!!!" I scream. "SO FUCKING BIGGGG!!!"

And big he was, indeed. It was like I could practically FEEL him inside me. Every inch of his. Every little nerve in his massive black cock pulsed inside of me like it was alive. I could barely even tell if Steven even put his cock in me.

One stroke, two stroke,....three, and four, there, Steven was done.

CHAPTER 14:

Here, Travyon wasn't even beginning to have his way with me. No, sir. Travyon was taking his time to savor the moment. To relish in the feeling of his massive black cock inside my tiny pink pussy, a married white wife's pussy. I wouldn't have minded if Steven was the same. NO. STEVEN COULD NEVER. I NEARLY FORGOT.

I clutch hard at Travyon's broad shoulders, my nails sinking deep into his skin, drawing blood as I claw at his flesh desperately, trying to keep myself sane and steady. OH, FUCK. NO. TRAVYON. DON'T MOVE. YOU'RE GOING TO TEAR MY WHITE CUNT APART. GOD. I only just realised that I wasn't even talking out loud to this black alpha stud.

I was saying all of this inside my head. So, what exactly was my voice saying?

"OH FUUUUCCCKK. TRAAVYOONNN!!!" I cry out loudly, my voice filled with lust and need, oh, God. Look at how much my pussy was gushing and leaking for Travyon. "PLEASE. NOT SO FAST. DON'T. TRAVYON. HARDER. FASTER. OH MY GOD, YOU'RE GOING TO RIP ME APAAAAART!!!" I don't recognise the sound of my voice anymore. It was like someone else was screaming, crying out loud for help, and it was all Travyon's fault. He had already broken me into pieces and now I was his bitch to be used and fucked senseless. The neighbours were definitely going to hear. We were downstairs in the kitchen. Good God. I couldn't breathe. It was as if his cock was choking me even though it was nowhere near my mouth. Travyon's huge black cock was halfway inside my pussy. I was beginning to lose my grip; my vision was blurry and hazy. I think I was going insane.

Steven. God. I hope you don't come home.

Because when you do, I doubt you'll even find me the same.

Travyon pulled back and shoved himself in with a powerful thrust, this time, burying three-fourths of his monstrous cock into my pussy, and, OH FUCK. MY PUSSY SPLITS OPEN. I SCREAM. OH, NO.

TRAVYON. GOD. OH, GOD, I CAN'T TAKE IT. I CAN'T-FUCKKKKK.

"J-J-JEEESSSSUS!!" I begin crying as I cover my face in shame and pain. I can't. I cover my tear-stained eyes with the palms of my hands. I bite hard at my bottom lip and sob silently as Travyon starts pistoning his fat black cock in and out of my poor, tiny, pussy. OH. OH FUCK. OHHHHHHH, AH, AH, AH!!!!

But the more I cried, the faster Travyon went.

"Ohhh," I groan and whimper as my body gets pushed back and forth like a ragdoll. Travyon had just decided that he had enough fun with my pussy. Time to fuck it out, then. My marriage. Our marriage. Steven, God. I'm so sorry. I can't control myself anymore. There was no coming back from this Steven. Travyon's going to stretch my pussy out permanently. You'll never be able to satisfy me again Steven. Travyon has ruined me forever. I'll become a different Michelle once Travyon's done with me.

I pant like a wild animal. My body was growing tired. I can't keep this up for any longer, Travyon. FUCK. IT HURTS. YOUR COCK. IT HURTS. TRAVYOOON. PLEASE. PLEASE. TRAVYON. STOP THIS. STEVEN. STEVEN. GOD. I NEED YOUR HELP. TRAVYON IS GOING TO BREAK ME WITH HIS GIGANTIC BLACK COCK. FUCK. I CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING BUT PLEASURE. Hot, warm, streaks of sheer bliss ran straight up from the bottom of spine to my neck and then up into my brain. I could see red lights flashing everywhere. FUCK. TRAVYON. GOD. TRAVYOOOOONNN. "STEVEN-FUCK. NO. GOD. TRAVYON. TRAVYOOONNNN." I couldn't control what my voice said anymore. Why did I even bring up my husband's name out loud?

Travyon doesn't waste a single breath as he begins pounding my tight white married cunt like it belonged to him. It did. Travyon was going to show me what a real man could do to please a woman.

Fuck. Betty, you bitch. You should've told me what a complete

monster Travyon was. Now I won't be able to ever enjoy sex with Steven, ever. Well, it wasn't like I ever did enjoy sex with Steven in the first place.

"Fuck, you are so tight, Michelle," Travyon growls as he struggles to push the last quarter of his length into me. I cover my face once again in absolute embarrassment. Tears flowed down freely from my eyes, my mascara running down and staining my cheeks and Travyon's fingers as he grabs me by my chin and forces me to look into him directly in the eye. I sob loudly. Oh, Steven. Look at how much of a mess I've become. Travyon has reduced me into a filthy, desperate, slut. I'm going to break apart, Travyon. I'm going to break. My pussy feels like it's about to explode. I can feel this black asshole's big dick right up in the depths of my womb.

Oh, God.

I just realized. I wasn't on birth control. Travyon could impregnate me right now and Steven wouldn't know. Oh, God. Travyon. Please pull out. Don't shoot your black seed inside my pussy. I don't want to get pregnant with your child. I don't. Travyon, please. I beg you. I swear to you. I won't say a single word to Steven. I won't tell a single soul about what happened between us. Please, Travyon. Pull out. FUCK. NO. DON'T KEEP PLOWING THAT GIANT BLACK MONSTER OF YOURS INTO MY TIGHT MARRIED PUSSY. TRAVYON. NO. I'LL CHEAT ON STEVEN IF YOU DO THAT. No. No. I'll GET PREGNANT, TRAVYON. DON'T BREED ME. DON'T PUMP ME FULL OF YOUR BLACK SEED.

"God, Michelle. Your cunt feels amazing," Travyon roars as he finally manages to shove the last remaining part of his massive cock inside my white pussy. I nearly pass out. OH, GOD. TRAVYON. WHAT THE FUCK?!

My stomach swells and grows bloated at the base of his crotch.

I can't. I can't. No, I can't anymore.

I was bred and used for.

CHAPTER 14:

Travyon pulls all the way back until his thick black cock head pops out of my entrance, stretching my pussy hole wide. I let out a nasty gasp of relief and air. I can't take it anymore. I was gasping and panting heavily. My chest rose up and down in desperation as Travyon lets go of my legs and allows them to fall limply on top of the counter. I try to catch my breath. But before I could compose myself, Travyon plunges right into me.

And this time, he hits me right in my cervix.

I try to let my displeasure be known thanks to an ear shattering scream but Travyon slaps me right across my left cheek shutting me up instantly. My eyes go wide in shock as I lay there on my back in front of him. Travyon casually picks up both my legs and holds them in the air as he begins thrusting himself in and out like a fucking machine.

And with every thrust, he thuds into my bare ass with more and more ferocity.

"Hngg, hngg, hngg," I groan and grunt as Travyon pounds my tight white married pussy like some sort of piece of meat. I grit my teeth tightly and close my eyes shut as the tears flow down. My face looked like a mess; I knew. My whole body hurt. The bruises, the hickeys, the scratches. "Hnhhhhhgg," I let out a guttural grunt. That was all I could say. I wasn't having loud conversations in my head with Travyon. No more monologues. "Please, T-Travy," I tried telling him to slow down but he hits me with the back of my hand making me sob and break down more.

"Fuck, you're nasty as hell, bitch," he curses as he thrusts his big fat meat cock into me. "Screaming like a whore."

The shame was overwhelming.

I was whore. It was true. For an actual man who knew how to treat a woman.

This was what I wanted. I wanted Travyon to treat me like a cheap slut. Betty had probably already experienced this treatment from Travyon before. And so had the rest of the unsatisfied white wives. Now, it was my turn. My pussy belongs to Travyon now. I was Travyon's property. Steven, you will never be able to satisfy me again. Not after this.

"Ah, ah, ah," I begin groaning out louder. My eyes rolled backwards as Travyon hits me in a particular spot inside my cunt. It sends my eyes rolling back into my head. "Ahhhhmmmm," I bite my lip as he wraps his fingers around me.

Yes, choke me. I deserve it. I'm a cheating wife. I'm married to my husband. I shouldn't have done this. I deserve to be slapped and beaten for being a cheating whore. I should put up with my husband's tiny, useless, limp pink prick even if he can't satisfy me. That's what good wives must do. That's what married women must do. They must endure their husband's shortcomings and pretend like it's ok. Travyon, punish me. Make me pay for my sins. Make me pay for cheating on my husband Steven.

Travyon seems to understand my thoughts as he picks up the pace. Thud after thud after thud. My ass was getting sore from getting hit with his enormously powerful thighs. Thud. Another. My cheeks hurt from where he slapped me. Thud. Again. My tits bounced up and down wildly as Travyon pounds me with all his might. Thud. Again. I couldn't even believe he put his hand on me like that. I was shaking all over. My pussy was gushing out. The noise it made while Travyon's cock went up into the depths of my womb was sickeningly hot. Like a plunger being sucked and pulled out of a bowl. Slurp, squelch, squelch. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP. My ass and Travyon's thighs kept hitting each other repeatedly.

My vision began growing hazy. My face was red hot from the embarrassment of being hit and then called a bitch. Not once in our married lives did Steven ever call me a bitch. Nor did he ever put his

hand on me. He respected me like any man should respect a woman.

But that's definitely not what I wanted deep down.

Travyon seemed to understand what I wanted. Steven was too nice for his own good. Travyon was anything but nice. I could feel the pressure building up once again. The familiar feeling of my core turning and twisting, and churning, and burning. Yes, I was a bitch. I AM a bitch. A sexy, hot, blonde, married white BITCH that just loves getting humiliated by a big black man like you, Travyon.

And his cock. Holy shit, Travyon's cock was four times the size and girth of Steven's. It wasn't even a contest.

My husband's dick was the size of a little needle when hard while Travyon's....

"Ohmmmm," my face rolls around like a limp ragdoll as Travyon continues pounding me like an animal.

His fat black cock was throbbing and pulsating inside me. I could feel every inch of it, every vein, every bump, and curve, everything. God, Travyon, you're so fucking big. Your cock is so fucking long and thick and fat and girthy and meaty, Travyon. It stretches my white pussy so well. Steven could never. Travyon, you're making me realize what a terrible husband Steven is. "Argghhh," I gag as Travyon leans forward and plasters his lips over mine, forcing his tongue into my mouth. We kiss passionately as Travyon keeps drilling his big black cock into my cunt. And in that moment of bliss, I decide that I would not think about Steven or our marriage ever again.

It was my vow.

CHAPTER 15:

I'm going to lie here on my back taking his insanely huge cock like a champ. Yes, like a cheap whore that liked getting abused and dominated by an alpha male like Travyon. Yes, Travyon, make me your bitch. I want to be your personal white bitch that gets her pussy stretched out daily. Yes, Travyon. Treat me like a cheap slut. I love it.

"AHH," I groan as Travyon pulls away from our passionate kiss. Drool trickles down from my mouth. I lick my lips seductively as I stare deeply into his dark eyes, my pupils dilating as I stared back at his beautiful black face. Travyon really was handsome. He was a man. And he excelled at making me feel like a woman. Probably tons of other white women who had the luck of ever encountering Travyon must feel the same. Betty included. Oh, God, I was getting jealous. I shake my head and focus on the task at hand. I couldn't cum yet. Not yet. Travyon hadn't finished yet.

THUD. THUD. THUD. THUDTHUD.THUDTHUDTHUDTHUDTHUD-my mind went blank. It was coming again. My core tightened and turned. Travyon kept ramming his giant black cock into my pussy without mercy. I clutch hard onto his biceps.

"TRAAAA-YEUGH," my vision goes blank as Travyon presses his thumb against my clit and rubs it furiously. My eyes roll back and my tongue hangs out of my mouth as I lock my legs around his hips. No more Steven. No more thoughts. Only pure raw sexual pleasure. My toes curl up as Travyon fucks the living daylights out of my tiny white pussy. The sound was disgusting. Slurp, squelch, squelch. SLAP. SLAP. SLAP.

"Yeah, bitch," Travyon growls as I continue locking my legs around his hips. I wanted him to stay inside me forever. I didn't want to let

go. My pussy would feel empty without his cock. My pussy quivers and quakes. "Take that dick."

"I can feel you inside me," I whisper amidst the tears. "I can feel you all the way inside me," I cry out. "Please, fuck, it hurts."

I hear him grunt in an animalistic way.

"You're," I pause. The words get stuck in my throat. "SO MUCH FUCKING BIGGER THAN MY HUSBAND!!"

My face flushed. I couldn't believe I would admit to something like that. But it was true. Travyon was way too big for my comfort.

And I loved it.

He had a literal slab of meat for a dick. While Steven had a tiny pencil dick that looked all pathetic and white. I wish Steven was watching this. No, I wish Steven could at least listen to me moan and pant like some sort of sex slave. Jesus Christ, Steven, why couldn't you fuck me like this EVER?

Travyon ignores me. He presses his lips onto mine as he picks up the pace. His thrusts grow wild and erratic. I can tell that Travyon is about to cum inside me. I shake my head desperately trying to signal to him to pull out. Travyon's eyes remain dark and menacing. He grins at me and smacks me across my cheek all while kissing me.

"Mrgghh," I try to tell him that I'm not on my pill. Oh, God. He was going to breed me. He was going to cum inside me. No, don't. I have a husband whom I love so dearly.

"Shut up, white bitch," he growls as he continues fucking my pussy. I nod my head and surrender. I don't care anymore. Fuck it. I'll let Travyon impregnate me. I'll let him breed me. I've always wanted a lightskin child anyways. I'll tell Steven that the baby isn't his. I'll tell him that the child is the child of an abusive boyfriend of mine from my college days. Yes, that's it. Travyon will be the abusive black boyfriend. I'll keep cheating on my husband Steven with Travyon even if it meant having to hide it from my own family. My dad and mom. I don't care. I'll keep doing it. My pussy was only meant to take black cock and Travyon's.

Yes, I'll fuck Travyon. I'll be Travyon's whore. I'll fuck him on a daily basis. I'll fuck him until he gets tired of me. And when he does, I'll find another black man like him that can give me what he gave me. I'll let them all cum inside me bare. Deep into the depths of my womb. I'll become a black cock obsessed slut. That's what I should be. I'm Travyon's bitch. I'm his slut.

Travyon lets out a primal roar. "Oh, fuck," he growls. "I'm going to cum inside your pussy, Michelle."

My body is about to give up on me. But I hold on tight to Travyon's arm. "Cum in me," I whimper softly as my pussy clenches down hard around his cock.

"Cum in me, please," I beg him. "I want it. I want your black seed, Travyon."

"Fuck," he groans as he buries his cock deep inside me. "I'm gonna nut in this pussy so good."

The sudden impact of Travyon's monster cock hitting the back of my womb makes my vision go blank as I scream in sheer pain. He was hitting my cervix.

It felt like the walls of my uterus were getting hit over and over again with a literal battering ram.

If the battering ram was over ten inches long and at least half of that in girth.

CHAPTER 16:

I fucking dig my nails into him and yell, "Get me pregnant. MAKE ME PREGNANT!!" I scream out loud. "Fill me up, Travyon. Fill my pussy with your seed. Make me your slut. Make me your white bitch."

"SHIT, FUCK!!!!!" Travyon roars as he unloads his load deep into my womb. Thick hot ropes of his sticky, white, creamy seed floods into my uterus. I shriek in pain and pleasure as my pussy orgasms hard at the same time. My mind goes white and numb. The feeling was too overwhelming for me to comprehend. All I knew was that it felt amazing. Like nothing I've ever experienced before. I lay there on the kitchen counter, my pussy twitching and throbbing as Travyon continues unloading his seed into me.

I can literally feel his thick, creamy cum flooding into my womb. It was so much that it spilled out from the sides of my cunt lips. I could feel it dripping down my thighs, down onto the kitchen counter. I was so full, so fucking full of Travyon's seed. His hot, thick, white, creamy semen was so fertile that it was sure to get me pregnant. I was breathing in and out with my mouth open. He just didn't stop! He couldn't. I could feel his massive shaft actually PUMP load after load of potent black sperm into the insides of fertile white womb. Like some sort of breeding stud, Travyon kept pushing his cock inside of me, trying to make sure that I was completely filled up. He kept shooting more and more of his hot, thick, creamy cum into my pussy until finally, he was done.

"Fuck," he grunts as he pulls out of me. A river of his seed immediately rushes out of my pussy and trickles down onto the kitchen floor. It sort of explodes like a small bomb splashing out nasty, smelly, cum.

He stands up straight and watches as his cum spills out of my pussy and down onto the kitchen counter. He stares at me intensely as I lie

there panting and gasping for breath. My hair is messy and sweaty. My makeup is ruined, I know.

My legs were numb. My face was sweaty. I had never felt so good before in my life. Travyon was amazing. He knew how to fuck a woman. Travyon was a real man.

"Holy shit," I murmur softly as I reach down between my legs and scoop up a handful of Travyon's seed. "Fuck. You came inside me," I look up at him, tears in my eyes. "I'm not on the pill, Travyon."

Travyon leans in and kisses me hard on the lips. "I don't care," he grins. "You're my slut now. My white bitch. And I'll make sure that you get knocked up with my baby."

"Oh God," I shiver as I feel his warm cum seeping into my womb.

"Please, don't say that," I mutter. My voice was shaky. No sooner did I feel a pang of regret and shame wash over me; did I leak out another splash of cum. I should regret this. I was a married housewife-.

"You'll make a great mother, I know," he smiles as he helps me sit up but I can't. I was numb from the waist down. Was I paralyzed? I wiggle my toes to find out that I wasn't, thankfully.

"Stop, Travyon," I whimper as he pulls me closer to him. "I-Hngg," I groan as Travyon shoves his nasty, cum and pussy juice covered cock right between my pink lips. "Hnhhhh," I moan as I begin slurping on his thick, still flaccid-hard cock. Slurping, sucking, licking. My tongue rolled around his shaft and head as I greedily licked his cock clean.

"That's it, white bitch," Travyon chuckles as he holds me by my hair.

"Suck my black dick clean. Clean up your mess, whore."

I look up at him, my eyes glassy and teary. My face was still red. I couldn't believe I had just cheated on Steven. I couldn't believe I just let a black man fuck me. A black man who wasn't my husband. I had just betrayed Steven. I had just broken our sacred marriage vows. I felt terrible. But why did it feel so good?

"Your husband ain't shit, is he?" he asks me. "He ain't nothing compared to me," he grins. I shake my head in agreement as I

continue cleaning up my pussy juices off of Travyon's monster cock. My husband really wasn't shit compared to Travyon. Steven couldn't even compare to this alpha male.

Steven didn't deserve me. Steven didn't deserve my pussy. It wasn't Steven's. It was Travyon's. It was Travyon's from now on. My pussy belonged to Travyon. I had just betrayed my husband and let a black man fuck me in our kitchen. A black man that I had just met today. A black man that was my new personal trainer. My pussy was never going back to being satisfied with my husband's tiny pink limp dick ever again.

"No, he isn't," I tell him as I stroke and roll my wrists around his stiff cock looking up at him. I smile as I say it. It felt good emasculating Steven. I was a woman and I deserved to be treated like one. Steven should've known that. "I'm going to divorce him. You are the only man I'll ever love, Travyon," I tell him.

I meant it. I meant every word.

Travyon smiles as he grabs me by the face and shoves his cock back into my mouth. I gag as he begins fucking my mouth with all his might. Thrusting in and out as I choke and gag on his fat cock. I had betrayed Steven.

I had cheated on Steven.

But it wasn't my fault.

It was his. If only he knew how to treat me like a woman-no, that didn't matter. If only his dick wasn't the size of an eraser and didn't cum not even a minute into fucking me, I wouldn't have done this.

I was NOT going to regret any of this. In fact, I was going to enjoy doing this over and over again. This was my useless pathetic limp dick husband's fault.

And I was going to make him pay for it.

CHAPTER 17:

Travyon was going to treat me like the bitch I am and fuck me in our marital home. I cup his black balls gently as I continue slurping on his cock. Travyon was going to make me his bitch. He was going to breed me. My lust was insatiable. What was I even thinking? I'll be forced to carry his child until I give birth to it. And once it comes out black or lightskin, I'll force Steven to raise it just to rub it in his face. And he'll be fine with that. Useless limp dicked loser. I should probably call him now and tell him that.

"Grab my phone, quick," I ask Travyon and gesture for him to get my phone from the counter next to us where I set it down earlier. Travyon does so in an instant without questioning me.

In fact, I loved the idea. I bob my head up and down Travyon's shaft. My pussy quivers as I think about the idea of carrying Travyon's black baby in my womb. Steven tried impregnating me multiple times but we couldn't succeed. Travyon's seed was potent. "MMMmmmmm," I mutter as Travyon's cock grew rock hard in my mouth. I couldn't fit all of it, just the tip and maybe less than a quarter of the shaft. "God, you're so big," I look up at him and smile. "I'm going to suck you dry, baby," I moan as I continue blowing him like that. His cock smelled amazing. The musk, his cum, my pussy juice. It was all so intoxicating.

I've never sucked off Steven with this intent at all before. Honestly, I've never felt the desire too. Unlike Travyon, I could fit Steven's cock with easy because it was so short that it could barely hit the back of my mouth, let alone my throat. I dial Steven with my free hand while stroking and servicing Travyon's cock with the other.

"Mmmm, mmmhmmmmm," I keep moaning. I can feel the nerves in his cock pulse again. He was going to cum. His undershaft went stiff.

I bury my face under his cock and right all over his musky, nasty, smelly black balls.

"Oh, fuck," Travyon groans.

His balls heave as he's ready to blow his load in my mouth this time. Whatever remains of his seed was going to go right down my throat.

The call connects almost instantly and I hear Steven's voice on the other. This was weird. Steven BARELY picks up the phone at all let alone answering this fast at work. He sounded shaky.

"H-Hey, hun," Steven mutters. "W-What's up?"

"Hey, babyyy," I say with a mouthful of Travyon's big black cock.

"How'sh-How's work? Pleh-" I drool all over Travyon's massive shaft.

"Y-yeah," Steven whispers back. "It's good. L-Listen, I'll call you back-o-okay?"

"MMmmmmmm," I nod as Travyon begins thrusting his cock in and out of my mouth. "Mmm-mhm," I muffle as my lips slurp around his thick shaft.

"Michelle, you sound busy. I-I'll call you back later, okay?" Steven asks.

"Shit, you're nasty," Travyon laughs.

"Is that T-Travyon? He's still there?"

"Yesh-," I giggle. "He's been teaching me how to work his balls," I giggle louder.

"O-Okay," Steven replies. "I'll have to call you back, okay?"

"Mmmm-Mhhhm," I agree and hang up the phone.

The second I do Travyon grabs my face with both his hands and begins throat fucking me. I could barely breathe as he forces his cock all the way into my mouth.

"I'm going to cum, fuck," Travyon growls as he pulls his cock out of my mouth. "Get ready."

"Do it, Travyon," I beg him as I open my mouth wide.

"AAHHHHHH!" I open my mouth as wide as I can get. "Cum in my mouth."

"Fuck," Travyon growls as he begins jacking off his shaft rapidly. "I'm gonna cum."

I keep my mouth open wide for him. "I want your hot, thick, creamy, white, seed in my mouth, Travyon," I look up at him with my tongue sticking out, ready to catch his load. "Give it to me. Shoot your load all over my face, Travyon. CUM ON MY FACE" I moan as I begin jacking him off with my own hands. "Fill me up, baby. Just like you filled up my pink pussy."

"Oh fuck," Travyon grunts as his cock grows stiff. He clenches his teeth and lets out a loud groan. "I'm cumming!" he yells out and fires his load right into my mouth.

CHAPTER 18:

Thick ropes of cum spurt out of his tip and splatter all over my face. His warm, sticky, white seed coats my whole face as I try to keep it in my mouth. But I fail miserably as I end up swallowing more of it than holding it in my mouth. Some of it even dripped down from my chin and landed onto my breasts. I giggle as more of his cum flies around me and some of it falls on my already messed up hair.

"Ahhhh," I moan as I continue stroking his cock. "Tastes so good," I giggle as I swallow the rest of his cum. What the fuck happened to me? I was never like this. I was being so indecent. So dirty. All for what?

"Holy shit," Travyon groans as he falls back onto the kitchen counter next to me. "That was amazing. Fuck."

"Mhm," I giggle as I take some of his cum from my face with my fingers and lick it clean. "You taste so good, baby," I lick my lips seductively.

I was married. And this was our house. And yet I was acting like a total whore in our own kitchen. I didn't care anymore. I had already betrayed Steven and let this black man fuck me. Why not enjoy it for now?

Travyon chuckles as he pulls me up to my feet. "Come here," he smiles as he grabs me by my waist and kisses me. I can feel his tongue invade my mouth and swirl around mine. The taste of his cum is so fucking nasty. But I love it. I was totally a different person now. A sex crazed woman. A slut. A cheating wife. "Mmmm," I moan as we make out passionately. "What are you doing to me, Travyon?" I ask him. "I feel so different."

"Good," he tells me. "You're a whore, Michelle. You're a dirty, slut, whore. Admit it."

"I am," I whisper softly as we kiss each other again. "I'm a cheating wife. A filthy, cheating whore. I'm your bitch."

I was indeed his bitch. There was no arguing that. Travyon owned me now. Inside this house. Right under the gaze of our wedding portrait, me and Steven. I was an entirely different Michelle. The old Michelle wouldn't dare call her husband while sucking off another guy. No, hell, no. The old Michelle would never cheat on her husband at all. The old Michelle would simply fantasize about a black man like Travyon and then masturbate furiously about him and then regret it later. But not the new Michelle. The new Michelle loved cheating on her white husband with a black man like Travyon. She loved the way it felt. She loved being dominated and controlled by an actual man. She loved being humiliated and used like a cheap piece of meat by someone who actually had a cock between his legs, not a tiny pink worm.

My pussy belched out a fat load of Travyon's black seed. I could still feel more and more of his sticky semen all inside my little pink hole. No, my now stretched out pink cunt. It was only fitting that it had to be stretched wide apart by a black cock. A big black cock like Travyon's. I wanted more. My body was on fire even though I was tired both mentally and physically. I wanted another round but this time I would want his cock in my ass. I've always wanted to try anal w-.

Travyon's phone rings. He scrambles for it to find it in his pants that lie somewhere on the kitchen floor. It's his wife calling him.

"Shit," he curses as he picks up the call and begins talking to her.

"Trav, here" he talks. "Yeah, yeah. I just finished up. I'm heading back soon," he tells her. I could hear her muffled voice on the other end. Travyon nods and grunts as he listens to that other voice. "I'll be there in an hour or so."

He gives me a look as he says it. "Yeah, she's a nice lady. Yeah, I like her too. Don't worry, I got her good," he smiles. "Bye."

He hangs up and turns to face me. "Duty calls, Michelle. I'd love to stay but-."

"Another client?" I raise my eyebrow at him. I was disappointed.

"Yeah, I get it."

"Don't worry, babe," he pulls me in close and kisses me. "We'll be seeing each other again real soon."

"We will?" I smile as I kiss him back.

"Yes," he nods. "I'll call you in a few days. Let you know when I'm available," he laughs.

"Thank you," I tell him but I don't hide the disappointment in my voice.

"But seriously, you need to clean this place up before your husband gets back home," he points out the mess we made on the kitchen floor. "Your pussy is literally leaking cum," he laughs.

"Your cum," I giggle as he steps into his boxers.

"Well, my cum is going to get you pregnant," he reminds me. "If you don't pop a pill soon."

"Right, I know," I nod as I stand there in the middle of the kitchen with cum dripping out of my pussy and my hair a mess. Travyon had just fucked me and bred me good. And I didn't even care about it. Steven and I were trying for a baby anyway.

"Just saying, I ain't paying child support!!"

Travyon leaves soon after that and I have to scramble to clean everything up. I wipe the kitchen floor with paper towels and pour some lemon juice to mask the smell. Then, I clean up the living room. I change into a new pair of underwear and put on a long T-shirt and shorts. There was still an hour or so before Steven came back so there was enough time for me to cook lunch.

STEVEN, THE HUSBAND

EPILOGUE:

My dick was limp and throbbing in pain. I had cummed four times in little under an hour. I had never cummed so much in my life. It was so painful to walk. I had to quickly make my way back to my car that I had parked around the block. My heart was racing a mile a minute as I thought about what had happened.

My wife, my sweet, innocent, sweet, Michelle. She had just cheated on me with her new personal trainer.

I knew it was wrong of me to spy on her but I had a gut feeling about all of this. And I was right. Michelle had betrayed me. The woman I married. The woman who swore to love me forever. The woman I spent so many years of my life with. The woman who I had given my heart too.

And all those obscene words..... was it even my Michelle? My shy, sweet, timid wife who never uttered a single swear word in her life? The Michelle who hated being touched in public? The Michelle who would blow a fuse if I had ever asked to kiss me in public too?

That was the same Michelle that just let a big black man fuck her brains out in our kitchen? The Michelle that told the black man to cum inside her? The Michelle that called me while she sucked off his cock?

What the fuck happened to her?

I'm not sure. But I knew one thing.

I enjoyed it.

She was beautiful, submissive, obedient, and horny. She was everything a man could ask for in a woman. She was the perfect woman. But not for me apparently.

I hated to admit it but it was true. I enjoyed watching Travyon fuck my wife. I enjoyed watching my wife beg and plead for his cock. I

loved how submissive and obedient she was to his whims and desires.

The Michelle I knew would never do anything like this. The Michelle I knew would never cheat on me. The Michelle I knew would never betray our marriage. The Michelle I knew was not the same Michelle that lay underneath that black man in our kitchen. That Michelle was a different Michelle entirely.

This Michelle was what I wanted. This Michelle that did NOT hesitate to talk so filthy about her own husband...

SO MUCH FUCKING BIGGER THAN MY HUSBAND... her voice echoes inside my head.

The new Michelle was everything I had always dreamed about.

And I had to make sure I could watch all of this happen once again.

TO BE CONTINUED...

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

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

I am working hard on finishing all the other series and upcoming stories as well! Please do check my other works too, I'm sure you'll love them!

-Sally P

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