



Private Lessons

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Deon Jones crouched high in the thick branches of the old oak tree, his dark black skin a natural camouflage in the darkness. The early summer night was warm and humid, the kind that made a man's skin slick with sweat. Heat lightning occasionally lit the night sky, but not brightly enough to risk detection. He had climbed this tree so many times over the years he could have done it blindfolded. For years he had watched Rachel Bennett through this window, and tonight would be the night everything changed.

Headlights swept across the quiet suburban street. Deon's pulse quickened as Rachel's car pulled into the driveway. Right on time, he thought. She stepped out looking exhausted after the end of the year school board meeting. At thirty-nine, Rachel Bennett was still the hottest mom on the block, the sexiest teacher in town, hell, the sexiest woman in the whole damn state, and she acted like she didn't even know it.

Deon watched hungrily as the bedroom suddenly lit up and there she stood, ready to put on a show for him. She pulled a pin from the back of her head, the soft, feathered blonde hair that reached just past her shoulder blades tumbled free as she shook her head. She kicked off her black pumps with a tired sigh, then reached up to her collar to unbutton her fitted cream blouse. One by one the buttons came undone, revealing the deep valley of her cleavage. She shrugged the blouse off her shoulders and let it slide down her arms, exposing a white underwire bra that strained heroically to contain her ponderous breasts. He had found her dirty bra in the clothes hamper and held it to his nose, smelling her womanly scent. The tag had read EE cup. Deon licked his lips. He had watched those magnificent white titties for years, bouncing while she rode her husband's pathetic little dick, jiggling when she used the oversized dildo she kept hidden in her dresser, tucked behind her collection of sexy lacy thong panties.

Rachel reached behind her once more, unzipping her high-waisted charcoal skirt. She pushed it down over her wide, womanly hips, letting it pool at her feet before stepping out of it. A matching pair of white bikini-cut panties clung to her full ass and neatly trimmed mound. Her stomach was still flat and toned, with the faintest hints of muscle definition from years of aerobics, jogging, and racquetball. Her ass was perfect, big, round, and heart-shaped. Deon squeezed the massive bulge growing in his jeans, his thick black cock already throbbing.



*She deserves better, he thought darkly. That limp-dicked white husband of hers couldn't satisfy a woman like Rachel. She needs a real cock. A big, hard black cock. She has a body built for big black cock.*

Rachel disappeared into the bathroom. The window was cracked and he could hear the shower running. Deon stood up on the thick branch, unzipped, and took a long piss down to the ground below, his heavy cock difficult to stuff back into his boxers once he finished. He had spied on her in the shower once before, watching through the cracked door as she lathered those huge white titties, her nipples stiff under the hot spray. Her body glistened gloriously when wet.

She returned twenty minutes later, her hair wet, a white towel was wrapped tightly around her amazing body. She was the picture of white suburban beauty, compassionate blue eyes, soft full lips, and an innocent, nurturing face that made weak men fall instantly in love. Rachel dropped the towel and along with it, her innocence.



Deon's breath caught. Her clean, naked white body was sinful, more stacked than a porn star's. Her big white titties hung with only the slightest natural sag from their impressive weight, full and inviting. Her tapered waist flared out into wide, womanly hips, and between her thighs nestled a neat triangle of blonde pubic hair that matched the hair on her head. Her ass was two perfect, smooth globes. She looked like a woman built for fucking and as far as Deon knew Bill Bennett was the only man she'd ever fucked, if skinny five-inch white dicks even counted as fucking.

Deon held his breath as she went over to the dresser, hoping she was about to use her ten-inch dildo, not unusual when she got home from work to an empty house. Unfortunately, she only pulled out a pair of panties. That meant she'd use the dildo before bed, but Deon was hoping she'd be using something even bigger and much darker than her secret toy.

Rachel bent over slightly as she stepped into a tiny pink thong, pulling the thin strip of fabric up between her cheeks. Next, she pulled a sleeveless pink tank top over her bare breasts. The thin material did little to hide her heavy tits or the faint outline of her nipples. She then slid on a pair of loose pink pajama pants that rode low on her hips leaving her flat, sexy belly exposed.



Dressed for a relaxing evening alone, Rachel flicked off the bedroom light and left the room.

Deon smiled in the darkness, his cock swollen, his balls aching for release. He slowly climbed down the tree with practiced ease, softly singing, "Got it bad, got it bad, got it bad. I'm hot for teacher."

He fell silently to the mowed grass lawn, moving silently toward the front door of the Bennett house. His heart pounded with dark anticipation as he grabbed the basket hidden behind the bushes.

Deon's hand reached out towards the front door.

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Rachel Bennett had just settled onto the couch with a glass of red wine when the doorbell rang. She sighed slightly. She wasn't surprised. Deep down, she had almost expected it, but alone time was almost nonexistent in her life.

She padded barefoot to the front door, her breasts jiggling beneath the thin pink tank top, her nipples slightly stiff from the air conditioning. When she opened the door, Deon Jones stood there on the porch looking down at her, tall and broad-shouldered, holding a plastic laundry hamper filled with clothes.

"Deon," she said trying not to sound annoyed, "Billy is with his dad at his grandmother's until tomorrow."

Deon gave her that familiar half-shy smile. "Shit! I mean shoot, Mrs. B, I was hoping to watch a movie with Billy." A VCR rental box from the town's video rental store rested on top of the pile of clothes.



Rachel's eyes dropped to the overflowing basket, raising one eyebrow, and she couldn't help but smile. "And apparently hoping I would wash your clothes for you?" She shook her head with fond exasperation. "Come in, honey."

She stepped back, holding the door open. As Deon walked past her into the house, his dark eyes immediately zoomed in on her chest. Her hard nipples were clearly visible, poking against the thin fabric of her sleeveless pink tank top. Rachel felt a flicker of self-consciousness but pushed it aside. He'd been coming around since he was thirteen. She'd practically been a surrogate mother to the boy.

Deon was Billy's best friend, a kid from the poor black neighborhood on the other side of the railroad tracks. His real mother had abandoned him years ago, and his father was in jail. His aging grandmother was doing her best, but the boy had practically grown up in the Bennett house. Rachel had been his 7th grade English teacher and had shown him extra

attention over the years — tutoring him after school, making sure he kept his grades up so he could stay on the sports teams, and spending long hours helping him study for the SATs. All those private lessons had paid off. When the college acceptance letters and athletic scholarships came in, she hugged him tightly, looked him in the eyes, and said, "Deon, I'm proud of you." It was the first time in his life he had ever heard those words. His eyes had teared up as he stared into her lovely face. In that moment, Deon's heart — and his cock — had swelled. His innocent crush on her had turned into burning lust, and he knew he had to fuck her.

She'd fed him, helped with homework, and washed his clothes more times than she could count. He was a tremendous athlete and had bulked up dramatically his senior year, his body now rippling with powerful muscle. Deon Jones, Male Athlete of the Year for Blackwood High, Class of 1987 and winner of three athletic scholarships. Rachel was proud of him and desperately hoped he would escape the cycle his family was trapped in.

Still... she hated to admit it, she'd been reluctant to take a black teen into her home, but times were changing and Deon and Billy were close. Deon wasn't a handsome boy. His features were very negroid, broad lips, wide flat nose, close shaved hair, and extremely dark skin. And Lord, the boy had a strong odor. Especially in the summer heat. She assumed he didn't get to bathe regularly at home. She had even caught him once in the backyard, standing in his shorts and rinsing off with the garden hose. It always broke her heart a little.



Deon followed her into the laundry room. Rachel bent over to load his clothes into the washing machine. Her loose pajama bottoms slid down her hips, revealing the top of her tiny pink thong and the upper curve of her smooth, round ass cheeks. His cock twitched.

“Could you also wash what I’m wearing, Mrs. B?” Deon asked, staring down at the upper crack of her fine white ass.

Rachel straightened up. “Uh... sure,” she replied. “But none of Billy’s or my husband’s clothes are going to fit you.”

“I know, Mrs. B,” he said, already peeling off his t-shirt to reveal his heavily muscled dark torso. He pushed down his jeans and stepped out of them, leaving himself standing there in nothing but a pair of well-worn boxers. Rachel turned back toward the machine, but she was very aware that Deon was no longer the skinny little boy who used to

follow her around everywhere five years ago. He now towered over her by a full six inches and had become very much a grown man.

She had seen him in just his boxers many times before, he had slept over countless nights in Billy’s room, and she had supervised both boys at the public pool every summer for years. It wasn’t unusual to see him walking around in his underwear.

Still, something felt different tonight.

Deon handed her his shirt and jeans and she tossed them into the washer. His clothes stank like him, being worn multiple times between washes.

“You want to watch the movie with me while my clothes wash, Mrs. B?”

She stood, pulling up her pajama bottoms. Her brow furrowed as she thought about running up to her room to change or at least put a bra on, but shrugged it off, this was just Deon Jones after all. “Sure, Deon. Why not,” she sighed. She should have known better than to expect some alone time. She’d been planning on a good stress relieving session with her dildo, or maybe a couple sessions.



They moved to the living room and sat on the couch. Rachel settled on one end, but the moment Deon sat down right beside her, the strong, musky scent of his body hit her. It wasn't terrible, but it was undeniably masculine and heavy in the warm summer air. She tried to be subtle, casually sliding a little further down the couch to create some distance.

Deon didn't seem to notice. A few moments later, he shifted closer again until his bare thigh was nearly touching hers. Rachel felt a flicker of discomfort but said nothing. Deon had always been clingy.

The movie began. It was titled, *Private Lessons*. As the beautiful French maid started her slow, teasing striptease for the shy young man, Rachel shook her head with a soft, amused laugh.

"Honestly," she said rolling her eyes, "is this the kind of movie you and Billy watch when I'm not around? I thought I raised you two better than this."

Deon only smirked, but inside his mind was elsewhere. As the actress peeled off her clothes on screen, he was remembering all the times he had watched the real thing from the oak tree, Rachel stripping out of elegant lingerie, the way her massive tits bounced when she pulled a sexy black teddy over her head on her anniversary while her pathetic husband lay naked on the bed waiting. That little white dick of his had barely been hard and their anniversary sex had lasted less than five minutes. Rachel deserved so much better.

As the film progressed to a bathtub scene, Rachel found herself growing strangely warm. The sight of the naked older woman pressing her body against the young man in the steamy water, touching him so intimately, sent an unwelcome flutter through her belly. Her nipples stiffened against the thin fabric of her tank top. She shifted again, pressing her thighs together. She had been looking forward to some private time with her dildo tonight, and was just about to head upstairs.

Curious, she risked a quick glance down at Deon's lap.

Her eyes widened slightly. The bulge in the front of his well-worn boxers had grown significantly. The thick coils of his penis were clearly outlined, straining hard against the fabric. The single snap button holding the fly closed looked like it was under tremendous pressure, the material stretched tight. Rachel quickly looked away, her cheeks warming.

*He's not a little boy anymore, she reminded herself. He's a grown man.*

She shifted again, seriously considering excusing herself and heading upstairs. The way things were going, Deon probably wanted some privacy to take care of that massive thing in his underwear. She was just about to speak when Deon suddenly let out a heavy, heartbroken sob beside her.

Rachel's heart clenched. "Deon? Sweetheart, what's wrong?" she asked with concern.

He looked genuinely upset, his broad shoulders slumped. "I'll never have a girlfriend, Mrs. B. I just... I scare them off."

"Don't say that. You're a... handsome, strong, young man." Well, the handsome part wasn't exactly truthful, those broad African features plus that strong odor that still lingered on him. *Maybe if he bathed more than once a week...* she thought guiltily. She was his maternal figure, she should probably make him take a bath, her eyes glancing at the TV showing the woman in the tub with the young man. "You've been on dates. You and Billy even double-dated to the prom." She and Bill had even helped pay for his tuxedo. She reached over and placed a comforting hand on his muscular arm. She felt a wave of sympathy for the boy.

"Help me, Mrs. B," he pleaded. "What do I do?"

Acting on pure maternal instinct, Rachel leaned in and wrapped her arms around him in a comforting hug. Her heavy, braless breasts pressed firmly into his broad, muscular chest. For a brief moment, she felt the heat of his body against hers. She held him tight, stroking the curly black hair on the back of his head. "Tell me what you're doing wrong, honey."

Deon's deep voice whispered in her ear. "Things start great," he muttered. "The girls like me... until I show them my dick. Then they freak out and run away like they're afraid of it."

Rachel blinked, momentarily stunned by his bluntness. She tried to break the hug, but Deon held her tighter. "My dick's too big, Mrs. B," he whispered in her ear.

Then she heard it — a distinct, loud *SNAP!*

The button on the front of Deon's boxers had finally given way.

Rachel froze, still holding him, suddenly very aware of the enormous, throbbing heat now pressing against her hip through the fabric of her pajama pants.

Deon's deep voice whispered hotly against her ear. "Sorry, Mrs. B... it just popped out."

Rachel froze. The distinct *snap* still echoed in her ears. She broke the hug and reared back, her eyes instinctively dropping downward.

Her breath caught in her throat.

Deon's enormous black cock had burst completely free of his boxers. It was monstrous, thicker than her wrist and easily two or three inches longer than her ten-inch dildo. The shaft was a deep, dark black, heavily veined, with a massive bulbous head the size of a golf ball and a pronounced, flaring glans that looked almost menacing. It throbbed powerfully in the open air, curving slightly upward, the sheer size of it intimidating and hypnotic at the same time.

"Like, no way..." she breathed, unable to tear her eyes away, yet rearing away from it.

Deon's voice was thick with hurt. "See? You're just like all the others. Afraid of it."

The pain in his voice snapped Rachel out of her stunned silence. She quickly looked up at his face, her nurturing instincts surging forward despite the shock.

"No, Deon, honey... I'm not afraid. Just surprised," she said gently, her voice soft and reassuring. "I've just... I've never seen one that big before. Not even close."

Deon stared at her, his dark eyes searching hers, but hers were glued to his cock. "It can't be *that* much bigger than Mr. B's... can it?"

Rachel let out a short, involuntary snort of disbelief before she could stop herself. "It's... a lot bigger," she admitted, her cheeks burning with guilt. "Like, totally way bigger."

For a long moment, silence hung between them. Deon's massive cock continued to throb visibly in front of her.

"You're not afraid of it," he said quietly. "Honestly?"

"No, like I said, it just caught me off guard."

"Show me you aren't afraid. Touch it."

"What?" she gasped. Rachel's heart hammered in her chest. "I can't," she whispered, shaking her head. "Deon, I'm a married woman. I can't go around touching another man's penis." A dark, forbidden curiosity stirred inside her. She *did* want to touch it. Just to see... just to feel if it was really as hard as it looked.

Deon looked down, his broad shoulders slumping again. "It's because I'm black, isn't it?"

The words hit Rachel like a slap. Guilt flooded through her reminding her of all the racist thoughts she had about him over the years.

“No,” she said firmly. “Of course not. That’s not it at all.” She hesitated, her eyes drifting back down to the intimidating length of dark, throbbing cock mere inches from her. It looked so powerful. So *alive*.

“Fine,” she whispered, almost to herself. “I’ll touch it... just for a second. To show you I’m not afraid.”

Rachel reached out with a trembling hand. Her fingers looked impossibly small as they wrapped around the thick, hot shaft. The moment her palm made contact, she felt the incredible heat and the powerful, rhythmic throbbing beneath her fingers. It was heavier and harder than she had imagined, like warm steel wrapped in velvet. Bill had been having trouble getting completely hard lately. The young black man didn’t have that problem.

Her breath hitched.

“Oh... Deon,” she murmured, unable to hide the awe in her voice as her hand gently squeezed the massive black cock. “It’s so big!”

Deon’s voice was low and husky. “Do you like it, Mrs. B?”

Rachel’s hand was still wrapped around the thick, throbbing shaft. She swallowed hard, her fingers unable to close completely around its incredible girth.

“Well,” she whispered, almost in disbelief. “I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“But, do you like it?”



She slowly glided her hand down to the base, feeling the incredible heat and the heavy pulse beneath her palm, then stroked upward along the veined length until her fingers brushed over the rock-hard, swollen glans. The head was massive, perfectly flared, and smooth. She gasped when a spurt of fluid erupted from the tip like a little geyser. Deon's black penis was sculpted to perfection. It could have been the mold for some oversized black dildo. The sheer masculine power of it made her stomach flutter. "Yes, I... like it," she whispered.

"Good."

She lifted the heavy cock slightly, leaning down to examine his testicles bulging out his boxers. They were huge to, large, heavy balls that looked perfectly sized to match the monstrous penis above them. His scent was stronger here, thick and musky around his genitals, yet for some strange reason it no longer seemed as unpleasant as before.

Rachel finally released his cock almost reluctantly, the thick shaft swaying heavily as it fell back against his stomach.

"I... I should head up to bed," she said softly, her voice a little unsteady. "You can sleep in Billy's room if you don't want to walk home."

"Please stay, Mrs. B," Deon said quietly, almost pleading. "Let's just finish the movie. I need you here... with me."

Rachel hesitated, then nodded. "Alright. I'll go throw your clothes in the dryer first."

She stood up on shaky legs and walked to the laundry room still in shock over what she'd just seen... and held.

Deon reached his fingers into the hole in his boxers and ripped them open, letting his ruined underwear drop to the floor.

When she returned a couple of minutes later, Deon was sitting completely nude on the couch. His massive black dick stood proudly upright, thick and menacing against his muscular dark body, bobbing slightly, his giant balls hung over the edge of the couch.

Rachel paused for a moment, then sat down a little further apart from him than before. Deon immediately slid closer until their thighs touched again. Before she could react, he gently grabbed her wrist and guided her hand back to his throbbing erection.

"Deon, what are you..?" She tried to pull her hand back, but he held firm.

"Please, Mrs. B," he murmured. "Just hold it for a while."

Rachel knew she should refuse. But something in his voice, that mix of vulnerability and need, made her fingers close around the hot, thick shaft once more.

They both turned their attention back to the television as the movie reached its big sex scene. The French maid was passionately riding the young man, moaning with pleasure. Rachel's breathing grew heavier. Without realizing it, her hand began to slowly stroke up and down Deon's massive cock, long, smooth strokes from base to swollen head.

Deon let out a deep, guttural moan.

Rachel's cheeks flushed bright red as she suddenly became fully aware of what she was doing. Her hand was still moving, slowly pumping the biggest dick she had ever seen, while sitting on her living room couch next to her son's best friend.

Rachel's hand continued its slow, almost hypnotic movement along Deon's massive black cock. She couldn't seem to stop herself. Her attention was torn between the erotic sex scene playing on the television and the sight of her small white hand wrapped around the thick, dark shaft. The contrast was mesmerizing, her pale fingers against his deep ebony skin, the impossible girth stretching her grip wide.

The swollen head of his cock had begun to dribble clear precum, coating her fingers and making them sticky. The more it drooled, the smoother and wetter her strokes became, gliding up and down the veined length with obscene ease. Each upward stroke made the huge bulbous head flare, leaking another generous bead of precum that ran down over her knuckles.

Out of nowhere, Deon let out another heavy, heartbroken sob.

Rachel looked up at him, startled, her hand still slowly pumping his throbbing cock. He was staring at the television; his face twisted with genuine anguish. On screen, the French maid was on her knees, her head bobbing enthusiastically in the young man's lap.

"What's wrong, honey?" Rachel asked softly, concern mixing with the heat flushing through her body.

Deon's voice cracked with emotion. "I'll never know what a woman's lips feel like, Mrs. B..." He gestured weakly at the TV. "My black cock is too big. No girl will ever suck it. They're all too scared."

Rachel's hand froze mid-stroke, still wrapped tightly around the massive, leaking shaft. She stared at him, her heart aching with sympathy even as her pussy throbbed with forbidden arousal. The thick cock in her hand pulsed strongly, another heavy drop of precum oozing from the slit and running down over her fingers.

Deon looked down at her with desperate, pleading eyes. "Please, Mrs. B... just try it. I just want to know what it feels like. Even if it's only for a minute. I've never felt a woman's mouth before."

Rachel's heart twisted with sympathy and guilt... and a strange desire to help him. She knew she shouldn't. She was a married woman. A mother. This was wrong on every level. And yet... the poor boy looked so heartbroken, and that massive, throbbing black cock in her hand was still leaking precum over her fingers, demanding attention.

"I... I don't normally do this," she whispered, her voice trembling. "Most women don't even like it."

"Have you ever done it for Mr. B?" Deon asked softly.

Rachel's cheeks burned with embarrassment. "Only once a year... on his birthday."

Deon's voice was gentle but insistent. "Then please, Mrs. B. Just try. For me. So I can know what it feels like... even once."

Rachel wrestled with herself for several long seconds, shame and compassion warring inside her. Finally, with a shaky breath, she whispered, "Just for a few minutes... and you can't cum in my mouth. Promise me."

Deon nodded quickly.

She slipped off the couch and knelt between his spread legs, her knees sinking into the carpet. His enormous black cock stood right in front of her face, thick, veined, and intimidating. "This is a one time thing so don't get any ideas," she told him, grabbing the base of the giant penis. For a long moment Rachel simply stared at it, her heart pounding. Then, with a shaky breath, she leaned forward, hesitantly parted her soft pink lips, and took the swollen, bulbous head into her mouth.



It was a challenge right from the start. The fat head stretched her lips obscenely wide, filling her mouth completely. She could barely get more than two inches past the head before her jaw began to ache. Rachel bobbed slowly, sucking gently, her tongue swirling around the smooth, leaking glans as she tried to adjust to the sheer size of him.

Deon groaned deeply, his hand gently resting on the back of her blonde head. "That's it, Mrs. B... suck that big black cock. Fuck, you look so good with your lips wrapped around mah dick."

Rachel moaned around his thick shaft. She needed to teach him how to show respect for a lady, but the dirty words sent a shameful jolt of heat straight to her pussy. She was soaked. Her nipples were painfully hard, and she had to fight the overwhelming urge to slip her hand into her pajama bottoms and rub her aching clit. *This is so wrong*, she thought desperately, even as she took another inch into her mouth.

She pushed forward determinedly, her blue eyes watering as the massive head pressed against the back of her throat. She gagged softly but refused to pull off, breathing through her nose as she forced herself to relax. Inch after thick inch slid across her tongue until she had managed almost seven inches of his monstrous black cock in her mouth. The fat head was nudging deep

in her throat now, stretching her, making her gag again and again. Saliva drooled from the corners of her stretched lips and ran down the veined shaft onto her stroking hand.

His strong, masculine scent was much stronger this close, thick, musky, and undeniably male. It should have repulsed her. Instead, it only made her wetter. She liked it. God help her, she *liked* sucking his cock.

Deon's dirty talk grew filthier. "Look at you, Mrs. B... my best friend's hot mom on her knees sucking my big black dick. You're such a good cocksucker. Hard to believe you've never sucked black dick before. That's it, baby... take it deeper. Use that pretty white throat."

Rachel moaned loudly around his shaft, the vulgar praise turning her on far more than she wanted to admit. He was nothing like the meek boy in the movie or the meek man she'd married, Deon had a more dominant forceful personality. Her pussy was drooling into her panties. She bobbed faster, trying to take even more of him, her hand twisting and stroking the thick base she couldn't swallow. Her large breasts swayed and jiggled with every movement of her head.

After what felt like forever, she pulled off with a wet gasp, strings of saliva connecting her lips to his glistening cock. Breathing hard, she looked up at him with watery eyes.

"Deon... are you getting close?"

He looked down at her with a mixture of lust and surprise. "It's only been about ten minutes, Mrs. B."

Rachel's eyes widened in genuine shock. *Ten minutes?* Bill had never lasted more than five on a good day, in her mouth or in her pussy.

"It'll help if you take your top off," Deon said huskily. "I cum a lot... I don't want to ruin your shirt."

Rachel hesitated, but when she glanced down and saw his massive balls hanging heavily over the edge of the couch, she believed him. With trembling hands she sat up, pulled her sleeveless pink tank top off over her head, and let her breasts spill free.

Deon groaned at the sight. "God, I love your big white titties, Mrs. B." He leaned forward, cupping one heavy breast in his large dark hand and pinching her swollen nipple. Rachel moaned loudly wrapping her lips back around his cock, the sharp pleasure shooting straight to her soaked pussy. "Your pink nipples are so hard," he told her, tugging on it. Her head bobbed faster, her hand stroking the thick shaft she couldn't fit in her mouth, lost in a haze of guilt, maternal instinct, and raw, forbidden arousal.

Rachel pulled back for a moment, breathing hard, strings of saliva connecting her lips to the glistening head of Deon's cock. Then something shifted inside her. A strange, overwhelming determination took hold. *Getting his black cock off* suddenly felt like the most important thing in the world.



She leaned forward again with renewed hunger, sucking hard on the fat, bulbous head while both of her small white hands pumped the thick shaft. She worked him with long, twisting strokes, her tongue swirling frantically around the swollen glans. The massive cock seemed to swell even larger in her mouth, growing thicker and harder as she worshipped it.

Deon groaned loudly. "Fuckin' A, Mrs. B... that's it. You doin' me right."

Rachel moaned around his cock, the filthy praise making her pussy throb. She was soaked, her pajama bottoms ruined. She sucked harder, hollowing her cheeks, determined to please him.

Suddenly Deon's hand grabbed the back of her head. He bucked his hips upward, forcing several more inches down her throat. Rachel's eyes widened as his cock jerked violently.

"Cumming, Mrs. B!" he growled, his warning a little too late.

The first powerful jet of semen blasted straight down her throat. Then another. And another. His massive balls contracted as he unloaded. Rachel's mouth quickly filled to overflowing. Her cheeks bulged as thick, hot ropes of cum poured into her. Some dribbled from the corners of her stretched lips and ran down her chin, but she swallowed desperately, gulping down mouthful after mouthful of his seed.

To her shock, his cum didn't taste disgusting at all. It was thick, slightly salty, and strangely addictive. She stopped trying to pull away. She kept sucking, her hands frantically jerking the base of his shaft as she milked him for every drop.

Deon finally released her head with a deep groan. Even then, Rachel didn't stop. She kept sucking and stroking until she thought it was spent. When his cock slipped from her lips with a wet pop, one last powerful strand of semen launched from the tip, landing from the bridge of her nose all the way down to her chin.

Rachel sat back on her heels, breathing heavily, staring at the huge black cock in front of her. It was still mostly hard, slick and wet from her saliva, twitching with every heartbeat.

Deon slumped back on the couch, a satisfied grin on his face. "Your head game is fuckin' A, Mrs. B. Thank you for finishing me off."

Rachel licked her lips, tasting more of his cum. Her voice was soft and slightly hoarse. "Once I got going... I couldn't stop." She didn't know what had come over her.

Deon smiled. "Thanks for pretending you liked it. I feel a lot better now."

Rachel blushed deeply, but she met his eyes. "I wasn't pretending," she admitted quietly. "I did like it. Your dick is... so big. I felt... privileged sucking it." Privileged? A white suburban wife sucking a poor black kid from the wrong side of the tracks?

Deon's grin widened. "Really? Then would you do it again?"

Rachel pushed herself up off his knees, her massive bare breasts swaying. "Maybe I'll give you a special wake-up call in the morning... but then this ends. Understand? This is a one-time thing. Don't get any ideas."

"Whatever you say, Mrs. B," Deon replied with a knowing grin.

Rachel stared down at his lap one last time. His cock was still close to a foot long, hanging heavily against his thigh. "I'm going to bed," she murmured.

He wasn't sure if she was speaking to him or to his black cock. Deon leaned back. "I'm gonna chill and finish the movie."

Rachel leaned in and gave him a tender, motherly kiss on the forehead — something she had done a hundred times before. This time, however, her big, heavy tits dangled inches from his face, nipples still stiff with arousal. He couldn't stop himself from grabbing them, squeezing and pinching her erect nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

Rachel gasped sharply, grabbing his wrists and pulling them off her breasts as she straightened up. "Deon, please!"

"Sorry, Mrs. B, but you do have great tits," he said, noticing she was gasping like a bitch in heat.



"I'll see you in the morning." She grabbed her top off the floor and headed for the stairs, her mind spinning with guilt, shame, and a deep, throbbing need she couldn't ignore, a need she needed to take care of immediately.

Deon watched her go, his eyes locked on her perfect ass until she disappeared at the top of the stairs. The moment she was out of sight, he sprang off the couch, stopped the VCR, and slipped out the front door completely naked, his massive cock still half-hard and swinging heavily between his legs.

He moved silently across the lawn and climbed the old oak tree with practiced ease. When he reached his usual spot, he had a perfect view into Rachel's bedroom.

She was already nude. The pink thong and pajama bottoms lay discarded on the floor. Rachel was rummaging through her dresser drawer with obvious urgency. The second she found her ten-inch dildo, she practically dove onto the bed.

Deon's eyes widened. He had never seen her like this — so desperate and hungry. She lay on her back, legs spread wide, and pushed the thick toy against her soaked pussy lips. She worked

it in slowly at first, gasping as it stretched her, then began thrusting it deeper with increasing need. One hand pinched and tugged hard at her swollen nipple while the other pumped the dildo in and out.



“Oh God, Deon...” she moaned loudly enough for him to hear clearly through the slightly open window. “It’s so big...”

Deon’s cock surged back to full hardness instantly.

“Fuck me, Deon,” Rachel gasped, her hips lifting off the bed to meet the thrusting dildo. “Fuck me with that big black cock... I love it... I love your big black cock... Oh fuck, I’m cumming!”

Her body arched violently as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Her toes curled, her thighs trembled, and she cried out his name again as her pussy clenched around the toy.

Deon gripped his own throbbing cock tightly, fighting the urge to stroke it as he watched the woman he had lusted after for years cum while fantasizing about him.

Rachel finally collapsed back onto the bed, breathing hard. She sat up slowly, staring at the slick, glistening dildo in her hand. For a long moment she simply looked at it before slipping it under her pillow. Keeping it close, he thought. She then bowed her head, deep in thought. Her expression was a mixture of guilt, confusion, and lingering arousal.

Deon’s brow furrowed, wondering what was going through her mind, but he knew this was his chance. He quietly climbed down from the tree, slipped back into the house, and crept upstairs. He paused outside her bedroom door for several seconds, listening, before entering Billy’s room and loudly closing the door behind him to let her know he’d gone to bed.

His heart was still pounding. The night was far from over.

Deon lay on Billy’s bed in the dark, slowly stroking his massive black cock with long, lazy strokes to keep it rock hard. The house was quiet except for the faint creak of her door across the hall. His heart raced with anticipation.

He heard soft footsteps in the hallway. Quickly, he let go of his cock, closed his eyes, and pretended to be asleep.

The door to Billy’s room creaked open. The light flicked on.

“Good lord...” Rachel gasped.

Deon had to fight not to smile. He flexed his pelvic muscles, making his enormous cock twitch and jump heavily against his stomach.

"I can't even..." Rachel whispered, her voice thick with shock. "That thing is too big."



She took a hesitant step closer. "Deon!" she said louder.

He pretended to stir, blinking sleepily as he "woke up."  
"Mrs. B...?" His eyes widened the moment they focused on her.

Rachel stood in the doorway wearing a sheer black baby doll nightgown that left almost nothing to the imagination. The delicate lace material was practically transparent. He could clearly see her neatly trimmed blonde pubic hair and the full, heavy shape of her white tits, her stiff nipples pressing obscenely against the sheer fabric.

"Damn, Mrs. B..." Deon breathed, his voice husky. "You're smokin' hot."

Rachel's cheeks flushed deep red. She stood there for a long moment, clearly wrestling with herself, before stepping fully into the room and closing the door behind her.

"I think... you might need another lesson," she said softly, her voice trembling. "You should know what it feels like to be inside a woman."

Deon's cock throbbed visibly. He reached down and held the massive black shaft upright.  
"Show me, Mrs. B."

Rachel hesitated, biting her lower lip. Then, with a shaky breath, she reached down, pulled the nightgown up over her head, and dropped it to the floor. She stood completely naked before him, her magnificent breasts heavy and full, nipples stiff with arousal.

"This is so wrong..." she muttered, almost to herself, as she climbed onto her son's bed and straddled the muscular black teenager who had practically grown up in her house.

Rachel straddled Deon's muscular body on her son's bed, her heart hammering wildly. *This is so wrong*, she thought desperately. *He's Billy's best friend... I practically raised him... I'm a married woman... so wrong!*

But her body betrayed her. Her pussy was dripping wet, aching with a need she hadn't felt in years. She slid up to the base of his huge cock and held it against her body. The thing covered her belly and the head disappeared into her lower breasts. It was so big yet it was so beautiful, thick, veined, and throbbing. She felt a rush of pure lust.

"Do it, Mrs. B," he whispered. "Let me feel what it's like to be inside a real woman."



Rachel bit her lip, trembling. She released it, his cock falling forward like a large felled tree. Slowly, she slid forward, straddling the big shaft. She slid forward and back, her pussy lips coating his cock with her arousal. She moaned, sliding along it, leaning forward and bracing herself on his hard chest. She slid further up. The fat, bulbous head pressed against her slick folds and began to stretch her open as she pushed down on it. She gasped sharply as the sheer girth forced her pussy lips wide apart. She pushed back into the

swollen glans.

“Oh God... it’s too big...” she whimpered, but she didn’t stop. Inch after thick inch pushed inside her, stretching her more than she had ever been stretched before. Her eyes rolled back and she moaned loudly as she pushed back, taking more than half of his monstrous cock on the first try.

Deon groaned in pleasure. “Fuck yes, Mrs. B... that tight white pussy is swallowing my black cock so good.”

She slid up his body and pushed back, taking more. She did this again and again, her pussy stretching and adapting to his huge cock. Finally, when she felt she’d taken enough of it, she pushed herself up and sank down on the rest of his shaft with a loud groan of pleasure.

She paused, panting. Rachel’s hands roamed over his dark, muscular chest as she began to ride him. The contrast of her pale white fingers against his deep black skin was incredibly erotic. It turned her on more than she wanted to admit.

She started moving faster, her heavy breasts bouncing with every thrust. Deon reached up and grabbed them, squeezing and pinching her stiff nipples. “Oh god, You’re so big!”



“Word, Mrs. B, dis dick is a beast. Ride that black cock.”

“Fuck yes,” she groaned throwing her head back and forward again, her long blond hair hitting his chest.

“Talk to me, Mrs. B,” he growled. “Tell me how much you love this black cock.”

Rachel moaned, her resistance crumbling. “It’s... it’s so big,” she gasped. “I’ve never felt anything like this... Oh God, Deon... your black cock feels so good inside me.”

Deon grinned and thrust up harder helping her bounce on his shaft. “That’s it. Say it louder. Tell me how much better my black dick is than your husband’s little white one.”

Rachel’s head fell back as a powerful orgasm built inside her. She needed to cum on this dick... needed it bad. “It’s so much bigger... so much thicker... fuck, Deon... so much better!” She stared down at the black teen in awe as she came hard, her pussy clenching and fluttering around his massive shaft. Her juices coated him as she rode out the waves of pleasure. Finally, she sank down on his shaft, pausing to catch her breath. She was still staring at him in awe. “I’ve never cum with a man before.”

“You’ve never been with a man before,” he replied.

She started again, staring him in his eyes. “You feel so good inside me, Deon.” She started bouncing harder.

Deon’s hands gripped her wide hips, guiding her movements. “Good girl. Take that black cock. This is what you needed, isn’t it? A real man stretching that married white pussy.”

He didn’t talk like a virgin, but Rachel was lost. All guilt had burned away in the fire of her lust. She leaned forward, running her hands greedily over his powerful chest again, mesmerized by the beautiful contrast of their skin.

“Yes... yes, I needed this,” she moaned. “I needed your big black cock... fuck me, Deon... fuck me harder!”

She came again, even stronger this time, her body shaking violently as she ground down on him. Then a third orgasm hit her shortly after, leaving her whimpering and trembling. “It’s too good,” she screamed.

Finally, Deon’s breathing grew ragged. He grabbed her ass with both hands and started thrusting up into her with powerful strokes.

“I’m gonna bust a nut, Mrs. B... I’m gonna fill that white pussy up.”

Rachel’s eyes widened, but she was too far gone to stop. “Do it... cum inside me... fill me up, baby!”

“Cumming Mommy,” said Deon with a deep groan as he buried himself to the hilt and erupted. Thick, powerful jets of hot cum blasted deep into her womb. The sheer volume and intensity triggered Rachel’s most powerful orgasm yet. Her eyes rolled back, her mouth fell open in a silent scream, and her body convulsed on top of him. She collapsed forward onto his muscular

chest, her large breasts squishing against him, mimicking the dramatic fake “death” scene from the movie they had just watched.

She lay there panting, completely spent, his massive cock still buried deep inside her as the last spurts of his cum flooded her pussy.

Deon stroked her blonde hair gently, a satisfied smirk on his face as a long-time obsession had finally been fulfilled.

“Mmm, you fucked me so good,” she moaned slowly coming to her senses. She nuzzled his sweaty neck, inhaling his scent through her nose. She pushed herself up slightly, looking down at him, a satisfied smile on her face. Rachel leaned in and for the first time gave him a kiss that wasn’t maternal, her white lips pressed against his broad black lips. He parted them, his tongue slipping into her mouth, the kiss turning more passionate. She broke the kiss, pressing her forehead into his. “I’m glad I was your first,” she sighed.

“First white woman,” he mumbled.

“What?” She sat up in his lap, his cock still filling her as his semen started leaking out onto his balls and pubic hair.

“All the black girls be trippin’ trying to get this dick, but damn... this tight white pussy is on a whole ‘nother level. This ain’t gonna be my last white pussy.”

Rachel sat back in his lap, her body still trembling from the intensity of her final orgasm. She looked down at him with a mixture of affection and lingering guilt.

“I thought... I thought I was your first,” she whispered, her voice cracking slightly. “I thought I was teaching you... taking your virginity.”

Deon let out a low chuckle and stroked her back. “Chill out, Mrs. B. You ain’t my first. But damn... you definitely da best.”

Rachel blinked, momentarily stunned. A strange wave of disappointment washed over her. She had been so proud of herself for “teaching” him.

She hesitated, then asked softly, “I wonder if I’m the first white woman in town to sleep with a black man?”

Deon laughed snorting, his hands caressing her soft full breasts.

“What?” Rachel stared at him, confused.

“Lots of married white women come to Southside looking for some bigger and darker D than what their husbands are giving them. We call it ‘crossin the tracks.’ My dad had three different white women he was laying pipe to on the regular. Mrs. Vessels was one of them. His black cock was damn near a legend on the Southside.”

Rachel felt like her entire world had just been turned upside down. Mrs. Vessels was the music teacher at her school, dowdy now, but quite the looker twenty years ago. She had convinced

herself this was some rare, forbidden moment — that she was the only one. Instead, she was just another married white woman who had crossed the tracks.



Strangely, the realization brought her a wave of relief. She wasn't the only one. She wasn't some deviant. She was simply... a woman with needs, needs that had just been satisfied.

She leaned down and kissed Deon deeply, almost tenderly, before pulling back. "I need to get cleaned up," she murmured.

Rachel slowly lifted herself off him. His spent but still heavy cock slipped out of her with a wet sound, falling back against his thigh, glistening with their combined juices. She climbed off the bed and headed to her bedroom.

A few minutes later, as hot water cascaded over her body in the shower, the bathroom door opened and he watched her, tantalizing glimpses of white nudity teasing him through the glass door. Deon approached the shower and pulled the

door open. Rachel jumped slightly, but he stepped under the spray and pulled her into his arms, kissing her passionately.

They washed each other slowly. Rachel ran soapy hands over his powerful chest and arms, admiring every ridge of muscle, washing that stench off him. He sighed. "Shower feels good, Gram don't let me shower but once a week. Can't afford the water bill."



"Oh baby, you can always shower here," said Rachel, kissing him again, her hand drifted lower, lathering his thick cock, stroking it until it hardened again in her grasp.

She dropped to her knees and sucked him under the running water for a long while, savoring the taste of his cock, but strangely missing the smell of sweat, now that it was clean. Deon groaned in pleasure. "Damn, Mrs. B, your head game is def."

Eventually he pulled her up, and they dried each other off. Rachel grabbed his hard cock and started pulling him back toward Billy's room, but Deon stopped her. With a firm tug, he pulled her into the master bedroom instead.

"I want you on your marital bed," he said, his voice low and hungry. "Where you sleep next to that little-dicked husband of yours every night."

Rachel's stomach fluttered with guilt, but the heat between her legs only grew stronger. Deon pushed her back onto the king-sized bed. She fell onto the sheets she shared with Bill, her legs spreading almost instinctively as Deon climbed on top of her.



She reached down between them, her fingers wrapping around his thick black cock, and guided the massive head to her soaked entrance. With a deep moan, she helped him push inside her again. The stretch was still overwhelming, but now her body welcomed it.

Deon groaned as he sank into her. "Goddamn, this married white pussy feels so good."

He bent down and captured one of her stiff nipples in his mouth, sucking hard while his hips began to move. Rachel cried out in pleasure, her back arching off the bed. He straightened, kissing her deeply, his tongue invading her mouth as his powerful ass rose and fell, driving his thick cock into her with long, heavy strokes.

"Fuck, Deon... you fuck me so good," she gasped, the words spilling out before she could stop them. "So deep... so fucking big..."

He pounded her harder, the wet slapping sounds of their bodies filling the bedroom. Rachel came again, her nails digging into his muscular back as her pussy clenched tightly around him. He didn't slow down. He fucked her through it, then through another, until she was whimpering and shaking beneath him.

Deon suddenly pulled out, his cock glistening with her juices.

"Get on all fours, Mrs. B," he ordered.

Rachel obeyed, turning over and presenting her ass to him. Deon gave her right cheek a firm, appreciative smack, impressed by its hard round firmness.



He positioned himself behind her and pushed back inside in one smooth thrust. Rachel moaned loudly as he grabbed her hips and started fucking her again, slower this time but deep and powerful.

Deon sucked his thumb, then squeezed one of her ass cheeks and pressed the wet digit against her tight rosebud. Rachel tensed.

“Wait... Deon, my ass is off limits,” she

protested weakly.

But the moment his thick thumb pushed past her tight ring and slid inside her, Rachel's eyes rolled back and she came hard with a loud cry. Her pussy and ass clenched rhythmically around him as waves of intense pleasure crashed through her body.

Deon chuckled darkly, working his thumb in and out in time with his deep thrusts.

“That’s it, Mrs. B. Take it. Your tight white holes were made for black cock.”

Rachel could only moan helplessly, pushing back against him, completely lost to the overwhelming pleasure of being fucked on her marital bed by her son’s best friend.

Deon continued pounding into her from behind, his thick black cock stretching her married pussy with every powerful thrust. Rachel was moaning helplessly, pushing back against him like a woman possessed.

“Reach under the pillow, Mrs. B,” he growled. “Gimme your dildo.”

Rachel’s mind was so fogged with pleasure that she obeyed without thinking. Her hand slid under the pillow and closed around the familiar ten-inch toy. She froze mid-thrust, eyes widening in confusion.

“How... how did you know I had a dildo?” she gasped, her voice breaking as he continued fucking her.

Deon chuckled darkly, never slowing his rhythm. “All you white women got one. Your husbands can’t do the job right, so you gotta keep a fat fake cock hidden away for when you need it.”

Rachel whimpered, but another question tumbled out of her. “But... but how did you know it was *under my pillow?*”

Deon gave her ass a firm spank. “The way you ran upstairs right after sucking my dick... I figured you were so fucking horny you couldn’t wait another minute. Had to get off right away, didn’t you?”

He spanked her again, harder. "Tell me it's true, Mrs. B."

Rachel moaned shamefully, her face burning. "Yes... I was so horny I had to cum..."

Deon grinned and spanked her once more. "And I bet you were pretending it was me fucking you, weren't you, Mrs. B? Weren't you?"

She cried out as another wave of pleasure hit her. "Yes, Deon! I fantasized it was you... I was fucking you!"

Deon laughed triumphantly. "That's what I thought. Now tell me, Mrs. B... what's better? That fake plastic or the real thing?"

Rachel's voice cracked with overwhelming pleasure. "You, Deon! Your black cock is so much better... so much bigger... I can't go back!"

"Good white slut," he growled, spanking her ass again. "Now hold still."

He reached forward and took the dildo from her trembling hand. Rachel tensed as she felt the thick head of the toy press against her tight rosebud.

"Wait— Deon, that's my ass..." she protested weakly.

But it was too late. Deon pushed the ten-inch dildo forward. Her tight sphincter resisted for a moment, then yielded as the thick head forced its way inside her virgin ass.

"Oh God!" Rachel cried out, her eyes rolling back as the intense sensation of being filled in both holes at once sent her spiraling into another powerful orgasm. Her pussy clamped down hard around his thrusting cock while her ass clenched rhythmically around the invading dildo.

Deon groaned in satisfaction, slowly working the toy deeper into her ass while continuing to fuck her soaked pussy.

"That's it, Mrs. B," Deon growled, his voice thick with lust. "Take that big black cock in your married pussy while your ass gets stretched. You love being full, don't you?"

He gripped her hips tightly and began fucking her with long, powerful strokes, driving his massive cock into her soaked cunt while the dildo remained buried in her ass. Rachel's moans grew louder and more desperate. She came again... and again... each orgasm stronger than the last as the overwhelming sensation of being double-penetrated pushed her over the edge repeatedly.

Deon's pace grew faster, his heavy balls slapping against her clit with every thrust.

"I'm about to bust my nut again, Mrs. B," he groaned. "Here it comes, Mommy."

Rachel could only moan incoherently, lost in pleasure. When Deon slammed deep and began unloading inside her, the sheer force and heat of his second massive load triggered her most powerful orgasm yet. Her entire body shook violently as she screamed into the mattress, her pussy and ass spasming wildly around both his cock and the dildo.

Deon groaned loudly as he emptied himself, then suddenly pulled out. Thick ropes of hot semen splattered across her back and ass cheeks as he stroked himself through the final spurts.

He gave her ass one last firm, possessive spank, watching it jiggle, then stood up. "Gotta take a piss," he muttered casually, walking out of the bedroom toward the bathroom.

Rachel remained exactly where he left her, face down on her marital bed, ass raised high in the air, most of the dildo still buried deep in her stretched rectum. Her pussy was visibly throbbing and leaking a steady stream of Deon's thick white cum down her thighs. She stayed there panting, trembling, and completely overwhelmed, her mind spinning with shame, guilt, and undeniable satisfaction.

After a long minute, she reached back with a shaky hand, fingers fumbling to grip the base of the toy. She pulled slowly, drawing several inches out, then slid her hand lower and pulled again. Finally, with a long, gasping sigh, she managed to dislodge the entire ten-inch dildo from her gaping ass. Her stretched rosebud fluttered for a moment before slowly beginning to close.

She struggled to her feet on trembling legs, her body feeling thoroughly used and satisfied. As she turned, she bumped straight into Deon's massive frame as he stepped out of the bathroom.

He caught her instantly, one powerful arm wrapping around her waist. He pulled her naked body against his and kissed her deeply, hungrily, his tongue claiming her mouth while his big hand squeezed and kneaded her firm ass cheek. Rachel melted into his hard muscular chest, kissing him back with as much passion. He broke the kiss with a low growl and gave her ass one last possessive pat as she passed him.

Rachel stumbled into the shower on unsteady legs. She washed herself thoroughly, then carefully cleaned the slick dildo before setting it aside.

When she finally returned to the bedroom, the lights were off. Deon was already asleep on her husband's side of the bed, his huge dark body sprawled across the sheets like he owned them. She slid the dildo in its hiding place in the dresser before turning back to look at the giant black youth snoring in her marital bed.

Rachel hesitated only for a second before slipping in beside him. She snuggled close, draping one smooth, pale leg over his thick thigh and resting her hand gently on his broad, muscular chest. The heat of his body and his strong masculine scent surrounded her as she drifted off into a deep, exhausted, and strangely content sleep.

Rachel woke to the soft morning light filtering through the leaves of the giant oak tree outside her window. She lifted her head from Deon's broad shoulder, blinking sleepily. Her eyes traveled down his muscular chest and abs until they locked onto his cock.

It was rock-hard again, standing proudly off his stomach, thick, dark, and beautiful. The massive black shaft twitched and throbbed with every heartbeat, the fat head already glistening with a bead of precum. It looked even more intimidating in the daylight.

She bit her lip, feeling fresh heat bloom between her legs. Without thinking, she slid her hand down his body and wrapped her fingers around the thick base. It was so warm, so heavy. She lifted the monstrous cock upright, still in complete awe of it.

God... it's perfect, she thought.



Rachel leaned over him, her blonde hair falling across his stomach, and took the swollen head into her mouth. She moaned lustfully around him as she began sucking, her tongue swirling greedily over the fat glans. She quickly got into it, bobbing her head deeper, trying to take as much of his incredible length as she could.

Deon groaned awake, his hand curling into a claw on the sheets before rising to rest on the back of her head.

“Suck that black cock, Mrs. B,” he growled, lifting his head so he could watch her pretty white face stretched around his dark shaft. “That’s it... good girl.”

Rachel moaned louder, the dirty words turning her on even more. She loved sucking him. She loved the way he filled her mouth, the way her jaw ached, the way his strong masculine scent filled her nose. She sucked harder, taking him as deep as she could, her hand stroking the thick base in rhythm with her bobbing head.

Deon’s breathing grew ragged. “Fuck...

you’re gonna make me cum, Mrs. B.”

She didn’t pull away. Instead, she sucked faster, hollowing her cheeks, desperate for his load. Her hand pumped the part she couldn’t swallow while her tongue worked the sensitive underside of his head.

“I’m about to bust... oh fuck... cumming mommy!”

Deon’s cock swelled even thicker in her mouth. The first powerful jet of hot cum blasted against the back of her throat. Rachel moaned and swallowed greedily, gulping down thick mouthful after mouthful of his seed. Even so, there was too much. She pulled back for air just as another heavy rope of cum erupted, splattering across her cheek and lips. A second strand landed on her chin and dripped down onto her breasts.

She kissed the swollen head tenderly, licking the last drops from his slit.

“Mmm...” she hummed softly, savoring his taste.

Rachel sat up, cum still glistening on her face and tits. “I’m going to take a shower.”

Deon watched her with heavy-lidded eyes. "Can you drop me off in town? I need to find a summer job."

"Sure," she said with a small smile. "I can do that."

Deon got up from the bed, completely naked, his heavy cock still half-hard and swinging as he headed downstairs to get some cereal. Rachel watched him go for a moment, the meaty massive cock slapping from thigh to thigh as he walked. She then slipped into the shower, her mind still spinning from everything that had happened.

Deon was standing nude in the kitchen, pouring himself a bowl of cereal, when the phone rang.

He picked it up on the second ring.

"Hello?"

"Deon?" Bill Bennett's voice came through the line. "Is my wife there?"

"Yeah, Mr. B. She's upstairs getting a shower."

Bill sighed heavily. "Okay... listen, tell her my mom isn't getting any better. Billy and I are going to be staying here for a few more days. Maybe even longer."

"Sorry to hear that, Mr. B," Deon replied, keeping his voice respectful while his free hand found it's way down to his shaft, squeezing it as he thought of spending the next few days fucking Mrs. B.

"Thanks. And I'm afraid you and Billy won't get to spend much time together this summer. Billy is going to be staying with his grandmother and I'm going to be running back and forth a lot."

"I understand."

There was a short pause before Bill continued. "Would it be too much to ask for you to take care of things around the house for me while we're gone? Mow the lawn, keep an eye on the place, that sort of thing?"

A slow, wicked smile spread across Deon's face. His big hand slowly stroking his thickening cock as he spoke.

"You can count on me, Mr. B," he said smoothly.

"I know it's a lot to ask, young man, but I'll gladly pay you for your time."

Deon's grin widened. The thought of getting paid by little-dick Bill to fuck his wife all summer long made his cock throb hard in his fist.

"After all you and Mrs. B have done for me over the years, it's the least I can do," Deon answered, his voice perfectly sincere. "Don't worry about paying me."

Bill sounded relieved. "Thanks, Deon. The mower's in the garage. Tell my wife I'll call her tonight around dinner time."

“Sure thing, Mr. B.”

“Bye now.”

Deon hung up the phone, still slowly stroking his massive black cock. His smile was pure predator.

He headed upstairs, his heavy black cock bobbing and swinging heavily with every step.

He pushed open the door to the master bedroom and stopped in his tracks.

Rachel was standing in front of the full-length mirror, wearing a tiny red string bikini she was tying onto her hips. The delicate strings looked almost obscene against her pale skin. Her breasts hung full and heavy, nipples stiff with excitement as she adjusted the tiny triangles of fabric that barely covered her areolas.

Deon whistled low and appreciative. “Goddamn, Mrs. B... you’re looking mighty fine.”

Rachel jumped slightly, but continued examining herself in the mirror. “Bill bought this for me, but I thought it was too revealing. What do you think?”

Dean’s cock throbbed watching her spin around. The top looked like it was a size too small as the cups struggled to contain her bosom and the rear of her panties barely covered her ass cheeks. “Looks perfect to me,” he said.



She turned toward him with a shy but appreciative smile. “First day of summer vacation for me. I thought we’d go to the pool.” Her eyes moved down his body. “Oh my,” she said, staring down at his huge cock pointing towards her. She’d forgotten how fast young men recovered.

Deon’s thick cock bobbed as he stepped into the room, closing the distance between them. “The pool sounds real good,” he said, his voice deep and hungry, “but first we gotta take care of *this*.”

He grabbed her by the waist, pulling her body flush against his. His big hands squeezed her firm ass cheeks possessively before he quickly untied both sides of the tiny bikini bottom. The red fabric fluttered to the floor. He reached up and yanked the bikini top off as well, letting her heavy white tits spill free, nipples already swollen with arousal.

Rachel gasped as Deon pushed her back onto the marital bed. He was much more forceful and masculine than her husband and she liked it. He climbed on top of her, his powerful dark body covering her pale softness. She reached down

between them, her small hand wrapping around his massive throbbing cock, and guided the fat, bulbous head to her soaked entrance.

“Deon... we can't keep doing this,” she whimpered even as she rubbed his cockhead up and down her dripping slit. “I'm a married woman... my husband will be home soon... Oh fuck... one more time.”

Deon thrust forward, burying half his enormous black cock inside her in one smooth stroke. Rachel cried out, her back arching off the bed as her pussy stretched wide around him. He groaned in pleasure and began fucking her with deep, powerful strokes, driving more and more of his thick shaft into her married cunt.

Her legs wrapped tightly around his waist, pulling him deeper as she moaned shamelessly. “You fuck me so good, Deon... so deep... so much bigger than my husband...”

He kissed her hard, then broke away to growl in her ear, “Your husband just called. He's not coming home for days. Billy's staying with his grandmother too. We can fuck all summer long, Mrs. B... if that's what you want. Tell me. Tell me you want this big black cock owning your white pussy all summer.”

Rachel trembled violently, another powerful orgasm building fast. “Yes, Deon! I want it! I want your big black cock fucking me all summer!”

Deon fucked her harder, slamming into her with long, brutal strokes until he buried himself to the hilt and erupted. “I love you, Mommy,” he growled, filling her white pussy with another thick load of his black seed. Thick ropes of hot cum flooded her womb, triggering Rachel's strongest orgasm yet. She cried out, her pussy spasming wildly around his pulsing cock as she clung to him.

Rachel cried out in ecstasy, her body convulsing around him. “I love you too, baby,” she whispered, kissing him passionately as the last tremors of her orgasm rippled through her.

This was going to be a great summer

## **EPILOGUE**

“One wallet with twenty-seven dollars in it... one belt... one pack of Marlboro cigarettes.”

Dante Jones stood at the release counter, his massive frame filling the small space. The guard slid the clear plastic bag across to him. Dante accepted the items without expression, immediately dropping the stale pack of cigarettes into the trash can beside the counter.

“Clear!” the guard yelled.

The alarm buzzed and the heavy metal gate slid open with a loud clang.

“Good luck out there, Dante,” the guard said.

“Thanks,” Dante rumbled, his deep voice like gravel. He stepped through the gate a free man for the first time in eight long years.



The bright sunlight hit him hard as he walked into the parking area. He had no ride waiting. His mother had passed away two months earlier, and he barely had any relationship with his son anymore. Hitchhiking didn't seem like a great idea either, not when you were a 6'5", 280-pound giant black man who looked like he'd just walked out of prison. Which, of course, he had.

Still... he was free.

Dante had only taken a few steps when he noticed her.



Leaning against the hood of a silver sedan was a stunning blonde woman. She wore a tight, fire-engine red spandex mini dress that looked painted on her voluptuous body. The dress had strong shoulder pads and a dangerously low V-neck that put her massive, heavy breasts on full display. The hem barely reached mid-thigh, showing off smooth, toned legs. Her straight blonde hair fell past her shoulders, and even from a distance he could tell she was a full package, big tits, wide hips, thick ass, and a beautiful face.

Dante's heavy cock twitched and began to thicken in his prison-issue pants. *Goddamn*, he thought. *What lucky sonofabitch is she waiting for?*

He couldn't help staring at the deep valley of her cleavage as he walked closer.

“Ma'am,” he said respectfully as he passed.

The woman straightened up. “Dante Jones?”

He stopped dead in his tracks, turning slowly. “Who's asking?”

She gave him a small, nervous smile. "I'm Rachel Bennett. Your son sent me to give you a ride home."

Dante's eyebrows rose. "And where is my son?"

"He's in college now," Rachel replied. "I'll tell you about him on the drive. Hop in."

\*\*\*\*\*

The second Dante Jones stepped through the prison gate, Rachel felt her pussy give a hot little squirt into her panties.

*Holy shit...*

The man was an absolute monster. At least 6'5" and built like a brick wall, with dark, intimidating features and a powerful, barrel-chested body that reminded her of a heavier, older version of Mike Tyson or Reggie White. He looked like pure trouble... and pure sex.



Her nipples stiffened instantly against the tight red spandex of her dress as his dark eyes locked onto her chest, blatantly staring at her deep cleavage. She felt exposed, vulnerable, and incredibly turned on all at once.

When he finally approached and she said his name, the deep, rumbling sound of his voice sent another shiver straight to her core.

As she watched the huge black man fold his massive frame into the passenger seat of her car, Rachel's mind raced with dirty, forbidden thoughts.

*What the hell have I gotten myself into?*

Rachel drove with both hands on the wheel, trying to focus on the road while Dante's massive presence filled the passenger seat. She told him about Deon, how she had been like a surrogate mother to him since he was thirteen, feeding him, helping with homework, washing his clothes, and cheering him on at every game.

"He's doing really well," she said, her voice a little breathy. "He got a full athletic scholarship. Football and track. He's in college now, making something of himself."

All the while, Dante's dark eyes roamed shamelessly over her body. His gaze lingered on her toned legs exposed by the short red spandex dress, then drifted up to the deep valley of cleavage bouncing slightly with every bump in the road. Rachel could feel the heat of his stare, and it was making her wetter by the mile.

He smelled like his son, that thick, masculine musk of sweat and raw power. She had missed that scent. It made her nipples harden against the tight fabric and her pussy clench with fresh need.

"I'd be happy to help mediate if you want to reconcile with Deon," she offered softly. "He does want a relationship with you."

Dante smiled slowly. "I'd appreciate that, Mrs. Bennett." Without warning, his huge meaty black hand reached over and rested on her pale knee. The contrast was shocking. Rachel's breath hitched, but she didn't remove it.

Encouraged, Dante slowly slid his hand higher up her smooth thigh, pushing the tight red spandex skirt upward. Rachel's heart raced. She took one hand off the wheel and Dante expected her to push his hand away, instead, her fingers drifted over to his thick thigh, sliding upward until they brushed against the massive, hardening bulge running down his pant leg.

"Oh my..." she muttered, her fingers tracing the incredible thickness of his cock through the fabric. It swelled instantly under her touch, growing longer and harder.

Dante growled low in his throat. "Pull over. I gotta fuck you somethin' bad, woman."

Rachel's pussy gave another hot squirt into her panties. She bit her lip. "Twenty more minutes," she said, voice trembling with arousal. "Deon wanted to give you something to be thankful for this Thanksgiving."

Dante grinned. "You his first white woman?"

Rachel nodded, blushing. "Yes."

"Tell me about it."

She took a shaky breath and began. "Well... he came over with this movie called *Private Lessons*..."

She told him everything, the movie, the laundry, the couch, how she ended up on her knees, and how she eventually gave in completely.

Dante listened with hungry interest, his hand still stroking her thigh. "Damn proud of the boy," he said.

Finally, she asked nervously, "Can I ask... what you were in for?"

Dante nodded. "Sexual assault and battery."

Rachel looked alarmed. He continued calmly, "It ain't what you think. A jealous husband caught me fucking his wife and I had to beat the shit out of him. Then she claimed I assaulted her too. She had a reputation, nobody really believed her, but I still got ten years. Out in eight for good behavior."

Rachel relaxed slightly, though her pulse was still racing.

Dante looked at the wedding ring on her finger holding the steering wheel. "Honestly, Mrs. Bennett, it's a coin flip when you fuck other men's wives. Half the white husbands end up pulling out their little dicks and jerking off while watching me fuck their wives better than they ever dreamed of. The other half lose it."

Rachel's breath caught. "I see," she mumbled. The casual way he spoke sent a dark thrill through her body.

"What about your husband?" Dante asked, his deep voice rumbling. "Which one do you think he is?"

Rachel was quiet for a long moment, thinking about all the times Bill had encouraged her to dress provocatively. He'd bought her the skimpy red bikini to wear to a pool party with his coworkers. She'd thought it showed too much and refused. There were other outfits, low-cut dresses, short skirts, her current attire. "I want my friends to see how hot my wife is," he'd told her on more than one occasion.

"I think... he might be the former," she finally answered softly, her cheeks burning.

Dante grinned, his large hand still resting high on her thigh.

"There it is." Rachel nodded her head as they approached a roadside motel. "Open the glove compartment," she told him.

Dante reached in and pulled out a motel room key.

"I take it you aren't in a hurry," she said, her voice thick with arousal.

Dante smiled wide, showing strong white teeth. "I got nowhere to be, Mrs. Bennett."

They hurried into the motel room, Dante's massive hand never leaving her ass. The second the door closed, he grabbed two big handfuls of her spandex-covered cheeks and squeezed hard, pulling her body flush against his. Rachel gasped as he sloppily kissed her, his thick tongue invading her mouth. She felt like a toy in his powerful arms, small, helpless, and completely overpowered. His enormous cock swelled rapidly, pressing like a steel bar against her belly.

She was gasping for air when she finally spun around in his grip. "Unzip me," she breathed.



Dante's big fingers found the zipper and slowly dragged it down her back. The tight red spandex dress parted, revealing the smooth, sexy line of her spine. Rachel stepped forward, shrugged the dress off her shoulders, and let it fall. Her massive bare breasts spilled free, heavy and full, nipples already stiff with excitement.

Dante growled like a wild animal at the sight.

She wiggled her hips, pushing the dress the rest of the way down and stepping out of it, now standing before him in nothing but a tiny pair of sheer black panties and her red high heels. She kicked the heels off, standing barefoot and nearly naked in front of the giant Black ex-con.

Dante wasted no time. He reached behind his neck and yanked his tight white tee over his head. His massive chest

and shoulders rippled with heavy muscle. Rachel stared in awe. Deon had been big, but his father was something else entirely — a true monster of a man.

“Now you unzip me,” he ordered, his voice deep and commanding.



Rachel sank to her knees in front of him. Her hands trembled as she unbuttoned his pants and pulled them open. His tight white briefs were stretched obscenely by the huge bulge beneath. She tugged his pants down, then hooked her fingers into the waistband of his briefs and slowly pulled them out and down.

His huge black cock flopped out heavily, thick and semi-hard, already longer and fatter than his son's.

“Like... no way,” Rachel whispered, eyes wide. “That thing is like totally unreal...”

She wrapped both hands around the thick shaft, stroking it reverently as it swelled to full hardness in her grip. It was thicker than Deon's and perhaps an inch longer, an absolute monster of a cock.

“Your black cock is a beast, Dante,” she breathed.

Dante grinned down at her. “Glad you like it, white girl. You and it are gonna be best friends.

Now show me what that pretty white mouth can do.”

Rachel leaned in and began a slow, worshipful blowjob. She licked and kissed every inch of the thick shaft, savoring the heat and power, before opening her mouth wide and taking the fat head inside. She sucked him lovingly, working more and more of his enormous cock between her lips, taking him as deep as she could manage.

Dante groaned in pleasure, but after a few minutes he stopped her, pulling his cock from her mouth with a wet pop.

“Not yet,” he growled. “I want to cum in that white pussy first.”



Dante stepped out of his pants and shoes, revealing the full, intimidating power of his naked body. He grabbed Rachel like she weighed nothing, throwing her onto the motel bed. Standing beside it, he hooked his powerful arms under her knees and lifted her legs high and wide, folding her nearly in half. Her dripping pussy was perfectly lined up with his monstrous black cock.

Rachel hadn't had real black cock in the three long months since Deon left for college. The desperate ache between her legs had grown so bad she had seriously considered crossing the tracks to the southside one lonely night, cruising the streets in search of anonymous black dick just to take the edge off. When Deon called asking her to pick up his father, she had only hesitated for a few seconds before agreeing.



Dante thrust forward brutally, burying half of his enormous cock inside her in one savage stroke.

“Oh God! Fuck me, Dante!” Rachel screamed, her eyes rolling back. “You’re so fucking big!”

He didn’t give her time to adjust. Holding her legs high, he began fucking her with long, punishing strokes, driving deeper and deeper into her married white pussy. His heavy balls slapped loudly against her ass with every thrust. Rachel’s massive tits bounced wildly on her chest, the sight only fueling Dante’s lust.

She came within the first minute, her pussy clamping down hard around his thick shaft as she screamed in ecstasy.

Sweat began to glisten on Dante’s brow and massive, barrel-like chest as he pounded her without mercy, the wet, obscene sounds of their fucking filling the cheap motel room.

“I’m gettin’ close,” he grunted, his voice rough. “And I ain’t pullin’ out, Bennett.”

“Fill me up, Dante!” she begged shamelessly, lost in pure lust. “Flood my white pussy, you big Black stud! Give it to me!”

Dante roared like an animal and slammed his hips forward, burying every inch of his monstrous cock inside her. His orgasm was enormous. Thick, powerful jets of hot cum blasted deep into her womb, rope after heavy rope flooding her. The sheer volume and force triggered the biggest orgasm of Rachel’s entire life. Her vision went white, then black. Her body convulsed violently beneath him, her pussy milking his cock desperately as wave after wave of mind-shattering pleasure crashed through her.

When she finally came back to consciousness, her legs were hanging limply over the edge of the bed. A thick, steady river of semen poured from her stretched, gaping pussy onto the cheap motel carpet. Her belly and heavy tits were absolutely splattered with thick ropes of his cum.

Rachel moaned softly, almost delirious with satisfaction. She scooped a large dollop of his warm seed from her breast and brought it to her lips, licking it slowly off her fingers.

“Mmm... so good,” she thought dreamily. It tasted even better when it was fresh and hot.

She heard the shower running and stumbled into the bathroom on shaky legs. Pulling the curtain aside, she stepped in and immediately dropped to her knees in front of Dante. She took his still-heavy, cum-smearred cock into her mouth and sucked him lovingly under the hot spray, moaning around his thickness until he groaned deeply and filled her belly with yet another thick load of his potent black seed.

Dante satisfied a deep, aching need that had been building inside Rachel ever since Deon left. For weeks she had been restless, horny, bitchy, and increasingly desperate. Now, with Dante, that hunger was finally being fed.

And for Dante, after eight long years without a woman, Rachel was a feast. Her soft white body, massive tits, tight married pussy, and eager mouth were everything he had dreamed about during those cold prison nights.

They fucked all night long making up for lost time.

He took her in every position — on her back with her legs over his shoulders, on all fours like an animal, riding him until her thighs gave out. He emptied his heavy balls into her five more times before dawn, flooding her womb, painting her tits, and even shooting thick ropes across her beautiful face. Rachel came so many times she lost count, each orgasm more shattering than the last.



The next morning, Rachel woke first. She looked over at the sleeping giant beside her and felt that familiar hunger stir again. Just like she had done with Deon the very first time, she slid down the bed, took his heavy morning wood in her soft hands, and began a slow, worshipful blowjob.

She licked and kissed every inch of his thick black cock before taking him into her mouth, moaning softly as she sucked him with genuine affection. Dante's seed, she had discovered, was truly delicious, thick, slightly sweet, and addictive. She sucked him lovingly until he woke up groaning and filled her mouth with another heavy load, which she swallowed down with obvious pleasure.

They showered separately. Rachel squeezed her voluptuous body back into the tight red spandex mini dress, the fabric still carrying the faint scent of their night together. When she stepped out, Dante was waiting.

They drove off together.

Several hours later, they arrived back in town. For the first time in her life, Rachel turned the wheel

and drove across the railroad tracks, heading deep into the Southside. She had driven Deon home many times over the years, but she had always dropped him off right at the tracks, never daring to go any deeper. Now she was fully immersed in it.

The contrast was immediate. The neat, tree-lined suburban streets gave way to older houses, corner stores, and groups of young men on the sidewalks. Rachel's heart beat faster as she navigated the unfamiliar streets, her hands tight on the wheel.

The streets grew rougher. They passed a dirt parking lot where a group of older black men sat on folding chairs and coolers, laughing and drinking. In the center, two men were throwing dice, crumpled dollar bills scattered in the middle of the pot. Rachel's hands tightened on the steering wheel. This was a world she had only heard about.

Dante watched her with a knowing smile, one big hand resting possessively on her thigh.

"Welcome to my world, Bennett," he rumbled.

Rachel swallowed, feeling a strange mix of nervousness and excitement. She had crossed the tracks and there was no going back now. If Dante called, she'd come and cum.

Dante's house was exactly what she expected, a rundown single-story home with peeling siding, missing shingles on the roof, and a yard overgrown with weeds. The whole place looked tired and neglected.

She pulled into the driveway and put the car in park. Dante got out, but Rachel surprised herself by turning off the engine and following him inside.

The interior was dim. Dante flipped the light switch and the overhead bulb came on. He tried the kitchen faucet, nothing. "I'll need to take care of that," he muttered.

He paused in the living room, staring at a simple urn sitting on the coffee table. Next to it was a framed picture of his mother. Dante sat down heavily on the old couch, eyes locked on the urn.

Rachel spoke softly. "Deon paid for her cremation with money he made from his summer job. My condolences."

Dante didn't reply for a long moment. Eventually he stood and walked down the short hallway into what had once been Deon's room. He stared at the dusty trophies lining the shelf and a framed photo of his son in his graduation gown. The boy looked proud, strong, and full of promise.

Dante's broad shoulders sagged slightly. "I'd like to take you up on your offer, Rachel," he mumbled. "Help me reconcile with my son."

"I'll talk to him for you," she promised. "He'll be back for winter break."

"Thank you," Dante said quietly.

"What are your plans, Dante?" she asked.

"I'm a decent mechanic. I'll try to get a job in a garage, get the water turned back on, fix things up around here."

Sensing he wanted some time alone with his thoughts, Rachel nodded. "Unless you want a quickie before I go, I'll be heading out."

Dante looked at her, a tired but hungry smile tugging at his lips. "I don't do quickies. Give me a call in a few days. You still have the number?"

"I do," she said. "I'll call soon."

Rachel turned and walked back to her car, her red spandex dress still clinging to her body, the faint scent of Dante's cum still on her skin. As she drove away from the rundown house, she glanced in the rearview mirror one last time.

She had crossed the tracks... and she already knew she would be crossing them again very soon.

Rachel drove slowly through the Southside streets, her heart still racing from the night with Dante. She had her sunglasses on, hoping they offered some disguise, though the tight red spandex dress made her feel anything but invisible.

She had secretly hoped Dante would ask her to stay the night with him, or even suggest coming back to her house. Bill was gone for another night. The thought of sleeping alone after the night they had shared felt strangely disappointing.

She passed the group of older black men throwing craps. Dollar bills littered the center of their circle. Several of them noticed the sexy blonde driving through their neighborhood. They hooted and hollered loudly.

“Hey baby! Come holla at us!”

“Damn, look at them tits!”

A couple grabbed their crotches, making crude thrusting motions. Rachel kept driving, giving them a dismissive wave. They laughed and shouted more catcalls behind her.

A few minutes later she spotted another car crossing the tracks heading the same direction. Rachel slowed down, then sank lower in her seat as she recognized the driver.

*Mrs. Vessels... the music teacher.*

The woman was close to sixty now, gray-haired and overweight. Rachel worked with her now and she'd been her teacher back when Rachel was in school, Mrs. Vessels had been quite the looker back then. Rachel's stomach twisted with sudden jealousy. Had she heard Dante was out and come looking for cock?

Up ahead, a skinny young Black man was shooting hoops on a rundown basketball court next to a stop sign. Rachel stopped at the sign, her eyes in the rearview mirror.

Mrs. Vessels' car slowed and stopped near the group of old men. One of them leaned into the window, talking to her for a moment before climbing into the passenger seat. The car drove off together.

Rachel let out a long sigh of relief. Mrs. Vessels wasn't any real competition for her... but she still wasn't ready to share Dante Jones' cock with anyone.

Suddenly there was a sharp rap on her window.

Rachel jumped in surprise, turning to see the black man leaning down and looking in her window. He held the basketball cupped under one arm. He had a skinny build, but all wiry muscles. He was wearing a basketball jersey, his dark black arms glistened with sweat.

“Mrs. Bennett?” he called out.

Rachel lowered the window slightly. “Yes?” she asked, eyebrows raised behind the glasses. “Can I help you?”

“Yo yo, Mrs. B! I knew that was you. Jimmy Walker. Had you for English back in the day.”

“Oh... yes, Jimmy,” she replied, vaguely remembering him, mostly because he shared a name with the actor from *Good Times*. “How are you?”

“Fine, just fine, Mrs. B?” he asked, leaning on her car. His eyes openly roamed over her deep cleavage and the way the red dress hugged her body. “Finer now that you here. You out trolling for some dark meat?”



Rachel's breath caught. “Just dropping off a friend...”

Jimmy grabbed his crotch and shook the long, thick tubular outline running down the leg of his sweatpants. “I got your dark meat right here.” He shook it again, the bulge swelling. “I ain't never been with no white woman before, Mrs. B,” he said with a grin.

Apparently, she hadn't done a very good job teaching him English. She pulled her sunglasses down her nose, her blue eyes glancing at the young black man's face. His lips curled up in a knowing smirk.

“Come on, you the teacher... teach me. Gimme some *private lessons*.”

Rachel gulped, her blue eyes dropping back to the impressive bulge he was shamelessly displaying. It twitched and swelled noticeably as he stroked it through the fabric. Her pussy gave

a fresh, traitorous throb.

For a long moment she sat there, conflicted. Then, with a shaky breath, she placed her finger on the bridge of her sunglasses and pushed them up on her nose. She reached down and unlocked her car doors.

There was a loud click. The chrome tipped lock knobs shot up.

“Get in,” she said.

THE END