

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up, wearing a black top. She is holding a chocolate ice cream sandwich with her mouth open, and a stream of white cream is dripping from the bottom. Her eyes are closed, and she has a sensual expression. The background is dark. The text 'XXX EXPLICIT!' is written in red on the left side. The title 'My Hung Black Boss is Breeding My Hot Trophy Wife!' is written in red at the bottom, with 'MC Sizematters' in white above it.

**XXX  
EXPLICIT!**

MC Sizematters

**My Hung Black Boss  
is Breeding  
My Hot Trophy Wife!**

# **My Hung Black Boss is Breeding My Hot Trophy Wife!**

**Busty Blonde Trophy Wife Is Seduced by  
Powerful Black Couple and Turned Against Her  
Douchebag Cheating Husband in a Weed Infused  
XXX Tale Of Sexual Awakening, Black Cock Breeding,  
and Cuckold Husband Humiliation.**

By MC Sizematters

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## A Messy Goodbye

Ken Baner smiled at himself in the mirror as he tied his new \$500 silk tie. He had made it. He was at the top of his game, raking in the big bucks, and living the dream. He'd come a long way from being the runt in school, picked on by the bigger boys. That was, until he found wrestling, where he was able to leverage his smaller size against the taller kids. Being an athlete, well, that and his Dad's money, made him one of the *in* crowd, made sure he always had hot girls to play with, and set the stage for his future success.

He pushed through the diamond-eyed skull cufflinks into his custom made French cuffs and smiled as he heard the front door open. Ken had everything. A big house in the expensive Manhattan Beach area of West LA. He had just started a prestigious new job as a VP of sales with a massive online company. It was a VP of sales job with great pay, perks, and a significant signing bonus.

Hearing the footstep ascending the long curved staircase to the master suite, he reflected on his most prized possession. If wrestling taught Ken anything, it taught him that wherever the head goes, the body follows. So when he met the shy, submissive blonde beauty, Rebecca Lunaham. He realized quickly that he could turn her into his perfect trophy wife. Standing a little over five-foot two, she was firm, fit, and slim. She never thought of herself as pretty, certainly not beautiful, she felt like she was competently average at best. She was just the sort of girl Ken could mold to his desires. And, she could wear high heels without making him look shorter.

"Hey hon!" Becca said as she jogged into the room. Her light skin shone with the glow of her hour-long morning run. She had to maintain a high level of fitness, otherwise she'd get fat, and her ass would be flat. All of these were covered in their pre-nup agreement. Ken expected her to stay attractive and slim. "Off to work?"

Ken looked at his trophy wife. She was dressed only in a pair of tight grey and yellow workout shorts that showed off her firm, round ass, and a

tight matching sports bra that kept her large C-cup breasts steady. He licked his lips, looking at her hard nipples as they pressed against the thin stretchy material. Her body was perfect. She was the elusive mix of firm muscle and soft smooth curves. He felt his cock harden just looking at her. He grinned.

Rebecca knew that grin. He wanted a blowjob before he left. No sex for her, just a face full of cum. *You're taking a shower anyway, right?* He'd say to her. She didn't mind the blowjob, or even the jizz on her face and tits. She hated getting herself worked up without any release. She'd take care of him, then have to make herself cum in the shower. It wasn't fair, but it was in the marriage contract. She was to make herself available to him sexually at any reasonable time. At the time, she was just happy that he loved her, besides, she was naturally horny to begin with. It's just that it seemed to be getting more and more one sided.

"I see." She said with a seductive smile. She hooked her thumbs underneath the waist of her shorts and pulled them down, revealing her perfectly shaved pussy. It wasn't an obligation, but she knew he liked it that way. "How about a little fuck instead, honey?"

"Ah, love to babe." He said, spreading his hands in apology. Then he pulled his hard cock out of the open fly of his suit pants. It stood strong and hard, a perfect handful for her. "But I'm already dressed. You understand, right babe?"

Becca smiled, looking down. She knew. No cock for Becca this morning. Maybe she'd pull out her dildo for the shower after he was done. Ken bought her a four-inch-long pink dildo to use, he hadn't liked the seven inch one she had bought. He said it was grossly oversized.

She strode over to her horny husband and slowly knelt in front of him. Looking up at him, making eye contact, she took his hard cock in her hand and slipped her mouth around it. Ken moaned and pushed against her.

"Yeah, that's it, suck my cock." He said with a sneer. "Tell me how much you like my big fucking cock, Rebecca."

Becca pulled his cock from her mouth and stroked it. She knew how he liked it. She looked up at him with her big blue eyes.

“I love your big cock, Ken.” She cooed. “Do you like the way I suck it for you?”

She flicked the head with her tongue and slid its length back between her lips. It wasn't long before he was fucking her mouth. Truthfully, she like it. She liked making him hard, making him moan with pleasure. But she knew what was coming.

“Yeah, baby. Suck my big fucking cock.” He demanded, breathing heavily. “I'm gonna make you fucking choke on my big fucking cock.

She didn't like this part. As soon as he put his hands behind his head, she knew what he was going to do. She tensed. Her husband pushed his cock as deep into her mouth as he could, pressing his body against her face. It's not that she couldn't handle his entire cock in her mouth, she could, easily. But when he pressed against her like that he cut off her air supply and pressed his erection against the back of her tongue. That made her choke, her mouth filling with saliva. He would hold her head tight while she struggled until she was able to pull away. She gagged and choked, eyes watering, gasping for air.

“Ken... Stop...” She coughed, resisting the urge to throw up.

“Sorry babe, I guess I'm a little too big for you.” She smiled cruelly, stroking his cock, looking down on her. “Come on, I'm gonna cum.”

She knew what that meant too. He wanted to cum on her face, just like in the porn movies. So she did her best imitation, kneeling in front of him with her mouth open, watching him jerk off, his hand a blur, waiting. She didn't have to wait long...

“Oh fuck, shit, shit!” He exclaimed as he came, his cum spurting in thin streams onto her face. He pointed his cock down to get her breasts. “Shit, yeah, take it, take my fucking loads!”

Rebecca reached up to finish jerking him off while Ken panted. She knew he liked it when she milked his cock onto her breasts. When he was

done, she quickly sucked his now flaccid penis clean of his spent seed before tucking it back in and pulling up his zipper. She stayed there, kneeling, cum dripping from her chin.

“Thanks, babe.” He said, ruffling her hair with his hand. “Remember, I’m travelling the next three days, so I’ll see you Thursday.”

“Yes dear.” She answered submissively. She knew how much he liked saying goodbye this way. She watched him leave, very aware of her clit throbbing between her firm thighs, and the wetness of her pussy slowly soaking into her running shorts.

“I love you.” She called to his back.

“Me too, babe.” He answered without looking back.

As soon as her husband walked downstairs she stood up and walked into their large master bathroom. Floor to ceiling, it was decorated in travertine and glass. She walked over to the large tub, right in front of the corner window overlooking the beach. She turned on the waterfall faucet, the tub filling quickly to the exact temperature designated on the digital display. She pulled off her messy sports bra and dropped it into the laundry hamper.

She ran her fingers over her sensitive nipples, finally freed from their confinement. She looked at herself in the mirror. When she had married Ken she had cute pert B-cups. But he had insisted that she have them enlarged to a large C-cup. He had spared no expense in sending her to one of the best boob-men in Beverly Hills. And she had to admit, the results were pretty good. It was definitely an improvement on her, especially the way they filled out a dress. He was always thinking of her. One of the side effects of the enlargement, though, was that it made her nipples much more sensitive. It felt like her nipples were hard all day long. But Ken told her that he like them that way.

She played with her firm nipples, making them stiffer, making her body shudder with pleasure. Her pussy dripped down her thigh. The tub filled and automatically shut off the water flow. Rebecca pulled off her tight running shorts, tossing them into the laundry, and appraised her bald

pussy. She slid her hand down her sweat slick torso, noticing proudly how flat she was able to keep it. Her hand continued its motion, sliding over her bald pussy, teasing her engorged clit before sliding between her labia and into her warm wet folds. She couldn't help but masturbate, standing there in front of the mirror, quickly bringing herself to an orgasm. She stood there in the middle of the large, spa-like bathroom, her legs shaking, a quiet moan escaping her lips. She regarded herself in the mirror, caressing her body in an orgasmic afterglow. She was cute, not pretty, certainly not hot. Her husband told her that he loved her anyway. She was slim, but she thought she was too skinny, too firm. She lacked the curves of the women on TV, and she thought her thighs were too large from all her running. At least Ken liked her body. Still, she did love her new tits.

After a minute to recover, she stepped into the large tub. Leaning back, she activated the whirlpool jets. Feeling the fast moving bubbles caressing her, she started to relax. But she was still horny, wanting to cum again. She was often like this after a long run, the adrenaline, the runners high, the feeling of the tight outfit on her breasts and between her thighs. It made her horny. And being denied her husband's hard cock only made it worse.

But she had a ready-made solution to that. When they picked out the massage tub, the female salesperson pulled her aside and had asked Rebecca if she was interested in a special female friendly feature. She reached up to the control and activated the menu. Selecting 'Personal Massage' she leaned her head back with a gasp as a special jet activated between her firm thighs. The insistent pulse of the water massager quickly brought her to three back-to-back orgasms before she had to turn it off, her head spinning with bliss.

God she wanted a cock right now.



## Business Trip

You could say what you liked about him, but Ken Baner could sell. He was about to sign up the account that the company had been trying to land for over a year. The stage was set. He'd been wining and dining Steve Lankin for two days. Took the slimy bastard to the game, dinner, strip club, breakfast, shooting range, strip club, dinner, and now back to the suite. Lankin took a liking to their booth girls, just like Baner expected. That's why he hired the hottest fucking women he could to parade around the show floor, and to accompany him and his clients to dinner, and drinks, and to the strip clubs. Nothing loosened up a client like dinner with a hot chick, only to watch her make out with a stripper an hour later. Ken knew just the kind of girls to hire to get the job done. Hot and slutty. It was all going according to plan.

But there was one minor inconvenience. Maria Gomez. She is the senior sales executive for the company. She would be the former senior sales executive once Ken closed this deal. She was pretty enough, not a bad body, she could have probably closed the deal a year ago if she would just open her legs for him. But she didn't like all the wining and dining, and she especially didn't approve of the strippers.

*Well, fuck her!* Ken thought, the signed contracts on the table behind him. *She'll really fucking hate the booth girls when they start fucking the client. But by then, I'll have her so drunk that she won't know her own name, and I have a little treat to make sure she keeps her mouth shut!*

It had been worth taking the marketing manager out to lunch last week. She had the gossip on everyone in the sales department. And by dessert, Ken had found out that Maria didn't like booze at sales events primarily because she herself couldn't handle her liquor. There were a number of office party stories of her getting drunk and trying to fuck the interns.

Ken had slowly been feeding her drinks all through dinner. He made sure that he hired the bartender and had been making her doubles all night long. And since she liked those fruity drinks, she didn't taste all the

booze he'd been pumping into her. She was already pretty drunk, and the evening had only just begun.

"Hell of a spread Ken, thanks." Lankin said, never taking his eyes off Jerri. Jerri was the busty blonde stripper Ken had hired. She was dressed in a tight dress that struggled to contain her large breasts, and barely covered her full ass. She was currently leaning on the bar, talking to the bartender, Chip, making sure that the client had a great view of her long legs and almost exposed ass.

Lankin put his arm around Mint, the petite, young looking Asian model curled up against him. She was dressed in her slutty schoolgirl outfit, a favorite of Ken's. It consisted of her long black hair done up in matching ponytails on each side of her head, a tight white blouse that showed off her surgically enhanced tits, and a very short plaid skirt that went well with her mid-thigh stockings. Lankin's hand was slowly working its way down her back to get a hand on her ass. She was happy to oblige.

Ken had reserved his favorite girl for himself. Roxy, Roxanne, had dark eyes, long dark hair, big perfect breasts, and a full firm ass. She wore a skin tight white dress with a big cut-out that exposed the bottom of her large breasts, just below the nipple, and showed off her toned stomach. The dress hugged her shapely ass but opened out in a small ruffle at the top of her full thighs.

"Can I talk to you for a moment?" Maria said, leaning over Ken. He couldn't help but notice that she had a nice set of tits beneath her businesslike burgundy blouse. He could smell the liquor off her breath. Ken stood up and accompanied the Latina over to the corner of the suite. As they walked over, he gave a nod to Chip.

"OK, I hasta admit..." Maria started, weaving a little. "I don't agree with your methods, the girls and all, but you closed Lankin in just three days. Ken, I gotta hand it to you, nice job."

"Thank you Maria." Ken said as graciously as he could manage. Chip arrived with two martinis in hand. Ken took them and handed one to

Maria. "But you did all the hard work, I just closed the deal. It looks like we make a good team."

Ken clinked their glasses together and drained his cold clear drink. Maria did her best to keep up, trying not to cough. Chip quickly replaced their drinks. Maria took hers and stared back at the young, handsome bartender.

*It never fails.* Ken thought, watching the older woman entranced by the young man. *He has that magic touch.*

"Let me introduce you to Chip." Ken said to his tipsy colleague. Actually, Chip's real name was Sergei, but Chip sounded more accessible. Ken leaned in close to the pretty brunette. "He told me earlier that he thinks you are the sexiest woman he's seen in a long time."

"Really?" Maria's face lit up. She looked back over at the young blonde man, a grin appearing. "I bet he can't handle a real woman."

"What a way to go." He smiled, giving her ass a light slap.

"Hmmm, definitely." She said, smiling back at Ken, before turning back to talk to Chip.

"You know... he's a dancer. You should ask him to show you his moves." Ken mentioned with a smile before he walked back over to the couch.

He rejoined the client, who had the petite Asian girl straddling his leg, his hands groping her firm ass while she kissed him. He reached down, taking Roxy by the hand, and helping her to her feet. She already knew what he had in mind, she could tell by the bulge in his pants. He guided her in front of him so he could watch her hips sway as she led him to one of the bedrooms. He passed Maria. Chip had her up against the door jamb, leaning in close, talking to her. She was giggling like a teenager, and her body language indicated that she was more than a little taken by the young stud.

"Ken..." She stopped him with a hand to his shoulder, he eyes suddenly concerned. "What are you doing? Aren't you married? What

would your wife think?”

“Who cares what she thinks?” He answered bluntly, staring at Roxanne’s ass. “She does whatever I say, and I do what I want. You seem to have your own toy for the night.”

“Maybe, but I’m single, Ken.” She answered, disapproving.

“Just relax and enjoy yourself, Maria.” Ken said as he closed the door before adding under his breath. “Wetback cunt.”

“You seem tense, baby.” Roxy purred, embracing Ken. Her hand drifted lower until she touched his hard cock. He almost came in his pants she felt so good pressed against him. She expertly pulled open his pants, and slid her warm hand around his shaft. “Oh my... You’re terribly stiff. Let me see what I can do to help.”

The statuesque brunette deftly squatted before the triumphant salesman and took his hard cock into her mouth. She was good at what she did. And it only took a few seconds before Ken was moaning with pleasure, his erection stiff as she sucked on him, stroking his shaft with her lips. Within a minute she had him breathing heavy, his legs stiff, his balls tightening. And in less than ninety seconds he groaned and exploded into her mouth. His cock squirting his load while she calmly swallowed, stroking his shaft with her fingers as he softened.

She smiled as she stood back up, tucking Ken’s already flaccid penis back into his expensive suit pants, and zipping him up. He handed her a roll of hundreds, and she kissed him. She would be well paid for this evening; this was only a tip. Ken took a handful of her large breast and kissed her back. “Fuck, you’re good.”

Returning to the main suite, Ken saw that everything was going as planned. Mint was doing shots with Lankin. Maria was sitting drunkenly on a couch, while Chip and Jerri were fiddling with the sound system. Ken noticed that the Latina’s blouse was open a few more buttons than usual giving a good view of her lacy bra, and her small breasts.

Ken and Roxy stood by the bar. The beautiful brunette pressed her voluptuous ass against him while he mixed them a fresh drink. The music sprung up, and Jerri rushed over to sit with Maria. If there was anyone who could get a girl worked up, it was Jerri. Ken smiled when the blonde slipped her hand over Maria's thigh, and the Latina didn't protest, in fact, she leaned in a little closer to the other woman.

He had to hand it to Chip, he was very good at what he did. Seducing, fucking, and even dancing, he was slick. As soon as the music started, the young slim blonde man started to move. He wasn't overtly grinding like a stripper. But his hips moved in such a way that they seemed to compel the female eye to follow them. He saw Maria licking her lips, her eyes locked on the man's body. Jerri slid even closer to the unsuspecting woman. Even Mint wasn't immune to the dance. She had perched herself on Lankin's lap, grinding her ass against his crotch, watching the slim muscular Chip, while Lankin slid his hands up to grab her breasts.

He leaned over to Roxy and whispered. "Do it." He smiled as the exotic brunette walked over to Chip and put an arm over his shoulder. She started swaying her hips in time to the young man. It was almost as if they had rehearsed the moves together. The couple was now performing a sensual dance together, much to the delight of their rapt audience. It didn't take long before she had removed Chip's shirt, revealing a slim, but muscular chest.

Jerri, sensing that Maria was thoroughly enthralled, jumped to her feet and started dancing with the couple. "Come on, Maria! Have some fun!" She said as she pulled the pretty Latina to her feet. The three women danced with the sexy male stripper, Jerri and Roxanne getting closer, rubbing against his crotch, letting him play with their breasts, kissing him, until Maria started to follow suite.

By the time Ken had finished his drink, Maria was clinging to Chip, kissing him and groping him. Jerri had actually worked her way around behind Maria and was playing with the woman's breasts, pressing herself against her ass. Ken just nodded and smiled. Watching them was making him horny again. Maria was wrapped up in the arms of the young stud,

kissing him passionately. She was way beyond just horny. She wanted him, bad. She was surprised to discover that the sexy blonde, Roxy, had squatted down and had pulled Chip's cock out, she was busy stroking it, making it bigger.

That was the other reason Ken hired Chip for tonight. *That kid is hung.* He thought to himself. *I mean, I got a big dick, but this kid is fucking huge. The chicks can't resist it.*

He was right too. Roxy was busy sucking on the long cock, easily seven inches long. It was getting quite hard, curving like a banana. Maria shrieked with excitement and took hold of the penis, stroking it, giggling with glee. She stared at the big hard organ in her hand hungrily. She was completely unconcerned that her blouse was wide open, her small shapely breasts on display for all to see. She was also unaware that the petite Mint was giving Lankin's unimpressive cock a blowjob six feet to her right.

The only thing she was concerned about was Chip's long cock bobbing before her. Jerri danced them all back towards the couch so that the three women were seated, and the young stud was dancing in front of them, his hard cock bobbing in the air. They all reached forward to touch him, stroking his cock, pulling off his pants until he danced naked. Roxy was the first to break the ice, pulling the young man towards her, putting her red lips around his slim hard shaft. The other women squealed and cheered. Jerri put her arms around Maria, the pretty Latina leaning back into her embrace, and pulled her bra open to reveal her breasts. Ken was impressed, they were small, but firmer than he expected. She looked good.

The athletic stud smiled down at Maria, pulling his hard cock from the sultry brunette's skilled mouth. He leaned down and kissed the drunken Latina, holding her face with his hand. Maria reciprocated by grabbing his cock and enthusiastically jerking him off. She loved the feel of his long, hard, slippery shaft in her hand. She looked up at him, looked him in the eyes, she wanted his cock. He was happy to oblige, raising himself up so that his cock was pressed against her dark mouth. With a smile, she slowly slid her lips over the tapered cockhead, swallowing as much of his cock as she could. She could hear him moan as he slowly started to fuck

her mouth. She felt someone's hand between her legs, playing with her pussy. She didn't care who's hand it was.

Jerri took this opportunity to pull out her phone and start recording a video of their escapades. Both Maria and Roxanne took turns posing with the stiff erection, mugging for the camera, kissing it, putting it against their cheeks, jerking him off. She even managed to capture the moment the young man's cock exploded, shooting cum all over Maria. But rather than be upset, she just grabbed the spurting organ and wrapped her lips around it, swallowing the remainder of his load while lovingly stroking his cock.

Chip literally fell onto the pretty Latina, kissing her, his hands exploring up her skirt. She kissed him back, her hand stroking his still thick cock. It didn't take long for his long phallus to begin to harden again at her insistent touch. Her fingers glided over his smooth firm flesh, urging him closer. Jerri did her magic to make it all come together. She leaned in, kissing Maria deeply, while she pulled the Latina's red panties to the side, allowing Chip to slide his cock into her waiting pussy. She was wet, and he quickly started to fuck her, driving her to moan out loud in pleasure.

Roxy pulled one of the brunette's shapely thighs back, urging the woman to spread wide for her young stud, while Chip held the other. Soon she was spread wide, taking every inch of his long cock in her tight wet pussy, uncaring the spectacle she was presenting. But that was OK, Jerri was capturing every second in HD on her phone. The slim muscular stud slid his long cock in and out, driving his prey to the first of what would be many orgasms. Nodding to Ken, Chip lifted the pretty Latina up, still impaled on his hard cock, and carried her into the bedroom. Jerri followed close behind.

Roxanne just smiled and waved. She'd earned her bonus by compromising the saleswoman. Now all she had to do was take care of him for the evening to get her full bonus. She took Ken by the hand, walked him over to a couch, pushed him down, and straddled him. She could feel his excitement through his expensive slacks.

On the other couch Lankin had poor Mint pinned under his bulk, humping her. She was a pro though, she squealed like he had a foot-long

dick. “Oh yes Daddy! Oh, fuck me! Oh, you make me cum, Daddy!” It didn’t take long before the client let out a groan like a beached walrus and stiffened like a board. Mint dutifully cried out in a dramatic orgasm.



An hour later, Maria stumbled out of the bedroom, her blouse hanging open, her hair a mess. Looking over at Ken, Roxanne still straddling him, and practically fell into the couch with a defeated sigh.

“I gotta hand it to you. You set me up. And I fell for it.” She said, a mix of admiration and hatred in her eyes. She looked over at the shapely brunette, noticing that she was slowly grinding on his lap. “Oh shit, she’s fucking you, isn’t she? I guess you fucked me, too.”

“No, Chip fucked you. And you seemed to really like his big dick. I could hear you screaming all the way out here.” Ken answered offhandedly, his eyes on the beautiful woman riding his hard cock. Her short dress was long enough to cover their coupling, but he had her large breasts out and in his hands. He looked over at Maria again. “You’re not bad though, I’ll fuck you later, if you like.”

“In your dreams.” She spat back, standing up. “I still don’t approve of your methods. But you got the client, and you made me embarrass myself, so I’ll keep quiet. This time.”

Ken closed his eyes and groaned. “Ugh, sorry Maria, I was just cumming in our booth girl, what were you saying?”

“Fuck you, Ken.” She gave him the finger and walked to her bedroom.



## Office Party Quickie

“He looks like a douchebag.” Whispered Jasmine to her husband, quietly appraising the Baner couple. “His wife is beautiful though... stunning.”

Standing five-foot ten, Jasmine Finney was an island goddess. She wore her hair down tonight, long, black, luxurious dreadlocks hung down between her shoulders. A thin spaghetti strap was tied around her neck, holding in place a tight halter top of her dress, showing off the curve of her full, large breasts. The tight bodice encircled low around her hips, leaving her smoothly muscled back bare, and meeting just above her curved ass. The dress ended at her toes, with the exception of a wide slit on the left side that rode up the full length to expose her shapely thigh. The charcoal color of the dress served to enhance the warm glow of her chocolate brown skin. She was breathtaking.

Despite the four inch heels, she was still shorter than the tall muscular black man into who's ear she whispered. Her husband, Marcus Finney, was the owner of the company. His handsome visage grinned and he leaned a little closer to his beautiful wife.

“He does, doesn't he.” He whispered back, taking a moment to enjoy the sight of his wife's breasts. “He sure can sell though. Two huge contracts in three weeks. Half the reason for tonight's party is to expose him to more of our clients and potential clients.”

“But dear, he got our Maria drunk off her ass...”

“And fucked.” Marcus interrupted his wife. “You know, she's a sucker for a big cock.”

“You know too...” Jasmine answered with a chuckle. “Especially when she's had a couple of drinks. But this was different. He set her up. That's not cool, dear.”

“Well, let's see how tonight progresses.” Finney let his hand slip down his wife's back to cup her ass. “Check him out. You know I trust your judgement about people implicitly. Let's say hello.”

The attractive black couple walked across the large room towards Ken and Rebecca Baner. He was dressed in a slightly too loud sports jacket, designer jeans, and cowboy boots with tall heels. His dark hair was greased back, making him look a lot like those used-car salesmen you would see on late night TV. He was put together, flashy, but in a slimy looking way.

Rebecca, on the other hand, looked stunning. Holding onto her husband's arm – he thought it showed possession – she was dressed in a short red, black, and gold brocade patterned dress. Her blonde hair was combed back straight, held in place with a band matching her dress. The thin shoulder straps formed a low V front that showed off her cleavage. The tight dress followed her slim torso, and the gentle swell of her hips. Ending just a few inches below her firm ass, the dress accentuated her beautiful athletic legs. She wore only modest red heels so as not to appear too tall next to Ken. Rebecca thought the dress showed off way too much skin, but it was one of Ken's favorites.

"Marcus, my man!" Ken said with a big toothy grin, taking his boss' large hand and shaking it enthusiastically. Whenever he felt overmatched, Ken always went on the offensive. Be louder, be more forward than the next guy.

"Ken. I'm glad you could come." Marcus' hand engulfed the smaller man's fingers. After shaking hands, noticing that Ken went on a little too long, he turned to Rebecca. He reached out for her hand. "And you must be Ken's lovely wife Rebecca."

Rebecca reached out to him, giving him her hand. It looked so delicate and pale compared to his large brown fingers. She felt her skin tingle as she touched his warm skin. He certainly was big, and handsome. She felt butterflies, like a schoolgirl, meeting him.

"Yes..." She smiled, looking down. "It's nice to meet you."

"The pleasure is all mine, Rebecca. Ken mentioned that you were attractive, but he gave no indication of just how beautiful you truly are."

"Thank you, you're very kind." She giggled, blushing. "You certainly know what to say to a girl."

“No, I mean it. With the exception of my lovely wife, you are by far the most eye-catching woman I’ve met in years.” He smiled, kissing her hand. Rebecca felt a hitch in her breath at being called attractive by the magnetic black man. “Speaking of beautiful wives, let me present my intelligent, gorgeous, and incredibly sexy wife: Jasmine.”

“What a pleasure it is to meet you Jasmine.” Ken leaned in front of his wife to shake the statuesque black woman’s hand. He couldn’t help but let his eyes rove up and down Jasmine’s shapely form.

But Jasmine quickly pivoted and took Rebecca’s hand, stepping right up to the shorter blonde. Rebecca smiled, already feeling comfortable with the beautiful woman. She was glad to see that Jasmine’s outfit was also revealing, making her feel less out of place.

“You look beautiful tonight, Rebecca. I’m so glad Ken brought you.” The confident woman put her arm through Rebecca’s and led her over to the bar. Her voice was soft and low, and had a slight Caribbean accent. “Come on, you can buy me a drink.”

“Oh, I, uh, didn’t bring any money with me...” Rebecca stumbled.

“Oh, you are so sweet!” The beautiful woman exclaimed, turning to embrace slim white woman. “I was only kidding! The drinks are free. You and I are going to get along famously, Becca!”

Rebecca laughed along with Jasmine, embracing her, oddly enjoying the embrace. The tall woman’s body was warm pressed against her. She felt an instant connection.

“In that case, I’ll buy you a double.” Rebecca said, giggling, as she broke the embrace. “Ken doesn’t bring me to many of these business affairs.”

“Well, he’ll be bringing you along to a lot more, from now on. I’ll make sure of it.” Jasmine said warmly, putting her arm around the slim woman’s waist. *I’ll bet he doesn’t bring you, he’s looking for some strange on the side. I know his type.*

Jasmine ordered two lemon martinis and the women made small talk. Rebecca couldn't help but admire the other woman. Her warm chocolate brown skin glistened with expensive cream. Her large breasts were perfect, and her hips were what songs were written about. She wished her body was half as good as Jasmine's. Even her perfume was heavenly. Just smelling it made her feel bright, relaxed, happy.

"This is yummy." The petite Rebecca commented, emptying almost half of her martini in one sip. "I normally stick to margaritas and wine. Ken calls them chick drinks."

"I bet he does." Jasmine said with a grin, hiding her growing distaste for Ken. She nodded to the bartender for another round. "Trust me, Rebecca, and we'll have a ball together."

"I'd love to, as long as it's OK with Ken." Rebecca said brightly, finishing her first drink.

"Well, we just won't ask him." Jasmine handed a fresh drink to the young woman. "Besides, my husband is your husband's boss."

"Yes Ma'am!" Rebecca said, standing at attention, her full breasts jutting out proudly.

"Becca, you are one hot piece of white booty. Do you model?" Jasmine asked, openly appraising the younger woman. "You should."

"Stop teasing! I'm nowhere near hot, definitely not model hot." Flush with embarrassment, Rebecca laughed out loud. "I'm just a plain old girl-next-door. I'm just really lucky Ken loves me."

"What are you talking about?" Jasmine straightened Rebecca's shoulders and looked her up and down. "You have an absolutely beautiful face, lovely hair..."

Her hands slowly ran over the younger woman's shoulders, down her side, brushing against Rebecca's breasts. She felt her nipples hardening. The woman's touch made her shiver a little bit. It felt strangely good to have the beautiful black woman appraising her.

“You, my dear, have perfect breasts...” She continued, her hands sliding over her waist to her hips.

“They had help...” Becca offered.

“I don’t care.” Jasmine’s eyes rove over Rebecca’s cleavage. “They are beautiful. Turn around.”

Rebecca did as instructed; pivoting. Jasmine’s gentle touch went from her waist to her hips. She didn’t know why, but the young wife found herself arching her back to accentuate her ass.

“And you must have stolen some poor black girl’s booty.” Jasmine said giving the shapely ass a playful spank. Rebecca spun around, mouth wide open in playful shock. Jasmine handed the new martini to the blushing white girl, and held hers up to toast. “Here is to the hot, sexy, and very beautiful Rebecca Baner, and the poor black sister who’s stuck with a flat white girl’s ass.”

Rebecca howled with laughter, accepting the toast, and emptying her glass in two large sips.



“I’m very impressed so far with your results, Ken.” Finney said, sipping his fifty-year-old scotch. He was watching the two wives out of the corner of his eye. Baner’s wife was definitely beautiful, Ken had married well above his weight class. Catching a glare from his wife, he suspected that was going to change, soon. “You were a little rough on Maria though, don’t you think?”

“She’ll get over it. Like I told you, I get results. She needs to get used to a new gun in town, that’s all.” *The cunt. She won’t be around much longer if I have anything to say about it.* He added to himself. “I’ll do my best to play nice, but I’m in this to sell.”

“I appreciate that, Ken. Maria is a nice person, and a great seller.” Finney said conversationally. “Your wife is really quite beautiful.”

“Don’t let her hear you say that.” Ken said with a nasty grin. “I have her well-trained. She heels like a good hunting dog. If I let her know just how hot she really is, she’d start getting ideas of her own. Can’t have that, am I right Marcus? You must keep a pretty tight leash on Jasmine. She’s one sexy woman.”

“You know it, Ken.” He said, suppressing the sarcasm in his voice. He caught his wife’s eye from across the room and nodded almost imperceptibly. “Listen, let me introduce you to the Casper account. He’s been using our parties as a free buffet for years, let’s see if you can hook him.”



“Your wife is a delight, Ken.” Casper said, leering at Rebecca’s cleavage. Casper had come into his father’s money young, and was slowly draining the family’s fortune. He was a rich, entitled, jerk. Ken liked him for that very reason, he could identify with him.

“You’re very kind.” Rebecca answered, a little drunk, trying to politely squirm away from the jerk’s hand. He kept putting his arm around her, letting his hand migrate to her ass while he stared at her tits. She hated it, but Ken told her it was important to flirt with the clients. *Ugh, his hands are all over me. I swear Ken likes watching me get pawed.* She thought as she pushed Casper’s arm away with her elbow.

Ken noticed Jasmine walking up the stairs to the private second floor of the expensive hotel suite. She paused and looked at him, a slight grin on her full dark lips. *Fuck, she’s one hot piece of black ass. I’d love to bang that nigger cunt. I’d be bulletproof at the company if I was fucking the boss’ wife. She’d never let him fire me.*

“Ah, honey, will you please keep Mr. Casper entertained while I step away for a few minutes?” Ken kissed his wife on the cheek, gave her a pat on the butt, and headed off.

“What? Ken!” She watched her husband go, and felt Casper move a little closer. *Shit. My fucking husband just abandoned me to this creep.*

“I guess it’s just you and me.” Rebecca looked back to see the creep holding another martini for her. His hand slid down her hip a few inches. “How about another drink?”

“Definitely another drink.” She answered, taking a big sip of the cocktail, feeling the smooth vodka slide down her throat. Despite her distaste for the man, she felt herself becoming slightly aroused by his touch. *Fuck.*

Ken took the stairs two at a time, trying to catch up to the statuesque woman. As he crested the top of the stairs he caught a glimpse of her graceful form turning into one of the suites. He hurried to follow her. Rushing through the door he stopped short. Jasmine was standing there, looking over her shoulder, waiting for him. He couldn’t help but look at the way the low cut back just barely covered her shapely ass.

Jasmine turned to face him, sizing him up. The light in the room accentuated her large breasts, her firm nipples casting little shadows against the tight bodice. Ken smiled. *I know what this is about. Success is a powerful aphrodisiac. And in business, I’m the fucking Alpha-Male.*

“I’m glad we can take a moment, Ken, and get to know each other a little better.” The tall black woman said with a broad smile. She opened her arms and stepped forward until her firm yielding body was pressed against him. She put her arms around his neck, and hugged him, whispering in his ear. “Welcome to the family, Ken.”

Her body felt so good pressed against him. He put his hands on her slim torso, slowly sliding them down over her full hips, pressing against her. He leaned up a little to kiss her proffered neck. The smell of her perfume was intoxicating as his lips touched her soft skin.

“Hmm, I feel very welcome.” He murmured, kissing her again, his hand sliding down to cup her firm ass. His cock was quickly hardening, pressing against her.

“I can feel that you feel welcome.” She whispered back with a giggle. She reached down to hold his hardness in her hand. “I hear you like to be a naught boy.”

“I have my moments.” He answered, unable to resist thrusting into her hand. He let his other hand roam up to touch her breast. It was large and supple, the nipple hardened against his palm. She nibbled on his ear, eliciting a groan of pleasure from him.

“But what does Rebecca think about this?” She asked, stroking his erection through his jeans. He held her ass with both hands and pulled her closer to him.

“Who cares?” He said without a thought, pushing against the dark skinned beauty. He’d never been this close to such an exotic, sexual woman before. His head was spinning with the desire to fuck her. “I take care of her. I call the shots.”

“I’m not sure how I feel about that, Ken.” Jasmine stopped rubbing his cock, pulling away slightly. Ken, undeterred, nibbled on her neck, just below her earlobe, and stroked her inner thigh through the slit. He was happy to evoke a moan of pleasure from the tall beautiful woman. “Shall we ask her?”

This time it was Ken who stepped back. Despite his cock aching for relief, her question scared him. He looked at her beautiful body longingly. Her long thighs, perfect for spreading wide while he fucked her, her slim body to hold, her huge breasts to suck, her graceful neck and beautiful face to kiss. He wanted her so much.

“No. We shouldn’t.” Ken said, panicking. “We have a pre-nup. And if I cheat on her, she could take me to the cleaners.”

“Well, we wouldn’t want that.” Jasmine said pensively. She ran one finger along the outline of his erection. “I don’t know, Ken. I need to consider. I’d very much like to fuck you tonight, but I’m not sure how I feel about cheating on your wife. Rebecca is such a lovely girl.”

Jasmine leaned in towards the shorter man and kissed him. Just when their tongues began to touch, she leaned back and started to leave. She looked over her shoulder at Ken.

“Maybe another time.” She said as she walked out. “Enjoy the party.”

*Fuck! Shit! That fucking nigger cunt teasing me and then leaving me with fucking blue balls. I don't care if she is the nigger fucking boss' wife, I'm going to fuck her. And I'm going to take him fucking down for doing this to me.* Ken fumed to himself, adjusting his hard cock. *Where is fucking Rebecca? She needs to take care of this.*

He went to the top of the stairs, careful to keep his erection obscured by the railing. He saw Rebecca, still with that idiot Casper. *Any closer and he'd be fucking sticking his fingers in her cunt.* He caught her eye and motioned for her to join him.

His hot wife was relieved to take her leave of the douchebag client, almost running to join her husband. When she reached the top of the stairs, Ken grabbed her arm and pulled her into the bathroom. Before she could ask what was up, he pushed her against the vanity and started roughly kissing her. He was all over her, groping, pushing her knees apart.

"Honey, wait, no, not here." She whispered urgently, pushing him back. For some reason he was angry, aggressive; she could see it in his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"I need to fuck, that's what's wrong!" He growled, forcing her legs apart. He pulled her panties to the side and pushed two fingers inside her wet pussy. Despite her revulsion, Casper had managed to make her a little horny with his unwanted attention. Her husband quickly started to finger fuck her. "Come on, you know you want it. And you agreed in the pre-nup to fuck me whenever I want."

"I know, just, ugh, not here, let's leave, oh fuck Ken, no..." She hated when he shoved the pre-nuptial agreement in her face when he wanted sex. She loved to fuck, she was a naturally horny woman, she loved to get fucked. But she hated the idea of fucking at the office party, with her husband's boss perhaps right outside. She begged him, already breathing heavily. "Oh god, Ken, no, stop..."

"Oh yeah, you can't resist. You're already dripping, babe." He said cruelly. He knew that once he started rubbing her pussy, she couldn't say no. "Come on, give it up."

Becca couldn't help herself. She was panting from the way he fucked her with his fingers, rubbing her G-spot, slapping her now hard clit with the palm of his hand. She couldn't resist spreading her legs, pulling her feet up onto the counter. She reached down to pull open his pants and free the hard organ she wanted so badly.

"Oh god, Ken, fuck me." She urged, needing to feel his hard cock in her wet pussy. She pulled him close as he fumbled to line his cock up with her opening. When she felt the tip of his cock slip into her pussy she hissed in his ear. "Fuck me hard."

Ken started slamming against her, shoving his cock into her hot, tight pussy. She whimpered in his ear as he buried himself in her willing body, fucking her as hard and fast as he could.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, ooh fuck, ooh fuck, yes, yes..." She cried quietly in his ear, holding him close while he roughly grabbed her breasts, squeezing them through her dress. "Ohhh god yes, that's it, that's it, harder, harder, faster, yeah..."

"Yeah, take it, fucking take all of it..." Ken thrust, feeling his orgasm coming. He drove his cock into his wife as hard as he could.

"Oh god, fuck, shit, yes, yes, keep going, keep, you're going to make me cum baby!" She begged in his ear, trying to keep quiet when all she really wanted to do was scream in pleasure. He was going to make her cum. "Make me cum..."

But Ken let out a loud groan and buried his squirting cock as deep in his wife's tight pussy as he could. She just stood there, jerking as he came. At the same time Becca felt her orgasm slip away. She was so close. So close to cumming. But already she felt his cock softening inside her, and slipping out. She almost cried.

As soon as his cock slipped out, she began to rub her hard clit. She was so close to cumming. But Ken grabbed her hand, stopping her. Her thighs shook, uncontrollably pulling together as she lost her orgasm a second time.

“We need to get back down.” He whispered, moving her panties back in place, and pulling her off the vanity. He quickly did up his jeans, and opened the door.

“Ken! I’m still full of cum! Close the door.” She whispered urgently. But Ken took her hand and pulled her to the door, wrapping his arms around her, pushing his crotch against her ass. She groaned with pleasure, still almost out-of-her-mind horny. He slid one hand between her legs and found her clit, rubbing it. This made her almost double over from the stimulation, her knees buckling, her thighs slamming together. But he held her up. Pulling his hand away, he put his finger against her lips. “Lick my finger, taste my cum from your pussy. You are really wet down there.”

The petite blonde wife couldn’t resist. She gently slipped her lips around his finger, tasting his cum, and herself. She shivered with pleasure.

“Thanks, babe, you were fucking tight.” He said, taking her hand and leading her down the stairs while she did her best to fix her dress. She was keenly aware of a dribble of cum rolling down her thigh.

When they reached the bar they met up with Finney and Jasmine. There was a gleam in Jasmine’s eyes. *Maybe they were just fucking too. I bet I really had her wet and ready to go.* He thought, looking at the beautiful tall black woman.

“Jasmine and I have to take our leave. I trust you can close out the party and take care of our clients?” Finney said in his booming voice. He gently pulled Rebecca over to give her a hug. She literally melted into his big thick arms, he felt so good, so manly, and he smelled so amazing. She was so horny still that she imagined briefly what fucking a man like him would be like. “It was such a pleasure to meet you Rebecca. I’m looking forward to spending more time with you.”

He let go of her and turned to shake Ken’s hand. Rebecca didn’t want to let go. But she found herself hugging Jasmine next. Feeling suddenly conflicted, she really enjoyed the hug from the beautiful black woman almost as much as her husband’s. She felt herself holding the other woman tighter, pressing against her.

“So...” She said with a gracious smile, leaning back so she could look at Rebecca. “My husband and I would like to invite you two to join us for a few days in the Caribbean.”

“Yes...” Marcus picked up from his wife. “My family owns a resort, and we built a high end VIP retreat there. Jasmine and I go there every few months, just to relax, unwind, and spend some time with family and friends. Ken, it’ll give us a chance to get to know one another better, maybe get some work done, and for me to get us on the same page. And, since this is going to be a working vacation for me anyway, I know Jasmine would love to spend time with Rebecca.”

“I hope you’ll come, we’ll get into all sorts of trouble.” Jasmine laughed, hugging Rebecca again. The young wife looked over at her husband, her eyes pleading. She saw the huge smile spread across Ken’s face.

“We’d love to; it would be our honor.” Ken said, shaking his boss’ meaty hand.

“It’s settled then. I’ll have Jane make the arrangements for the week after next.” Finney said, clapping Ken on the shoulder. The smaller man staggered a little under the larger man’s enthusiasm. “Now we really must go, we’re late, but we wanted to extend the invitation before we left.”

“We are going to have so much fun.” Jasmine said, kissing Rebecca on the cheek, the corners of their lips brushing.

Ken stood with his arm around his wife, his hand resting comfortably on the curve of her ass. They watched as the black couple left. “We’re fucking in, babe. I told you this job would be a gold mine.”

“Hey, Baner.” Casper said loudly, walking up behind them. He was drunk. “How about a nightcap?”

*Fuck.* “Yeah, great, let’s go.” Ken said, smiling through gritted teeth.

“Come on Becky...” He said, throwing his hand around her waist. “I bet you could use another one too.”



## **Bikinis, Booze, and a Massage She'll Never Forget**

Rebecca stepped from the luxury cabin cruiser onto the dock. She was already a little tipsy, having happily sipped champagne all the way from LAX to the nearby island airport, and then on the luxurious cruiser with the two very handsome black crewmen to entertain her. The athletic blonde was wearing a blue and white striped dress that she thought would be perfect for the warm Caribbean island. With buttons down the front, the dress ran straight around just above her breasts, held up by thin straps, and the hem covered the top of her thighs. It was short enough to look sexy, and be cool in the warm air. Being tipsy, she teetered a little on her tall wedge sandals.

“Becca!” Cried Jasmine as she rushed over to give the blonde a hug. “I’m so glad you made it! Let me look at you!”

The statuesque black woman appraised the younger blonde, smiling. Jasmine herself was dressed more for the island experience in a tiny black and gold bikini bottom, and a tight white T-shirt tied just underneath her large breasts. The thin cotton revealed a tiny black bikini top underneath. Her oil glistening skin looked almost bronze in the setting sun.

“I just need to get my bag.” Rebecca said after hugging the other woman. She turned around and almost ran right into the boat’s skipper, a medium-height, slim black man with a huge smile.

“No worry, ma’am. I got you bag.” He said in his thick island accent. “I’ll make sure it gets to your room safe ‘n sound.”

“Oh, you’re so sweet! Thank you!” Rebecca gushed. She leaned up and kissed him on the cheek. She wasn’t sure why she kissed him, feeling suddenly embarrassed. But his smile seemed to broaden, so she didn’t worry too much. Must be the champagne.

“Come, you must be hungry after your long trip.” Jasmine took the blonde’s hand and started to walk her towards a large estate overlooking the perfect white sand beach.

“I am. The food on the plane was wonderful, but I’ve been going since five, and I think I’ve had too much champagne. I might pass out if I don’t get some food in me.” Rebecca said as they walked, admiring the tall palm trees crowning the thick green foliage.

“My dear, first of all, there is no such thing as too much champagne.” The graceful woman replied with a laugh. “But Connie has some dinner going for us in the guest house already.”

The landscape was dotted everywhere with bright flowers, and the air was lightly spiced with their smell. She found her thoughts floating, and realized she had been staring at the other woman’s swaying hips as they approached the luxurious beach house. Jasmine had a seductive grace that was almost hypnotic. It took Rebecca a few moments to realize that Jasmine’s alluring perfume smelled of the essence of these beautiful flowers.

“The flowers...” She started, inhaling the scent deeply. What was she going to ask?

“Yes, my perfume. These flowers are called Kali, they only grow here on the island.” She answered the blonde’s unspoken question. “I wear it partly to remind me of them. You’ll find a bottle in your bathroom along with a few other surprises.”

“You are so thoughtful, thank you!” Rebecca bubbled.

They arrived at the large guest house. It was a huge single story bungalow. The raftered ceiling gave the building the height of a two story, making the place feel open and airy. The well-appointed home was resplendent with native woods and comfortable furniture. It opened up right onto the beach, with a huge patio surrounded by tropical greenery.

“Come, let’s sit out back by the fire pit. Connie will bring us out some food, and we can chat.” Jasmine said, sweeping the pretty blonde wife towards the back.

“Um... before we do that, ah, I have to visit the little girl’s room.” Rebecca said, blushing a little.

“Oh my dear, what was I thinking? You’ve been travelling all day.” Jasmine laughed. She pointed toward the large bedroom. “Go, freshen up. I’ll be out here waiting.”

Rebecca couldn’t believe her eyes; the bedroom was huge, and beautifully laid out. The king-sized bed had a view, out of the floor-to-ceiling windows, of the ocean. The room was cast in orange as the sun set. It was so large you could probably fit a normal apartment in the bedroom alone. Along the side was a smaller sitting room.

She quickly made her way to the bathroom to pee. Sitting there, she took a moment to look around the bathroom. It, too, was palatial in size, covered in tile and chrome. It had a huge walk-in shower big enough for a party, and a huge whirlpool bathtub.

Beside the toilet sat a bidet. Rebecca had heard of them, but never had the opportunity to try one out. She didn’t think Jasmine would mind if she took a few minutes to use it. She finished peeing, and flushed. She looked at the bidet, puzzled. She knew how they worked in principle, but looking at it, she thought it looked like an upside down shower. Just to be sure, she pulled off her dress to try it, just in case. The unit had a digital remote. On it were controls for temperature and intensity. She selected the setting between warm and hot, and intensity of low. *No sense going crazy and needing a towel afterward.* She thought to herself. After a few moments the unit started. She could feel the water just gently wetting her pussy. The heat was perfect, but she quickly turned up the intensity. At about half way, she decided that it was quiet pleasant, and it tickled a bit.

Curious, she upped the intensity. *Oh wow, this feels good... really good...* It was starting to turn her on. She pivoted her hips to so that the water jet hit her clit, sending a shivering wave of pleasure through her. Her hand shook as she turned the control up to full intensity. She let out a small squeal as the water thrummed against her pussy. Suddenly, shaking, she dropped the small remote and grabbed her breasts, pinching her hard nipples. She did her best to muffle her whimpers of ecstasy as she orgasmed.

As her orgasm subsided, she panted for air, fumbling for the remote to turn down the irresistible pressure of the water jet. She sat on the bidet, breathing heavily for at least a minute while she recovered her senses. Quickly drying off, Rebecca looked at herself in the mirror. Her skin was flush from her recent orgasm, and she felt pretty happy with the way she looked tonight. Her still-hard nipples gave a perky look to her admittedly shapely breasts, and her body looked fit and slim.

Opening the drawer, she found a couple of boxes of tampons and pads, some powder, lip balm, toothpaste and brush, hairbrush, a black box... *There it is, the perfume.* She reached in took out the small bottle with a little note attached by a string.

### *Kali Oil Perfume*

*Apply a small amount to pulse points. Enjoy.*

The pretty blonde opened the top and inhaled the perfume's scent. It smelled wonderful, instantly brightening her already happy and contented mood. She tipped a few drops onto her finger, a little more than she had planned. She dabbed it behind her ears and at the center of her throat. There was still a little on her finger; she thought about where to put it.

*Well, that was certainly pulsing a few minutes ago.* She thought, looking down at her shaved pussy, and at the hooded clit that still stood slightly erect. With a giggle she rubbed her finger over her nub, quivering from the sensation. Her oil slick finger rubbing her clit felt wonderful, and she felt the familiar arousal begin again. But she stopped, she'd been gone too long already.

Pulling on her short dress, she straightened it, and headed towards the patio. The smell of the perfume gave her a bounce to her step. She was happy and satisfied, a feeling she'd not enjoyed in quite a while. She spotted Jasmine sitting in a comfortable wicker chair, watching the last vestiges of the sun on the ocean, sipping from a champagne flute.

"Sorry to take so long." She said, leaning over Jasmine's shoulder, giving her a friendly kiss on the cheek. The spicy smell of the Kali was strong around her, maybe their two perfumes mixing. Taking the chair next

to her, Rebecca curled her long legs underneath her. Her beautiful dinner companion handed her a matching flute filled with pale gold bubbling champagne. Jasmine smiled at her languorously, her eyes dark and glassy in the firelight. Rebecca couldn't help but be struck by how beautiful her hostess was. "I had to figure out the bidet."

"Hmm, I bet you did." Jasmine answered with a knowing smile. "The smile on your face tells me you figured it out perfectly."

"Stop! You're naughty!" Rebecca blushed.

"I most definitely am. It's much more interesting that way." Jasmine laughed brightly.

"It is. I just wish Ken were more interesting in that way." The pretty young wife complained, taking a sip of her drink.

"Well, if you need more interest before the boys arrive tomorrow evening, just open the black gift box in your drawer. It'll keep you interested until he gets here." She said, toasting her new friend.

"Really?" Rebecca exclaimed, embarrassed, but enticed. "I was going to look in the box, but I got, ah, distracted."

"I know how distracted you were." The beautiful black woman giggled, comically averting her eyes.

"No, it was after... I mean, I was putting on the perfumed oil and I got distracted!" Rebecca laughed, tongue tied. "Well, *anyway*, here's to girl time together."

"Here, here!" Jasmine clinked her glass against the blonde's. "And here's dinner! I'm famished."

When Jasmine said that Connie would be cooking dinner, Rebecca pictured a short, matronly woman in a blue dress and an apron. She couldn't have been farther from the truth. The young woman carrying a large silver tray of skewered meat was anything but matronly. She was short, maybe only five-feet tall, but that's where the preconceived notion abruptly came to an end. The pretty, petite, young black girl was probably

closer to eighteen than thirty. She wore only a tight bikini top that accentuated her small breasts, and a flowered skirt wrapped around her slim waist that came to the middle of her fit thigh. Her black hair was fairly short, in its natural curl, but with puffy pony tails on either side.

“Is there anything else you need ma’am?” She asked in the now familiar island accent. There was a strange look in her eyes.

“Not tonight Connie, go have fun.” Jasmine said with a smile, dismissing her for the evening.

Rebecca watched the nubile young woman leave. Oddly, she felt a slight arousal as she watched the girl’s ass jiggle. She turned her attention to Jasmine, who was delicately pulling a piece of grilled meat from a skewer with her white teeth. Becca reached over to the platter to take one of her own. Doing so brought a tingle of pleasure to her pussy. *That must have been some orgasm in the bathroom. I’m still wet, and my clit is really sensitive.* She pulled a piece of the meat from her own skewer, savoring the sumptuous flavor of the spices, the meat, and the fat all coming together in a perfect bite.

“Oh my god, this is amazing!” She gushed, the food bringing a huge smile to her lips. “I mean, it’s so good!”

“Thank you, Connie is a terrific cook. She’s using our island-grown spice mix. We have the most wonderful herbs here.” Jasmine said with a smile. “I mean it when I say that each bite gets better. More champagne?”

“Oh, yes, please.” Rebecca hadn’t realized she’d finished her drink. She took another bite, and just as Jasmine had suggested, it was even better. Each bite seemed to elicit a new tingle of pleasure. “Jasmine, this is wonderful. It’s like sex for your mouth!”

“Just wait until dessert!” Jasmine joked, her eyes appraising the young white girl. Becca was incredibly beautiful, with striking features, a cute nose, and piercing blue eyes. Add to that a firm, fit, athletic build, and Jasmine was getting wet just watching her. It was a pity her douchebag husband was using her as his own personal toy. He’d actually made this beautiful woman believe that she was plain, ugly almost, and that she was

unattractive to any other man. Jasmine was happy to see a flush slowly darken the girl's skin.

The pretty blonde was feeling it. She seemed to be getting horny just from being in the presence of the beautiful black woman. She couldn't help but let her gaze fall across Jasmine's large breasts, accentuated as the firelight shone through the thin material of her T-shirt. Her eyes were naturally drawn along the woman's long shapely legs. For some reason, Rebecca found herself wondering if the beautiful woman shaved her pussy. Her clit was so sensitive that any movement sent waves of pleasure through her.

The two continued to chat, eat and drink for an hour. Even though the air was cooling, the fire kept them toasty. As the evening wore on, the two became quite drunk, and Rebecca was becoming decidedly horny.

"How long have you and Ken been married?" Jasmine asked.

"Oh, about four years ago. We met in college. I was a freshman, and he had gone back to finish his MBA." Rebecca answered, slurring a little. The champagne was getting to her head, and the heat between her thighs was distracting to say the least. "I wish he was here right now." *To fuck me.*

"What did you get your degree in?" Jasmine was pretty sure she knew the answer.

"I was going for performing arts, but I dropped out when he proposed." Rebecca shifted in her seat, unaware that her dress had ridden down enough to expose a nipple in the firelight. "I wasn't pretty enough to be an actress anyway, well, maybe on stage where you were farther away from the audience. Besides, as soon as he finished his MBA, we moved to Denver for a couple of years, so I had to leave school."

"Well that's a pity." Jasmine said, smiling as she picked up the champagne bottle and took a sip from it. She handed the bottle to Rebecca, pleased to see her tilt it to her lips. "You are absolutely beautiful, Rebecca. And don't you let anyone tell you differently. You are pretty enough to be in the movies. And your body is perfect for any screen, you could even be a porn star."

Rebecca burst out laughing. Then she slid down in her chair, pulling her knees up and spreading her legs, rocking like she was being fucked. “Ugh, yeah, fuck me Johnny, fuck me!”

Jasmine quickly stood up and knelt on Rebecca’s chair. Grabbing the blonde’s legs, she started mock-fucking her, bumping her groin against the other woman’s.

“Yeah, take it, take my big black cock!” Jasmine said, pushing the blonde back so that her legs were spread wide, and their pussy’s were pressed together. “Take every inch of my big, black, fucking cock!”

Rebecca looked up at the older woman. It felt almost like she was getting fucked, like the brown skinned beauty had a cock buried in her hot pussy. Without thinking, the blonde reached up and pulled the other woman down on top of her, wrapping her legs around Jasmine’s slim waist. She kissed the other woman, grinding her pussy against her. It felt wonderful.

But then Jasmine broke the embrace, sliding back onto the ground. She looked at the blonde, obvious lust in her eyes. But instead of embracing Rebecca, she stood up.

“Wow, I didn’t expect that.” She said.

“Oh god, I’m sorry. I don’t know what came over me.” The pretty blonde said, standing up, taking the other woman’s hands. “First we were being silly, and... I don’t know what came over me.” *I can’t believe how turned on I am; I’m literally dripping wet. Oh fuck, what have I done?*

“No, no, don’t be sorry.” Jasmine smiled, squeezing the blonde’s hands. She could see just how aroused Rebecca was. The girl was almost shaking. “It was just a surprise, that’s all, a good one, I mean, I liked it, but...”

“Yeah, but. I’m not a lesbian, hell, I’m married. I guess maybe we had a little too much to drink.” She said, justifying it in her mind. “Are we OK?”

“Are we? Of course! It was just a kiss.” Jasmine said with a genuine smile. “We are totally OK. And totally drunk. And I’m going to totally go

home and go to bed.”

“Probably a good idea.” Rebecca agreed.

“Hey, yoga in the morning?” Jasmine asked.

“Love to! I’ve never done yoga before.” The blonde said brightly.

“Great. Come on down to the main house tomorrow morning.” Jasmine said with a grin. “I’ll bend you over and work your kinks out.”

“Sure, what time?”

“Dear, we’re on a beautiful tropical island in the middle of the Caribbean.” The statuesque woman said, arms outstretched. “Come any time you please.”

“I’ll be there bright and early.” Rebecca then thought about just how drunk she really was. “OK, maybe not that early.”

“Great, it’s a date.” Jasmine gave the blonde a hug. Then she paused a moment. Leaning down, she kissed the other woman. Rebecca found herself melting into the beautiful woman’s arms, kissing her back, passionately, their tongues intertwined. Finally, she broke the embrace. “I know I’m drunk, but I just had to kiss you again.”

“S’OK...” Rebecca slurred, her mind swirling with arousal, champagne, and fatigue. Her pussy ached with need, and she found her fingers touching her thigh. She watched the beautiful black woman fade into the darkness before going into the house.

Shaking with need, Rebecca went to the bathroom and pulled out the black box. Inside was a black cock. Not a real one of course, but a plastic dildo shaped like a real cock. Only this one was much larger than a real penis. It had to be half a foot long, and much thicker than Ken’s. Carrying it with her, she quickly shed her dress, and threw herself on the bed.

Immediately she started rubbing the tip of the dark phallus against her pussy. It felt huge pressed against her. She held it up to inspect it. The

heavy shaft had thick veins molded into it, and the cockhead looked fat. Rubbing it against her cheek, she couldn't help but wonder if there were actually real cocks this big. She imagined what it might feel like if it were real; the soft skin, the hot flesh, the weight against her cheek. Looking up at the shaft again, she felt the urge to put it in her mouth, just to see if it would fit. She slowly lowered it to her lips, opening her mouth to suck on as much of the shaft as she could. After an initial moment where she felt like she may gag, she was surprised to discover that she could actually swallow most of the length.

Now that the toy was coated in her spit, she placed it against her wet pussy, slowly pushing it against her. Looking down between her thighs she was amazed at how large the toy looked. She couldn't help but rub herself against the fat cockhead as she slowly worked it between her wet pussy lips. It felt too big, but that just made her want it even more. Finally, whimpering with need, she felt the big black cock push past her opening, filling her tight little pussy. In moments, she was moaning with pleasure as she rocked her hips, working the huge dildo deep into her pussy. It only took a moment to push every inch of the toy deep inside, until the molded balls touched her asshole. A few moments later she came. The toy brought her to a huge orgasm, all the sexual tension of the evening bursting forth in her gasping cries of pleasure.

As soon as her orgasm was done, the size of the black cock filling her tight pussy drove her to fuck herself more. She couldn't resist it, pulling it out, sliding it back in as fast as she could. It only took another minute before she was writhing on the bed as another orgasm took her.

She came three more times in five minutes before passing out, the black cock still filling her pussy.



## How Far Can I Push You

Rebecca groaned as she awoke, her head pounding, her mouth dry. How much champagne had she had last night? Her head told her that she must have drunk about a dozen bottles. Rolling over, she felt something between her thighs. Reaching down, she pulled up the black cock-shaped dildo that had driven her to orgasmic abandon last night. She looked at it, the long thick shaft, the fat cockhead, and shivered in pleasurable remembrance. She held it to her cheek, the silicone warmed by being pressed between her thighs all night. She closed her eyes, surprised at how soothing the huge toy felt as she rubbed it against her cheek. *I need to take this bad boy home with me.* She thought to herself as she pressed the cock against her lips to give it a loving kiss.

She looked over at the bedside clock to discover that it was ten in the morning. She had way overslept! Maybe it was the time difference, three hours from her Los Angeles home. She jumped out of bed, needing suddenly to pee. *Ouch! Or maybe it's that I got shitfaced last night and am painfully hung over.*

The pretty blonde grabbed a quick shower, dried, brushed her teeth, and pulled her long hair up into a high ponytail. Grabbing her tight running shorts and a tank top, she slipped them onto her firm muscular form, then pulled on a pair of baggy sweatpants before running out the door to meet Jasmine.

*Oh fuck.* She thought, suddenly remembering their passionate kiss. *Is she going to be mad at me? I kissed her like I kiss Ken, or maybe she's mad that I stopped kissing her? I hope I didn't get Ken into trouble, he'll kill me!*

She walked quickly around the beach side of the house. Clearing the thick green plants that served as a border, she realized just how huge the main house was. There was a large patio adjoining a kitchen, at the far side must be a bedroom. It followed the same general layout as her guest house, only massively larger. In the middle, opening up onto the beach was a large version of their patio, with seating for probably fifty guests. Behind

that were a huge living room on one side, and what appeared to be a gym beside it. Figuring that Jasmine must be in the gym, with a body like hers she must live in the gym, Rebecca headed in that direction. She stepped up onto the patio, and was just at the huge, open sliding doors when she heard Jasmine.

“Good morning, sleepy head!”

Rebecca turned to see Jasmine seated on the floor of a small clearing in the foliage, shaded, that opened out into a view of the beach through a frame of green succulents and palms. It was beautiful, and so was Jasmine. The beautiful black woman was dressed only in a bikini that showed off her perfectly toned body and her large breasts. Her long hair was pulled back and tied low on her dreadlocks. Her eyes were heavy looking, and she had a broad grin on her full lips as she stood to embrace the young white wife.

“Shush! Not so loud, my head hurts.” Rebecca whispered, embracing the other woman’s warm skin. She looked down at the large brown globed pressed against hers.

“Come then, let’s get you fixed up.” Jasmine said, putting her arm around the smaller woman, and leading her to the small clearing. Rebecca was seated on a small matt. Between them was a teapot and two cups, and a bowl with some cut fruit. An engraved wooden incense burner off to the side produced a light grey haze of smoke. “You might want to lean over the smudge pot and breathe deeply. I guarantee it’ll knock that hangover right out.”

“It smells like the Kali...” Rebecca said after taking an exploratory sniff. It smelled really nice. She inhaled deeply, enjoying the pleasant sensation.

“Yes, it is. We use the flower for many things.” Jasmine said calmly. “It’s even in the tea. I use it every day.”

Rebecca inhaled again, this time holding the smoke in. She felt her headache evaporate like a weight being lifted from her head. She felt herself calm down after the frantic rush to get up and over here. She felt a smile creep onto her lips. Looking back up, she found Jasmine holding out a

cup of tea for her. She looked at the beautiful black woman; her dark brown eyes, elegant nose, full red lips. Then her eyes wandered down, taking in the woman's beautiful large breasts, and the turgid nipples poking against the electric blue bikini. She wondered how the woman kept such a perfect stomach, flat, firm, and still managed to have full hips and thighs without any fat.

She gratefully took the tea and brought it to her lips. It was a bright mix of tea, citrus, and the Kali flower, making it a relaxing, yet invigorating drink. She smiled, staring into Jasmine's deep dark eyes. She felt completely content.

"Better?" Jasmine asked, having a sip of the tea as well.

"So much better, thank you." Rebecca answered slowly. She sat and stared for another minute, hypnotized by the beautiful woman. She thought about last night. About the woman's firm body, her pussy pressed against her own, her kiss. "I'm sorry."

"For what?" Jasmine asked with a smile.

"Well, last night. I guess I got a little carried away." Becca said with a blush. Despite apologizing, she felt a warmth building between her thighs. "I'm not like that, I mean, I liked it, but I'm straight. I was so drunk."

"No need to apologize. I was pretty drunk too last night, and you looked so beautiful, so sexy, I just couldn't resist." Jasmine said, her eyes flashing briefly at the memory. "I love men, but I'm definitely BI, especially when I've been drinking. And you are so beautiful. I should have been more careful."

"No hard feelings?" Rebecca asked hopefully, unconsciously inhaling the smoke.

"None. Now let's not worry about it another moment." Jasmine said with a smile. "Shall we get started?"

Rebecca raised her face from the smoke pot. It smelled so good, and just seemed to make her feel wonderful. She stared at her shapely hostess

for a moment. *I wonder what it would be like to have sex with her? Ken would never approve.*

“Hm[GP1] mm? Oh, right, yes.” Her mind seemed to be miles away. But the thought of a good stretching felt very appealing. She watched at Jasmine stood up, stretching, arching her back, her large breasts pushing upward, and her full ass looking amazing in the bikini.

She stood up and stretched as well, feeling her nipples harden as she did. She slowly pulled her sweatpants off, unaware that Jasmine was admiring her figure as she did.

They moved over to the mats in the large workout room. Jasmine showed Rebecca the basic poses, stretching her legs, her back, her abdomen. With every stretch the fit blonde felt her body react, the pleasurable pull of her tight muscles as she bent farther and farther. Jasmine guided her through the whole thing, showing off incredible flexibility herself, with a firm yet gentle hand. Pushing, supporting, touching. By the time they were ready to take a break Rebecca’s body was tingling with pleasure, aroused. If the blonde had thought yoga would make her feel this way, she would have taken it up years ago. It was almost as good as sex.

“You did wonderful!” Jasmine said, guiding the petite woman over to the side of the studio. There, waiting for them, was a pitcher of juice, a couple of towels, some cushions, and a smudge pot similar to the one in the clearing. “Your body is so responsive, so fit, so beautiful. Here, sit like this.”

Rebecca glowed with the compliment, it just made her body feel even more wonderful. She watched as Jasmine sat down, crossed her legs, and pulled one leg up over the other. She tried to copy the flexible black woman, all the while admiring her body, but she couldn’t quite figure out how to get her leg up over the other without falling over.

“Here, let me help you.” Jasmine reached over and took Rebecca’s foot, and put her other hand high up on her inner thigh. She gave a slight push, Rebecca felt a sudden rush of pleasure shoot through her. Before she

knew it, her foot was up over her other knee, and she was in the lotus position. The stretch in her muscular thighs felt good. There was a tension growing between her legs that made her clit tingle.

In fact, Rebecca felt a definite tension growing, a sexual tension. The pressure from her locked legs was making her pussy wet, and her clit hard. She licked her lips, looking at the black woman's large breasts as she leaned forward to pour the juice. She was unaware when Jasmine sat up and held out a glass for her. She continued to stare at her breasts.

"Here you go, Becca." Jasmine said finally, smiling as she saw that her slow seduction was working. The pretty blonde would do magnificently. She looked absolutely beautiful sitting there, perky breasts slightly visible in the tank top, her big blue eyes gazing distractedly at her own breasts. Finally, the hot wife looked up, realizing that Jasmine was holding a drink out for her. "Drink up, and we'll meditate for a little while before moving on to the next part."

"Thank you." She said, slowly coming back to reality. She took a sip of the juice, some sort of pineapple and orange mix, and took a deep breath. The sexual tension was still slowly gaining. She licked her lips while she watched Jasmine place the smudge pot between them. She lit the pot with a long match.

A few moments later, the pot started to smoke. Jasmine leaned forward and took Rebecca's empty glass, brushing her cheek against hers. She sat back down in her lotus position, arms at her sides, breasts standing firm. Rebecca tried to copy her. She started to smell the spicy scent of the Kali flower as the smoke slowly encircled her.

"Not quite Becca." The busty woman said with a smile. "Let me show you."

The statuesque beauty crawled behind Rebecca on her hands and knees. Rebecca nervously tried to see where she had gone without actually turning her head. Why was she nervous? Then she felt the other woman touch her.

“OK, shoulders back...” Jasmine whispered in Rebecca’s ear, pressing her large breasts against the other woman’s back. Becca could feel the firm mounds against her shoulder blades. She felt the other woman gently pull her shoulder’s back against her, and felt her warm breath against her neck. Then the older woman slowly slid her hands down, gently brushing the sides of her breasts. The blonde sucked in a brief gasp of breath, and felt her nipples harden at the gentle touch. She felt the other woman’s hands just under her breast, finger’s just touching the bottom, as she angled her chest just right.

“There, nice and straight, proud, you’re doing very well.” Jasmine purred. Rebecca felt herself glow with pride at the compliment. She felt a slight thrill run up her back as the woman’s warm touch slid down her taut stomach, and onto her hips. “There, now tilt your pelvis a little, push your butt back against me.”

Rebecca shifted, rotating her hips, pushing her firm ass back against Jasmine’s firm thighs. It felt so good pressed against her like this. *If only she had a cock between those legs. I wouldn’t be able to say no as she fucked me like this, hard, banging on my ass.*

“God, you are so tense. Here...” Jasmine’s hands slid lower, her fingers just on either side of Rebecca’s increasingly aroused mound, her fingers gently probing, pushing, until Rebecca felt her hips move into the right position. She felt a rush of sexual warmth as the tension seemed to flow through her, rather than in the one place. She couldn’t help but inhale deeply in reaction. “There, how is that.”

“Good... oh god it’s good...” Rebecca moaned, her body alive with a tingling arousal. But as she inhaled the smoke she also felt herself drift on a sea of calm erotic pleasure. She opened her eyes again to see Jasmine repositioning herself across from her.

“You are so tense. Close your eyes and inhale deeply.” The pretty black woman closed her eyes and breathed in. The blonde couldn’t help but watch her large brown breasts rise. Jasmine continued, her eyes closed. “I don’t know where your tension is coming from, Becca. I hope you

don't mind me asking, but are you being satisfied by Ken? You know, in bed?"

"Oh, of course." Rebecca said automatically. "He fucks me almost every day. He's a very good lover."

"So he gets you off then?" Jasmine pressed. She already knew the answer; she knew the type man the beautiful blonde's husband was. "He makes you cum, right?"

"Yes, well, no, of course not." Rebecca opened her eyes, not quite understanding. "But he's a great lover. I just have to finish myself off. I mean, you know, almost no woman can orgasm from intercourse."

"Really... Hmm..." Jasmine pretended to consider what her new friend was saying. "Well, you must be ready to explode with all that pent-up sexual tension. I don't know how you do it."

"Marcus makes you cum when you have sex?" Rebecca asked, trying to understand.

"Every. Single. Time." Jasmine said, a smile across her lips. "Many times in fact. When he's done with me, I don't even know my own name."

"Wow..." Rebecca stared at the beautiful black woman. *What does he do? How can that even be possible? Ken told me that it's rare to cum from intercourse.*

"Don't worry, Becca. We'll get you loosened up. I think your unfulfilled tension is getting in your way." Jasmine said with a grin, opening her eyes to look at the other woman. She was pleased to see that Rebecca's blue eyes were glassy and her eyelids heavy. "Yoga and the beach today, then a massage tomorrow. You'll be a whole new woman."

The two women returned to their meditation, inhaling the smoke, slowly becoming stoned and aroused. Rebecca hoped Jasmine didn't notice the wet spot forming on her skin tight shorts, or her hard clit poking against the fabric. She inhaled deeply again, feeling her cares evaporate, her consciousness drift on a cloud of pleasure.

When she opened her eyes, she found Jasmine's brown eyes looking into hers.

"Where did you go?" She asked the younger woman. "You were deep, excellent meditation, especially for a first-timer. Let's continue."

Jasmine stood up, and Rebecca found herself staring at the other woman's pussy, a slight camel-toe visible under the tight bikini, an enticing feminine scent. She looked up and took the strong black woman's proffered hands and stood up to face her. She still felt like she was drifting in a dream.

"OK, come on over here, and let's see how far I can bend you." Jasmine said, leading the other woman into the center of the room. "Feet shoulder-width apart, and bend over as far as you can."

Rebecca complied, putting her feet slightly apart and bending over. Jasmine took a moment to admire the younger woman's perfectly fit ass. The shorts pulled tight between the blonde's firm buttocks, outlining her pussy. Jasmine was pleased to see a dark spot around the girl's pussy. She was wet, horny, and almost there.

Rebecca was aware too as the material pressed against her sensitive clit. And the more she bent over, the more the tight shorts rubbed against her asshole. She could feel herself becoming horny, but couldn't stop stretching. It felt too good. She almost moaned out loud when Jasmine pressed up behind her, leaning over her, pushing herself against Rebecca's ass. *God, I wish you had a cock right now. I'm so horny.* She couldn't stop herself from pressing back against the woman.

"That's it, press, feel the tightness." Jasmine instructed as she ran her hand up the blonde's tight thigh, over her ass. It felt so good. "OK, good, now on your hands and knees."

The blonde complied, stretching, her whole body tingling. It was strange to feel so aroused while working out. But her mind felt so free, like her runner's high, that she was happy to just enjoy the sensation. The voice and the touch of the beautiful black woman only served to enthrall her more.

“OK, now pull your knees forward and apart, put your cheek on the floor, and your hands behind your back.” Jasmine commanded, watching in satisfaction as the blonde immediately complied. She admired the young woman’s muscular back and tight ass as she lowered herself, legs spread and pulled forward, ass out, just ready to be bred. “Beautiful... Here, let me help you.”

Rebecca shivered as she felt the dominant black woman kneel behind her, running her hand over her ass, her fingers grazing her pussy. Jasmine lined herself up behind the blonde, pushing her pelvis against the woman’s firm ass. Using both hands on the small of Rebecca’s back, Jasmine forced the young wife lower, spreading her legs wider, pressing herself against the nubile woman. It felt so good, so sexy, pressed down that way, the beautiful black woman pushing against her pussy and ass. She couldn’t help but gasp when Jasmine pushed her even lower. Her thighs started to quiver from the stress.

“That’s it, feel the tension, let it come to the surface.” Jasmine instructed, almost hypnotically. Rebecca found herself slowly grinding against the other woman. The closeness was irresistibly erotic. She became aware that her breathing was getting deeper, faster, she wanted a cock so badly. Then all of a sudden, the pressure relented. “OK, now flip over onto your back.”

*No! Keep doing that!* The young wife wanted to cry out. Her head was spinning with pleasure, her pussy wet, her body trembling. But she obeyed her partner and rolled over, her ankles crossed, thighs pressed together. She looked up at her partner with glazed eyes.

“You can feel the tension still there, can’t you?” Jasmine asked, gently running a hand up the outside of her thighs. Rebecca couldn’t help but press her legs tightly together, her clit tingling, begging to be touched, demanding stimulation. She smiled, seeing that the perky blonde was staring at her, mouth slightly open, panting with desire. She leaned forward, hands on either side of Becca’s slim hips, knowing that the young white woman was staring at her breasts. She slowly dragged her hands from Rebecca’s hips, around between her legs, pressing her thumbs at the

sensitive upper thigh. "It's right here, feel it? We need to stretch your legs out and take care of this unresolved tension."

Rebecca's breath caught in her throat as she let Jasmine lift her legs until they were perpendicular to her body. She was unable to take her eyes off the beautiful woman controlling her. She was aware of how wet her pussy was, watching the statuesque black woman move closer, her body touching hers.

Jasmine pressed herself against the white woman's tight ass, and slowly started to spread the young woman's fit thighs. She watched Rebecca's pretty face as she did, the look of intense arousal, desire, helplessness, and acceptance. The blonde whimpered with desire as Jasmine pressed her legs apart until they were almost flat, legs straight, toes pointed out. Rebecca started to shake. Jasmine looked down between the blonde's shapely thighs to see a dark spot where her wet pussy was, and her hard clit, clearly defined through the tight cotton of her shorts. The blonde licked her lips.

"You have such a beautiful body, Becca." Jasmine teased, gently running her hands back and forth along the pretty wife's thighs. Rebecca whimpered again, her entire body shaking. "Poor girl, you look like you're ready to explode. Would you like me to help you relieve all this tension?"

Rebecca closed her eyes, swallowing heavily, trying to catch her breath. Her whole body shook with need, with sexual tension needing release. She had no idea she was carrying this around with her. It was Jasmine that showed her, that brought it out, that would release her. "Please..."

Jasmine smiled and slowly brought her hands along the blonde's quivering thighs until they were over the girl's pussy. Pressing the fingers of one hand against Rebecca's wet opening, she slowly started to rotate the fingers of the other hand over her engorged clit.

Rebecca's eyes turned up and an unintelligible guttural moan came from her open mouth. The blonde reached for her full breasts, holding them, pinching her nipples while her whole body began to convulse at the

touch of the experienced black woman. As she adjusted to her touch, Rebecca was able to focus. Specifically, she was focused on her clit, and the well-manicured fingers currently teasing it, driving her crazy.

“Oh... god... please... make...” Becca started to beg in between gasps. Her entire body was on fire, centered around her pussy, and the beautiful woman’s expert touch. “P-please... make... make... make me... c-cum...”

Jasmine smiled wickedly, fixing the young blonde with her brown eyes. She saw the desperation in her glassy gaze. She stopped her rhythmic stimulation of the engorged button. Then she tapped the beautiful girl’s clit with her finger, once.

Tap. Rebecca rolled her eyes up as her whole body jerked. She licked her lips.

Tap. She let out loud groan of ecstasy, breathing hard. Her whole body shaking uncontrollably.

Tap. “Oh god yes...” She shrieked, pinching her nipples.

Tap. Jasmine held her finger tight against the athletic girl as she started to buck, her shorts quickly darkening as the sexy blonde had her first squirting orgasm. Rebecca thrust her pussy against Jasmine and her body twisted, completely overwhelmed by the most powerful orgasm she’d ever experienced wracked her body. Finally, the young wife had her arms beside her, steadying her, while she thrust her pussy toward the beautiful black woman.

Jasmine finally pushed forward, pressing herself between the blonde’s shaking thighs, pinning her to the floor, and kissed the pretty young woman. Rebecca responded passionately, putting her arms around Jasmine’s strong shoulders, kissing her hard. The hot and horny wife pressed her pussy against the other woman, wishing that Jasmine had a big black cock like the dildo she gave her.

“I wish you could fuck me.” She whispered, groaning, as she rubbed her wet pussy against Jasmine’s firm full thigh.

“Oh, I’m going to fuck you all right.” Jasmine replied, her eyes heavy with desire.

Showing a surprising strength, Jasmine grabbed Rebecca’s shorts. And, piercing the thin cloth with her long red nail, tore them from her firm flesh, revealing Rebecca’s shaved pussy. The experienced bisexual woman held Rebecca’s legs spread and lowered her lips to the white girl’s erect clit. Putting her lips around it, she sucked, teasing the hard nub with her tongue.

“Oh fuck!” Rebecca gasped, arching her back, trying to steady herself with her arms to her sides. She’d never felt a tongue on her pussy before. It was amazing! She never imagined anything could feel this good. It only took a minute or so before she was shaking again. And as Jasmine’s tongue flicked over her hard clit, Rebecca came, her pussy gushing into the sexy black beauty’s mouth. She came so hard that she lost all sense of time and place, she was nothing but a body writhing in ecstasy at the touch of another woman.

Becca had barely recovered her senses when Jasmine straddled her one thigh and, holding her other thigh in her arms, started rubbing their wet pussies together. The statuesque Jasmine was definitely in control, expertly riding the pretty blonde, their combined wetness making both bodies slide perfectly. It didn’t take long before Jasmine’s caramel brown skin glowed with sexual excitement and exertion.

Jasmine began to bear down, growling with need, her rhythm losing focus until, with a cry of bliss, she came. Her thighs shook while she held her pussy against Rebecca’s, a huge smile crossing her exquisite features. Letting go of Rebecca’s shaking thigh, she cupped her breasts and giggled with pleasure. She looked down at her pretty white conquest with predatory eyes.

Becca looked up at the incredibly sexy woman adoringly. *Oh please, fuck me more, do it again.* She thought. “More... please... Oh god I want you so much!”

Jasmine climbed off of the defenseless girl, and lined her up as if she was going to fuck her with her cock. Rebecca's muscles moved softly below her light colored skin as she writhed against the other woman. The dominant black woman slowly pushed Rebecca's firm thighs up, spreading the woman's legs. When Ken did this, it meant he was ready to fuck her.

When Becca's legs were pushed back by her shoulders, Jasmine straddled her. The blonde watched, her pussy level with her view, her hard clit crowning it, as the other woman lowered her pussy to touch it. One gentle touch sent a warm wave of pleasure through her. The blonde squirmed, wanting more. But Jasmine lifted herself just out of reach.

Rebecca could see a slim strand of lubricant stretching between the two. Both pussies were slick and wet, both clits engorged and erect. She could see that Jasmine's was definitely larger, looking like the end of a pinky poking out from under its dark hood. She gasped when the other woman slowly lowered herself so their firm nubs rubbed against each other.

"Oh fuck yeah! oh god! Oh god! Fuck me with your clit! Fuck me!" Rebecca cried out in unbridled passion. She began to keel in excitement as Jasmine started to fuck her, rubbing their hard clits together. The shapely black woman bore down, rubbing her pussy hard against the prone woman.

"Oh fuck... give it to me... give it to me...give it to me...please... please...please..." The blonde begged, gasping for breath, completely at the control of the dominant black woman whose pussy felt better than her husband's cock ever had. "Oh god I'm going to cum... oh god..."

The pretty blonde laid her head back and sobbed with pleasure, awash in orgasmic ecstasy. Her body shook and her legs jerked, unable to control herself. Her dark skinned lover was getting close, watching the perky wife cumming. She intensified her rubbing, her eyes closed, her mouth open as a slow moan started deep in her throat. The moan quickly turned into a cry of bliss.

“Oh yes! Of fuck yes!” Jasmine cried as she came, her fingers flying to her erect clit, her pussy spraying on Rebecca’s. She used her other hand to steady herself, her shaking legs threatening to give up. As her orgasm subsided, she smiled broadly, rubbing her pussy, then sliding her hand over the fit blonde’s, causing her to moan and writhe with pleasure.

The statuesque older woman slowly lowered herself beside the white girl, stroking Becca’s nearly perfect body from pussy to lips, letting the blonde taste their combined juices. Rebecca looked up at her new lover, eyes glazed, adoring, unaware that the Kali smoke they’d been inhaling for the past two hours was actually making them both stoned, and horny.

“That was amazing.” Rebecca said, so overwhelmed that she was almost crying. “I don’t know what to say.”

“Don’t say anything, just enjoy it.” Jasmine kissed the other woman. “I’m going to open a whole new world for you.”

But Jasmine was well aware of the effects of the Sinsemilla Diablo plant, nicknamed the Devil’s Weed. She enjoyed it every day, but today, more so than usual. The beautiful blonde wife would make a perfect sexual pet for her and her husband. Marcus would be very pleased. And Rebecca’s douchebag of a husband was going to pay for abusing and oppressing his sexy wife.



## Miles High

“Hey, Ken, thanks for redoing that presentation.” Marcus said, raising a glass of twelve-year-old scotch to his employee. They were seated in the buttery smooth leather of the private jet Finney used to take them to the island. “I know you worked all night on it, it’s a shame they cancelled at the last minute.”

Ken stared back at his boss blearily. He had been working his ass off for the past three days, and he was exhausted. Special presentations for two clients, and both cancelled. *I’d better get bonus fucking commission when I land those assholes.*

“You’ve really impressed me with your work ethic, Ken. Cheers.” The handsome black man tipped his glass to his colleague. “I know we’ll arrive too late to enjoy today, but once we get done tomorrow morning we should be clear to relax. Maybe we can add a day or two on the end.”

“That’d be cool, boss.” Ken slurred, having lost count of how many drinks he’d had.

“In fact, why don’t we relax a little before we get there.” He said, showing a toothy grin as he pulled out a silver cigarette case. He noted how the salesman’s tired eyes followed the shiny item. He popped open the case and pulled out a long thick joint. He waited for Ken to realize what it was, then held it forward. “Do you?”

Ken stared at it for another moment before realizing what his boss was asking. *Typical. He must be just another island pot-head who ran into some money. Figures.* “Hey, yeah, sure. I, you know, hit it every now and then.”

“Good.” *I bet he hasn’t hit it since college, and that he was always the dopey white boy asleep in the corner.* Marcus thought as he lit the joint. He inhaled deeply and handed it to Ken. He watched him take a clumsy hit off the brown rolled blunt. As expected, he dissolved into a coughing fit.

Marcus calmly blew out a puff of smoke and patted the smaller man on the back. "Easy there Chong, it's strong stuff."

"Yeah, no problem. I got this." Ken dismissed his boss. He steeled himself and took a smaller hit, doing his best to hold it in. He passed it back to Finney, unable to believe how big a hit the large black man was able to take. *I guess he was fucking raised on the stuff.* He thought to himself as he felt the weed start to warm his head, making it feel like his hair was standing on end. Strangely, he also felt his cock start to rise up.

By the time the two men finished the joint, Ken was completely stoned. He just sort of sat there, staring at the back of the plane, not quite able to form words. He just sat there, happy, horny, his cock rock hard. It felt better when he touched it.

"Ken..." Finney's powerful voice broke through his stupor. He looked up at the handsome black face. "Maybe you want to hit the bathroom to do that?"

Ken slowly looked down to see that he was rubbing his erection through his slacks. *Oh shit. Fuck. Fuck I'm stoned.* He looked back up at Finney to see that he was obviously amused. He must be just as stoned. *Oh shit, he's still looking at me. Fuck, right.* He mumbled something and slowly stood up, staying stooped over to hide his hard-on, and shuffled towards the back.

"Ah, Ken?" Baner stopped to look at his boss. Finney pointed to the front of the front of the plane. "Bathroom's that way. That's my office back there."

"Huh? Oh, right." He said, slowly rotating and heading the other direction. As he entered the small washroom he glanced back to see the young flight attendant accompanying the tall black man into his office. *Niggers and weed, always get the fucking chicks.*

But he had an itch that needed scratching. Closing the door, he turned around in the small bathroom and looked at himself in the mirror. He stared at his red eyes for a moment, then looked down at the small tent in the front of his dress slacks. He giggled as he pulled his hard cock out,

immediately stroking it. Within seconds he was groaning, his cock quickly shooting its load onto the sink. He slowly continued rubbing his cock, spreading the remaining drool of his cum along his shaft. But as much as he wanted to jerk off more, his penis had other ideas. But he still continued to pull on it in hopes of a divine resurrection.

Eventually, he'd kind of lost track of time, his cock started to harden again. Almost as soon as it did, he couldn't stifle the groan that came from him as his cock dribbled its load pitifully over his fingers. Still, he couldn't stop jerking off until his penis was completely flaccid. He slowly washed his hands, and cleaned up the tiny bathroom sink. He opened the door and stepped out. Finney, seated in his first-class leather seat, had a grin on his face. Behind him, the pretty young attendant was slipping out of the door to the office, closing it behind her. She turned around and stood straight, waiting for Baner to sit down. She had a glazed, far-away look in her eyes, and a smile on her red lips. She seemed to have trouble navigating the aircraft, swaying slightly as she went.

"I hope you're feeling better, Ken. You've been in there for almost an hour." Finney said warmly. *I knew this frat boy reject couldn't hold his herb.* "Maybe you better go easy on the smoke. It's not a competition. Some guys just can't keep up. Otherwise I may have to start calling you Boner."



## Beach Boner Bingo

Jasmine appeared at the door to the guest house to collect Rebecca. The shapely black woman was dressed only in the tiniest of string bikini on the bottom, and a loose open tank-top barely covering her large, firm breasts. A small brown V of fabric covered her pussy, with the thin strings pulled up and over her full hips, accentuating the line of her firm abdomen. Her brown skin glistened luxuriously with oil.

Rebecca immediately embraced the other woman, hugging her tight, kissing her passionately. The perky blonde was dressed in a utilitarian one-piece bathing blue suite. Jasmine looked the sexy young wife up and down, shaking her head and clucking her tongue.

“Oh my, that is one ugly bathing suit.” Jasmine finally said. “We have got to do better than that.”

“What’s wrong with it?” Rebecca asked. “It fit’s fine, and it’s the same one the Olympic team wears.”

“My dear, I’m sure it’s wonderful for racing, but it’s terrible for sitting on the beach by the ocean.” Jasmine chuckled. She spread her arms wide, posing for the petite blonde. “Could you imagine me wearing something like that?”

The young blonde housewife looked at the shapely black woman. She looked like an amazon to Rebecca. She stared at Jasmine’s slim ankles and shapely calves, her full firm thighs, clearly well-muscled but smooth. Her torso was slim and firm, topped by her large, firm, perfectly shaped breasts. Even her shoulders were sexy, and well worked. Her face was beautifully shaped, a slim jawline, delicately wide nose, high cheekbones, and large, dark, almond shaped eyes. She was perfect.

“Yes, but I’m not you. You’re beautiful. I’m just, you know...”  
Rebecca’s shoulders slumped as she turned around, looking defeated.

“What are you talking about?”

“I’m not sexy.” She admitted. “I just don’t have the body to pull it off.”

“Were you not in the room earlier? With me? Being fucked by me?” Jasmine said incredulously. *Her husband has certainly done a number on her pretty little head.* She took the young woman by the hand. “I don’t eat ugly pussy. Come with me.”

Jasmine led Rebecca into the bedroom and stood her in front of the mirror. She quickly pulled the shoulders of the bathing suit down and stripped the blonde.

“Now tell me what is wrong with you while I put on some sun oil. White girl like you will burn to a crisp.” Jasmine poured some warm oil along Rebecca’s neck and shoulders, letting it slowly drip down her back. She ran her hands down the young woman’s shoulders and sides, spreading the oil, making the young woman’s skin glow. “You are so beautiful, you could be a model, or a movie star. The way you cum, you should be a porn star!”

“Well...” Rebecca thought for a moment. *God, that oil feels good. Is she going to fuck me again?* She’d just always believed that she was an ugly duckling, plain, skinny. But standing here beside such a beautiful woman, she didn’t look so bad. In fact, she kind of thought she might look... good. “I don’t like my nose.”

“You have what is known as a perky nose. It’s cute, small, turns up ever so slightly. It fits perfectly with your pretty cheeks, firm chin, and beautiful wide mouth. Women spends hundreds of thousands of dollars to have a face like yours.” Jasmine leaned forward and kissed her cheek, working down to her neck. Rebecca moaned and closed her eyes in pleasure, tilting her head to give the other woman better access. “Next?”

“My boobs were so bad I had to get them fixed.” She said, remembering how bad she felt about them at the time. She was glad Ken had convinced her to get them enlarged. “They’re only a C-cup, they’re still small.”

“On me they would be plenty large. What size are you? A one?” Jasmine said, filling her hands with the pale warm flesh, working the oil into the hardening nipples. She would not be able to tell they had implants.

“Zero.”

“I hate you.” Jasmine giggled, teasing the blonde’s nipples further, making them rock hard. Rebecca gasped in pleasure when she pinched them. “You are a very petite woman, Becca, size zero, you’re about five-two. Relatively speaking, you have big breasts, as big as mine. But yours are perfectly perky! Who cares if you had a little help, they look amazing. I bet they were just as perfect before. Who said you needed your boobs done?”

“Well, Ken thought they...”

“Well, I can tell you, he was wrong.” Jasmine cut her off. Rebecca was breathing heavy, she loved having her breasts caressed, especially her nipples pulled. “I could play with these all day.”

“OK.” Becca moaned, pressing her ass back against the tall black woman.

“What else?” She said, adding oil and moving her hands slowly down the pretty young wife’s firm torso.

“Well, I’m too skinny.” She offered.

“You have the stomach of an athlete, firm, slim, not too muscular.” Jasmine slid her hands over Rebecca’s torso, slowly working her way lower. “You fit perfectly into anything. Dress, shorts, bikini, or nothing at all, you look amazing in it.”

Rebecca groaned, the black woman’s hands working their magic. Whatever body part she mentioned, Jasmine would work her well-oiled hands over, making Becca tingle with pleasure. “OK, well my ass is fat.”

Jasmine worked her hands over Rebecca’s firm round ass. The blonde’s daily running routine, and an incalculable number of squats gave

her a high, round, tight ass, one that made other girls jealous. “OK, now you’re just fucking with me. You have an ass you could bounce a quarter off, I’m jealous, and I have natural black booty. You just want me to rub oil on your sweet little ass.”

“Mm-hmm.” Jasmine moaned, her eyes closed. She gasped when she felt Jasmine’s oil-slick hands slide between her firm ass cheeks. She let out a little whimper when the other woman’s finger started to rub her tight pink asshole. Rebecca couldn’t resist arching her back, jutting out her ass, and pushing against the woman’s insistent touch.

“Oh... oh... god, I... I never...” Rebecca tried to talk, the intense pleasure emanating from her ass was quickly overwhelming her. She felt her legs start to shake, and a strange lilting moan come from her lips. The pretty blonde felt the overwhelming need to orgasm wash over her. “Ohh... Jasmine... god... you’re... fuck... make me cum... cum... please... fuck... Oh god!”

Jasmine easily slid her finger into Rebecca’s tight asshole, driving the hot wife over the edge, making her cum with a sob of ecstasy. The experienced bisexual fucked the inexperienced blonde’s asshole to two quick consecutive orgasms before letting the young wife recover. She held Rebecca close, the athletic girl’s ass pushed against her, and she reached around to gently finger the other woman’s erect clit.

“You have a beautiful clit.” Jasmine slowly rubbed it, keeping the young wife aroused. “And I know you have a beautiful pussy. It’s tight, and pretty. So don’t even go there or we’ll never make the beach.”

“OK, we can just keep doing this all day.” Rebecca said, her eyes heavy with lust. She reached behind her and ran her hands over Jasmine’s ass, pulling the woman closer. “I’ve never had sex like this before, I’ve never cum like this. You’re amazing.”

“You’re doing it, Becca, I’m just guiding you. You had it in you all the time.” Jasmine purred, slowly bringing the blonde back down to earth. “So what else is wrong with you?”

“Well...” Rebecca said with a longing sigh. She flexed her thighs, making the firm muscles stand out. “I have fat thighs.”

“Don’t say that out loud in a room full of women or you’ll never make it out alive.” Jasmine laughed. “You have wonderfully athletic legs. Stop flexing, see? Legs of a model, no fat, no jiggle, perfect. And while we’re at it, your calves aren’t too big, and your feet are fine. And now you’re oiled, so let me pick out a bikini for you so we can show off your tone body while you get a little tan!”

Jasmine slapped Rebecca on the ass, and walked over to a drawer. “I know I have a couple in here that will fit you... There! Perfect!” The beautiful black woman pulled out a handful of colorful material and walked back over to the pretty blonde. “Close your eyes, let me put this on you.”

Rebecca did as she was told, closing her eyes, standing feet shoulder width apart, and holding her arms out at the side. She looked like a hypnotized Barbie doll. Jasmine had a naughty fantasy pass through her mind to that effect as she dressed the young woman.

“OK, open your eyes.” Jasmine said.

Rebecca opened her eyes and looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. She had been dressed in a very tiny bikini, almost embarrassingly revealing. The bright pink bottoms were tiny, slightly thicker than the string bikini Jasmine sported. On top, a matching bright pink top, thin straps, and cups that pushed her breasts up to make the most of her already impressive cleavage. It all worked together to show off her body in a most impressive way. For probably the first time in her life, Rebecca really felt sexy, desirable, beautiful, and hot.

“Oh Jasmine! It’s amazing!” She threw her arms around the taller black woman and kissed her. The friendly kiss quickly morphed into a passionate kiss, eliciting moans of pleasure from both women. “You’re amazing, and fucking hot too. Did you turn me into a lesbian?”

I don’t think so. Let’s try an experiment...” Jasmine reached over and pulled out the six-inch long black dildo. She held it to her lips and slid the entire length into her mouth, her thick lips sliding along the shaft. Pulling

the wet black phallus from her mouth, she held it towards the pretty young wife. Without thinking, the blonde leaned forward and drew the slick black cock into her mouth, sucking on it. “Nope, you still love cock. I just opened up your bi-side. It’s been my experience that a lot of women are actually bisexual in nature.”

“Oh good, I mean, I like the feeling of a hard cock fucking me. And, I don’t know what I’d tell him.” Becca said, eyeing the slick black appendage in Jasmine’s long graceful fingers. She wished that real cocks were that big. “Do you think he’ll mind if I like girls too?”

“Oh Becca, I have a hunch he’ll learn to love it.” Jasmine answered with a nasty grin. *I’m not sure how he’ll feel about all the rest of the stuff I’m going to do to you.*

Jasmine put the black cock back into its box. Dropped her sunglasses over her eyes, and took Rebecca by the hand and led her out to a lovely open spot on the beach with two lounge chairs, and a table with a pitcher of some frosty beverage, and two glasses. Their seating area was shaded by a stand of large palm trees rising into the blue Caribbean sky. Jasmine poured them each a cool glass of tropical punch, laced with a healthy dose of local rum. They sat down and toasted one another.

“Oh, this is so beautiful.” Rebecca said, enjoying the warm glow the punch was giving her. She looked over to see Jasmine pulling off her loose fitting tank top to expose her full round breasts to the sun. She was entranced as the gorgeous woman’s nipples hardened in the mild ocean breeze. She felt her clit start to tingle. *God, she’s beautiful.*

“Time to relax and enjoy a little treat...” Jasmine said. Becca watched as the large breasted woman reached for a small box on the table, opening it up. She pulled out what looked like a hand rolled cigarette and a small silver lighter. Lighting it up, she took a deep inhalation.

Rebecca watched a smile creep across Jasmine’s full lips. The shapely black woman stretched, a gentle moan escaping her mouth as she exhaled. *She’s smoking a joint!* Jasmine realized with a thrill. *Oh my god, she’s*

*getting stoned out here on the beach. It smells so good...* “It smells like the flower.”

“Hmmm, yes. Probably my favorite product from the Kali flower. Here, try it.” Jasmine said through slightly glazed eyes. Her slightly dreamy look actually turned Rebecca on. It’s like she was associating the smell of the Kali with sex.

Rebecca tentatively looked at it. It smelled wonderful, not that heavy musky smell she normally associated with pot. “I have to admit, I’m curious. But I can’t. It’s against my pre-nup.”

“That’s too bad, it’s really quite wonderful.” Jasmine said, licking her lips, one hand tracing a line over her flat tummy. She took a big hit off the joint, held it, then slowly blew a cloud towards the pretty blonde.

The smoke moved over her; it had a pleasant smell, spicy, almost like a chai tea. She felt a slight tingle moving across her skin and a pleasant breeze splash across her. It felt like she was suddenly lighter. Her nipples started to harden and push against the tight material of her bathing suit while she felt her clit engorge. It was making her feel wonderful, wonderfully horny.

“You used this this morning to make me horny, so you could seduce me.” She accused with a huge grin, shaking her finger at the other woman. Jasmine playfully grabbed the finger in the tips of her own, and handed the joint to the giggly blonde.

“Guilty as charged. Here, now that my little secret is out, you might as well enjoy it, you were essentially smoking it all morning anyway.” Jasmine said, laughing. Rebecca took a tentative pull on the joint. “I always do my yoga with the Sinsemilla. It makes for a wonderful and arousing way to start my mornings. Yes, it made it easier to seduce you. But, it would have ended the same way. You are so sexually bottled up; a good chardonnay is all I would have needed to fuck you.”

“Well, I’m glad you did, regardless of how you seduced me.” Rebecca said as she exhaled a cloud of smoke. “This makes me feel wonderful. I feel

so light, happy, strong, and super sexy, and really horny. I'm going to tan my boobs!"

The perky blonde sat up and undid her bikini top, revealing her perfect breasts. She couldn't help but pull on her hard nipples, feeling them slip between her oiled fingers. She crossed her legs as she felt her pussy moisten with desire. She found her hands roving over her torso, playing with her breasts, sliding down between her thighs. She was moments away from slipping her fingers into her bottoms to play with herself when she heard footsteps in the sand approaching.

From the main house a young, athletic black man in a small bathing suit jogged over to the women. Rebecca quickly covered her breasts with her hands. He came to a stop in front of them, a big smile on his face. Becca noticed his eyes checking her nearly naked body out. It made her feel incredibly desirable. The feeling of the oil on her breasts made them tingle, she couldn't resist. Pinching her nipples to make them really hard, she slid her hands down over her breasts, and down her stomach, letting him drink in her oiled flesh. She felt her pussy tingle at the thought of a man other than her husband looking at her nearly naked body.

"Good afternoon, Miss Rebecca." He said, turning his attention to Jasmine. "Ma'am."

This gave the slightly stoned blonde a chance to check out the young fit man. He was handsome, with a wide nose, large lips, and a strong chin. He was slim and muscular; not bodybuilder big, but well-muscled. But what really caught her eye was the large lump in the young man's tight nylon swimsuit. *He must be rock hard from just looking at us. It's huge.*

"I've taken care of everything for this evening, and the food will be delivered at eight. Oh, and your husband called, they are running late but will be here for dinner." The man said in a heavy island accent.

Rebecca noticed him looking at Jasmine's beautiful body. Then she noticed the lump in his bathing suit shift on its own. *It's getting bigger!* She licked her lips as the lump started to thicken, the rim of a cockhead becoming noticeable. The tumescent thing lengthened with a little thrust.

She also noticed a shapely brunette walking along the edge of the water, glancing up this way.

“I was wondering...” He said with a grin, looking over his shoulder at the pretty woman dressed only in a bikini bottom.

“And you’d like a little fraternization time with the guests.” Jasmine said with a smile, absently teasing her nipple with the end of a finger. The young man nodded eagerly, looking like a racehorse at the gate, his erection thickening a little more. “Of course, go have some fun.”

The young man took off down the beach towards the pretty woman. Becca couldn’t help but admire his strong legs and ass as he ran. That ass must really drive that big cock deep. When he caught up with the woman she jumped up and down, clapping her hands, then threw her arms around his powerful shoulders. They kissed for a minute, and Rebecca could clearly see a pronounced bulge in his revealing swimwear.

“Chance...” Jasmine purred, watching the sexy couple. “He’s quite the stud with the guests. They love him.”

It was abundantly clear how much the woman on the beach loved him. After they broke their kiss, she whispered something in his ear. He nodded with a laugh. Letting go of him, she knelt down and pulled off his bright red swim trunks. Rebecca expected to see his hard cock spring up. But instead, his penis just hung down, like it was flaccid. But it couldn’t be soft, it had been at least as big as Ken’s fully hard when he was standing there. It was hard to tell exact size from fifty feet away, but it looked much larger.

Rebecca gasped as she watched it twitch, and grow, as the brunette embraced him again, kissing him. It just kept getting bigger, slowly growing, lifting itself up until it stood straight out, then pointed up, hardening in the bright sun. It must be twice as long as Ken’s, as big as the black dildo in her room, maybe more. She swallowed hard as the shapely white woman put her hand on the massive black organ, gently stroking it.

Beside her, Jasmine had lit up another joint and was inhaling deeply, her other hand was between her full thighs, playing with her pussy.

Rebecca absently took the joint from her friend and inhaled as much as she could. She watched the young couple walk into the surf, his huge cock swaying in front of him. When they were two-thirds submerged she hopped into his arms. It was obvious by the woman's cries, barely audible over the surf, that he was fucking her. She clung to him, bouncing, throwing her head back with abject ecstasy.

Rebecca couldn't resist playing with her pussy, rubbing her clit, burying her fingers, wondering what a huge cock like that would feel like. Judging from the moans of pleasure from Jasmine, as she did the same, the black woman knew the pleasure well.

They both masturbated, cumming many times each, until the couple finally walked out of the surf. The young black man's muscles were bulging as he carried the beautiful woman out of the water like some sort of conquest. The horny blonde wife couldn't help but stare; the black man's huge cock was still engorged, swinging just inches below the woman's prone form. He carried her off towards what Rebecca assumed was another guest house.

"He's going to fuck her? Again?" The pretty blonde murmured.

"That's why they love him. He'll fuck her as long and as hard as she desires." Jasmine answered. "Want to go for a swim?"



## Deadbeat Dinner Companion

The two women swam, kissed, and ended up snoozing in the shade. Rebecca found herself dreaming of huge black cocks. What they might feel like in her hand, in her mouth. She dreamed of being seduced by the well hung black man on the beach, succumbing to his charms, to his huge cock. She dreamed of lying there, being fucked by the hung black man while her husband watched her.

She woke up to the gentle touch of the beautiful black woman. The sun was getting low on the horizon. They had slept away the rest of the day. Her earlier workout must have really tired her out. She slowly stretched, and enjoyed the feeling of Jasmine's hands on her warm skin. She writhed as the other woman played with her breasts, and slid her hands over her hips.

"You are so beautiful." Jasmine purred, obvious desire in her voice. "I could lick you all over, right now."

Rebecca arched her back, and started to spread her now tanned thighs. A small groan escaped her lips as she felt her muscled pull. "OK." She said in a small voice, anticipating that the beautiful black woman would make her body sing with ecstasy.

"But we have to get ready for dinner." She said, teasing the sexy white girl's pussy with a finger. "And we have to be pretty for our men, don't we?"

"I'd rather you licking my pussy..." Becca moaned with desire.

"Maybe later, but I suspect you'll be wanting something stiffer tonight." Jasmine said, standing and holding her hand out to Rebecca.

The pretty blonde reluctantly stood up, only inches from the taller black woman. Rebecca found herself staring at Jasmine's large dark breasts. She reached up and touched them, marveling at the feeling of the firm flesh in her hands. She couldn't help but press her breasts against the other woman's her firm tanned globes were smaller, but not as small as she pictured them. The sensation of the oiled flesh sliding together made

her nipples rock hard. She started to grind her pussy against the woman's thigh.

"You are persistent." The dominant woman said, firmly pushing Rebecca a step back. "But I need to get showered and changed before dinner. You should too, be sure to dress extra sexy for your stud of a husband."

Rebecca's initial disappointment was erased, she was suddenly excited to see her husband again, to feel his cock in her needful pussy. *Fuck, I'm so horny. I need to get fucked so badly.* "OK, but I warn you, if they take too long, I'm jumping your bones."

"It's a deal." She replied, tweaking the blonde's hard nipple before slipping back to the house.

Rebecca pressed her knees together with a squeal. "Fuck! You stinker!" She called playfully after Jasmine, watching her shapely hips sway.

The pretty young blonde wife made her way back to her guest house to get ready. When she got in, she took a minute to look at herself in the mirror. *She's right. I do have a pretty darn good body.* She pulled her tiny bikini bottoms off and regarded how her lightly tanned skin looked beautiful, and the tiny white bikini line only served to accentuate it. She found herself running her hands over her body, horny again, or was it still horny. She thought about the six inches of black dildo in her drawer. She felt drawn towards it, wanting to feel its thickness in her hand, remembering the huge organ hanging from the black man at the beach, Chance.

Slowly pulling the drawer open, she reached for the black box and pulled the lid off. Wrapping her fingers around the thick shaft, she pulled it out and admired it. Holding it close to her face, she looked at herself in the mirror. The dildo looked so big as she held it against her lightly tanned cheek. She flipped it over, holding it higher so that the fat black cockhead hung beside her lips. She looked at herself, and imagined Chance standing over her, his large cock pressed against her face. She shivered, aware at

how wet her pussy was becoming. She realized how beautiful and sexy she looked next to the powerful black organ.

*I wonder what it tastes like.* She thought to herself. She watched her reflection as she tilted her head up and slowly slid her lips around the black cock. She liked how her lips looked against the black silicone, and the way it filled her mouth. *I can't believe it, but Chance's cock looked at least this big. Is that even possible? I wonder what it would feel like, holding his ass while his thick muscles drove that huge cock into my little pussy. I bet he couldn't even fit it in.*

The pretty young blonde found herself shaking as she slowly swallowed the huge dildo, watching herself in the mirror. *Fuck, I look hot.* She thought, picturing herself kneeling before a huge-cocked black man. She closed her eyes and moaned as the black cock filled her mouth. She ran her tongue around the shaft. Pulling the wet shaft from her throat, she rubbed the now warm phallus against her face. She didn't know why, but she loved the feeling of the firm long shaft against her, it made her feel womanly, sexy, and desirable.

She really wanted to fuck herself with the big black cock again. But despite shaking with desire, she was afraid Ken would arrive any moment and catch her. Besides, she hadn't seen Ken in a few days, so they would both be horny. Tonight he would fuck her, she's make sure he fucked her hard. She'd make him so horny that she knew he'd throw her down on the bed and slam his hard cock into her like she was a slut. *I'm going to give Ken a night he won't soon forget.*

Still, she couldn't help but rub the dildo against her hard clit, and between her slippery wet labia. She almost dropped to her knees and slid it in. But with a deep shuddering breath, she slid it back in the black and red box. She looked at herself in the mirror again, her skin flush with arousal, her nipples hard, her eyes dilated. *I really am a hot piece of ass. I need to show Ken what he's really got.*



An hour later, Rebecca appraised herself in the mirror. She liked what she saw. More to the point, she knew that Ken would like what he saw. *I bet it'll make Jasmine want to fuck me again too.* She surprised herself by thinking. She really loved sex with another woman, or at least with that other woman anyway. But she still craved hard cock. She glanced over at the black box again, a shiver of desire made her nipples stiffen again. She admired the effect that had on her light cream-colored dress. She was dressed in a clingy cable-knit dress that comfortably hugged to her fit body. The weave was very open, actually meant to be worn over a bathing suit, and it showed off her breasts beautifully. It was actually open enough that her prominent nipples were visible between the wool. She normally would never wear something as intimately revealing as this, but tonight she felt incredibly empowered to show off her beautiful body. She wore only a bikini bottom under the dress.

She gave her long blonde hair a final brush, enjoying the way her full locks framed her darkly made up eyes and her pink lips. She looked the portrait of a sexy Malibu blonde tonight. *Ken won't be able to keep his hands off me, at least I hope...* She felt that old doubt creep back in. But then she shook it off. *I am totally getting laid tonight!*



“You look amazing!” Jasmine cried with a huge smile, drinking in the sexy blonde with her eyes. The tall shapely black woman was dressed at least as provocatively as her lightly tanned counterpart. The shapely woman was barely contained in a loose fitting tank top that provided full view of her cleavage with a deep scooped neckline, and the sides of her prodigious breasts through the wide open arms. Below, she wore a short flowered wrap with a length that went to mid-thigh on the right, and pulled up to her hip on the left. It showed off her firm, full thigh. The tall black woman embraced Rebecca, kissing her in a most un-sisterly way. She held the petite blonde at arm’s length and appraised her.

“You look absolutely delicious, Rebecca, especially your tits.” She said, licking her lips. She ran her hands over the blonde’s breasts and down

her front. "If Ken isn't smart enough to fuck you tonight, I will. Then I'll let Marcus have you."

"What?" Rebecca said, a thrill running through her. *What? Would she? Ken wouldn't allow it.*

"Oh dear, you are so pent up. Although, I'm sure my husband would love to fuck you." Jasmine giggled, running her fingers over the young wife's bikini. Rebecca moaned and shuddered as Jasmine's long fingers played over her pussy.

"Ugh, that feels so good." The blonde moaned, pressing her thighs together, bouncing in the spot. "You're teasing me. I can't cheat on Ken. He's my husband, and I love him... Aaaaand there's the pre-nup that says I can't either... But I wouldn't. I couldn't cheat on Ken; he's done too much for me. Oh... stop..."

"You seemed pretty happy to cheat with me earlier today." Jasmine teased, slipping a finger past the edge of Becca's bikini and sliding it into her wet pussy. "And you're so wet."

"You're different. Oh, shit..." Rebecca rolled a groan in the back of her throat. She held onto Jasmine's broad shoulders. "You're a girl, it's different. Besides you seduced me, I was helpless. Now st... stop... Ken will be here soon."

"And you don't think he'd like the idea that his beautiful sexy wife has discovered her bisexuality?" Jasmine continued, slowly seducing the blonde again. Rebecca couldn't help herself from riding the black woman's experienced hand, pushing her clit against her.

"I... I don't know... oh fuck... maybe..." Rebecca panted, horny, eager for release. "You just make me so fucking horny..."

There was a noise at the front of the house, the door opening, voices. Rebecca started to panic.

"Stop! Stop! I hear someone." The beautiful blonde whispered urgently. She tried to push the other woman's hand away, but only weakly.

“That’s OK, we have two minutes at least before he makes it back here. I know him, he has to pee and get changed. Ken will be doing the same.” Jasmine moved her fingers faster. “I can make you cum by then. Do you want to cum?”

“Yes, please, yes.” Rebecca said, shaking, her voice a frantic whisper. She could already feel herself going over the edge. Her legs shook as she succumbed to the touch of the beautiful black woman. “Ohgodyeah!” She wept in ecstasy as she came, her pussy dripping all over Jasmine’s fingers, her whole body quaking.

“That’s a good girl.” Jasmine purred as she pulled her fingers from the blonde’s dripping pussy. She brought them to her full red lips, and licked her fingers with a predatory smile. “You taste wonderful, but I think we need to lose this wet bikini. You’ll feel even more sexy knowing that your wet little pussy is there for anyone who wants it. Who knows, maybe you’ll get finger fucked at dinner.”

Rebecca tried to resist, but her head was spinning from the powerful orgasm. Anytime she had an orgasm she had trouble thinking, like the reasoning part of her brain turned off when she came, leaving only the emotional and sexual part working. Right now, she felt like a bimbo; a horny, sexy, shaking, brainless bimbo.

She could only watch as the beautiful, tall black woman squatted in front of her and undid the thin straps holding the bikini in place. Gently pulling the wet material from between her legs, Jasmine leaned forward and put her warm mouth to Becca’s tingling pussy and licked her. She teased her clit, then worked down between her pussy lips, and teased her opening. Rebecca let out a long gasp as the woman’s warm mouth teased her.

Standing up, Jasmine licked her lips and smiled. All around her mouth was wet with Rebecca’s juices. The slim blonde quivered in arousal. The dominating black woman put Becca’s bikini in her mouth and leaned in to kiss the hot wife. Rebecca could smell her own arousal on the bikini as she kissed the other woman through the thin material, tasting her own juices.

Jasmine slipped her fingers back into the sexy blonde's tight pussy, bringing her to the edge of orgasm again.

"Oh god please..." Rebecca begged, wanting so much to cum again.

But the sound of a door in the house close cut her off, and Jasmine quickly withdrew, leaving the blonde twitching and shaking. The beautiful black woman winked, and quickly stashed the bikini bottom behind a cushion. Rebecca's shaking hands pulled her revealing dress down straight.

Moments later, though, they were joined by Jasmine's tall handsome husband, Marcus. Rebecca did her best to control her quivering legs.

"Ladies! I'm so sorry we are late. It's entirely my fault." Marcus walked out onto the patio to embrace his wife. He leaned down and kissed the beautiful black woman deeply; a long intimate kiss. Rebecca realized suddenly that the taste of her pussy must be still on Jasmine's lips. As the couple parted, Marcus looked over at the petite blonde before returning his attention to his enticing wife.

*Oh fuck, he knows. He tasted my pussy on her. He knows it was me. She thought in a panic, still shaking. Then she felt a thrill of excitement course through her. He does know. Another man knows what my pussy tastes like. Holy shit.*

"Ah, Rebecca..." He said with a gleam in his eye as he appraised the petite white woman. "I'm so glad you could come. I trust my wife has been treating you well?"

"She has been illuminating!" She said, trying to keep calm. She was keenly aware of her hard nipples pushing against the cable-knit material. *He knows his wife has been fucking me. Oh my god, I wonder what it would be like to be with both of them, together. Wow, I must be so fuckin g horny to even think about that. Ken would kill me. "I absolutely love your wife."*

Rebecca melted into the embrace of the tall black man. She could feel his thick muscles through his thin shirt, and she couldn't help but press against him, her pussy aching with need. He kissed her on the cheek, and moved to the other. Instinctively Rebecca turned her head towards him,

drawn by his masculinity, turning his kiss on the other cheek, to a kiss on her lips. She was instantly overwhelmed, and kissed him back a little harder than she intended. But he just smiled as he stood straight, towering over her.

*He can totally taste my pussy on my lips, too. He must think I'm a slut!* She thought, more thrilled than horrified at the prospect. She looked up at him, gazing into his confident dark eyes. He was so commanding that she wanted to drop to her knees in front of him. Her pussy was even wetter, dripping down her inner thigh. *Oh my god, he's beautiful. I wonder what it would be like to be taken by a huge bull of a man like this... Oh my god, he's so dark. I wonder if it's true what they say?*

"I guess that makes two of us who are enthralled by the most beautiful Jasmine then, doesn't it?" He said with a wink, hands on her hips, openly appraising the sexy tight blonde. His hands were so large that his fingers splayed out over her ass. "Please, eat, I know I've kept you ladies waiting. You must be bored out of your minds."

"Oh, we managed to entertain ourselves." Jasmine said, throwing a knowing look at the pretty young wife. "You know, just girl stuff."

"I know your girl stuff." He replied with a huge smile, slapping his wife on her firm ass. She smiled and bent over, pressing her booty against him. He responded as expected, placing his hands on her hips and holding her there. She giggled and squirmed from his grasp.

The three sat down in sumptuous patio chairs around a large stone fire pit made from smooth rounded rocks, and a flat granite top. Inside it was a warm fire made from several large logs on a bed of hot coals. Rebecca couldn't help but watch the large black man while he sat down. She thought she caught a glimpse of something large against the linen of his tan pants as he sat down. But that couldn't be his cock, that would make it huge, impossibly so. Her overactive libido must be running away with her imagination.

"Sorry I'm late." Ken mumbled as he shuffled into the house and made his way to where they were sitting. Rebecca looked up at her

husband as he slowly slouched in. He looked exhausted. He was dressed in a baggy tropical shirt that looked like it had been crushed in the bottom of his bag for a week. He also wore equally disheveled brown shorts that only served to accentuate how white his flabby legs were.

“Better to come late than never.” Jasmine said warmly, sweeping up to give him a hug. She pressed her large breasts against him, just under his chin, and gave him a warm kiss on either cheek. Ken stared at her, an odd look in his eyes. He was entranced by the beautiful woman. As she let go, she slid her hand down over his crotch, gently probing for his cock as she turned. “Come, have a seat, have some dinner. You boys must be famished.”

Ken walked over beside her beautiful wife, his bleary eyes barely registering her sexy outfit. He bent over to give her a quick kiss. Becca tried to give him a hard kiss, probing with her eager tongue, but he was oblivious, slumping down in his chair. He reached for a skewer of meat, and stared at the fire while he chewed.

The group ate, drank, and chatted happily over the next hour or two. Well, at least Marcus, Jasmine, and Rebecca did. Ken hardly said a word, sitting there, almost comatose, slowly chewing his dinner.

“The boy really can’t handle his weed, can he?” Jasmine whispered in her husband’s ear, her hand surreptitiously stroking her husband’s thick cock.

“No, not at all. He almost came in his pants. And he’s been stoned stupid for hours.” He replied in a rumbling whisper. “Rebecca is beautiful. You definitely know how to pick them.”

“Mm-hmm. She is delicious. I can’t wait to share her with you. But we have one small problem.” She said, watching the young blonde wife fidget in the firelight. She was still horny. *This is one undersexed woman.* “She has a prenuptial agreement, a pretty shitty one from the sounds of it.”

“No worry, my love. I saw it when we did his background check. It’s pretty iron clad, unless he has a transgression.” Marcus smiled at his wife.

“Now, I know for a fact that he’s had plenty of indiscretions, but I think it best if she discovers the truth for herself.”

“Well, then tonight we just need to make sure that she is unfulfilled, and tomorrow we can introduce her to a whole new world.” Jasmine grinned, squeezing the expanding head of his cock.

The couple got up, Marcus excused himself and disappeared into the house for a moment. Jasmine went to sit in front of the white couple. She dropped herself into Ken’s lap, her feet dangling in the air over Rebecca.

“You’re very quiet tonight, mister.” She teased with a big smile. She could feel his cock reacting to her ass pressing against it. “I hope it’s not the company.”

Ken’s eyes were glued to the black woman’s large breasts. Other than the woman’s hard nipples pressed against the thin white cotton, he had a beautiful view of her perfectly shaped breasts. He shifted against her, pressing his hardening cock against her supple flesh. He couldn’t think straight, couldn’t resist her touch.

“Hey there! Are you fuckin’ with my wife?” Marcus bellowed in his deep baritone.

Ken scrambled, pushing the beautiful black woman from his lap. “No! No sir, she, ah, that is, I didn’t...”

But Finney was laughing, almost doubled over. So was Jasmine, who shifted to snuggle with Rebecca in the other chair. She slid her hand along the hot wife’s muscular thigh.

“Oh Marcus, stop, you scared the poor boy!” Jasmine howled, looking at Rebecca, who didn’t know what to think. She was afraid the tall muscular black man would do something to her husband. But the blonde was oddly aroused by the thought of the powerful black bull protecting his woman. She doubted Ken would do the same.

“Ha, I know. I’m sorry Ken, I was just playing.” He bent down to kiss Jasmine. Rebecca was aroused by his closeness as he kissed his beautiful

wife, their tongues active. She heard Jasmine moan. "I just thought I'd bring us a couple of party favors."

Marcus stood up, holding a pair of large joints. Both Rebecca and Ken recognized them, but neither could admit it. Jasmine stood up and sat in front of the couple, her back to the fire. But before she did, she slid her fingers over the blonde's pussy, making Becca gasp and her legs twitch. She took one of the proffered joints and sat down, putting one foot on either chair, spreading her legs. She made sure that her foot was pressed against Ken's erection. She gave him a wink. She turned and lit the joint with the fire. She took a long drag and held it in. Rebecca could smell the distinctive Kali, it made her want it, and it made her pussy wet. She wasn't sure if it was the weed, or that she associated the weed with her lesbian encounters with the statuesque black woman. She watched Jasmine's nipples stand out hard against the material of her tank top. Rebecca could catch a glimpse of the woman's pussy in the darkness. Jasmine let out a cloud of smoke and held it out to Rebecca.

"Oh, Jasmine, I can't. That is, um, we don't smoke." She stammered. *I really want to. But I can't with Ken here.*

"Oh, come on Ken, that's not what you said on the plane." Marcus said, blowing out another cloud of smoke. "It's OK here, go ahead, enjoy. This is unlike anything you've tried."

"How about it, Ken?" Jasmine said, moving her toes against his hard cock. "Want to watch me get your hot little wife stoned?"

"Yeah..." Ken said, his mouth hanging open. He turned to look at his wife. Rebecca was staring up at Jasmine, entranced. "Go ahead honey, it's OK if we both do it."

Rebecca didn't look back at her husband. She followed Jasmine with her eyes as the beautiful black woman knelt in front of her and held the joint a few inches from her lips.

"How about it Beccs? Wanna get stoned?" She asked in sing-song of a voice, like a teen tempting her friend to misbehave. The sexy white wife nodded, licking her lips.

Jasmine took a big hit from the joint and held it in. Handing the joint to Ken, she moved closer to the hot blonde as if to kiss her. Taking Rebecca's face in both hands she leaned in close, almost touching their lips together. She exhaled the smoke while Rebecca inhaled deeply. Jasmine finished with a little kiss before sitting back on the fire pit ledge. She ran her long-nailed hands up over her large breasts, watching the pretty blonde. Seeing Rebecca exhale, she took the joint back from Ken just as he started to cough. She seemed unaware that that her right breast had slipped from her top and was now fully exposed.

She took a long drag before handing it back to Rebecca. The petite blonde was already stoned, but happily took another long hit on the joint. She found herself looking at Marcus as he sat next to his sexy wife. She was sure she could see the outline of an inhumanly large cock in his pant leg. *God you are stoned. They don't come that big on humans, only horses. I hope Ken's looks this big when I get him back to the room.*

Ken took the joint back and took another hit. His cock was aching with the need to cum, and he couldn't take his eyes off Jasmine's chocolate globe, or the charcoal nipple crowning it. He could barely control himself, the desire to jerk off so strong.

Rebecca looked over at her stoned husband. He was sitting there, mouth open, staring. She followed his gaze to see Jasmine's exposed breast. She was at once pissed at her husband, and incredibly turned on by it. She stood up and grabbed Jasmine's breast.

"Ken!" She said, her shocked look devolving into laughter. She jumped over by Jasmine and started to play with the dark skinned woman's full breast, giggling. Her husband stared lustily as his beautiful wife held the Jasmine's breast, his cock twitching in his pants. "Why don't you look at my tits like that?"

"Yeah, Ken, why don't you stare at *your wife's* big beautiful tits?" Jasmine laughed, enjoying the touch of the petite blonde. Then she turned the tables, pulling the giggling blonde onto her lap and grabbing her breasts. Rebecca quickly responded, closing her eyes, and biting her lip

with a moan. The blonde pushed her ass back against Jasmine's lap. "Hers are at least as good as mine."

Ken just stared, his head spinning from the fatigue and the weed. Was Jasmine really playing with his wife's tits? Fuck, Becca looked hot tonight in that tight dress, she looked even hotter with the other woman. Rebecca seemed to be enjoying it too, from the look on her face.

"Stop! Stop!" Rebecca said, her eyes heavy with desire. "You made me have to go pee!"

The pert blonde extricated herself from Jasmine's playful grip, getting a slap on the ass for her trouble, and rushed off to the bathroom. Jasmine turned to look at Ken, who was still staring at her breast.

"You like them?" She said, pulling the straps to the middle, exposing both her breasts. Ken could only nod. The beautiful black woman crawled forward, kneeling on his chair, and leaned against him so that her large breasts were on either side of his face, pressing against his cheeks. Ken moaned as he felt her firm warm flesh, and smelled the combination of her flesh, and the Kali perfume. He couldn't help but nuzzle against her, kissing her full breasts. "I see, you do like them."

In the bathroom, Rebecca did have to pee. But after she was done, she needed to masturbate. Jasmine grabbing her like that was an overpowering turn-on. If she didn't let off some steam here, she wouldn't be able to control herself. *Fuck that stuff makes me horny! Ken is going to get laid tonight!*

But Ken was busy suckling on Jasmine's large, black, erect nipple. And she had slid her hand up the leg of his shorts and was gently stroking Ken's hard cock. All he could think about was her warm flesh, and her firm hand. It only took a few moments before he felt his balls tense, and his cock start to shoot.

"That's it, give it to me." Jasmine gently urged him, stroking his cock until it stopped twitching. *I don't know how she's stayed with him so long. He's hung like a terrier, and he only lasted a minute sucking on my tit. I'd*

*barely be started and he'd be done. No wonder Rebecca is so pent-up. She let go of his cock, wiping her hand along his leg.*

A few minutes later, Rebecca was met by Jasmine as she exited the bathroom. The tall black woman gently pushed her against the wall and kissed her. Despite a strong and wet orgasm only a few minutes before, Rebecca found herself completely overwhelmed, melting into the woman's arms. Jasmine broke the kiss after a few moments, and held the pretty white woman against the wall by the shoulders. She was panting with arousal and her eyes were wild with desire.

"You need to take your husband home and fuck him." She said, a smile on her lips. "I am so fucking wet now, and your tight little body makes Marcus horny, I need to fuck."

"Then fuck me." Rebecca challenged, equally breathless, her eyes searching Jasmine's. She leaned forward to kiss her full lips, but the other woman held her back.

"Tempting, but I need a big, hard cock. I've gone a day already. And I know you need one." She said, her eyes alive with the thought. "And unless you're going to fuck my husband too, it's time to call it a night."

Rebecca was initially shocked, but the shock turned into a thrill at the thought of the big black male taking her. She shivered, her nipples hardening and pressing against the soft cable-knit of her mini-dress. She was very much aware of the wetness between her thighs in the cooling night air.

"Oh my god, would he really..." She started before shaking her head, her shoulders slumping. "Jasmine, I'm married. I can't do something like that, and you know it. Please, don't tempt me like that. Maybe when I was in college. But he wouldn't have looked twice at me back then. I really love pushing my boundaries with you, but that would be too far. I'd end up divorced, and broke."

"Hey, don't be like that." Jasmine said, kissing her warmly. "You are a stunningly beautiful woman; you can do whatever you like. But right now, I think you need to take your man home, and ride him until you don't know

your own name. That's what I'm going to do. We'll figure it out in the morning."

Rebecca leaned forward and kissed the other woman, tentatively at first, then harder. Breaking off, she looked at Jasmine's big brown eyes in adoration. "Thank you." She said before heading back to the fire, the tall black woman at her side.

"OK Mr. Sleepyhead, time to take your sexy wife home." Rebecca said as they arrived. Jasmine fluidly strode over to Ken to help him up, and gave him a big hug.

"You need to start treating your wife right, or you'll lose her." Jasmine whispered in his ear while she hugged him, her hand surreptitiously touching his flaccid cock, feeling it respond. "If you don't, someone else will."

"Thanks for the advice, Jasmine." Ken responded with an eerily cruel voice. His head was starting to clear, although he was still floating in the gentle buzz of the weed. "She's not going anywhere. She's got a good deal with me, and a contract. Maybe you want a little taste, too?"

"Hmm, cocky." Jasmine stepped back from him, a smile on her face that didn't match the look in her eyes. "Maybe. It's been a while since I fucked a white frat boy. If you think you can measure up."

"There's nobody better than me." He replied with a greasy smile. He slid his hand over the beautiful black woman's hip, admiring her shape.

As soon as Becca walked over to Jasmine's husband to give him a hug, she found herself standing there, overshadowed by the large stature of Marcus Finney. She looked up at his impressive size and smiled, holding her arms wide.

"Thank you so much for a wonderful evening!" She said, stepping forward to embrace him. Without thinking, she found herself pressed up against his muscular body, her arms not able to fully surround him. *God he's big! And all muscle too. He smells so good.* She quietly moaned as he hugged her back, the smell of his Kali based cologne making her head spin.

She couldn't help but cling to him, her body yearning to feel him pressed between her thighs. *He must look like a god when he fucks.*

"It was all my pleasure getting to know you better." Finney responded, holding her close, watching his wife manipulate Rebecca's addled husband. "You are even more beautiful than I remember when we met."

Rebecca felt a warm feeling of pleasure wash across her at the imposing black man's compliment. She gave him an additional squeeze, probably holding him too long, before slowly letting go. As she did, her hand brushed the front of the tall man's linen shorts. She could swear that she felt something firm and long swaying under the material. But that couldn't be. It was impossible. There was no such thing as a cock that large. She looked up at him, but he just smiled back at her as if to say *Yes, that was my cock you touched, and yes, it is that fucking huge.*

She couldn't resist hugging him again, pressing against him to feel the large object against her body. She felt it again. Firm, thick, long. She had to touch it, pressing her small hand against it as she leaned back. She put her fingers to her mouth, disbelieving, disoriented. She turned to go to her husband, took a step and looked over her shoulder at his handsome dark face. She realized that she was breathing heavily, her body was tingling with desire. He just smiled and put his finger to his lips.

She turned back, gave Jasmine a quick hug, and took her husband by the hand. She needed sex. She needed a cock in her to relieve her overwhelming desire. Ken stumbled along with her.



## Marital Blissed

“What’s the rush honey?” He said, his eyes still glazed, his cock hard in his shorts. He took delight in watching his wife’s fit legs as she walked, the short dress riding up to expose the bottom of her firm ass.

“It’s been days, Ken, I am so horny I’m going to explode!” She said, looking back at him as if they were newlyweds. She stopped suddenly and threw her arms around him, kissing him wildly, her body pressed tight to his. She felt his erection pressing against her, and took it in her hand. “This... Is what I need Ken. I need you to fuck me... fuck me hard.”

Ken embraced his petite wife, his hands holding her ass. He could feel her wetness, and roughly shoved a pair of fingers into her pussy. She initially groaned in discomfort, but was quickly overwhelmed by his stimulation. She started to whimper in pleasure, quickly cumming on his fingers.

“You are horny, aren’t you?” He said with a grin while she caught her breath. “I am going to fuck you so fucking hard baby.”

“Good.” Rebecca said with an evil grin. “I need a good hard fucking.”

They returned to their guest house, and Ken excused himself to the bathroom. He didn’t want his wife to see that he’d cum in his pants, and he didn’t want to explain why Jasmine had been jerking him off. Quickly washing himself off, he put on his silk pajama pants and walked back into the bedroom. He was surprised to see his sexy wife witting on the bed, still in her tight knit dress, waiting attentively for him. She was holding a big joint in her hand.

“Jasmine left us a present. What do you say?” She put the joint in an ashtray on the nightstand, her eyes glistening with arousal. She then pulled her tight knit dress over her head, revealing her perfect body, her skin tanned, her bikini tan line accentuating her shape. “Do you wanna get your hot wife stoned and fuck her brains out?”

Ken hopped on the bed next to his wife, grabbing her by the waist, sucking on her left breast. She squealed in pleasure, holding him close

while she moaned. He held her by the waist and pushed her against the bed, kneeling between her legs, his cock stiff in his pajamas. She looked beautiful. Perfect breasts topped by hard nipples, a slim body with softly defined abs, and a perfectly shaved pussy between her fit thighs. She looked up at him expectantly.

“OK babe, let’s get baked and fuck like hell.” He said, hopping off. He pulled out his small, but hard, cock and started to stroke it. “Light it up, I want to watch you get stoned.”

Rebecca looked at her husband and smiled coquettishly, then looking down at his hard cock with desire. She sat back up, her back leaning against the well-padded headboard, and posed for her husband, making sure to thrust out her large breasts. For the first time in her life, she understood how hot and sexy she really was. She took pride that her husband’s eyes were glued to her body, and he was jerking off to her.

She reached over and picked up the joint. It was long and thick. She smelled it and closed her eyes, enjoying the spicy scent. Her body thrilled in anticipation. It felt so good to smoke it. Inhaling deeply, she broke from her brief stupor, and opened her eyes. She looked at Ken, enthralled by her beauty, and reached for the lighter. Flicking the expensive cigar lighter, she lit the joint and inhaled deeply.

She quickly felt the effects spread over her. Her mind felt uplifted and joyful, her skin tingled with pleasure, and her pussy ached with need. She blew out the smoke and opened her eyes, looking at her husband. He stared at her, lust in his eyes, his hand moving slowly over his rock hard erection. *It does look small in his hand, I thought it was bigger.*

“Do it again. You look so fucking hot getting stoned.” He said, letting go of his cock. The small white prick jumped several times. “You look so fucking hot I almost came.”

Rebecca smiled at this, feeling her sexual power. She took another long drag on the joint and set it in the ashtray. Keeping her eyes on her husband, she ran her hands up her thighs, up her slim torso, and onto her breasts. She blew the smoke at her husband while she played with her

breasts, teasing her nipples to make them rock hard. Then she licked one finger, and slid it between her legs, rubbing her hard clit. With the other hand she took another hit from the joint, her mind alive with pleasure. She held the joint near her face and masturbated for her husband. Moments after blowing out the smoke she came, riding her fingers to a quivering explosive orgasm.

“Shit!” She heard her husband say. Looking down, she saw him jerking off, his small penis spurting thin lines of cum onto the bedspread. “Fuck! You made me cum!”

Becca continued to rub her pussy as her orgasm subsided, watching Ken’s cock deflate. She was disappointed, she really wanted a hard cock in her pussy right now, but she felt so good, so stoned, that she couldn’t really get upset about it. She curled up against his side while Ken lay on his back beside her, embarrassed.

“I’m sorry I made you cum, babe.” She said to him, holding the joint out for him to enjoy. She reached down and stroked the flaccid member. “But I bet I can make him perk up in a few minutes.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen you that sexy, Becc. This island agrees with you.” He took a lungful of the smoke, coughing half of it out. He realized that he was still stoned from before just as the new wave of fog rolled over his consciousness. “Wow, this shit is strong.”

“It’s wonderful. It makes me feel so sexy, happy, beautiful.” She said, rubbing her lithe body against her husband. *He is getting a little paunchy.* She noticed his belly hanging over the pajamas. She thought about Chance’s fit body from earlier. Slim, muscular, taut, no flab hanging from that belly.

“Hmm, yeah.” Ken said, starting to fog out. *Fuck, I’m so tired. That nigger is running me like a slave driver.* He took another toke of the joint without thinking, and handed it to his wife.

“Let’s see what we can do to perk this little fellow up.” She said, climbing up to straddle Ken’s legs, lowering herself so that her pussy was against the base of his deflated penis. Just before she took a long swallow

of smoke she looked down at her husband. "Watch baby, see how stoned I'll get for you. Then you can fuck me like a slut."

That got Ken's attention. He woke himself up a little, and reached up to grab her warm globes in his hand. He felt the first tingle of an erection start between his legs. He felt twitch of life in his member when Rebecca exhaled a huge plume of smoke, moaning, grinding her hot wet pussy against him. She ground her hips against him, enjoying his hands on her breasts. She grinned at him.

"You know what, baby?" She asked, taking a small sip of smoke.

"What?" He said, smiling goofily at his beautiful blonde wife.

"I love you." She said, exhaling.

"I know." He said, not returning the sentiment.

"But I found out something interesting about myself, sexually speaking that is." She said, holding the joint so Ken could inhale. His head was spinning, and his cock was slowly starting to engorge. Rebecca felt its resurrection, and started to grind harder against it, urging it on.

"See... Remember, I love you, but..." Rebecca paused, looking down at her husband, feeling him slowly swell against her. *Here goes nothing...*

"I think I might be bisexual." She said, the sound of the words electric as they came out of her mouth. "I'm attracted to girls too."

"Bi? Really?" Ken asked, his cock definitely hardening. He had never suspected, but it sounded like it could be fun.

"Uh-huh." She said with a lustful smile, grinding against his engorging cock. *Got I want that in me. Come on, get hard!*

"That's fucking hot, babe." He said, taking her hips in his hands, pushing against her, feeling her warm folds against his shaft. "So you mean you want to bring chicks to bed too? And we'd both fuck them. That sounds like something I could get into."

*It's not about you, you asshole. It's about me!* Rebecca screamed to herself. But the feeling of his stiffening cock against her slippery pussy lips was too much. She needed to fuck. She just wanted him hard, this was taking forever. She redoubled her efforts, sliding herself along his hardening shaft. A little harder and he would be ready.

“But wouldn't you like it if I went and played with pretty girls, got all horny...” *That's it, almost there. I need your hard cock...* Quickly placing the half-finished joint in the ashtray, she pushed against his stiff shaft. He moaned in pleasure and pressed back, humping her. “Then I'd come home, all fucking horny, with the taste of pussy on my mouth, hungry for my man's cock...”

Ken pressed his hard cock against her hot tight pussy, he needed to fuck her. She never talked dirty like this, it was totally turning him on. His head spun.

“Like today...” Rebecca slid herself up the entire length of his now hard cock, then back down, pressing her sensitive clit against his shaft. *This time it goes in...* “When Jasmine seduced me, fucked me, and made me cum. Can you taste it?”

She leaned over and kissed him. He moaned. She was so excited, ready to feel his hard cock slip inside her warm pussy, to feel him fuck her, and feel him cum deep inside her.

A moment later she realized that she could feel his cock twitching against her. *Shit! He's fucking cumming? Already?* She looked down to see the slim cockhead pumping a thin river of cum onto his stomach while he pushed against her. “No!” She cried out.

“Ugh, sorry babe, you're too much for me tonight.” He grunted as he came, closing his eyes. When he finished, he leaned back, arms beside his head, eyes closed.

Desperate to fuck, Rebecca slid down between his legs and did her best to suck his cock back to life. She knew he loved the feeling of her mouth on his cock. But he only groaned and squirmed. Finally pushing her off his flaccid penis.

“Oh, ugh, stop! Fuck it’s sensitive.” He said, curling up on his side. “I’m wiped Becc. Can we do this tomorrow?”

“Yeah, sure...” She knew he was a loss. Shaking with need and disappointment she climbed off him. He was already almost asleep. *I’m so fucking horny. I fucking needed this!* She thought, looking at the smoldering, half-finished joint beside the bed. Laying down beside her useless husband, she put the joint to her lips and inhaled. The end glowed red again, and she enjoyed the taste as she inhaled. Arms crossed, she sat there for a moment, fuming, pissed, denied, and still very, very horny. Then she felt herself relax as the Kali weed enveloped her. The only thing it didn’t help with, was her very wet, and very needy pussy. She looked over at the bathroom and shrugged. *Well, at least I have my not so little black friend to help me out.*

It took a moment for her to become steady on her feet, she hadn’t realized how stoned she really was until she stood up. But once upright, she padded over to the bathroom, closed and locked the door, then turned on the light. Appraising herself in the mirror, she was pretty impressed. She now saw her body for what it was, beautiful, fit, and hard won. She even liked the look of her as she took another deep puff on the joint, the grey smoke enveloping her face. She watched her hand as it ran down her body, teasing herself, until she slid her finger into her pussy. *Fuck I’m a sexy slut. Ken doesn’t know what he really has.*

Not satisfied with using just her fingers, Rebecca opened the drawer beside her sink. She put her hand to her mouth and giggled. Next to the black box, was another identical box, only larger. *Oh my god, she is so naughty!* On the second box was a note:

If you’re reading this, Ken failed his mission.  
You need the right tool for the job. Care to take a chance?  
– Love, Jasmine

Rebecca picked up the second box, it was quite a bit heavier than the first one. Pulling off the lid, she couldn’t believe her eyes. Inside was another black cock, longer, and much thicker than the other. On the back of this one was a suction cup. With a giggle, she pulled it out of the box.

The long phallus swung heavily in her hand. She held it close to her face, intrigued by the huge black cock. *I wish they actually came in this size. I'd never leave the bedroom.*

With a quick motion, she slapped the back of the cock against the large mirror next to the vanity. It stuck, and the huge cock hung there, swinging slowly, bending from its own weight. She stood in front of it, taking the huge silicone implement in her hand. She could barely get her fingers around it. Taking another toke on the joint, she pressed her pussy up against it, feeling its weight between her thighs. When she pulled back, the fat cockhead and a few inches of the massive shaft were glistening with her wetness. She leaned forward again, holding the black cock up against her aching pussy, feeling her lubrication spread along the shaft. She shivered with desire.

She felt bidden to kneel down before the huge black shaft. She looked in the mirror at herself as she did so. The powerful dark shaft hung over her, and she felt so small beneath it. She was also incredibly turned on by the sight of the massive organ hanging above her. Leaning up, she took the fat head into her mouth. She could taste her pussy on it, and she liked it. It made no sense to give oral sex to a silicone substitute, but she took incredible pleasure in sucking on it, taking almost half of the huge pole into her mouth before she felt the gag tickle at the back of her throat. She even found herself stroking the phallus, jerking it off into her mouth.

Unable to resist its powerful size, she stood up again and turned around. Watching in the mirror, she maneuvered herself until the thick cockhead was pressed against her tiny white pussy. Pressing back, she watched as the thick shaft started to curve against her weight before the head slid past her tight, wet labia. It immediately filled her pussy and made her gasp in pleasure. Unable to resist the thick invader, she started pushing herself onto the cock, watching it work deeper with each stroke, until she had filled her pussy with six inches of firm black silicone. She closed her eyes, inching up and down on the thick shaft. She muffled her sob of pleasure as her legs shook, and she came. She found her hands grasping her firm breasts while she rode out the orgasm, stronger than she had ever experienced.

She looked at herself in the mirror, her eyes heavily lidded, her face a mask of ecstasy. But she needed more. She pushed against the huge black cock buried in her pussy, making it go deeper, making her whole body contract in reaction to her pussy being stretched tightly around the shaft. After a minute of frantic fucking, she had managed to take another inch of the cock into her tight pussy, and was convulsing in a crushing orgasm. Overwhelmed, she whimpered as she slid to the ground, the long phallus pulling from her dripping pussy. She ended up with her back against the wall, the dripping black cock by her cheek. She took the long shaft and held it close to her lips.

When she recovered enough to raise herself up again, she looked at the huge black dildo. She wanted more. More fucking, and more of the cock. Carefully prying it from the wall, she carried it over and planted it on the seat of the toilet. She smiled as the thick cock swayed back and forth like a tree in the wind. Straddling the toilet, she rubbed the fat head against her sensitive opening, watching herself in the mirror. She liked the way her fit body looked over the huge black cock. She lowered herself with the dildo between her firm thighs and watched in amazement at how far up her body it stood. All in, it looked like the cock would fill her past her belly button!

Eager to try, she raised up and positioned the massive silicone organ in her pussy, and slowly lowered herself. She watched as every time she would slide down a little farther, she would gasp, and her tight torso would contract. She was mesmerized as the thick shaft slowly disappeared into her body until there were only a couple of thick inches left at the bottom. *Oh fuck... I'm going to cum... Just a few more inches...*

She looked at herself in the mirror, she was panting with pleasure, shivering. Her body looked amazing. Her firm muscular thighs shook with the effort of supporting herself, while her body hung on the edge of orgasm. Her tight torso shone with exertion, and her nipples were rock hard on her beautifully shaped breasts. She quietly cried out as she lowered herself the last two inches onto the mighty shaft, driving her athletic body into a mind-numbing orgasm. She fought to keep her eyes open, watching her body as it bore down on the huge cock, her core

compressing as she keened in pleasure, her hands on her large breasts. Her whole body shook, and she could think of nothing but the huge black cock buried deeply in her pussy.

She found herself sobbing with ecstasy. Leaning forward on her hands. Looking up she regarded her face in the mirror. Her hair had what she liked to call a 'freshly fucked' look. It was tousled, and hung down in tangled locks, framing her face. She grinned an evil grin, and started to rock back and forth, unable to resist the huge phallus driving her to fuck. No cock had ever been this deep, filled her this completely, stretched her pussy to the point of ecstasy. She, again, watched herself fuck the dildo, grinding it deeper, raising herself up until just the tip was lodged between her labia, then driving it deep inside her again. In minutes she felt her legs spasm and slam together, she held her breasts tightly, and her eyes rolled back as a long moan of bliss emanated from her open lips. She had never cum like this, she could never imagine an orgasm this powerful.

The hot blonde wife found herself on the floor ten minutes later, still shivering in reaction to the powerful string of orgasms. Every few seconds she would gasp, and her body would jerk in a mini-orgasm. She hadn't passed out, but she had found herself in a blissful stupor, writhing on the ground in pleasure, a slave to her orgasm and its aftereffects. She was exhausted. Slowly climbing to her knees, she found the huge phallus lying on the ground. Her spasmodic reactions must have pulled it free. She couldn't resist putting it into her mouth one more time, enjoying the taste of her pussy on it. Climbing to her feet, she rinsed the dildo off, dried it, and put it back in its box. *This is definitely coming home with me.*

Taking one last hit from the joint, she turned out the light and returned to bed. She still quivered occasionally as she lay next to her comatose husband. Her body still hummed with pleasure. She looked over at the clock and realized that she'd been fucking herself for almost two hours. No wonder she was exhausted.



## Deep, Hard, Massage

The pretty blonde awoke to the sun blazing in from the open patio door. She stretched, her whole body tight. Running her hands up and down her fit body, Rebecca moaned in pleasure. She turned to the side to read a note left on Ken's pillow.

Had to run, important call. Have fun today, see you after lunch.

- Ken

*Figures.* She thought to herself. *Well, fuck you. I had the best sex of my life yesterday, without you, or your precious cock.*

She saw a silhouette block some of the bright sunlight. She could make out long, thick dreadlocks. Jasmine poked her head around the door.

"Morning sleepyhead..." She said, moving to stand in the doorway.

"Mornin'..." Rebecca replied, stretching her well-muscled body languorously, her breasts jutting out in the soft light. She made a pleasurable groan as she did.

"Somebody got fucked last night." Jasmine said, crawling onto the bed to embrace Rebecca, kissing her. She was dressed in a short, tight T-shirt and a bikini. "I guess Ken came through after all? I had my doubts."

"Ken... was a total dud." She said, embracing the beautiful black woman, pushing her thigh between Jasmine's firm legs, feeling the warmth of her pussy pressed against her skin. "First, he couldn't keep from cumming just from watching me get stoned..."

"You do look hot when you're stoned. Can't say I blame him." Jasmine said, playfully biting Becca's nipple.

"Oh! Hey!" She protested, before holding the beautiful woman against her breast, urging her on. "And then he... Oh yeah, bite harder... He came before I even got his cock in my pussy. I was so horny!"

“Well you look pretty satisfied.” Jasmine said, appraising. “I take it you found my little gift?”

“Yes. And there was nothing little about it. It was amazing, totally blew my mine.” The hot wife stretched again, her body remembering the ecstasy. “I wish they really came that big.”

“Well, come on, I’ve got a massage scheduled for us. It’ll work out all those tight body parts.” Jasmine said, sitting up on the bed. “Come on, it’s almost ten!”

“Ten? Holy crap, I slept so late.” Becca said running off to the bathroom. “I must have been really fucked up last night... Literally!”

The cute blonde appeared a few minutes later, hair tied up in a messy ponytail, and a small blue bikini barely covering her body. She wrapped herself in a terrycloth robe and slipped on some flip-flops.

They arrived in Jasmine’s workout studio a few minutes later. There were a pair of massage tables in the middle of the room, and a rolling cart of supplies. Jasmine walked over to the cart and pulled out a joint.

“You’ve never had a massage until you’ve had one on Kali. It makes your entire body tingle.” She said, lighting up the joint without waiting for an answer. She took a big hit and handed it to the young wife. Rebecca looked at it for a moment, then shrugged and took it from Jasmine. She liked the feeling, a lot. And even the smell was almost overpoweringly enticing. A few minutes later, the two beautiful women were stoned and ready for their massage. They sat and waited with mimosas in their hands, and smiles on their lips.

“So it just dribbled out, huh? How small again?” Jasmine asked. Rebecca nodded and held her fingers about four inches apart. The beautiful black woman laughed out loud, Rebecca hid her snicker behind her hand. “Oh, you poor girl. No wonder you’re so horny all the time.”

The women’s revelry was interrupted by two black men entering the room. They were of medium height, muscular build, and were dressed only

in floral wraps that covered from their waists to the middle of their muscular thighs.

“Um, Jasmine...” Rebecca whispered, staring at them muscular men. She found them extremely attractive, maybe a little too attractive. “You didn’t tell me they were men. I don’t know if I should...”

“Would it help if I told you they were gay?” Jasmine said with a smile. “Would that make it OK?”

“They’re gay? Both of them? Now,that’s a pity.” Rebecca said, considering it. The thought of those powerful hands working all the tightness from her body was too tempting. The weed made her flesh tingle at the thought. “OK, it’s OK then.”

“OK then, you won’t be disappointed.” Jasmine said, pulling off her clothes.

“Naked?” Rebecca said, tentatively taking off her terry robe.

“It’s the only way to fully enjoy the massage.” Jasmine said with a grin. Quickly, the tall black woman pulled the tie on the back of Rebecca’s bikini. The perky blonde tried to catch it, but it was too late. She looked over at the beautiful black woman and gave her a wry smile.

“You! OK, ok.” *Well, I guess as long as they’re gay, it doesn’t really matter.* She thought as she shyly pulled the bikini top over her head, and slid the bottoms off. She looked at the two muscular black men. On one hand, it was too bad that they were gay. They were both handsome, in a rugged muscled way. On the other hand, she found herself getting aroused at the idea of one of them on their back, black cock hard against their muscular belly, while the other one slammed a big hard black cock into his asshole, the first spraying cum on his chest. Then she pictured what it would look like if they had cocks the size of the big dildo, and she definitely felt a shudder of arousal. She stood there, nude, almost posing for the men. Wondering what it would be like if they were straight. She felt sexy standing there, enjoying their occasional looks. *I bet they’d both fuck me... at the same time.*

Jasmine climbed up on the first massage table and lay face down. Rebecca couldn't help but admire the woman's warm brown skin, and the shapely body. She ran her fingers up Jasmine's inner thigh, making sure to tickle her pussy as she passed.

"Nice ass." She teased, climbing onto her table. Rebecca Lay down as the two men stepped up beside them. She closed her eyes and sighed with pleasure as she felt him squirt warm oil on her back. She imagined a huge black cock inches from her naked body. She heard Jasmine groan with pleasure.

"See? Even better stoned." Jasmine moaned in pleasure. Rebecca cracked open an eye and watched as the oil made Jasmine's skin glow a warm reddish brown. The man's powerful hands were charcoal black against her skin.

"Mm-hmm. Oh!" Rebecca replied, closing her eye and moaning as the masseuse started working on her middle back. It felt so good as he worked his way up to her shoulders. "This is heaven."

The sexy young wife drifted in a lightly stoned haze as the muscular man worked her arms, neck, shoulders and back. She was totally relaxed when he moved to her feet, and started working his way up her tight calves. She heard Jasmine let out a loud moan from a few feet away, but she was too relaxed to look at what caused it.

"Found the good spot?" She asked, smiling to herself.

"Oh yeah." Jasmine groaned.

Rebecca felt the masseuse's hands beginning to work up the long muscles of her thighs. The farther up he worked, the wetter her pussy became. And the sound of her friend's moaning sounded almost like sex. *Totally not helping, Jasmine!* She couldn't help but spread her thighs a little as his hands began to knead her ass, her hips arching as if to present her pussy to her lover. She whimpered, unable to resist the touch of his thick powerful fingers as he slid them between her thighs, along the edge of her pussy, and back between her buttocks. She couldn't help but spread her legs more, and arch her back. She felt her labia pull apart, her pussy was

ready for him. She whimpered in need. *Touch my pussy... please... finger me... Make me cum...*

She felt his strong fingers sliding over her pussy, rubbing her hard, sensitive clit. The other hand kneaded her firm buttock, the fingers slipping between her crack, brushing her asshole. She gasped. *I can't ...* She thought, trying to resist. But the feeling of his strong hands on her most intimate places was too much, she couldn't resist his touch, she couldn't fight it. She frantically ground her wet pussy against his oil slicked fingers, wanting them to enter her, to fuck her, her body a slave to the black man's expert touch. Her thighs were shaking with sexual tension, and she cried out as she came, riding his firm grip. Her whole body shook uncontrollably. She was only vaguely aware of similar noises coming from the woman on the next table.

The masseuse slowly massaged the petite wife, allowing her to relax, but keeping the pretty blonde highly aroused. When she managed to catch her breath he gently, but firmly, rolled her onto her back. He poured some warm oil onto her breasts and stomach, working it in.

Rebecca dreamily looked over at Jasmine to see the muscular black twin rubbing oil onto her large breasts. The beautiful black woman was obviously enjoying his attentions. She lay on her back, her legs spread as the ebony man slid his hand down her stomach, and over her pussy. But there was something much more out of place... The twin taking care of Jasmine had grown a huge erection. And Jasmine was slowly running her hand up and down the thick black shaft, oil dripping from the fat cockhead.

"Jasmine... What are you doing?" Rebecca moaned, not believing her eyes. It must be a prank, there is no way a cock could be that big. She groaned as her twin worked the oil into her breasts, making them tingle with excitement. *I shouldn't be doing this...*

The beautiful black woman looked over at the athletic blonde and smiled, her mouth opening in a silent gasp as her attendant slid a thick middle finger into the woman's pussy. She twisted, leaning up on her elbow, still stroking the massive erection.

“It’s only natural for these boys to get hard, working so hard to get sexy, horny women like us off.” Jasmine said, licking her lips as she looked at the massive cock in her hand.

“But, you said they were...” She shivered as the man slid his hands down her firm torso, and worked back over her hips and up her side. She did her best to whisper. “You know... Gay?”

“Oh Becca.” Jasmine giggled, laying back down on the table, holding the long shaft over her face and stroking it with both hands. “I asked you if you would feel better *if I told you* they were gay. I didn’t actually say they *were* gay. And take a look at your man. I can tell you he definitely is *not* gay.”

The confused white wife leaned her head up to find a huge black cock hanging above her shoulder. It was bigger than she ever imagined a human penis could be. The organ swayed slowly before her face. Thick and black, it glistened with oil. The masseuse must have been stroking it himself while he massaged her. She couldn’t resist staring at it even as his hands slid along her spread thighs. Her eyes traced the thick veins along the length of the black shaft from the wide base, along the firm shaft, until her glance fell upon the fat cockhead. The mahogany colored knob had to be the size of a nectarine, and was still partially covered by his black foreskin. It suddenly dawned on Rebecca that she recognized the massive cock. It looked like the dildo in her vanity drawer. As she watched, the huge black cock stiffened, the head swelled and pushed back the foreskin. She wanted to fuck.

“Jasmine... Is he expecting me to...?” She could feel herself losing control completely. The feeling of his hands sliding along her inner thighs made her squirm, pushing her pussy up. If he took decided to use his huge cock to fuck her, she doubted she could resist. A moan escaped her lips as he pressed just above her mound. “I can’t...”

“You don’t have to fuck him. Or do anything else you don’t want to.” Jasmine moaned back. Her twin was working hard between her spread thighs, one hand from the front, one from the back. His cock stood hard,

jutting up from his muscular torso. “Oh fuck... Just enjoy your massage, cum your brains out. Oh god!”

Rebecca closed her eyes, the sound of the beautiful black woman’s orgasmic cries urging her on. She gasped when she felt her the black man’s strong fingers slide down over her pussy. He pulled back the hood of her aroused clit and made a circle around it with a finger. Rebecca couldn’t help but push her pussy forward grinding against his touch.

“Oh fuck... Oh yeah... Do it...” She whispered, unable to stop herself. She felt his skilled finger tease her wet pussy. She was breathing heavily, shaking, unable to keep from rubbing her pussy against him. “Do it... fuck me...”

Becca arched her back and cried out in pleasure as he slid two thick fingers into her hot, tight pussy. She couldn’t resist humping his hand, fucking herself on his fingers. *They feel bigger than Ken’s cock* She thought, her head spinning as she fell towards an orgasmic stupor. Soon she would be able to think of nothing else but sex, nothing else but cumming her brains out.

Then the skilled masseuse did something different. Instead of just sliding his big fingers in and out of her shaved pussy, even though he had her on an orgasmic ride already, he started fluttering his fingers against her G-spot. Pushing her hands down by her side, the athletic blonde gasped from the sudden, overwhelming sensation, and lifted her fit torso from the table. With his other hand, he started to gently and rhythmically rub her erect clit, increasing and decreasing the pressure in counterpoint to how hard he worked his fingers in her dripping pussy.

“Oh god! Oh fuck! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!” She cried, her voice cracking from the overwhelming sexual onslaught. Her words devolved into incoherent sobs of bliss. She instinctively grabbed the black man’s huge erect cock, stroking it, baying in ecstasy. It felt so big, and hard, and powerful in her hand that she succumbed to his unrelenting touch. “Oh fucking god fuck me I’m cumming!”

Her slim muscular body lost control. Her back arched so much that she thrust her pussy a foot above the massage table, her entire body trembling, supporting herself on her feet and her shoulders. Her body was a tight, shuddering cable of lean muscle. Her pussy dripped her orgasmic juices as he used his fingers to increase the power and duration of her orgasm.

As she finished her devastating orgasm, her body slowly relaxed, lowering herself back down onto the table. His fingers gently fucking her tight pussy. She found that her hand was still holding the heavy black cock, stroking it slowly. She looked at her hand. It looked so small around the warm flesh; she couldn't put her fingers all the way around the shaft's girth. She marveled at the foreskin as it slid over the fat knob. *Fuck, now this is a cock* She thought to herself, her mind floating on an orgasmic cloud.

She looked over at Jasmine to find the beautiful woman lying on her stomach, her hand stroking the huge cock while she slowly sucked on the massive cockhead. She paused to smile and wink at Rebecca. "See? What'd I tell you. How about one more?"

As soon as the words left Jasmine's full lips, Rebecca's masseuse started to move his fingers in a firm dominant motion. Rebecca's body exploded in ecstasy, and her mind cleared of anything but the intense pleasure, and the need to fuck. It only took a few moments for her to cum, her pussy squirting all over his hand. She held onto his thick cock, stroking it, as she sobbed in the throes of a mind-erasing orgasm.

Rebecca found herself lying on her back, on the massage table. Her body twitched in reaction to the three powerful orgasms. She slowly became aware of the smell of Kali burning. The smell was alluring, she wanted some. Rolling onto her side, she saw Jasmine seated on the floor. The tall shapely black woman was exhaling a huge cloud of smoke. She looked over at the recovering white girl.

"Welcome back, baby. I don't know where you go when you cum, but it sure looks like fun." Jasmine said, offering the hot young wife the smoking joint. "You're in such good shape, you cum like it's an Olympic

event. I swear you cum for like a minute at a time. That's like rock star orgasms."

"I've never cum like that before." Rebecca said, slipping off the table and sat next to Jasmine, taking the joint. She took a big hit and held it in, immediately enjoying the soothing, uplifting, sexually arousing sensation. She looked over at the twins, each sporting an identical huge erection, as they put their supplies away. She licked her lips with desire. "So what happens now? I can't fuck him, even though I really, really would love to right now."

"Like I said, you don't have to do anything." Jasmine said warmly, taking a quick hit. "Trust me, they are perfectly happy just giving you a massage and making you cum your brains out. Sex is freedom in this culture."

"But look at them, they're ready to burst. That's because of me." Rebecca said. She felt a sudden rush of confidence and pleasure. *Fucking right I made that monster hard.* "We can't leave them like that, can we? It doesn't seem fair."

"Well, we never like to leave someone wanting." Jasmine handed the joint back to Becca. The young blonde was flying high on sex and Kali. "It's tradition to reciprocate in some way."

"But I can't fuck him. Ken would divorce me, and ruin me." Rebecca said, pouting. "Besides, I could never imagine taking a dick that big."

"You don't have to fuck him." Jasmine whispered, watching the two huge cocks sway as the men returned. "Look at it this way, if you made it hard, you should do something to alleviate that condition. Why don't you jerk him off?"

"Oh my god, do you think I could?" Rebecca's eyes lit up, and her heart began to beat faster. The thought of holding that huge cock in her hand, stroking it, making it cum, made her wet. She watched as the two men arrived. Their huge erections had started to hang down a little while they worked, but as they approached the two beautiful women, their cocks started to harden again, standing straight. "I can definitely do that."

Thank you, boys.” Jasmine said coquettishly, lighting a fresh joint, and handing it to the one brother.

He took a big hit and handed it to the other. Rebecca watched, fascinated, as the first brother’s cock hardened a little more. He groaned as he exhaled, the fat cockhead forced its way out from his foreskin, and a drool of white fluid came from the large hole. The enthralled blonde turned just in time to see the other brother do the same. The large brown cockhead seemed to swell and force its way from its foreskin, and a dollop of pre-cum drooled from the dark hole.

“I suppose I should have introduced everyone. My bad, I just couldn’t wait to get your hands on me.” Jasmine laughed, eyeing the huge cock hanging in front of her. She reached up and started stroking it. “Rebecca, the huge cock in front of me is Jack. And the huge cock in front of you, is John.”

Rebecca smiled, a little shyly, as if she had been introduced at a dinner party. She reached up and gently touched the massive black shaft hanging inches from her face. She couldn’t believe how large it was.

“Um...” The man on the right smiled. “I’m John, and he’s Jack.”

“Well, who can tell you apart anyway?” Jasmine said, inching herself closer to John, stroking his cock with both hands. She was pleased to see Jack, wait, John, enjoy her touch. She moved a little closer, her lips just inches away, and looked up at the handsome man with big brown eyes. Leaning forward, she planted a small kiss on his huge cock.

“Nice to meet you, Jack” Rebecca looked up at Jack. She also inched closer, and started using two hands to stroke the long, thick shaft. She smiled and looked up at the muscular man with her glazed blue eyes. He smiled at her, obviously enjoying her touch. “I just want to apologize in advance. It’s just that, I can’t fuck you. Not that I wouldn’t want to! No, it’s not like that. I mean I would *love* to fuck this big beast. I mean *really* love to, I mean, look at this thing. But you see, I’m married, and all. So, I can’t fuck you. I feel really bad about it. So, you know, sorry...”

“Stop, stop. It’s fine.” Jack said with a big island smile. “Having a beautiful sexy woman like you pullin’ on my buddy be tanks enough. But if ya keep goin on I might use it to plug dat pretty mouth of yours.”

“Oh.” Rebecca said, closing her mouth. She set down to the job at hand, watching her two hands as they encircled the black shaft, pulling the skin along its length. She looked over at Jasmine to see that the sexy black woman eagerly sucking on the huge knob of John’s cock. The muscular black man had his eyes closed, and was slowly fucking her full lips.

She stared at Jack’s cock as she stroked him. Not only did she admire the sheer size and girth of the organ, still amazed that it could be real. She marveled at the thick vein that ran along the bottom of the shaft. She imagined it pulsing as it carried his seed along its length to deliver it deep inside a lucky woman’s pussy, or to explode out of the fat cockhead in great spurts. She wanted to see it cum. Slowly running her hands up, she squeezed the shaft, making the veins stand out in hard relief, sliding her hands up and over the swollen knob. She was pleased to hear him groan, and see a slippery drool of pre-cum dribble from the opening.

Without thinking, she leaned forward and put her lips around the fat cockhead, sucking the pre-cum from the head. Her head spun with the excitement of taking such a powerful cock in her mouth. His cum tasted salty, and thick, and with a taste of the spicy Kali plant. She moaned deep in her throat as she sucked on the large head, before pulling back to look at it. The fat round head was slick with her spit, and her hand slid smoothly over the end. The petite white wife pushed the thick black shaft up against his belly, and looked up at the massive cock above her, just like she found herself doing last night with the dildo.

“Oh god, it’s so big.” She heard herself gush before she slid the hot flesh against her cheek. Jack thrust against her, apparently enjoying the sight of his huge cock against her lightly tanned cheek. The feeling of his firm flesh moving against her made her feel wonderfully subservient to the well-muscled man. Looking up, she almost pictured Jack like a prized stallion, and she was tasked with satisfying his all-consuming cock. She shivered with excitement, and kissed his huge balls, licking her way up his

thick cock, until she was able to take his cock into her mouth once again. It made her feel even more sexy when he groaned in pleasure.

“Come on, fuck me with that thing.” Jasmine moaned from beside her. Rebecca worked her mouth around the side of Jack’s hard pole to watch. Jasmine had covered the twin’s massive cock with massage oil. The beautiful black woman was now on her hands and knees, looking back at the huge erection that stood tall over her. The muscular man didn’t need a second invitation. He eyed Jasmine’s full round ass, and slowly lowered himself, lining his thick cock up with her waiting pussy. Rebecca stared, unbelieving that anything that huge could fit inside a woman, as he slid the first few inches of his huge cock into the beautiful black woman. She grasped at the floor as she moaned, her face pressed against the mat. “Yes, that’s it... fuck me!”

John needed no encouragement. He put his hands on her wide hips, and started burying his long cock in her wet pussy. When he pulled it back out, the shaft shone ebony from the slippery oil, and Jasmine’s tight wet pussy. He slid back in, burying the huge shaft. Becca couldn’t believe her eyes that Jasmine could actually take such a huge fucking, but also the effect it had on her. The curvaceous black woman moaned and cried in pure pleasure as the massive cock filled her; his cock was unrelenting.

The sexy blonde moaned in sympathetic arousal, turning her full attention back to the massive hard shaft in her hands. He was huge, aroused, and commanding. She felt like all she wanted to do was please him. Taking his shaft with both hands, she worked them up and down his cock, watching the fat head. *I want it so much.* She thought to herself. *I wish I could fuck one of these things!* Unable to help herself, she leaned in and slid his huge cockhead into her mouth. It felt even larger now. She could hear Jasmine cumming beside her, but she didn’t want to look away from the dominant bull in front of her. Her pussy dripped at the thought of even trying to fit this huge cock in her petite body.

Her bull was starting to breath heavily; she was getting him closer. Servicing the huge black cock made her so horny that she slid one hand between her own legs to play with her clit. Still sucking on the thick cock,

only able to handle a few inches of the massive organ, she moaned and slurped. She was unprepared for the strong orgasm that quickly overtook her. She gasped and sobbed in pleasure, holding the hard black python against her face, overcome with ecstasy. It took her a moment to recover, looking up at the thick long cock hanging above her.

“God I want to make you cum.” She said with a teasing smile. “I bet you’d like to cum all over my sweet face, and cover my big tits?”

“Yes Ma’am.” Jack said with a predatory grin.

“Yeah? You want me to jerk you off all over me?” She said, teasing him. She moved as if to take his cock in her mouth, holding her hands behind her back. She would bump his hard cock, but then slip so the side, rubbing her cheek against his hard flesh. She did this several times. She loved feeling his cock against her face. He must have enjoyed it enough, because he would happily thrust against her mouth each time.

Then his demeanor turned more serious. He took her head by the hair, holding her firm. She almost came from his firm, controlling grip. She made a guttural purr she’d never heard herself make before. She looked up at him, completely subservient. “Enough games. I’m fixin’ to shoot. Now, jerk me real hard, an’ I want you pretty little mout’ suckin’, and I’ll bust all over you.”

Rebecca purred with arousal. She loved the commanding way he told her what to do. He released her from his grip, she gasped and giggled as she regained her balance. Slowly, she put both palms under the huge, black cock, and curled her fingers around the thick, veined shaft until she encircled it. With a seductive grin, she started to stroke the massive cock, pointing the swollen head at her face. As soon as she managed to work a drool of pre-cum up the long shaft and out the dilated hole, she slid her mouth over his knob, working the rim of his cockhead with her lips.

Beside them, John had flipped Jasmine onto her back and was lining his equally monstrous bull-cock against her slit. The sexy black woman’s clit was large and aroused. It looked like the tip of a finger peeking out from under its dark brown hood. The muscular black man held his cock and

tapped it against her engorged sex button. Jasmine squealed and jerked when he touched her clit. She spread her legs wide, her pussy revealing its wet, pink opening to him. But he was enjoying the teasing, and slid the entire length of his prodigious cock along her pussy, and over her clit. Jasmine almost came just from that, but she wanted more. He did it again. It was as if he was showing her just how deep he was going to fuck her.

“Stop teasing!” Jasmine begged, in dire need of the huge cock. “Ugh, I need you in me!”

John obliged her by pulling her right thigh up against him, holding it with his hand, and lining his fat cockhead with her tight, wet slit. This gave Rebecca a perfect view of his swollen cockhead splitting Jasmine in two, the thick organ stretching her shaved pussy around its girth. Jasmine threw her head back and howled in pleasure as eight thick inches of cock filled her fit body. She gulped for air as his cock became fully engulfed in her tight folds. He let out a loud groan, and started to decisively fuck the beautiful woman. His hard cock slid in and out of her tight body, driving her to keel and sob in ecstasy, unable to even speak.

Rebecca watched, her head spinning, utterly overwhelmed to see such a huge cock at work. The heavily veined shaft was driving in and out of Jasmine like pneumatic jackhammer. She could only imagine what a monster-sized cock like that would feel like splitting her in two. She longed for a huge cock pounding in her tight body, making her lose her mind in ecstasy.

She was working the huge cock in front of her with everything she could. It was even harder than before. Her arms were getting tired, but she was determined to make her black bull explode. She wanted to see how much cum his large balls produced. Every time he would moan, or say something to encourage her, she would feel a glow of pleasure spread across her. Especially when he told her that she was a “good little cock slut”. She almost came on the spot when he said that. She could feel his cockhead swelling in her mouth. *Come on, give it to me, I have to make you cum.*

“Yeah! Give it to me! Give it to me!” Jasmine cried out. Her muscular twin was slamming his cock in and out of her, sweat dripping from his chin with exertion. He was fucking her so hard that Jasmine was along for the ride only, her body shuddering each time he slammed his mighty cock into her, her breasts bouncing, her hair flying all over the place. But she had her eyes locked on him. She knew he was going to cum and second, and she craved it like a drug. “Let me see it! Fucking cum all over me!”

With a roar, the powerful black bull reared back, his cock pulling from the shapely woman’s tight pussy. He knelt there, his massive cock rock hard, straining, the head flaring wide, until a river of cum started to flow from the dilated hole, gushing onto Jasmine’s pussy. Moments later, a second gush spurted from the tip, flying through the air to land on Jasmine’s toned stomach, and large breasts. Now John’s cock started to jump, spurt after heavy spurt of cum spraying all over the prone black woman. She squealed in delight as the huge cock showered her. She started running her hands through his semen, spreading it over her brown skin, making it shine. After five or six massive loads, the big black man started to stroke his cock, milking it all over Jasmine’s perfect body.

Rebecca could hear her bull grunting; he was getting close. She took her mouth from his fat cockhead, and worked her slick hand over the rim. This always made Ken cum, not that it took much for him to cum anyway. The bull started to thrust. She felt Jasmine’s arms around her, the beautiful black woman pressing close against her back. She could feel Jasmine’s large breasts pressed against her. Then she felt the woman’s hands slip down to between her legs.

“Come on Jack, give the girl what she needs.” Jasmine purred, her lips next to Rebecca’s ear. She felt the other woman begin to tease her clit. “I’m going to make her cum, while she makes you cum.”

The beautiful black woman shifted to the side a little, still pressed tightly against the out-of-control white wife. Rebecca felt one hand on her clit, and the other slip down her lower back, between her buttocks, and begin to tease her sensitive anus. Rebecca started to squirm, her body overwhelmed by the other woman’s fingers. The only thought going

through her mind was to make her black bull cum. She felt the pressure build just as Jack groaned.

“Yeah baby, give me your cum... give me cum...” Rebecca pleaded. She knew her pretty face looking up at him, her high voice urging him on, would be irresistible. Her hands stroked the rock hard shaft as fast as she could.

She felt herself orgasm just as the first huge gush of cum erupted from the massive cock in her hands, hot cum splashing onto her breasts. She cried out in bliss, pumping the huge shaft, riding Jasmine’s irresistible fingers, feeling a huge load of cum splatter across her cheek.

Unable to resist, Rebecca slid her lips over the bucking black cock, feeling it fill her mouth with its next load. A second load drove her off the cockhead, needing to swallow the mouthful. She kept jerking the big man off onto her tits, loving the feeling of his hot cum as it coated them. Jasmine reached up and spread the white gold over her body. It felt amazing. As his orgasm started to subside, Becca was able to slip her lips around the fat head and taste the remainder of his seed. It was wonderful, and she happily swallowed all she could.

She finally released his magnificent cock with a loud, wet pop. His cock hung before her, still thick, but not rock hard anymore. She stroked it, loving the feel of the massive meat in her hand, and the feeling of accomplishment in getting the black bull to cum. Finally, he leaned down and kissed her. Rebecca beamed.

“You did great, girl.” Jasmine said, kissing her neck, holding her close. They watched the two identical twins leave, their huge cocks still thick between their legs. “It’s a pity you can’t fuck him; you can’t imagine what it’s like being taken by a truly big cock. You’re tight little body would have driven him wild.”

Jasmine felt Rebecca start to shake in her arms. She was crying.

“That’s just it, I’ll never get to fuck one. I’ve only really ever known Ken.” She said with a sob. “And you’ve shown me what I’ve been missing.

No wonder I'm frustrated and horny all the time! But I can never give into it. He'll leave me, and I'll be destitute."

"Oh honey..." Jasmine kissed the young wife on the cheek. "What if I told you I could fix it so you can fuck whoever you want?"

"But I can't. He's always been true to me." Becca said, trying to hold back her sobs. "I can't throw it all away because I'm horny. He tries his best.

"Hon, I hate to break it to you. I think he's been using you as his own personal trophy wife." Jasmine said cautiously. "I don't think he's been playing fair."

"Me? A trophy wife? Fat chance." The pretty blonde said, her face breaking. "I'm just plain, skinny, Rebecca."

"Wait a minute." Jasmine said incredulously. "Did Jack not just sprout the largest, hardest cock you've ever seen in your life? Just from you lying on a table in front of him?"

"Well, I guess..." Jasmine sniffed.

"And how did it feel when you were on your knees making his rock-hard cock cum all over your hot sexy body?"

"Wonderful..." Rebecca said, staring into space. She felt a warm wave of arousal wash across her. Her pussy moistened, and her nipples started to harden at the mere thought. "I felt sexy, beautiful, desired..."

"Because you are. Rebecca, you are incredibly sexy, and beautiful, and desirable. You've been convinced, somehow, that you aren't." Jasmine instructed. "Don't men stare at you when you go out? Aren't they always hitting on you?"

"I thought they look at me because they wonder why Ken settled for such a plain wife. He could have any woman he wants, and he chose me anyway." Rebecca said, thinking about how often men's eyes did follow her. "And I don't really go out on my own."

“Well, you’re wrong.” Jasmine said decisively. “You are one of the most beautiful women I have ever met. And, you have worked your body into a masterpiece. You are prettier, sexier, hotter, and more desirable than almost any woman on the planet. And it frustrated me greatly that you are too dumb to see it!”

“Dumb?”

“Dumb! Look around you, listen to me. Both of those young men would happily have fucked you all day long. Hell, they would be happy just to sit next to you at lunch. My husband got quite hard talking about how sexy you looked, last night.” Jasmine told the petite blonde with utter certainty. “The night we met, I watched head after head turn to look at your sweet little ass, and your perfect body, as you walked through the room. Men and women.”

“Really? I mean, I don’t feel beautiful.” Becca said, trying to work her head around what the statuesque black woman was saying.

“Didn’t you just tell me that you felt that way on your knees, making that huge black cock explode for you?” Rebecca nodded, a smile breaking across her face. “You made that monster rock-hard, swollen, a slave to your beauty. Your sexuality was irresistible to him.”

“Yeah, I guess I did...” The blonde ran her hands over her breasts, her confidence rushing back.

“Yeah, you did... All over you.” Jasmine said with a giggle. She stood up, and walked over to a table to pick up her smart phone. “Girlfriend, it’s time for me to teach you a lesson. Tough love.”

She sat back down next to the sexy young wife and held the phone out for her to look at. On the screen, was a beautiful lithe blonde on her knees, and she was sucking on an absolutely massive black cock. It took Rebecca a few moments to realize it was a picture of her from a few minutes ago.

“I’m fucking hot...” Rebecca admitted, awestruck. She’d never seen herself like this. She looked so beautiful, almost perfect, on her knees,

giving herself completely to the black bull's hard cock.

"Good. Now here's the tough love part. Honey, your husband is a douchebag." Jasmine said, holding the young blonde with her eyes. "Not only does he have you convinced that you're an ugly duckling, when you are obviously a swan, but he's been cheating on you."

"Ken? Never." Rebecca shook her head, unbelieving. *There's no way he would ever cheat on me.* "You don't know him."

"Becca, I know him better than you do." She said, shaking her head while she looked through her phone for another photo. "You know he made a pass at me the night we met?"

"No, he'd never do that..." Rebecca defended him.

"Nothing happened. I told him I'd be happy to fuck him, as long as he asked you first."

Rebecca started at Jasmine her heart breaking even as she realized what her friend was saying was true. It would explain a lot. Lipstick marks, clothing smelling of perfume, his lack of interest after a business trip.

"He likes to play around. Remember his business trip a few weeks before the party?" Jasmine said, holding her phone out to the pretty blonde.

Rebecca took the phone and looked at the picture. She put her hand to her mouth in shock. There was Ken, her husband, her love, sitting next to a beautiful booth model, his hand playing with her big breast. *No wonder he wanted mine bigger!* She scrolled to the next photo. Ken, this time with a shapely brunette's head in his lap. By the look on his face, it was pretty clear what she was doing. The next one showed Ken, pants around his knees, behind the big breasted model again. She was naked, and it was pretty clear from the photo what he was about to do.

Something broke in Rebecca at that moment. She knew this was all true, that she had been hiding it from herself. She had looked the other way, ignored the obvious signs, told herself that it couldn't be true. Something hardened in her gaze, and she looked over at Jasmine.

“What would you say if I had an idea to teach that lying, cheating, scumbag of a husband of yours a lesson?” Jasmine asked, a smile spreading across her full, dark lips.

“But the pre-nup? I’m trapped.” Rebecca said, scared she would lose everything.

“Leave that to me.” Jasmine said wickedly. She’d been planning this for weeks, since the second she met Rebecca’s slimy husband. And she had truly grown to love the hot little blonde. “He won’t know what hit him.”



## Horny Honey Trap

“Ken, I will give you this... You are as great a salesman as you promised.” Finney said as the pair relaxed on a pair of chaise lounges in the shaded part of the beach.

They each held a cold beer, the condensation dripping down their hands. Finney was dressed in a pair of knee length board shorts and a tight athletic T-shirt. It clung to his substantially muscled frame. Ken wore a loose fitting Hawaiian-style shirt, baggy shorts, and leather sandals. They were on their fifth beer, and Ken was really feeling it.

“I told you, didn’t I?” Ken bragged, slurring his words a little, belching. “Let me runs sales my way, and I’ll make you rich.”

“Ha, I appreciate that.” Marcus laughed. “But I’m already rich.”

“Then I’ll make you richer!” Ken said, tipping his bottle against his boss’. *Richest nigger on the fucking block!*

“But I have a problem, Ken.” Marcus said seriously, fixing the short man in his stare. “You’re a great salesman. But Maria is almost as good. I need you two to get along.”

*Fucking cunt! She ratted me out.* Ken thought. “I think we get along pretty well...”

“I know what happened in that suite, Ken. You’re not pulling the wool over my eyes.” Marcus said, cutting his employee off. “I get it, salespeople get competitive. You wanted to mark your territory. Things got a little wild, and I know Maria can get a little out of hand.”

“Yeah, right, she’s a big girl.” Ken offered. “She’s great, I really like her. Seriously.”

“Good then.” The tall black man glanced at his watch and slowly climbing out of his chair. “I have a call to make. I had Maria fly in yesterday, I want you two to work out your differences. Get on the same team. She’ll be here any minute.”

*Fuck. Ken thought, reaching into the ice bucket for another cold beer. Now I gotta make fucking nice with that wetback. Fucking minorities all stick together.*

He stared after Finney and sucked back on his beer. He closed his eyes and lay back, enjoying the sensation of the warm tropical breeze on his skin. He didn't hear Maria approach until she was already in the clearing.

"Hey, Ken." She said.

Ken opened his eyes and found her standing in front of him. But this wasn't the stuck up bitch from the sales party. This was an entirely different woman. Maria stood before him, a big drink in hand, in a very tiny bikini. Her long black hair was tight against her head in a braid. Her face was half covered by big, black, designer sunglasses. She sipped her tropical drink with a straw from a large, neon-pink, Lucite glass. Her brown skin glistened with oil, her small breasts wrapped in a tight, grey, strapless bikini top, and a revealing bright pink bikini bottom. Ken hadn't realized what a fantastic body his coworker actually had. The tight bikini showed off her small but perky breasts, plenty of skin highlighted her tan, toned tummy, and the booty-short bottoms accentuated her full ass and thighs. He felt his cock stir in his baggy shorts, and sat up to hide it.

"Maria..." Ken said, taken aback by her beautiful slim body as it glistened in the sunlight. "Hi."

"So, Marcus told me we need to make nice." She said, taking another sip, and perching on the other chaise lounge. Ken couldn't help but stare at her tight body. "So what the fuck, right? Let's bury the hatchet."

"Yeah, he said the same to me." Ken watched as she reclined. He could see the outline of her nipples through the material of her top, and he couldn't help but let his gaze wander to her barely covered mound. It was a good thing he wore mirrored aviator glasses. "Listen, Maria, I guess I went a little too far the other night..."

"And I overreacted." She interrupted. "After all, you did sign the client, and I get the assist commission, and you did get me laid with Chip. I

think I wore his big cock down to a nub.”

“I heard.” Ken chuckled. Maybe he didn’t have to be such an asshole. She really wasn’t that bad. And she certainly had one hot little Latina body. *Next business trip, I’m going to nail that ass.* He thought, noticing the camel toe outlined by her bikini.

The sexy Latina stretched, something that made an immediate impression on Ken in the form of his cock twitching in his pants. She reached into her small purse and pulled something out. At first Ken thought it was a cigarette. But then he realized that it was one of the Kali joints. He wondered if it would make Maria as horny as it did him. He might just nail that ass right now.

“So, want to smoke a peace-pipe? Bury the hatchet, and agree that we’re both on the same team?” Without waiting for an answer, she lit the joint and inhaled deeply. She stretched again, enjoying the sensation that started to permeate her mind. She held the joint out to Ken as she exhaled. “From now on, we work as a team. We take care of each other. Deal?”

“Deal.” Ken croaked, holding his smoke in. He probably shouldn’t be doing this. When he did it last night with Becca, they were both doing it, so there was no foul. But doing it alone, with another woman, might not be viewed the same in court. He normally wouldn’t even think about it, usually when he’d cheat, he was in a different city. But his wife was probably a hundred yards away getting a massage. But as he felt the wave of euphoria wash across him from the joint, and he felt his cock harden in his pants, his worries quickly evaporated.

They traded the joint back and forth a few times. That’s all it took for Ken to become completely stoned, and completely enraptured by the nearly naked Latina. It seemed that she was feeling the same way. Maria perched herself on the side of Ken’s chair and gazed at him through her sunglasses.

“I have to admit, Ken. I was a little jealous of you fucking that booth girl at the after-party.” She said, leaning in toward Ken. He could smell her perfume, and the oil, from her skin. He wondered what it would feel like to

slide his hands over her glistening skin. “You making the sale, your confidence, it’s very... sexy.”

“Sexy, huh?” Ken replied, his eyes roving over her slim body. He couldn’t resist putting his hand on her arm, caressing the slippery skin. “I seem to remember you getting well-fucked that evening.”

“Mm-hmm, well-fucked. But he was just a boy.” Maria purred, putting her hand on Ken’s hard cock. “You were the *man* there that night.”

Ken couldn’t help himself. He reached up and gently put his hand on the back of her head. Pulling her close, he kissed her. She immediately responded with a moan, her hand grabbing at his erection. They kissed for several minutes, her hand finding its way into his shorts to caress his erection. Finally, she broke the kiss with an aroused groan. Turning around, she looked over her shoulder at Ken, holding her hair for him to undo her top. Ken quickly obliged, pulling the two little hooks apart. The top fell right off, exposing her pert breasts. He reached around and put his hands on them, caressing them, playing with her hard nipples.

“Yeah, that’s it.” She whispered urgently, her hands holding his close to her flesh. “Come on Ken, let’s really bury the hatchet. Fuck me.”

Ken let go of her firm flesh and pulled open his shirt, popping half the buttons in the process. He watched her slip out of her bikini while he pulled his baggy shorts off. Naked, her brown skin flush with excitement, she embraced him. His cock pressed between them, sliding against her taut belly.

“Hang on there, tiger, I want this to last.” She whispered in his ear. She bent over the chaise lounge and lowered it so it was flat. He stared at her full ass, and her tight little dark pussy, glistening with arousal. “Lie down.”

Ken did as he was told. He actually liked it when a woman took charge in the bedroom, as long as he got his rocks off in the end that is. He expected her to mount his hard cock, to fuck him. But instead, she straddled his face, and carefully lowered her pussy to his mouth. He usually didn’t like to waste time eating out a woman, not when he could fuck her

instead. But he liked her confidence, and her pussy did smell enticingly good.

He reached up and kissed her pussy, slipping his tongue between her folds. She moaned, and took his hard cock in her hand. He continued, tentatively, to lick her pussy. The truth was, he wasn't very experienced at cunnilingus; almost never bothering. But he was spurred on by her sounds of pleasure, and the way her hips started to move. He was quite turned on by the effect he was having on her. And it didn't hurt that the more turned on she was, the more she would stroke his cock.

"Suck my clit." She hissed needful. She reached down and grabbed Ken by the hair, pulling his face against her wet pussy. He started to suck on her, not really sure where he should be doing it. But she knew. The fit Latina moved her hips to the perfect spot, and let out a cry of pleasure as he sucked on her sensitive clit. It only took a few moments of the intense stimulation before her hips started to shake, and she came in his face. Her pussy gushed in his mouth while she held his head tight. When her orgasm finally subsided she gave him a throaty chuckle. Releasing his hair, she slid down his body until their faces were level.

"That was good." She purred, kissing him, rubbing her body on his rock hard cock.

"Thanks." He said, putting his hands around her slim waist, and holding her close while he ground against her. He kissed her again, and looked at her pretty face. He imagined her lips wrapped around his cock, sucking him off. He'd cum all over her face. "Now how about taking care of me?"

"Hmm, how about you fuck me instead?" She grinned at him while she deftly slid out of his grasp and off him. She hopped onto the other chaise lounge on her hands and knees, thrusting her shapely ass into the air. She looked over at him seductively, and raised an eyebrow. "How about it? Do you like Latina booty?"

"Fuck yeah I do." Ken said, quickly standing up and moving in behind her. He lined his hard cock up with her tight wet pussy and slid right in. In

seconds he was pounding against her, his body slapping against her full, round ass. The slim Latina moaned with each thrust, her voice a siren call. He was about to cum.

“Turn around, let me cum all over your pretty face.” He groaned, moments away from popping.

“The fuck you will!” Rebecca called out. She had been watching the entire time, hidden in the bushes with Jasmine. The beautiful black woman stood next to her with a smartphone held out in front of her.

“What? Fuck!” Ken cried out in shock and fear. It felt as if someone had shocked him with a thousand volts. Maria screamed in surprise, falling forward and spinning to look at Rebecca.

The tableau before the hot, white wife was unbelievable. There stood her husband, naked, hard cock stuck out in the breeze, having been surprised in flagrante delicto, caught in the act. But there was one thing that could only serve to make it even better.

Ken’s cock jumped, spitting a stream of cum into the air, only to land on Maria’s face and body. The Latina squealed and ducked. But even as the cock spurted a second time, Ken was spinning around to face his angry wife. Rebecca started to laugh, watching her husband turn around, his cock jerking and spitting his load like a lawn sprinkler.

“Ugh, fuck!” Ken groaned as his intense orgasm overpowered his initial shock. His knees buckled as his cock jerked again, spraying another thin stream of cum onto the sand. He couldn’t help himself; he grabbed his cock and jerked off, dropping to his knees.

“It’s not what it looks...” He groaned, on his knees, jerking the remainder of his orgasm into a puddle between his knees.

“Oh, it’s exactly what it looks like, you jerk.” Rebecca spat angrily. “And I have all the video proof I need!”

“But honey, I didn’t, I mean, she seduced me. I couldn’t help it!” Ken pleaded, seeing his bank balance quickly counting down to zero. “I was fucking set up!”

“What? Me? Never.” Maria said, walking over to stand beside Rebecca, giving her a long kiss. “You’re much too smart and savvy to be tricked by a stupid little wetback.”

“You did this to yourself.” Jasmine said, her voice strong. “Things are about to change for you. I mean, life-altering change. You are never going to treat your beautiful wife like shit ever again, that is, if she even agrees to take you back and not take every cent you own.”

“Please baby...” He pleaded pathetically to his wife. But he could tell by the look on her face, she wasn’t going to fold. *Fuck! Fucking bitches set me up. They’ll never get away with it! I’ll sue.* “Give me another change, honey...”

“You know, it’s hard to look sorry on your knees with a puddle of cum in front of you. Be in Marcus’ office in one hour.” The women turned to leave, but Jasmine paused for a moment. She started to laugh. “But damn, you looked silly standing there, your pathetic little dick spraying everywhere. Frankly, I think Becca should throw you to the fucking wolves.”



## New Deal for a Douchebag

Ken arrived at Finney's office an hour later. He was washed, slightly less stoned, and dressed for business in a pair of dress slacks and a white collared shirt. He was seated in front of the black man's huge desk.

*He must be compensating for something.* He thought as he sat there, waiting. He felt like he had when he had been called into the principal's office in high school after they found out he'd been involved in a party that left the new, young, attractive English teacher left passed out drunk and naked in front of the school. Or the time his fraternity was suspended after it was discovered that a porn movie had been shot at one of their parties, starring three underage high school girls. He grinned, thinking about how his dick seemed to always get him in trouble.

He looked up as Jasmine entered the room with a folder under her arm. She was dressed in a tight grey dress that clung to her enticing curves. He couldn't help but stare at her generously displayed cleavage.

"Where's Rebecca? I want to see her." He demanded. *Start out on the offensive.*

"I'm representing her. She's not going to be here." Jasmine said decisively. She sat on the edge of the desk, looking down at Ken, and put the folder in front of him.

"This won't stand up; I was clearly set up." Ken charged. *I would have fucked the bitch anyway, but you don't know that.*

"That's not how it looks to me." Jasmine said, holding out a tablet. Ken took the device. In the center of the screen was a play button. He pressed it and watched the video come to life.

On the screen he saw his wife. The video shook as she and the cameraperson walked. She looked upset about something. They were walking around the side of the house, keeping to the bushes, heading towards the shaded clearing.

“I can’t believe he’d do this to me.” Rebecca’s face looked devastated, crestfallen. “Jasmine... I love him. I can’t believe it.”

“I’m sorry hon, maybe she was wrong. But the maid was sure it was him with Maria, the other salesperson. You know, when you travel and work together, things sometimes happen.” Jasmine’s voice could be heard on the camera. Ken guessed he was watching video from her camera phone. A woman’s cry could be heard by the microphone. The women stopped, and Becca covered her face with her hands. “Come on, it’s either true or not. You need to know if he’s a cheat.”

The camera view shifted to face forward as the women approached the clearing. Through the palms, two bodies could be seen embracing. Then, as the camera got closer, it could plainly see Ken lining his small cock up against the sexy Latina’s tight pussy. The video ended with him staggering around, his cock spurting cum, until he sunk to his knees.

Ken had to admit to himself, it really didn’t look good. The shots of his distraught wife professing her love for him. The shots of him looking like a slimy cheating bastard. Putting the tablet down on the desk, he leaned back and looked at Jasmine. He was careful to keep eye contact.

“So what do you want?” He said succinctly. “If she wanted to take me to the cleaners, we wouldn’t be having this conversation. And I know I’m valuable to your business.”

“You’re right, Mr. Baner. You are a valuable sales asset to my husband.” Jasmine admitted coolly. “And for some reason that I can’t fathom, your lovely wife still has some affection for you. But she also wants to teach you a lesson. Read.”

Ken read through the contract that Marcus’ lawyers had put together after consulting with Jasmine and Rebecca. He couldn’t believe his eyes. Most of it was fine, he could live with it. But then he got to clause thirteen.

“She wants to be able to cheat?” He asked, incredulous. “Isn’t that why we’re here?”

“Not cheat. She wants sexual freedom, to explore her own sexual needs and desires. Just as you’ve apparently been doing for years.” Jasmine said confidently. “And, in return, she’s willing to let you play around, sometimes. But only with her permission. She will control your cock.”

He continued reading. *There’s a lot of money going her way, but I guess it’s better than what the pre-nup will give the bitch when I lose in court. I’ll get her though, it’s only a matter of time.* Then he got to the last clause, number twenty-one.

“She gets to humiliate me? What the fuck?”

“Certainly. After all, you humiliated her by cheating on her while on the road, and even here at our home. She just wants a chance to return the favor.” Jasmine said with a wicked smile. “It will happen here, just a few of us involved. She wants to show you a different side of her sexuality. She wants to share it with you.”

Ken looked at Jasmine. *This is what she meant by interested in chicks. She’s been seduced by Jasmine, she turned her gay. I wouldn’t fucking mind seeing Becca licking that nigger pussy though.* He thought to himself, his eyes once again roving over Jasmine’s beautiful body.

He looked over the rest of the document, but wasn’t really interested in the fine print. He got it. This was a slap on the wrist for getting caught. He signed the papers and handed them back to Jasmine.

“I think she’s crazy, but I’ll let her know you agree.” Jasmine said, slowly standing up, giving Ken a long look at her curves. “Be back here, at the main house, at seven.”

“Huh? Why?” Ken asked, confused.

“Clause number twenty-one. The footnoted stipulate that this be done to ratify the contract within four hours of signing.” Jasmine said matter-of-factly. “Do you always sign a contract without reading the fine print?”

*Fuck!* Ken thought. What else did he agree to?



## A Little Show of Restraint

“Come in.” Jasmine said, ushering Ken into the huge opulent beach-house. The tall black woman was dressed in a shimmering black dress. It’s spaghetti straps led from behind her back to a very low cut V-neck that did little to cover her full round breasts. The material crossed over and gathered at her waist, falling to an open slit in the middle of the dress that barely covered her pussy, and showed off her firm dark thighs. She wore what had to be five inch heeled sandals, making her tower over Ken’s more diminutive size. She smelled wonderfully of the spicy Kali perfume she favored. Her skin glowed in the subdued light.

The beautiful woman led Ken into the large master bedroom. On one side was a large fireplace with a couch and several chairs. The middle wall was a huge sliding glass door that led out onto a private patio. It featured a beautiful view down the beach, and of the hills where a small town was located. The doors were open and a soft breeze blew in from the ocean. Next to that sat a huge bed, it looked larger than a king-sized bed. Perhaps it was custom made to accommodate Finney’s tall stature. Beyond, he could see a luxurious master bath. He had no doubt that it was palatial.

“Your wife is so horny right now, waiting for tonight. She’s ready to explode. I hope you’re ready for a mind blowing evening.” Jasmine said, leaning in close to Ken. She deftly pulled one of the chairs from against the wall and placed it in the middle of the room in front of the fireplace and the seating area. “Have a seat.”

“What? Why?” Ken asked, staring at the straight backed wooden chair.

“I need to get you ready.” Jasmine purred, reaching over to undo the buttons of his shirt.

Ken smiled. *That’s more like it. Looks like Becca brought home a black kitten for daddy to play with. I bet she wants me rock hard for her. I knew*

*she couldn't stay away from me.* Jasmine pulled his shirt off, leaning forward to lick his nipple.

“The seat?” She said in a stern tone, watching him closely. Ken complied and sat down. She walked around behind him and leaned over his shoulder. She made absolutely sure that her breast was firmly pressed against him. She ran her hand across his chest, down his stomach, and along his thigh. She was careful not to touch his rising cock. She then slid her hand over his shoulder, and down his arm, pressing it against the side of the chair. Before he knew what was happening, she had slipped something around his wrist, and had wrapped it around the chair frame, holding his wrist in place.

“Hey, what are you doing?” He asked, agitated.

“Oh, Ken. Clause twenty-one, footnote three. Rebecca gets to tie you up. You really should read these things through.” Jasmine scolded him calmly and seductively. She walked around to the front, and straddled him, sitting on his lap. The feeling of his stiffening cock against her warm body made his head spin. “Relax and enjoy it, Ken. This is going to be an evening of unbridled passion. It’s going to be fucking amazing.”

Looking into her eyes, and down her open top at her beautiful breasts, Ken relaxed. Jasmine slid a little closer, pressing her body against him, and reached down to secure his other arm. That done, she gave him a long, wet kiss before slipping off his lap and onto the floor before him. With a grin, she undid the button of his dress slacks, and pulled down the zipper.

*That's more like it. Come on, suck my cock bitch, I'll fucking cum all over your fucking face!* He thought. The truth was, Ken didn't really think that much. If it wasn't a sale, or pussy, he preferred not to think too deeply about the world. He always reasoned that if he had enough money, the world didn't matter too much.

Jasmine pulled his slacks off, and did the same for his underwear. Jack sat there, naked, except for his loafers. His cock was rock hard, and ready for Jasmine. The beautiful black woman leaned forward, her lips a

mere inch from his stiff erection. But instead of taking him in her mouth, as he expected, she slid another cord around his ankle, securing it to the chair.

“Really?” Ken asked, not quite believing she could resist his cock.

“Really. Clause...”

“Twenty-one, yeah, I get it.” Ken finished her sentence.

“You might as well let me do the other one. It’s not like you’re going anywhere anyway. Then the fun can start.” Jasmine said, looking at him, her eyes glancing down to his hard four inches, and back up.

“Fine.” He acquiesced, putting his foot against the chair. “How about a little blowjob as a reward.”

Jasmine cocked her head for a second, considering his request. With a shrug, she leaned forward and slid her lips over his hard spike. He let out a huge groan as she swallowed his length.

*Shit that feels good. Holy fuck, she’s going to make me cum fast!* He thought, squirming in his seat. With his other leg tied, he found he could barely move. He was at her complete control. He moaned as her lips slid back up his shaft, leaving his cock twitching in the air. He was so close to cumming, his whole body quivered.

“I needed you hard.” Jasmine stood up, looking down at him with a satisfied smile. “Now we can really have some fun.”

It suddenly dawned on Ken that he was effectively her prisoner. On one hand, he kind of liked it. He did like a woman to take charge. On the other hand, he still didn’t know how pissed Rebecca still was. She did say that she wanted to humiliate him. That might hurt. He looked up at the statuesque hostess and gave her a tentative grin.

Jasmine held up one finger, indicating she would be right back, and walked out of the bedroom. Ken craned his neck to follow her, but was unable to see anything from his angle. But a few moments later he heard

the sounds female giggles. Moments later, Jasmine returned with his wife. Ken's jaw dropped open.

Rebecca looked stunning. Dressed in a white dress that clung tightly to her athletic body. Thin straps led over the sexy blonde's broad shoulders to a low, scooped neck. The dress clung to every curve of Becca's perfect breasts. Ken could clearly see the outline of her nipples against the thin material. The bodice clung tightly to her slim torso, and firm ass, and ending mid-thigh. She wore tall, white, high heels. Her long blonde hair hung down in soft curls, framing her pretty face, and cascading between her shoulder blades. Her face was made up, highlighting her piercing blue eyes, and her skin had a healthy glow.

Ken stared at his wife. He had never seen her look more beautiful. The women clinked champagne glasses, each drained their glass in a few sips. They chatted while another black woman, dressed in a tight, black, mini-dress, arrived with a trolley with champagne on ice, and several wooden boxes. Finally, laughing, Rebecca looked over at her husband. Her laugh turned to a smirk as if to say *Oh, right, you're here.*

"What do you think?" Jasmine asked wryly. "All wrapped up and ready to go."

"It's interesting, I'll give you that." The blonde said, slowly walking around her husband, appraising his bondage. She bent down and poked his hard cock with her blood red nail. "It looks cute, sticking up in the air like that."

"I can certainly see why you're so horny." Jasmine said, leaning down to slowly stroke Ken's erection. He moaned, and tried to thrust, but his movement was very limited. "I don't think I've ever seen one this small in person."

"Hey!" Ken started to protest. But Jasmine let go of his cock, and grabbed his balls, exerting enough pressure to make him shut up.

"Don't make me gag you." She said sternly. Ken shut up, and she returned her hand to his cock, teasing his swollen cockhead with the tips of

her fingernails. He started to squirm. “Hmm, you want to cum already? What do you think, Rebecca?”

“I don’t think so, Jasmine.” The young wife said with a shriek of laughter. “I had to wait to cum so many times, so does he!”

“Hmm, good point.” Jasmine stopped just as Ken was about to cum. He groaned in frustration, his small cock twitching in the air, a single drool of cum oozing from the pink head. The tall black woman took Rebecca by the hand and motioned for the short woman to bring them more champagne. “And bring your kit.” She added afterwards.

The server returned with a tray. They each took a glass, clinked them, then took a sip.

“Melinda, would you do you magic please?” Jasmine instructed the other woman. The tall dominant black woman then leaned down and kissed Rebecca. The sexy white wife melted into the other, kissing her back, a moan in her throat. Their tongues intertwined as the taller woman put her arm around the petite blonde.

Ken watched, wide eyed, his cock aching for release, tensing against his belly. He stared at them until they broke their embrace. They looked at him and snickered.

“See? I told you that I like girls.” Rebecca said, laughing at her husband’s hard cock as it jiggled in front of him. She kissed the tall black beauty again, her hand on the woman’s large breast. Her eyes were heavy with arousal when she looked back. “I like them a lot.”

The other woman knelt down beside Ken, a small box in her hand. Her tight black dress pulled tight against her body in a very enticing way. The girl appeared to be only in her late teens. Her wild curly hair surrounded her perky round face. The black dress hugged her small breasts, slim waist, and large hips. She definitely qualified as bootylicious. She wore black stockings and black flats. She looked up at him and grinned enticingly. Ken felt uncomfortable sitting there, strapped to a chair, with his erection pointing at the pretty teen’s face.

“She’s going to do it?” Rebecca asked, watching in fascination.

“She’s the best, a natural.” Jasmine said, standing behind the blonde, her arms around the petite woman. “Trained by the island witch doctor.”

“I’m going to make you feel really good, mista.” The teen smiled up at Ken, eyeing his cock. She reached down into the box, and after a few moments, sat back up with a big joint between her full, dark lips. She expertly inhaled, held it for a few moments, then leaned forward to blow the smoke over Ken’s cock. She finished by licking the shaft, starting at the base, and sliding her tongue up over the head. Ken couldn’t help but groan in pleasure.

She took another big hit and stood up beside the restrained man. She held the joint to his lips and indicated with a nod that he should take some. The smell of the spicy weed was appealing, and Ken complied. She reached down and started to gently stroke his erection, while taking another hit from the joint. Ken ‘s whole body shook at her expert touch. *How could such a young girl be this good?* He thought as he neared ejaculation. *Just a little bit more...*

But the sexy teen named Melinda stopped just as he was about to climax. He groaned loudly, his cock jumping, his orgasm ruined. The teen carried the lit joint over to the other women. She handed it to Jasmine, and leaned in to kiss Rebecca passionately. When she finished, Rebecca’s nipples were pressing hard against the thin, tight material. She watched the sway of the teen’s hips as she returned to Ken.

Reaching again into her box of tricks. This time the enigmatic girl leaned back holding up a little black square. It looked like a small sticky candy. She smiled and held it up to his mouth. Ken was about to eat it, but he paused.

“Um... Candy?”

“Well, you know on the TV, those dick pills tell you to call da doctor if your cock be hard more than four hours?” Melinda smiled, glancing down at his cock, then back up to his eyes. She smiled, running her tongue over

her teeth. “Well dis will make sure you are hard and ready to fuck for *at least* four hours. You going to need it, mon.”

Ken smiled. It sounded like fun. Leaning forward, he took the little cube in his teeth, then popped it into his mouth and chewed. It had a bitter, spicy taste, with a molasses aftertaste that clung to his tongue, making it a little numb.

“Ugh, could you make it taste a little worse?” Ken said with a frown, sticking his tongue out.

“It be worth it, you see.” Melinda giggled. She stood back up and grabbing the hem of her short dress, pulling it over her head. Ken was surprised to see that her torso, from under her breasts, down to her pussy, was heavily tattooed, covered in tribal designs, flames, flowers, and skulls. She stood there, sliding her hands over her small breasts, down her flat stomach, and over her thick thighs. She straddled Ken’s leg, and started rubbing her wet pussy along his thigh. She kissed him, then held her breast against his mouth, letting him suck on her long hard nipple. Ken’s head was spinning with desire.

Then she pulled away, Ken looked over her shoulder to see his wife and the big breasted black woman sitting down on the couch across from him. It looked as if they were getting ready to watch a show. Jasmine’s arm was around his petite wife, and her hand was languidly playing with Rebecca’s breast. They passed the joint back and forth.

“It’s time to get this wrapped.” Melinda said, looking expertly at his cock, slowly running her fingers over it.

“Oh, yeah, I’m cool with a condom.” Ken said happily. “Just as long as I get some relief. My balls are going to explode.”

Melinda just smiled and shook her head. Squirting a little bit of oil onto her hand, she applied it to his cock, and his balls. His skin felt warm and sensitive as the oil began to sink into his skin. Then, reaching into the box and pulling out a long, thin strip of something that looked like leather, she gently took his balls in one hand and pulled them down. She stroked his scrotum, relaxing his balls, pulling them down. After a minute of this

treatment, Ken's erection started to soften, and it hung loosely in her hand. Ken looked at down at her adoringly. Nobody had ever made him feel this aroused, yet this relaxed at the same time. His head was buzzing from the joint, and the skin where the oil had sunk in was tingling.

The cute black girl gently wrapped the strip around his scrotum, slowly winding it, gently restraining his balls. It only took a minute, and his balls were held tightly, pushed forward. It felt amazing.

"OK, now jerk me off, I need to cum really bad." Ken asked, starting to sound desperate.

The pretty black teen looked up at him with innocent eyes, and a naughty grin. She started to stroke his cock again, bringing him just to the edge of orgasm, his cock straining to cum, his balls pulling against the strapping. Then, with a practiced move, she slid a strip of the thin leather around his cock, circling the base several times. Ken could do nothing to resist, his body trying to thrust. Then, with the flick of her wrist, she tightened the binding to the strap around his balls. Ken's cock became instantly rigid, the veins beginning to stick out along the short shaft. He let out a loud groan, and started panting, his body straining against his bindings. Finally, she held his hard cock against his bound balls and slipped a thick gold band, about the size of a bracelet, so that it surrounded the root of his cock and balls. It was loose, but wouldn't fall off. The stimulation was overwhelming. He huffed and groaned as a single drip of cum dribbled out of his cock.

"No, please, you gotta help me." Ken begged, panting. "Please, before I explode."

The middle aged salesman was shaking, a thin layer of sweat covering him. Melinda slid her hand over his cock, admiring her work, standing up with her box. Her work was done. She reached in and took another joint out, lighting it, and taking a deep breath. She held it out for Ken. She held it a little too far away, making him strain his neck to reach it. He took a deep hit. The smoke helped calm him, but at the same time, it made him hornier.

“Please...” He begged, looking up at her. “Please, I’ll do anything. But you have to help me, I need to cum. I don’t care how. Fuck me, suck it, jerk me off. Anything, please.”

The big bootied teen looked over at the women on the couch. Both were in hysterics, trying to cover their glee. Rebecca managed to maintain a straight face long enough to nod. So Melinda took another big hit of the joint and stood in front of him. He looked up at her with imploring eyes. Kneeling down, she opened her full lips, and took the swollen head into her mouth, rolling her tongue around the rim.

“Oh my god! Shit! Fuck!” Ken cried out breathlessly. His cockhead was so sensitive that the feeling of his rigid cockhead in her warm, wet mouth was almost painful. She slowly started to suck on his cock, teasing the underside with her tongue. Ken was gasping and crying out, begging for release. After about fifteen seconds of stimulation he let out a cry that Becca had never heard before.

Melinda sat back and watched the cock as he came. The short rigid cock stiffened, the head swelling even more. Then it started to jerk rhythmically as he orgasmed. After several jerks, the black teen reached over and encircled the fat rim with her finger and thumb, sliding them over the ridge. Ken cried out again, sounding more like a woman than a man. Despite all his bucking, only a thin drool of cum seeped from his purple cockhead.

“Shit! Ugh, it’s too tight! You tied me too tight! I can’t cum!” He cried out in desperation.

“Oh, you came OK. It’s just that you ain’t gonna spurt.” The curly-headed teen said calmly, her island accent heavy, as she kept teasing the exposed head. “You cum is going to keep a backing up into you balls until your hot wifey be deciding to let it loose. It won’t do any permanent damage, well, not ‘till tomorrow if she leave it on. But I tell you, you gonna be relieved when she finally lets you loose. You know, if she do.”

With that, the teen stood and kissed Ken. Even this almost made him cum again. He groaned and struggled. She picked up her box of goodies,

and her dress, and walked over to the women. After kissing them both, and giving Rebecca a few instructions, she left.

“I hope you like to watch, *honey*.” Rebecca said with heavy sarcasm on the word *honey*. “Because you’re about to see what’s been growing inside me all my life, and that you’ve kept bottled up the entire time I’ve know you. You’re a douchebag, Ken Baner, and it’s time you pay for it.”



## The Corruption of Rebecca

“Look at your wife, Mr. Baner.” Jasmine said, taking Rebecca’s hand to stand her up. The tall black woman stood behind the blonde, pulled her long hair behind her neck on one side, and leaned in to kiss the sexy wife’s neck. Rebecca closed her eye and sighed with pleasure. “You totally fucked this up. You totally wasted your opportunity with her. She’s intelligent, beautiful, sexy...” She ran her hands over the hot wife’s fit body, paying extra attention to the woman’s firm breasts. Becca moaned and wriggled with pleasure. “And she’s incredibly horny. She happily fucked you and blew you anytime you wanted, even when you were abusive. But you never cared about her pleasure; you never satisfied her. Any other woman would have murdered you in your sleep.”

Rebecca opened her eyes and stared at her husband. She was completely under the other woman’s spell. Her body craved the woman’s experienced touch, and it craved something else, something deeper. Jasmine whispered something in her ear, and guided the enthralled blonde back to the couch, sitting her down. Rebecca sat there, her hands playing over her body, pinching her hard nipples through the thin material, her fingers sliding between her lightly tanned thighs.

“Ken...” The beautiful busty black woman said as she strode over towards him. He was still shivering, his cock overstimulated, forced to remain erect by the leather binding. He flinched as she brushed the tip of his cock with her hand. Once behind him, she put her arms around his neck and leaned over him, her cheek against his. The scent of her hair surrounded him, and he couldn’t help but close his eyes when she kissed his cheek. She let her hands work down his chest and stomach. “It’s funny... You, are a such a big dick, but you have such a small dick. A very, very small dick.”

“Fuck you... Hey!” Ken said, but his words were cut off by a groan when Jasmine took his cock in her hand and started stroking it. He groaned and his legs began to shake again. But Jasmine stopped, letting go of his

cock. He let out a grunt of relief. "It's not small! I've never had any complaints! Fuck you!"

"Now Ken, I think you're forgetting who's actually in charge here." Jasmine stood up, leaving Ken sitting there, his muscles jerking. He could hear several footsteps walking behind him, a click, then returning. The statuesque dark-skinned beauty stepped in front of him and knelt down. She put a fresh joint to her lips, and lit it, taking a big hit. She looked him in the eye, blowing the smoke in his face. She reached up and stroked his cock once. "Your wife never complained about your pathetic little cock, because you managed to convince her she didn't deserve better."

"Ung!" Ken groaned as Jasmine stroked his cock again, twice this time. He whimpered.

"And every other woman that fucked you? They did it for the money." She stroked his cock three times. He felt his balls try and tighten against the binding, the nerves in his cock were over-stimulated. His whole body tensed and tried to squirm away.

"Stop..." Ken pleaded, looking up at his wife. Rebecca sat there, looking at him, a strange smile on her face. She pinched a nipple, and played with her pussy with the other hand.

"You lack self-control." Jasmine continued, stroking his cock four times. Ken almost lost it. His cock was swollen and incredibly sensitive. He could feel his balls tighten. "And you cum too quick. No wonder your wife is never satisfied."

Jasmine stroked his cock five times and then let go. Standing up, she turned on her heel and walked back over to the sexy young wife. Ken groaned, as if in pain. His cock seemed to swell even more. It seemed for several seconds that he was going to be able to resist... His cock started to spasm again. He was cumming, but the leather tied to the base of his cock all but prevented his ejaculation. He cried out in anguish as only a small dribble of cum drooled out of the swollen cockhead.

Jasmine sat down next to Rebecca. The pretty blonde stared at her restrained husband in fascination. She'd never seen him like this.

Overwhelmed, shaking, pleading... scared.

“OK! OK, you’re right, I get it. I was a jerk...” Ken started to plead his case before being cut off by his wife.

“Douchebag.” She said, gasping as Jasmine’s fingers started to rub her hard clit.

“Douchebag... fair enough.” Ken said, casting his eyes down, selling his supplication. He felt a little relief that his erection was letting up. The binding wouldn’t let it soften, but it wasn’t rock hard anymore. “But I see that now, baby. I see how I’ve treated you badly. Lesson learned. Let’s start over, like newlyweds, and I’ll treat you like a princess, like you deserve. Just let me out of this, OK?”

“Oh Ken, that’s just what I wanted to hear!” Rebecca said brightly. She was slowly grinding her hips, Jasmine controlling the rhythm with her fingers. “And two days ago, I might have fallen for it. But not anymore. Oh fuck!”

The athletic blonde quivered at the touch of the beautiful black woman’s ministrations. She reached up to grasp her breasts, suddenly breathing heavily, her thighs starting to spasm closed.

“We haven’t even started, *ba-baby*.” She closed her eyes, biting her lower lip. “Oh fuck yes! Make me cum!”

The hot wife leaned her head back and cried out as she came, Jasmine’s fingers working their magic. The petite blonde’s hands held her breasts as she shook. Her stomach muscles could be clearly seen contracting through the tight material of her dress. Jasmine slowed her fingers, but continued to keep the young wife aroused.

“Did you like that?” Jasmine asked the squirming blonde. She knew that all it took was one finger to keep the young hot wife horny, distracted, and in her control. Rebecca nodded, unable to speak. She licked her lips. “You see Mr. Baner? All I need to do is attend to her needs, and she’s mine. Isn’t that right Becca?”

“Oh *fuck* yes.” She smiled, her teeth tight together. Her glazed eyes were alight with lust looking at the beautiful black woman. Jasmine slid her fingers into the blonde’s tight wet pussy. Rebecca responded instantly with a gasp of pleasure. She looked down at the woman’s hand, and started to grind her hips, unable to resist the touch.

“You see? She’ll do whatever I want. Right Becca?” Jasmine said confidently. The blonde nodded, looking at her in adoration through glazed eyes. “And tonight I’m going to make sure that she gets what she really needs, what she really wants.”

Baner watched his young, beautiful wife. She was completely enthralled by the dominating black woman. He had to admit, seeing Rebecca like this made her even more sexy, more desirable. He felt a warmth spread through his cock. He felt it begin to harden again, swelling. *Shit, that fucking candy is kicking in!* He groaned, pushing his hips forward as his small cock hardened into a spike.

“Please, untie me.” He said, starting to panic. He could feel his cock swelling, straining against the bindings. His libido was in overdrive, and he was uncontrollably horny. “Or just untie my cock, let me cum. This is cruel.”

Jasmine smiled when she heard that and whispered something in Rebecca’s ear. His wife covered her mouth as she laughed. He watched as his athletic wife stood up, and walked over to him, slowly sinking to her knees. She looked up at him with wide blue eyes.

“No Ken, this is cruel...” She said before leaning forward to slip her red lips around his turgid cock. Ken’s mind exploded with pleasure as her lips surrounded his sensitive cock. She bobbed her head up and down a few times before coming back up to look at him. She watched with a cruel grin as his cock bobbed up and down, swollen, almost to the point of orgasm. She smiled at him innocently.

“Ugh, no, please!” Baner begged, panting, desperate.

“You fucked around on me, probably through our entire marriage.” She took a moment to encircle the swollen cockhead with her fingers,

jerking him off a few times before letting him go. He cried out in frustration. "Hell, you probably fucked around on our wedding day."

"No, no, I swear! Please!"

"Well tonight? It's my turn. Jasmine promised me my sexual awakening. She told me she's going to let loose my inner slut." She punctuated the last statement by flicking her tongue up his cockhead like an ice cream cone. "And she promised me the one thing that's been missing my whole life. A huge, thick cock. She said I'm going to be fucked by the biggest cock I've ever seen. She told me he's going to fuck me in places a little tiny cock like yours could never reach."

"So watch, Ken. Watch me become a slut for another man's big cock." She licked his cock one more time before standing up. "And if you behave, I might, and I mean *might*, untie you."

Baner watched his sexy wife walk away, her hips swaying sensually. His cock tensed, needing release, needing to ejaculate. He couldn't stop it. The herbal stimulant was unrelenting as it pushed his arousal higher by the minute.

"Oh, by the way..." Rebecca said, looking over her shoulder at her husband. "Did I mention that your boss is going to be the one fucking me with his big black cock?"

Ken groaned. His cock swelled, straining, tensing. His whole body tensed. He wanted to retort, but all that came out was a groan as his body orgasmed, his cock jerking in the air, his balls pumping, but nothing coming out but a dribble of cum that drooled between his shaking thighs.

Jasmine embraced the petite white woman, kissing her deeply, moving her hands over the beautiful young wife. Rebecca was seduced by the dominant woman, pressing against her, moaning with pleasure.

"Wait here." Jasmine instructed before turning and leaving the room. Rebecca did as she was told, standing in the spot, straight, hands at her sides. She glanced over at Ken and shrugged as if she was about to go on stage.

Moments later, the shapely black woman reappeared holding hands with Marcus Finney, leading him in. The tall muscular black man was dressed in a pair of expensive dress slacks, and a white dress shirt. His shirt sported black pearl buttons and a pair of black cufflinks in the shape of a spade from a deck of cards. He walked confidently into the room and glanced at Ken. The big man smirked and shook his head before turning his attention to Baner's wife.

Rebecca stood there, beaming at the handsome man. She had butterflies in her stomach, and she shivered ever so slightly in his presence. She stood straight, making sure her breasts were perky for him. She felt her pussy get wetter just from his presence in the room. Any thought of her husband was gone.

Jasmine stepped over and took her hand, bringing her forward the few feet to stand in front of the charismatic black man. Rebecca stood there nervously, unable to speak. Jasmine stood beside her husband, the pair making a spectacularly attractive couple, and lit a joint. She inhaled deeply, and handed it to Marcus. The tall man inhaled and regarded the petite blonde standing before him. He was impressed.

"Well Rebecca Baner, you do look beautiful." He said, his deep voice resonating. He slowly looked her up and down, appraising her like a prize work of art.

Becca felt a warm tingle flow through her at the compliment. She smelled his masculine scent, mixed with the Kali weed, and inhaled deeply. She thrilled when she saw Marcus watching her chest as it rose and fell. He smiled at her at her, chuckling a little, and held the joint for her. She inhaled deeply, and smiled at him. As the renewed wash of euphoria and arousal coursed through her, she stepped forward to embrace him, reaching up on her toes to kiss him.

Her body melted into his as they kissed, his enticing scent strong in her nostrils. She eagerly opened her mouth, accepting his tongue. She moaned; she was almost overcome by his powerful presence. She could also feel a hard presence pressed against her from between his powerful thighs. She felt a little dizzy when she realized that the firm body part was

his cock, and she was making him harden for her. He must be as huge as the twins!

Her hands shook as she slowly unbuttoned his shirt, revealing the big bull's muscular chest. She looked up at him timidly, but smiled coyly when she saw his look of approval, and of desire. Her whole body tingled; his masculine presence, and the weed, made her pussy wetter than she thought possible just standing there. She gently put her mouth over his nipple and sucked, teasing it with her tongue, feeling it harden between her lips.

Behind Marcus, Jasmine pulled the shirt from his shoulders. The tall black man had a large muscular frame, powerful neck and shoulders, a thick chest, and huge powerful arms. His beautiful wife ran her hands over his broad back, and looked on adoringly. She held the joint around from behind for him to inhale. Then, walking around, she held it for Rebecca. Ken watched from his chair, his cock aching and stiff, his balls feeling full. He couldn't believe how beautiful, and how vulnerable his wife looked embracing the big black man.

The smoke sent a new wave of desire through the fit-bodied blonde, making her turn her eyes down to the big black cock that she so desperately craved. Letting the smoke envelop her face as she slowly exhaled, petite wife dropped to her knees. She looked up at the tall Alpha and felt her breath catch in her throat. *This is really going to happen...* She thought to herself in anticipation.

"Go ahead..." Jasmine whispered, kneeling down beside the entranced blonde. "You look beautiful."

Her fingers fumbled at the heavy black belt until she managed to get the stiff leather out of the buckle. The heavy tip hung down looking, itself, like a black cock. Rebecca imagined Marcus' cock would look like this. She undid the button, and clasp around the waist, and pulled down the fly of the expensive slacks. She looked up at his dark brown eyes, biting her lower lip, as if asking for permission.

“Take it out.” Jasmine prompted, almost hypnotically. The beautiful black woman watched the hot, young wife in fascination. She loved seeing their reactions, and loved even more seeing them succumb to her Alpha-stud husband.

Rebecca glanced over at Jasmine, then turned back to Marcus. Her prize was waiting for her, inches from her trembling hand. All she had to do was reach out and claim it. She slowly reached into his pants, actually sticking her tongue in the corner of her mouth as if she were a child reaching into a toy chest. This was a toy for a woman though, a hot and horny blonde in this case.

Her small fingers quickly found a firm, thick, hot cock. *It's huge!* She thought, a thrill running through her, almost overwhelming her. But she was only at the thick base of it, she wanted to feel the length. She moved her hand down, grasping it, trying to find the end. *It can't be this big...* The tiny blonde had to raise herself up, standing on her knees, her arm reaching up and bending, but she still only felt his shaft. *I must be doing something wrong?*

“Let me.” Jasmine grinned, easing the sexy blonde back down until she was sitting on her calves again. Rebecca looked at the beautiful black woman, questioning. Her mind was having trouble understanding what was happening.

Jasmine stood up next to her husband, looking lovingly into his eyes. With one hand she undid the clasp holding her dress together, letting it fall open to reveal her beautiful body. Marcus reached up and took her large breast in his hand, smiling at her. Jasmine then reached down into his trousers and started to pull the big man's cock out for the horny, stoned white wife.

Rebecca stared, mesmerized, as Jasmine's graceful fingers appeared, wrapped around the base of the thick black shaft. But contrary to the sexy wife's assessment, it was far from hard. The cock was bent over, and slowly slid into view. When Jasmine finally pulled the full length of the bull's shaft out, she let it hang down. Becca couldn't believe how huge the black monster was.

She stared up at the soft cock as it hung there. It must be easily as long, and as thick, as the twins' were when they were hard. It hung there, the outline of the fat head still hidden under the dark foreskin. Her heart beat quickly. She never even dreamed a cock could be this large, and it wasn't even hard yet. She felt a little dizzy with desire. The huge cock tensed, surged, elongating by what must be a half inch. Everything was so out of scale compared to Ken's diminutive penis. She then looked up at Jasmine again, as if to ask permission. The dominant black woman just smiled and nodded.

The long, black cock was hanging right in front of her mouth. All she had to do was lean forward and open her lips. She knew that if she did, everything in her world would change. She glanced over at her husband to see him watching intently. His unimpressive erection rock hard. She could see that it was swelling, tensing, and releasing. There was no turning back.

Leaning forward, she inhaled the masculine scent of the thick organ, closing her eyes, feeling her body respond to the Alpha-male. Opening her mouth, she got underneath the thick head, and slid her mouth around it. Her body shivered as she took the massive cock into her mouth and started to suck on it. She explored the thick head with her tongue, even sliding it under the foreskin to lick the sensitive glans. She heard Marcus make a pleasurable sound in his throat, and felt the cock start to thicken in her mouth. This only served to drive her to pleasure him more.

"She's good." Jasmine whispered, kissing her husband.

"Very good." Marcus agreed, his cock slowly growing longer, and thicker. He looked down at the innocent face of the hot blonde who was sucking on almost ten inches of his cock. "That's a good girl, suck it."

A wave of gratification washed over the suppliant blonde, urging her on. She felt the huge cock hardening. She was barely able to manage the swelling cockhead, and a few inches of shaft in her mouth. She reached up to take the hot, firm shaft in her hands, slowly sliding down the length toward her mouth, stroking it, urging him into her. She pulled the foreskin back to allow her to lick the fat cockhead all around. She felt him tense with passion. She needed to get a good look at this monster.

She realized that she was sitting back, no longer needing to lean forward to attend to his rising manhood. His cock had lengthened considerably over the last few minutes. She looked up at the hardening organ that hung down from the massive black man like a gift from the fuck gods. She was surprised to see that her fingers were no longer able to encircle the thick black shaft, and she marveled at the thick veins running the length of the ebony flesh. She stared at it adoringly. It looked so huge, so powerful, so masculine. Inexplicably, she started to laugh.

“This is insane!” She laughed, inches away from the cock, examining it as she stroked it. She leaned forward and kissed the shaft, holding the firm flesh against her cheek. “It’s so hot, and it’s fucking huge! I can’t believe it!”

She rubbed the hard meat against her cheek, just like she felt compelled to with the black dildo. But this time it was real. She kissed the shaft again, peeking past it towards her pathetic husband. Even she was surprised when she laughed at him. “See Ken? *This is a real cock!*”

She kept eye contact with him, sliding the thickening cockhead into her mouth, sucking on it, moaning in pleasure at servicing the Alpha-Bull. She watched as Ken’s cock swelled, stiffening, veins sticking out along the short length of his small erection, until he let out a long plaintive wail. His small hard cock started to jerk again as he orgasmed, a drool of cum slowly dripping from the red, angry looking head. She watched him shake and struggle for a moment before turning her full attention to her new lover.

Looking down at her, Marcus took a big hit from his joint. Jasmine knelt beside the captivated young wife and kissed her on the neck. Rebecca pulled the cock out of her mouth and smiled at the other woman. Jasmine nodded toward the huge cock in the blonde’s hands. Rebecca felt it tense in her hands, and looked up just in time to see the cockhead swell, popping out of the foreskin and gushing a big load of cum. Becca quickly got under it, catching most of it in her mouth, while the remainder splattered on her cheek. *Oh shit, he’s cumming!* She thought, putting the fat cock in her mouth, and using both hands to jerk him off.

She expected her mouth to be filling with more of the big man's yummy cum, but no more flowed. She was confused. Sure, that single ejaculation had to be as much as his husband's entire orgasm, but a one shot ejaculation?

"Did... I mean, did you just cum?" The blonde asked, still stroking the massive hard erection. Beside her, Jasmine giggled.

"Oh, you poor girl!" The beautiful black woman said, leaning close to lick her husband's cum from the young wife's cheek. She leaned in very close, her lips inches away from Rebecca's. "I keep forgetting that you've never had a real man. You're so beautiful I would have thought you'd be beating them off with a stick. Marcus didn't cum, he's just starting to get warmed up."

The hot blonde wife looked up at the black bull, her eyes gleaming with gratification. She watched as her hands made the massive cock harden and grow even more. She held her arm up against the hardening shaft, amazed that it was at least as long as her forearm. She laughed again, covering her mouth, looking at the magnificent organ, wide-eyed. She looked over at her husband. Ken was shaking, his cock still semi-hard, twitching. Already, the drug was making it slowly pump up again.

"Can you believe it, Mr. Baner?" She said, kissing the fat cockhead, slowly sliding her hands down the nearly foot-long black shaft. "Soon, your hot little wife is going to be fucked by this incredible cock! Can you even imagine?"

"Hmm. Your wife is exceedingly wet, Mr. Baner." Jasmine added, teasing the blonde's shaved pussy with her fingers. "I think it's about time my husband fucks your sweet little wife, don't you?"

Ken's cock tensed, making the restrained husband groan. *This is really happening. He's going to fuck my wife. What if he gets her pregnant?* They had wanted children. Ken was too ashamed to tell his wife that his sperm count was low. He could get her pregnant, but it would likely take years. He figured it would happen eventually. But now... "Please, a condom. Use a condom..." He begged, hanging his head in shame.

“You can try.” Marcus said offhandedly. “But either way, I am going to fuck your hot little wife.”

Jasmine smiled as she got up and walked over to the wall table. Opening the drawer, she fished around for a moment before pulling out a shiny gold package. She held it up as she walked back over and handed it to Rebecca. The blonde took a moment to look at the package before tearing into it with her teeth.

“Look honey, they do make XXL Magnum size!” She said, gleefully holding the package up.

By now, the massive black cock was rock hard, standing straight out from Marcus’ muscular body. This was the first time Rebecca had noticed how large his balls were. She guessed that they needed to be that big to power the huge organ pointing at her. She leaned forward to suck on the fat cockhead while she pulled out the condom. The cock jumped when she slipped her lips from it, making a slurping popping noise.

“It’s really tight...” Rebecca commented as she struggled to fit the condom over the massive cockhead, and unroll it along the thick shaft. With much trouble, she managed to roll the condom onto his cock. It clung tightly to the thick member, covering about half of the twelve hard inches. The stoned blonde looked up at Marcus, her eyes glazed with desire. She was ready. She needed him.

“Come on, baby. It’s time you felt a real man’s cock.” Jasmine whispered, helping the sexy, athletic, young wife to her feet.

The blonde stood and embraced the tall Alpha-male, leaning up to kiss him, her hand still around the base of his cock. She looked at him, unable to take her eyes off of his handsome features, completely captured by his masculinity. Marcus knelt down, his large hands on the back of her thighs, on her ass. Even kneeling, he was the same height as Rebecca. He gently held the hem of her tight dress and peeled it up, kissing her thighs, her pussy, her belly. He worked his way up, pausing to take one nipple into his mouth, making her gasp, before kissing his way up her chest, along her neck, and finally finishing with a deep kiss on the mouth. He looked at her,

impressed by her sexy form. She was shaking with desire when he let go of her, tossing her dress away. She wasn't even sure how he pulled it off so easily. She was

She felt Jasmine guiding her to lie back onto the bed, while the big black bull stepped forward, stalking her. She nervously licked her lips, settling herself on the expensive covers. As his massive erection towered over her, she spread her legs wide for the tall black man, pulling her legs up, giving him easy access to her tight, pink pussy. She looked up at the huge cock feeling herself tremble in anticipation.

Marcus knelt down, nudging her wet pussy with the fat end of his long erection. Rebecca responded with a quiet whimper of desire, her legs twitching as he teased her clit with his hard cock. Taking it in his hand, he rubbed the end of his cock between her moist labia, lubricating it. He teased her by gently nudging her, before pushing forward and sliding cock along her pussy, and up onto her belly. She put her hand on the thick shaft, amazed at how far up her body it traveled. There was no way he could fit this entire shaft in her tight little pussy. He'd split her in two. Still, she couldn't help but rub her pussy against the thick base of his enormous black meat.

"Put it in me..." She cooed, almost begging with need. Her body instinctively knew what the massive black cock would do to her. She needed him inside her. She craved his cum.

Marcus positioned himself, his cock bending under its own weight. The condom shone, stretched tight on the end of his shaft. He grunted, and Rebecca watched as the cock thickened, swelling inside the condom until the thin latex split, freeing the huge cock from its restraint. The cockhead, released from its confinement, swelled fat. Rebecca gasped upon seeing the fully aroused black cock, her body yearning for it.

Jasmine reached down and pressed the bull's thick cockhead against Rebecca's tight little opening, rubbing it up and down along her slit, lubricating the beast that would soon fill the hot and horny wife. Rebecca whimpered, pushing herself against the huge cock. She needed to have him in her, feel him filling her pussy.

“Please, please, please... fuck me... fuck me... oh god, please...” She whispered, begging for his cock, her whole world was centered on the massive black organ slowly spreading her pussy to accommodate its girth.

Jasmine worked the huge cock against the tight blonde. The head was now slick with the nubile wife’s juices, and she managed to work the tip of her husband’s cock between the girl’s pussy lips. Rebecca panted with desire, pushing herself against the huge invader as it finally slid into her tight pussy. She let out a loud cry of pleasure and desire for more as it did. Unable to resist the huge invader, she pushed against him, arching her back, and raising herself with her powerful thighs to impale herself onto the huge shaft.

It was irresistible, his first four inches of the huge cock filling her more than her husband ever had, driving her body to a shivering orgasm. Her body shook as she held herself up against the huge cock. She grasped her breasts, and cried out in ecstasy. She’d never felt pleasure like this, the orgasm completely overwhelmed her. She cared about nothing but the huge cock that was slowly, inexorably, entering her.

Marcus gently lowered her quivering body, kneeling on the bed, working his cock in and out of her tight, wet pussy. He and his wife were experienced in breaking a woman, making her his, making her a slave to his cock. When they were done, just the sight of him would make her pussy drip with desire. She would never be the same.

The beautiful blonde’s body writhed underneath him while he slowly worked his massive cock into her tight body. He bent down and nibbled on her hard nipple, making her keen with pleasure. Still, always, working his thick shaft deeper and deeper. It took a full five minutes for him to work about eight hard inches into her tight pussy, her body holding him like a glove. The hot wife threw her head back and wailed, her voice breaking, another powerful orgasm overpowering her as her pussy grasped at the massive shaft filling her.

Her orgasm finally subsided, the petite blonde looked up at the handsome black man fucking her, her body controlled by his powerful cock, completely giving herself over to him. She panted from the exertion. The

Alpha-male was now slowly fucking her, gently working his foot-long cock deeper and deeper inside her.

“Nobody has ever fucked me like this...” She looked up at him dreamily. She was only vaguely aware that Jasmine was rubbing her clit, keeping her completely wet and lubricated. It took time to accommodate such a huge shaft. “I love your cock...”

Marcus just smiled. He’d heard this many times, every time in fact. He slid his huge cock a little deeper and watched her eyes take on a far-away look that only the ecstasy a huge black cock could bring to a frustrated, neglected, unsatisfied, hot white wife.

He lowered himself towards the blonde, a full ten thick inches filling her tight pussy. She leaned up, kissing him passionately, her legs instinctively wrapping around his strong torso, urging him deeper, urging him to breed her. She needed to feel his cock buried in her tight cunt, she needed to feel his seed flow into her body. She needed to breed with the Alpha male.

“Please, fuck me deeper, fuck me harder. My pussy was made for your cock. I was made for your cock. I was made to be your cock slut.” Rebecca whispered, holding him close as he fucked her, sliding his massive shaft in and out six or more inches with every powerful stroke. “Oh god, oh god, oh yes, fuck me, fuck me, make me your cock slut, make me, oh yeah baby, yeah, make me cum, make me...”

Ken watched his wife cum on the black man’s huge cock for what felt like the tenth time. His own cock strained and jerked, his own orgasm backing up, only a dribble of cum providing any relief. Tears ran down his face. He wasn’t sure if it was from his frustration and discomfort, or from watching his wife give herself over to the pleasure of the big, black cock, knowing he was completely forgotten.

The fit, petite blonde’s body was shaking uncontrollably. She could barely control herself, barely form a coherent thought. The massive cock was driving her wild with ecstasy, but she needed a break soon. Too soon, another orgasm took her. She pulled her shaking legs up tight to her chest

and sobbed with pleasure, unable to control herself. It seemed to go on forever, and she was left in an orgasmic fog like she'd never experienced.

“Cum in me... please... I need your cum... I need to feel you deep inside me... filling me...” The pretty young wife begged. She was shuddering with need, and with overstimulation. She'd never been fucked like this, never cum like this before, it was becoming too much. She let out a loud moan when she felt the powerful bull change rhythm, bearing down, stroking most of his cock in and out of her tight pussy. She looked down to see Jasmine's hand around the massive shaft, stroking him, urging him on. Becca began to sob loudly, crying out for his seed. “Oh yeah... fuck me... I need your cum so bad... gimme your cum...”

“No, please!” Ken cried out, desperate, knowing that his wife was beyond caring, unable to resist the massive shaft sliding in and out of her perfect body. But even as he watched her ride the thick cock, taking every inch, he knew he had lost her. He felt his cock tense, knowing the drug was going to make his body orgasm soon.

The big black bull of a man groaned, his body a cord of thick muscle as his balls let loose. Rebecca gasped, and stared at the massive cock as it pulsed, pumping his seed up the long, thick shaft. Her eyes rolled back as the first gush of hot cum sprayed deep inside her, setting off another earth-shattering orgasm. Her entire body writhed, her thighs tight, as she rose up and slid her tight pussy along the throbbing shaft, impaling herself deeper. She froze like that, shaking, unable to stop herself, needing to feel the huge organ fill her with load after load of his potent cum.

The Alpha-male's orgasm must have lasted thirty or forty seconds, his hard cock pumping the quivering blonde full of cum. Overwhelmed, she slowly sunk back down to the bed, the foot-long black anaconda slid from her tight pussy. Several additional spurts of cum jetted from the slowly softening erection to land on her belly. The athletic blonde wife writhed on the bed, oblivious to anyone, her mind a fog of ecstasy and sexual satisfaction.

Jasmine kissed her husband, bending down to suck on his still rigid cock, licking the other woman's juices from the slippery black flesh. Her

husband was pleased with her choice. She knew he'd make sure she was well satisfied tonight too. But Jasmine still had lots of fun planned for the evening.

Finishing up with her husband, at least for the moment, the beautiful black woman lay down and embraced the lithe blonde. She teasingly ran her fingernails up and down Becca's firm torso, licking up the two lines of cum left there by the massive cock. She kissed the other woman, and whispered something in her ear. Rebecca looked over at the woman questioningly, her mind still addled from the consummate fucking she'd just experienced. Jasmine nodded, and glanced over at Ken. Rebecca shrugged and slowly stood up. It took her a moment to gain her balance, and she staggered over to her husband.

"Rebecca, baby, please, let me go." Ken pleaded. But a stern look from his wife shut his mouth. He groaned in fear when she knelt down in front of him, looking at his swollen cock.

But Becca wasn't interested in his cock so much as the gold ring that surrounded his cock and balls. She gently took her husband's beaten cock and swollen balls. He moaned in pleasure, and pain. She easily slipped the gold band from around him and gently let go of his cock. She stood up, walked directly over to the tall, muscular black man, and knelt at his feet. She took his still thick cock in her mouth, sucking on it, making it begin to harden. She looked up at the massive organ as it slowly grew with each heartbeat.

"You gave me my life back. You gave me pleasure beyond imagine. You gave me purpose." She said emotionally. Reaching up with trembling hands, she slipped the band over his thick cockhead, and slowly slid it down the foot-long shaft until it sat snugly around the base of his cock. It wasn't a bracelet, it was a golden cock ring, made for a massive, black, bull-cock. "With this ring, I pledge myself to you, in body and mind, heart and soul, to be your faithful cock slut for as long as you wish."

Ken watched in horror as the dominant black cock started to harden again, standing over his wife; his wife who dutifully took it in her beautiful mouth and started to suck on it.





## More, Bigger, Blacker

“Let’s get you cleaned up, there’s plenty more play to come.” Jasmine took the sexy young wife by the shoulders and stood her up. She paused to kiss her husband, and run her hand along his long cock. The muscular black man’s cock wasn’t rock hard, but it was clearly stiffening. His recuperative powers were impressive. The large cock stiffened, and a long drool of pre-cum flowed out onto the floor. The beautiful black woman caught some of the white liquid in her hand, and lifted it to the hot blonde’s lips. Rebecca drank it in, licking the other woman’s fingers clean. She reached out to Marcus’ huge cock; she wanted more. But Jasmine gently guided the stoned housewife away from her husband. “Let’s get you rinsed off, then you can come back to play.”

“Promise?” Rebecca answered, almost childlike, her rational mind glazed over by the multiple orgasms.

“You really do get dumb when you cum.” Jasmine observed, smiling. It was not uncommon for women to experience a loss of cognitive function with exposure to high levels of serotonin released during sex, and especially orgasm. She watched her husband fuck PhD’s until they were as dumb as a bimbo. She nicknamed it cum drunk.

“His cum is dripping down my leg.” Rebecca giggled as they headed into the shower.

“So, Ken, I bet you didn’t think your day would end up like this.” Finney said, taking a long drag from a fresh joint, walking over towards Baner. The bound salesman tried not to look at his boss’ massive cock as it swung slowly in front of his powerful thighs. “But you really are a douchebag, Ken. Your wife seems to think that there’s a decent guy hiding in there.”

Ken watched the huge cock from the corner of his eye. He watched it slowly thicken, and grow. He watched in horror as a droplet of pre-cum slowly seeped from the large slit, forming a pearl on the end of his cock.

Ken felt ashamed when he felt his cock surge. He couldn't control it; he was going to cum again soon.

“Personally, I don't see it. You need to be put in your place.” He took another hit off the joint. “Your wife is a sweet fuck. What a hot little body. You... are a dishonest misogynistic idiot for treating her so poorly.”

Ken watched the pearl grow, quivering when the big black man's cock tensed. Ken found his cock tensing from the drug, he was close, he was going to cum again any moment. He tried to hold back in the presence of the big Alpha-male. He swallowed hard. His cock swelled against its binding.

“Hey, baby...” An excited female voice drifted in from the hallway. Maria bounced into the room and directly into Marcus' powerful arms. Ken saw the pearl of pre-cum jiggle, it started to run down the tip and hang above Ken's leg.

Maria was naked except for a tiny white laced G-string, her long black hair hung heavily. The dominant black man slid his hand down to grasp her firm ass. Maria groaned in arousal. Ken groaned as his cock tensed once again, he needed to cum. Maria looked down at him, as if she had just noticed him.

“Ken...” She smirked at him. “Well... you certainly look... unusual tonight. You really pissed Rebecca off. I'm surprised she didn't castrate you. It would have only taken one little snip.” She looked at the joint in Marcus' hand. “Gimme a hit baby?”

She happily accepted the joint from the huge black man. She inhaled deeply and closed her eyes. Ken watched her nipples become rock hard, and her skin flush with pleasure as the weed hit her. She held it back up for Marcus to inhale, before she took it back.

Ken watched in dismay as the black bull cock stiffened, lengthening a half an inch in one surge. He heard Marcus groan, and watched the fat cockhead swell. The pre-cum started to slowly drip down to his leg, almost like a spider lowering itself on its thread. He watched in horror, his cock tensing again, the compulsion to cum was overwhelming. Then the big

cock tensed again, and the tiny thread of jizz was obliterated by a huge gush of hot white cum, some of which splattered over his thigh.

“Oh shit, sorry Ken.” Marcus said with a disingenuous grin. “It does that sometimes.

Ken could only look away. He was panting, struggling, doing everything he could to keep from cumming at that moment with the other man’s jizz dripped over his leg. His cock swelled again, strangled by the bindings. He couldn’t help but push his small erection forward.

“Oh, poor Kenny...” Maria said sarcastically pouting. She bent over close to him, her hair cascading over his cock. The feeling made him whimper. “You like that, huh?”

The slim Latina stepped over his cum covered leg, and sat down on the other, straddling it. She started rubbing herself back and forth on his thigh. “Can you feel how wet my pussy is, Ken? My pussy is so hot and wet. This is how wet a real man’s cock makes a woman. This is how wet Marcus’ big black cock makes your wife.”

Ken stared at her, defeated. She reached down and bent his small, hard cock, letting it flip back up stiffly. Baner let out a loud groan. “It’s really, really small, Ken. I guess it’s kinda... cute? You know, like a little boy or something?”

Letting out a wail of shame and surrender, the bound and shaking man watched his cock start to jerk, his body pumping its meager load. Yet again, the binding prevented him from ejaculating, only allowing a thin trickle to dribble pathetically from his small penis. He could feel his bloated balls backing up even more. He sobbed in a strange mix of pleasure and frustration.

“Whoops.” Maria said, standing back up. All sense of fun had left her face as she watched his doughy body jerk and shake. She turned and stepped back over to Marcus, standing close against him. She put her hand on the Alpha’s huge cock as if to say *Now this is a real man’s cock! This is what pleases a woman.*

“Come fuck me?” She invited the big black man. Marcus smiled, then scooped the slim Latina up in his arms and carried her over towards the couch. His cock jutted proudly as he carried the woman effortlessly. Gently putting her down on her feet, he sat down. His black cock stood straight up and looked even more massive. Maria sunk to her knees, took the foot-long shaft in both hands, and slid the hard cock into her mouth.

This gave Ken a perfect view of the Latina’s shapely ass as the back of her head bobbed up and down. He instantly regretted looking, as he felt his cock start to heat up again. He closed his eyes tight, but found it hard not to look at the hot brunette. He watched as her head leaned low, her long hair cascading down more than halfway down her back. She must be sucking his balls now, maybe working the base of his shaft. The long cock towered over her, her right hand running up and down the spit slicked shaft.

Marcus reached forward and pulled Maria up to her feet. His long cock slapped back against his muscled abdomen. He leaned forward and, pulling her lace G-string down, kissing her mound. The Latina leaned forward, kissing him, her long hair surrounding their faces. She turned around and slowly climbed onto the couch, standing on the cushion, slowly lowering herself towards the massive cock.

She leaned back against the muscular Alpha’s chest while he played with her pert breasts. She rubbed her wet pussy against the base of his hard shaft. His cock looked impossibly big between her firm thighs. Ken couldn’t believe she could take its length, or its girth. But then again, he never imagined that his wife could take it either.

“Now watch what a real cock can do.” Maria taunted Baner, her eyes heavily lidded with lust for the huge black cock pressed against her wet pussy. Ken noticed for the first time that the hood of her clit was pierced with a small gold bar. She pushed back up against Finney, his large hands supporting her hips, until she could align the massive organ between her thighs. She gasped as it pressed against her tight pussy. “Oh god you’re huge...”

It took her a moment to work the fat cockhead between her dark pussy lips, but once she did, she started to slowly impale herself on the huge shaft, working herself onto it inch by inch. All the while she stared at Baner, her face a mask of barely controlled animal desire. With more than half of the huge cock buried in her tight pussy, she was unable to resist the thick shaft that split her in two, and she started to fuck the monster.

“He’s so fucking big... You could never fuck a woman like this, Ken.” She moaned, her legs shaking. She was feverishly rubbing her clit, working the foot-long cock deeper. The thick shaft shone ebony, wet with her juices. With a cry of ecstasy, she impaled herself as deeply as she could, the massive cock buried, her pussy stretched tight around its girth. Moments later, she came. The pretty Latina’s eyes rolled back, and she sobbed in pleasure, her knees slamming together. Her whole body seized as she was overwhelmed by her orgasm.

Maria lay back against the black stud, his big cock still embedded in her tight body. Finally regaining her breath, Maria looked back over at the restrained salesman. “It’s going to take more than your pathetic little prick to fuck me over.”

As he watched the exotic brunette start to fuck herself again, unable to resist the huge cock filling her pussy, he felt the blood start to flow into his penis again. But this time, he enjoyed the sensation. He found that he liked the way Maria talked to him. Her forcefulness turned him on. He liked how she took control. *I must be losing it. But fuck she’s hot.* He thought, feeling his erection return, despite his discomfort. He watched her ride the gargantuan black organ, enjoying the sensation of his cock filling, and the binding slowly constricting the shaft.

Maria slid her feet to the floor and leaned forward. Fucking herself hard on the big cock, she knew that Marcus liked the view of her round firm Latina ass while she rode his cock. The slap on her ass almost made her cum again knowing that the big bull liked what he was seeing. She stretched her legs, sliding off all but the swollen head of his cock, and wiggled her hips. Marcus, in turn, leaned forward to lick her tight brown asshole. Maria groaned with pleasure, a smile curling her full lips, and she

was unable to resist sliding back down onto his hard pole. She ended up straddling his hips, the massive organ buried in her tight pussy. She paused for a second.

“Oh... god... fuck... fuck...” She stuttered, suddenly overwhelmed, her body shuddering as if the huge cock was controlling her. She grasped her breasts, pinching her nipples. She looked at Ken again, her body slowly contracting, tensing; the massive organ buried in her tight pussy forcing her into an orgasm. “He’s so... so... big... oh god... I can’t stop cu... fu... fuck... oh fuck!”

She let out a long wail, succumbing to the irresistible bull cock deep inside her, unable to resist. Ken watched as she bore down on the Alpha’s huge meat, her stomach muscles working hard as she came, her breathing heavy. She hung her head down, unable to think of anything but the overwhelming ecstasy that came with Finney’s massive shaft. She sobbed in bliss.

Ken felt his cock let go again, pulsing, straining, trying to deliver its load. But this time, along with the discomfort, he felt also felt a strong wave of pleasure. He loved watching his coworker completely overwhelmed with pleasure on the big black cock. *Maybe I’m just really stoned, ‘cause this ain’t like me.* He thought, watching the hot Latina writhe on the big black man’s lap, his hands caressing her body while she recovered.

“Only one girl? You?” A deep voice laughed from behind Ken’s head. A young tall black teenager appeared into Ken’s peripheral vision wearing a tight T-shirt and tight swim trunks. He took a look a Ken, tied to the chair, semi-turgid penis dropping in front of him. “Who’s the douchebag?”

“That’s Rebecca’s husband, Ken.” Finney said, not even glancing up at the young man. He was far too interested in Maria’s lithe body as she slowly started to fuck him again. “Be hospitable and say hello, Chance.”

“Rebecca, the tight little blonde? Oh yeah, she is one hot piece of ass.” The young man turned around and strode over to Ken. “Hey Ken.

Wow, you have a really tiny dick. I am going to enjoy fucking your wife, she is incredible! Hey Uncle, where is she?"

"She's in the other room with Jasmine. Melinda's piercing her for your uncle. We're training her tonight." Maria said, her voice heavy with arousal. She beckoned him over. "Come here little one, I'll take care of you until reinforcements arrive."

Baner couldn't help but notice the large tube shaped bulge in his swim trunks. *Are they all hung like horses here?* He wondered. He thought about the young buck fucking Becca; the thought made him a little dizzy. It also made him a little horny. *Wait, did he say training?*

"Now, girl, you know I ain't so little." Chance said, strutting dramatically over to the sexy Latina. He pulled off his T-shirt to reveal an athletic build. He sported a big skull tattoo on his shoulder.

"Oh, I know, Chance." Maria said, eyeing his bulge. She reached into his swim trunks and pulled out his huge flaccid cock. It was already starting to harden in her hand as she brought it up to her mouth. "Remember who popped your cherry when you turned fourteen."

"I'll never forget. I musta cum a dozen times." He laughed, watching the sexy Latina take his cock in her mouth, her hand stroking his thick pliable shaft. She moaned, breathing deeply through her nose, making the hung teen harden with her mouth, while she road Marcus' huge cock to another orgasm.

"Oh fuck... cum... cumming..." Maria whispered, her mouth open, the huge cock slipping from her lips, as the black bull cock buried deep in her lithe body drove her to another mind-shattering orgasm. She was like a doll who had her battery pulled. She stopped, her eyes looking up at the handsome young black teen before closing as the body-shaking orgasm overwhelmed her. She kept stroking his huge cock as it grew to its impressive eleven-inch length, rubbing the cock compulsively against her face and open mouth while she moaned in orgasmic intoxication.

By the time her orgasm was over she could barely move. Her entire body shook in reaction while she remained impaled on the massive bull-

cock. She absently sucked on the fattening head of Chance's erection, still slowly stroking the hardening shaft.

"Somebody's having fun." Jasmine observed as she led the hot wife back into the room. Rebecca walked dreamily behind the beautiful, naked, black woman; she was dressed only in a sheer robe that came to the bottom of her firm ass. The pair were surrounded in smoke from the joint in Jasmine's hand. The big breasted woman walked the petite, fit blonde over to Marcus for his approval. She stood behind the Becca, and held open the robe for the Alpha-male to inspect the beautiful woman's firm body. "She's beautiful, isn't she?"

Finney nodded and smiled, holding Maria around the waist and thrusting into her. Ken couldn't help but watch as the second black man, Chance, appraised his busty wife, the man's thick shaft hardening even more in anticipation. He also couldn't help but notice his wife eying the huge cock longingly.

"Rebecca, you are stunning. I'm so happy to have you." Finney said, eying her athletic body. "I know Chance is eager to fuck you, but why don't you show your husband what you had done."

"OK, I guess..." She said, unenthusiastically turning to her husband and putting on a fake smile. Rebecca, accompanied by Jasmine, walked her over to stand in front of her husband. Her sheer robe hung slightly open. Ken was drawn to the outline of her erect nipples pressed against the material. Jasmine stood behind her, with her arms around the petite blonde's neck. "So, Ken, I know I was never good enough for you. But I'm more than good enough for Marcus, and he's claiming me. I'm his now. Just look what he gave me."

Jasmine slowly slipped the sheer robe off the firm-bodied wife to reveal that Rebecca now sported a gold bar through each of her erect nipples. Jasmine's expert fingers teased the blonde's nipples, making her squirm. She held the joint to Becca's lips, letting the younger woman sip at the smoke.

“And more importantly...” Jasmine said, kneeling down and pointing to the blonde’s shaved pussy. Rebecca’s firm thighs and tight body meant that she had a small peach shaped gap through which light from the fireplace shone through, highlighting the shape of her pussy. It took a moment for Ken to realize that his pretty young wife now sported a gold bar through her clitoral hood. The metal had a small ball resting on her slightly exposed clit. “Her pussy belongs to my husband too.”

“How do you like that? Your wife is owned by another man, a black man, a fucking bull with a huge fucking black cock.” Rebecca said, blowing a cloud of smoke at her pathetic husband. Jasmine flicked the genital piercing, making the winsome blonde jump and giggle as the ball pressed against her clit. “Oh fuck. They hurt a little when Melinda pierced me, but they feel so good. This way I’m wet for Marcus’ big black cock anytime he pleases.”

Ken groaned as he felt his cock harden. Rebecca looked down at it and gave a ‘fuck you’ smirk before turning and walking over to the young, hung teen. It was too much, this constant cycle of arousal, orgasm, and denial. But it was really the thought of his wife was owned by the huge black bull with his foot-long monster that was making him hard. His wife seemed so eager to give herself over to any big black cock. *I’m fucked*. He thought to himself as he watched his wife take the teen’s huge shaft from Maria’s red lips.

“Mind if I play with this big, old cock?” She said in her sweetest, high-pitched baby-doll voice. The petite blonde looked down at the huge black cock in her hand and started to stroke it. Not surprisingly for a teenager, he started to push his thick shaft through her fingers. She looked up at him and smiled a million-watt smile. “Oh, you are eager, aren’t you? Would you like to go ahead and fuck me now? Or would you like me to suck on it first.”

The black teen smiled at her confidently. He knew the effect his big cock had on women ever since he was fourteen, especially when they were high on Kali. He happily took the joint from the sexy blonde and followed her as she started to lead him over towards the bed by his hard cock.

“That’s it, come on over here and let Becca take care of that big, hard cock.” She purred, her eyes gleaming with desire for the hard meat in her hand. Bumping onto the edge of the bed with her legs, she sat down in front of the athletic teen. Spreading her legs, she leaned down and fed the big cock into her mouth. This elicited a moan from Chance, making him push his cock forward as he bounced up on his toes. Rebecca used both hands to stroke the thick shaft while she worked her tongue around the swollen head. She cooed in pleasure when his huge shaft stiffened, and a big load of pre-cum filled her mouth. Rather than swallow it, she let it drool out of her mouth and down his long cock. Her hands slid easily along his thick hard pole, the extra dripped from his large testicles. After working his cock hard for a few minutes she felt him start to stiffen.

Come on baby, give it to me.” She said through gritted teeth, looking up at him, her blue eyes glazed. She could see that, despite his confidence, he was still a teenage boy. And teenage boys came quick. She stroked his rock hard shaft, looking up at him, licking her lips in anticipation. He closed his eyes and groaned, and Rebecca felt the first hot splash of cum spray against her chin. She opened her mouth in excitement and whooped as the second, thick stream splashed against her neck and onto her large breasts. She looked down in time to get her cheek sprayed by the next large ejaculation. *He cums like a fucking horse!* She thought as she put the pulsing cock into her mouth. She managed to swallow the next jet, but found herself drooling cum as his spraying cock quickly filled her mouth. As his ejaculations slowly started to subside, she elected to jerk his thick cock over her breasts while she licked her lips of his cum.

“That was amazing.” Rebecca looked up at the youth, eager for more. She was breathing heavy from working her arms on the long shaft, and she desperately wanted to fuck the young man. She slid her lips around his cock, licking up the remaining cum slowly drooling from the end. She couldn’t resist stroking him, realizing that the shaft was still rock hard, the veins sticking out, despite his orgasm moments ago. “You’re still hard...”

“Uh-huh, that’s right. It ain’t done yet.” The black teen said with a grin. *I love the look in the eyes of a hot white wife when he was able to stay hard. I’m not going to tell her that I had a little herbal help from Melinda an*

*hour or so ago when I fucked her.* He thought, anticipating sliding his cock into the tight little blonde. “And I think it wants to fuck you. Uh, that is if it’s cool with you, Uncle?”

Rebecca peered around Chance, waiting for Marcus to answer. *I need a cock so bad, please say yes!* She tried to convey with her eager eyes. She knew she belonged to the Alpha black man across the room, she felt it in her core, but she was so horny.

“Yeah, go ahead. She’s tight!” Marcus said, still fucking Maria. The slim Latina had turned around and rode his massive cock while he played with her small breasts. The brunette was barely aware of anything other than the huge shaft filling her tight body and the intense pleasure it was giving her. She whimpered as she felt Jasmine lick her asshole. The beautiful black woman was on her knees behind the girl, teasing the Latina’s shapely ass, and slipping her fingers over Maria’s clit. Every little while Jasmine would pull her husband’s rock hard cock from the lithe girl and suck on it. She loved tasting the pretty brunette’s pussy on her husband’s perfect cock. Like his other women, she lived to pleasure him.

“Are you going to fuck me now?” Rebecca looked back up at Chance pleadingly. She was relieved that she had permission to fuck the big, beautiful, hard cock that she was currently stroking.

“Yeah, I’m gonna fuck you.” He said, pushing his hard cock through her fingers. “Get up on your knees, on the bed.”

The athletic blonde giggled with anticipation. She slowly got up, hand still on his cock. She kept looking at him over her shoulder as she turned around and climbed onto the bed. She felt a thrill to see his glance drawn to her ass as she crawled onto the sheets. She set herself on her elbows and knees, arching her back to give her young stud a good view of her tight, white pussy. She looked back over her shoulder expectantly.

Chance eyed her beautiful ass, and the tight little pussy beneath it. He stepped up and put his hands on her slim hips, brushing his hard cock between her firm thighs, and rubbing it against her pussy. He liked to tease the pretty ones like Rebecca. He like to hear her beg for his cock. He was

happy to see the tight blonde reacting almost immediately, pushing herself back against him, urging him to enter her.

“Please, fuck me...” She begged, her voice high. “Oh god, I need it so bad. Come on baby, fuck my pussy...”

“You want me to fuck you?” Chance asked, teasing her. “It doesn’t sound like you want my big black cock.”

“Oh god, I want it. I want your big cock in me. I want you fucking my tight little pussy.” She purred plaintively, rubbing herself against his hard meat, using what she thought was her best slutty voice. “Come on, gimme your big hard cock?”

“My big hard black cock?” He prompted.

“Yes, oh yes, baby. I need your big fucking black monster cock in my tight little white pussy.” She begged, getting desperate for the hard shaft that pressed against her clit ring. The ring just served to make her even hornier. “Please baby, fuck me with your big black cock?”

Chance couldn’t hold back any longer. The hot blonde wife was too pretty, too sexy, and too horny to resist. He leaned back and aligned his eleven-inch erection with her wet, pink pussy. He gently pressed against her, his fat cockhead slowly parting her labia, and stretching her opening. He was almost as big as his uncle.

“Oh god yeah...” Rebecca whimpered, pushing back against the thick cock, desperate to feel it filling her. With a sexy moan, she felt the large head slip past her stretched pussy lips, the teen’s hot flesh instantly making her legs shake. She felt his hands on her ass, but he didn’t pull back. He wanted her to do the work. So the blonde gladly started moving back and forth, slowly working the thick black shaft deeper and deeper. She was stretched so tightly around his huge cock that she could feel the veins along the thick shaft against her pussy lips as they slid into her.

“So big, so big, ugh, fuck yes...” It took the nubile blonde a two full minutes before she worked all of his cock into her tight body, and about ten more seconds before she came all over his cock. She could feel his

hardness filling her completely as her pussy tried to contract around the huge invader. This just served to make her orgasm more intense. Her legs shook and she couldn't support herself on her elbows while she came, so she grasped the sheets with her hands, and lay her head against the soft bed, crying out in ecstasy, while pushing back against the huge bull cock, keeping it buried in her pussy.

It took her a minute to recover from the powerful orgasm, she couldn't really keep track of time. In fact, there wasn't much she could think about in the orgasmic haze other than fucking the huge cock, cumming, and making him cum. She felt the overpowering need to feel him pumping his cum deep into her womb, to breed her, to make her his. She leaned back up on her arms and started fucking him again, quickly finding a rhythm of sliding back and forth on the massive shaft, tilting her ass to milk his cock with her pussy, urging him deep inside her quivering body. She briefly wondered how her husband was doing before any thought of him was obliterated by another orgasm. The sexy young wife didn't really care anymore now that she was a slave to black monster cocks, and the Alpha-bulls that wielded them.

"Come on baby, please, cum for me." She began to beg, feeling the teen start to tense, and start to pound her pussy harder. Each thrust of his massive cock elicited cry of pleasure from the athletic blonde. But, despite her constant working out, the fit blonde was starting to tire. She was desperate to feel him explode in her pussy, fill her with his seed. "Cum in my pussy! Fill my pussy! Make me yours!"

The black teen let out a loud groan and shoved his cock all the way into the athletic housewife's tight pussy. Rebecca cried out in ecstasy, her body shaking as the huge spurting cock drove her to yet another crushing orgasm. The blonde gasped for breath as her whole body bore down on the huge monster pumping its creamy gold deep inside her. Each time her firm body would contract, Rebecca would cry out in bliss. "Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Cum! Cum! Oh! Fuck! Yeah!"

Across the room Ken moaned as his body tried to ejaculate again. The feeling of pressure was ecstatic, his head spun with pleasure, but his

inability to actually cum only served to redouble his need for release, and his desire to orgasm again. He was getting dizzy.

The pudgy white salesman watched as the thick shaft visibly pumped load after load of the black teen's cum into his nubile white wife. Her lover's cock looked impossibly huge impaling his petite Rebecca. He felt his vision start to dim around the outside.

Hearing a second cry of rapture, Baner turned to look over at his sexy coworker. He watched in fascination as the big black bull's balls tightened, and the big vein that ran down the base of his cock started to throb. The massive shaft pulsed and grew. It took him a moment to realize that the Alpha was pumping his cum deep into the tight Latina. Maria writhed in an orgasmic frenzy as she was completely overwhelmed by the huge cock, and by the hot cum overflowing from her tight pussy, around his thick shaft.

Everything went black as the restrained white man blacked out.



## A Cum Geyser

“Hey, wake up...” A voice said in the darkness. “Come on stud-puppy, wake up.”

Ken moaned, his head was spinning, his body was stiff. He felt his cock aching, his balls full, sore, the bindings on his cock and balls tight. It took him a moment to realize that he was that he was no longer tied to the chair. He tried to sit up, but the pain in his balls, and a wave of dizziness made him lie back.

“You don’t want to do that yet.” The warm, sensual voice said. The way it purred made his cock want to rise, but it seemed unable to do so.

He looked up to see Jasmine sitting next to them. They were on the floor near where he was tied. The warm tile was hard against his back. She reached over and pinched his nipple, making him writhe in pleasure. It was overwhelming. He realized that his hands were still bound over his head when he tried to reach down and touch his cock.

“Please, please let me cum...” He begged, his voice raspy.

“OK baby, I’ll make you cum.” She said, a cruel smile on her lips. She started to run her hands over his body, making him squirm in pleasure. As soon as she touched his flaccid penis and his cupped his full balls, he felt his body respond.

“Uh, no, that’s not what I meant...” He groaned. He could feel the rhythmic contractions building powerfully. Despite himself, he felt a huge smile of bliss spread across his face as he orgasmed, his bound cock straining to ejaculate, but feeling only a warm dribble of jism slide down his balls.

“Oh, you mean you want me to release you?” Jasmine said in mock innocence. She wiped a little bit of his cum from her hand onto his cheek. She looked at him for a few seconds, her eyes glazed and stoned. She reached down beside her and picked up a burning joint. She took a big hit,

and held the joint to Ken's dry lips. He couldn't help himself, and inhaled. He felt the effects almost immediately as the Kali calmed him, gave him a heightened sense of euphoria, and made him hum with arousal.

"Well I can't help you." She said plainly, blowing smoke in his face. "There's only one person that can unbind you. And that's your sexy, beautiful wife Rebecca. She owns your cock now. Remember? Do you want me to ask her?"

Ken nodded, breathing heavily in desperate need of release. He managed to look over at the bed to see his petite blonde wife surrounded by huge black cocks. She reclined on the bed, literally dripping with cum, stroking the last drops from a pair of identical black twins with huge cocks. There were several other strange black men on the bed with her too, all had huge black cocks. His beautiful, sexy wife appeared to be completely stoned out of her mind. He watched the beautiful, tall black woman walk over to his wife. He admired Jasmine's full ass as it swayed with each step. Jasmine bent over and whispered in his wife's ear. Ken wished he could fuck that beautiful black ass. He felt his balls start to tense.

"I think it's time you take off Ken's bindings." Jasmine said to the pretty, cum-drunk blonde.

"Who?" Becca replied, her glazed eyes roaming over Jasmine's shapely body. *Maybe I need to eat some pussy next.* She thought to herself.

"Ken? Your husband?" Jasmine said with a giggle. "Those big black cocks sure do have you distracted. You know, the guy you married? Pasty? Douchebag? Tiny dick?"

"Oh! Ken! Right." The blonde giggled like a bimbo. She took a moment to suck a bead of cum from one of the twin's big cocks. "What do I have to do?"

"Remember? Melinda bound his cock and balls?" Jasmine said slowly. She knew Becca was dumb from all the fucking, and from all the Kali. "You need to unbind him at some point. You don't want it falling off, do you?"

“Who’d notice?” The blonde said, looking back at the beautiful black woman with a straight face. It took a few moments before she burst out in laughter. “I suppose I should. I’ve pretty much worn these poor boys out.”

“I have to hand it to you, Rebecca. Not only are you incredibly beautiful and sexy, but you are unstoppable.” Jasmine said admiringly. It was true. The athletic blonde had an appetite and the stamina to go all night with a foot-long black cock. She was impressed. “But it is three in the morning, and I’m afraid if you don’t release him it might start to do some real damage.”

“But I don’t have to fuck it, or suck on it, right? I mean, eww.” Rebecca said with a sour face as she disentangled herself from the men on the bed.

She walked over to her prone husband. A new confidence flowed through her; she was totally in control. He looked pathetic lying there. His pasty white body stretched out like a dead fish. And his small cock pathetic, and his balls looked full and red. *Yikes, I guess I do need to untie that knot.*

“Please baby, I’m sorry. I get it, I was a total jerk...” Ken started to plead as his cum covered wife walked up and looked down at him, appraising him.

“Douchebag.” Jasmine interjected, standing behind his athletic wife.

“OK, yeah, douchebag. It was inexcusable.” Ken continued, absolutely defeated. “But I learned my lesson. I’ll turn over a new leaf. Anything for you, baby.”

“You can start by not calling me that. I’m not your *baby*.” Rebecca said firmly, fists on her slim hips. “I am your wife. From now on, it’s your job to make sure I’m happy, and to do what I say. Remember. Happy wife...”

“Happy life. Got it.” Ken said with a humble smile.

“No. Ken. Happy wife, and I won’t break your balls and take all your money.” Rebecca said commandingly. Then she smiled, her stern look breaking. “But I guess we can use Happy Life as a shorthand. But if I’m

going to release you, we have to get a few things straight. It's in the contract, but I want to make sure you understand."

"Yes, dear. You're the boss." Ken said without a hint of sarcasm. He found his new, powerful Becca to be a complete turn on. He felt the blood try and rush into his penis.

"Your penis will be bound whenever I choose. Agreed?" Rebecca began, kneeling down beside her husband. She ran a finger over his semi erect penis.

Ken moaned in pleasure. He found that he really liked the feeling of being bound, of having his wife in control. He nodded.

"Say it." She said seriously, flicking his cockhead with her finger. "Agreed?"

"Agreed." He replied, breathing heavier. He wanted to ejaculate more than anything he ever wanted in his life.

"And who can unbind you?" She continued, letting her fingers slide over his swollen scrotum.

"Only you."

"Who can I fuck?" She glanced over at Finney as the muscular Alpha-male returned to the room.

"Anyone you want." Ken replied breathlessly. Rebecca's small hand was gently stroking the top of his shaft. He wished he could get hard.

"Who can you fuck?"

"Only you." He answered immediately.

"Well, I'm not going to want to fuck you very often. How about we change that to: You can only fuck when I allow it." She looked up at Marcus. "We can make that change, right? Oh, and Ken, that goes for any sex. Fucking, blowjobs, hand jobs, whatever. I don't care if you want to get pegged by a tranny hooker, you get permission first. Agreed?"

“Yes, agreed.”

“When do I get to go out, and when do I get to spend your money?” She smiled, moving his penis to look at the binding.

“Whenever you like.” He said, trying to thrust.

“And when do you get to go out, and when do you get to spend your money?”

“Whenever you say I can.” Ken said. He was in such need that he would agree to giving her his left arm at this point.

“Or whenever our master, Marcus, says so.” She said, looking up adoringly at the handsome black bull. “Remember, I belong to him now. So by extension, so do you.”

“Agreed.”

“OK Ken, I think you get it. If you fuck up, you lose everything.” She said with a smile. She leaned in to pull the strip of the binding that stuck out. “I guess I can unbind you.”

“Oh god, please ba... Um, Becca.” Ken said, catching himself. “Should I call you mistress?”

“No, that’s a bit much. Becca is fine, or Honey, or Beautiful, or Sexy.” Rebecca looked him in the eye and pulled. The bindings quickly unwound and came off.

Ken let out a loud groan of relief and pleasure as his cock and balls were freed, and blood flow returned to normal. In moments his cock started to harden, and his breathing deepened. Fuck! He needed to cum! His cock became so stiff that it started to curve, veins popping out along this slim shaft. The cockhead quickly swelled and turned purple. He humped at the air, needing just the slightest stimulation to cum.

“Look at me Ken.” Rebecca commanded. She locked eyes with her husband. When she was sure she had him enthralled in her gaze, she slid

her fingers around his small cock, and slowly started to stroke the shaft, making sure to bump her hand against the swollen rim of his cockhead.

It only took a few seconds before his eyes screwed closed and an inhuman cry erupted from Ken's twisted mouth. Cum began to drool from his cock. The thin stream thickened, and began to spurt. Each load was bigger than any he'd produced in his life, each ejaculation spurting higher and farther up his body.

Rebecca continued to stroke her husband, releasing him, milking him. His cock was harder than she'd ever felt it, and she watched with some pleasure as he managed to shoot a stream of cum over his head, the next landing on his face, and the next onto his chest as his powerful orgasm slowly subsided.

All in all, he had ejaculated for more than thirty seconds, more than twenty individual ejaculations, and more cum than he had ever produced in a year. His head spun with ecstasy, and he looked up at his wife in pure adoration and subservience. He would always associate this powerful sexual climax with his wife. He almost cried when she finally stopped stroking his softening penis and stood up.

"You did beautifully, Rebecca." Jasmine praised the blonde, kissing her. "He's completely yours now."

Becca kissed her back, laughing when she saw the cum her face had left on the black woman's. She looked down at Ken and shrugged. "What do I do with him now?"

"You're coming with me." Marcus said from across the room, his large hand held out towards Ken's sexy wife. His cock slowly began to engorge. "The twin's will get your husband to bed safe and sound. We are going to take a moonlight dip in the ocean to get cleaned off, then you, Jasmine, and I are going to bed."

Rebecca winked at Ken, and walked with Jasmine towards the Alpha black man. His cock was slowly lengthening as he admired the two beautiful naked women coming towards him.

“You *are* going to fuck me again, right?” Rebecca said, putting her hand on his growing erection. “Maybe while I eat your wife’s wonderful pussy?”

“Oh, you can count on that.” Marcus said, taking both women by the hand as they walked out toward the roaring ocean surf.

Ken could only lay there and watch. But oddly, he was OK with it. He loved knowing that his beautiful wife would soon be servicing the foot-long black shaft of the Alpha bull. The twins walked over to him, their massive cocks still long and thick, swaying between their powerful thighs.

“Come on, man, let’s help you home.” One of them said in a heavy island accent. “Your wife be in good hands, mon.”



## One More Before Bed

“You were right.” Marcus said to his beautiful wife. The couple lay in bed, contented smiles on their faces. “She is beautiful, sexy, and horny.”

“I told you. I’m always right.” Jasmine said, taking a deep breath. “A little stoned, and she eats pussy like a lifelong lesbian. I love the way she sucks my clit, gentle, but firm.”

“And she is tight, incredibly, not just her body either, but her pussy is incredibly tight.” Marcus smiled, closing his eyes.

"She looks amazing riding your cock, dear." Jasmine cooed. "She has the perfect body, and the perfect sexual temperament for becoming your slut."

"She fucks like a thoroughbred." Marcus groaned.

“I know, you like that tight little white body. I think you like it better than mine!” Jasmine said, suddenly gasping in mock horror.

“Now you know, I couldn’t ever love anything more than your fine black booty, my dear.” Marcus said, lust in his eyes.

“Then why are you fucking her little white pussy instead of your wife’s?” Jasmine said with a coo of pleasure.

“Um, because she’s busy *licking* your pussy, dear. And from the look in your eyes, she’s doing a good job of it.” He replied, putting his hand through his wife’s long black hair.

“Um, you guys know I can hear you, right?” Came Becca’s voice from under the blanket. She was sandwiched between the Alpha couple, with Marcus’ huge black cock buried in her pussy while she worked on Jasmine’s wet pussy. She had already cum three times from Marcus’ gentle fucking, and given the shapely black woman at least four orgasms. She let out a loud moan and grasped Jasmine’s firm thighs as the black bull slid his cock deep into her tight pussy.

“Tight as a fucking glove.” He commented through gritted teeth as he pulled much of his length from her wet pussy. The athletic blonde squirmed, moaned, and pushed her tight pussy back onto his massive shaft.

“Quit doing that Marcus, you make her stop when you do that.” Jasmine moaned, pulling her knees up to give the young hot wife better access to her pussy. “I’m going to cum soon, baby.”

“Then will you give me your cum?” Rebecca begged breathlessly. “I need your hot cum in me so bad.”

“Mmm, make me cum and I’ll make sure he breeds your tight little pussy.” Jasmine moaned, pulling the blonde’s head closer to her pussy. She felt Rebecca latch onto her hard clit and gently, rhythmically suck on it. “Yeah, that’s it. Suck my clit. Make it big and hard. Make me cum in your face...”

Rebecca sucked harder on the nub between her lips, sliding two fingers into the black beauty’s dripping pussy. She started to gently rub the exotic woman’s G-spot, making Jasmine grind against her hand and mouth. She felt Marcus increase his tempo, his foot-long cock sliding in and out of her tight wet pussy, making her whole body tighten, milking his cock, urging him to release his seed.

“Oh yes! Oh there! That’s it! Oh fuck!” Jasmine cried out as the blonde released her clit with a pop, and started to flick the engorged button with her tongue. The shapely black beauty’s arms and legs shook as she could no longer resist Rebecca’s insistent tongue. She felt her pussy squirt, her whole body humming with ecstasy while the cuckolding wife slowly fucked her with her fingers, lightly flicking her clit with her tongue, helping her ride her orgasm.

“Ok girl, your turn.” Jasmine purred, her head still buzzing with pleasure. She threw back the light blanked to reveal the beautiful, stoned wife between her legs. Becca was arched to give Jasmine’s husband access to her pussy. Marcus’ was still slowly fucking her tight body, but Jasmine could tell by the way the thick veins stood out along his massive shaft, that he was close to cumming.

Jasmine pulled the athletic blonde up towards her. Becca mewed as the long cock slipped from her pussy. She turned Rebecca around, and pulled her close, holding her so that she could lean up against the tall black woman. Jasmine slid her hands around the lithe woman, and pulled her firm thighs back, spreading open the hot wife's pussy for her husband. Jasmine teased the white hottie's clit with her manicured finger.

Rebecca started to pant with desire, running her hands along her thighs, up over her tight abs, and holding her breasts. She pulled on the gold bars in her nipples, the bars that showed her ownership by the sexually dominant black couple. She looked up at the tall black man, her eyes glazed with need. She sucked on her lower lip as she watched the huge black bull stroke his massive erection, positioning himself between her thighs. She quivered with desire.

"See baby? I told you she was perfect the first time I met her." Jasmine said with throaty arousal. She loved watching her husband breeding hot white bitches, holding them for him. She loved how they totally lost it for her husband's big black cock. No white girl could resist it.

Rebecca gasped when the muscular black man's huge cockhead touched her dripping wet pussy. He had been fucking her minutes ago, but seeing the huge organ slowly splitting her pussy wide open was awe inspiring. Her legs twitched as she watched her pussy lips slip tightly around the massive cockhead, making her hard clit stick up, erect. She let out a quivering moan as Jasmine's long fingers rubbed the hard pleasure nub.

As Marcus' slid his huge cock deep into her slick tunnel, the beautiful black woman started to kiss her neck. Rebecca let out a long moan of absolute pleasure and closed her eyes. She could feel the massive steel-hard cock filling her completely, making her body convulse in ecstasy. Her pussy tightened around the thick shaft, milking his cock, urging him to fill her. She opened her eyes and gazed up at his, becoming lost in his dark pupils as the big black bull began to fuck her.

The sexy blonde wife watched in erotic fascination as the heavy shaft slid in and out of her tight pussy, filling it completely. His huge black cock glistened along its length, slick with her juices. She felt a wave of

overwhelming desire as she watched his firm flesh gripped tightly by her tight pussy. She felt her body orgasm, unable to resist the huge organ as it slammed deeper and deeper. Even as her body convulsed, wracked with orgasmic waves of bliss, she wanted more. She wanted his cum. She wanted to be bred by the Alpha male.

“Please...” Rebecca begged breathlessly, her hands playing over her breasts, pinching her hard nipples. Her firm, athletic body ground against his huge, unrelenting cock. “Cum in me... Please... I need your cum...”

She was rewarded as the big man started to groan, his tempo increasing, his massive cock filling her tight body.

“He’s gonna cum, baby...” Jasmine whispered in her ear, taking a moment to nibble on it, making the blonde cry out in pleasure. “He’s gonna fill your tight little white pussy full of his black cum. Do you want that?”

“Oh god yes, yes, I want it.” Rebecca said in a quivering voice. She ran her hands over her shaking body, then down over Jasmine’s firm, full thighs. She held onto the other woman for support. She could feel Jasmine’s large firm breasts pressed against her back, and she could feel the heat from the other woman’s pussy against her ass.

“Tell him, tell him you want his hot cum in your pussy.” Jasmine whispered, urging the hot white wife on.

“Please, I need your hot cum. Fill my little white pussy with your hot cum!” She pleaded. Her body shaking with need as her tight pussy fully engulfed the massive cock.

“Beg for it.” Jasmine said, briefly sucking on the other woman’s earlobe. “Beg for his black cum.”

“Oh god, please, please give me your cum! Give me your hot black cum!” There was nothing in the world Rebecca wanted more at that moment than to have the massive Alpha male breed her, fill her with his seed. “Please fill my pussy! Fill it with your perfect, hot black bull cum!”

Marcus let out a roar, and threw his head back. His cock, buried twelve inches into the blonde’s tight shaved pussy, started to pulse. The shaft

thickened and receded as his huge balls pumped hot cum into the shaking athletic wife.

Rebecca's mind exploded in orgasm even as she watched the thick black shaft pump her full of the Alpha's hot cum. She reached down, stroking his large testicles as if urging the cum to flow deeper and deeper into her quivering body. Her world swirled in ecstasy as she felt the massive cock pump his beautiful black seed into her pussy, into her womb.

"That's it baby, take it all. Take his cum. You know it's what you really want." Jasmine purred in the hot white wife's ear. Rebecca could only nod in agreement, unable to speak, as she gulped in air.

When the big bull finally pulled his massive cock from her tight pussy, he stepped up to let her lick it clean, Jasmine leaning in to get a taste as well. When she was done, his cock was still rock hard and standing tall.

"Oh baby, you do care, you saved some for me." Jasmine said with a big smile as she eased Rebecca to the side.

The sexy blonde slid down against the pillow, and lay there, not quite able to move, her brain too fuck-addled to think straight. She enjoyed the sensation of the black man's cum slowly drooling from her pussy and onto her thigh.

She watched as Marcus turned his beautiful wife over until she lay flat on the bed. He straddled her thighs, and pushed his massive cock between her legs, and into her waiting pussy. She let out a loud cry of pleasure as he slid his cock deep inside her pussy and started to fuck her.

"I told you, there's nothing like my baby's black booty." He said, punctuating it with a slap to her full ass cheek. "But you know, I think I might like to fuck her in the ass tomorrow. My cock is going to look huge sliding into her tight little white ass."

"It's all about your cock, isn't it?" Jasmine chided her husband, her breathing increasing as she was slowly overwhelmed by his massive rod.

"Uh-huh. It *is* all about my cock." He replied, leaning forward on his powerful arms and sliding his thick black anaconda deeper into his writhing

wife.

“Oh fuck baby. Yes, it is.” Jasmine replied as she succumbed to the first of many orgasms.

Rebecca looked on, mesmerized as she watched the massive organ slide in and out of the strikingly beautiful black woman’s pussy. She found herself playing with her cum drooling pussy, thinking *He’s said he’s going to fuck my ass tomorrow. I’ve never had anal sex. I can’t wait.*



## A Big Cock Breeding

“So, you certainly seemed to like being tied up, Ken.” Jasmine said seductively popping a grape into her mouth. She sat next to Ken at the ornate glass breakfast table. The sun streamed in the floor-to-ceiling glass sliding doors. Ken looked over at the shapely black woman, unable to resist staring at her large breasts, held only in a small bikini top.

“I don’t know... it was... different.” Ken said with a shiver, feeling his small cock warming up at the very thought. The truth was, he had loved the sensation of his cock and balls being bound. He was getting turned on again just by the memory of his prostate pumping uselessly, his cum backing up, and then that final monumental release. It felt like an unending orgasm. His balls still ached from the abuse. But it conflicted so much with his self-image, he found it difficult to give in to the loss of control, to the desire to be dominated by his petite blonde trophy wife. “But I think it might have been just a one-time thing. I don’t think it’s my thing.”

“Oh? You think you have a choice in this matter?” Jasmine said ominously. Ken felt another shiver of arousal course through him. Then he felt the beautiful woman’s hands on his slowly hardening dick. “Your little friend, here, seems to feel a little differently.”

“No, please...” Ken said, a quaver in his voice, unable to resist the dominant woman’s touch. He couldn’t help pushing his crotch against her hand, sliding down in his seat, a moan forced from his lips. He began shaking in reaction from the loss of control, and the realization at how easily he could be dominated. “Please, don’t. I don’t want to be this way. I’m a man. I’m an alpha-male. This is wrong!”

“Oh, honey... No, no you aren’t.” Jasmine said, releasing his cock and grabbing his balls and holding them tightly. “Ken, you’re no alpha anything. And these balls? These balls belong to your wife. I thought we made that clear last night.”

Ken looked up at Rebecca, sitting across from him at the table. She was looking over at him, her eyes alight with a predatory look, a look he'd not seen before. She was savoring his discomfort, his subjugation. His wife was beautiful, dressed in a thin grey tank top. He could clearly see the piercings in her hard nipples. He longed to suck on them. He was brought back to reality by the feeling of intense pressure on his balls.

"You're not listening, Ken." Jasmine said, a hard edge entering her voice. She tightened her grip a little. Ken felt a drool of pre-cum drip from his semi-erect cock. He felt humiliated. "This, Ken, is an Alpha-Male Bull."

Jasmine nodded to the door as her tall, muscular husband walked through the door. Marcus had been out for his morning jog. It was actually an afternoon jog as everyone had slept well past noon. He was covered in sweat, wearing a tight compression shirt that hugged his muscled chest and arms. His tight black compression-shorts showed off the thick lump of his flaccid cock. He toweled off his bald head with a towel.

"Honey, may we borrow you for a moment?" Jasmine called.

Marcus looked up and showed a dazzling, toothy smile before jogging over. He bent down and kissed his beautiful wife, his huge hand touching her breast. Jasmine moaned in reaction. Jasmine's hand wandered up to touch his huge bulge. He stood up and looked over at Ken.

"You seem to have things well in hand." He joked, looking down at his wife's other hand as it grasped Ken's balls. "What can I do for you, beautiful?"

"Ken, here, seems to think he's some kind of an Alpha-Male stud." Jasmine said mockingly as she squeezed Ken's balls a little tighter. The pudgy white man shuddered and groaned in a mixture of pleasure and pain. "Will you be a dear and show him what a real man's cock looks like?"

"Gladly." Marcus said, looking down pitifully at Ken. "You didn't learn your lesson last night, huh? OK, stand up Ken."

"It's OK, we don't need to do this..." Ken said sheepishly. The truth was, at this moment, he was more afraid of the large black man than he'd ever

been afraid of anything in his life.

“Yeah, Ken, we do. Stand the fuck up.” He said in a firm, commanding voice.

Ken slowly stood up, his small penis making a little tent in the front of his baggy shorts. He looked over at his beautiful wife to see that she was completely enthralled by the big black male. He stood there, shoulders hunched, eyes averted.

“Now go stand next to your hot and horny wife, and drop your pants.” Jasmine commanded. Ken felt compelled to obey, his cock stiffening at the sound of the beautiful black woman’s low voice. “And Rebecca, I want you to take a good look at your husband’s penis; make it as big and hard as you can.”

The petite, fit blonde pulled her eyes away from the tall black man to look over at Jasmine questioningly. But the dominant black woman just nodded, indicating that the shapely wife would do as she was told. Rebecca turned back around to face her husband just as he dropped his shorts, his small cock erect, pointing at her pretty face. She couldn’t help it; she giggled at it.

“Oh my god, Ken.” She said, trying to suppress her giggles. She held his small, four-inch erection between her thumb and forefinger. “I can’t believe I used to think this was normal sized. It’s so small.”

“Now be nice, Rebecca. Look, you’re making it wilt.” Jasmine said, watching Ken’s small penis deflate. “Your job is to make your husband as hard as you can, but don’t let him cum. Make him prove he’s the alpha-male he claims to be.”

Rebecca smirked at Jasmine, but then set to work making her douchebag husband hard. “Come on baby, you know I want it.” She teased, sarcastically, stroking his cock back to life with a tight grip, and quick wrist. It only took a minute for his cock to harden, and his thighs to start shaking with the need for release. “Wow. It’s really is tiny.”

“Shit, Becky, finish me off...” Ken begged, looking down at his beautiful wife as she jerked him off. But she only stroked him hard enough to keep him on edge. “Please baby, I mean honey, make me give it to you.”

“Good girl.” Jasmine praised the sexy blonde wife. Standing up, she walked around the table and over to her husband. Taking his muscular arm, she led him over to stand on the other side of the petite blonde. Standing to one side, she reached down and started to stroke his massive cock through the tight compression shorts. He immediately started to grow. “Now Rebecca, I want you to concentrate on your husband. Do your best to ignore Marcus. If you are able to resist, if he’s man enough to keep you for himself, I’ll give you back.”

*Fuck yeah!* Ken thought, feeling that old confidence flood into him like the blood into his hard cock. He pushed his hard cock between her fingers. *She’s fucking mine. I found her, made her mine. I’m going to keep her. She’s my fucking trophy wife.*

Jasmine noticed the change in Ken’s demeanor. She could see the old douchebag reappear in his eyes. *Well, time to break him once and for all.* She thought as she felt her husband’s cock harden in her hand. With a smile, she knelt down beside Marcus, gently sucking on his huge, fat cockhead through the tight shorts before hooking her fingers under the waistband.

“Now this, Ken, is a real cock.” She announced, pulling the shorts down over Marcus’ muscular thighs. His massive cock swung out from his body, released from its confinement. His cock, now free, engorged even more. “This is an Alpha-Bull cock.”

Rebecca tried to do what she had been told. She worked on Ken’s small cock, keeping him hard, holding him close to the edge. She watched as a drool of cum flowed from the tip, but stopped stroking as soon as she felt his first orgasmic twitch, holding the shaft tightly, preventing him from climaxing. But she couldn’t stop herself. She saw the foot-long shaft swing free in the corner of her eye and was instantly drawn to it. She could smell his sweaty masculinity, and she watched as the dark brown cockhead fattened mere inches from her face.

“Come on Rebecca... no babe... keep your eyes on me. Keep your eyes on your husband. I love you baby.” Ken said, seeing the effect the massive cock had on his athletic wife. *Come on bitch! Stay with me. A few minutes and this'll all be over.*

But Rebecca couldn't resist. She was inescapably drawn to the massive black organ. She reached up with her other hand and took hold of the thick dark shaft, stroking it in adoration. She continued to jerk her husband off, but only halfheartedly, automatically, just because his cock was still in her hand. In the presence of the huge black bull-cock, her husband just didn't matter.

“Come on baby, keep it hard. Concentrate on me.” Ken said, desperation creeping into his voice. Just the sight of the massive black cock in his wife's tiny hand was making him go soft, even as it aroused him more than he could fathom. He felt completely overwhelmed, dominated around the superior male. He squeezed hard to keep erect.

“Oh Rebecca, you're letting your poor little husband go limp.” Jasmine said, her eyes capturing the pretty blonde. She then looked up at Ken with an evil grin. “Poor Ken, I don't think she's interested in such a small dick.”

Rebecca glanced over at her husband's semi-erect penis and began to stroke harder, at least keeping him from getting any softer. But her real attention was on the hard twelve-inches of rock hard black meat in her other hand. She couldn't resist putting her lips around the fat cockhead, greedily sucking on the huge organ. She moaned with pleasure.

“I'm sorry, Ken...” Jasmine said, her eyes alight with arousal, reaching up to stroke her husband's thick cock into the pretty blonde's mouth. “This is what your wife really wants, what she really needs. I'm afraid you just don't measure up, not in any conceivable way.”

Ken groaned in realization, his cock deflating. He watched as his beautiful, sexy, horny wife let go of his cock to stroke the huge black shaft with both hands, her head bobbing on the end of the cock, the thick organ filling her mouth. He hung his head in shame while trying to revive his lost erection with his own hand. *Come on, you worthless piece of skin. If I can just get*

*hard, she'll be sucking on me instead.* But even as the words went through his head, he knew it wasn't true.

"Now do you fucking understand the pecking order, Ken?" Marcus said angrily. He took his hard cock from Rebecca's mouth, stroking it while he glared at Ken. Rebecca leaned forward and licked the base of his massive shaft, gently sucking on his large balls. "Don't you ever, *ever*, question who's in charge around here! You are at the bottom of the heap. Make no mistake; you are only here because I *choose* to tolerate you based on your sales results."

"Yes, sir..." Ken answered, his voice shaking in fear, his cock limp in his hand. His fingers were slippery from the pre-cum that had dribbled out.

"Yes sir! Is fucking right." He commanded, sweat still erupting and beading on his dark brown skin. He held his huge cock for his wife to suck while he stared at Ken menacingly. "Apparently we need to fucking teach you this lesson a second time. Last night didn't quite stick." He growled, over-enunciating the last three words, a drop of spit flying through the air to land on the cowed white man.

Rebecca was watching Jasmine work the massive head with her mouth, the beautiful black woman's lips wrapped around the thick shaft. The blonde licked her lips in need. She wanted his cock so much. Without thinking, she slid one hand between her firm thighs and started to play with the gold bar pressed against her clit. This was not lost on the dominant black man.

"You want some?" He asked, pulling it slowly from Jasmine's lips, holding it up. He slowly stroked his massive shaft, the veins sticking out angrily. The shaft looked even longer being held up, especially with his huge balls hanging at the thick trunk's base. He shifted his grip so that he was sliding his thick fingers up and down over the crown of his cockhead.

"Fuck yes." Becca answered, her eyes gleaming with desire. She licked her lips again and moved to lean forward towards the dominant bull.

"Not so fast." He said, pulling his massive cock to the side. The horny blonde wife stopped immediately and sat on the edge of the chair, eagerly eyeing the cock she so strongly desired. He slowly held the thick shaft down

for his curvaceous wife to suck on again. The tight blonde eyed her, licked her lips, and sighing with desire. "I need to set things straight between you and your douchebag husband."

Ken felt his cock tense, the blood slowly returning to the small organ. There was something incredibly powerful and erotic about the way the huge, hung black man dominated his wife.

"Who do you belong to, Rebecca?" He asked, his eyes narrow. His breathing was increasing as his busty wife worked his cock even harder.

"I'm yours, Marcus." Becca beamed with pride, adoration, and desire. "Body, and soul."

"And why are you here?" He said, stroking his shaft as he fed it into Jasmine's eager mouth.

"To give you pleasure." Rebecca said, subtly pushing her chest out in pride. "I live for your cock."

"What about your husband, Ken?" He said with a cruel sneer.

"What about him?" She said, glancing over to Ken, her eyes flicking down to his small semi-erect penis. She snorted, a sneering grin on her pretty mouth. She turned back to face Marcus, her eyes locked on the huge cock. "Whatever. He's nothing compared to you. He is my cuckold. He provides funds, and some occasional amusement."

"What do you want from me?" The tall black man grinned, his teeth dazzling.

"I want your big black fucking cock in me. I want it in my dirty slut mouth. I want it in my tight little wet pussy. And I want it in my hot pink ass." Rebecca purred, grinding against her fingers. Ken's cock ached as he watched his wife become a seductive slut before his very eyes. "But most of all, I want your hot creamy cum deep inside me. I want you to give me a baby."

Ken felt his small cock jerk, pre-cum drooling from its tip, dribbling to the floor. He felt his cheeks flush in embarrassment and shame.

“Good.” Jasmine said, pulling her husband’s swollen cockhead from her lips. Her voice was heavy with arousal. His cock stood rock hard, thick veins stood out along the massive shaft, the base of his cock restrained by the gold ring. The beautiful black woman used both hands to stroke the enormous cock, one hand working over the saliva slicked head. She had him on the edge of orgasm. He groaned and thrust his cock as Jasmine worked him even closer to cumming. “Your dick-less husband needs to watch my man fill his wife’s pussy with cum.”

Rebecca closed her eyes and moaned in anticipation, leaning her head back. She shook her head, a huge smile spreading across her lips. “Oh fuck yeah. Fill my cunt, make me your slut. Breed me.”

The athletic blonde smoothly rose up and, pirouetting, leaned over into the table. She arched her back, her firm ass presented to the black bull. Spreading her muscular thighs, she slid her hands between to tease her gold-pierced clit, and slide her fingers into her pussy to show the black stud how tight, and wet, and ready to be fucked she was. The sunlight streaming in showed off her firm round ass, and her strong shapely thighs as she looked back over her shoulder towards the huge black bull cock about to fill her wet pussy. Her perfect body was ready to be mounted.

Ken watched as Jasmine stood up and led Marcus over to his hot blonde wife by his cock, never stopping her stimulation. The big black man was on the edge of cumming, thrusting through her hands like a stallion ready to breed. Ken couldn’t help but stare at the engorged black staff. It was so long and hard, so masculine, Ken found himself frightened by it, by what it would do to his beautiful petite wife, yet drawn to it, almost wanting to kneel before it. He watched as the black stud’s thighs quivered and a thick load of pre-cum splashed from the fat cockhead onto the floor. He wondered what it tasted like before shuddering at the directions his thoughts were going in.

Jasmine lined Marcus’ rigid black pole up behind the athletic blonde’s firm ass. The big black man pushed towards the petite white wife, his huge cock sliding through Jasmine’s hands, missing Rebecca’s tight wet opening, and sliding up between her round buttocks. The massive shaft slid between her

shapely cheeks, sliding along her sensitive asshole, making her gasp and hiss in excitement. Marcus thrust several times before gaining control again, Rebecca cooed and pushed her ass back against his hard cock. He grunted as another huge load of pre-cum burped from his fat cockhead onto the blonde's lower back. Jasmine quickly leaned over and slid the swollen head into her mouth, sucking on him, urging him to slowly fuck her mouth.

Pulling the cock from her lips, Jasmine stroked him, slowly repositioning him to enter the eager blonde. Rebecca's hips were swaying back and forth, enticing the big man to fill her tight body with his massive hardness. Jasmine pressed her husband's turgid cock against the sexy wife's tight, wet pussy with one hand, massaging his large testicles with the other hand.

"Oh god fuck yes..." Rebecca hissed as she pushed back against the huge invader, feeling her pussy stretch around the fat cockhead. Letting out a long, plaintive cry of pleasure, the tight blonde slowly impaled herself on the swollen fist-sized knob. Unable to resist his hard meat, Becca slowly started to push herself back onto the hard cock, her thighs shaking as she quickly approached an orgasm. "Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, deeper!"

"Wait, don't push back. Let me do this." Jasmine said, putting her hand against the blonde's tight ass, her thumb gently rubbing the pretty blonde's pale asshole as she did. Rebecca groaned with need, but obeyed. The truth was, she would do anything the Alpha couple told her to do. Obeying them sent a shiver of pleasure up and down her spine, making her stretched pussy tighten on the thick shaft lodged just inside her.

"Feel his fat cock in you. I want you to feel him swell when I make him cum. I want you to savor the sensation of him filling your little white pussy with his bull cum." The beautiful black woman purred, one hand stroking her husband's foot-long black shaft, the other massaging his large balls. Ken's eyes flitted between watching her large breasts jiggling, or staring at her hand as it slid over the heavily veined black cock. "Any minute now and I'll make him shoot his seed, I'll jerk him off into your sweet little pussy. I'll breed your tight cunt with his stud cock."

Rebecca whimpered upon hearing that. With every stroke, the massive cockhead moved in her tight opening. The thick rim was so swollen that he was lodged in her tight pussy, she was knotted to him. She couldn't pull away even if she wanted. But it was the last thing she wanted as the ridge of the head rubbed against her G-spot. The quivering in her firm thighs spread, her whole body shook in need. Her breathing increased as she felt the big cock swell even larger in her pussy. She needed his cum so badly.

Marcus groaned, and Ken's eyes left the beautiful sight of Jasmine's hard black nipples, to watch the huge cock tense once, pumping a load of pre-cum into the writhing blonde. Ken realized that the black bull's one load of pre-cum was larger than his entire ejaculation. Still, he couldn't help but stroke his own small erection.

"Oh yes..." Rebecca hissed through a clenched grin. She felt the splash of semen warm her pussy, lubricating it, making the massive cockhead slip a little more, doubling the almost overwhelming stimulation going straight to her pleasure centers. "I need it. I need his cum. Please, Jasmine, please jerk him off in my pussy. Breed me..."

"Any second..." Jasmine whispered, quickly stroking her husband's rock hard erection, cupping his balls close to the thick base of his shaft. She knew her husband, and knew his cock, he was about to explode. She knew he liked it when she took charge like this, breeding him with another woman. "Come on baby, give it up."

The tall muscular alpha began to suck air through his flared nostrils, his body tensing, his hips bucking. His sexy wife feverishly slid her hand up and down the top of his shaft, bumping against the blonde's tight opening, while her other hand fondled his balls.

"Fuck yeah, that's it, fuck yeah..." He said with a loud groan, his balls pulling tight. He felt his hot cum pump up the length of his cock, and into the hot blonde wife locked to its head. He grinned as he came.

Ken watched with a mix of horror and arousal as the thick black shaft tensed, thickened, bending slightly, the thick bottom vein swelling as the huge bull pumped his petite wife full of his, no-doubt, potent ejaculate. It

momentarily crossed the pudgy white salesman's mind that his wife was no longer on the pill, she had stopped in hopes of them getting pregnant. Ken felt slightly ill realizing that she would likely be pregnant with another man's offspring as a result of this. He felt his own cock tighten, his own meager ejaculation quickly jetting to the floor, flagging after four or five contractions, all while the big black man only seemed to be getting going.

Rebecca swooned, her eyes glazing over with bliss, as she felt the cockhead swell even more, rhythmically expanding, stretching her pussy. Then she felt the hot, wet gush of his creamy cum as he began to fill her cunt, the hot seed flowing, splashing against her cervix. She felt Jasmine's hand gently stroking the end of the shaft, the side of her hand pressed against her stretched and sensitive labia. The dominant woman was gently cooing to her husband, egging him on as he deposited his thick load into the hot wife.

"That's it baby, take it, take my husband's cream. Feel him fill your tight little pussy. You can have him all in a moment. Just hold off a few more seconds, then I'll let him fuck you, push his cum into every nook and cranny." Jasmine said hypnotically.

Rebecca felt herself slowly lose her hold on reality, her mind floating in ecstasy. She thought she may have orgasmed, but all she wanted to concentrate on was the feeling of the massive organ filling her, breeding her, like a bull stud. The only thing keeping her from impaling herself on the huge bucking shaft was Jasmine's smooth low voice, calming her, talking her through the breeding. She trusted the sexy, confident woman completely.

His orgasm flagging, the big black man put his powerful hands on the blonde's slim hips and slowly pushed his huge cock into her, filling her pussy, pushing his cum deep inside her. Some of the warm, slippery ejaculate gushed from her overflowing pussy to make room for his cock. The blonde was incredibly tight around his beer can sized girth.

Rebecca let out a long howl of ecstasy and relief. She needed the cock more than life itself, and feeling him push his thick twelve-inches deep into her pleasure-wracked body drove her over the edge into a blinding orgasm.

Her body tightened around the huge cock, urging the man deeper, stimulating him, and making the blonde almost lose consciousness. Her orgasm was so intense that her athletic legs bent reflexively, and she found herself being held up in the air by Marcus' powerful hands, and his rock hard cock. Her voice quavered as she moaned uncontrollably.

The big black bull slowly fucked the beautiful, athletic wife. He would slowly slide most of his prodigious length out of her firm body, causing her legs to buckle. Excess cum would drip from her tight pussy as he did so. Then, with his cockhead still swollen and locked in the woman, he would slowly slide it back in. He would smile as the tight blonde would cry out in ecstasy with every stroke. Jasmine would split her attention between her husband, and the beautiful woman, kissing Marcus, running her hands along his hard shaft, over his muscular body. Then she would turn her attention to the Rebecca, teasing the woman's pierced clit with her fingers, leaning down to lick the rapt woman's tight asshole, making it twitch, making Becca moan. The big Alpha bull slowly fucked the woman's tight pussy for several minutes, keeping the stunning young trophy wife in orgasmic pleasure the entire time, until he felt his balls tightened again.

Pushing his cock deep, deeper than any man had ever filled the tight blonde, until his entire length was buried in the writhing girl, he let himself ejaculate again. His huge cock pumped cum deep into the shapely, fit wife, filling her again, injecting his seed into her already ripening womb.

Jasmine kissed her husband while she massaged his spewing balls, her other hand on his ass, feeling his muscular cheeks tense. She loved seeing him do this, driving other women wild, breeding them. She beamed with pride as she watched Rebecca succumb to a mind-bending orgasm, and she smirked when she noticed Ken's small cock, deflated, his meager load long spent.

Finally, the big black bull was satiated enough to pull his massive cock from the panting blonde. Rebecca let out a long moan as he pulled inch after inch of shaft from her tight body. A thick cream of cum oozed from the shaking woman as he finally pulled the fat cockhead from her tight pussy. Jasmine immediately took hold of the still firm shaft, stroking several huge

streams of cum from her husband to land on the blonde's shapely ass. She wanted to leave no doubt that her husband had claimed Ken's beautiful wife.

Rebecca slowly turned around, sliding to the floor in front of the dominant black Alpha and his wife. She looked up dreamily at the still firm cock as it pointed down towards her face. She licked her lips, watching as a bead of cum formed on the still-swollen head. She couldn't believe something that huge had been inside her tiny, tight pussy. She smiled as she felt some overflowing cum ooze from her pussy. She couldn't resist leaning forward to suck on the big knob, enjoying the masculine taste of his cum on her tongue. She closed her eyes and savored the feeling.

"Time to start getting ready, honey." Jasmine kissed her husband, slowly pulling his huge cock from the blonde's lips, making a slurping sound. She let go of his huge cock and turned him around. Guiding him with her hand, she urged him on his way. "Otherwise we'll be here all day, and miss the party."

"Party?" Rebecca asked drunkenly, endorphins making her stoned with pleasure. "We're going to a party?"

"Tonight, you're going to be welcomed into family." Jasmine answered, holding the blonde's chin in her hand. "And we need to get you ready. Ken, you really need to take a shower. You'll find your clothes for the evening in your room."

"What about Rebecca? Isn't she coming with me?" Ken said, looking longingly at his well-fucked wife.

"No, I'll be taking care of her." Jasmine said with a lustful smile, looking at the pretty blonde. "Be there at sunset."



## Anticipation

“There, you are ready for tonight.” Jasmine said as she put the finishing touches on Rebecca. The statuesque black woman smiled as she appraised the hot young wife. Jasmine wore only a short flowered skirt that hugged her shapely hips. Her full breasts were on display, and matching gold bars glinted against her coal black nipples. She wore her dreadlocks down, framing her beautiful face.

“Can I look now?” Rebecca asked eagerly fidgeting;

“Absolutely, check yourself out.” Jasmine said with a proud nod, turning the pretty blonde around to face the floor-to-ceiling mirror.

Jasmine had dressed the petite, athletic woman in white. White sheer stockings clung to her toned legs, ending mid-thigh. She wore thin white lace-panties, and a matching demi-cup bra that presented her large breasts perfectly. The lacey cups were cut just below her nipples, pierced with gold bars that matched Jasmine’s. Her long blonde hair had been curled and tied up behind with lace in a loose ponytail, with ringlets around her face.

“Oh my god, I look... beautiful.” Becca exclaimed, almost in tears. She had rarely felt genuinely attractive with her husband, and now she felt like a movie star or model, no, wait, she looked like... “I look like a bride. A beautiful, sexy, naughty, slutty bride!”

“Exactly. Tonight you become one of us. Married to Marcus, and I.” Jasmine said while she gently adjusted Rebecca’s hair to sit perfectly. It’s Night of the Horsemen.”

“Night of the Horsemen? What’s that?” Rebecca asked eagerly.

"All of our Glamity island men are descended from two of a group of four black slaves that were enslaved and imported to the Caribbean area in the late 1700's. The slave owners were looking for a few select men to act as breeding studs to the large population of female slaves as a way to keep male workers in the fields, while still increasing the workforce. They selected the men for their size, muscularity, intelligence, physical prowess,

and, ah, ability to act as breeding studs. They were nicknamed 'The Four Horsemen'."

"Four Horsemen? Like 'of the Apocalypse'?" Rebecca asked, fascinated by the story.

"Ha, no. Because the four men were described as having *members that were the size of a horse's, not a man's*. By all descriptions, well, let's just say that the bloodline appears to breed true."

"So, these four horsemen apparently were extremely effective in breeding the female slaves. Not only were they extremely virile, but the women were always eager for their turn in the breeding rooms. They would even hold events, called Night of the Horsemen, where slave owners would bring groups of female slaves to be bred in one night." Jasmine said, pulling a printed sheet from a drawer to show Rebecca.

The sheet had printed on it a reproduction of an old poster or leaflet.

*Night of the Horsemen*

*23 June, 1803*

*A nite of animal perversion! Freakishly cock'd Negros to breed a full stable of slaves in one nite. A site not to be missed by any and all gentlepeople of a certain taste. Food and drink provided. Please respond with intention to attend so as to ensure sufficient room.*

Underneath the announcement was a wood cut picture of a muscular black man with exaggerated lips, nose, and ears. Between his legs, shrouded in shadow, was the suggested shape of a huge cock that swung below his knees. Before him sat a group of slave women, several showing a scandalous amount of bare thigh for the time, one with her large breasts exposed, all reaching up toward the giant erection.

"That's amazing!" Becca said, staring at the poster. *It must have been amazing to see him fuck all those beautiful black women in a dark, candle lit room. All of the others peering at them from the gloom.*

“It was not uncommon that many of the slave owners' wives would find themselves participating, unable to resist the Horsemen. I imagine you can relate.” Jasmine said with a smile. “After a little while, these noblewomen started insisting on the horsemen's services on a regular basis. It seems those white women couldn't get enough big black cock. The slave owners were none too pleased with that behavior. Up until then, the Horsemen were well taken care of, easily living as well as their slave owners.”

The sexy blonde licked her lips, picturing all those white women craving the black meat, feeling her pussy moisten as she related to her own experiences.

“The more their white women started making use of the, ahem, Horsemen services, the slave owners started taking away amenities, moving living quarters farther away from the luxurious houses, reducing food rations, and generally being jerks. It came to a head when one of the owners shot one of the Horsemen. The remaining three rebelled with the help of the other slaves, and, apparently, the wives of the slave owners.”

“Serves them right.” Rebecca said with a mischievous smile. “I know a certain douchebag who's none too pleased with his wife's new preference for black meat.”

“Long story short...” Jasmine continued with a smile. “After slavery was outlawed a few years later, two of the three remaining Horsemen settled on the island we now call Glamity Bay. The two brothers travelled extensively around the Caribbean and The Americas.”

"And what about the other Horseman, the third one?"

"By all accounts, he made his way to Europe." Jasmine explained, pulling out a few papers. On these ones were copies of a circus sideshow type flyer featuring an illustration of a powerful looking black man with bald head. He stood there, with his arms crossed defiantly, dressed in what appeared to be ceremonial feathers and beads as if he were some sort of African tribal leader. The artist had included a sizable bulge between the man's powerful thighs, strategically covered by a loin cloth. Like the

previous poster, the bulge continued to his knees. In the drawing, several women appeared to be swooning at his feet. The caption read: *African Elephant King – See the massive trunk which swings betwixt his loins.*

“Initially, he made his living as a sideshow attraction...” Jasmine said, flipping the paper over for the petite blonde to see. On it was a reproduction of an early photograph of the man. Surprisingly, he looked a lot like Marcus. He stood there, some sort of hand rolled cigarette or joint in his hand. He was naked, his long cock hanging stiffly in front of him. Below it was another photo, this one blurry, that appeared to show a white woman, dressed in a long skirt common to the time, on her knees, ministering to his long hard cock. “Later, he amassed a fortune as a sexual concierge for the wealthy elite of the continent. Rumor has it he serviced some of the highest ranked queens, princesses, political wives, and even a few powerful men as well.”

“So, tonight Marcus is going to be fucking a group of women?” Rebecca said, almost giddy at the prospect. Her skin prickled with arousal at the thought. She looked on the next page to see a dark photo, much of the details lost in the shadows, but clearly showing a pale woman being impaled by the huge dark shaft of the Horseman. The last picture showed the black bull standing there, conversing with a well-dressed aristocratic man, while three women knelt before him, attending to his hard cock.

“Something like that. Come on, I’ll explain while we head over.” Jasmine said, taking the excited blonde by the hand.



Ken had showered and was standing, naked, in front of the mirror holding what appeared to be a short, white skirt. *Am I supposed to wear this shit? Are they fucking with me?* He tentatively put it around his pudgy waist. It just barely closed around him, but he wasn’t sure where to put the slit. Did it face the side, should he show a little thigh? He was pretty sure the slit didn’t go over his ass. He sighed in frustration.

“Why don’t you let me help you with that?” Said a sultry woman’s voice with a heavy island accent. It came from the door to the bathroom.

Ken turned to see a beautiful black woman leaning against the frame of the door, arms crossed just under her large breasts. She was smiling and shaking her head. Ken quickly covered his small penis with his hands, hunching over.

“Um, can I help you?” He asked, not sure whether to be embarrassed or angry. Given the past day’s experiences, he chose embarrassed.

“Oh, don’t worry, honey.” She leaned up and started to approach him. Ken couldn’t help but watch her hips sway as she walked, and he definitely noticed her large, firm breasts as they jiggled seductively. She was dressed only in a small flowered skirt, similar to what any of the local women and the staff wore. It clung to her shapely hips, and covered only as far as her upper thighs. He blushed as he felt his penis start to twitch and grow at the sight. “I’ve seen more of dees than you can imagine. Big, tiny, everyting in between. Mostly big though.”

She stepped up to Ken, looking down at him as he tried to hide his growing erection. She smelled wonderful, perfumed in a scent that brought to mind notes of the tropical paradise, laced with hints of the locally grown aphrodisiac they called Devil’s Weed. Her face evoked more Caucasian features, but her dark brown skin served to counterpoint that look. It was only close up that Ken realized that the woman was older than he originally thought. She must be in her forties, maybe even her fifties, it was hard to tell. She had smooth skin that glowed a healthy brown, and she definitely had the body of a younger woman. Full, nubile, and taut. He smiled up at her timidly.

“Um, I’m having trouble with my, um, skirt?” He said timidly, trying to look her in her face. He was surprised to see blue eyes peering out from behind her full thick lashes. He started to show her, but bent back over, realizing that his erection was going to stick out.

“It’s not a skirt...” She said stepping close to him, putting her hands on the waist of the garment. Ken tried to stop her, turning a little, keeping his hands on the material. The woman merely gave it a tug, pulling the material from his fingers. She gave him a wry look, a *give it up* look. Finally,

Ken dropped his hands and stood up, looking away in embarrassment. "It's called a Lohi. There, dat's better. Oh, I see de problem..."

The shapely woman let the wrap fall from Ken's waist, holding it in one hand. With the other she gently stroked his penis, making it come quickly to full attention, making Ken twitch with pleasure.

"It's cute." She proclaimed generously, in her musical Caribbean accent, when she saw that it wasn't going to get any bigger. "Of course I'm spoiled living here. Not'ing but big black cock for miles. Oh, I'm Lucy, by da way. I'm Big Al's number one wife. Marcus' mama."

"Um, it's a pleasure to meet you." Ken offered, not sure what to do. He did certainly enjoy the feeling of the beautiful woman stroking his cock. But then he remembered the contract. He had explicit instructions from Rebecca. "Lucy, I ah, I need you to stop that please... You'll get me in trouble."

"But it's so cute. It looks almost like a little boy's, but on a grown man." She said, holding the stiff organ between finger and thumb. "You lucky your hot little wife stay wit you for so long. From what I hear, you lucky she cut you a deal."

"Yes, ma'am." Ken answered, a little nervous. Was Lucy a plant to test him? To trick him into breaking his contract?

"Anyway, Ken. I'm here to get you ready, and to get you to da party on time." Lucy pulled out a small tangle of leather straps and held it out for him to see. "Melinda made dis specially for you, well, for your wife. She said she'd never made one dis small. So Ken, are you ready to have your cock bound?"

Ken looked at the small harness made out of several loops of soft leather. He shuddered, and his cock stiffened at the thought of being bound. He couldn't understand why, but the thought of his cock and balls being controlled, his orgasms restricted, was incredibly arousing. He nodded, and looked down at his feet.

A small plastic bottle seemed to appear in Lucy's hand. Where did she hide it in the small skirt? She stepped up to Ken, just close enough so that her long black hair brushed against his cheek, carrying her scent to his senses. It was also close enough that her full breasts brushed against his chest. She squirted a little oil onto her hand. Reaching down to take his hard cock in her hand, she applied the oil along the diminutive length. He felt his cock start to tingle.

"Here, when a teenage boy start to become a man, we apply dis oil to his cock every day. The oil is an extract of da Kali flower." She purred as she stroked his cock. Ken couldn't help but push against her, sliding his cock between her fingers.

But then she stopped, perhaps sensing his nearing orgasm. Kneeling down, she slid the leather binding over his hard shaft, maneuvering his small testicles so that one strap surrounded the base of his cock and balls, the next went around his scrotum, and the final one around his shaft. He let out a loud groan of pleasure as she pulled the strapping tight. The effect served to make his cock even stiffer. It pulled his scrotum up tight against the base of the shaft, made the veins stick out along the short shaft, and held his cock so that it was constantly pulled downward. He moaned with pleasure again, and felt the need to thrust.

"There you are, feeling OK?" She asked, Ken could only nod, licking his lips. She slowly began to stroke his cock again. His legs began to quiver as he felt the tension rise.

"So each day, his cock is massaged with the oil. Sometimes it's a local girl interested in da young man, sometimes a relative, sometimes it's just a horny woman in the group. Der is no shortage of volunteers, as I'm sure you can imagine." She stroked Ken's cock a little more firmly, as if to highlight the next point. "He's stroked, just like I'm doing to you know, until he spurts. Sometimes it's done several times in a row, sometimes by multiple women. As he matures and gains control he'll eventually seduce and fuck da women who tend him. Den, he is considered a man. Women teach him to wield that huge cock to full effect. Den we reap the benefit."

“Why? I mean, why do you do that?” He asked, his voice a little choked from her experienced touch. His legs shook, and he had a hard time concentrating as his cock swelled against the leather.

“It’s said dat da oil is da key to making our men so large.” She said, a gleam in her eye.

“Does it?” Ken asked, staring at the beautiful older woman’s full breasts. So close.

“Who knows? Da men here already be your size when dey six years old.” She said with a barely suppressed smile. “But who wants to find out what happens if we don’t do it? Besides, it’s fun. What girl doesn’t enjoy controlling a huge cock. An experienced woman can keep her man on da edge for an hour. I don’t think you’ll last that long though, Ken.”

Ken shook his head, nervously. He wasn’t going to last. He was going to cum.

“Should I stop, Ken?” She teased, taking her warm hand away. Ken groaned loudly, his cock twitching, bouncing. He was so close.

“No! Please don’t stop...” He pleaded, his cock trying to tighten, to bring him over the edge to orgasm. He panted with need. Then he added, his voice a hoarse whisper. “Will the oil make *mine* bigger?”

“Sorry sweetie, nothing’s going to help dis little fellow.” She said, pouting in sympathy, her tempo changing slightly. She was done talking.

Ken groaned. He was cumming, hard. She stroked his cock as he came, no ejaculation, the binding keeping him contained. All that flowed from his small, swollen cockhead was a thin dribble of overflow. As he recovered, Lucy wiped her hand on a towel and stood back up.

“Der you go, little man. Now let’s get you dressed and to da party, OK?” She took the skirt, the Lohi, from the counter and pulled it around his waist. She positioned the slit at the front, right between his pale, shaking thighs. “Jus’ like dis. It’s like a little door for your buddy to peek out. Shall we go, or do you need a few more minutes to recover? You look a little pale.”



Jasmine escorted Rebecca into the large open room that they had used for their workouts and massage. It had been completely transformed. The large sliding doors along the main wall were wide open to the beach, a pleasant breeze wafting in. Outside was the fire pit surrounded by numerous chairs. At the edge of the open door stood a small smoke pot, the spicy aroma of the aphrodisiacal Sinsemilla, wafted through the air. Rebecca's nostrils flared, and she felt her mood buoy even more. Along another wall was a long covered table with various hors d'oeuvres, bottles of wine and long stemmed glasses, and some earthenware pitchers and glasses. Comfortable looking chairs, couches, and pillows were arrayed through much of the room, and there was a round woven rug oddly placed in the garden, just outside the door.

Standing amongst the seating area were a handful of women, each more stunning than the last. Over near the door stood a large, muscular black man that bore a striking resemblance to Marcus. His chiseled body was clothed only in a short white wrap, almost like a skirt, but looking more native than that. Next to him stood Chance, his slim athletic body looking almost small next to the tall man. He wore an identical wrap around his slim hips. Rebecca thought she could catch a glimpse of both men's large cock dipping below where the material met in front. She felt a little thrill at this, but Jasmine took that moment to guide her over to the other women.

"Rebecca, this is Joanie. She's one of Beau's favorites." Jasmine said introducing a tall slim brunette. She wore a tiny white tank top that clung tightly to her small breasts, cut off just below her nipples. Becca could see that her nipples bore the same gold bars her's now did. She had a long sleek torso that gently spread to shapely hips. Below, she wore only a tiny pair of booty shorts that started a few inches above her pussy.

"Hello..." Joanie stepped up to Rebecca, smoothly embracing her, kissing her. The hot wife found herself in a passionate embrace, teasing tongues with the lithe brunette. When they broke their kiss several moments later Rebecca was slightly breathless, and very aroused. Joanie

smiled, kissed her finger, and pressed it against the blonde's lips. "You are one hot piece of ass, Rebecca. I'm going to enjoy watching you cum."

"Um, thank you?" Becca said with a quizzical grin. She eyed the brunette lustily until Jasmine moved on to the next girl.

"This is Lanie, Chance's new squeeze." Jasmine said, introducing a striking young woman with large breasts busting out of tight white blouse that was tied mid-tummy and a bright pink push-up bra. She also wore a short plaid miniskirt that showed off most of her full thighs. It was a typical naughty schoolgirl motif, or it would have been. Lanie's long curly pink hair was tied into two loose ponytails tied at the side of her head. Her eyes were darkly made up with thick eyeliner and dark eye shadow, her cheeks were heavily blushed, and her lips were painted a vibrant red. It gave her an almost dangerous, wild look. It was very enticing.

Rebecca was surprised when Jasmine grabbed the girl by one of her ponytails and forcefully pulled the girl over to one side, kissing her hard on the lips. The other girl let out a brief cry before morphing into moans of pleasure. She let the pink-haired girl back up after a few moments. "Watch her, she likes it rough."

Lanie surveyed the petite blonde wife predatorily, slowly pacing around her in high heeled black shoes that sported glittering studs. Rebecca tried to face forward, but she found herself glancing to the side nervously. The naughty schoolgirl stepped up closely behind the blonde, put one hand around her shoulder, and kissed Rebecca on the neck. She slid her other hand down between the blonde's firm legs and slid her fingers between her thighs, then back up over her clit piercing. Rebecca inhaled a shuddering gasp.

"I love how tight your body is. I can't wait to see you riding Big Al's cock. It'll be epic." Lanie whispered into Rebecca's ear before flicking it with her tongue, giggling. She continued her path until she stood in front of the blonde again. "She's already wet, I like that."

"Aaaand, on that note...: Jasmine continued, guiding Rebecca over to the last girl. This girl appeared to be Indian, with long black hair and

beautiful brown skin, she woman regarded the petite blonde with dark brown eyes. She wore a glittering sixties-style mini dress that hung off the shelf of her perky breasts, and fell shapelessly down, just barely covering her. Rebecca could see the woman's hard nipples through the thin material, and the dress accented her long smooth legs. "Safia, here, belongs to Big Al."

"Big Al?" Rebecca asked, not taking her eyes of the radiant beauty.

"Big Al is the patriarch of the family. He's father to both Marcus, and Beau." Jasmine explained, obvious affection in her voice. "His is kind, sweet, funny, and will fuck you until you pass out."

"I can vouch for that." Safia said with a brilliant smile. "He makes me cum so much I don't remember my own name. I'm very lucky."

This time, it was Rebecca that stepped forward. Feeling bolder, and more than a little horny, she stood up on her toes and kissed the Indian woman while her hand delicately slid up the woman's smooth thigh, and around her to her firm ass. She grazed the back of the woman's pussy with her finger.

"It's a pleasure to meet you." Rebecca said.

Safia stared at the small, athletic blonde. Intrigued and enticed, she glanced across the room before smiling. She nodded for the others to look at the two men. "It looks like at least one of the boys is enjoying this meet and greet."

Beau stood there, watching the women, an anticipatory grin across his face. Rebecca could clearly see the tip of his cock hanging down between his thighs. But the younger of the two men, Chance, had a little more going on. He looked down at the floor, away from the women. But a distinct blush could be seen on his cheeks, and his own large cock was more than peeking from his Lohi. His large cock was clearly engorged, and had risen between the two flaps of material in front of him. The women giggled, and Chance turned even redder.

“So, what exactly is happening tonight?” Rebecca asked, finally tearing her gaze from the huge black shaft between the teen’s thighs. The other girls giggled at her question. “What?”

“It’s a Horsemen’s night? In honor of the Four Horsemen?” Jasmine prompted, as if the answer was obvious. “Breed all those women in one night?”

“Oh! Oh, shit, right, I get it.” Rebecca finally clued in. “You know what they say about us blondes. So, the four ‘Horsemen’...” She made air quotes. “Are going to fuck us, like they’re breeding us.”

“No like about it. We’re going to get fucked, hard.” Jasmine said, she grinned widely. “But it’s more than that.”

“Huh? I don’t get it.” Rebecca said, shaking her head. The smoke from the burning Sinsemilla weed must be making her a little dumb, and a lot horny. She found herself eyeing the other women.

“In a little while, Marcus, Beau, Chance, and Big Al are going to partake in the same rituals as the original Horsemen. They will get really high and be compelled to fuck all night, breeding as many women as they can before they come down.” Jasmine explained, walking over to the table. A pretty red-haired bartender handed her five glasses of wine on a small tray. Jasmine returned and gave each girl a glass. “Cheers ladies, this is going to be a quite the night.”

“Can the five of us keep up?” Rebecca asked after taking a sip of wine. At that moment another woman walked in. A slightly older black woman with large firm breasts, dressed similarly to Jasmine. The woman was followed by Ken, looking pale and doughy in his lohi. “Um, I mean six of us? And what’s he, the fifth Horseman, kinda like the fifth Beatle?”

Jasmine laughed, as did the others. Rebecca didn’t understand what she had said that was so funny. The older woman left Ken with the two other men and made her way over to the group.

“You must be Rebecca! I’m Lucy, Al’s first wife.” The woman leaned in to kiss Rebecca on each cheek. Then she stepped closer, took the blonde’s

face in both hands and kissed her deeply. When she parted, she took a moment to look into the young wife's blue eyes. "My, you are beautiful. Are dese girls giving you a hard time?"

"Well, it's just that I asked if the six of us would be enough to satisfy the four men." Rebecca said, still embarrassed. She was missing something; she just didn't know what. Lucy grinned.

"Ah, I understand. Don't worry dear, we all had our first time too. No. We won't be enough to satisfy dem. We need more. Look, here come a few now." Lucy said putting her arm around Rebecca's waist and turning her towards the large open beach door. Several young women entered the large room. One was a curvy black girl with a tight afro. She had small breasts, topped by small tight nipples, a small waist, and a prodigious swelling at her hips that became a large round ass, and full thighs. With her was a cute oriental woman, long black hair, and a tight athletic body. Something about the way she walked communicated power, like she was a martial artist or something. A few moments later, a pair of sexy teenage girls, French from their voices, walked in dressed in skimpy bikinis. Over the next few minutes, about a dozen beautiful, fit young women arrived. They were all different nationalities, and a variety of body types, although about half looked to be young local women. They enjoyed the wine, popped bite-sized morsels of food into their mouths, and started to light up fat joints filled with Devils Weed. But it was clear that their real interest were the men.

"All them too?" Rebecca asked, her eyes wide. "Four men are going to service all these women too?"

"Aye. It's a stunning sight to see." Lucy explained, her hand sliding down to gently squeeze Rebecca's firm ass. "Nice muscle tone, girly. Don't worry, tonight you are de belle of de ball. All of da boys be wantin' a piece of da new girl ass."

"But first, the ceremony." Jasmine said as she eyed her husband entering the room. Just behind him was an older black man dressed in the lohi, and a flowered Hawaiian shirt.

*That must be Big Al.* Rebecca thought. She could see where Marcus, Beau, and even Chance got their looks. The man was older, probably in his sixties at least, but still had a handsome visage and a strong bearing, even if he had apparently also gained a bit of a belly over the years.

“Ceremony?” Becca asked. She felt completely clueless about what was going on.

“Why yes, my blonde bunny.” Lucy said with a giggle. “If you are to belong to my son an’ his wife, we need to have a formal bonding ceremony; like a wedding.”

The blonde thrilled at the idea.

A few minutes later, Rebecca stood in front of Marcus. Now the white bra, panties, and stockings made sense. She was dressed like a bride. To Marcus’ right stood Jasmine, her large breasts looking regal on her slim torso. To his left stood Big Al, flanked by Lucy. And to Rebecca’s right, stood her husband, Ken.

“Rebecca Baner, please turn to face your douchebag of a husband.” Al said in a booming bass voice.

Rebecca shivered at the power of the big man’s voice, her nipples perking up, her pussy moistening, but she immediately turned to face her unimpressive husband. Ken looked down at her feet, unable to meet her gaze. She almost felt sorry for him. She knew his cock was trussed up like a turkey, and that he’d had his little world crushed. On the other hand, she remembered how terribly he’d treated her. This was the man who took glee in choking her, cheating on her, lying to her, and telling her what a failure she was. Suddenly she didn’t feel so bad for him anymore.

“Now, Rebecca Baner, do you willingly renounce your douchebag, Ken...” He was interrupted by his wife slapping his arm and scolding him. He smiled mischievously. “Well, he is a douchebag. Anyway... Rebecca, why don’t you show your dou... ah, soon to be cuckold what he’ll be missing when you give yourself to Marcus and Jasmine.”

Rebecca stepped up to her husband. He still couldn't meet her gaze, so she leaned up and kissed him, putting her hands on his hips, grinding herself against his pelvis. She could feel his hard little cock pressing against her. When she broke the kiss, he looked at her. It was only truly becoming clear what was happening at this moment; becoming clear just what he was losing. It was becoming clear just how screwed really he was.

"I'm sorry Ken, but you brought this upon yourself. All you had to do was be nice to me, love me, treat me well." She looked up at him, her eyes searching his. She reached down and took his small erection in her hand. He shuddered and gasped.

"But you couldn't do that. You were too wrapped up in yourself. And now you're going to pay the price." She reached a little farther and grabbed his balls, squeezing them tight. She didn't want to do any real damage, but she sure as hell wanted his full attention. "So now, *these* are mine. I own these. And Marcus owns me. So by extension, he owns your balls too. Fuck up, and he'll crush you."

"You don't fuck anything without my permission." She continued, her teeth tight together. "Behave, and I won't take all of your money. Who knows, if you treat me properly, I might even take care of you. Let's say Tuesday evenings, if you behave, and if I'm not busy, maybe." She gave his balls one more squeeze before letting go. He groaned at the release, even the pain was stimulating. He found himself giving a single involuntary thrust as his body shook. A tear rolled down his cheek as he contemplated his loss.

Rebecca turned to face Al with a bounce, a quick happy sigh of relief puffing from her lips. "That felt good. OK big guy, what's next on the docket."

Al smiled. He liked her, she had spunk. She was also hot as fuck. He was going to enjoy fucking this one.

"Well, if it pleases the court..." He paused while everyone snickered at the joke. "If you would be so kind as to kneel in front of your new master."

Rebecca happily complied, kneeling on a small pillow that had been thoughtfully placed down for her. She looked up at Marcus, a gleam in her eye. She could see his huge cock hanging between the flaps of the lohi. It was slowly growing, reaching towards her.

“Jasmine?” Al instructed. “You may now give the ring.”

The beautiful black woman knelt down next to the perky blonde, running her hand along the curve of Rebecca’s back like she was a prized thoroughbred animal. She reached up to her husband and gently pulled out his slowly engorging cock. Rebecca looked up at the huge man, her mouth was watering for the thick organ. Without thinking, she lifted herself up and took the brown cockhead into her mouth.

“Good girl.” Jasmine cooed as Rebecca started to work her mouth around the cock. The black woman reached up and worked the gold cockring from the thick base of the shaft and slowly slid it along the length. When the ring reached Rebecca’s nose, Jasmine leaned in closer. “You know... you’ll have to stop that if you want me to get this ring off his cock to give it to you.”

Rebecca looked over at the other woman’s brown eyes, then back up at the huge cock. She kept sucking for a few moments before finally relinquishing it and sitting back down on her knees. The room laughed.

“Rebecca Baner, of your own free will, you now belong to Marcus and Jasmine Finney.” Al proclaimed, not entirely able to keep the mirth from his voice. “You are now part of my family, my dear. Welcome! Now, stand up and let the celebration begin.”

Rebecca stood up and was immediately enveloped by her new sister-wife Jasmine. They kissed for several long moments before the felt Marcus’ long erection poke between them.

“Hey, what about me?” He joked. The two women wrapped their arms around his powerful shoulders and kissed him, both women making sure to put a hand on his hardening cock. Rebecca started to kneel down, ready to pick up sucking his cock where she had let off, but Jasmine took her arm.

“Whoa there, girl, hold on. Marcus and the rest of the men have to do their thing. And we girls have to do our thing, too. There’s a little initiation we have.” Jasmine said, laughing at the young woman’s unbridled enthusiasm. Rebecca pouted at the older woman, but Jasmine spanked her firm ass.” Don’t worry, you’ll get plenty very soon.”



## The Four Horsemen Cocks

Maria Gomez arrived Just as the VIP group of women sat down on a large sectional couch. Her long dark hair was down, and fell in thick locks. She wore a skin-tight sparkly mini-dress that did little to cover her assets, and everything to show them off. She carried one of the heavy stoneware pitchers, and a stack of glassed for the seven women. She crossed in front, giving Rebecca a quick kiss, before sitting on the end next Lucy.

Jasmine poured a milky liquid into each of the cups, and started handing them to the women. "Don't drink yet, just hold them for the moment." She said, looking over at the men, all standing in a circle chatting.



"OK Ken, no more insults." Big Al said, clapping a large hand on Ken's shoulder. "You're part of the family now... well, sort of anyway. Let's just say we don't like you but we let hang around because we're going to bang your hot wife kind of family. Step out of line, you'll regret it. One of these boys will crush your balls while your beautiful young wife jerks the other off all over your face, and nobody wants to see that. But otherwise, you're welcome to hang around. Fair enough?"

"Yes sir, thank you." Ken answered, cowed by the four large black men. He shuffled nervously in his bare feet.

"Good. Now let's get the introductions out of the way. You know my son Marcus, of course. Next to him is my other son, Beau. And the young fellow here is my young nephew Chance." Al continued, lighting a joint. He took a hit and passed it to Ken. "Just to take the edge off, boy. You look nervous."

The fiery-haired bartender carried five large, overflowing mugs of the cloudy liquid to the men. She was dressed in the standard work uniform of a short flowered skirt, and a bikini top. Her pale skin against the red bikini top accentuated her medium-sized breasts. Her skin glowed with just a kiss

of sun, and a smattering of freckles. She held the tray so each man could take one. Ken hesitated, looking up at Al.

“Go ahead, boy. I have one rule at my parties.” Al said, taking the last cup from the tray and handing it to Ken. The beautiful server returned to the bar, all five men watching her ass sway as she walked away. “Mm-mm, I’m going to fuck that tonight... Ah, who am I kidding, I’m going to fuck all of them tonight. Anyway, Ken, my one rule is that everyone parties. That includes you. If you want, I can have your wife remove your bindings.”

“Ah...” Ken thought for a moment. He felt his cock strain against the leather, it felt good. “You know... No, thank you. I kind of like it. Maybe later?”

“You really like it? Huh, go figure. You just never know. Definitely later though, we don’t want your balls exploding all over the floor.” Al laughed. He cleared his throat, getting the attention of the room. He held up the large cup. All eyes were on him. Ken hadn’t really noticed how many beautiful women were in the room now.

“OK, those of you with the Devil’s Milk! It’s time to begin. Go ahead and drink.” He said, raising the cup a little higher in a toast. Then he put it to his lips, and drank. So did the VIP women on the couch. The other women in the room had to satisfy themselves with their wine and Devil’s Weed.



Jasmine kneeled down in front of Rebecca, holding the cup to her with both hands; presenting it to her. Rebecca took it, and Jasmine turned around to get her cup just as Al made his speech.

The hot blonde ‘bride’ took a tentative sip of the cloudy liquid. Al had called it Devil’s Milk, but it certainly didn’t taste like milk. It tasted like a citrusy alcoholic drink, with the heavy aftertaste of the Kali flower, the Devil’s Weed. As soon as she swallowed the first sip, she found herself greedily gulping down the rest of the cup.

“Wow, that is good.” Rebecca said enthusiastically. “Should I feel anything yet?”

“Well, it takes about a half hour for the effects of the drink to start working.” Jasmine said, inching forward, interceding herself between Rebecca’s knees. She ran her long red nails along the blonde’s athletic thighs, making the girl shiver with pleasure. “The men are going to stay there while they let the milk do its work on them. So, Rebecca, how would you like a nice big bong?”

Rebecca’s eyes grew wide with surprise. She covered her grinning lips with her hands. “Ah, sure. But what about Lucy?”

“What about Lucy?” Jasmine laughed. “Oh, you’re worried about me getting stoned with my mother-in-law here? Who, do you think owns the bong?”

Jasmine laughed, as did the other women gathered around. Rebecca found herself laughing with them, and noticed that a number of their hands were gently stroking her arms and shoulders. She felt her nipples start to harden at the attention. She smiled as Safia gently bit, then licked, her shoulder.

Lucy motioned for the bartender, and the statuesque red-head arrived moments later with a large wooden pipe. The dark wood bong was about three feet long. The pipe was set down between Rebecca’s feet. It was only when she got a moment to examine the finely crafted wood that she realized that the long shaft of the pipe was actually a stylized penis, and that the large bowl at the bottom was a caricatured fat-bellied black native. Sticking out of the bottom globe was a copper cup that held a copious amount of the Devil’s Weed.

“OK Lucy, why don’t you start us up?” Jasmine said, looking over to her mother in law. “You’re Alpha-Bitch here.”

“And don’t you forget it.” The beautiful older woman joked, although there was a bit of an edge to her demeanor. She moved over, sliding between Rebecca and Safia. She pressed up against the sexy blonde. Becca was very aware of the black woman’s large, firm breast pressed against her.

The older woman leaned forward and, waiting for Jasmine to apply a flame to the weed, inhaled deeply. The blonde could clearly hear the water in the globe bubbling, and she could smell the herb burning. Having her fill, Lucy leaned back and held in the smoke, gently pushing Rebecca forward towards the phallic mouthpiece. Mimicking what the older woman had done, she put her lips around the thick pipe, noticing how close it resembled Marcus' huge cock in her mouth, and waited for Jasmine. As soon as she saw the flame, Becca inhaled deeply, feeling the spicy smoke slide into her lungs. She sat back, eyes wide, doing her best to hold her breath. Next to her, she heard Lucy exhale, a slight moan emanating from the shapely woman's lips.

Just as Lanie pushed herself forward for her turn, Becca felt the rush of the Devil's Weed melt into her mind. It was as if someone had lifted the top of her head up off and was blowing cool, refreshing air onto her brain. Maybe that wasn't quite it, but she felt almost as if her mind was floating on a cloud. She felt wonderful, sexy, beautiful, safe, and very horny. The blonde exhaled the smoke, and couldn't help sliding her hands along her thighs.

Beside the hot wife, Lanie finished her pull and leaned back. She quickly turned to Rebecca and, sliding a leg over the blonde's, pinned Becca against the couch. The pink haired beauty fastened a powerful kiss on Becca, pinching her nose, and blocking her breathing for a moment. Then, just as suddenly, she loosened her kiss. But, as soon as Rebecca started to greedily inhale, Lanie opened her mouth, gently brushing her lips against the blonde's, and exhaled. Becca couldn't help but inhale the other girl's smoke.

Grinding her leg against Rebecca's crotch, Lanie kissed the blonde, this time using her tongue to explore the young wife's mouth. Becca found herself kissing the other woman with an increasing passion, all the while holding the smoke in her lungs until she felt a second powerful wave of euphoria and arousal wash over her. She continued to kiss the aggressive woman while she exhaled through her nose, the smell of the weed permeating her senses and surrounding the two women in a cloud of smoke.

Finally, the pink haired schoolgirl released the athletic blonde. Rebecca found herself grinding against the girl's thigh, her pussy wet, needing attention. She was barely aware of the other women taking their turns at the bong; she was captivated by the pink haired girl's blue eyes. Rebecca whimpered in desire.

"You are a good one..." Lanie said confidently. "Hot, tight, and horny. I like you."

Rebecca almost cried out as the girl slid off of her, releasing her from her grasp. She wanted to keep kissing her, keep grinding her hard clit against the girl's leg. But as she sat there, she felt other hands on her. They were stroking her, touching her, becoming bolder.



"So how do I know when it's working?" Ken asked sheepishly.

"Oh, you'll know, trust me." All said with a chuckle. "It'll come on slowly, but about the time you notice it, it'll really take over. I hope you don't have any plans tonight, or tomorrow morning."

He stood with the four larger black men feeling quite inadequate. A feeling he wasn't really familiar with. He'd always had the ego to dominate most rooms. What he lacked in size, he made up for in attitude and brashness. He noticed the men were becoming restless, shifting their weight from foot to foot. He also started to notice that their dark cocks were more visible between the folds of their lohi, especially the young one's, which was definitely lengthening and thickening. His own meager penis felt the same, the binding keeping it semi-erect, at least until he attained a real erection. It didn't feel like that was likely though, intimidated as he was by the dominant alpha-males around him.

Chance, the teenager, appeared antsy, quickly twitching his strong shoulders. He appeared to be breathing a little heavily. Next to him stood Marcus' brother Beau. He was a tall, powerfully built man with a shaved head. He, too, was shifting back and forth, however he was carrying his tension in his thick, muscular thighs. His eyes held an aggressive fire that

worried Ken. His large brown cock swung pendulously back and forth below the hem of the lohi, the cockhead shrouded in its foreskin. His brother Marcus was in a similar state, his eyes slightly glazed. Ken noticed that his wife's master's cock was darker, and a little less engorged. He felt a pressure in his balls, a deep pressure.

Ken's attention was drawn to the couch across the room by the cries of his wife. He stared as his beautiful wife's athletic body shook and strained in overwhelming pleasure, the women's hands all over her, exploring, teasing, touching. He felt his small cock engorge and strain against the bindings. Her body looked incredible, soft muscles tensed, rock hard nipples pointed high, thighs straining, her head thrown back. *God I'd like to fuck her right now.*

He looked over at the other men, saw the look in their eyes. It was clear that they were thinking the same thing. He looked over at Marcus, seeing him appraise his wife and the other women, his massive cock slowly growing.

He found himself shifting like the other men, a pressure growing, but what kind of pressure? He wasn't sure. He heard Big Al make a satisfied grunt. Looking over he saw the older man intently looking at the harem of women in the room. He also couldn't help but notice the large charcoal black organ hanging between the older man's legs, shrouded in a thick foreskin that completely covered the head. Even now, it appeared massive. The pressure in his balls continued to grow, his cock was actually hardening, becoming more sensitive as it rubbed against the material of the lohi, making a little tent.

"I think I'm feeling it." He whispered to Al. He couldn't help but stare as the Chance's cock slowly started to rise from between the flaps of material. The shaft was thickening, the length extending, the dark foreskin slowly peeling wetly back to reveal the lighter colored head. Moisture glistened around the crown of the glans. It was almost like watching an alien creature extend its probe. It was far too big to be a human penis. A murmur of appreciation flittered through the women.

“Oh yeah, you’re feeling it.” Al said with a grunt. There was something different about him, something strange, dominating. The big man put his hands on his hips and lowered his head with a huff. Ken watched the massive organ stiffen, expand, veins beginning to stick out. It slowly started to rise. “But this is just the start. Wait a few more.”



Rebecca found that she had been staring at the ring of black men just outside of the room, standing on the round rug in the garden. She was fascinated to see the huge black cocks slowly engorging, rising, almost as if it were in slow motion. Her head felt light, like she was smoking even more weed, still drawing her higher. She realized that she was incredibly horny, her pussy warm and moist. She was also becoming aware of a strange sensation in her clit, it felt like it was inflated, there was a growing pressure. It made it hard not to touch herself. She looked over towards Jasmine.

“I think it’s starting to work.” The sexy blonde said, her voice sounding a little dreamy.

Jasmine looked up, her dark eyes heavily lidded. Her dark nipples were turgid, pointing up slightly. The shapely black woman was gently stroking her large clit, the finger-sized nub poking out from its hood. She slid two fingers along the hard clit as if it were a tiny penis.

“Hmm?” She murmured languidly. Then she smiled and stretched her arms in the air. This had an amazing effect on her large breasts, showing them off. Rebecca licked her lips as she appraised the beautiful woman. Jasmine brought her hands back down and slid them over her breasts. “Oh, you definitely are feeling the effects, we all are.”

Jasmine indicated to the other side of the blonde with a nod of her head. Rebecca turned to see Safia leaning against the far arm of the chair, on her knees. Beside her, the family matriarch, Lucy, was slowly fucking the beautiful Indian with her thumb, teasing the woman’s clit with her forefinger. Safia cooed and squirmed in pleasure. Looking back over towards Jasmine, Becca realized that beside her Joanie had Lanie pinned to

the couch, straddling her, and was blowing smoke from a joint into the pink haired girl's mouth. Lanie appeared incredibly stoned, her eyes half closed. She looked back over at Jasmine, who was still slowly masturbating.

"I am?" The horny housewife asked. "How do you know?"

"Honey..." Jasmine said with a big grin, chuckling. "You've been rubbing your clit this whole time."

Rebecca looked down, realizing that her black mistress was right. Without realizing it, her hand had slid down between her slim thighs and was slowly rubbing her clit trying to assuage the growing pressure. She started to giggle, feeling the effects grow, feeling really stoned all of a sudden.

"I am!" She dissolved into a cascade of giggles. "I'm totally playing with myself. Ugh, but the pressure, my clit, it's getting stronger."

"Relax baby, another ten minutes and you'll get what you need." Jasmine said, closing her eyes and leaning her head back, enjoying the feeling of her fingers on her distended clit. "Just go slow, pretty soon you won't be able to control yourself. Let it build, enjoy the sensations, it's totally worth the wait."

Rebecca did her best to relax, slowly sliding two fingers into her tight pussy. Looking over at Lanie, she decided to slide two fingers between the woman's full thighs and play with her clit too. She felt an immense sense of power to feel the curvaceous woman press herself against her hand.



But Ken couldn't resist much longer. The pressure was growing exponentially, he felt like he was going to explode. The bindings only seemed to exacerbate the sensations coursing from his groin. A groan rumbled up from his throat as his cock tightened. He looked around the room as it seemed to spin and melt. He saw the women watching small group of men, attracted by the huge erections that were slowly revealing themselves. Ken reached down to touch himself.

“Don’t do that.” Al grunted, his own massive club twitching. “Tough it out.”

“Yeah, be a man, Baner” Marcus added with a sneer. When he did, he tensed slightly, his cock hardening briefly.

Ken watched the other men, more specifically, watched their massive organs slowly grow and stiffen. The two brothers’ cocks were in a slow race to see which hardened first. It was a study in subtle differences, Ken thought, between the two. Marcus’ cock appeared thicker at the base, while tapering a little more along its length. His brother’s appeared more symmetrical along the shaft, the head a little larger.

Chance groaned, and Ken noticed the youth’s cock was rising faster than the older men’s. It was raising almost to a forty-five-degree angle, close to sticking straight out. The subservient husband watched as a thin drool of clear pre-cum flowed from the fattening cockhead, stringing halfway to the rug before separating. Ken felt his own cock tighten, and his balls contract as he watched. Were he not tied off, he was sure his cock would be drooling too.

The youth put his hands on his hips, bending over a little at the waist, blowing out through his mouth. He shifted more uncomfortably, his muscular thighs tense. He leaned back, his cock rearing up as he stretched. Chance groaned again, and Baner watched the younger man’s cock surge an inch longer, already an impressive ten inches or more, and the head swell. He stared as a thicker splash of pre-cum drooled from the tip.

Suddenly the doughy white man felt his cock tense, then the familiar contractions started. He was cumming, from watching pre-cum pump from the black youth’s long hard rod. With a loud sobbing moan, Ken doubled over, leaning on his weak knees, his balls aching and his cock trying to ejaculate. But the bindings held most of his meager load back, allowing just a thin drizzle of cum to dribble to the rug between his feet. His head spun with pleasure, even as he felt his cheeks become hot with shame. He had just cum in front of the hung alpha-males.

“Ha, he lost it first. We can start now, right?” Chance asked Big Al. He looked both relieved and eager. He didn’t want to be the one to lose control first, even if he knew it was inevitable.

“Not yet. A white boy jizzing himself don’t mean a thing.” He said with a grunt, his own massive black cock raising, bowing slightly under its own weight. “He ain’t part of this. Besides, we all know you’re going to lose your shit first.”

“Fuck.” The youth answered, looking over at the women, resigned to waiting.

“Uh, sorry about that.” Ken said sheepishly as he straightened up. But as soon as his sensitive penis touched the lohi, Ken moaned, thrust, and twitched. He almost came again.

“No worry, man. It’s cool.” Big Al said with a grim smile. His cock looked quite hard, thick veins standing out along the massive shaft. The dark cockhead was definitely fattening, but it was still ensconced in its thick foreskin. “Most white boys can’t handle it.”

Ken watched as a thick line of pre-cum drooled from the end of the older man’s huge cock stringing almost all the way to the floor. All four of the hung black bulls’ cocks were drooling an increasing amount of slippery overflow from their nearly hard cocks. He felt his own small erection tense again at the potent sight. Ken was afraid he’d cum again just from watching the huge black cocks grow.



Rebecca had tried to relax, gently playing with her clit to ease the growing pressure. But she felt herself losing control, her fingers sliding down and into her dripping snatch. Unable to resist, she began humping her hand, a moan escaping her lips. She felt her legs start to tense, knees raising, her athletic thighs spreading as she started to finger-fuck herself. Pulling her other hand from between Lanie’s equally wet pussy, Becca held her breast, her slick fingers playing over her hard nipple. The nubile blonde started to whimper as she rocked against her fingers, nearing orgasm, her

legs pulling farther back. All other thoughts had left her mind. Then Rebecca felt a hand over hers, calming her movement.

“Easy, blondie.” Lucy said in a calm, stoned voice. “Don’t lose it yet. It’s so much better if you wait.”

“But I need to cum so bad...” Rebecca whimpered, opening her eyes and staring at the huge black cocks across the room. Still, she obeyed the dominant black woman, trusting Lucy implicitly, no will to do anything but what she’s told by a dark face.

“I know, we all do.” Lucy said with a purr, crossing her full thighs. “Trust me.”



He couldn’t help himself, the bindings kept his cock engorged, and the head hyper-sensitive. Ken tried, but couldn’t resist swaying his hips, his small penis rubbing against the material on the skirt-like lohi he was wearing. The stimulation was so strong as to be almost painful, but the euphoric drink, and his full balls drove him.

Ken looked around at the four black men. Each one’s massive long cock stood stiffly, the material of the lohi spread, copious pre-cum now drooling from the swollen heads. He stared at Big Al’s huge erection, the skin charcoal black, the heavy foreskin still obscuring all but the tip of the fat cockhead. Thick pre-cum dripped from it. The weight of the organ pulled it down, pointing it down towards the floor.

Marcus’ cock was rock hard, veins heavy on the shaft, even visible on his pelvis where the thick base rooted. Ken watched the big man tense, his huge balls pulling tight to his body as a thick load of pre-cum gushed from the large dark hole. His cock pointed up slightly, making it the picture of masculine power.

His brother, Beau, looked much the same. While not as thick at the base, his long shaft being less straight, looking a little like a thick brown branch. Overall, the shaft was less heavily veined, but a huge vein ran over the top of the shaft feeding the massive, hard cock.

The youngest member of the Horsemen was a picture of virility. Breathing hard, there was a light sheen of perspiration on his rich brown skin, the light glistening along the edges of his muscles. His large, thick cock was so hard that it was almost up against his taut belly. The long shaft had a slight curve to it, ending in a fat, engorged head. Pre-cum drizzled from the tip. Ken watched as the young man's cock tensed, then released, the cum flow increasing. Chance groaned in reaction.

He heard murmurs of appreciation from the small crowd of women each time the teen would tense and moan. He looked up to see that most of the women were watching with rapt attention. Some were masturbating, some were making out. He noticed his wife's legs spread wide, slowly fingering herself. His cock twitched at the sight, longing for her tight confines. He wondered if he'd ever be allowed to fuck his wife again.

"Oh fuck..." Chance said in a course whisper, tension in his voice.

"Here it comes..." Marcus chuckled, though a strain in his voice.

Ken looked back at the young man. Chance was straining, his shoulders hunched, his muscles tight. He gritted his teeth and tried to resist the pressure, tearing the lohi from his waist. His stiff cock slapped against his muscular belly. He watched the black youth's hard cock, and Ken briefly felt the sudden desire to reach over and jerk the young man off to climax. But even as he stared, the youth reared back, hands reaching for his cock, but holding them back a few inches from the base of his shaft.

With a loud grunt, the youth's thick, black shaft tensed, jerking. Then Chance groaned and his stiff erection did it again. Accompanied by a long moan, a copious flow of cum started to drool from the swollen cockhead, running down the shaft and dripping to the rug. A moment later the cock jumped, sending a thick spurt of cum into the air. A collective murmur of desire rose up from the female audience. The first load was more than Ken produced in an entire ejaculation; it landed a foot in front of the young man.

"Fuck!" Chance growled, turning a little to avoid spraying the other men. A second large ejaculation flew through the air to land three or four

feet away in the sand, it was quickly followed by an additional large load. His cock was spurting load after load, bouncing, until after a few more loads the young man couldn't hold back and started to jerk himself off to a finish.

Watching the huge cock gush cum brought Ken over the edge. He doubled over, his meager prostate trying to pump another load of cum out of his bound erection. He heard himself let out a strange sound, a mix between a sob and a whine. He could barely stand from the overwhelming sensation of restricted orgasm. He found himself halfway crouching, a thin dribble of cum running from his penis to the ground. Again, he was overcome with embarrassment.

The amount of cum the teen had produced was huge. This was not lost on the women who were gathered to be bred that evening. His single ejaculation would have been enough to fill four or five shot glasses. The women stirred, highly aroused by a combination of the Sinsemilla Diablo weed, and the sight of the four, massively-cocked alpha males ready to fuck.

“OK sexy babies, it's time. As tonight's special guests, you get first taste.” Jasmine said with a lustful smile. She reached her hands out to the beautiful VIP women on the couch. As she helped each girl to her feet she kissed them and gently caressing them as if preparing them to be mounted by a stud. It wasn't far from the reality about to happen. The girls smiled, laughed, and squealed in anticipation as the beautiful black woman grouped them together. They quickly set about fixing their looks, pulling underwear back in place, making sure they presented looking their best. “Now each of you are ready to welcome your lovers. Those are some pretty pumped bulls looking for some pussy to fuck.”

Rebecca's pussy was warm and wet, her clit hard and sensitive as it pressed against her thin panties. She slowly stood, waiting for her black master. She licked her lips seductively. She was acutely aware of her hard nipples as they sat against the lacy top of her bra. The drink, the Devil's Milk, had her feel sexy, confident, horny, and high. She felt like she was floating in place, waiting for her hung black bull. She couldn't wait to feel

the firm, hard flesh of his huge cock filling her. She wanted to run to him. But she saw his eyes on her and saw his cock tense, sending a large stream of pre-cum flowing from the tip, and she knew that he was enjoying the sight of her as he approached. The pressure to fuck was almost unbearable.

They watched as the four men started to walk towards the waiting haram of beautiful, horny women. Their massive cocks swung stiffly in front of them. Normally, this might look a little funny. But there was no denying the animal masculinity the four large black men, and their thick, hard shafts communicated. The two brothers pulled their lohi off, walking naked towards the women. Big Al did the same, but kept his Hawaiian shirt on. Still, it didn't matter. The women were entranced by the huge sexual organs.

A pink-haired whirlwind brushed past the other women, her short plaid schoolgirl skirt flying up to give everyone a glimpse of her full, firm ass. Lanie bounced up to the youngest Horseman and threw herself at the athletic teen. Chance deftly caught her under each thigh, holding her close, kissing her. The pneumatic young woman began rubbing her wet pussy along the base of his still hard cock as he carried her to towards the seating area.

"You came baby! It was awesome!" She exclaimed, holding him close, her large breasts pushed hard against his chest.

"I must have been thinking about you." Chance said, pulling her close and kissing her roughly. "Ugh, fuck, I need to cum again. Come on, get on your knees."

With a squeal of delight, the curvaceous girl slid down his body to the floor, capturing his huge cock in her mouth as she did. She immediately started sucking on the engorged head, her hands eagerly running up and down the thick shaft. Chance took each of her ponytails with a hand, and used it to hold her head in place while he fucked her drooling mouth. If there was one thing Lanie knew, it was how to suck cock. It didn't take long for Chance to start groaning again, nearing another orgasm.

Rebecca felt someone move close next to her. Tearing her eyes from the black god that was coming for her, she found Maria standing close beside her. Her eyes were locked on the huge, black cocked bull.

“Don’t worry, honey. He’s all yours, at least to begin with.” She purred in the blonde’s ear, pressing close against her, her hand slipping over the blonde’s firm ass and between her thighs. “Ohh, you are wet. He’s going to fuck you until you don’t know your own name. They all are, they love fresh meat.”

The tight blonde squirmed as Maria’s fingers pressed against the panties, pressing against her wet opening. She couldn’t take her eyes off the tall black man that was approaching her. She needed him, needed him to fuck her, to fill her with his cum, to breed her. He spread his heavily muscled arms to embrace both women, his huge cock pressing up against Rebecca’s taut belly. She felt him thrust, and his warm pre-cum flow onto her, lubricating the shaft as it slid against her. She felt weak against the size and weight of the engorged organ. He put one hand onto her ass, the other around Maria, and kissed the horny blonde. The hot wife quivered at the feeling of him thrusting against her muscular belly, the Devil’s Milk driving.

Maria, entranced as she looked at the huge black man, took his hard cock in her hand, feeling it thrust through her fingers. She knew he needed to fuck, to unload his huge, pent-up ejaculation. And she could tell by the way he was kissing the blonde that he was going to take her first. Fresh meat. The striking Latina reached down and grabbed a small earthenware urn, while she continued to stroke the massive hard organ against the pretty blonde’s body. The small urn contained Kali Oil, derived from the same Kali flower that produced the Devil’s Weed. Pouring the warm oil over the fat cockhead, she heard Rebecca purr. She began to stroke the thick shaft, spreading the oil along its length, lubricating it.

“Fuck her tight little ass...” She suggested to her black master.

Marcus must have agreed. Breaking the kiss, he put his hands on Rebecca’s slim waist and quickly spun her around. The hot blonde let out a yip of surprise when he grabbed her lacey panties and tore them in two. She looked back at her big cocked master with desire, pushing her firm ass

against his huge cock. With a lustful grin on his face, Marcus slid his thick shaft between her tight buttocks. Rebecca gasped, and pressed back against him, eager to be fucked. The muscular bull pushed against the blonde, forcing her forward onto the couch. Becca landed on her knees, bent forward against the back of the couch. The athletic wife arched her back, thrusting her ass up in the air, legs spread, inviting the big black bull to fuck her.

Maria continued to stroke his massive shaft as Marcus stepped forward. He let the sexy Latina guide his cock between the firm blonde's ass cheeks. He couldn't resist thrusting, rubbing his huge slick shaft between her cheeks, against her tight pink asshole. Rebecca gasped, a little afraid, when Maria guided his fat cockhead so that it pressed against her virgin ass. His cock was slick with Kali oil, but her anus was tight. She'd never been fucked there before. But the horny wife felt the oil start to work into her ass, making it warm, making it tingle, making it yearn to be fucked.

Fear was quickly replaced with an overriding need to feel the monster cock fill her asshole. Rebecca started to squirm, pushing back against the thick intruder, feeling it slowly work into her ass, feeling her tight ring begin to accept the engorged Alpha-cock. She cried out in orgasm as his fat cockhead slowly slipped into her tight, virgin ass for the first time. The sensation of the thick shaft sliding into her most intimate place was overwhelming. She scowled with dirty pleasure, pushing back, impaling herself on twelve hard inches of black cock. She couldn't help reaching between her quivering thighs to rub her clit, the oil making it incredibly sensitive and needful. Her pussy dripped down her perfect thighs. She quickly became a slave to the massive cock slowly fucking her, rock hard, driving her to ecstasy.

The cock felt so huge in her ass, that she could feel it fucking her in her pussy too, not to mention the erotic sensation from his large testicles slapping against her dripping pussy, and hard clit. She writhed and ground against the dominating man, pleasure her only need. After only about a minute, an eternity of orgasmic bliss, she felt his cock start to tense. She felt the massive organ pumping load after load of his hot cum into her tight

ass. The rhythm pulsed through her ass, her pussy, and through her clit, pushing her, driving her, forcing her quivering body into another orgasm.

The blonde cried out in unbridled ecstasy, her only thoughts on the huge pulsing organ buried deep in her ass, pumping her full of the bull's hot cum, overcome by an irresistible orgasm. She clawed at the couch, her head against the cushion.

She felt Marcus slowly pull his massive, foot-long cock from her tight ass. She cried out at the loss, wishing him to continue. This was quickly followed by a long moan of pleasure as he merely shifted position and placed the fat cockhead against her dripping wet pussy. Her wetness, and the slippery Kali oil, allowed his overwhelming girth to slide right into her waiting pussy. She gasped, overpowered by his huge cock, as he grabbed her hips and fucked her hard. When her husband had fucked her, she only really felt the point where his shaft entered against her tight pussy. But the black cock filling her was so huge that her entire pussy hugged the thick shaft, stimulating every nerve ending in her cunt. After only a few intense seconds of the twelve-inch cock running its prodigious length in and out of her overwhelmed body, she felt him explode again, filling her pussy with his hot seed. She vaguely realized somewhere in the back of her fuck-drunk brain that he wasn't so much fucking her again, as he was continuing his orgasm. He was making sure to completely fill her with his wonderful seed. He was making sure she was bred properly, in her pussy, into her womb. She felt a warmth growing in her, and she thought about carrying the magnetic black man's baby.

The big black stud slowly pulled his long cock from the tight blonde's pussy, his copious cum overflowing and dripping down her leg. Rebecca turned her head languidly, flying, high, dreamy, her body tingling, slowly collapsing. She twisted and worked herself to a reclined position. She noticed that Marcus' long cock had softened slightly, bent downward in a curve, but was still thick and engorged. Maria was gazing longingly up into the tall man's black eyes, darkened by the Devil's Milk, slowly stroking his cock. Rebecca's body felt like it was floating, and she was beatifically blissful and sexy. Her hard clit still beckoned for attention, her fingers slid down to answer the need.

As soon as her fingers touched her clit, the needful blonde gasped in pleasure, turning her head to the side as she did. She found herself watching Safia as she danced for Big Al. The older black man was seated in an overstuffed chair, his thick, long cock standing hard and black, the foreskin still covering the fat brown head. The tall, shapely Indian was swaying; dancing for him while he put his large hands on her shapely ass. Legs spread, she stroked his long cock with one delicate hand while she lowered herself onto the huge organ, legs together, a long moan escaping her dark lips as she impaled herself. She leaned back against him, his shaft buried in her wet pussy, raising herself up and down to stroke the thick cock while Al reached up under her short dress to grab her breasts. After a few moments, the beautiful woman's mouth opened in a round, silent "oh" as she came, her thighs shaking, pressed tightly together. Al was slowly fucking her, only moving a few inches, but the size and mass of his hard black trunk did all the work for him. He watched through heavy lids as his huge shaft slid in and out of her tight, wet pussy. Safia sucked air into her mouth with a hiss, and pulled the colorful dress over her head, revealing her shapely body, and full, firm breasts. Both of her long, hard nipples sported gold bars. She was grinding hard against the older man, panting with desire. Al put his hands around her softly swelling hips, and pulled her back towards him determinedly, burying his long cock in her shapely body.

A few more strokes and Al put his arms around the exotic woman, pulling her back against him. He groaned, and a smile spread across Safia's beautiful face. He was cumming deep inside her. The smile morphed into a look of surprise as she felt another orgasm wash across her. She leaned against the large man, hands grasping her large breasts, a quavering moan coming from her open mouth, and her legs tight together to milk his cock of its precious seed.

The hot blonde felt her body tighten, she was about to cum. But she was distracted by a cry of ecstasy to the other side. She languidly turned her gaze over to see Lanie crying out in pleasure. The youngest Horseman stood, his muscular legs straining, as he held the curvaceous pink haired girl under her full ass. She clung to him, arms around his neck, her legs around his hips. Becca brought herself to orgasm while she watched the

young stud's rock hard cock pump its payload into the screaming girl. The athletic blonde closed her eyes and gasped as she came, her finger slowly rubbing her hard clit.

"It feel wonderful, don't it?" Rebecca felt someone sit down to her left. She felt warm flesh against her. She opened her eyes to find Lucy, the alpha-wife next to her.

The attractive black woman's eyes were dilated, her lids heavy. She ran the fingers of one hand along Rebecca's thigh, up over her hip, along her taut midsection, until it reached the blonde's pierced nipple. Lucy teased the turgid flesh, making the hot wife squirm with pleasure.

"Mm, hmm." Rebecca murmured, looking up into the other woman's gaze. "But I can feel the milk still working on me. It's like I'm still smoking the bong. It's amazing."

"That's his cum, dear." The striking black woman said with a smile. "It's full of da herb. Especially when he cum in your booty, it really hits strong. You gonna be flyin' all night, girl."

The two were interrupted by the guttural cry emanating animal-like from Joanie. Beau, Marcus' brother, had his long cock half buried in the slim girl's perfectly shaped ass. The thick shaft was stiffening rhythmically, pumping his cum into her, making her thrash with ecstasy. As soon as he was done, he pulled a tall, slim black girl towards himself and gently pushed her back on the couch. The charcoal skinned girl lay back, and instinctively spread her long, runner's legs wide. Without skipping a beat, the brother pulled his long cock from the slim brunette and slid it into the black girl's small, pink slit. The lithe brunette took the opportunity to lean across and lick the black girl's pink clit while the massive black cock filled the dark skinned beauty.

"Here, let me help you out with that." Lucy said to Rebecca, drawing the pretty blonde's gaze back to her. She nodded down at the athletic wife's fingers as they worked her clit.

She gestured over to the red-headed bartender. The slim beauty walked over, glazed eyes on the dominant black woman. Rebecca licked her

lips, the young woman was stunning, and she found herself masturbating even harder while she watched the girl approach. Lucy stood up and whispered in the light skinned girl's ear. The sexy auburn haired girl smiled and nodded, lowering herself between Rebecca's firm thighs.

"She said I should lick your pussy." The emerald eyed girl said with a grin. She leaned forward, tongue about to touch Rebecca's erect clit when she paused and looked up innocently. "Is that OK?"

The horny blonde just groaned, pulling the redhead against her clit, gasping when the girl started to suck on the hard nub. Within seconds, she was grinding against the younger woman, fucking her pussy on the girl's mouth. *Oh fuck, I'm going to cum soon!*

"I tink I need to go take care of you poor husband." Lucy said, looking over at Ken. The pudgy white salesman was standing in the middle of the room, watching the huge black men service the women, his own puny erection, still bound, was dripping. He was looking pathetic and ill. "It's not good to be bound when you on Devil's Milk for too long. Poor boy's balls will melt."

"Serves him fucking right... Oh fuck!" Rebecca said, crying out as the redhead slid her tongue deep in the horny wife's pussy. She gritted her teeth, and closed her eyes as she rode a powerful orgasm.

Lucy just smiled and walked over towards Rebecca's broken husband. When her gaze rested on his small erection she began to laugh. *He must drive a big SUV, or maybe a loud Harley.* She was right, on both counts, Ken loved his jacked-up Jeep, and his bright yellow Harley Davidson.

"Mister Ken..." She said, stepping up close to him. She gently laid her hand on his small hard prick. Ken shuddered at the touch, ejaculating. Or at least he tried to ejaculate. The bindings kept his meager load backed up. He felt the pressure increase. He closed his eyes and moaned. Then looked down at the shapely woman's bare feet, his gaze also encountering her beautiful body and large breasts, but he couldn't look her in the eye. She took his overfilled balls in her warm hand, gently cupping them. He couldn't help but hump against her fingers. "There's no shame in havin' a

little pecker. And no shame in havin' you wife bind you junk up. You been a naughty boy."

Ken nodded, pushing his cock against her hand, his legs shaking as he strained to cum. The beautiful black woman put her other hand on the small of his back, and guided him over to the seating area where the four Horsemen were fucking several groups of beautiful women, breeding them. She sat him down on the couch across from Big Al. The older black bull was sitting happily while the petite Korean girl was doing the splits while burying half his massive cock in her tight, small body. Her legs straight to the side, she used her powerful thighs to raise and lower herself on the thick shaft. She sobbed in pleasure as she fucked herself on his huge black trunk.

"Der now, boy. Sit here a minute, we'll take the pressure off before you break something." The busty woman sat him down, stroking his small hard cock with two fingers.

Ken couldn't help but thrust through her fingers, shaking. The Devil's Milk made him so horny, he needed to cum again. He stared at Lucy's large firm breasts. The dark skin glowed brown, and they hung beautifully on her chest, swaying as she moved. With a whimper he thrust quickly, bringing himself to the edge of another bridled orgasm. Without the ejaculation, he found he was able to achieve multiple orgasmic contractions. He sobbed as his thighs slammed together, and his balls tried to pump cum from his thin cock. But Lucy's skilled fingers held his twitching erection, keeping him from climaxing, allowing only a few drips to come out. Pain and pleasure. It felt incredibly good to feel his orgasm being restrained. But it also felt like he was going to explode, his balls burned for real relief.

"You. Be nice." The dominant wife said, pointing to her Alpha husband as she got up, wiping her fingers on Ken's stomach. Big Al grinned and nodded as his huge cock filled the tiny oriental girl with cum. She shook, her own orgasm bending her legs until she knelt on the older black man, his fourteen-inch cock buried in her tight body. He took great glee in running his large hands over her small breasts and taut body while she sat there, shivering, overwhelmed by the huge organ buried in her, and by her

unstoppable orgasms. She sat there, staring at him through heavily lidded eyes, rocking back and forth on his huge cock, a blank look of pure bliss on her pretty face while she slowly fucked herself into a stupor.

“So, Ken, how are you liking the party, man?” Al asked, slowly helping the pretty Asian girl off his long cock. She slid down to the floor, took the huge shaft in her small hands, and nursed off the fat cockhead. The old black man slowly stroked his long shaft, feeding her his cock. The young woman moaned with pleasure, his drug infused cum hitting her hard.

“Um, OK I guess.” Ken groaned, trying not to thrust his cock towards the older man. He really needed to cum, but he couldn’t bring himself to masturbate in front of him. His balls felt like they were swollen to three times their normal size, and his small erection was painfully stiff. The middle aged salesman felt clammy, sweaty, almost as if he was running a fever. He found himself staring at the black man’s huge cock, dwarfing the girl’s hand, and completely filling her mouth with his turgid flesh.

“Here, dear.” Lucy returned, taking the petite black haired girl by the arm and gently helping her up. She reached out for the huge black cock, but was unable to resist the dominant black woman. Behind her stood the slim Latina, Maria, and Ken’s beautiful wife. The two swayed slightly as they stood together, holding hands. “I brought you a fresh one. Dis one look spent.”

“Hello, Ken...” Rebecca smiled, a hint of venom in her voice. It was clear that she was high, and that she was enjoying his pain. Her skin glowed with arousal as she stepped forward and straddled her bound husband. Ken groaned as the firm, warm body of his wife pressed against his chest. He couldn’t resist thrusting towards her dripping wet pussy. She raised herself away, but pressed her hard nipple against his mouth. Ken pulled the hard nib between his lips, and was gratified to hear a moan escape her lips. She slowly lowered herself until her dripping pussy was just barely touching the tip of his cock. “Your hard little pecker is telling me that you really miss my hot little body. Not such a plain dishwater wife after all, huh?”

“No, not at all. I’m so sorry baby, uh, I mean honey.” Ken stuttered, running his hands over her smooth hips, and up the sides of her taut torso. He tried to gently push her down onto his bound cock. She was so wet that she was literally dripping all over his shaft. “Fuck, you feel good. You’re so wet.”

“Oh, you like that, huh?” She said seductively, dipping down so that the head of his little cock dipped between her warm folds. But then she straightened up and started to laugh. “Oh Ken, I’m not wet for *you*! I’m just overflowing with Marcus’ cum. It’s his beautiful juices dripping all over your pathetic little dick that you’re loving so much. Maybe you want to eat my pussy to get a really good taste of his manliness?”

Ken turned his head in disgust and shame. His cock and balls were slippery with another man’s warm jizz. Warm because it was flowing out of his own wife’s pussy. But Rebecca wasn’t done. She started rubbing herself against his short erection, slippery with the drooling cum. Ken leaned his head back, both horrified, and stimulated at the same time. He watched as his wife closed her eyes, enjoying the feeling of rubbing the superior black bull’s cum against Ken’s small white cock.

“No, don’t, please...” He begged in a course whisper. He dropped his hands from her hips and grasped the cushion, trying not to push against her slippery pussy. He was losing the fight. It felt too good.

“Oh baby, you’re going to cum.” Rebecca breathed in his ear, punctuating it with a nibble on his ear. She smelled so good, a mixture of sweet perfume, and the spicy weed. Her powerful thighs pressed against Ken, urging him to thrust, pushing him to give in. “Who’d have thought a week ago that your sexy wife would be so full of her black master’s hot cum that she’d be drooling it from her hot, freshly fucked pussy, all over your hard... little... cock...”

Ken groaned loudly as he came, trying to ejaculate. But his orgasm, although it felt wonderful just backed up, adding more cum to the pressure in his balls. He couldn’t help thrusting, trying to fuck his beautiful wife’s tight pussy, but all he was doing was rubbing against the other man’s warm

cum. He looked up at his wife, her bright blue eyes alight with evil mirth, and begged. "Please, let me out, it's killing me."

"Well, my mistress told me that I had to untie you or your balls would explode. I'm not sure I care. But..." The blonde climbed off her husband's lap, her pussy drooling a final few drops of cum. "I've decided that since you have to travel for work, and since I can't be at your office all the time to monitor you, that I've selected Maria to be my surrogate when I'm not there. She has the power to release you, or not. She may give you relief, or not. Or she may allow you to seek relief, or not. Tonight, she's going to untie you, and tease you while you watch me fuck the biggest, blackest, horse fucking sized cock in the world. Think my little pussy can take it? When he's done with me, I won't even be able to feel you."



## A Ride On Big Al

Rebecca stood up, running her hands over her athletic body, pausing to tweak her hard nipples, pulling the gold bars. Maria, her skin slick with seductively scented oils, sat down next to Ken, poking at his cock with her finger. The middle aged salesman groaned.

“Hey, Ken! How’s it hanging?” Maria said, obviously enjoying her former nemesis’ predicament. She grasped his balls in her hand and applied pressure. Despite the pain and discomfort, Ken’s cock started to harden again. “How do you like your little trick back at the tradeshow now? I bet you wouldn’t have pulled that shit at that party if you knew I belonged to your boss, huh... Bitch?”

She squeezed a little harder before releasing him. Ken groaned in a combination of relief and pleasure. Despite himself, he found his eyes roving over the cute Latina’s flesh, and he found himself trying to hump her hand. But every time he tried to push against her, she moved her hand and left him hanging.

“Hey Big Al...” Rebecca cooed, leaning over the hung older black man. Unlike his younger progeny, the older black man needed a break between breedings. His cock hung long between his thighs, pointing down. It was still thick and firm, but not the rock-like monster it had been a short while ago. The hot wife took the shaft in her hand and started to stroke it. The shaft bent in the middle, swaying back and forth as she ran her hand along the length. “Are you gonna put this big thing in my tight little pussy?”

“Oh, you already know that I am.” Al smiled, pulling the petite blonde onto his lap. Her tight ass perched on his muscular thigh, she stroked his massive cock with one hand, while she kissed the older man, trading tongues. Al held her breast with one hand, and slipped his other hand around under her ass, slipping a finger into her pussy. The huge cock was starting to harden again. Rebecca curled around the huge black shaft, stroking it, looking over it towards her pathetic husband.

“Look how big it is, Ken. Oh god, he’s fucking huge. He’s gotta be more than a foot long.” The sexy blonde taunted her husband. She stroked

the huge shaft, watching intently as the foreskin kept sliding over and off the fat brown head. She squirmed as Al slid his thick finger into her tight, wet pussy. "He's fingering my pussy now, Ken. Oh fuck, his finger is bigger than your cock. Can you see how his cock is getting nice and hard for me? Can you Ken?"

Rebecca looked radiant curled up on the black man's lap. Her tight athletic body looked both small against his thick body, and even more petite compared to the massive black shaft in her hand. She slowly ran her hand down the long trunk, watching as the shaft would bend under its own weight as her hand would reach the thick base, making the huge rod wag back and forth. But with each stroke, it would bend a little less, hardening in her hand.

Al looked at the beautiful blonde, his eyes dilated by the drug, the urge to fuck becoming strong once again. Rebecca cooed with delight as a small drool of pre-cum appeared at the tip of the fat cockhead. She leaned over to suck on the fat head. She closed her eyes in pleasure, then opened them to stare at her husband while she worked the huge black meat.

"Fuck she looks hot with him..." Maria purred into Ken's ear, cuddling up to him. He was acutely aware of her breast pressed against his arm. "Can you imagine what it will look like when he puts that big fat cock into your hot wife's tight little pussy?"

Ken groaned, feeling his bound cock tense. He looked longingly at his beautiful blonde wife. He had married her because she fit the trophy wife look he thought he deserved and needed at his level of success. But he literally ached, seeing her on Big Al's lap, his thick finger gently fucking her pussy, making her squirm with pleasure while she adored his stiff cock.

"OK Maria, get ready to let him out of penis prison." Rebecca said with a drunken slur, the drug infused cum working its way into her system, the Devil's Milk driving her to mount the huge cock, not that she could resist it anyway. She pushed herself up and straddled Al's lap, holding the charcoal-colored shaft against her muscular belly. She couldn't resist grinding her wet pussy against the thick base. The old man's cock seemed

to fully harden from that, thick veins starting to stick out along the thirteen-inch megalith.

“Oh fuck he’s huge, and so fucking hard against my clit. Oh fuck...” She said, holding the thick base with both hands and pressing herself against the hard black cock. “God, he’s so much bigger than you, it’s insane. I don’t know if I can fit him all.”

“Just start working it in, trust me, nature will take its course.” Lucy said, returning with a pair of joints in her hand. She leaned over and kissed the pretty blonde perched on her husband’s lap. The kiss continued, passionately, tongues playing, the sexy white wife moaning with arousal, rubbing her wet pussy against the black shaft like a slut in heat.

The curvaceous black woman leaned back to kiss her husband while she ran her hand over the bulbous head of his cock. The old black man couldn’t help but thrust, driven by the Devil’s Milk coursing through his veins. The beautiful older woman leaned back with a pleasurable groan. Standing back up, she lit the two joints and, taking a big draw on both of them, handed one to her husband.

“Now go slow on dis little one, ‘member, I like to a watch.” Lucy said, sitting down on the other side of Ken. She took a big hit from the joint, and handed it across Ken’s nose for Maria to take. Ken tried to inhale as it went past him.

The curvy woman let the smoke slowly rise from her mouth, holding her large breasts as the pleasure inducing flower swept over her. She turned to look as Maria blew her smoke out. The two women leaned across Ken to kiss, moaning in pleasure as their mouths connected. Ken squirmed and humped, the press of the warm soft flesh of the women driving his need through the roof.

“Oh, poor boy...” Lucy said, breaking her embrace with the other woman. “You poor little benny must be so hard and sensitive.”

Ken groaned when the seductive black woman splayed her fingers over his swollen cockhead, making him squirm. Her long fingers felt like hot

nails on his turgid flesh, but the pain was equaled with ecstatic pleasure. He whimpered and shook, needing release.

“OK, I’m ready.” Lucy said, pulling her left leg up over the arm of the couch, spreading her thighs. She started teasing her clit with her finger. It was already engorged, and the pinkie sized organ was sliding out from under its dark hood. She dipped her finger into her pussy, then pulled the slick finger out again and rubbed it on her clit.

Rebecca was lost in her own world of sexual need. Her legs pulled back, she rubbed her wet pussy on the thick cock, staring at it, yearning for it. She worked herself back up against the black man’s chest until she was able to bend his massive shaft towards her pussy. The fat head was so large that it couldn’t just slip in, the horny woman had to slowly work it past her tight opening. The old black man enjoyed the sensation of her wet pussy rubbing against his engorged cockhead, and happily played with her full, firm breasts. The shapely blonde let out a cry of pleasure when he pinched her pierced nipples, followed by a moan of frustration at her inability to mount the huge cock.

“Oh god, it’s so fucking big...” She lamented, trying to work it past her tight labia, the head glistening with her juices. “I need it in me so bad. Come on Daddy, don’t tease, just fuck me...”

“You have such a tight pussy, my dear...” Jasmine said, stepping up next to her father-in-law and her pretty blonde possession. She reached over and retrieved a small earthenware carafe in her hand. She tipped it over and poured some of the essential Kali flower oil onto the blonde’s smooth shaved pussy, and along Al’s massive black shaft. She handed the small bottle over to Lucy who put a dab onto her erect clit, and put it on the table behind the couch.

Jasmine lovingly spread the oil onto Al’s thirteen-inch monster, making the dark skin shine black like wet rubber. The old man groaned in appreciation, sliding his huge cock against the petite blonde’s tight pussy, riding up over her clit, and onto her belly. Rebecca writhed in desire, the Devil’s Milk pushing her inexorably to fuck the huge organ. The beautiful black woman leaned over to kiss the blonde, calming her a little, while at

the same time quickly stroking the ridge of the fat brown cockhead, making Al groan, and thrust even harder.

“Let me help you... trust me.” She whispered in the blonde’s ear. At the same time, she slid her oil-slick fingers over Rebecca’s hard clit, the athletic woman’s body responding immediately. Working the huge cock with one hand, and the beautiful woman’s responsive clit with the other, Jasmine slowly straightened, keeping the desperate blonde’s attention.

Rebecca looked up at the statuesque woman’s dark eyes in complete adoration and subservience. The horny wife found it difficult to focus, the pleasure of the woman’s talented fingers, and the pressure of the huge cock that she craved so much, was overwhelming. She licked her lips, her eyes rolling back as she gasped. Unable to control her need, she was, quite literally, in the busty black woman’s hands.

Rebecca’s legs spread wider, and Jasmine held the massive cock against the slim blonde’s dripping pussy. Slowly, rubbing the girl’s clit, she managed to work the fat cockhead into the writhing blonde, making the girl cry out in ecstasy.

The blonde’s perfect body began to jerk and spasm as the huge invading organ drove her to orgasm. The huge cockhead was pushed from her tight pussy as she squirted, a large spray of clear cum squirting from her pussy. Her loud gibberish cries made half the room turn to watch.

As her body calmed from her earth-shattering orgasm, she began to push against the huge cock, slowly working the fat head into her tight pussy. Jasmine held the thick shaft steady, and kept rubbing the delirious blonde’s clit to keep her bearing down. As soon as fat cockhead worked its way in, the sexy wife began a more determined rhythm, slowly working the huge shaft into her firm body. Jasmine slowed her stimulation, and leaned back over to kiss her blonde prize.

As soon as the huge cockhead disappeared into his wife’s tight pussy, Ken groaned, his balls trying to unload, but unable to, the bindings preventing any real orgasm. He looked over at Maria, but the sexy Latina’s

glazed eyes were hypnotized, watching the hot wife's perfect body slowly work the massive black organ deeper and deeper.

"Please..." Ken gasped. "It's too much... Take it off... Please..."

"Fine." Maria said in mock exasperation, although she was annoyed by his whining and groaning. She slowly took her eyes off the spectacle of the huge, thick shaft slowly expanding the petite blonde's tight pussy. She looked at Ken's flabby body and small penis, feeling a shiver of distaste cross her skin. "Ugh, OK, here goes."

Ken jumped and squirmed as pretty brunette lifted his swollen penis to get at the bindings surrounding his cock and balls. His scrotum looked quite swollen, and his cock looked like it had been through a battle. The head and shaft were a dark purple, small veins stood up against the small shaft, and the organ bent at the base. He couldn't help trying to hump against her hand as she fumbled with the tie.

"Hold still!" She snapped at him. Moments later, though, she was able to find the tie string and pull it. As soon as the knot slid open, the entire binding quickly loosened. His small cock started to turn a healthier color of pink, and started to soften. "There, better?"

"Oh god yes, thank you Maria." He sighed with relief. But the reprieve was only temporary. The overriding need to ejaculate remained, and with a flaccid penis, it was impossible. Ken moaned plaintively, panic starting to build in his voice. "Shit... Fuck... I need to cum..."

"Oh god, I'm going to cum! So big... So fucking big..." Cried Rebecca, eight inches the massive cock filling her tight pussy. She rocked her ass back and forth, working the huge shaft in and out a few inches at a time. Soon she was moaning, increasing her tempo, arching her back to move the thick organ longer and deeper. Only a woman like Rebecca, in peak fitness, could maintain that pace. She writhed against the large man's chest.

Ken moaned, looking at his beautiful wife riding the huge black shaft. Her body was amazing, muscles working, a thin sheen of sweat covering her skin. The huge black man had nearly filled her tight little pussy, and his

huge hands covered her perfectly shaped breasts. He felt his cock finally rising to attention at the thought of the big black man filling his perfect wife with his thick cum. He felt a hand on his penis.

“Oh, so you like watching your hot little wife getting fucked by that big black cock, huh?” Maria said, slowly stroking his hardening cock. The defeated salesman started to thrust through her fingers, and she could feel him stiffening, nearing his much needed orgasm. “Slow down there, cowboy. I want you to blow just when those big balls fill your tight little wife with his cum. I want you to feel your wasted cum doing nothing, while his thick cum fills her pussy. He’s so big, he’s going to pump cum everywhere in her. There’s no way she won’t be pregnant!”

“Oh man she’s tight! Fuck Lucy, she’s like a glove.” Big Al groaned, looking over at his beautiful wife. Lucy had the red headed bartended between her full thighs. The young woman was obviously doing a good job pleasuring her mistress as Lucy’s eyes were half closed, with a look of ecstasy on her face. “I’m going to fill this one... Ugh!”

Rebecca cried out in ecstasy as the huge black cock stiffen and thicken, filling her tight pussy even more. Then she felt him begin to pump load after glorious load into her pussy. The thick black shaft stood ramrod hard, the big man’s balls tight to the base, pumping thick cum up the length of the organ and into the blonde. Becca pulled her firm thighs up, legs shaking, still working the cock deeper as she howled in soul wrenching orgasm, ten inches of thick cock buried in her writhing body. As the huge black man’s orgasm started to subside, her own movements slowed as her tight pussy milked the cock for his cum. His massive shaft began to show streaks of glistening white, her pussy overflowing with his seed.

Seeing this, Ken let out a loud, plaintive noise, his spirit finally broken, as the pretty Latina jerked his small hard cock. He came, seeing his wife impregnated before his eyes. The noise sounding inhuman to his ears. His small cock spurted thin streams of jizz. Cum, cum, cum! Quickly spraying, flying through the air to land on his own face, neck, and chest as he writhed in ecstasy. Maria kept stroking him, his orgasm seemingly never-ending as all the pent up ejaculations were finally released. But while the

huge black cock seemed to pump massive loads, his cock just spit. He was dripping with his own cum when Maria finished.

“There you go tiger, better?” She said, looking down at his deflating penis, unimpressed. She wiped her hand off on one of the many towels left around the room for the purpose. Not interested in his answer, she turned around and started sucking on Chance’s rock hard cock as he was about to push it into a tall, willowy blonde.

Panting from the exertion, Ken watched as his wife pulled herself off the massive hard shaft, her pussy gushing cum as she did. But despite her fatigue from riding the huge organ, she flipped over and slid the thick cock back into her dripping pussy. She started riding the older man, her tight body somehow accommodating the thirteen inches of rock-hard fuck flesh in her petite body. Al groaned and thrust into her tight cunt, spreading her ass with his meaty dark hands. Rebecca only moaned and fucked harder. She wasn’t thinking, she was just responding to what her body craved. To the beaten salesman’s surprise, Marcus stepped up behind his wife, and lined his long hard cock up against her tight, pink little asshole.

“Oh god, fuck yes!” Rebecca begged, seeing the long shaft poised to fill her ass with black meat. “Fuck my ass, I want to feel two of you fucking me at once!”

The petite, athletic blonde couldn’t resist fucking the massive black shaft filling her pussy. She peered over her shoulder, breathing heavily from the exertion, as Marcus had the red haired bartender spread oil along the length of his long erection. As soon as the big black man pressed the fat cockhead against her tiny asshole she began to keen in desire, pushing back against him, working his huge cock past her tight ring. She cried out, her body shaking with an unstoppable orgasm, as the huge invader slipped into her ass. Both huge cocks filled her, and she could feel both thick shafts fucking against one another inside her tight body. She was driven, her movements beyond her control, driven to draw both cocks as deep into her firm body as she was able, milking them, riding them until they filled her with the cum to which she was now addicted. With all of her reserves, built up with a strict fitness regime, she drove her body to its limits to feel the

two massive hard cocks unload simultaneously, filling her pussy and her ass with the black bull cum. She cried out, mewling with ecstasy, her body wracked with a mind numbing series of orgasms until she lay against the big black Alpha's chest, panting, unable to move. The two black men slowly fucked her, filling her with the last of their waning orgasms.

Ken was going to throw up. Now. The thought of the two huge black cocks filling his wife put him over the edge. He scrambled up, and rushed out to the bushes outside. Bending over, he threw up into a small palm, shaking, his cock spurting again from the shock. He had never been lower. His wife fucking those big nigger cocks, loving every inch as they filled her with their cum, impregnating her with a black baby. His own tiny cock was unable to stand with the other men. And here he was, barfing by the beach, cum dripping from his black owned cock. As he recovered, he slowly stood, his insides quivering. He looked out over the ocean and decided to get washed off in the surf. Maybe a shark would eat him.

Meanwhile, Lucy helped the exhausted blonde off her husband's massive hard cock. Rebecca weakly protested, reaching out for the older man, but unable to resist. The hot wife was too cum drunk, stoned off the Devil's Milk, the weed, and the euphoric cum, to do anything but lie there, her body twitching in orgasmic aftershocks. She started to giggle in ecstasy as she watched her pathetic husband throwing up in the bushes, his pathetic little dick drooling between his pasty thighs.



## The Aftermath

Ken awoke, face half buried in the dry sand. He could feel the sun burning his back, and a local dog licking his face. The dog stared at him, it's long cock hanging from its sheath. *Even the dogs here are hung better than I am.* He thought to himself. The animal smelled of the Kali flower, well, and wet dog. There was a white flower petal on its muzzle. Apparently the plant gave everyone a boner. It walked off as he rolled over, content that he was alive, pink penis swaying beneath it.

His head pounded as he slowly sat up. But it paled in comparison to the heavy boot that was currently standing on his balls, or at least it felt that way. His scrotum was swollen, almost to the point of engulfing his small penis. The pain was so intense that he leaned over and vomited into the sand. It didn't help. He moaned, slowly sitting up. He dragged himself back a few feet to lean up against a tall palm tree, squinting out over the bright sand to look at the ocean.

He heard voices behind him, and groaned as he turned his head to see who it was. He groaned again, this time in shame, when he saw who was approaching him over the bright sand. The small group consisted of a busty black woman, a tanned white woman with dark hair, and the athletic, petite body of his beautiful wife. Trailing behind were five athletic black men, their large cocks swinging flaccidly between their thighs. Even soft, the big black bulls' cocks were bigger than Ken's was when it was fully erect, a state he didn't think would occur for a number of days.

The three women glistened with oil. Jasmine's skin looked a rich warm mahogany. The bright sand reflected off the bottom of her full round breasts as they jiggled. Her long dreadlocks were tied up behind her head, and she wore large white framed sunglasses. On one side, she held Maria's hand. The Latina glowed, her skin a dark brown as the sun brought out her Mexican and Spanish heritage. Her smaller breasts stood firm, her nipples hard, the oil making her body shine. Her thick black hair hung around her face, and fell long down her well defined back. On Jasmine's other side,

Rebecca's skin was showing the sun-kissed tan from several days in the Caribbean sun. The oil gave her smoothly muscled body definition, and highlighted her full, proud breasts as they stood perky in the mid-morning sun. Her blonde hair was tied back in a messy ponytail that bounced as she walked. Her eyes were hidden by large mirrored aviator glasses. Ken stared up at the three women, eyeing their beautiful shapes, mindful of the five black men stepping up behind them.

The five muscular men stood close behind the women, almost as if guarding them, claiming them. Ken recognized Marcus and his brother Beau, but he hadn't seen the other three. Regardless, they all held a familiar resemblance, and each possessed a huge cock. One of the men stepped close behind Maria, brushing his cock against her shapely hip. He reached around and started caressing her breast, the oil making his fingers slide across her flesh. The other men followed similarly, pressing close to the three women, sliding their hands over breasts, asses, hips, and stomachs. Jasmine reached back to slide her hand along Beau's long cock, while Rebecca pressed her ass against another man. All five cocks slowly started to engorge, growing and thickening, veins starting to stick out along their lengthening shafts.

"I see you aren't dead." Rebecca smirked, pulling her sunglasses down her nose.

"Yeah, thanks for noticing." Ken said, some bitterness creeping into his voice. Despite his bravado, his lower lip quivered. He watched as his wife's hand slowly teased the knob of the black cock to her left.

"Oh, don't be like that. We checked on you last night, idiot." She said, shaking her head, smirk still on her lips. "I don't want you dead, Ken. Believe it or not, I still love you. I just have to put you in your place."

One of the big black men pushed his large, semi-hard cock against the blonde's ass, nudging her forward a step. Rebecca smiled, and turned to look at the huge thick shaft nestled between her oil slicked ass cheeks. The beautiful blonde stretched, showing off her strong core, firm thighs, and beautiful curves. Slipping to a squat, she stroked the huge black cock, making it harden with her tough, sliding her glistening lips over the fat

head. The hot wife, free from her husband's repression, moaned as she felt the huge organ stiffen in her mouth, giving her a taste of pre-cum. She quickly became lost in pleasuring the big black bull, reaching up to take Marcus' huge cock in the other hand.

Ken cleared his throat.

"Huh? Oh, right. Well, I mean, look at them. Like I said, *your* place. At the end of the line. Black cock comes first... literally." She giggled before turning back to the two black alpha's.

"So..." Jasmine interjected, enjoying the sensation of her brother-in-law rubbing his thick black shaft between her full round ass cheeks, lubricated by the oil she'd liberally applied all over her skin. "We're going to go fuck in the ocean. You're welcome to tag along, but don't interfere. Or, you might want to take a shower and get packed. We're flying out in two and a half hours."

Ken just lay there, unable to get up the energy to move. He watched as the group approached the glistening surf. The biggest, and the most muscular of the men picked Maria up in his arms like she was a doll and carried her. His huge cock jutted out just beneath the Latina's full ass. One of the men just walked along, slowly stroking his huge cock, while Beau threw Jasmine over his shoulder. The beautiful black woman's booty by his head. And Rebecca, his beautiful Rebecca, guided the remaining two bulls to the water, her small hands gently tugging on their massive erections until she dropped to her knees, where the surf splashed up on her, to blow them both.

When Ken made his way back to the cabana, his petite wife was sandwiched between Marcus and one of the other men, gigantic black cocks buried in her pussy, and her tight ass. She cried out in ecstasy as they filled her with their cum.



The women bounced up the short gangway in to Finney's sleek new Gulfstream G500. Both Rebecca and Maria wore brightly colored mini

dresses that showed off their tanned shoulders and legs. The two women had a definite 1960's vibe as they entered the fifty-million-dollar aircraft. Jasmine followed, a flowing wraparound dress tied around her neck, leaving her back exposed, and the folds of material swaying with her hips.

Marcus strode along, dressed in tan slacks and a dark short sleeved shirt. He was talking confidently on his cell, watching his beautiful wife's ass as he followed her up the stairs.

Ken clumped along a dozen yards behind, his balls aching with every step. He was dressed in the same baggy shorts and wrinkled shirt he had arrived in. His computer bag felt like it weighed fifty pounds and dragged him down. He slowly climbed the stairs, feeling like he was climbing a mountain.

Inside the jet he saw Jasmine chatting with the pilots, a tall thin black man, probably well into his fifties, and a short busty blonde who looked under thirty. They laughed like old friends. But then again, they own the jet, this must be their regular crew.

The dominant black man sat on a luxurious butterscotch colored leather seat, Rebecca sat on the connected seat to his side, her tanned legs curled up underneath her. Across, in a facing pair of seats, sat Maria. The three were sipping champagne, with another glass waiting for Jasmine.

Rebecca looked over her sunglasses with a look of distaste as her husband passed, making his way to the back of the aircraft. Her eyes followed him, a subtle frown on her face as he drew even with them, following him until he passed. When he was behind them, she turned her attention back to his black boss, her million-watt smile returning, and her hand subtly slipping onto his lap.

Ken arranged himself in the luxurious seat, it was larger than most first class seats on a commercial airliner. He groaned in discomfort. The engines spooled up and he slowly became aware of the smell of enticing perfume permeating his daze. He looked up and discovered Jasmine looking down at him.

“I thought this might help.” She said with a pitying smile on her full lips. She knelt down, holding out a bag of ice for Ken’s abused genitals. He couldn’t help but stare at her large breasts as they pushed against the thin material of her outfit, her hard nipples in clear outline. She handed him a very large glass of scotch in a tumbler, then dug out a joint from her dress, along with a lighter. “This should help with the discomfort. Don’t worry. I think you learned your lesson, things will get better from here on in as long as you remember your place.”

She smiled as she stood up, walking over to join the others, taking her glass of champagne in one hand, and accepting a burning joint with the other. The women giggled, getting stoned as the plane soared into the lightly clouded sky.

Ken downed the drink, and held the ice between his thighs, lighting the joint. Moments later he felt the relief flood through him, followed moments later by the euphoric feeling of the drug. By the time they reached cruising altitude for the four-hour flight, he had passed out.

He awoke periodically through the smooth flight. Cracking his gummy eyes, he peered forward into the smoke filled cabin. The flight deck door was open. In the cockpit, a sexy blonde was obviously riding the tall thin pilot in his seat. It took him a few moments to realize that it was actually Rebecca pumping up and down on his lap, powerful legs spread wide.

“Coffee, tea, or fuck me!” She called out with a groan of pleasure from the huge black cock filling her tight pussy. “Fuck me with that big fucking cock, Captain!”

Meanwhile, Finney had the shapely blonde pilot pushed up against the bulkhead, his hands playing with her large breasts, and his foot-long cock slamming into her shapely body. She was panting, moaning, barely able to stand against the orgasmic onslaught.

And Jasmine lay back on one of the comfortable leather seats. One leg was propped up over the armrest, the other spread wide on the seat. On her knees in front of the Caribbean goddess was Maria. She was eagerly lapping the beautiful black woman’s pussy until Jasmine started to gasp,

lean her head back, and wail in orgasm while holding the Latina's face against her engorged clit, her pussy spraying the young woman's face.

Ken dozed for the rest of the flight, unable to exactly sleep, but also unable to watch the small orgy that ensued for most of the flight. In fact, he sat for half an hour in the limo, waiting while Rebecca gave her new black master one more blowjob. "For the road" she said. He wished she would have done it somewhere other than right next to the car window. Still, it gave him a strange thrill watching his beautiful trophy wife kiss, lick, and suck on the thick, heavily veined cock until it exploded onto her face and chest.

She refused to talk to him on the way home, choosing instead to stare out the window wistfully, wearing his cum on her face like a badge of honor.



## Size Matters

Ken leaned back into the large armchair in the executive meeting suite, looking out over the Hollywood hills. He always felt an almost sexual rush of satisfaction when he closed a deal, in fact, it often made him hard. He felt the comforting, and arousing feeling of the leather harness binding his balls, tightening around his small, hardening shaft. He allowed himself a quiet groan of pleasure as his cock pulled against it.

He had to admit. It wasn't that bad. He was acclimatizing to his new status quite well. He didn't feel the need to dominate or control his beautiful young wife anymore. He just needed to obey her, and make sure she had what he needed. And, much to his surprise, she kept her promise of jerking him off every Tuesday. The relief was glorious, and it felt like he came for an hour. She even slipped an occasional blowjob in, usually after she returned home from a night partying with Jasmine and Marcus, stoned on Devil's Weed, and still horny.

Right now, his latest client, Casper, was receiving a skillful blowjob from Maria. He apparently had a hard-on for her ever since the dinner party that kicked off the seduction and eventual breeding of his wife. For the commission she was making, she was happy to suck back a joint and take care of him. Stoned and horny, she didn't care.

"I have to hand it to you, Ken." Jasmine said, kneeling in front of his chair. She looked stunning in a low cut business jacket that showed off her large, firm breasts, and a short matching miniskirt. She always dressed to distract when they were trying to land a big client. "You landed Lankin, now you landed Casper. That must be a record. Well done. You deserve a little reward."

The beautiful black woman reached over and started to gently run her fingers over Ken's crotch. He felt his cock hardening, straining against the bindings that now controlled him. Seeing his pleasure, she smoothly unzipped his dress pants, and reached her hand in, taking his small cock and stroking it with her fingers.

“Feel good?” She purred seductively. Ken nodded, inhaling deeply, groaning. She knew he wouldn’t last long. She noticed him look over at his beautiful blonde wife, a slight look of worry crossing his eyes. “It’s OK, Ken. Remember, I own her, so therefore, I own you. No need to ask permission. You’re very hard.”

Ken smiled with pleasure, looking across the room. His fit wife looked even sexier now that she was enjoying a big black cock on a regular basis. She was much happier and more contented than she ever had been with Ken. Rebecca was currently laying along the back of a large leather couch by the floor-to-ceiling window, her body arched, and her fit legs spread wide. Marcus was sliding his massive cock in and out of her tight pussy, the black shaft glistening with her wetness. She grasped her full breasts, pinching her hard, pierced nipples.

Her breasts looked fuller now, bouncing as she was fucked by the huge black shaft. Ken thought he might be able to see the first gentle swell of her belly, hinting at the child she was now carrying. He had no doubt that the father was Marcus, or at least one of the half-dozen big cocked black men she had fucked on the island over those several days.

The hot wife cried out in ecstasy as her lover’s big black cock stiffened and pumped her tight pussy full of his thick bull cum. Ken’s own cock responded to Jasmine’s insistent stroking, and he shook with pleasure as he felt his orgasm blossom, his ejaculation contained, restricted. He knew Rebecca would release him this evening when they got home, he could cum then. Maybe if she was still stoned enough, she might jerk him off properly.



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