

My Big Black Breeder

A Couples Journey Into Submission

CHAPTER ONE - An Unexpected Meeting

The smell of cinnamon and spices filled the kitchen as she opened up the oven to check the cherry pie. The crust was just starting to turn golden brown, she smiled, content that it was going well. It was summer, and hot in the kitchen. She began to pace around the apartment, turning down the air conditioning and then stopping to look at herself in the mirror in the living room.

Her hair, dyed black, stood in stark contrast to her milky white skin, which was still flawless at twenty eight years old. She was wearing a short sundress, and had decided to forgo wearing a bra today. She could get away with it, as her breasts, while perky and firm, were relatively small. She then turned to look at herself in profile, and smirked to herself as her ass and hips were the exact opposite. Rather large for her somewhat petite frame. She turned around a little more, and satisfied she still looked good, walked back to the living room to stand under the air conditioning.

As the cool air drifted over her, she felt her nipples go instantly hard. The sheer fabric of her dress doing nothing. She smirked and as she felt them. "Oh, hello girls." She said, laughing. "Coming out to play are we?"

"Ugh" she muttered walking back into the kitchen. "I'm going to get myself all worked up, and not be able to do anything about it. Michael will be back any minute." She was fairly content in her relationship with her boyfriend, as he was a good provider and a kind soul.

However, her sex drive was incredibly high, and if she were being honest, Michael wasn't enough in bed. First, he had been working so much lately, spending so much time away from her. Secondly, and probably much more important, he was more than a little lacking in vital areas related to her satisfaction. Frankly, he was just too small. If things didn't change, she was going to have to do something about it, she'd have to take matters into her own hands. She just needed the right opportunity.

She sighed, and as if on queue, she could hear the heavy footfalls of a man approaching her second story apartment. The sound quickly got louder as he approached the door, and laughing, two men entered the apartment.

This took her quite by surprise. She wasn't expecting anyone else to come over tonight, much less now. It was at that moment she saw who was with Michael. It was someone she had never seen before, and she was almost speechless.

“Hey” she stammered, regaining her composure. “You brought a friend with you I see”.

“Oh, yeah” Michael stated, nonchalantly. “This is Jamal, my gym buddy.”

Her heart was pounding in her chest. This new man was, by all definitions of the word, gorgeous. Easily six foot, three inches tall, his frame was taunt and muscled, she didn't know if he had an ounce of fat on him. His skin was a dark chocolate, and his skin shined with sweat. He seemingly unconsciously lifted up his shirt to use it to wipe away some sweat on his face, revealing his v-shaped hips and a chiseled six pack.

“Nice to finally meet you Lisa.” Jamal said. “Michael's been telling me all about you.”

“Uh, good to meet you too” She began. “I suppose I should get you two some water, I bet you're thirsty after that run.”

“I'm good” Michael flatly stated, “I need to grab a shower anyways. Make yourself at home Jamal.” Michael left for the bathroom on the other side of the apartment, leaving the two of them alone.

“I could use a glass though” He told Lisa “it was an intense run, really gets the blood pumping.”

She didn't know what to say, all she could think was that he was going to notice how much she was staring at him and his amazing body.

“Right” she said, her voice shaking slightly.

As she filled a glass, she heard the door to the bathroom shut on the other side of the apartment and music begin to play on the bluetooth speaker in the bathroom. Her mind was wandering, as she turned off the faucet and looked up at Jamal. He was standing next to their kitchen countertop, the counter serving as a barrier between the two of them, he leaned against it, the muscles in his arm flexing.

“Oh, thanks” He said as came around into the kitchen to take the glass of water from her hand. Quickly, he closed the distance between them, and extended his hand. At the last moment though, she turned.

“I forgot ice, how silly of me” She needed an excuse to turn, her face was flush, and her heart was still pounding.

“Sure” He replied, and leaned up against the counter, now just a few feet from her back. “No big deal”

The ice made clinking noises as she dropped them one by one into the glass. The coldness of the freezer rolled down, and came across her chest, making her smile slightly as her nipples became hard. She took a step back, and shut the door with her shoulder, and turning in the same motion. She realized how she looked, her nipples hard, wearing nothing but a sundress, her face flush, and her lips pursed. God she was horny, and here was this man.

“Thanks” He said, smiling as his hand reached out and took the glass.

Lisa returned his smile and leaned on the kitchen counter, exposing her cleavage to him in a way she knew was blatantly obvious. “So, Jamal. Tell me about yourself. All Michael has really told me about you is that you’re better than him in every single thing there is, physically speaking. Bigger, faster, stronger. His exact words!”

Jamal laughed. “Oh, bigger, for sure. Not sure about faster though, I like to take my time with most things”.

Lisa blushed, wondering if he was being intentionally coy with his words. “Well, what about stronger?” She asked.

Jamal nodded his head at that, “Yeah, that’s probably true. I hit the gym on the regular. Gotta keep my stamina up, you know?”

Now Lisa was sure he was flirting with her. “Oh yes, having good stamina is very important.” Lisa replied back to him. “It’s not good if someone taps out after a half hour.”

Jamal laughed again, “Tapping out after a half hour of, uh, working out? Nah girl. I like to keep my stamina good enough for at least double that. An hour long, twice a day. That’s what I like. I like to make sure I’m able to pump load after load” He said, pausing for a moment to take a sip of water, “Load after load, of iron.”

Lisa was slightly taken aback by how brazen and confident he was being. She knew exactly what he meant, and she was enjoying this little game. Well she thought, two can play at this game. Lisa rose up from her cleavage revealing position and turned around, showing off what she knew was her best asset - an ass that was at least four sizes too big for her frame.

Lisa bent over slightly, giving him her best instagram worthy ass pose, and opened up a drawer, taking out a straw. She put it in her own glass of ice water, and began using her tongue to play with the straw.

“You know” she began “I really like yoga. I find it helps with my own stamina and flexibility. Really lets me get a good stretch. There’s nothing more I love than being stretched out. A good, deep stretching. It’s my favorite.”

Jamal was watching her closely now, she could almost see the gears in his head turning. He flirted with every woman he met, but now he was deciding how much he should push this. Lisa certainly seemed to be flirting back, so why not?

“Yoga is great” Jamal replied, “I bet you’re an expert. What’s your favorite position?”

“Downward facing dog” she said, it really lets me stretch out. “Do you know that position?”

“Oh sure” Jamal said, smiling “Doggy style is my favorite position too”

“Oh my god Jamal! You’re so bad!” Lisa said, laughing at his obvious innuendo. “Now, let me show you how good of a stretch it is” She quickly assumed the Downward Facing Dog pose, her body stretching out, and her round ass pointing directly at Jamal. “See how good it is?”

“Yeah, I can see how good you are. I bet you like being bad too.” Jamal said, smirking.

Lisa slowly stood back up, arching her back as she did so. “I’m bad sometimes. Sometimes I like to really push my limits.”

Then, she saw it. He was hard. Pushing against the fabric of his athletic shorts, the tell-tale rise of an erect cock was hard not to notice. Immediately, she drew in her breath. The imprint on his shorts was massive. He was staring at her, and he knew she was looking at his crotch. She couldn’t take her eyes off of his cock, even though she knew she should look away. It took all of her willpower avert her gaze and look Jamal in the eyes, and his smile had only grown bigger.

“Sorry about that, I get that way after a run, can’t help it. Get out there for an hour, running around, and then you sit down...well that bloods gotta go somewhere.” He laughed, as he brought the glass to his mouth. The noise of the ice echoed through the kitchen as he drained half the glass. “And I gotta be honest here girl, that dress, and that ass, and what’s peeking out isn’t helping much” He said as he pointed to her chest.

“What do you...” She began to ask, and she looked down. Her nipples were rock hard, and clearly visible. Her breasts were small, but very perky. The cold, and lust had only exaggerated them more in her dress.

“I’m sorry!” She quickly apologized. “That is, well, it’s not something I’m used to seeing”.

“Yeah?” He responded. “I don’t mind if you look”

Her mind was racing, Michael was in the other room, but all she could think about was the man in front of her. His cock was straining against his shorts, and she could feel the wetness of her slit starting to develop. She was so exposed, and so turned on. Jamal was so confident, and she had been so lonely lately. Michael just wasn’t taking care of her needs. What would it hurt if she looked. Maybe if she touched, just for a second...

"It's just...I...I can't believe...I mean...just wow" Her words were incomplete, but her thoughts were becoming focused. "Are you really that..."

"That big?" He asked, as he finished her sentence. "Yeah, ten inches of meat swinging between these legs."

She gasped slightly. Bringing her hand to her mouth. How could he be that big? Double the size of Michael? What was she going to do? She only wanted to do one thing, but could she?

"No way!" She giggled. "No way. You can't be that big, no one is that big."

"Well, you can take my word for it, or I can prove it to you" He replied, inviting her to call his bluff. Jamal knew she was tempted, and he could tell she wanted him.

"Jamal!" She quickly said. "I wouldn't want to embarrass you."

"By the look of those blushing cheeks, it's you who's embarrassed."

He put his water down, and brought his hands to his shorts, pulling against the fabric to highlight his thick shaft, and exaggerate his cock head. There could be no denying it, he was massively hung, he knew it, and so did she now.

She turned her attention to the far side of the apartment. As if it was a sign, she heard the shower curtain being pulled, Michael was finally just now getting into the shower. He'd be 10 or 15 minutes, at least.

"Prove it to me. I still don't believe you." She wanted to see it. So badly. More than anything else, she wanted to look upon his powerful manhood. She had been so horny lately, and Michael just didn't do enough for her. She needed this, but more, she wanted this. She knew she had been denying herself for far too long. She deserved this, she deserved a real man. "Show me."

"Alright girl, take a look." With one hand, he pulled down on his shorts, and with the other, he pulled, and tugged his cock out its confinement, then, it was free.

She gasped. She couldn't believe her eyes. He was so big. Without thinking, she took a step closer to him, and inhaled deeply. She took in his masculine scent, and then took another step. Her hand dropped down from her mouth, and she was standing in front of him.

"Can I...Can I touch it?" She asked innocently. Her hand slowly extended outward, towards him, towards his cock. As her fingers touched the smooth, warm skin of his shaft, she gasped softly in surprise. It felt so big...so thick! She wrapped her small hand around the base of it, marveling at how much bigger it was than Michael's cock, easily double the size.

With a smirk, Jamal reached out and placed his own massive hand over Lisa's, gently guiding her up and down as she began to stroke him. She could feel the heat radiating off of his thick manhood, and could see tiny beads of pre-cum glistening on the tip as he let out a soft groan of pleasure.

"Mmm...just like that, baby," Jamal murmured, watching her with hungry eyes. "You've got such a gentle touch."

Lisa felt a thrill rush through her body at his words and the feel of his powerful cock in her hand. She remembered how Michael was always rushing her - "C'mon, hurry up, let me just get inside you" - but Jamal seemed to be taking his sweet time with her. He clearly loved every second of her exploring his body.

As Lisa continued to pump him slowly with both hands now wrapped around his length, a naughty thought popped into her head: "What if Michael walked in right now? What would he do?" The idea made Lisa feel scandalized but also wildly turned on. She couldn't help picturing how powerless Michael would be, to stop Jamal. He was so much bigger and stronger. Jamal could take her and there would be nothing Michael could do. But she wanted to submit to him, she was eager to.

"Am I doing a good job?" Lisa asked, feigning innocence. "Do you like it?"

Jamal's response came by pulling Lisa close to him and deeply kissing her. Their bodies pressed tightly together, but Lisa's hand never left Jamal's cock. She moaned as he kissed her passionately. His tongue playing with hers, passion overwhelming her. Michael never bothered with foreplay anymore, but Jamal seemed to revel in it.

Breaking the kiss, she brought her hands up to Jamal's chest and pushed back slightly. Lisa looked up at Jamal with wide eyes. She knew she was on the edge. She could step back and go back to her normal life. Pretend this never happened. She could go back to mundane, routine, unfulfilling sex with Michael.

Jamal sensed her trepidation. He knew she was struggling, debating. He would give her the option.

He leaned closer to her ear, and lowering his voice, he spoke "I'm going to count to five. All you have to do is say no, and I'll go sit on the couch and pretend this never happened. Or, you stay right here in my arms and I give you what you need."

"One" Jamal began. Lisa drew in her breath as she felt Jamal's hand run down her body to the front of her panties. His finger traced the top and he slid his hand down.

"Two" Jamal continued. Lisa bit her lip as she felt him slide a single finger into her wetness.

Her eyes fluttered closed and she leaned into him, her breath hitching as his finger began to search for her g-spot. "Three," he whispered, his voice heavy with restraint.

She should stop this. She knew she should, but she couldn't. She wanted it. She needed it.

Jamal withdrew his finger, bringing it up to Lisa's mouth, where she gladly accepted the proof of her lust. Running her tongue around Jamal's finger. "Four" he said, looking into her eyes.

He took his hands down to Lisa's waist then, lifting up her sundress, and putting her on the counter. "Five"

Lisa's response was simply to spread her legs wide, and pull her panties aside. She was surrendering herself to him. "Take me" She demanded. There was no hesitation in her voice, she wanted his cock more than anything else.

His cock was pressed against her slit, the warmth of his body pressing up against hers, and his breath on her neck. He guided his cock up and down, coating the head of his dick with her wetness, and parting her lips. Lisa moaned softly. "Please." She begged "Please Jamal"

Jamal complied, sliding into her tight pussy. Slowly, he stretched her, gently rocking back and forth to open her up. already stretching her. His thick meat was steadily pushing into her, stretching her pussy more than she'd ever experienced in her life.

"Damn you're wet, fuck that's good" His eyes looked down as he watched his ebony cock push into her pink pussy. The contrast of her pale whiteness to his chocolate skin turned him on even more. He pulled back ever so slightly, seeing how her wetness was already coating the head of his cock, and he pressed in a bit more. His hand squeezing her nipple, and his hips gently edging his dick deeper and deeper into her pussy.

"Yes, yes." She moaned between breaths. There was no denying how good he felt. He was stretching her pussy in a way she never imagined, she felt pressure all around her, and she felt utterly filled. She was in heaven. She wanted it all. This was already the best sex she'd ever had in her life, and she was only 30 seconds into it. She wanted him all the way inside her, and she wanted it now.

"Please, please keep going" She said as she turned her head to look at him. Their eyes met, and he began to push deeper into her. Her back began to arch as he was finally all the way in. She shuddered in pleasure, feeling his skin against hers, and the pressure against her g-spot was overwhelming, she was already about to cum. Then, it happened, he pushed all the way inside her with one final deep stroke. Her moan was guttural, carnal, and deep. She was completely filled with lust. He withdrew again, and again, her body shuddered with pleasure.

“I’m gunna make you cum all over this big black cock” He assured her. With practiced rhythm, he began to vary his thrusts, and his speed. He was so big, she had never felt this way before. Michael could never make her cum through intercourse, only ever from oral. But she could already feel her pussy begin to tighten up, the warmth of her orgasm began to build, and her hand flailed, trying in vain to find something, anything to grab hold to while her whole body experienced this orgasm. Her hand found his, still on her breast, and she pushed forward, bringing him all the way inside her, and pushing her orgasm over the edge, as he pushed forward, his cock deeper than anything had ever been inside her. He was literally taking her virginity again.

“Oh fuck that’s good” he confirmed, his lips kissing her neck, “Yeah, fuck yeah. Damn girl.”

As she came down from her orgasm, she could feel his rhythm changing, his hands tightening. He was going to cum. She knew she shouldn’t let him do it. So deep inside her. But she wanted that now. More than anything else she wanted his cum deep inside her. She arched her head back, and brought her hand to the back of his head, pulling him closer to whisper in his ear.

“Cum inside me, I want to feel you cum in me” She whispered, and his reply was to thrust harder and deeper. His hands went to her hips, and he pulled her back onto him as he rammed deeper and deeper.

His moans of pleasure turned to grunts of carnal pleasure, and she felt his hips spasm as his cock twitched, and unloaded inside her.

It was like nothing she had ever felt before. He was filling her pussy with his cock, and there was so much cum. It was so warm, and so deep inside her, she felt his cockhead bulge as he came. She held her breath as he finished. Slowly, he backed away from her, and she looked at his cock. It was covered in cum. Messy, and glistening with her wetness. She pulled her panties back over her pussy to contain the mess, and then she was on her knees, licking every drop of cum from his amazing cock. Once she had gotten all of it, she stood back up, his cum slowly dripping out of her pussy.

“Fuck me anytime you want. I’m your slut.” She whispered in his ear. “I want this” She said as she grabbed his cock. “That was perfect. You have no idea how much I needed that.”

He let out a soft moan. “Baby” He started “I’m going to fuck you so much you’ll forget what life was like before this big black cock was inside you”

With that, she kissed his neck, and smiled. “I’m going to hold you to that”.

The sound of the shower being cut off seemingly snapped them both back to the reality of the moment. They were in the kitchen, she was covered in sweat, cum, and pussy juice. He was still hard as a rock, and his shorts were long ago discarded. Quickly, he put his shorts back on, and sat down, concealing his bulge under their kitchen table, and she fixed her dress, and not a

moment too soon, as Michael emerged from the shower, in a towel. Smiling and oblivious to the situation that had just unfolded.

“Thanks for letting me stop by man” Jamal said, his voice perfectly level, his bulge subsided.

“See you later this week for another run?” Jamal asked.

“For sure man! Looking forward to it!” Michael replied.

“Great!” Jamal replied. “This is such a nice neighborhood to run in. Lots to see and do over here. I’m ready to pound the pavement.” He was looking directly at her, and she knew what he meant. He’d be back to fuck her again. She was already looking forward to it.

“Alright man, I’ll see you around then”. Michael replied as Jamal left, the front door closing behind him “He’s a pretty nice guy huh?” He said to her.

“Yeah, he’s great.” She said, her reeling from how much her life had changed from an hour ago.

“Hopefully he didn’t bore you too much” He quipped, laughing at his own joke.

“Oh no” She said “he kept me quite entertained, it was a very filling conversation” She quipped back.

“Do you smell burning?” He asked her.

“Oh shit” She exclaimed, her mind remembering the pie in the oven. “I totally forgot, I got so distracted! It’s totally burnt” she said as she took the ruined dessert out of the oven.

“That must have been one good conversation you two were having” He said. “Ahhh, it’s ok. I wasn’t too hungry for dessert anyways. That run got me horny.”

“Michael!” She said, surprised at him.

“What?” He asked. “Is it wrong if I get horny looking at you in that dress, looking sexy.”

“Well no, of course not” She replied.

He got up and walked over to her, his hand going towards her legs. Legs that had cum starting to drip down it. Quickly, she grabbed his hand, bringing it up to her breast, and she kissed him. He didn’t seem to notice the taste of Jamal’s cum and her wetness on his lips. After a moment, she told him to go to the bedroom and she’d take care of him. He turned to walk away and she followed behind him. She stopped in the doorway, and slid her panties off, letting them drop to the floor, and in one smooth motion, she turned off the lights, and got into bed.

Michael was already laying down, naked on the bed. Quickly, she straddled him, taking him all the way inside her in one smooth stroke.

“Oh baby, you’re so wet!” Michael said, a little surprised.

“I’ve been looking forward to this all day” She said, as she smiled in the darkness. “Feeling you cum inside me.” Lisa started to feel guilty as she was thinking of Jamal's load, not Michael's. She was thinking about the next time with Jamal, and when they'd fuck in this very bed, in this very spot. She'd find out soon enough she knew.

Michael was moaning and grunting under her. His orgasm was fast approaching. Lisa bounced her ample ass harder. “Cum for me baby” she ordered, and Michael complied, his hips bucking as he shot his load within her already cum filled pussy.

Lisa quickly rolled off to the side and laid her head on Michael's chest. She had to figure out a way to make all of this work. She needed a plan, but she knew she had to make Michael think this was all his idea. If she could get him to be turned on by the idea of her sleeping with another guy during some kinky roleplay, maybe she could get him to be ok with actually doing it. She remembered the one time she had caught Michael watching interracial porn, at the time she hadn't thought anything of it, but maybe there was something there too. She needed to do some snooping. She had to figure this out.

As Lisa lay in bed, she looked over to Michael had quickly fallen asleep. Her hand crept down to her pussy, where she felt his cum mixed with Jamals. She felt a strange urge to make sure that moving forward, only Jamal came inside her. It only seemed right. She wanted to submit entirely to Jamal, and give him everything, to fulfill her role as a woman for him. She wanted him so badly.

As she faded off to sleep, she placed her hand on her stomach, on her womb, wondering what it would feel like to truly give herself to Jamal...

CHAPTER TWO - A Devious Plan

All through the next day, while Michael was at work, Lisa felt her pussy throb with the memory of Jamal's massive cock stretching her, filling her, making her cum harder than she ever had before. She was becoming obsessed. She found herself constantly reaching under her panties, her hand slipping into her wetness. She would lick her fingers, hoping for a taste of his cum.

She went to Michael's laptop, looking for the porn she had caught him watching once. She had a plan. She finally found the folder labeled “Work Stuff” and opened it. Bingo. There were two folders “Pics” and “Movies”. She opened up the pics file first. She was shocked. It was all interracial porn. All the guys were hung like Jamal, the women ranged from amateurs to pros, but the constant was they were all with black guys. There were a few scattered pictures of instagram women and various pornstars, but almost all of it was interracial porn.

Going back, she went to the "Movies" folder, and again, it was hundreds of movies. A few of them were lesbians or random instagram girls, but all of the rest were black guys and white girls, most of them amateurs. She kept looking, skipping across the movies. Taking it all in. Then she found another folder labeled "C". What was in there, she wondered.

Opening the folder, she realized it was probably his darkest secret. It was cuckold porn. Scenes of men watching their wives get fucked big black men. Some in dimly lit hotel rooms, others in well lit studios. This was perfect. It would make her plan so much easier now. She'd barely have to convince him. She knew Michael was submissive, but she didn't know it went this far.

Maybe, she thought, Michael had brought Jamal around intentionally, hoping for this outcome. A guy like Jamal was probably quite the player, and maybe Michael knew that. Either way, whether it was his subconscious or his willful intent - the end result was the same. She closed the laptop, and began to make her plan. This would be much, much easier than she thought.

That night, when Michael came home, she greeted him with a kiss, her body thrumming with the secret that lay just beneath the surface. He had no idea what she had planned, what she had promised to Jamal, and the plan she was putting in place to make sure it happened.

As they sat down to dinner, she couldn't help but let her hand drift down to her lap, her thoughts wandering to the delicious encounter she had shared with Jamal. The way he had looked at her, the way he had talked to her, the way he had filled her up with his cum. It was all she could think about.

"You okay, babe?" Michael asked, noticing her distant gaze.

"Yeah, I'm just a little tired is all. I had a weird dream last night, that's all." She replied, her cheeks flushing slightly as she thought of the lie she was about to spin.

"Oh, really?" He leaned in closer, intrigued. "What was it about?"

"It was just a fantasy, really. Nothing to get too worked up about." She took a deep breath, and decided to go for it. "It was about me with another man. A big, strong, black man with a massive cock. He just took me, fucked me, and came inside me, marking me as his. It was so hot, I couldn't stop thinking about it today."

She looked over at Michael, who's eyes were wide and his mouth was slightly open, but he said nothing so she continued "It's probably your fault though Michael! Remember when I caught you watching porn a few weeks back - that big, thick black cock fucking that little white bimbo - you put the idea in my head Michael! You made me think about it. This is all your fault. You put it in my subconscious and my body made me want to get fucked by some big black cock. Getting stretched out, filled to my limits Michael, getting bred. And now I have this dream, and I wake up

and all I want to do is have some big black man fill me with his cum! It's all your fault! What am I going to do about it Michael? I swear I can't stop thinking about it!"

Michael's eyes widened slightly, but instead of being upset, she could see the beginnings of an erection poking out from under the dinner table. "Wow, that's... intense, and a lot. I uh, I'm glad you liked my porn...and that dream sounds...intense. I take it, you liked it though?"

"Of course I liked the dream Michael". Lisa responded. "It was a dream about having the best sex of my life." She sighed. Laying it on for dramatic effect. "I'm getting wet right now just talking about it!"

Michael looked at her with surprise registering on his face. "I don't know what to say"

Lisa reached across the table and put her hand on his. "Well, I was just wondering...what you thought about it. If you think it's as hot as I think it is? I mean, do you like the idea of me being like one of the girls in your porn movies?" She leaned in closer, her voice a seductive whisper. "What would you save my porno as in your computer? Lisa Taking a Big Black Cock? Come on tell me!"

Michael laughed, despite himself. "Fuck, baby, that's... that's so hot. I had no idea you had those kinds of fantasies. I wish you would have told me earlier. We could watch some of my porn together." His voice was strained, and she knew she had him. "But it's just a dream, right?"

"Well, it could be more than that. It's something I've been thinking about all day. And I was hoping tonight, we could... roleplay it?" She looked at him, her eyes wide with hope. "You know, you could pretend to watch me with the other man, and I'll pretend to be, well, me in the fantasy. It could be really hot, don't you think? Maybe I'll make myself cum while I tell you what I want to happen. Then if you're good I'll let you cum in me after?"

Michael's cock was now fully hard, and she could see the excitement in his eyes. He had always been adventurous, and she knew this was a side of him she hadn't seen in a while. "Okay, okay, I'm down. But you gotta tell me exactly what to do, how to make it feel real for you."

"Perfect." She said, her voice low and sultry.

CHAPTER THREE - Sealing the Deal

After dinner, they cleared the plates and moved to the bedroom. She had set the scene earlier, with candles and soft music playing in the background. She had chosen her outfit with care, a lacy lingerie set that barely contained her small breasts, the nipples already peeking through the fabric. Her ass looked phenomenal in the matching thong, and she knew that Jamal would love it.

“Ok, Michael” Lisa started. “I put a chair in the corner for you. You know why I put it there for you, right?”

Michael nodded. “I do. That’s the cuck chair, where I’d sit and watch you get fucked by another guy”.

“That’s right!” Lisa confirmed. Excited by him saying the words. “That’s where you sit, because that’s what you are, a little cuckold.”

Michael cleared his throat “Yeah...just, yeah, in the roleplay, right?”

Lisa smiled, “Of course baby, just in the roleplay.”

Michael sat in his cuck chair in the corner, his cock already straining against his boxers, as she began to striptease for him. She knew he was watching her, his eyes glued to her body as she moved to the rhythm of the soft music. She could see the hunger in his eyes, but she also knew he was playing his part, watching her like she was the most erotic show he had ever seen.

Slowly, she pulled down her thong, revealing her shaved pussy, already glistening with anticipation. She climbed onto the bed, and spread her legs wide, her pussy on full display.

Michael looked at her and said “Now tell me, baby, tell me what you want to happen. Tell me how you want our big black mystery guest to fuck you.”

Her hand slipped between her legs, her fingers tracing the outline of her lips before sliding inside. She moaned softly as she began to fuck herself with her fingers. “I want him to take me, hard. I want him to push me down, and spread my legs wide. I want to feel his big black cock pressing against my pussy, demanding entry. I want him to make me beg for it, to make me feel like I need it more than anything in the world.”

Michael leaned forward, his hand stroking his cock through his boxers. “Oh, fuck, baby, that’s so hot. Tell me more.”

“I want him to fill me up, to make me scream with every thrust. I want to feel his power, his strength, his dominance. I want him to use me like a whore, to make me his slut, his little white cum dump, his baby factory. I want him to him to breed me, to cum deep inside me, so deep that you can feel it when you fuck me later.”

Her hand was moving faster now, her fingers sliding in and out of her wetness. She could feel her orgasm building, her body responding to the filthy words she was saying.

“That’s it, baby, tell me how much you want it. Tell me how much you want his cock in you.”

"Oh, Michael, I want it so much. I want to feel him deep in me, his cum filling me up. I want to be his, completely and utterly, until there's no part of me that isn't marked by his seed. I want you to come home and feel my pussy wrecked and stretched and used still filled with his cum."

Her words were a mix of desire and lust, and she could see the effect they were having on Michael. His hand was moving faster on his cock, his eyes never leaving her body. She continued to talk, her voice a sultry purr. "I want him to claim me, to make me his. To show me that no one else can ever satisfy me like he can. That no one else's cock is big enough to fill me up like he can."

Michael's breathing was heavy, his eyes glazed over with lust. He was playing along, but she knew he was into it. She knew she was unlocking his fantasy and validating him in this role of a cuckold. He didn't know much she truly craved Jamal's cock, and how much she wanted him to breed her, but he would soon.

"Beg for it, baby. Tell me how much you want his cum in you, tell me how much you want to be my little slut." He egged her on, his voice thick with arousal.

Her hand was a blur between her legs now, her pussy clenching around her fingers as she got closer to the edge. "Please, Michael, please let a big black man breed me. I need it so badly, I can't take it anymore. I'm so wet, so ready for him. Just let him have me, let him breed me. I want him to stretch me out so much I can't even feel your cock when you fuck me. Don't you want that baby, don't you want me to be stretched and loose? A fuck hole for anyone with a cock bigger than yours? You know I need more than you can give me. You know you're not big enough. You know that, don't you Michael?"

Michael's eyes widened, and he swallowed hard, his own cock pulsing in his hand. He had never heard Lisa talk like this before, and it was pushing him closer to the edge than he ever thought possible. "I know baby. I know you need something big. I can't wait to come home and find your pussy wrecked by some big black thug, your pussy still wet with his cum."

Lisa's eyes rolled back in her head as she moaned, her body writhing on the bed. She knew she was playing a dangerous game, but the thrill of it was too much to resist. "Give me permission baby. Tell me I can have black cock anytime I want"

Michael's breath hitched, the sight of his usually shy and demure girlfriend begging for another man's seed was intoxicating. "Yes, baby, you can have it. You can have it anytime you want. Just promise me you'll always come back to me, that you'll always let me know how much bigger he is, how much better, how much more you like his cock."

The words sent her over the edge, and she came hard, her pussy clenching around her fingers, her body shaking with the force of her orgasm. She looked over at him, panting and sweaty, and knew she had him right where she wanted him. "Thank you, baby."

Michael's eyes were dark with lust as he stepped out of his boxers, his cock standing tall and proud. She spread her legs wider for him, her pussy still pulsing from her orgasm. "Come here, baby, come fuck me," she whispered.

He climbed onto the bed, his cock sliding between her lips. He was thicker than usual, and she knew it was because of her fantasy, but his size was still sorely lacking. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper into her. "Remember," she said, her voice breathy and full of want, "you're just borrowing a used pussy. I want you to fuck me like you know someone else has been here first."

He groaned and began to pump into her, his hips moving with a newfound aggression. She felt him enter her, but the feeling was lessened because of how wet she was. "You're so wet," he murmured, his voice strained.

"It's because I'm filled with cum baby. You're getting sloppy seconds" she responded, her eyes locked with his. "You like that, don't you? Fucking my cum filled cunt? My loose, sloppy, greedy pussy."

Her words spurred him on, and he began to pound into her with all his strength. She could feel herself getting wetter and wetter, her pussy clenching around him as she whispered more and more about a thick, black cock fucking her. "He's so much bigger than you, Michael," she moaned. "He fills me up so much, stretches me so wide. You can't even compare. Your little dick isn't enough for me. I need more"

Michael's strokes grew erratic, and she knew he was close. She reached up and held his face with her hands.

"Look at me, Michael. Look into my eyes. You're fucking a used pussy right now, baby. A pussy that's had a massive black cock in it, filling me up, making me cum harder than you ever have." She whispered, her eyes never leaving his. "Can you feel it, baby? Can you feel how loose I am?"

He groaned, his eyes never leaving hers as he continued to thrust into her. He was fucking her like he had something to prove, like he was competing with Jamal's presence in the room, but his efforts were nothing compared to Jamal.

"Come on my tits, Michael," she whispered, her voice demanding and laced with lust and power. "Cum all over me."

With a final grunt, Michael did as he was told, pulling out of her pussy, and his hot seed spurted across her breasts, the warmth of his cum a stark contrast to the coolness of her skin. She watched him with a smug smile, her own pleasure still resonating through her body from the intense orgasm she had experienced just moments before.

As he finished, she pushed him off her, his cum slowly rolling down her chest and stomach. She didn't bother to clean it off, instead, she dipped her fingers into the sticky mess, and brought them to her mouth. She sucked them clean, her eyes never leaving his.

"I think I like that. My pussy is for black cum, my tits are for white cum. What do you think baby?"

Michael's eyes grew wide as she spoke, the reality of her words hitting him like a truck. She had never been so open about her desires before, and it was turning him on more than he cared to admit. He watched as she continued to play with her cum-covered breasts, her fingers dancing around her nipples, which were now rock hard from her orgasm and her words.

"You like that, don't you?" She teased, her voice a purr. "You like the thought of me being filled up by a big black cock while you watch, helpless to do anything but clean up the mess."

Michael nodded, his cock still standing at attention despite having just come. "Yes," he managed to murmur, his voice thick with lust.

"That's not good enough baby." Lisa replied. "You have to say it out loud. You have to say you like me getting bred by big black cocks. You gotta say you'd love to watch it"

Michael swallowed and started to reply "I..."

"You, what?" Lisa encouraged him.

"I want to see you get bred by a big black cock. I'd love to watch it. I've always wanted that, I've just never known how to tell you. It would be amazing to see it."

The words tumbled out of Michael's mouth before he could stop them. The thrill of the idea, the taboo nature of it all, had him more aroused than he had ever been. His heart was racing, and his cock was already hardening again at the thought of his girlfriend, his Lisa, getting taken by a man with a cock so much larger than his own.

"Wait, you really want that?" She asked, her voice shaking slightly.

Michael looked at her then, and Lisa leaned in closer. "It's ok baby, tell me, is that what you really want, you actually want me to do that?"

Michael nodded, "It's always been my fantasy baby. Would you actually do it? In real life, not just in a fantasy?"

Lisa took in a deep breath and looked away, pretending to think. Looking back at him, she said "Oh yes, baby, but only if it's what you want. I could do it for you. I could be your little slut."

Michael felt his cock twitch at the thought. "I don't know," he admitted, "I've never... it's just... I've always wanted this, I just never thought it would happen, I've watched it in porn, I've jerked off to it, but I never thought you'd be interested. I was always scared to say anything."

"Mm, really?" Lisa said, her voice filled with a seductive curiosity. She placed a gentle hand on his chest, her fingers tracing down to his semi erect cock. "Well I am interested. There's just something about the thought of it. I think we should try it."

Her touch was electric, and Michael found himself getting hard again under her hand. He looked down at his cock, and thought about watching her with another man. "I think... I think it would be a good idea. It would turn me on to see you with a big black cock," he said, his voice a little more sure of itself.

Lisa's eyes lit up at his words, her pupils dilating with excitement. She knew she had him right where she wanted him. "Oh baby, I don't know if you could handle seeing it at first. I'd probably have to try it alone first. And then maybe you could come home to me." she said, her voice a seductive whisper. "Then, would you want to clean me up? Taste his cum on me? Or maybe you could fuck me?"

Michael's cock jerked again, his mind racing with the vivid images she was painting. He had never thought about such things before, but now he couldn't get the thought out of his head. He watched as Lisa took his hand and guided it down to her still-dripping pussy. "Just imagine this is his cum. What would you do baby?"

With trembling fingers, Michael touched her slit, feeling the sticky warmth of her juices. He slid his hand up to her clit and began to rub gently, feeling it swell under his touch. "I... I would taste it," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "I'd want to clean you up, to taste him on you."

Lisa moaned at his words. "Oh see there. I think you are a bit of a cuckold. I ask if you want to fuck my pussy, and you say you'd rather taste his cum. Oh baby, you need to let a real man fuck me."

Michael's heart raced at the thought. He had always been a bit of a submissive at heart, but he never knew how much of a reality it was until this conversation, and he craved watching Lisa with another man or tasting her cum filled pussy.

"But baby," he began, his voice strained with the effort of forming coherent words, "What if you like it more than me? What if his cock feels better than mine?"

Lisa leaned in closer, it was now or never. "Baby, his cock is going to feel better than yours. It's bigger. It's thicker. He's going to last longer and fuck me harder. You have a small cock. You know that. Don't make me remind you. But I'm going to fall asleep with you. Isn't that what matters?"

Michael took a deep breath, trying to process what she was saying. It was true, he had always known he couldn't give her what she really craved. His cock was below average at best, and he had always felt a little inadequate. But the idea of him coming home to her filled with another man's cum, was still so enticing. "But what if..." he began again, but Lisa silenced him with a kiss.

"I love you baby." She reassured him. "I always will"

Michael felt his anxiety melt away under her soft touch. "I love you too, Lisa. More than anything." He said, his voice filled with emotion. "I want to do this for you."

"Good," she murmured, her hand still cupping his cheek as she kissed him deeply. "Then I want you to find me a big, strong black man who can give me what I need. Someone who will make your fantasy for me a reality. That's what this is, Michael. It's your fantasy. I know you've always wanted this, deep down."

She continued on "I'm not going to do this unless you bring him into our home, introduce me to him, and give him permission to breed me in front of me. You're going to tell him that I'm his fucktoy, that he can use my pussy as he sees fit. Because that's what we are talking about here. You've got to really think about this baby. If we do this, he's going to breed me, right here. In this bed. Can you handle that?"

This was it. The die was cast. It was all or nothing. He would either commit to his deep seeded fantasy of being a cuckold or he'd refuse it.

Michael's breath was shallow, his heart hammering in his chest. The idea of another man fucking Lisa in their bed, watching her eyes roll back in pleasure as she took a thick black cock deep inside her, was both terrifying and incredibly arousing. He could feel the beginnings of an erection forming, his mind racing with images of her being used, stretched to her limits by a stranger's cock. He swallowed hard, looking into her eyes. "... I think I can handle it. But only if you always fall asleep next to me."

Lisa's smile grew wider, her eyes gleaming with victory. "Of course, baby. That can be our rule. I sleep with him, but I fall asleep with you. I want to make your fantasy a reality. You're the only one I truly love." She leaned in to kiss him and continued "You sleep on it baby. We aren't going to go drive to Harlem tonight. We will figure it out tomorrow." She kissed him softly, her tongue darting out to lick the corner of his mouth.

Michael felt a mix of emotions—excitement, fear, and a deep-seated craving he couldn't explain. He knew this was a pivotal moment in their relationship, but the thrill of it was too intense to ignore.

"Okay, baby," Lisa whispered, her voice velvety soft. "Think about it tonight. Imagine me with a real black Adonis, my tight little pussy stretching around his massive cock." She spoke as she

ran her fingers over the sides of his torso "Just think of it. My pussy filled with so much cum you won't even know where to start cleaning me up."

Michael groaned, his cock growing harder with each word she spoke. He felt a strange sense of pride at the thought of her enjoying another man's cock so much. He had never been a cuckold before, but the idea of it was intoxicating. He didn't want this conversation to end. He was living his fantasy out, in real time. He didn't want to wait. He didn't want to stop talking about it.

"But how will we find someone?" He asked, his voice filled with both excitement and nerves.

"Not we, baby. You. You've got to find the guy that's going to fuck me. Someone we trust. He's got to be athletic. Good stamina and black as night. You'll figure it out." She laid the trap. She knew Michael would walk right into it.

Michael thought for a few moments. "What about my friend Jamal? He's black, single, clearly athletic, and well, I accidentally saw his cock once in the locker room at the gym, and soft, his cock was bigger than mine is hard! I was jealous at the time. But now..."

"Who?" Lisa asked, her heart was pounding now. This was it. The moment.

"You remember, Jamal! You talked to him yesterday."

"Oh! I didn't think you were talking about him!". She replied coyly. "Sure. He was sexy. I bet he'd be a good fit. He seems trustworthy".

Michael's heart skipped a beat. He couldn't believe that he was actually considering setting this up for her. But the thought of her taking a cock so much bigger than his own was too tempting to resist.

"You think Jamal would do it?" He asked, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice.

"Oh, I think he'd love it," Lisa said, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Why don't you take him out to happy hour tomorrow and ask him?"

Michael felt a sudden rush of excitement at the idea. This was really happening. "But what if he says no?"

"Then we move on to the next one," Lisa replied with a shrug. "But I have a feeling he'll be more than happy to oblige." She leaned back on the bed, her legs spread wide, giving Michael a clear view of her pink, swollen pussy, still glistening with their combined juices. "But you've got to be the one to ask him, baby. I want you to set this up for me. Make it so Jamal fucks this tight little pussy."

Michael nodded. "Okay, I'll talk to him," Michael said, trying to sound casual. "But only if you're sure you want this."

"I'm sure, baby," Lisa responded, her voice dripping with desire. She reached out to stroke his cock, which was rock hard. "But remember, you can't get jealous. You have to know that when I come back to you, it's because you're the one I love."

Michael nodded, his mind racing with the implications of what they were discussing. He took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves. "Okay. I'll talk to him tomorrow."

Lisa's hand slid away from his cock, and she sat up, her own excitement palpable. "Good," she said, her voice a little shaky. "Make sure he knows the rules. No falling in love, no strings attached. You're my boyfriend, he's just a cock to fuck and breed me."

Michael nodded, his heart racing as he thought about the conversation he was going to have with Jamal. He couldn't believe he was actually going to set this up for her. But the way she was looking at him, the hunger in her eyes, made him want to do it more than anything.

CHAPTER FOUR - A Proposal Is Offered And Accepted

The next day, Michael's mind was a whirlwind of thoughts. He went about his work, trying to focus on the mundane tasks in front of him, but his thoughts kept drifting back to Lisa and Jamal.

He found himself getting hard every time he imagined Jamal's muscular body, his deep chocolate skin, and the bulge in his pants that he knew had to be substantial. The thought of Jamal's cock stretching Lisa's tight, pink pussy was driving him wild, and he had to stifle a moan every time he pictured it. He had already jerked off twice at work thinking about it.

Michael reflected back to the past few days. He had originally planned to introduce Jamal to Lisa just to get him to flirt with her a bit. He knew Jamal couldn't resist, he had a natural charm and would flirt with any woman he spoke to. He figured Lisa would get a thrill out of it, and he could fantasize about it while fucking her. No harm, no foul. He didn't think his actual fantasies of being a cuckold could ever come true, and yet, here he was, about to recruit a man to fuck his girl.

Michael sent Jamal a text "Want to grab some drinks at happy hour tonight? I have something I need to talk to you about." Jamal's text came back a few minutes later. "Sure man, see you at 5:30 - the usual spot."

Finally, the moment came. He and Jamal were their usual spot for happy hour, a dive bar close to downtown, and one drink in, Michael couldn't wait any longer. He took a deep breath and

leaned in closer. "You know, Jamal," he began, his voice a little shaky, "Lisa and I were talking. She really enjoyed your company the other day. She said you had a great conversation."

"Yeah?" Jamal asked, keeping his voice steady.

"Well" Michael started, taking a deep breath "You know, we have been talking about some... new things we want to try. Lisa has always been a bit of a wildcat, and she has some ideas about some things she wants to try."

Jamal looked at him, curiosity piqued. "Oh really?" His eyes twinkled with mischief, already knowing what was coming, as Lisa had texted him earlier that day telling him what he should expect from this little impromptu meeting.

"Yeah," Michael continued, feeling the heat rising in his cheeks. "Lisa... she's always had this... this fantasy." He took a swig of his beer, trying to gather the courage to say the words out loud. He couldn't admit that it was also his fantasy. "She wants to... she wants uh explore a bit. Try some new things with someone new."

Jamal leaned back in his chair, his eyes never leaving Michael's. "What kind of things are we talking about here?" Jamal was doing his absolute best to keep his voice even and steady, despite the fact that he knew exactly where this was going thanks to Lisa already telling him.

Michael took another deep breath, his heart pounding in his chest. "Well," he began, "she's had this... this thing for black guys." He paused, his cock twitching in his pants as he thought of Lisa's soft, pale skin against Jamal's. "And she wants to... experience it. With someone she trusts. Someone we both trust. Not just some random guy off the internet."

Jamal's expression grew serious, his eyes locked on Michael's. "You're talking about me, aren't you?" He asked.

Michael felt a mix of fear and excitement as he nodded. "Yeah, I... I'm talking about you. If you're willing."

Jamal smiled. "Willing? Man I'd be more than willing to give your girl the ride of her life. You know I like white pussy." He leaned back in his chair, his muscular arms flexing as he took a sip of his drink.

Michael's cock throbbed at the thought, and he felt himself getting harder with every passing second. "But you have to promise," he said, his voice barely above a whisper, "no strings attached. It's just... just for the experience."

Jamal took a moment. Taking a sip of his beer. "Look man, Lisa's a fine piece of ass, you know that. I know that. But if I'm going to fuck her, I'm not going to use a condom. I'm going to fuck her raw, and I'm going to cum deep inside her sweet little white pussy. You get that, right?"

Michael nodded wordlessly, he understood.

Jamal continued "I don't know if you really get it man, I'm going to breed you girl, and once she gets a taste of me, she's going to want it every day. If I knock her up, that's your responsibility. You're asking me to do this, but you're going to have to deal with the consequences. Your little Lisa becoming a little knocked up black cock slut, carrying around my baby. You'll be raising it while I keep fucking her, while I keep breeding her over and over again. You'll just watch. You think you could handle *that?*"

Michael was shocked, but he had thought of this already "Don't worry about that man, Lisa wants kids, I mean, she's always complaining about her biological clock ticking, and but not yet. She's on birth control. This is just something we want to do. Maybe for a few months, to get it out of our systems. We both want it, you know?"

Jamal smirked at that. Knowing full well it wouldn't just be a few months. "Alright man, as long as you're all in. I'll give her what she needs."

Michael felt a strange mix of relief and disappointment at Jamal's words. He knew it was what he wanted, it had always been his fantasy, but he never expected it to become a reality. Then again it was what Lisa wanted too, but a small part of him was hoping for a reason to back out of this crazy plan.

"So you're in?" He asked, trying to keep his voice steady.

"In for the ride of her life, man," Jamal said with a knowing smile. "But you gotta be sure about this. No turning back once we start."

Michael's eyes darted around the bar, making sure no one was listening. "I'm sure," he said, his voice a little too eager. "I just want her to be happy. And if this is what does it for her..."

Jamal leaned in closer, his cologne wafting over to Michael, making him feel even more submissive. "You know, Michael," Jamal began, his voice a low rumble, "once I get a taste of that sweet little pussy of hers, I'm going to want more. A lot more. Can you handle that? If it's more than just a one night thing? I'm not going to marry her, but I'm going to want to fuck my new side piece whenever I want."

Michael's cock pulsed in his pants, the idea of Lisa being taken by Jamal over and over again was music to his ears. He swallowed hard and nodded. "As long as she's happy, I can handle it. But she always comes home to me."

Jamal's smile grew wider. "You got a deal, man. Now, let's set this up. When do we do this? Tonight?"

Michael's heart raced. He hadn't thought it would go this fast. "Tonight?" He stuttered.

"Why wait?" Jamal's dark eyes bore into him, and Michael felt a strange thrill of fear and excitement. He knew that once they started, there would be no going back. "But only if you're ready," Jamal added with a knowing smirk.

Michael took a deep breath, his mind racing with the implications of what they were about to do. "Okay," he finally said, his voice barely above a whisper. "Tonight it is. Let me text Lisa."

He quickly typed out a message to her, his heart pounding in his chest as he hit send. The seconds ticked by like hours as he waited for her response. When it finally came, it was all he could do not to let out a moan right there in the bar. "I'll be waiting for you both."

Michael couldn't believe it was happening. He had never felt so nervous and excited at the same time. He downed the rest of his beer, trying to calm his nerves. As they left the bar, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of anticipation mixed with fear.

CHAPTER FIVE - The Lovers Meet Again

They arrived at their apartment, and Michael's hands were shaking as he unlocked the door. Jamal was standing behind him, ready to fuck his girlfriend. His love. He couldn't believe this. It was all happening so fast.

Lisa was waiting for them, dressed in a sheer lingerie set that barely covered anything. Her small but perky tits, which looked like they were going to spill out at any moment. Her ass, quite large for her size, was equally on display.

"Well hello gentleman." Lisa said, her eyes taking them both in. "What's going on?" she asked innocently.

"We've been talking," Michael began, his voice shaking slightly. "And I think... I think we've come to an understanding."

"And what agreement is that, Michael?" Lisa asked. The real moment of truth was here, Michael had to say it in front of both of them.

Michael took a deep breath, his hands still shaking slightly. "Jamal's going to... to take care of your... needs," he stammered, unable to look her in the eyes.

"What needs are those, Michael?" She asked. She knew she had to get him fully committed. He had to say the words.

Michael swallowed hard, his eyes never leaving hers. "Your... your need for a... a bigger cock. A black cock. For him to breed you." he managed to say, his voice barely above a whisper.

Lisa's eyes grew wide with excitement. "Oh, baby," she purred, walking over to him, her hips swaying seductively with each step. "You really want me to get fucked by Jamal? By a real man, with a real cock?"

"I... I do," Michael admitted, his voice hoarse with desire. "I want you to be happy."

"Then why don't you go back to the bar. Have a couple of beers so me and Jamal can talk and see if we are compatible." Lisa said, her voice making it clear that's what was going to happen. "I'll see you when the bar closes, baby. That will give me and Jamal...4 hours to talk, and if I like what's between his legs, then it'll be long enough for him to fill my pussy with cum multiple times. Ok?"

Michael nodded, his heart racing. He couldn't believe he was about to leave his girlfriend alone with another man. A man that would give her what he couldn't. He took his coat and turned to leave the apartment, feeling a mix of fear and excitement. He knew he had to trust her, that he wanted this. As he left, he heard Jamal and Lisa start to talk.

"You look great in that outfit." Jamal said, making idle small talk until Michael was fully out the door and down the steps. Once he heard the car start, he smiled widely. "I can't believe you convinced him to let me fuck you. In your own bed."

Lisa smirked, her heart racing with excitement. "It wasn't that hard, baby. He loves me, and he wants me to be happy. And nothing makes me happier than your thick, black cock." She said, her voice dripping with desire. She reached down and stroked his cock through his pants. It was already hard, and she could feel it growing harder. "Now why don't you show me just how much you've missed me."

Jamal didn't need any more encouragement. He stepped closer to her, his hand reaching out to cup her chin, tilting her head back. He leaned down and kissed her, hard, his tongue darting into her mouth, tasting her sweetness. Lisa melted against him, her body responding instinctively to his touch. She could feel his cock pressing against her stomach, and she moaned softly.

Breaking the kiss, Jamal began to undress her, his eyes devouring every inch of her pale skin as it was revealed. He took his time, savoring the moment. Her breasts were small, but her nipples were large and dark, standing erect with excitement. He pinched and rolled them between his thumbs and forefingers, eliciting gasps from Lisa. Her stomach was flat and toned, leading down to her round ass that begged to be grabbed and squeezed.

"Fuck, you're so beautiful," he murmured against her neck, his breath hot and ragged.

Lisa's pulse quickened as Jamal's hands roamed over her body, feeling the contours of her curves. His fingers traced the outline of her ass cheeks before sliding down to her pussy, which was already wet and swollen with need. He slid a finger inside her, feeling her tightness and the heat of her desire.

"Mmm, you're so ready for me," he said, his voice thick with lust.

"Take me to my bed" Lisa told him. "Take me and claim me."

Jamal didn't hesitate, scooping her up in his strong arms and carrying her to the bedroom. He laid her down gently on the bed, her legs still slightly apart, giving him a view of her soaking wet pussy. He took a moment to admire her, his eyes lingering on her swollen clit and the glistening folds of her labia.

"You've been a bad girl, haven't you?" He teased, his voice deep and gruff.

Lisa nodded, her eyes wide with anticipation. "Yes, Jamal," she breathed. "I've been a very bad girl."

He climbed onto the bed, his large, muscular body looming over hers. His cock was now fully erect, the head peeking out of the top of his boxers, thick and dark against the blue plaid fabric. She was still in awe of his massive size, and she swore she could almost see the one hugely thick vein that ran the length of his cock pulsing with every beat of his heart.

"I've missed this," Jamal said, his voice low and hungry as he slid off his boxers, his cock springing free. "I've missed filling you up. I knew once you got a taste of my cock you'd need it again."

Lisa felt her pussy clench with need at the sight of him. She had fallen in love with Jamal's cock. It was so much bigger than Michael's, so much thicker and longer. She couldn't wait to feel it inside her again, stretching her out, filling her up until her limits. It only took one time and she was utterly addicted to him.

"Take me," she whispered, reaching out to touch the velvety head of his cock. "I've been waiting for you."

Jamal didn't need any more invitation. He positioned himself between her legs, his cock nudging against her swollen pussy. He took a moment to appreciate the view—Lisa's pussy, wet and pink and begging for him. He began to tease her pussy with his thick cockhead. Rubbing her clit, spreading her pussy lips, making her buck her hips and beg for more.

"Please, Jamal," she whined, her voice high-pitched with need. "I need it. Give it to me."

"Beg for it baby. Tell me exactly what you need"

Lisa's eyes rolled back in her head, her body writhing beneath his touch. "Your cock," she gasped, her voice trembling with desire. "I need your big black cock to fill me up and make me scream. I need your cum, I need you, please baby. I want it so bad."

Jamal couldn't resist her begging anymore. "Mmm, you're acting like a college freshman. So horny. So I'll give you just the tip."

He slid the head of his cock into her pussy. The feeling of her tight pink pussy squeezing around him was almost too much for him to resist. He watched as her eyes widened in pleasure, her plump lips parting in a silent moan. He took his time, savoring every inch as he pushed further inside her. Lisa's pussy was tight, tighter than he remembered, and he had to fight the urge to thrust into her all at once but he resisted. Letting her hips do all the work as she tried desperately to feel more of him.

"Oh god, it's so good" she whined, her nails digging into the bed sheets. "More, please, more."

Jamal smirked, his cock teasing her wet entrance. "You're so greedy, baby," he murmured, his deep voice sending shivers down her spine. He pushed in a little further, watching as her eyes rolled back with pleasure.

"You have no idea," Lisa panted, her hips lifting off the bed to meet him.

Jamal chuckled, his dark eyes never leaving hers as he continued to torture her with the head of his cock. Her pussy was so wet that it was leaving a sticky trail on his shaft, and he knew she was desperate for him to fill her up. "What's that, baby?" He asked, his voice low and sultry.

"More," Lisa begged, her voice a breathy whisper. "Please, give me all of it. I need it."

Jamal leaned down to kiss her, his cock sliding in a little further. She was so wet, and the wet sound of squelching, of Jamal going in and out of her echoed off the walls. It validated Lisa, knowing that her body was so eager for this powerful man and his powerful seed. Her body was responding on an instinctual level to him. Primal. Carnal. Raw. She was made for this. Built for this. Built to take him. Built to breed for him.

"You're going to get it all baby," Jamal promised, his cock sliding in another inch, making her gasp. "All of my cock, and all of my cum."

Lisa's eyes widened even further, her mouth forming an 'o' of surprise. "Oh god," she murmured, her legs spreading wider for him. She could feel him stretching her, filling her in a way Michael never could dream of. He bottomed out in her pussy, his cock fully inside of her now. She was stretched to her limit.

Jamal took a moment to enjoy the feeling of her tight pussy clamped around him, savoring the sensation before he began to move. His strokes were slow at first, deliberate and deep, watching her face for any signs of pain. But all he saw was pure, unadulterated pleasure.

"Fuck," Lisa gasped as he hit her g-spot, her eyes squeezed shut. "You're so big, Jamal. It feels amazing."

Jamal's began to go faster, and harder. His rhythm increasing as Lisa's moans grew louder.

"Don't stop." Lisa told him, her voice strained with pleasure. "It's so much better than Michael's. So much bigger."

Jamal's eyes lit up with pride at the comparison, and he picked up his pace. His cock was indeed a beast, and he knew it. The way she was taking it, begging for it, was a clear sign of how much she craved his black cock. Her pussy was tightening around him, the walls squeezing him like a glove. It was heavenly.

"You like that, baby?" He grunted, his strokes becoming more intense. "You like how a real man fucks you?"

"Yes, yes, fuck me harder," Lisa moaned, her voice a symphony of pleasure. She could feel her orgasm building, the tightness in her stomach growing more intense with every thrust. "Oh god, Jamal, I'm going to cum."

Jamal grunted in response, his hips slamming into hers with a force that made the bed shake. He could feel her pussy contracting around him, her juices coating his shaft as he fucked her with a ferocity that was both punishing and exhilarating. He knew she was close, and he was determined to push her over the edge. "Cum for me, baby," he growled, his voice strained with effort. "Cum all over my cock."

"I'm... I'm cumming," Lisa managed to gasp out, her body convulsing as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. She had never felt so full, so claimed by a man before. Michael had never made her feel this way. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and she let out a scream that was muffled by the pillow she had bitten down on to keep from being heard by the neighbors.

Jamal watched with satisfaction as her orgasm rocked her body, her pussy clenching around his cock. He knew he was giving her exactly what she needed, what she craved. "You're mine," he said, his voice a low growl. "This is my pussy."

Lisa nodded, her breath coming in short gasps. "Yes," she agreed, her voice a whisper. "Yours."

Jamal pulled out of her, making her whine at the sudden emptiness. He flipped her over onto her stomach, her ass sticking up in the air, begging for him. He grabbed her hips, and pushed her head down. "Face down, ass up. Like a good whore" He stated.

Lisa obeyed, feeling a thrill at his words. She had never been talked to like this before, but with Jamal, it just felt right. He spread her legs wider, admiring the view of her wet pink pussy and her tight, puckered asshole. She felt a thrill run through her at the thought of his cock filling her ass, but she knew that wasn't happening tonight. Not yet.

Jamal lined up his cock with her dripping wet pussy and slammed into her from behind, making her scream into the pillow. His hands held onto her hips tightly as he fucked her deep and hard, her body bouncing with every thrust. She felt his cock hit her cervix, sending shockwaves of pleasure through her body. She had never been fucked like this, so rough and raw, and she loved it.

"Take it, slut," Jamal grunted, his own pleasure mounting as he claimed her. "Take my big black cock like the slut you are."

Lisa whimpered, the sting of his words only adding to the deliciousness of the moment. She had never felt so used, so utterly owned, and it was driving her wild. Her pussy was a soggy mess around him, her juices mixing with the pre-cum leaking from his tip as he fucked her like a ragdoll. She pushed her ass back against him, eager for more, her inner walls fluttering around his thick length.

"You like it when I talk dirty to you, don't you?" He taunted, his grip on her hips tightening. "You like knowing you're just a piece of white meat for my cock to conquer."

"Y-yes," she stuttered, her voice muffled by the pillow. "I love it."

Jamal's strokes grew rougher, more animalistic. He was a predator claiming his prize, and Lisa was all too happy to be the prey. She could feel him stretching her open, his cock hitting depths that Michael's never could. It was almost painful, but she craved more. Her ass was bouncing back against him, her pussy making wet slapping sounds with every thrust.

She knew he was going to fuck her longer than Michael ever did. She knew he was just getting started. True to his word from a few days prior, Jamal's stamina was otherworldly. He just kept going. Fucking her like a machine that never tired. She felt one orgasm build after another. She was in heaven.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," she chanted as he plunged deeper into her, his shaft grazing the edges of her g-spot with every stroke. Her eyes closed as she reveled in the pleasure.

"Look at me, slut," Jamal barked, slapping her ass cheek hard enough to leave a red handprint. "Look at the man who's fucking you like Michael never could. Tell me how much better I am."

Her eyes snapped open, and she met his gaze in the mirror, her own reflection showing a face flushed with desire and a hint of spite. "You're so much better," she moaned, her voice thick with lust. "Your cock is so big, so hard, so... black."

"Who gets to cum in this pussy?" Jamal asked, the underlying intent evident. "Who gets to breed you?"

"Only you do," Lisa whined, her voice strained from the intense pleasure. Her eyes closed again as he thrust into her, in response to her words, completely filling her. "Only you do daddy. Only you. I won't let Michael cum in me. He doesn't deserve it."

The words "daddy" slipped out unbidden, and she felt a rush of excitement as Jamal's grip tightened. He slapped her ass again. Spanking her other ass cheek. His strokes grew more forceful. Her breasts bobbed with each impact, her nipples hard and erect, begging for attention. She reached back and spread her ass cheeks and pussy wider for him.

"That's right, baby girl," he groaned, spanking her ass again. "You're all mine now. This pussy is mine to fuck whenever I want it, however I want it."

"Please Jamal, please cum inside me. I need you daddy" Lisa begged, her voice muffled by the pillow. "Please, make me yours."

Jamal's breathing grew heavier, his thrusts becoming more erratic. He knew he couldn't hold out much longer. He wanted to fill her up, to leave his mark deep inside her. "You want it, baby?" He panted, his grip on her hips tightening even more.

"Yes, yes," Lisa moaned, her voice desperate. "I need it."

With a final grunt, Jamal let go, his cock pumping rope after rope of hot, thick cum deep inside her pussy. Lisa screamed into the pillow, her own orgasm crashing over her like a wave. She could feel his cum filling her up, the sensation making her shiver with pleasure. It was everything she had been dreaming of. She was being claimed, marked, owned.

As Jamal pulled out, she rolled over, her eyes glazed over with satisfaction. "Fuck," she murmured, her hand going to her pussy to feel the sticky mess he had left behind. She slid a finger inside herself, feeling the warmth of his cum, and brought it to her mouth, sucking it clean. "Your cum is delicious," she said, her voice a seductive purr.

Jamal grinned, his chest heaving. "You liked that?"

"I've never come so hard," Lisa admitted, her voice still shaky from the intensity of her orgasm. "Your cock is amazing."

Jamal leaned down to kiss her, his cock still semi-hard against her thigh. "You're pretty amazing too, baby," he murmured. "And now you know what you've been missing."

Lisa nodded, her eyes never leaving his. "Michael won't be enough anymore," she whispered, the words slipping out before she could stop them.

Jamal's smile grew wider. "I know," he said, his voice filled with smug satisfaction. "But you can always come to me for a little... extra."

They lay there for a moment, their bodies entwined, the air heavy with the scent of sex. Lisa felt a strange mix of emotions—a tinge of guilt for all of this, excitement for what she had just experienced, and a growing craving for more. She had never felt so alive, so desperate for a cock that wasn't her boyfriend's. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't deny the power it had over her.

"So," she began, her voice a little shaky, "What do we do now?"

Jamal chuckled, his cock still semi-hard and glistening with her juices. "Now, baby," he said, reaching for his phone, "We make this real for Michael."

Lisa's eyes widened with excitement and a hint of apprehension. "You mean...?"

"Yeah," he said, his thumbs flying over the screen of Lisa's phone. "A little visual proof of what his baby's been up to." He snapped a quick picture of her glistening pussy, gaped open and filled with his cum. It was a glorious sight, a testament to the power of his black cock.

"Send it to him," Lisa whispered, her voice filled with a mix of excitement and nerves.

Jamal nodded, a wicked smirk playing on his lips as he sent the picture of her gaping, cum-filled pussy to Michael's phone. He watched as she bit her lip, her eyes darting to the screen as she anticipated her boyfriend's reaction.

The seconds ticked by, and Lisa's anxiety grew. What would Michael say? She was acutely aware of the mess between her legs. It was all so real for him now.

Jamal watched her with a knowing smile, his chest still heaving from the exertion. He knew he had her just where she wanted to be. "It's done," he said, his voice casual as he set his phone aside. "He'll be getting quite the show."

Lisa couldn't help the thrill that shot through her. She had never been so bold before, never been the one to orchestrate such a brazen act. But she felt alive, more alive than she had in a long time. "What should we do now?" She asked, her voice still a little shaky.

"We wait," Jamal replied, his hand running up her spine to gently caress her neck. "And when he gets home, we'll see how much he enjoyed the preview."

The wait was agonizing. Lisa felt like a teenager again, waiting for the boy she liked to call after a first date. Her pussy was still pulsing with the aftermath of her orgasms. After thirty seconds, her phone buzzed. She grabbed it eagerly, her heart racing. It was a message from Michael. "That looks so hot. Don't clean up. I want to see it."

Lisa felt a thrill of excitement, knowing that Michael had seen the picture. She could almost hear his thoughts racing, the mix of jealousy, arousal, submission, and lust. It was a heady feeling, knowing she had so much power over him.

Texting back, she told him "It's just the first load. We have a few more hours yet. I'm going to be a gaping, cum filled mess by the time you get home."

Michael's response was almost immediate. "Fuck. Yes. I want to see it all."

Lisa felt a shiver run down her spine as she read his message. She looked over at Jamal, who was watching her with a knowing smile. "He's still into it," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Of course, he is," Jamal said, his voice filled with confidence. "You're a hot little slut, and he can't get enough of you being used by a real man. Deep down, he always knew his cock wasn't big enough for you."

Lisa blushed at his words, the truth of them resonating deep within her. She had always been unfulfilled by Michael, she had always dreamed of the kind of thick, long cock that Jamal had just given her. She couldn't believe how much it had turned her on to have Michael let her get fucked by another man. Now she would have everything she wanted. A beast of a man to fuck her, and a gentle man to hold her at night.

"What's next?" She whispered to Jamal.

Jamal leaned back on the bed, his muscular arms folded behind his head. His cock was still semi-hard, a testament to the intense session they'd just shared. "Whatever you want, baby," he said with a wink. "You're in charge tonight."

Lisa's heart raced as she slid a pillow under her hips, the plush fabric bunching up to form a makeshift ramp that would ensure every drop of Jamal's cum stayed inside her. She felt a thrill at the idea of Michael coming home to a pussy that was filled with another man's seed. It was a powerful, taboo thrill that she couldn't resist. "I don't want anything to leak out" she said.

Jamal arched an eyebrow "Fair enough" Jamal murmured, his eyes dark with lust as he took in the sight of her spread out before him, her breasts with their perky, sensitive nipples standing at

attention, and her shaved, puffy pussy lips already swollen and red from his relentless attention. "Now, let's make sure you're nice and full for him."

With a smirk, he positioned himself between her legs again, his thick, veiny cock standing proud and slick with their combined juices. Lisa watched with a mix of excitement and trepidation as he guided himself back inside her, the pillow under her hips keeping her open and exposed. The feeling of his cock filling her up once more was almost too much to bear, but she knew this was what she wanted. What she needed. She was going to make sure that Michael knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that she had been well and truly used.

"Make love to me, Daddy," she begged, her voice a desperate whine.

Jamal's eyes lit up at her words, his cock twitching with anticipation. He had been waiting for this moment, the moment when she would finally submit fully to him. "With pleasure, baby," he murmured, his voice deep and smooth as he leaned over her, his muscular frame casting a shadow over her pale, trembling body.

He kissed her gently at first, his full lips tasting of their combined passion, before deepening it, his tongue darting into her mouth, claiming her as his own. Lisa melted into the kiss, her body arching into his, her pussy clenching around his cock. She could feel him growing harder with every stroke, filling her up completely.

Jamal took his time, savoring the feeling of her tight, wet walls around him. He moved slowly, in and out, letting her feel every inch of him, making her moan and whimper with every movement. His hands roamed her body, cupping her small, perky breasts, pinching her sensitive nipples until she was writhing beneath him. His hands eventually wrapping around her in an embrace.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered, his voice filled with awe as he kissed her neck, her collarbones, her shoulders. His cock was a gentle, persistent presence inside her, a promise of what was to come.

Lisa's eyes rolled back in her head as Jamal's cock hit all the right spots. His slow, steady rhythm was driving her crazy, making her want to beg for more. "Oh God, Jamal," she moaned, her voice breathless. "You feel so good."

"That's because you're made for this," Jamal murmured, his voice a gentle rumble against her skin. "For a big black cock like mine." His strokes grew a little deeper, a little harder, but never lost their slow, torturous pace. "You're going to come for me again, baby. You're going to show me how much you love it."

Lisa nodded, her breath coming in shallow gasps. "Yes," she whispered, her voice shaky. "Oh God, yes."

Jamal's strokes grew stronger, his cock plunging into her depths with a slow, deliberate rhythm that had her toes curling and her nails digging into the sheets. He knew exactly how to hit her g-spot, how to make her body sing with pleasure. She never wanted this to stop.

Lisa took Jamal's hand into hers, and placed it around her neck. His hand was huge, and it easily wrapped entirely around her neck. Her hand on top of his, and she gently squeezed. Jamal understood instantly, matching her pressure exactly. She moaned deeply, instantly aware that he was going to do exactly what she wanted.

Wordlessly, she squeezed his hand even harder, his large hands increased their grip. Her moan was deep, and Jamal replied by increasing the tempo of his strokes. Deeper, harder, a little faster, as she tightened his grip around her neck, so too did he increase his tempo. They were perfectly in sync.

Jamal could feel her begin to tighten up and clamp down on his cock, as her hips bucked, he tightened his grip ever so slightly and sent her over the edge. Her moan of pleasure came out from deep within as her, as her orgasm rushed to overwhelm her body.

"Oh God, Jamal," she whimpered. Her hand falling away from his to wrap around his muscled torso. She pulled him in close, and he kissed her neck, resuming a slow, rhythmic pace of love making. He didn't rush anything, taking his time to be gentle.

She surrendered to him completely, her legs stretched as wide as they could go, begging him to go as deep as possible. The seconds turned to minutes, and then to an hour, Jamal made love to Lisa. Taking her entirely under his sexual power and prowess. She was his. He could fuck her and he could make love to her. She was putty in his hands.

"Put a baby in me Jamal" Lisa said, the words shocking to her ears. "Mark me as yours forever."

Jamal's eyes locked with hers, a smoldering heat that sent a jolt straight to her core. He knew exactly what she wanted, what she needed. He would take her for his own. With one final, deep thrust, he let go, his cock pulsing with a hot, thick stream of cum that filled her up even more. Lisa's eyes rolled back in her head as she felt him empty himself inside her, the feeling of his seed filling her to the brim almost too much to handle.

"Oh, fuck, fuck yes." she screamed, her orgasm crashing over her like a wave. Her pussy clamped down around him, her muscles spasming with the intensity of her pleasure. It was the most intense climax she had ever experienced, and she never wanted it to end.

As the tremors subsided, Jamal pulled out, his cock softening. He leaned back, taking in the sight of her. Lisa was a vision of sexual satisfaction. Her pussy was a mess, gaping and swollen, and her body was coated in a sheen of sweat. "Look at what you've done to me," she murmured, her hand sliding down to her stomach. "Put another pillow under me Jamal, I don't want a single drop of this cum to escape my pussy".

Jamal complied, sliding another pillow beneath her, lifting her hips even higher. "That's a good girl," he said, his voice thick with lust. "Keep it all in for your boyfriend. He's going to love seeing how much I've filled you up."

Lisa's pussy was indeed a spectacle. It gaped open, a pink, swollen mess. But not a drop of cum was running down her leg. It was all in her greedy pussy. She felt so full, so used, and she couldn't help the moan that escaped her lips at the thought of Michael seeing her like this.

Jamal took a few more photos from different angles, capturing every detail of her stretched cunt. "Ready to send him these?" He asked, holding up the phone to show her the images.

Lisa nodded eagerly, her eyes wide with excitement. "Yes, please. I want him to see everything." She watched as Jamal typed out a message with the pictures attached. "She's not going to feel your little worm of a cock tonight."

With a grin, he hit send and handed the phone back to her. Lisa took the phone and waited, her heart racing with excitement. The anticipation was almost too much to handle.

The phone buzzed almost immediately. Michael's message read, "Oh my God, baby. That's so fucking hot. When can I come home?"

Lisa felt a thrill of power and satisfaction. "You can come home now, but if you do that, you have to sit and watch Jamal breed me for the last time. You can't touch me till he's done. As long as there is a bigger cock than yours in this house, my pussy is off limits to you. Or you can wait. It's whatever you want, baby. It's your choice."

Michael's response was slow, his thumb hovering over the screen as he read her words. The thought of watching Jamal fuck his girlfriend again, of watching her cum for another man, was both terrifying and incredibly arousing. He could feel his own cock stirring in his pants at the thought. He was torn. He didn't know if he could handle seeing the reality of it all, in person.

But he also knew that he had to see it. He had to know that she was truly okay with this, that she was as into it as she said she was. The idea of her being used by a big black cock was like a drug, something he couldn't resist no matter how much it scared him. He sent the text back. "I'm coming home."

CHAPTER SIX - The Cuckold Accepts and Embraces His New Role

When Michael walked through the door, his heart was racing. He could feel the difference in the air. The smell of sex was pervasive throughout their apartment, their home. He walked, almost in a trance, towards the bedroom, towards something that he knew was changing the entire nature of his relationship with the woman he loved.

The bedroom door was slightly ajar, and he pushed it open with trembling hands. What he saw took his breath away. Lisa was laid out on their bed, her legs spread wide, two pillows under her hips. Her pussy was red and swollen, glistening with cum. And there was Jamal at the foot of the bed, stroking his thick, black cock, watching her with a hunger that was almost animalistic. His cock was so much bigger than he imagined it would be.

"Welcome home," Lisa purred, her voice thick with desire. "Jamal's been taking good care of me. Now go sit down in the corner in your cuck chair, and watch a real man take me."

Michael felt his knees wobble as he walked over to the chair in the corner of the bedroom, his eyes glued to the sight of her gaping, cum-filled pussy. He sat down heavily, his own cock straining against his pants, already leaking precum.

"Good boy," Lisa said, her voice a soft purr. "You can play with yourself while we fuck. But you better not cum."

Michael nodded, his hand moving to his crotch. He unbuttoned his pants and pulled out his cock, which was already rock-hard. He looked down, his own thin, small cock looking truly insignificant in comparison. He began to stroke himself slowly, trying to ignore the ache in his balls and the burning desire to spurt his load all over the floor.

"Look at that," Jamal said, his voice a low, amused rumble. "Your little white boy can't resist watching me fuck you. That's right, keep playing with yourself. That's all you're going to be able to do when I'm in this bedroom."

Michael's eyes never left Jamal's cock, and he just nodded his implicit approval for everything that was happening.

Jamal leaned over her, his muscles flexing as he lined up his cock with her wet, waiting hole. He pushed in with one smooth, powerful stroke, filling her completely. Her wetness and his prior loads of cum made her so slick that he entered her easily. Lisa's eyes rolled back in her head, a moan escaping her lips as she felt him stretch her out once more.

"Oh God, Jamal," she whispered, her voice hoarse with passion. "You're so much bigger than Michael. So much thicker. So much better."

Michael felt his face flush with a mix of humiliation and arousal as he heard Lisa's words. He watched, his hand moving slowly up and down his shaft, as Jamal's massive cock disappeared into her pussy. She was right; Jamal was much larger than he was, and the way she was reacting to him only served to prove it. Her moans grew louder with every thrust, her body arching into Jamal's as if she couldn't get enough of him.

"Look at you," Lisa taunted, her eyes glancing over at Michael as she took Jamal's cock. "You can't ever fill me up like this. You're just a little toy compared to him. Aren't you? Say you're not worthy of my pussy. Say it Michael."

Michael's hand paused on his shaft, his eyes glazed over with a mix of humiliation. This was happening so fast. He always had these feelings deep down, but now everything was being validated. He wasn't worthy. She needed a real man with a real cock. "I'm not worthy," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. "I can't compare to Jamal."

Lisa's eyes lit up with glee as she watched her boyfriend admit his inadequacies. "That's right, baby," she said, her voice a sweet, mocking lilt. "You're just not big enough to satisfy me anymore. Now tell Jamal you want him to fuck me."

Michael's hand started moving again on his cock, his strokes slower and more deliberate as he forced out the words. "Jamal, fuck her," he said, his voice tight with lust and defeat. "Please."

Jamal smiled and said simply - "Gladly," he said, and slid his cock easily into her wet, sloppy pussy. He grabbed her hips, pulling her back onto his cock as he quickly increased his tempo. Lisa's moans quickly started as she ran her hands up the sides of his torso.

Michael watched as at least fifteen minutes of passionate sex went by, his hand moving almost lazily on his cock as he felt himself slipping further and further into the role of the cuckold. It was strange, watching his girlfriend get fucked by another man. He felt like he should be jealous, but instead, all he could feel was satisfaction, and a detached sense of observation. He was amazed by Jamal's prowess, his stamina. He was already fucking his girlfriend for longer than he ever did, just in this moment, and he knew they had been fucking all night. She was right, he wasn't worthy.

Lisa's moans grew louder as Jamal's strokes grew more intense. Her eyes were locked on Michael's, watching him watch them. She could see the longing in his eyes, the need to be a part of this, and it only spurred her on. "Tell me you love me Michael," she panted, her voice tight with desire. "Tell me you love me and that you love watching me get fucked by another man"

"I do," Michael managed to get out. "I love you baby. I love seeing you get fucked by another man." His hand picked up speed, his strokes growing more erratic as he watched Jamal's cock disappear into her over and over again.

As their fucking continued, Lisa's eyes rolled back in her head, and she let out a deep moan that echoed through the room. "Oh, Jamal, yes, yes!" Her body convulsed as she came, her pussy spasming around his cock. Jamal grunted with his own pleasure, his strokes growing more powerful as he felt her tighten around him.

Michael watched in amazement as Lisa's pussy clamped down on Jamal's thick shaft, her orgasm milking him for all he was worth. He couldn't believe he was sitting there, stroking his own cock while another man claimed what he had once thought was exclusively his. But instead of anger, he felt a strange sense of satisfaction, a feeling of giving her what she truly craved.

"Fuck, baby," Jamal grunted, his muscles tightening. "I'm going to cum. I'm going to nut in your white cunt"

Lisa's eyes snapped open, and she looked directly at Michael, "Yes," she panted. "Do it. Cum inside me again. Breed me. Put a baby inside me."

Michael's hand froze mid-stroke as he heard her words spill out and with one final, deep thrust, Jamal let out deep moan. Michael watched as Jamal's ass tightened and his nuts clenched, spurting his cum deep inside Lisa. It was a sight that would be burned into his mind forever—his girlfriend, his love, being filled to the brim by another man's seed.

As Jamal's orgasm subsided, he pulled out, his cock glistening with a mix of their juices. He leaned over, kissing her briefly and said "Well. I'll leave you two to get reacquainted."

Michael watched as Jamal quickly got dressed, and Lisa's hand was gently rubbing her stomach. Her hips were still a good foot up in the air, propped up on the pillows. Not a drop of his cum was outside her pussy.

Jamal stood in the bedroom doorway, looking back at both of them. He nodded wordlessly to Michael, and then turned his attention back to Lisa. "I'll be seeing you again real soon." And with that, he left their apartment, the sound of the front door closing signaling his departure.

Lisa looked at Michael, her eyes filled with satisfaction. "You were so good Michael. You stayed in your cuck chair. Now, do you want sloppy seconds...or really, sloppy fourths?" she purred mocking him.

Michael's mouth was suddenly dry, and he didn't know what to say. So he just stood up, as Lisa continued to speak.

"But I want you to know, if you fuck me Michael, I'm going to consider it that you're challenging Jamal's claim over my pussy. That you're challenging his seed. I can't have that. I can't have you challenging him. If you challenge him, I'd have to know who would win, who's seed was stronger, who's seed is better" As she spoke, Michael noticed she was gently and absentmindedly rubbing her lower stomach.

Lisa continued on " So my little cuckold man, that means if you want to fuck me, I'm not going to take my birth control pills tonight. In fact. if you want to fuck me, you have to flush every single one of my birth control pills right now. You do want to fuck me, don't you? You do want to know what my pussy feels like after Jamal stretched me out, don't you?"

Michael felt his heart drop and his cock twitch. He was so horny, so lustful he would literally do anything she asked right now. He would do anything to fuck her, to try and reclaim her. Anything she asked.

"Okay," he whispered, his voice barely audible. He stood up and walked over to her nightstand, where her pill bottle sat. He took it out and looked at the tiny white pills. With trembling hands, he opened the bottle and tipped them into the adjoining toilet of the master bathroom, watching as they swirled down the drain. It was a symbolic gesture, a declaration of his acceptance of this new reality, and deep down, he knew it.

"Good boy," Lisa cooed as she watched him, her pussy still gaping open. "Now, come here and take me back."

He approached the bed, his eyes still glued to her swollen, still slightly gaped, cum-filled pussy. Her hips still high in the air. She was right; he was going to have to reclaim her. He had to. He guided himself between her legs, his cock so hard it was almost painful. He leaned in, kissing her softly on the lips. He could taste some lingering saltiness of what he knew was Jamal's cum, and it only turned him on more.

He slid his cock into her, feeling the warmth and fullness of her. She was so loose, so wet, and his cock was desperate to leave its own mark. He buried himself into her, going fully balls deep in one stroke. Michael let out a deep moan, grunting as he buried himself and pressed down on her, his cock almost instantly ejaculating.

Michael couldn't believe how differently she felt. He could barely feel anything inside her, she was so wet and so stretched out. He loved the way it felt. He knew it meant she had been used.

"Are you in yet?" Lisa asked.

She pouted and looked up at him "Please baby, I want you to fuck me. Don't tease me. Come on, let me feel your cock. Put it in me. Fill me up. Don't make me wait." Lisa bucked her hips slightly. "Come on baby. Take my pussy back."

Michael knew she was mocking him. He knew he was so much smaller than Jamal. He didn't know what to do, he tried thrusting harder, he tried pulling all the way out and going back in.

"Oh, I think I feel something now." Lisa said, her voice mocking him. "A LITTLE something."

Michael felt his face redden at her words. He knew he couldn't compare to Jamal's size, but he was determined. He kept thrusting himself into her, trying desperately to make her feel something, anything like what she felt before.

"Come here, my little man" Lisa said, her voice laden with amusement as she reached up with her hands to bring his head close to hers. She kissed him gently, and then turned his head to place her lips next to his ear.

"I know you want to, but don't cum yet baby. I know you're trying so hard." Lisa whispered to him. "I want to lick some of Jamal's cum off your cock. Let me do that, please? Wouldn't you like that?"

Michael's eyes widened at the request, but his body was on autopilot. He pulled out, his cock slick with their combined juices and some of Jamal's cum. He slid across the bed to her, and she took his cock in her mouth. Her hips still up on the pillow, her tongue swirling around the head before sliding down to the base, licking and sucking the shaft clean of Jamal's cum. She moaned around him, the vibrations sending shockwaves through his body. Michael's hand was on her head, guiding her movements, as he watched his cum-covered cock disappear and reappear with each bob of her head. She had always given good head, but tonight, it was spectacular.

"Mm, so good," she murmured around his cock, her eyes meeting his. "You taste like him."

"Oh fuck," Michael gasped, his eyes rolling back in his head. The idea of her tasting Jamal's cum on him was too much. He felt his orgasm building, his balls tightening. "You're going to make me cum." Michael tried to pull away, but Lisa wrapped her hands around his waist, and began to increase her tempo. She intentionally made the gagging noises that she knew Michael liked.

"I'm going to...I'm cumming" Michael said, pushing his cock as deep as he could down Lisa's throat. Lisa tongue was gliding across his cock as he came, his load coating the back of her throat.

Lisa pulled away, a trail of cum connecting her mouth to his cock, which was now softening. "Good boy, thank you for letting me taste Jamal again." she said, swiping the cum from her mouth with her tongue. "You see, you can still satisfy me in your own little way."

Michael looked down, realizing his load was in her throat, and Jamal's was in her pussy. He was supposed to reclaim her! He had thrown away her birth control! He had done that. He had literally watched her get bred by a man with balls that were twice the size of his, and a cock that let him shoot his load deeper than Michael ever could. He watched it happen and then he threw away her birth control! It had happened so fast, and now he didn't know what to do. He looked over to Lisa and started to speak.

"What if..." He began but she cut him off with a finger to his lips.

"Shh baby. It's what you wanted, isn't it?" she asked, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "To see me bred by a real man. You know it's what I wanted."

Michael nodded, unable to find words as he watched Lisa's hand move across her belly. He didn't even know if she realized what she was doing. She was massaging her womb. Willing Jamal's cum to go deeper into her. "You were so good baby. You take such good care of me. You always will."

Michael nodded. She was right. He was her caretaker, her protector. He knew his place was at her side, no matter what. "Can I get you anything?" Michael asked. His voice shifting into a tender tone.

"No, baby," Lisa said, a lazy smile spreading across her face. "Let's go to sleep. Why don't you turn off the lights so we can get some rest."

Michael did as he was told, his mind racing with the events of the night. He felt a strange mix of emotions—exhaustion, confusion, and a thrill that was unlike anything he had ever felt before. As the lights dimmed, he crawled into bed beside Lisa. She hadn't moved, her hips were still propped up. Somewhere deep in his mind, Michael could visualize all that cum in her pussy, being aided by gravity, going deeper and deeper into her body. Into her womb. He smiled and kissed her cheek.

"Goodnight Lisa" he said. "Love you."

"Love you too, Michael" She replied, and drifted off to sleep, her hand still resting on her belly...

To Be Continued...