

Overdue Awakening

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Eleanor Whitaker moved quietly through the empty public library, the only sound the soft click of her sensible heels on the tiled floor and the distant howl of the rising wind outside. The storm of the century was bearing down on the city, and nearly everyone had already hunkered down at home or in the overcrowded shelters. The usual crowd of homeless patrons had long since departed for whatever beds they could find, leaving the building eerily silent and dim under the emergency lighting.

Only Willie Williams remained.

The heavy-set Black man stood near the main desk, his massive frame wrapped in layers of worn coats and scarves that did little to hide the prominent beer gut straining against his clothing. During business hours the homeless were free to shelter in the library, but closing time was fast approaching and old Willie had nowhere to go. His weathered face showed genuine worry as he shifted from one large foot to the other, the thick scent of unwashed skin and old clothes faint in the warm air.

“Miss Eleanor,” he said, his deep voice respectful but edged with concern, “them shelters is all full up already. I heard folks sayin’ they turnin’ people away at the door. I don’t got nowhere else to go tonight. You think... maybe I could sleep here? Just in one of the reading chairs? I won’t be no trouble. I promise.”

Eleanor paused behind the circulation desk, her sinful figure carefully concealed beneath a high-necked cream blouse under a bulky gray sweater that made her torso look shapeless and a long gray skirt that reached mid-calf. At thirty-five, she was at the quiet peak of her sexual ripeness, though she kept her assets hidden from the world. Her full, heavy E-cup breasts never failed to make impressive dents on her torso no matter how many layers of clothing she wore, while her waist dipped softly before flaring into wide, womanly hips and a rounded, firm ass that filled her skirt with subtle, feminine promise. Thick glasses rested on her nose, framing wide hazel eyes, and her honey-blonde hair was pinned up in a neat, professional bun. A small silver cross rested against the deep valley between her breasts.

She felt a familiar ache low in her belly. Her husband Mark was away on another business trip, leaving their suburban home empty and quiet. The thought of Willie spending the night alone in the freezing storm tugged at her compassionate heart.

For years she had shown kindness to the library’s homeless regulars. They came here to wash up in the restrooms, to escape the crushing summer heat or the bitter winter cold, to sit for a few

safe hours in the warmth. Willie had always been one of the polite ones. Friendly, grateful. She had slipped him money more than once, brought him warm lunches on the coldest days, and listened when he spoke. He had once confessed to her, voice low and ashamed, how drinking had destroyed him, how he turned mean and violent when drunk, losing his job, his wife, and the respect of his own children.

Now he stood before her, a big kindly man in need of a warm place to stay just as the first flakes of snow were starting to fall..

Eleanor adjusted her glasses, her full breasts rising with a soft sigh. "Willie... I'm not supposed to let anyone stay after hours.

"Please, Miss. Eleanor, I'll die out there in this," he begged.

"The shelters are full, you say?" She bit her lip, her kind nature warring with caution. "I can't leave you out there to freeze."

She glanced once more at the empty building, then back at his worried face.

"Come home with me," she said quietly, the words leaving her mouth before she could stop them. "Just until the roads clear and everything reopens. You can sleep on the couch. I'll make you a warm meal and wash your clothes. It's the right thing to do." She raised her palm to her chest and held it over her small silver cross to affirm her decision.

Willie's dark eyes widened with surprise and relief. "You sure, Miss Eleanor? I don't wanna cause you no trouble with the hubby."

She nodded, already gathering her coat and purse, her heart beating a little faster at the boldness of her decision. "It's decided. Let's go before the snow gets any worse."

As they stepped out into the driving wind and snow that was starting to fall faster and heavier, Eleanor knew Mark wouldn't approve of her letting a black homeless man stay in their house, but Willie was right, they were looking at two feet of snow over the next 24 hours, he'd die outside in this.

Eleanor Whitaker pulled her modest sedan into the driveway of her suburban home, the windshield wipers struggling against the heavy, wind-driven snow. The twenty minute drive home had been a struggle not to crack her window open to let the fresh air erase Willie's unwashed smell. The blizzard had intensified during the short drive, blanketing the streets in white and reducing visibility to mere yards. Beside her in the passenger seat sat Willie Williams, his massive frame making the car feel cramped. The heavy-set Black man remained quiet and respectful, his weathered face showing genuine gratitude as he stared out the windshield. "Never much liked the snow," he muttered.

“Me neither,” she replied.

“Thank you again, Miss Eleanor,” he rumbled in his deep voice as they stepped inside the warm house. “I swear I won’t be no trouble. Just till the storm passes.”

She nodded, brushing snow from her coat, her shoes sinking into the growing drifts and making her feet cold. “It’s only right, Willie. No one should be out in this. Make yourself comfortable on the couch while I get things ready. I’m going to get you a bath, a warm meal, and wash your clothes for you.”

“Well, with all that Miss Eleanor, I might not want to leave.”

Eleanor’s heart beat a little faster than usual. His tone had an ominous ring to it. She moved about the kitchen. She prepared a simple but hearty meal, hot canned soup, grilled cheese sandwiches, and strong coffee, while Willie sat quietly, his large hands resting on his prominent beer gut staring at the TV. She stole occasional glances at him, noting how his powerful shoulders and thick arms strained against his worn layers of clothing. He appeared to have been in pretty good shape at one time, built like a heavyweight boxer that had let himself go. He had always been polite at the library, one of the friendlier regulars who used the restrooms to wash up and sought shelter from the summer heat or winter cold. She remembered the day he had quietly confessed how drinking turned him mean costing him his marriage, his job and the respect of his children. That story had touched her compassionate Christian heart and she’d begun to do small favors for the man to help him as best she could.

After they ate, Eleanor gathered his dirty clothes. “I’ll throw these in the washer for you. They’ll be clean and dry by morning. In the meantime, you can use the shower upstairs to get cleaned up. There’s a spare robe in the bathroom closet. It might be a bit small, but it’s the best I have. My husband’s much smaller than you, Mr. Williams.”

“Where is the husband?”

“Another one of his business trips,” she sighed. “He’s supposed to be home tomorrow, but realistically the airports are going to be shut down and delayed for days.”

“You don’t say?” Willie nodded gratefully. “You’re a good woman, Miss Eleanor. Real Christian-like.”

She led him upstairs, showing him the guest bathroom. Once he was inside, she collected his soiled garments, thick coat, shirts, and pants heavy with the scent of the streets, and dirty underwear that reeked so bad they should have been incinerated. She carried them down to the laundry room. As the washer began its cycle, she busied herself tidying the living room, laying out a pillow and blanket on the couch hoping the weather reports were wrong and he’d only be here a day. Longer, and she could have put him in the guest room or the basement where there was another spare bed.

Upstairs, the sound of running water soon filled the house. Eleanor paused in the hallway, her full breasts rising and falling beneath her sweater as she listened. The robe she had left for him was an old terrycloth one belonging to Mark, far too small for Willie's massive belly and broad frame. She imagined it would barely close around his heavy gut. Still, they had nothing else that might fit the heavysset black man.

Willie stood under the hot spray of the shower for the first time in months, his massive frame filling the stall. At first the hot water stung like needles against his grimy skin. Dirt peeled off him in greasy, gray-black streaks, swirling around his feet and down the drain. He scrubbed hard, too hard, as if he could grind away the weeks of street life. The bar of soap quickly turned a filthy brown in his hands. Beneath the layers of filth clung that sour, lived-in stink that refused to leave easily.

He paid special attention to his Willy. The thick, dark shaft was caked with cheesy yellowish smegma, especially thick beneath the flaring glans. His matted pubic hair was stiff with dried semen and more smegma. Willie squeezed his soapy hand around the swollen, purple-black head coated in the foul-smelling buildup and stroked, working his way down the shaft, turning to let the water wash the foul buildup and soap from his shaft.

"Gotta make it nice and clean for Miss Eleanor," he mumbled to himself, scrubbing thoroughly with the soapy washcloth. He worked the cloth around the thick shaft and the swollen dangling testicles beneath, rinsing away weeks of neglect. As he cleaned it, his massive cock began to swell slightly from the attention, growing heavier and thicker in his hand. He smiled down at his old Willy. He couldn't wait for Miss Eleanor to see it.

When he finally looked down, the water running off his body was finally clear.

He stepped out of the shower and dried himself with the clean towel Eleanor had set out for him. His skin felt raw and new. He was just about to toss the damp towel into the hamper when he noticed what was on top the pile of clothes, a pair of her plain white cotton panties.

Willie paused, a slow grin spreading across his face. He was convinced she had left them there on purpose for him. He picked them up and brought the crotch to his nose, taking a long, deep whiff.

"Your pussy smells good, Miss Eleanor," he muttered thickly, inhaling her faint feminine scent. He was disappointed they were so plain and modest, but they were still hers. He took another hungry sniff before reluctantly dropping them back into the hamper.

For the first time in a long while, Willie Williams felt almost human again and his big Black cock was already stirring at the thought of what was waiting for him downstairs.

The robe was as comical as she imagined. The terrycloth garment strained comically across his broad chest and massive belly, the belt barely able to meet in the middle, leaving a wide gap that revealed dark, hairy skin and the heavy swing of something thick and dark beneath. She frowned, trying not to glance down at it. The robe was short, but not that short unless he had an enormous... She looked away, shaking her head to clear it. Eleanor led Willie Williams into the living room, the heavy snow still battering the windows outside. The massive Black man settled onto the couch with a grateful sigh, his prominent beer gut spilling over his lap.

They watched television together for a short while, the quiet companionship feeling oddly normal. Eleanor caught herself stealing accidental glances toward his lap, where the robe occasionally shifted to reveal the outline of something large and heavy swinging between his thick thighs. She quickly looked away each time, her cheeks warming beneath her glasses. "I think I'll head up to bed soon, Mr. Williams," she said softly, rising from her chair. "Make yourself comfortable on the couch. There are more blankets in the hall closet if you need them."

"Thank you again, Miss Eleanor," said Willie. His dark eyes followed her as she climbed the stairs, his gaze locked shamelessly on the generous sway of her rounded ass beneath the modest gray skirt. His cock swelled a little rising up out of the slit of his robe. She was teasing him with that fine white ass. The fabric clung just enough to hint at the full, womanly ass hidden beneath just asking to be spanked. Once she disappeared from view, his eyes drifted across the room and settled on the liquor cabinet in the corner. A slow, hungry smile spread across his weathered face.

Just a sip wouldn't hurt.

Upstairs, Eleanor sat on the edge of her king-sized bed, the familiar ache of loneliness settling in her belly. She picked up her phone and dialed her husband. Mark answered on the second ring, his voice warm but distant from his hotel room.

"Hi, honey," she said softly, keeping her tone light. "I miss you. The storm is getting really bad here. How are things on your end?"

They spoke for a few minutes about his meetings and the weather. Eleanor carefully omitted any mention of her guest downstairs. "I love you," she whispered before ending the call. "I'm going to take a shower and turn in early. Stay safe."

In his dimly lit hotel room, Mark Whitaker sat before his open laptop, a secret smile playing on his lips. The hidden spy cameras he had installed throughout their home months ago were his private indulgence. His uptight wife rarely let him see her fully naked, always insisting on the lights off or covering herself with a robe. Tonight, the feed from the bedroom camera showed Eleanor sitting on their bed in perfect clarity.

He watched hungrily as she stood and began to undress. Eleanor removed her thick glasses first, setting them on the nightstand, then reached up to pull the pins from her honey-blonde hair. She shook her head, letting the thick, lustrous waves tumble down over her shoulders in a golden cascade. Mark's breath caught as she grasped the hem of her modest sweater and pulled it slowly over her head.

"Jesus Christ," he muttered, pushing his pants down around his ankles and wrapping his hand around his thin five-inch penis. "It should be a crime to hide a body like that under all those ugly clothes." His wife was more stacked than the shelves in her library and nobody, but him knew it. He desperately wanted to show her off to his friends... to the world.

Eleanor's lush, porn-star figure was revealed in all its glory. Her heavy E-cup breasts, full and creamy-white with wide pink areolas and thick nipples already beginning to stiffen in the cool air, swayed heavily as she moved. Her waist dipped into a soft, feminine curve before flaring dramatically into wide, childbearing hips and a firm, heart-shaped ass that jiggled with every motion. A neatly trimmed patch of golden hair crowned her plump, puffy pussy lips. Long, toned legs completed the vision of ripe, voluptuous womanhood that she kept so carefully concealed from the world.

"She belongs on a stripper's pole, not shelving fucking books," Mark groaned, stroking his thin penis faster as he drank in the sight of his wife's pornographic body.

He switched camera views as Eleanor walked nude into the master bathroom, her heavy breasts bouncing gently with each step. The bathroom feed showed her turning on the shower, the clear glass door offering an unobstructed view. Steam began to rise as she stepped beneath the spray, her pale skin glistening under the water. Her body looked blurry yet undeniably sexy through the condensation on the glass, full breasts pressed against the door for a moment as she adjusted the temperature, wide hips and round ass on full display, slowly disappearing as the glass steamed up.

Mark jerked his thin penis more slowly waiting for her to reemerge, eyes glued to the screen, lost in the sexy sight of his modest, proper wife completely naked and wet.

Suddenly, his hand froze mid-stroke. In the bathroom mirror's reflection, clearly visible behind the shower door, a fat, nude Black man had entered the room taking a deep swing from a bottle of brandy. The obese black man stood completely naked, his massive beer gut hanging heavily over his crotch. But it was what swung between his thick, dark thighs that made Mark's eyes widen in shock.

The black man's cock hung like a thick, veined club, soft yet already longer and fatter than Mark's hardest erection, easily approaching a foot in length even flaccid. As the black man began to stroke himself slowly while staring at Eleanor through the clear glass, his massive black meat swelled rapidly, growing thicker and longer with every tug until it stood obscenely erect, bobbing heavily in front of his protruding belly and pointed directly to his beloved Eleanor.

Mark sat up straight in his chair, heart pounding, his own small penis twitching in his hand as he stared at the impossible sight unfolding on his laptop screen. He grabbed his phone, ready to call and warn his wife about the intruder, but her phone was on the bed.

Eleanor stood beneath the hot spray, eyes closed, letting the water cascade over her heavy breasts and down the soft curve of her belly. Steam filled the bathroom, fogging the clear glass door. She luxuriated in the hot shower, the chill of the freezing temperatures and the cold wet snow melting away in the simple pleasure of a hot shower.

She ran her soapy hands all over her body, letting the water wash the shampoo from her hair. The steamy heat, her caressing hands put her in a state of growing arousal. Mark wasn't taking care of her needs, he couldn't when he was gone all the time and he couldn't when he was home. Her thoughts drifted to her penis shaped vibrator hidden in the dresser. She'd felt ashamed when she ordered it online, but it served its purpose and it served its purpose well. Just thinking about it waiting for her had her spinning around and shutting the water off.

She opened the door and stepped out on the mat, her hand reaching out for the towel when she saw the dark reflection in the mirror. She gasped and spun around, water flying from her golden hair. A scream tore from her throat as she came face to face with Willie Williams. The heavy-set Black man stood completely naked in the middle of her bathroom, his massive beer gut hanging heavily over his crotch. His dark eyes burned with drunken hunger as they roamed over her wet, naked body.

"Oh my God!" Eleanor cried, one arm flying across her full breasts while the other dropped to cover her golden patch. She tried to back away, but the shower stall left her nowhere to go. Her wide hazel eyes dropped involuntarily and widened in pure shock.

Willie's dark penis hung thick and heavy between his thick thighs, already rock hard from staring at her. It was monstrous. Easily more than a foot long and pushing thirteen inches, it swayed like a dark, veined club. The shaft was coal-black with prominent, rope-like veins that twisted along its length. A thick ridge ran along the underside, and the head flared dramatically into a wide, helmet-shaped glans that was slightly lighter in color, almost purple-black. The sheer girth made her stomach flutter. It was thicker than her wrist.

She had never seen anything so big in her life. In her mind she instantly compared it to her husband's modest five-inch penis, thin, pale, and almost dainty by comparison. This... this was something else entirely.

Willie grinned, his meaty hand slowly stroking the massive length. "You like what you see, Miss Eleanor? This here is Willie's willy. Bet it's a lot bigger than what you're used to, huh?"

Eleanor's mouth opened and closed, no sound coming out. Her cheeks burned crimson.

“Step over here,” he ordered, voice thick with liquor. “I ain’t gonna hurt you. But I need some relief after seein’ that fine white body of yours. Get on your knees and use them soft hands on Willie’s willy.”

Terrified yet trapped by his massive frame blocking the doorway, Eleanor stepped out of the shower on shaky legs, water dripping from her voluptuous curves. She could smell the liquor on his breath. His confession fresh in her mind, a mean... violent drunk. Her legs quivered in fear. A half empty bottle of her husband’s brandy... his very expensive brandy sat on the back of the toilet. She reached for a towel but Willie shook his head.

“No towel. Just kneel right there.”

“Please Willie,” she begged.

“Please Willy is exactly what you’re going to do,” he growled. “Now KNEEL!”

Trembling, she sank to her knees on the bathmat, her heavy breasts swaying as she moved. Up close, Willie’s penis looked even more intimidating. The veins pulsed visibly beneath the taut skin. The wide flare of the glans glistened with a bead of precum at the slit.

“Get a good look at it Miss Eleanor,” he said. “Black cock... it does things to white women. It gets in their heads... turns ‘em out for the black man... ruins ‘em for little white dicks.”

“Please, stop,” she begged, but her eyes were glued to the enormous penis.

“There’s baby oil by the sink,” he rumbled. “Use plenty. Make it nice and slick for me.”

With shaking hands, Eleanor reached for the bottle and poured a generous amount into her palms. The oily liquid warmed quickly as she wrapped both hands around the thick black shaft, a shudder rocking her body as she touched it. It was so heavy she needed both to encircle it properly. She began to stroke slowly, her pale fingers sliding up and down the dark, veined length.

“That’s it,” Willie groaned, hips twitching. “Look at them pretty white hands on my big black cock. Your husband got a little white dick, don’t he? Bet he never stretched that tight white pussy the way this monster could. That white body of yours was built for black cock.”

Eleanor whimpered but kept stroking, her hands gliding smoothly over the ridges and bulging veins. The sheer size made her palms feel small. She could feel the heat radiating from it, the powerful throbs against her fingers.

“Fuck, dem milky white tits look even better up close,” he continued filthily, reaching down to squeeze one heavy breast, thumb brushing her stiff nipple. “Bet you hide these big titties every day like a good little Christian wife. Now you’re jerkin’ off a real man while your husband’s away. Stroke it faster, slut.”

From his hotel room, Mark stared at the laptop screen in stunned arousal. His thin five-inch penis throbbed in his fist as he watched his proper wife on her knees, both hands working the enormous Black cock. He had never seen her look so vulnerable... or so beautiful. His strokes quickened as Willie's filthy words filled the audio.

"Faster you white slut, faster," he grunted, suddenly emitting a loud belch that made his gut shake. Eleanor's hands moved faster, the oily sounds loud in the bathroom. Willie's massive balls tightened, drawing up against his body.

"Here comes my nut, slut," he growled. "Gonna paint them big white titties and that pretty face."

With a deep grunt, Willie erupted. Thick, heavy ropes of hot semen blasted from the flared head of his cock. The first powerful spurt struck Eleanor square across her cheek and lips. The next splashed heavily across her heaving breasts, coating her pink nipples in white. Pulse after pulse followed, covering her cleavage and dripping down her belly in obscene strands. The volume was shocking, far more than her husband had ever produced in twelve years of marriage.

Eleanor gasped, eyes wide, still staring at the swollen purple-black glans, an inch long strand of semen dangled from the tip, His warm seed ran down her skin.

Willie sighed in satisfaction, his massive cock still twitching in her hands. "Good girl."

Shaken and trembling, Eleanor wiped her face with the back of her hand. "Please... go downstairs now, Willie. This never happened." A blizzardy gust of wind made the house shudder.

He chuckled, tucking his still-heavy cock back into the too-small robe. "Whatever you say, Miss Eleanor." He snatched up the bottle and took a swig, staring down at his voluminous seed running down her face and tits. He belched again, the smell of booze hitting her nostril, mixing with the strong ammonia smell of his semen. "You look good with my nut all over ya, Miss Eleanor." He turned and stumbled out the door.

Once he had lumbered downstairs, Eleanor rushed back into the shower, scrubbing frantically at the sticky semen clinging to her breasts and face. It turned ropery and clung to her skin resisting the washcloth, by the time she felt cleansed she was running out of hot water.

Eleanor toweled herself dry and wrapped it around her body. She slipped out of the bathroom and crept halfway down the stairs, stopping to listen in the dark. Heavy drunken snores were coming from her couch. She cursed herself for not thinking about the liquor cabinet, it wasn't her fault, she didn't drink, it was Mark's booze. Willie Williams had been quite honest with her about how alcohol had affected him and now she was trapped in her own home with him.

She snuck back up to her bedroom. There was no lock on the door, had never needed it. Maybe she could move the dresser to block it? She shook her head, that would only slow him down if he really wanted to get in and hopefully he was just sleeping it off. She dropped the towel and pulled on a nightshirt, that like her conservative clothing fell past her knees. Eleanor Whitaker, still shaken by what had just happened, slipped into her bed and turned off the light.

Sleep would not come.

The image of Willie's enormous Black cock refused to leave her mind, the thick veins, the dramatic flare of the glans, the impossible length and girth. Oh god, the way he talked, the filthy words that came from his mouth. "Black cock... it does things to white women... it gets in their heads. Her body burned with unwanted heat. Her nipples were hard nubs scraping her cloth night shirt. After an hour of tossing and turning, she rose off the bed and felt around in the back of her underwear drawer, finding the thick eight-inch vibrating red rabbit dildo hidden behind her panties. It had looked huge compared to Mark's penis, but now seemed small after holding Willie Williams' big cock in both hands.

Eleanor pulled the nightshirt over her head and laid back on the bed. She parted her legs and slid the toy deep inside her soaked pussy, moaning softly as she switched it on and let the vibrations do their job. The memory of stroking Willie's massive shaft pushed her over the edge quickly. A powerful orgasm ripped through her, her hips bucking as her walls clenched hard around the dildo, juices soaking the sheets, a satisfied smile spread across her lips.

Mark watched the bedroom camera feed with feverish intensity. He stroked his small penis furiously, replaying the bathroom scene in his mind. His once-uptight wife had just jerked off a huge black cock and was now fucking herself senseless with her toy.

A dark, thrilled smile crossed his face.

"My sweet little secret slut," he whispered, semen dribbling into his hand as he watched Eleanor shudder through her climax. "Bet you're thinking about that old black man's big cock."

She didn't bother hiding the dildo again, she just slipped it under his pillow.

Later that night, the house was quiet except for the relentless howl of the blizzard outside. Mark Whitaker lay in his hotel bed, like his wife he was having trouble sleeping. Never in his wildest dreams had he imagined seeing his nude wife on her knees jerking off a fat old black man on his hidden cameras. His laptop was faintly glowing on the nightstand, when a soft chime alerted him. One of the hidden motion sensors had triggered. The bedroom camera feed flickered to life.

The bedroom door slowly swung open. Willie Williams' massive bulk filled the doorway, his heavy-set frame silhouetted against the hallway light. He reached in and flipped the switch, bathing the room in a soft lamplight. His enormous cock hung heavily between his thick thighs,

slapping from one dark thigh to the other with each heavy step as he approached the bed. The thick, veined shaft swayed like a pendulum, already beginning to thicken at the sight before him.

Willie pulled the covers back with one meaty hand, exposing Eleanor's sleeping form. Her satisfying orgasm had allowed her to sleep and she hadn't bothered putting the nightgown back on. His dark eyes swept greedily over her lush body, the full swell of her heavy breasts rising and falling with each breath, their weight pulling them down to the sides. Her nipples were hard, fat and long with faint pink areola. Her ribs were slightly outlined down to her taut flat stomach and sexy belly button. Her carpet matched her drapes, a triangular patch of bushy honey-blonde pubic hair formed a nest on her crotch.

His massive cock twitched and rose steadily, thickening and lengthening until it stood out obscenely from his protruding beer gut, the wide flared head already glistening. Willie reached down, squeezing one of Eleanor's heavy tits, his thick dark fingers sinking into the soft pale flesh. With his other hand he slowly stroked his growing black cock, pulling on the thick shaft to make it fully hard.

Eleanor moaned in her sleep at the gentle pulling on her nipple. She writhed slightly on her silk sheets, her hips raising up into the thrusts of a large shadowy cock slowly working in and out of her. Willie bent his cock down and ran the knobby glans all around her white titty and pushing it against her nipple. It was drooling precum like it always did leaving a slimy trail on her pale skin and reddish swollen nipple. He grabbed the base of his cock and slapped the hard head down on her nipple.

Eleanor awoke with a startled gasp, her wide hazel eyes flying open to find the large Black man looming over her. "Willie!" she cried, sitting up quickly and clutching the sheet to her chest. "What are you—?"

"Sit up," he ordered, his voice low and thick with liquor.

Trembling, Eleanor obeyed, scooting back against the headboard. Willie stepped closer, lining the fat, flared head of his enormous cock up with her lips. The heavy shaft bobbed inches from her face, veins pulsing visibly along its impressive length.

"Cocksucking time, slut," he growled.

From the hotel room, Mark sat bolt upright, his thin five-inch penis already hard in his hand. He watched in rapt fascination as his proper, uptight wife stared at the monstrous Black cock hovering before her mouth.

Eleanor shook her head weakly staring cross-eyed down its length. "Please... I don't... I've never... even for my husband."

Willie didn't care. He pressed the wide glans against her soft lips, smearing a thick bead of precum across them. "Open up. This is why you invited a big black man into your white home."

“Please, Mr. Will...” Willie immediately pushed forward, stretching her mouth wide around the fat head. Eleanor struggled, her jaw aching as she tried to accommodate the immense girth. Only the head fit first. She gagged softly, eyes watering as the thick, veined shaft pressed heavily against her tongue. The tip pushing into her throat, several more inches of big black cock entering her mouth.

Willie groaned deeply, one hand resting on the back of her head. “That’s it... suck that big Black cock. Mmm, yeah... gettin’ back at the white man, one white wife at a time. Turnin’ out proper little Christian bitches like you for the Black man. Your kind been keepin’ us down for years, now I’m takin’ what’s mine.”

Eleanor moaned around the thick meat filling her mouth, the crude words sending an unwanted rush of heat through her body. Her nipples stiffened painfully and a fresh trickle of arousal began to run down her inner thighs. She bobbed her head awkwardly, struggling to take more of his length, saliva dripping from the corners of her stretched lips.

Willie’s drunken mumbling continued as he slowly fucked her mouth. “That’s right, white girl. Suck it deeper. This is what you really wanted when you brought me home, ain’t it? Now you actin’ like a good little white slut, worshippin’ Black cock while your dumbass white husband doesn’t know his wife is gettin’ turned out. Fuck yeah, suck that black dick, bitch.”

Mark stroked his small penis furiously, breathing hard as he watched his wife’s cheeks hollow and her throat work around the invading Black shaft. He had never seen anything so obscene... or so arousing.

Eleanor’s struggles only seemed to excite Willie more. She gulped and swallowed, trying desperately to take him deeper, her tongue sliding along the prominent ridges and veins. The taste was strong and musky, yet not unpleasant. The realization only deepened her shame and growing arousal.

With a guttural groan, Willie tightened his grip on her head and erupted. Thick, hot jets of semen flooded her mouth and shot down her throat. Eleanor choked and swallowed as best she could, but several heavy spurts overflowed, spilling from the corners of her lips and running down her chin onto her heaving breasts.

When he finally pulled back, strings of saliva and cum connected her swollen lips to the glistening head of his cock. Eleanor gasped for air, wiping her mouth with trembling fingers, surprised once again by how tolerable the taste had been, pleasant even... good!

Eleanor stumbled into the bathroom, her legs still shaky. She desperately needed to brush her teeth, not because she disliked the taste of him, but because she had liked it far too much. Even now, as she stood in front of the mirror, her tongue instinctively licked a thick strand of his cum

from her bottom lip. The warm, slightly salty flavor made her pussy clench with fresh arousal. She wanted more.

With trembling hands she squeezed toothpaste onto her brush and began scrubbing vigorously, trying to erase the evidence of what she had just done. In the mirror she saw her flushed face, swollen cheeks, and the faint white traces of dried semen still clinging to her chin. It was like a different person staring back at her.

When she finally returned to the bedroom, Willie was lying in her marital bed, under the covers on her husband's side. He had claimed the space as if it belonged to him.

Eleanor paused in the doorway, staring at the sight. Before she could speak, Willie lifted the covers, revealing his massive dark body and the thick outline of his heavy cock resting against his thigh.

"Get in here, Miss Eleanor," he ordered.

She hesitated only a moment before slipping into bed beside him, facing away so she wouldn't have to look at him. Willie immediately moved closer, spooning her tightly from behind. His heavy beer gut pressed warmly into her back, and his giant horse cock lay thick and heavy along the cleft of her ass and between her soft thighs, radiating heat against her bare skin.

His large hand reached over and squeezed one of her full breasts possessively, as though he already owned it. Moments later, he was snoring softly against the back of her neck.

Eleanor lay awake long into the night, her body trembling with confusion, shame, and a dangerous, growing heat deep in her core. The heavy Black man behind her held her like property, his possessive hand still cupping her breast even in sleep.

Morning light filtered weakly through the heavy curtains, the blizzard still raging outside, icy snow pelting the windows while the wind rattled the shutters. Eleanor stirred slowly in the warmth of her bed, a deep, insistent arousal building within her body. She had been at the height of her sexual peak for months, and the long night of restless sleep had left her aching with unmet need. An intense stimulation tugged at her swollen nipple, bordering on painful in its sharpness, while an even more powerful sensation radiated from between her thighs, something huge, thick, and knobby rubbing slowly along the slick folds of her increasingly wet pussy.

Still half-asleep, she sighed and pushed her hips back, pressing down onto the large knob. It felt incredible. The broad head slowly parted her outer lips and began spreading her open wider than she had ever been stretched before. A soft, contented murmur escaped her lips.

"Hmmm... I'm glad you're home," she whispered sleepily, still lost in the pleasant fog of half-dreams.

Then reality crashed in.

“Oh!” Eleanor gasped sharply as her vagina slowly yielded, spreading wide enough for the massive invader to sink deeper inside her. Her eyes flew open.

A large, dark Black hand was cupping her heavy pale breast, thick fingers pinching and pulling her swollen pink nipple, stretching it outward. Behind her, Willie Williams’ massive frame pressed tightly against her back, his prominent beer gut resting against her spine. His enormous Black cock was lodged between her thighs, the thick, veined shaft slowly pushing into her soaked pussy from behind.

“Please, Mr. Williams...” she moaned, even as her hips involuntarily pushed back, taking another inch of his thick length. “I’m a married woman...”

Willie chuckled deeply, his breath hot against her ear, the faint whiff of booze reaching her nose. “Hubby ain’t here to take care of ya, so I’m gonna do it for him.” He thrust forward gently, feeding more of his massive cock into her tight channel.

“Oh my word...” Eleanor gasped, feeling him push deeper, stretching her walls in ways her husband never could.

Willie’s hand tightened on her breast, pinching the nipple harder as he rocked his hips. “This feels like new territory, Mrs. Eleanor. Your hubby must have a tiny little dick. Tell me... is this big black cock bigger than yo’ hubby’s?”

Eleanor’s mind reeled. “Please, don’t make me...: She tried to pull away, but Willie’s strong grip on her breast held her firmly in place as he pushed another thick inch inside her. The pressure in her womb was growing unbearable.

“A little... or a lot bigger?” he asked, voice low and teasing.

“A lot,” she squealed, her voice breaking. “A lot bigger... you’re a lot bigger than Mark. Oh my God... you’re so big.”

Willie chuckled again, the sound vibrating through his chest. “What’s so big, Mrs. Eleanor? Say it.”

“Your big Black cock,” she moaned helplessly, feeling the growing pressure deep inside her. “Your big Black cock is so big, Mr. Williams... oh my God...”

She mewled, her body trembling as the sensation built. This was nothing like her husband’s modest penis, and nothing like her dildo. The thick, knobby head was pressing against places she had never felt before, stretching her completely.

“This can’t be happening...” she whimpered, even as her hips began to rock back against him. “I’m going to...” She’d never felt this outside her vibrating dildo. “I’m going to...”

“That’s it, white girl,” Willie growled, thrusting deeper. “I can feel that white pussy squeezing all over that big Black cock. Do it. Cum for old Willie.”

Eleanor’s eyes rolled back as the orgasm crashed over her without warning. Her vagina clamped down hard around the thick invading shaft, pulsing and milking him as waves of intense pleasure ripped through her body. She cried out sharply, her juices gushing around his cock as she came harder than she ever had in her life.

Willie held her tightly through the climax, his massive black cock buried deep inside her spasming pussy, a satisfied grin on his face.

Eleanor trembled violently in the aftermath of her climax, her chest heaving as she struggled to catch her breath. The thick black cock buried inside her felt impossibly large, stretching her walls to their limit. She could barely believe what had just happened.

“I... I can’t believe I took your huge cock,” she moaned softly, her voice shaky with disbelief and lingering pleasure. “It’s so deep...”

Willie chuckled, the low sound rumbling through his massive chest. “That was only half, Mrs. Eleanor.”

Her eyes widened in shock. “Half?” she gasped, genuine disbelief flooding her face. “That can’t be... there’s no way...”

He grinned and slowly began to pull out, inch after thick inch of his veined Black shaft sliding from her soaked pussy with a wet, obscene sound. Eleanor whimpered at the sudden emptiness, her stretched opening fluttering around nothing, missing it.

“Get up here and ride me,” he ordered, rolling onto his back. His enormous cock stood straight up from his heavy beer gut, glistening with her juices, the wide flared head angry and swollen.

Trembling, Eleanor climbed over him, straddling his thick waist. She hesitated, staring down at the monstrous black cock rising up between her thighs, the head pushing between her breasts. Then her eyes widened in horror as they focused on all the precum drooling out of his urethra.

“You’re not wearing a condom!” she gasped.

Willie smirked. “So what? Bareback is better.”

“You can’t cum inside me,” she demanded, voice rising with panic. “I’m not on anything right now. You have to wear a condom!”

He shrugged. “You think I got a rubber on me?”

Desperate, Eleanor leaned down his body and frantically opened the drawer of her husband’s nightstand. She pulled out one of Mark’s condoms, the packet said it was a snugfit for small penises. She ripped the foil open with shaking fingers, and tried to stretch the thin latex over the

giant glans. The condom looked ridiculous, far too small for the massive black cock throbbing in her hands. It barely covered the head before it became painfully tight, looking like it might snap at any second and there was no way the tiny receptacle could hold the volume of Mr. Williams' orgasm.

"This is never going to hold," she whispered, horrified.

Willie's patience was clearly wearing thin. "I'm losing my patience, white girl."

Eleanor gave up trying to unroll it further. She slid back up his body and slowly backed herself onto his cock once more, holding the base of the condom to make sure it stayed on as he entered her. She pushed back into it unable to fight the smile of satisfaction that spread across her face as he entered her again. As she passed the halfway point, the overwhelming stretch made her moan. "You're too big..." she gasped as he raised his hips, pushing several more inches into her. "No! It's too much... too big," she squealed. He tried to hold her hips, but she pulled forward enough, his big cock slapped against his beer belly.

"Relax," Willie rumbled. "You can take it. Try again. We'll go slow. Let me put it in for ya."

He reached between her thighs as she sat up, felt the tip of his cock, the rubber had rolled up just covering the glans. He palmed the distressed, overstretched condom still clinging to the head of his cock, and guided the fat bare tip back to her slick entrance. With one smooth motion he tossed the useless rubber across the room.

Eleanor's eyes were closed tight in concentration as she tried to take him again. She never even noticed the condom flying away.

Mark, watching from his motel room, jerked his thin penis faster, eyes glued to the laptop screen. "Oh shit... what did he... was that the rubber?"

As she sank down again, Eleanor whimpered, "I can't even feel the condom... it's so tight."

Willie chuckled darkly. "Just pretend it's not even there."

She leaned forward, bracing her hands on his broad chest, and slowly pushed her hips back. The fat head pushed far past her slick entrance once more. With a soft moan, she sank down, taking several more inches. Another powerful orgasm hit her almost immediately as the thick shaft spread her open again. Her eyes rolled back and she cried out, her pussy clenching hard around him.

The pleasure made her legs weak, causing her to sink lower. Inch after inch disappeared inside her until, with a final shuddering gasp, she bottomed out completely. His heavy balls pressed against her ass as the head of his cock nudged firmly against the entrance to her womb. A devastatingly intense orgasm exploded through her, far stronger than the first. Eleanor's entire body shook, her juices flooding around his embedded shaft as she cried out in ecstasy.

She sat there trembling, fully impaled on his massive Black cock, her voluptuous body quivering on top of him. After a long moment, she began to ride him slowly, lifting and lowering herself with shaky movements.

“So good...” she mumbled repeatedly, almost in a trance. “So good... so good...”

Willie’s hands rested on her wide hips. “Open your eyes, Mrs. Eleanor. I want you to see whose fuckin’ you.”

She obeyed, lifting her gaze to meet his dark eyes. Sitting back fully, she braced her hands on his soft, protruding beer gut, her heavy E-cup breasts thrust proudly forward, nipples stiff and aching. “Yes,” she moaned, staring at Willie’s jowly black face. She began to ride him with more purpose, her hips rolling as she took his entire length with each downward stroke. “Yes,” she moaned again, fucking him faster.

Another orgasm built quickly. Eleanor leaned forward, her full breasts dangling in Willie’s face as she started pushing back harder onto his cock. He captured one swollen nipple between his lips and sucked hard, teeth grazing the sensitive bud. The sensation sent her crashing over the edge again. She wailed in pleasure, her pussy spasming violently around his thick shaft.

Willie growled and grabbed her plump ass with both hands, holding her firmly as he began bucking up into her. He thrust powerfully, driving his massive black cock in and out of her soaked pussy with wet, rhythmic slaps. Eleanor moaned continuously, her body jolting with every deep stroke.

“I’m gonna nut in this pretty white pussy,” he snarled, his pace quickening.

“No... please,” she groaned, even as her hips slammed down to meet his thrusts. “Not yet, gonna cum again... wanna cum again. Don’t cum inside me... don’t trust condom... My vagina is for my husband only...”

Willie laughed, the sound dark and triumphant. “Not anymore, slut.”

He thrust up hard one final time, burying himself to the hilt. With a deep, guttural groan, he exploded inside her. Thick, hot jets of potent Black seed blasted directly into her womb, pulse after heavy pulse flooding her depths. The sensation triggered the most powerful orgasm yet. Eleanor’s vision blurred as pleasure bordered on pain ripped through her body. Her pussy clenched and milked him desperately, drawing every drop of his cum deep inside her fertile womb.

When the waves finally subsided, she collapsed forward onto his chest, trembling with complete satisfaction and a strange, deep contentment she had never felt before. Her body felt full, claimed, and strangely complete.

Willie’s large hand stroked her back possessively as his cock continued to twitch inside her, still pumping the last of his seed into her well-fucked pussy.

From his hotel room, Mark Whitaker stared at the laptop screen in stunned disbelief. His thin five-inch penis had just squeezed out a tiny pearl of semen onto his stomach as he watched the morning scene unfold. His modest, proper wife had just been thoroughly fucked by the massive black cock of their homeless guest, and the sight had pushed him over the edge faster than he cared to admit. He watched his wife quickly dismount and run to the bathroom. Willie placed his hands behind his head and closed his eyes, a smug smile spread across his broad lips.

Mark switched feeds to the bathroom. Eleanor was in the shower, frantically scrubbing between her legs.

Eleanor returned to her bedroom defeated. She'd tried to drain as much of Willie's cum as she could from her vagina, but there still felt like a gallon of it sloshing around in her womb. He was asleep on the bed. She snuck past him and got dressed.

Downstairs in the kitchen, Eleanor moved about in her usual library attire. She wore a high-necked cream blouse that buttoned all the way to her throat and a long navy skirt that reached well past her knees. Her honey-blond hair was pinned up in a tight, professional bun, and her thick glasses sat firmly on her nose. She had deliberately chosen the most modest, concealing outfit she owned, convinced that her sinful, voluptuous figure had somehow antagonized Willie and led to last night's sins.

The sound of heavy footsteps made her turn. Willie Williams came down the stairs completely nude, his massive beer gut leading the way. His enormous Black cock swung heavily from thigh to thigh with each step, thick and semi-hard, the wide head brushing against his legs.

Eleanor's cheeks flushed as she carried a breakfast tray to the living room. She set it down on the coffee table in front of him. Willie dropped onto the couch, his heavy cock draping over the edge of the cushion, the thick shaft resting against the fabric. He reached under the pillow and pulled out a half-empty bottle of whiskey he had hidden earlier. He took a long swig, then began eating while staring at her with an angry, predatory gaze.

Eleanor stood nervously, unable to keep her eyes from drifting to the thick, dark cock dangling so openly. "Your clothes are dry and ready for you, Mr. Williams," she said quietly, trying to sound composed.

He took another swig of whiskey. "I'm comfortable like this."

She shifted uncomfortably. "Is everything alright, Mr. Williams?"

"No," he growled, eyes narrowing. "Why you dressed like that? You should be naked like me."

Eleanor looked nervous, clutching her hands in front of her. "... I can't walk around the house naked, Mr. Williams. It wouldn't be proper."

He sneered and took another long pull from the bottle. "Tell ya what. Why don't you go put on your skimpiest bikini?"

Eleanor shifted uncomfortably. "I don't have a bikini, Mr. Williams."

His expression darkened. "You lyin' to me, bitch? Don't lie to me. I seen that pool when we drove past yesterday."

"I don't go to the pool," she said quickly, voice trembling. "I don't even own a one-piece swimsuit. I'm... I'm uncomfortable showing off my body."

Willie set the empty plate aside and leaned back, his cock twitching. "That's a waste. Yo' body was built for the pole."

She blinked, confused. "... I don't understand."

"Lingerie?" he asked. "Sexier underwear?"

She shook her head no.

Willie finished the last of the whiskey and slammed the bottle down. "Looks like you goin' nude then." His voice turned hard. "Strip for me. And do it slow and sexy."

Eleanor hesitated, her heart pounding. "Mr. Williams..."

"NOW!" he screamed.

She jumped at the sudden command. With trembling hands, she began to undress. First the blouse, unbuttoning it slowly to reveal the plain white bra straining to contain her heavy breasts. Then the long skirt slid down her wide hips and toned legs, pooling at her feet. She stood in just her bra and modest panties, her lush hourglass figure finally beginning to emerge.

She removed her thick glasses and set them aside, then reached up to pull the pins from her hair. Shaking her head, she let the thick, lustrous honey-blonde waves tumble down over her shoulders in a golden cascade.

Willie's cock was already hardening rapidly, thickening and rising from his lap as he watched. Eleanor's breath grew shallow. Knowing that her body was making his enormous black cock hard sent an unwelcome rush of arousal through her. Her nipples stiffened visibly against the bra cups, and a fresh slickness formed between her thighs.

She reached behind her back and unhooked the bra. The cups fell away, freeing her full, creamy-white breasts. They swayed heavily, pink nipples already erect. Hooking her thumbs into

the waistband of her panties, she slowly slid them down her legs, stepping out until she stood completely nude before him.

Willie's cock was now fully hard, standing thick and proud, veins pulsing along its impressive length. "Damn," he growled, wrapping one hand around the base and holding the massive shaft out toward her. "Look what yo' fine white body did to my big black cock. Now get over here and suck it."

Eleanor sank slowly to her knees between Willie's thick thighs, her heart pounding as she stared at the massive black cock standing upright before her. It throbbed heavily, veins pulsing along its thick length, the wide flared head already glistening with a bead of precum.

She wrapped both hands around the warm, heavy shaft and leaned forward. Her soft lips parted, taking the fat head into her mouth. At first she sucked tentatively, her tongue swirling around the swollen glans, but as the musky taste filled her senses she found herself getting into it. A strange, shameful excitement began to build inside her.

Eleanor moaned softly around his cock and pushed forward, challenging herself. She took another inch, then another, her cheeks hollowing as she worked her way down the thick shaft. Her throat tightened, but she refused to stop. She wanted more. She needed to prove she could take it.

Willie groaned in approval, one large hand resting on the back of her golden head. "That's it, white girl... suck big black Willy like you mean it."

Driven by a growing hunger, Eleanor relaxed her throat and pushed deeper. A third of his enormous length slid past her lips and into her throat. Her eyes watered, but she held there, moaning lustfully around the thick meat stretching her mouth. The feeling of being so full of him sent a fresh rush of wetness between her thighs.

She began to bob her head with more confidence, taking him as deep as she could on every downward stroke. Her hands stroked the thick base she couldn't yet swallow, twisting gently as her tongue worked the underside.

Willie's breathing grew ragged. "Fuck... you're gettin' good at this. Fuckin' natural."

When he finally tensed and erupted, Eleanor moaned with raw lust. Thick, hot jets of cum blasted straight down her throat. She swallowed greedily, stroking his pulsing shaft with both hands to milk every last drop into her mouth. The warm, salty taste flooded her tongue and she kept sucking, humming with pleasure as she drained him completely.

Only when his cock began to soften did she slowly pull back, a thin string of saliva and cum still connecting her swollen lips to the head. She licked her lips, breathing hard, surprised by how much she had enjoyed the act.

"Good job, white girl," he said.

Eleanor smiled up at him.

Eleanor stood at the living room window, a thick quilt wrapped tightly around her nude body. She stared out at the still-falling snow, watching as a bright orange DOT truck rumbled past on the main road, its plow blade pushing heavy drifts aside. The county road was finally being cleared, but their small development remained buried. She knew she would still be trapped here until the HOA maintenance man arrived to plow the private streets. The thought made her stomach tighten.

Behind her, Willie sat at the dining room table, tapping away at her laptop with one thick finger while occasionally swigging from the bottle of whiskey. He muttered to himself under his breath, his voice low and crude. “Bitch look good in this... yeah, tits practically falling out... Nah, not that one. Too much fabric.”

Eleanor’s curiosity finally got the better of her. She turned, clutching the quilt closer to her chest, and walked over to him.

“What are you doing, Mr. Williams?” she asked quietly.

Willie didn’t look up. “I’m ordering you some new clothes.”

Her eyes widened. “What? I don’t need new clothes, Mr. Williams.”

He finally glanced at her, a lazy grin spreading across his face. “Thank me for buying you something sexy.”

Eleanor hesitated, then forced out a weak, “Thank you...”

Satisfied, Willie stood up, staggering slightly from the whiskey, and headed toward the bathroom. The moment he disappeared down the hall, Eleanor hurried to the table and sat down in front of her laptop.

He had left her Amazon account open.

She scrolled through the recent orders and gasped, her face flushing hot with embarrassment. He had spent over three hundred dollars. The items were shamelessly revealing:

- A royal blue string bikini listed as a “micro thong” set. The top consisted of tiny triangles that would barely cover her nipples, while the bottom was nothing more than thin strings and a narrow strip of fabric that would disappear between her cheeks.
- A two-piece workout outfit — a cropped sports bra that would leave most of her belly and underboob exposed, paired with skin-tight yoga pants that would cling obscenely to her wide hips and rounded ass.

- A lacy black bra and panty set — the bra was a push-up style with sheer cups, and the panties were a tiny thong.
- A sheer black babydoll nightie, completely see-through, with matching crotchless panties.
- A “sexy office look” — a much shorter skirt that would end well above the knee and a button-up blouse with a deep neckline designed to reveal generous cleavage, plus thin spaghetti straps that would leave her arms and shoulders bare.

Eleanor stared at the screen in disbelief, her cheeks burning. She shook her head firmly. “Well, I’m certainly not wearing any of that,” she muttered to herself, already planning to refuse the packages when they arrived and cancel the order if possible. Hopefully, Mr. Williams would be gone by then.

From the bathroom, she could hear Willie humming contentedly to himself, clearly pleased with his purchases.

By mid-afternoon, Eleanor stood at the kitchen sink washing the lunch dishes, still completely nude. The warm water ran over her hands, but her mind was elsewhere. She felt exposed and vulnerable in her own home.

Suddenly, Willie came up behind her. One large, rough hand cupped her full ass cheek, squeezing and kneading the soft, pale flesh. Eleanor gasped.

“Get this fine white ass upstairs, Miss. Eleanor,” he ordered, pulling his hand back and delivering a sharp, stinging smack that made her yelp. The sound echoed through the kitchen.

She hurried up the stairs, her heavy breasts swaying and her rounded ass jiggling with each step. Willie followed close behind, taking another long swig from the whiskey bottle as he stared at the tantalizing glimpse of her pink pussy lips between her thighs.

Once in the bedroom, he commanded, “Get on all fours.”

Eleanor obeyed, lowering herself onto the bed. She rested her forehead on her folded arms, raising her ass high in the air, presenting herself like an animal in heat. Her face burned with shame, yet her pussy was already dripping with arousal.

Willie climbed onto the bed behind her. He tilted the whiskey bottle and poured a thin stream of the amber liquid directly down the crack of her ass. Eleanor shivered as the cool whiskey trickled over her tight rosebud and down to her swollen pussy lips.

He leaned in and began licking her anus with long, slow strokes, his thick tongue lapping up the whiskey. She jolted in shock.

“Mr. Williams! That’s dirty!” she protested, voice trembling.

He chuckled against her flesh. “I’ve eaten worse out of dumpsters, white girl. Now hold still.”

His tongue moved lower, lapping the whiskey from her dripping pussy before sliding back up to her puckered hole. He wiggled the tip of his tongue inside her tight anus, pushing past the resistant ring. Eleanor gasped loudly, then moaned, instinctively pushing her ass back against his invading tongue.

“Oh God...” she whimpered, her hips beginning to rock.

Willie continued teasing her anus with his tongue while he slid two thick fingers into her soaked pussy, wiggling them deep inside her. The dual stimulation quickly pushed her over the edge. She cried out as another powerful orgasm ripped through her, her pussy clenching around his fingers.

Before she could recover, Willie rose up on his knees behind her. He gripped his massive Black cock and pushed the thick head back inside her eager pussy. Eleanor moaned deeply, pushing back to take every inch.

“You’re learning to love that big Black cock, ain’t you?” he growled, starting to fuck her with hard, deep strokes. He slammed into her fast and rough, bringing her right to the brink of another orgasm before suddenly slowing down. “Reach under the pillow and get your dildo,” he ordered.

Eleanor froze for a moment, embarrassed that he had discovered her secret toy, but she obeyed. She handed the thick eight-inch dildo back to him.

Willie turned it on, the strong vibrations humming loudly. He pressed the buzzing tip against her tight rosebud and slowly pushed it past her resisting sphincter. Eleanor tried to pull away, reaching behind her in panic, but he slapped her hand away sharply.

“Stay still,” he commanded, still fucking her pussy hard while working the vibrating dildo deeper into her ass.

Something inside Eleanor snapped. The overwhelming fullness, his massive black cock stretching her pussy while the buzzing dildo filled her ass, triggered an explosive orgasm. She began cumming hard, her body shaking violently.

“Fuck me!” she cried out. “I love it, Mr. Williams! Fuck me with your big Black cock!”

Willie chuckled darkly, still swigging whiskey as he slammed into her without mercy. “Now that’s what I’m talkin’ about, Miss. Eleanor. Old Willie’s done turned you out for the Black man. You’re a slut for big black cock now.”

“Yes!” she moaned, cumming continuously. “I’m a slut! Fuck my white pussy with your big Black cock! Oh God, you’re so big!”

Willie gripped her hips tighter, his thrusts growing brutal. “My nut’s gettin’ close, slut.”

“Please,” she begged shamelessly, pushing back onto him. “Fill me up again! Cum in me!”

With a deep, guttural roar, Willie buried himself to the hilt and exploded. Long, powerful jets of thick, hot cum blasted directly into her womb. The sensation triggered the most intense orgasm yet. Eleanor screamed, her entire body convulsing as her pussy milked every drop from his pulsing cock. The pleasure was so overwhelming she nearly blacked out, collapsing forward onto the bed in a trembling, satisfied heap.

From his hotel room, Mark stared at the laptop screen in complete disbelief. His spent, shriveled penis lay limp in his hand. He had just witnessed his once-modest wife begging a homeless black man to breed her.

His phone rang. It was the airline, informing him they could get him on a flight home that evening.

Mark glanced back at the screen. Willie had pulled out and was now casually slapping his huge, cum-smearred cock against Eleanor's perfect, round ass, leaving sticky trails across her pale skin, the vibrator was still shaking in her anus.

"Actually," Mark told the airline agent, his voice strangely calm, "something's come up. Move my flight back two more days."

He ended the call and returned his full attention to the laptop, unable to look away from the obscene scene unfolding in his own bedroom.

That evening, as Eleanor prepared for bed, her phone rang. She glanced at the screen and saw it was Mark. She answered quickly, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Hi, honey," she said softly, standing beside the bed in her modest nightgown.

Mark's voice came through the line, calm but watchful. "Hey. Bad news, no flights are going out for at least two days. The storm has everything grounded."

"Two days?" Eleanor exclaimed, her eyes widening.

From the doorway, Willie stood grinning, his massive naked body filling the frame, his heavy cock already beginning to thicken.

"Why? Is everything okay there?" he asked, watching the nude black man, stroking the dark monstrosity between his legs.

Eleanor swallowed hard, forcing a light laugh. "Yeah... it's fine. I just miss you. I'm going a little stir-crazy being stuck inside all day."

As she spoke, Willie stepped into the bedroom and closed the door behind him. He moved to the bed, pulled back the covers, and slipped in beside her. Eleanor's breath caught as she felt the heat of his large body next to hers.

She quickly slid under the covers, still holding the phone to her ear. Willie leaned over her, his large hand pulling the nightgown strap off her shoulder, ripping it downward, exposing her breasts. She gasped loudly but held her palm over the phone. He began kissing her neck, then moved lower to her shoulders and the heavy swell of her breasts, his lips brushing over her stiffening nipples.

Mark continued talking about the storm and his delayed meetings, but Eleanor could barely focus. Willie climbed on top of her, ripping the nightgown further. It split down the middle until her bellybutton and soon pubic hair appeared. He laid down, carefully keeping most of his weight off her smaller frame. His massive beer gut pressed warmly against her soft belly.

"Put it in," he ordered quietly, his voice low enough that only she could hear.

Eleanor's hand trembled as she reached down between their bodies. She wrapped her fingers around his thick, heavy black cock and guided the wide, flared head to her already slick entrance. Slowly, she helped him push inside her. "OH!"

"Honey, you okay?" asked Mark.

Willie entered her with deliberate, agonizing slowness. Inch after thick inch stretched her open, the prominent veins dragging along her sensitive walls. He rocked his hips gently, feeding her more of his massive length with each shallow thrust until he was buried to the hilt. Eleanor bit her lip to stifle a moan, her pussy clenching rhythmically around the invading shaft.

"You there Eleanor? Hello..."

"Sorry Mark, I'm having issues. I have to run to the bathroom."

"Of course, Love you."

"Love you too," she replied, staring at Willie Williams grinning over her.

She wrapped her long legs around his thick waist, pulling him deeper. Willie lowered his head and kissed her for the first time. Eleanor turned her head to the side, keeping her mouth tightly closed, but when he pushed his cock all the way in with one hard stroke, she gasped. His tongue immediately slipped between her parted lips.

At first she tried to push his tongue out with her own, but the deep, steady thrusting of his cock overwhelmed her. Their tongues met and tangled in a heated French kiss. Eleanor moaned into his mouth as another powerful orgasm began building inside her.

Breaking the kiss just enough to speak, she whispered breathlessly against his lips, "I love your cock, Mr. Williams... I love fucking you."

Willie grunted in satisfaction and began thrusting deeper. Eleanor's legs tightened around his ass, holding him inside her as her orgasm crested. She came hard, her pussy squeezing and milking his thick shaft in powerful spasms.

With a deep groan, Willie buried himself to the root and erupted. Thick, hot jets of cum flooded her womb, pulse after heavy pulse. Eleanor's orgasm intensified, becoming massive and overwhelming. Her entire body shook beneath him as she clung to his broad back, legs locked tightly around him to keep every drop of his seed deep inside her.

When the waves finally subsided, she lay trembling beneath the heavy-set Black man, her chest heaving, a strange mix of shame and deep satisfaction washing over her.

The next two days passed in a haze of naked flesh and constant fucking. With the development finally plowed, Willie helped Eleanor dig her car out of the driveway, both of them working in the cold while staying mostly nude inside the warm house. They spent as much time as possible in bed, on the couch, or bent over the kitchen counter, Willie's massive black cock claiming her repeatedly. Eleanor's modest resistance had completely crumbled. She rode him, sucked him, and begged for his cum with increasing desperation, often the one instigating sex.

On the morning her husband was due home, the library reopened. Eleanor and Willie shared a long, steamy shower. She dropped to her knees on the wet tile, water cascading over her body as she took his thick cock into her mouth. This time she pushed forward with determination until her nose pressed against his pubic hair and his heavy balls slapped against her chin. She greedily gulped down every thick spurt of his seed, moaning with satisfaction as she swallowed.

Afterward, she stood, wrapped her arms around his thick neck, and kissed him deeply. "I can't live without your cock, Mr. Williams," she whispered against his lips. "On days I close the library, we'll hook up. Mark travels all the time. We'll find a way."

They dressed. Eleanor returned to her boring, modest library attire, high-necked blouse, long skirt, hair in a tight bun, and thick glasses, once again hiding a body that was no longer innocent.

The doorbell rang just as she finished getting ready. Willie brought in several large Amazon boxes and set them in the living room.

"I guess I won't get to see you in any of this anytime soon," he said with a smirk.

The front door opened. Mark stood there, suitcase in hand, staring at the large, Black man standing in his living room.

Eleanor quickly pulled her husband aside into the kitchen. She hugged him tightly, her voice soft and apologetic. "Mark, I'm so sorry. The shelters were full because of the storm. I let Mr.

Williams stay here. It was only supposed to be for a couple of nights. I couldn't leave him out in the blizzard."

Mark embraced her warmly. "It's okay, honey. I wouldn't have expected anything less from my goodhearted wife."

He glanced toward the living room. "I'll drive Mr. Williams to the shelter while you get to work."

"I can drop him off on my way," Eleanor offered.

Mark shook his head. "No, I've got it."

As they loaded the car, Mark asked casually, "What's in all those boxes?"

"Just some new clothes," she replied quickly. "I'll probably return most of them."

Once they were alone in the car, Mark drove in silence for a few moments before speaking.

"I saw everything," he said quietly, eyes fixed on the snowy road. "Every single thing that happened while I was gone."

Willie tensed beside him, his massive frame shifting uncomfortably in the passenger seat. "Look, man... I didn't mean—"

Mark cut him off with a small, almost amused shake of his head. "Relax, Mr. Williams. I'm not angry."

Willie glanced at him warily. "You ain't?"

"No." Mark's voice dropped lower, a strange excitement creeping into it. "I've been watching the whole time. Hidden cameras. I saw you in the shower with her... in the bathroom... in my bed. I saw her on her knees. I saw her riding you this morning. I saw it all."

Willie remained silent, studying Mark's face.

Mark continued, his grip tightening slightly on the steering wheel. "I always wanted to see her like that... in porn, but she was too uptight. Too proper." He let out a short, breathless laugh. "You did what I never could."

Willie's shoulders relaxed a fraction. A slow, knowing grin began to form on his face. "She got a body built for porn, that's for damn sure."

Mark nodded. "She does. And that cock of yours..." He swallowed. "It's huge. I want you to keep fucking her, Mr. Williams. Keep turning her out."

Willie raised an eyebrow. "You serious?"

“Dead serious,” Mark replied. “Eventually, I want to start filming the two of you. She needs to be online. With her body and that monster cock, you’ll go viral. People need to see what a proper Christian librarian looks like when she’s getting properly fucked by big Black cock.”

Willie chuckled deeply, the sound low and satisfied. “You want me to keep breeding your wife?”

“I do,” Mark said without hesitation. “I want you living in the basement. I want you using her whenever you want. And when the time is right... I’ll be the one holding the camera.”

Willie leaned back in the seat, a broad, predatory smile spreading across his face. “Well shit... I think we got ourselves a deal, Mr. Whitaker.”

Mark glanced over at the large Black man, his own small erection pressing against his pants. “My home is your home, Willie.”

And your fine ass wife is my fine ass wife, thought Willie.

Eleanor spent a long, boring day at the library. The roads were still bad and the place was nearly empty, most of the homeless patrons still in shelters. She spent most of her shift behind the desk, lost in vivid fantasies of being back home with Willie’s thick cock buried inside her.

When she finally drove home that evening and walked through the front door, she froze in the entryway.

Willie Williams was sitting comfortably on her living room couch dressed in a new flannel shirt and jeans. He was playing with a smart phone.

“Mr. Williams... what are you doing here?” she asked, stunned.

Mark emerged from the kitchen, stirring something on the stove. “We talked on the way to the shelter,” he explained cheerfully. “Mr. Williams seemed like a nice enough guy who just needs a little help getting back on his feet. I offered to let him stay in our basement until he’s sorted. I didn’t think you’d mind, knowing your kind nature.”

Eleanor stared for a moment, then smiled softly. “No... I think it’s a great idea.”

That night they went to bed. Mark spooned her from behind but thankfully made no attempt at sex. Eleanor lay awake, her body still humming with need, satisfaction waiting down in the basement

Hours later, the stairs creaked. Willie woke to the soft sound of footsteps descending into the basement. He sat up. “Miss Eleanor?”

She turned on the small lamp. Willie’s cock immediately began to swell at the sight before him.

The royal blue string bikini was perfect, a size too small as planned. Her milky white tits were practically spilling out of the tiny triangles, her swollen nipples clearly visible through the thin fabric. The thong bottom disappeared completely between her firm ass cheeks.

“Well... how do I look, Mr. Williams?” she asked, turning slowly for him.

“Good enough to show off at yo pool this summer,” he growled. “Freeze there a moment.” He raised his new phone up, video mode on. “Now strip and come down here.”

Eleanor untied the strings of the bikini bottom and let it fall. She straddled his thick waist and slowly sank down onto his massive cock, moaning deeply as he filled her completely. She ground her pussy into the base of his shaft, staring at him from behind his phone. “Are you filming this, Mr. Williams?”

“Sure am,” he grunted. “Capturing that hot bod for posterity.”

“I’m not sure I like...”

“It’s password protected. The white boy can’t get in. Where is the white boy?”

“Mark’s fast asleep upstairs,” she whispered, beginning to ride him. “And we had the basement soundproofed. So don’t worry about my husband.”

Willie untied the bikini top, freeing her heavy breasts. “I’m not worried about him at all, Mrs. Eleanor.”

Upstairs, Mark lay in bed with his hand slipped under his pajama pants, slowly stroking his thin penis. On his laptop, the hidden basement camera showed everything in perfect clarity, his voluptuous wife riding the huge black cock with shameless abandon and more importantly Willie recording her first video for her onlyfans account.

In only a few days of giving Eleanor what she didn’t know she needed, Willie Williams had gotten her to wear a bikini. What else was in those boxes downstairs? Mark couldn’t wait to find out. He smiled in the darkness, unable to believe all his secret fantasies about his once-uptight wife were finally coming true.

Downstairs, Willie zoomed in on her blonde pubes rising up and down his black shaft. He didn’t want to hold the fuckin’ phone when those big white titties were bouncing up and down for him to grab.

But not for long, soon... very soon... the white boy would be filming from his cuck chair while old Willie fucked his wife for him and then the white boy could go sleep in the basement while Willie Williams slept in his marital bed with his white slut.

After all, the master bedroom belonged to the master of the house.

THE END