

Bobbi Love

Queen
of SPADES

HUSBAND'S CELLMATE

Interracial/Cuckold/Hotwife/ Femdom Erotica

Queen of Spades: Husband's Cellmate

Interracial, Cuckold, Hotwife, Femdom Erotica

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Chapter One

The heat had a way of sticking to everything that summer, a syrupy shimmer in the air that made the whole neighborhood feel half-asleep. John Armstrong's sedan rolled into the driveway of their perfect suburban house, sunlight glancing off the windshield, lawns cut within an inch of their lives. The world looked steady, safe—so different from where John Armstrong had been not long ago.

He cut the engine and sat there a moment, feeling the sweat collect under his collar.

For John, walking through that front door was a ritual of relief. Each day he returned to this—the plush grey carpet, the smell of lemon polish, the profound, almost shocking safety of it all—was a day he celebrated silently. It was a far cry from the cold, echoing cacophony of county lockup, a 16-week nightmare he was still shaking off. He still bristled, thinking about that goddamn judge and his smug, personal vendetta: "Just because you're an attorney, Mr. Armstrong, doesn't mean you're above the law yourself!"

But here, with the scent of hydrangeas drifting in from the garden, it was easier to forget.

John's tie was crooked, his stomach was pressing uncomfortably against the seatbelt, and his brain still throbbed from the endless day of arguing over contracts that would be forgotten next quarter.

But for once, he didn't feel cursed. Things were finally, mercifully back to normal. The nightmare of his DUI months—county jail, the whispers at the firm, the humiliating silence from his colleagues—was fading into memory. Amazingly, his life had survived the wreckage.

And tonight, he told himself, maybe his reward would be waiting poolside.

He pictured it—the sun melting behind the fence, Stacey stretched out in a bright bikini by the new pool, the one he'd paid for partly out of guilt, partly out of lust. She'd flash him that teasing smile, the one that said I forgive you, but don't push it.

He smiled at the thought and stepped through the side gate. The air was heavy with honeysuckle and the smell of fresh-cut grass. But instead of a bikini-clad goddess, he found his wife gardening.

Stacey was bent over a ceramic pot of vibrant petunias, a watering can in her hand.

Her sundress, a flimsy piece of yellow cotton, had ridden up her thighs, offering him a breathtaking view of her magnificent, round bottom. The outline of her thong was a faint promise beneath the fabric. Her chestnut hair, thick and long and dark and smelling of coconut and summer, fell over her slender shoulders. Even from behind, he could sense her smile.

And for a long, silent second, John forgot how to breathe.

Something in his wife's posture—the easy sway of her stance, the unselfconscious strength in her body—made him feel small. There was nothing delicate about her beauty. It was generous, radiant, physical in a way that felt ancient. She looked like she belonged to some older world, one where softness and abundance meant power.

The sun turned her skin into porcelain, soft and glowing. Her silky hair was piled up messily, a few damp strands clinging to her neck. When she straightened up and saw him watching, her eyes went wide, then brightened into a mischievous grin.

“Well, look who finally escaped the law library,” she said, waving the hose. “You're home early.”

“I was hoping you'd be in the pool,” he muttered, trying not to sound like a man defeated by cotton fabric. “I mean, what's the point of buying a six-figure pool if my wife insists on—”

“—watering plants instead of parading around half-naked?” she finished for him, laughing. “Maybe you should’ve thought of that before someone went and spent a few months in county lockup.”

He winced but couldn’t help smiling. “You’re never gonna let that go, are you?”

“Not when it gets me new pools and diamond earrings.”

She winked, and just like that, the tension that had sparked between them fizzled into something playful. He crossed the lawn, slipped his arm around her waist, and kissed her neck. Her skin smelled like sunscreen and peaches.

“You know,” he murmured, “we’ve still got an hour of sunlight left. Want to try the water?”

Her laugh came out low and musical. “You just want to see me in that bikini.”

“I didn’t hear a no.”

“Fine, Mr. Bigshot Lawyer,” she teased, stepping away. “Give me five minutes.”

He’d followed her into the cool, dim interior of the house like a devoted puppy, but she’d pointed a firm, perfectly manicured finger at the leather sofa. “Wait.”

He obeyed, tugging off his tie as the air conditioner blasted him with relief.

A few impatient minutes later, the bedroom door creaked open—and his patience was rewarded.

When Stacey reappeared in the archway of the living room, time didn’t just stop; it reversed, twisted, and rebooted solely for this moment. She was a vision crafted solely for his ruin. A silky, pink robe was draped over her shoulders. She held his gaze, a sly, knowing smile playing on her lips. With a torturously slow movement, she shrugged her shoulders.

The robe slid down her arms, a whisper of expensive silk, and pooled in a soft heap at her feet, encircling her painted toes.

John's breath evaporated.

Her bikini was an act of war on his senses.

Two minuscule triangles of crimson fabric struggled to contain the overwhelming swell of her breasts, the deep cleavage a shadowy promise of paradise. The bottoms were a mere string, cutting high on her hips, framing the soft, pale mound of her Venus and the impossibly generous curve of her hips and ass. Her stomach was flat, pale, and utterly kissable. Every perfect, baby-making inch of her was on display, a masterpiece of abundance he felt utterly unworthy of.

A sound, something between a gasp and a groan, escaped him. He moved toward her, driven by a primal need to touch, to claim, to taste.

Stacey took a swift, Staceyful step backward, her hand coming up. "Uh-uh. Calm down, tiger." Her voice was a low, thrilling murmur. "I want you to save your strength for later tonight."

He pouted, exaggeratedly. "You're killing me here."

"Mm, you'll live."

Then—horns blaring. Shouting. Tires squealing.

John froze, his desire instantly cooling into confusion. Stacey's teasing expression melted into one of startled curiosity.

Outside, the noise grew louder, spilling into their perfect little bubble. John frowned, moving toward the front door. Stacey followed close behind, her hand brushing his arm as she wrapped her silk robe around her torso for protection.

The young white married couple stepped onto the porch together, squinting into the fading light—

—and that’s when they saw movement down the block, their peaceful street suddenly alive with chaos.

At first John thought the sound was just teenagers racing down the main road again, but as he and Stacey stepped onto the porch, they saw the flash of hazard lights at the end of the street.

A long black limousine idled there, gleaming like oil in the sunset. Behind it sat the Johnsons’ Jeep Cherokee, its front bumper pressed into the limo’s rear. The scene had drawn a few neighbors from their driveways, all pretending to check their mail while they gawked.

Andy Johnson—broad-shouldered, balding, perpetually red-faced from drink or ego—was already in full performance mode. He was jabbing a finger at a man who stood between the two cars. The stranger was huge, dark-skinned, composed, wearing a suit that looked like it cost more than John’s car. It was hard to see the details of his face, but he looked... serious. And very black.

“Good Lord,” Stacey whispered. “Who drives a limo down this street?”

John didn’t answer. He was too busy studying the Black man’s stillness—the way he didn’t flinch, didn’t retreat, didn’t even bother to raise his voice. It wasn’t a standoff; it was a demonstration. The stranger’s calm felt more dangerous than Andy’s shouting.

Andy barked something sharp and took a step forward, arm lifting as if to punctuate his threat—but the other man caught his wrist mid-air, not roughly, just enough to stop it cold. The motion was so fast, so clean, it didn’t even look real.

For a heartbeat the two men were frozen there, every muscle taut, the sun gleaming on the Black stranger’s cufflinks.

Andy was thrown down, kicked several times until he curled up in the fetus position, a shiny black boot resting on his throat now.

Then Andy's wife, Rebecca Johnson, appeared from the Jeep—a small redheaded woman in pearls and a floral blouse, her face pale and strained. She rushed between them, hands up, murmuring something desperate. The suited African-American man relaxed his hold on the beaten man's neck instantly, backing off half a step, his expression still unreadable from the distance.

The woman fumbled for her phone. He said something to her—quietly, evenly—and for a strange second she just stared up at him. Then she nodded, tapped something into the phone, and handed it over. The much larger Black man looked at the screen, then returned it to the redhead (obviously not expecting that big shiny diamond on her finger) with a slight nod before walking back toward the limousine.

Andy got up. But he kept his head bowed low, his sad defeated eyes focused on the pavement while the tall dark stranger said something that made Rebecca Johnson throw her red hair back with rich laughter.

The onlookers started murmuring again.

The limo's door opened, a driver in dark sunglasses stepped out, and within seconds, the big Black man was gone—sliding into the back seat as if the whole thing had been a business meeting instead of a major physical altercation between two grown males.

The limousine eased away down the street, the scent of exhaust mingling with cut grass.

Stacey exhaled slowly. “That was... intense.”

John nodded, but he couldn't quite shake the image of the other woman obviously giving her phone number to the Black man standing over her husband's defeated body. “Did you see that? Did you see what I just saw?”

“Andy probably deserved it,” Stacey answered, half to herself. Then she turned, her gaze softening on her husband. “You're gripping the railing.”

He glanced down, surprised to see his knuckles white. “Guess I got worked up.”

“Mm. Maybe you’re not as calm under pressure as Mr. Limo,” she teased, trying to lighten it, but there was still a tremor under her voice.

As they stepped back inside, the air-conditioning hit them, but the tension lingered. John found himself staring out the window toward the empty street. Something about that brief, wordless exchange wouldn’t leave him—the power of it, the man’s effortless command.

Behind him, Stacey said gently, “Hey.”

He turned. She was smiling again, faintly, the way she did when she wanted to pull him out of his head. “Still want to swim?”

He hesitated, then nodded. “Yeah. Yeah, I do.”

She brushed his arm as she passed, a casual touch that still left heat behind. Whatever had just happened outside, it made the quiet inside their house feel suddenly fragile—and alive.

"Knock! KNOCK! KNOCK!"

The sound of the knocking was so deep it seemed to shake the air. Not polite taps, but a deliberate, weighted thuds that made John’s pulse jump.

He froze halfway down the hall, towel still in his hand. “Who the hell—”

Another knocking, slower this time.

John crossed the foyer, already uneasy, and pulled the door open. The late sun caught on the glass, throwing glare into his eyes. Then the light shifted, and he saw who it was.

Lester "Brick" Cole.

For a moment John couldn’t speak.

Brick stood tall—at least six foot two—and carried himself with the effortless confidence of a natural-born athlete, someone born to dominate and lead men in the daytime and use their wives in the nighttime. His head was shaved smooth, not from impending baldness, but because it sharpened his presence, made him look even more formidable. His skin was deep and dark, and after sharing a prison cell with him for so long, John knew all too well that Brick was packing a weapon that was slightly darker than the rest of him, with a monstrous plum-colored head, balls that looked almost cartoonishly large. But Brick's strength wasn't limited to his physique—he was intimidating in every sense of the word.

Brick could shift in an instant—from loud, cocky, and fearless to quiet and calculating, a watcher in the crowd with eyes that missed nothing. And he had a past that hinted at the life he might've led. One late night in their cell, as the air filled with the thick, chemical haze of synthetic weed, Brick had mumbled through a lazy grin that he'd once been a nationally ranked basketball prospect. Major Division I schools had courted him, but after his grandmother died, everything unraveled—he started selling weed to fund his habit, skipped graduation altogether, and by the time the offers dried up, he was already making more money on the streets than college basketball ever promised him.

And now, inexplicably, the man stood there, at John's house, just as broad, just as Black, just as still, as he had been at the end of the street. The tailored suit looked like it had been sculpted onto him; even his tie seemed heavy with authority. His expression was calm, but his wide cunning eyes had that same penetrating sharpness John remembered from jail—like he could see everything behind your words before you said them.

“Hey, whiteboy, miss me?” Brick said quietly. His voice was smooth, lower than John remembered. “Long time, partner!”

For a moment, John couldn't make words. Old memories pressed in—the clang of metal, the smell of disinfectant, Brick's laugh echoing off gray walls. He stammered out a greeting, something like surprise and dread stitched together.

“Mind if I come in, whiteboy?”

He hesitated. The instinct to say no rose up fast—but his hand was already moving, holding the door wider.

Brick stepped inside, his presence filling the hallway. The air seemed to tighten around him. He glanced once around the room, taking in the clean lines, the framed wedding photos, the bowl of keys on the entry table. “Nice place, whiteboy” he said. “You weren't lying about having some money. Looks like you landed on your feet.”

John tried to laugh. It came out thin. “Yeah. Guess I got lucky.”

That word hung in the air. Lucky.

He'd told himself he'd never see this man again. Last he'd heard, Brick was waiting on a transfer to a state facility—twenty years, no parole. How he was standing here, free, in an immaculate suit and with a limo outside, John couldn't begin to guess.

"Brick , how did you find me?"

“Relax, whiteboy,” Brick said, reading him. “I'm not here for trouble. I just wanted to... reconnect. Talk, maybe.”

John opened his mouth to respond, but before he could, he heard Stacey's voice from the hallway behind him. “John? Who is it?”

He turned sharply. His wife had already come halfway down the hall, looking puzzled, hair still damp from the shower. She stopped when she saw the stranger at their door.

"Mr. Limo?" Stacey smiled.

The recessed lights in their vaulted foyer now became a spotlight, glinting off the crimson triangles of fabric that did a laughable job of containing her. The bikini was little more than strings and sheer audacity, a slash of intense red against the breathtaking canvas of her skin.

Her breasts, pale and milky and so profoundly full, were pushed up and out by the scant top, forming a deep, shadowed valley that seemed to draw all

the light from the yard. They were heavy, jutting orbs, their weight evident in the way they settled with a soft, promising sway as she took a step onto the warm patio stone. The crimson fabric strained at its delicate ties, each gentle movement causing a tantalizing tremble that John, from his periphery, saw Brick's eyes track with the focus of a predator sighting prey.

Her waist nipped in dramatically before flaring out to the magnificent curve of her hips and the glorious, round swell of her backside. The bikini bottom was a tiny, scarlet frame for the two firm, wobbly orbs of her ass. Each cheek was a perfect, plump hemisphere, seeming to defy gravity as she walked, a hypnotic, jiggling bounce that was both innocent and profoundly carnal. Her skin, smooth and unblemished, glowed in the light, a stark, creamy contrast to the dark tan lines that hinted at more modest swimwear.

Her dark hair was piled into a messy, untamed bun, tendrils escaping to frame her angelic face and curl against the slender column of her neck.

Stacey was a vision of voluptuous perfection, a fertility goddess in a suburban backyard, and John felt a familiar, aching mix of pride and piercing inadequacy.

“I was going to say, the water looks perfect, outside, dear,” she said, looking uncertain because of the stranger's presence, her voice a little breathless.

Brick didn't speak. He kept his large ebony hands clasped in front of him. Standing just inside the door, he watched her, a slow, deep smile spreading across his broad ebony face. It wasn't a friendly smile. It was a smile of ownership, of appreciation for a prize he already considered his.

Now his large brown eyes, dark and hungry, traveled down her curvy white body and back up again, leaving a visible trail of heat on her skin.

Stacey blushed, a deep rose color rising on her cheeks and chest, but she didn't look away. It almost looked like she was basking in the raw, unfiltered intensity of the dark stranger's inappropriate stare.

Brick's gaze shifted, measured, unhurried. The silence stretched a beat too long before he smiled. "You must be Stacey," he finally said, his tone unreadable. "Damn Stacey, you look as sexy as you do in all of John's stories, yo, for real."

John felt his throat tighten. The air was thick with memory and embarrassment, and something else he couldn't name.

Stacey glanced between them, trying to piece it together. "John... this is?"

"Lester Cole," he managed. "Although everyone just calls him Brick. We... we knew each other a while back."

The two men stood there, an invisible current running between them, while Stacey's mostly nude presence turned the ordinary foyer into a place that suddenly felt like a stage.

"Right, right, an old acquaintance of your husband's," Brick suddenly added. "We shared a little time together, a while back."

The words hung there, too casual and too deliberate at once. Stacey's face shifted—recognition dawning. She looked at John, waiting for him to explain.

"Brick and I... we were in county together," John said finally, forcing the words out. "During the DUI thing."

Stacey's eyebrows lifted slightly, but she nodded, offering a polite smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "I see."

Brick's gaze didn't waver. "He talked about you a lot," he said evenly. "You were kind of the reason he kept his head up."

The silence that followed was taut as wire.

And John could feel his pulse in his neck as he tried to think of a way to usher Brick back to his limo. The man's presence filled the foyer; even the air felt denser with him in it. "Hey, man, it's good to see you," John said, forcing a grin that didn't quite hold. "But we were just about to—"

Brick didn't let him finish. He smiled—slow, easy, practiced. “About to what, whiteboy? Relax? Catch some sun on that pasty skin, princess?” His eyes flicked toward Stacey, who had folded her arms, her robe tied hastily at the waist. “Why don't we all sit out back a while? Feels like old times, right? A drink, some fresh air. I drove a long way to come see you.”

There was no polite way to refuse.

Within minutes they were outside, the three of them around the small glass table near the pool.

The water reflected shards of light up onto Stacey's face, which was still touched with color from embarrassment. She'd already wrapped herself up in her robe because of the stranger's sudden appearance. And Stacey kept fussing with the knot of her robe, as though the fabric were the only barrier holding her world together.

John poured drinks with trembling hands, trying to look casual. Brick, his dark skin darker in the little sunlight left, lounged easily in his chair, the suit jacket open now, the sun glinting off the gold of his watch. He took a sip, smacked his lips approvingly, and let his gaze wander. “Man, look at you, whiteboy,” he said with a chuckle. “House like this, wifey like that. Didn't think I'd see the day.”

John laughed awkwardly. “Yeah, well... life's different on the outside.”

“Show'is,” Brick said. “And you—” he turned his attention to Stacey —“you're the kind of blessing a man's supposed to be grateful for.”

Stacey looked down quickly, her fingers tightening around her glass. The compliment, though politely phrased, carried a weight that made John's stomach twist.

Before either could reply, Brick's phone buzzed. He glanced at the screen and stood. “Excuse me a minute, y'all. Business don't stop for us grinding brothas, even for the mfer Sabbath.”

He walked a few steps away, voice low and easy on the call. John and Stacey sat frozen in the uneasy silence that followed.

“What does he want?” Stacey whispered, tugging at her robe as though she could make herself smaller.

John’s mouth was dry. “I don’t know. Probably money. What else do these guys want?”

“Mr. Limo? Why would someone with a limo need money?” she asked, her tone breaking somewhere between fear and disbelief.

“If you think that guy has a freaking penny to his name, you’re freaking crazier than I freaking thought,” John muttered. But his confidence wavered as he said it.

When Brick returned, his smile was back in place, that relaxed authority radiating off him. “Apologies for stepping away,” he said, dropping into his chair. His gaze lingered on Stacey. “Didn’t mean to leave such a beautiful woman unattended, looking like a peach.”

“She wasn’t alone,” John said quickly, but the words sounded small even to him.

Brick made a low, dismissive sound and waved a hand. “You know what I mean. Now, what were we talking about? Right, we were talking about me. My life. My successes.”

The well-clothed Black man leaned back, folding his large spindly ebony fingers over his suited stomach, the movement deliberate, unhurried. “I’ve been blessed, whiteboy, Stacey,” he said. “Truly. Lord pulled me up out the mud. After I got out of the joint, I started doing my own thing—posting some workouts, you know, the kind you do when all you got is four walls and a concrete floor. They were on Youtube.” He chuckled, shaking his head. “People loved it, shit. Fuck. Channel fucking blew up. Million subs before I could even count them Youtube checks, you feel me?”

Stacey blinked. “You’re... you’re a YouTuber?”

“Entrepreneur,” Brick corrected smoothly. “I’ve got a few irons in the fire now—fitness brand, supplements, speaking gigs. Jet Magazine called me ‘Black Entrepreneur of the Year’ last spring. Shit, baby, like damn, I just go where the blessings flow, you feel me?”

The words hung there, confident, undeniable.

John could only nod, feeling the heat crawl up his neck. His earlier smug certainty about Brick being broke echoed back in his mind, now sounding foolish and small.

Stacey gave him a look—half astonished, half incredulous. John stared into his drink, feeling the slow burn of humiliation creep deeper.

“I’ll, uh, I’ll just go get us some more drinks, guys,” John mumbled, turning toward the house, a useless errand to escape the awkwardness of the scene.

“Nah, whiteboy, sit down,” Brick's voice rumbled, a command disguised as a suggestion. “Enjoy the view. I know I am.”

John froze, then slowly sank into a patio chair, his own slim frame feeling inconsequential.

Brick finally moved, walking toward Stacey with a powerful, rolling gait. He stopped just inches from her, his form blocking John’s view, eclipsing the gorgeous white woman in his colossal shadow. “That color on you,” he said, his voice dropping to an intimate timbre meant only for her. “Damn, whitegirl. It’s a problem.”

Stacey laughed, a nervous, fluttering sound. “A problem?”

“Yeah. A problem for every man who ain’t me, seeing all this goodness and knowing they can’t have it.” His large ebony hand, with its long, thick fingers, came up and he didn’t touch her, not yet. He just gestured toward the swell of her ivory breast, his fingertip tracing a line in the air a hair’s breadth from her heated skin. “All this... potential. Just sitting here. Vanilla. Yummy. Waiting.”

John's knuckles were white where he gripped his knees. He was a ghost in his own home.

Stacey's breathing shallowed. She looked up into Brick's face, her lips parted. "Waiting for what?"

Brick's smirk returned. He finally closed the infinitesimal distance, his calloused fingertip brushing ever so lightly against the warm, soft skin at the side of her breast. Stacey's entire body gave a tiny, involuntary jolt. A sharp, quiet inhalation hissed through her teeth.

"You tell me," he murmured.

The moment stretched, thick and syrupy with unspoken intent.

Then, with a confidence that stole the breath from John's lungs, Brick's hands went to the knot of her bikini top at her back. He didn't fumble. The strings nearly came undone after a single, practiced tug. That's when John finally stepped in, placing his body between the two.

"Okay, that's enough! Stacey tie your fucking top for god sakes! Brick, man, fuck, she's my fucking wife!"

"It's cool, whiteboy," said the bigger man, grinning as his large frame collapsed back into his chair. "No worries, whiteboy, I got you."

John, watching his wife reach around and try to tie her top back on, felt slightly relieved.

Brick cleared his throat.

"Ya'll have nothing to worry about. I'm harmless. Actually, I've been walking with the Lord these days," he said after a long sip from his glass. "Got myself back in church. We're running a big charity drive next weekend—basketball leagues for the kids, out where I grew up. You two should come."

Stacey's face brightened as she adjusted the cups of her bikini top, made sure that everything was secure again. "That sounds wonderful. Giving

back is so important to us... I'd love to help out, if we can."

Brick smiled at her, slow and very appreciative. "Knew you'd say that. You got that kind of spirit."

John forced a laugh that sounded brittle in the thick air. "Yeah, uh... good cause." He couldn't stop himself from wondering how Brick even knew where they lived—or what else he knew. Memories from county lockup pressed at the edges of his mind, memories he'd buried deep so that his marriage could hold together.

He tried to steer the conversation elsewhere, but Brick's tone had shifted; everything he said seemed to carry a double meaning. He reminisced about "old times," about how people could "change," his gaze always drifting toward Stacey when he said it.

When she excused herself to grab another bottle of wine, John leaned forward, his voice barely audible. "You've made your point. You don't need to be here."

Brick tilted his head, that faint smile never slipping. "Point? I'm just catching up with an old friend, man. You should relax."

John's pulse thudded in his temples. When Stacey returned, Brick was already standing, his posture effortlessly commanding the space. "You know," he said, reaching into his suit jacket, "I actually came here for a reason."

He drew out a thick manila envelope and set it on the glass table between them. It made a soft thunk that sounded far louder than it should have.

"What's that?" Stacey asked, glancing from one man to the other.

Brick's smile widened just enough to be unreadable. "Something for your husband. Old business."

John's stomach dropped.

He didn't even need to look inside the mysterious manila envelope to know that whatever was in there, it could tear his carefully reconstructed world apart.

Stacey waited to ask her question until Brick had already left.

“John,” she said, her tone edged with confusion as she eyed the envelope in her husband's hands, “what did that black guy mean when he said I look as sexy as I do in your stories? What exactly was he referring to?”

John didn't respond.

And for the first time since walking out of jail, he realized he might not have left that world behind after all.

Chapter Two

After going to the study and hiding the manila envelope in a place he thought was foolproof, John tried to convince himself that everything was fine. But the truth was, the house didn't feel the same anymore. The air between him and Stacey had changed — subtly, but unmistakably. Every shared glance carried a trace of something new and unspoken.

When his wife asked if he still wanted to swim, John agreed automatically, though the enthusiasm in his voice was gone.

Out by the pool, Stacey tried to keep things light — teasing, playful — but her laughter didn't quite land. John smiled when she looked at him, but the smile didn't reach his eyes. Inside, his thoughts looped around Brick's sudden reappearance, the sharp memory of that day, and the envelope he'd hidden away.

That night, Stacey made an effort to bridge the gap — touching his arm, joking softly in the dark — but John couldn't shake the unease knotted in his chest.

When his wife brought up Brick's strange comment again, John brushed it off too quickly, spinning a half-truth that left her quiet and uncertain beside him.

The days that followed blurred together in polite conversation and empty routines.

They saw friends, ran errands, attended a neighbor's dinner party, all the while pretending nothing was wrong. John kept waiting for the tightness in his chest to ease, for things to settle back into their familiar rhythm.

By the fourth day, he almost believed they had. He laughed at a joke in the elevator, caught himself humming on the drive home, and thought — for the first time in a while — that maybe he could move past the whole thing...

But at the house, as soon as John's sedan turned into the driveway, he felt it—a wrongness, subtle but unmistakable.

The house looked exactly the same, sun-washed and calm in the late afternoon light, but the air seemed thicker, the silence heavier.

He turned off the engine and sat for a few seconds, staring at the front door.

There was no movement inside, no music drifting from the kitchen the way there usually was when Stacey cooked dinner. Even the neighborhood seemed quieter than usual.

He got out, slung his briefcase over one shoulder, and called her name as he stepped into the foyer. "Dear? You home?"

No answer.

The sound of his own voice bounced off the high ceilings and died. He could feel his pulse quicken for no reason he could name. The scent of lavender candles lingered faintly in the air, and the distant hum of the refrigerator was the only sound.

He checked the living room—empty. The kitchen—empty. The back door was open, but the pool lay still and untouched. He called out again, louder this time. "Dear?"

Nothing.

The house was big enough that silence could feel predatory, stalking him from room to room. John wiped his palms on his slacks and started down the hallway toward the study.

When he reached the doorway, he stopped cold.

Stacey was there, leaning over the desk in a loose tank top and a pair of tiny sleep shorts that barely covered her. Her hair spilled forward in a dark curtain around her face as she stared down at the manila envelope—open, its contents scattered in a messy fan of handwritten pages across the desk.

John's stomach turned to lead.

Fuck.

He'd hidden that envelope so carefully. There was no reason she should have even known it existed.

"Stacey?" he said quietly.

She didn't look up at first. Her eyes were scanning a page, lips parted just slightly, as though she couldn't quite believe what she was reading. When she finally met his gaze, her expression made his knees weaken. It wasn't anger, not yet—it was betrayal laced with horror.

"What is this, John?" she asked, voice steady but fragile.

He stepped into the room, each movement deliberate, rehearsed. "It's... nothing. Just old stuff from before. Things that don't matter now."

Her hand trembled as she lifted one of the pages. "You wrote these? It looks like your handwriting."

He couldn't bring himself to nod, but the truth was already there in his silence.

Her eyes glistened. "And he—Brick—he knows about this?"

Hubby tried to speak, but no sound came.

"Seriously, what... what is this, John?" The question was a breathless tremor. "This is..." His wife looked back down, her eyes scanning the page, devouring the words. "...his hands, dark and rough against the stark white of her hips, looked like they belonged there... he groaned, a deep sound from his chest as he pushed her forward, bending her over the same leather couch where she'd once watched silly reality shows..."

She read the words aloud, her voice a hollow echo in the quiet room. Each word was a hammer blow to John's fragile ego. She was reading the story he'd titled Pampered White Wife Gets Pounded with Thug Passion.

She looked up again, and this time, there was no confusion. Only a blazing, furious clarity. “You wrote this? You wrote this... this filth about me? About... about him?” The name hung between them, unsaid but deafening. Brick .

John felt his legs weaken. There was no escape. No lie big enough to cover this. His shoulders slumped in utter defeat. The carefully constructed facade of the successful lawyer, the redeemed husband, crumbled into dust.

Stacey pressed a trembling hand to her mouth, staring down at the evidence spread before her. “John... what happened between you two in there?”

He took another step forward, reaching out instinctively, but she recoiled.

“I deserve the truth,” she whispered.

John’s heart hammered in his chest.

The room felt impossibly small now, the air thinning with every second of silence between them. He knew that whatever came next would decide everything—their trust, their marriage, their future.

And somewhere deep down, he knew that Brick had planned for exactly this.

Now Stacey's fingers trembled slightly as she lifted one of the pages. The sound of the paper crackling was impossibly loud. John took a step forward, then stopped, unsure if he should even cross the threshold.

“It’s—” His throat locked up. “It’s nothing. It’s... just old jail stuff. From before.”

“Before what?” Her voice wasn’t angry yet. It was worse—it was stunned, trying to make sense of something that didn’t fit with the man she thought she’d married. “You wrote these? For other people to read?”

He nodded before he could stop himself.

She looked back down at the pages, scanning the lines again. “They’re about him, aren’t they?”

John didn’t answer.

The silence stretched, sharp and unbearable. Outside, a lawn sprinkler ticked rhythmically, slicing through the quiet.

“I didn’t think...” She shook her head, blinking hard. “I didn’t think you could even stand to talk about me in jail, much less—whatever this is.”

He moved closer, the words spilling out now. “It wasn’t like that, dear. I had to write something. To survive it. It’s just—stuff people say in there. Jokes. Stories. They didn’t mean anything.”

But even to his own ears, it sounded hollow. He saw the way she looked at him—part fear, part pity—and felt himself shrinking under the weight of it.

“I thought we were rebuilding,” she said quietly. “I thought everything that happened was behind us.”

John opened his mouth, but no defense came. There was nothing left to hide behind now.

She stood, gathering the pages into a neat stack with trembling hands. “You need to tell me the truth, John. All of it. What really happened in there. What he knows about me.”

He stared at her, the woman he loved more than anything, and for the first time since he’d met her, he couldn’t tell whether she was asking out of love, fear, or anger.

John collapsed into a leather chair by the wall, stared down at his hands. Part of him knew this day was coming. And he had even rehearsed half a dozen versions of the truth, but none of them sounded right when spoken aloud.

Stacey stood near the desk, her arms crossed, her face pale and tight as a drawn bowstring. “Just tell me,” she said. “Why did you write all this...”

smut?"

He hesitated, then gave up. The fight in him was gone. "It was just... fantasy. Stories I wrote when I was inside."

Her eyes flicked with confusion. "Stories?"

"About you," he said softly.

It took a few seconds for the meaning to settle in, and when it did, the silence between them turned heavy, suffocating. "You wrote about me?" Stacey asked, more curious than ever. "Why are these about me?"

John told her, finally.

The words tumbled out in a helpless, shame-filled torrent. The intimidation, the constant threat of violence in that cramped, stinking space. How the big man's presence was a physical force, a dark cloud of masculine dominance that made John feel smaller, weaker, utterly insignificant. And the price for a semblance of safety. The stories.

"Brick made me write... things," John whispered, his voice cracking. "Erotic stories. Gross stories. About... about you. And him."

Stacey's hand went to her throat. Any remaining playful light in her eyes dimmed, replaced by a dawning horror. "About me? I really don't understand. What kind of stories?"

"The kind a man like Brick would want," John said, the confession feeling like a physical purge. "Explicit. Degrading. He'd describe... what he wanted me to write. In detail. He'd lean over my bunk, his smell everywhere, and whisper exactly how he'd... how he'd take you. What he'd make you do. What he'd make you say. And I had to write it all down. I had to put your name on it. Stacey. My wife's name. Over and over."

He finally chanced a look at her. She had taken a step back, her knuckles white where she gripped the counter. Her beautiful face was a mosaic of

shock and revulsion. "My name?" The question was a whisper, fragile as glass. "You wrote those things... about me... for that animal?"

"I was scared, dear! You don't know what it's like in there. He wasn't just an animal; he was a king in that place. He could have..." John's voice broke completely. He sank onto his knees, his shoulders slumping in utter defeat. "It was the only currency I had."

A strangled sound escaped her lips. She turned away from him, pacing the length of the kitchen, her arms wrapped tightly around herself. She stopped before the dark window, staring at her own reflection as if seeking answers in the ghostly image. The weight of his secret, now hers, filled the room, thick and suffocating.

"So..." she said, hesitating, "you had to write them? You didn't want to write them, correct?"

"Not just that," he said. "I had to read them to him. At night. So Brick could... you know."

"Oh my God!" Stacey clasped her hands over her mouth in revelation.

Now John waited for the eruption. For the tears, the screaming, the rightful accusations of betrayal. He deserved it all. He sat there, diminished, waiting for his punishment.

But the eruption didn't come.

Instead, a strange, tense silence descended.

He watched her reflection. Her pacing had stopped. Her breathing, which had been quick and shallow, began to even out. Her hands, once clenched into fists, slowly uncurled. She wasn't looking at him. She was looking at herself in a large mirror on the wall, her gaze tracing the lines of her own body in the glass.

Then Stacey turned to the miserable figure of her husband, the pages trembling in her hand. The anger on her face was slowly being replaced by

something else, something far more dangerous. A flicker of something dark and intrigued deep within her shocked gaze. Her eyes dropped back to the paper, to a particularly graphic passage.

Stacey began reading aloud.

“She cried out, not in pain, but in a shocking, overwhelming pleasure she’d never known existed, her body arching back against his massive frame as he filled her, stretched her, claimed her completely. ‘More,’ she begged, her voice a broken whisper, ‘God, please, give me more.’ Her weak white husband watched from the corner, his own pathetic arousal a worthless, dribbling thing.”

A strange, breathy sound escaped Stacey’s lips. It wasn’t a gasp of outrage. It was something else entirely. Her free hand, which had been clamped over her chest, slowly drifted down. Her fingers absently traced the elastic band of her skimpy shorts, resting for a moment on the soft plane of her lower stomach. Her ivory skin was flushed, a deep rose creeping up her neck and across her chest.

She finally lifted her gaze to meet his. The frustration with her husband was still there, but it was now mixed with an intense, unsettling curiosity. Her voice was low, husky, and it vibrated with a new tension.

“He made you write about this?” she asked again, her eyes locking with his. “About him... doing these things to me?”

John could only nod, utterly humiliated, completely broken.

Stacey took a step closer to him, the papers crinkling in her grip. She didn’t look away from him. Her expression was unreadable, a storm of betrayal and a dark, awakening hunger.

“Read it to me,” she said, her voice barely audible.

The atmosphere in the study was thick enough to taste, a metallic mix of John’s shame and Stacey’s burning curiosity. Her demand hung between them, a command that brooked no argument.

“Read it to me now, dear.”

Her voice was low, a husky vibration that didn't sound like his wife. It was the voice of the woman in the stories. John's hands shook as he took the proffered page, the paper feeling cheap and sordid. He couldn't meet her eyes. He focused on the words he'd been forced to craft, his own personal hell now becoming hers.

He began to read, his voice a monotone drone, a defense mechanism against the graphic imagery. “He didn't ask. Brick just turned her, his big ebony hands circling her waist like he owned her. Her protests were weak, swallowed by the sheer presence of the big black man. He pushed her face-down into the pillows, the scent of him—musky, raw, ethnic, exotic, male—filling her lungs. The gorgeous white wife felt the heavy weight of the black stud settle behind her, the denim of his jeans rough against her bare soft pale thighs.”

John's voice cracked. He cleared his throat, the sound obscenely loud.

“Keep going,” Stacey whispered. She hadn't moved, a statue of coiled tension in the center of the room.

“Brick ... he yanked her tiny shorts down, baring her to the cool air. She felt exposed, helpless. And then she felt... him. His BBC, his big black cock. The thick, blunt head of his ebony monster, pressing against her. It was so much bigger than anything she'd ever known. A dark, veiny black snake that promised to split her in two. She tried to squirm away, a pathetic little mewl escaping her lips, but the black thug just laughed, a deep, rumbling sound that vibrated through her very core.”

John risked a glance up.

Stacey's head was tilted, her lush lips slightly parted. Her full chest rose and fell with a rhythm that was far too quick for simple shock. Her eyes were glazed, fixed on some point in the middle distance, seeing the scene he was painting. The strange look wasn't just curiosity. It was a dark, dawning hunger.

“Brick didn’t ease in. He took. One powerful, devastating thrust that stole the breath from Stacey’s curvy pale body. A sharp cry was torn from her, not of pain, but of shocking, overwhelming sensation. A fullness so complete it bordered on pain, a stretching burn that instantly kindled into a deep, radiating pleasure. Brick moved then, a savage, primal rhythm that made the headboard slam against the wall. Each thrust was a claim. ‘You feel that, white girl?’ he growled into her ear. ‘That’s what a real man feels like, a black man. I think your whiteboy days are over. You gonna forget that little white dick ever existed.’ And she knew, with a clarity that shamed her, that the black man was right. Stacey's whiteboy days were over.”

John’s voice gave out. He let the paper fall to the desk, the humiliation a hot, acidic pool in his stomach. He couldn’t look at his wife. How could he?

The silence stretched. Then, a soft rustle of fabric.

He looked up. Stacey was pulling her loose tank top over her head. Then her hands went behind her back, and with a deft flick, her bra joined the top on the floor. Her massive, milky breasts spilled free, the peaks taut into hard, rosy points. The air conditioning kissed her skin, pebbling it further.

Those nipples... are they hard from the cold, or from the story?

She stepped forward, her movements unnervingly deliberate. She took his limp, pale hands in her own and brought them up, placing them firmly on her full breasts. “Feel,” she commanded, her voice throaty.

His touch was hesitant, nervous. She pressed his palms into her soft flesh, guiding him, making him knead her. A soft, breathy sigh escaped her as he brushed over her nipples. She arched into his large ebony hands, her eyes fluttering closed for a moment. “Mmm... twist them. Gently.”

He obeyed his wife, his fingers trembling as he pinched the hard little buds. A genuine moan, low and wanton, vibrated in her chest. Her big doe eyes snapped open, and they were blazing with a fire he had never lit before.

Her hands went to the fly of his trousers, fumbling with the button. He was soft, utterly flaccid, his mind too crowded with images of Brick to

cooperate with his body. She pushed his pants and boxers down in one rough motion.

There it was.

Sort of.

His small, pink, shriveled penis, lying pathetically against his thigh. In the stark reality of his study, under the judgmental glare of his law degree hanging on the wall, it looked like a cruel joke. A shrimp. A pathetic, worthless thing compared to the veiny black monster of his own fiction.

Stacey stared at it, her expression unreadable.

She reached down and gave him a few perfunctory, clinical strokes, but his body refused to respond. It was as humiliating as anything that had happened in jail. His wife, a goddess of curves and warmth, was trying to arouse him, and he had nothing to give her. He was less than nothing.

A flash of something—impatience? disappointment?—crossed her adorable face. She straightened up, took his hand, and without a word, led him to their bedroom.

She pushed him down onto the edge of the bed.

“Just... lie back,” she said, her voice distant, as if her mind were already somewhere else.

She climbed onto the bed, kneeling over his face, positioning herself so her damp, delicate folds were just inches from his mouth. The scent of her arousal, musky and sweet, filled his nostrils. It was stronger than he'd ever known it. “Make me cum,” she whispered, and it was less an invitation and more a decree.

He did as he was told.

He had no other choice.

He used his tongue, his lips, his every skill learned over years of marriage to please her. He lapped at her, probed her, worshipped her with his mouth as she ground herself against his face. But his mind was a traitor. He wasn't thinking about his wife. He was thinking about the story. He was thinking about Brick, and the moans he was pulling from Stacey's throat were, in his shattered ego, not for him. They were for the fantasy.

Her breathing became ragged, her thighs tightening around his head. Her hands fisted in the comforter. Her hips began to buck against his mouth with a frantic, uncontrolled rhythm he'd never experienced from her before. A guttural cry, raw and uninhibited, ripped from her throat as her body shuddered violently above him. She collapsed onto the bed beside him, breathing in deep, shuddery gasps.

She came. Harder than he'd ever felt her come before. And he knew, with a sickening certainty, that it wasn't his tongue that had taken her there.

It was the story.

Afterwards, John showered alone, the water scalding his skin, trying to wash away the filth of the day, the shame of his inadequacy, the terrifying image of his wife's transformed pleasure. He prayed for amnesia, for both of them. He wanted to forget the envelope, Brick's smirk, the look in Stacey's eyes. He just wanted everything to go back to the way it was a few days ago, by the pool.

He toweled off, steeling himself to find her asleep, the ordeal behind them. He pushed the bedroom door open.

The soft glow of her bedside lamp illuminated the scene.

Stacey was propped up against a mountain of pillows.

She wasn't asleep.

She was wearing a slip of black silk that clung to every one of her devastating curves, and a matching pair of panties so minuscule they were

almost a suggestion. Perched on her nose were her thick, black-framed reading glasses.

And in her hands, held with rapt attention, was the stack of papers from the envelope. The story was called "Breeding White Wife in Front of Prison Punk Husband." She was slowly, deliberately, turning a page.

She didn't look up at him.

Her voice was a soft, contemplative murmur she might have thought was to herself. "My God... John, I never knew you were such a great writer... And the things Brick wants to do to me, oh my God!"

Chapter Three

The following week passed in a blur of strained normalcy. John buried himself in case files, the sterile language of legal briefs a flimsy shield against the memory of Brick's guttural demands and the slick sound of Stacey turning pages in their marital bedroom. He'd tried, god how he'd tried, to reclaim his life, his wife, his bed. But the image of her, flushed and breathless over his coerced prose, was a poison in his veins.

It had rendered him impotent.

Every attempt at intimacy ended in a fumbling, silent catastrophe.

He'd touch her, his hands remembering the map of her body, but his own would refuse to respond. The part of him that defined him as a man had shriveled under the weight of his own written words. Stacey had been...understanding. Too understanding. A placating smile here, a soft, dismissive "it's okay, honey" there. She was playing it so cool it felt arctic.

"You're such a talented writer, John," she'd muse over dinner, stabbing a piece of lettuce. "The way you described the... textures. So vivid."

He'd just stare at his plate, his appetite gone.

Then, one evening, she came into the living room with a small, plain brown box. "Look what came today," she said, her tone light, conversational. "Discreet packaging, just like they promised."

A cold dread, colder than the freezer that had held his secrets, trickled down his spine.

He watched her slice the tape with a fingernail. She pulled out a mass of silicone, and his world tilted.

It was huge—impossibly, grotesquely large.

A deep, jet-black, with a network of thick, roping veins meticulously sculpted along its terrifying length. It was an effigy. A mocking, synthetic monument to everything he was not.

Stacey held it casually, as if examining a new kitchen gadget. “They had a sale,” she said, her voice still breezy, but a new, sharper light gleamed in her eyes. “Seemed like a good opportunity to...spice things up. You know. A marital aid.”

“You didn’t,” he whispered, his voice hollow.

“Don’t be so dramatic, John. It’s just a toy, silly boy.” She turned it over in her hands. “The reviews are incredible.”

He didn’t believe her for a second. The lie hung in the air, thick and cloying.

Later, the bathroom door opened, and steam billowed out into the bedroom.

Stacey emerged, and the air left John’s lungs in a silent rush. She was a vision in blood-red lace. The negligee was barely there, a whisper of silk and transparency that highlighted the profound swell of her breasts, the sinful curve of her hips, the narrow dip of her waist. She looked like a fantasy. His fantasy. Or, he realized with a sinking heart, the fantasy he’d written for someone else.

He was on her before he even thought, crushing his mouth to hers, a desperate, clumsy attempt to reclaim what was his. She kissed him back, her tongue meeting his with a hunger that made his head spin. His hands found the warm skin of her back, sliding down to grip the magnificent fullness of her ass, pulling her against him. For a glorious, fleeting moment, he felt a responding stir, a flicker of life.

Then she pulled away, breathing heavily. “Wait,” she murmured, her voice husky.

His hope curdled as he watched her reach for the nightstand drawer. The sound of it opening was like a gunshot. She withdrew the black silicone, its

appearance in the soft bedroom light a violent obscenity.

“I wanna try it,” she said, her gaze unwavering.

“Stacey, please...”

“I want to try it, John.” The command was soft, absolute. She lay back against the pillows, parting her thighs. The red lace was pushed aside, revealing her, already glistening. “Show me how talented you are.”

A defeated sound, half-whimper, half-sigh, escaped him. He took the thing. It felt alien and heavy in his hand, a mockery of flesh. He got on his knees beside the bed, the position one of supplication. He lowered his head between her legs, his tongue finding her familiar heat, the taste of her a bittersweet agony. He licked and sucked, trying to lose himself in the one act of service he could still perform.

But it wasn't enough. Her fingers tangled in his hair, not guiding, but demanding. “Now,” she breathed. “Use it. Now.”

His hand trembled as he brought the cold, blunt tip to her. He pressed. Her back arced off the bed, a sharp, silent gasp on her lips. He pushed slowly, watching, horrified and mesmerized, as her body stretched to accommodate the immense girth, swallowing the dark silicone inch by unforgiving inch. A low, guttural moan tore from her throat, a sound he had never heard before, a sound of pure, unadulterated conquest.

He worked it in and out, the grotesque slickness of it loud in the room, his tongue circling her clit in a desperate, synchronize rhythm. Her breathing became ragged, broken by sharp, pleading cries. Her hips churned against him, meeting each thrust, her hands gripping the sheets, her knuckles white. She was lost in it, consumed by a sensation he knew he could never provide.

Her climax wasn't a gentle wave; it was a seismic event.

"Oh fuck, FUCK, baby, that big fucking black... so fucking deep... that black..."

Her entire body seized, back bowing violently as a raw, strangled cry was ripped from her soul. She vibrated around the invading toy, her inner muscles clenching it in a powerful, rhythmic pulse that seemed to go on forever before she collapsed, boneless and panting, into the mattress.

"Oh baby, I just came! That was AMAZING!"

He shot her a fixed smile. Then he pulled the wet, glistening ebony toy from her and stared at it, a monument to his own irrelevance.

She reached for him then, her hand closing around his softness. "My turn," she whispered, her voice wrecked. She stroked him, her touch expert, but it was like trying to light a match in a hurricane. His mind was a roaring void of inadequacy. Within moments, spurred by shame and a pathetic need for release, a weak, thin spurt shot from him onto the sheets. He shriveled instantly, small and pink and utterly spent.

Stacey sighed, a sound of profound disappointment. "The stress of the job, honey. I get it." She rolled away.

He fled to the shower, scrubbing at his skin until it was raw, trying to wash away the feeling of silicone and failure. When he returned, his pudgy soft waist wrapped in a towel, the scene that greeted him shattered what was left of his heart.

Stacey was still on the bed, the red lingerie stark against her skin. She'd put on a pair of stylish black reading glasses. In one hand, she held a familiar sheet of paper—White Wife Surrenders to Thug Passion. In the other, she lazily stroked the black dildo, which glistened with her own arousal. Her hips made small, unconscious circles on the mattress. She was reading his words, touching herself with that thing, lost in a fantasy of him.

He must have made a sound. She looked up over the rim of her glasses, her eyes dark and utterly focused.

"You know," she said, her voice a low purr that froze him in place. "Brick wouldn't have finished so fast. Brick wouldn't have needed a shower." She patted the bed beside her. "Come here. We're going to try again."

Numb, he approached.

She handed him the black dildo. "This time," she instructed, her gaze locking with his, "I want you to be Brick . I want you to talk like Brick . I want you to fuck me like him."

"Excuse me?"

"It came with a harness thing," she explained. "Do you mind, um, trying it?"

John was as white as a sheet of paper. "Trying?"

"You know, wear it?" she giggled, pulling something out of her underwear drawer at the top of the dresser. Already bringing the harness over to her husband, she giggled again, "Just to see... how it goes?"

He looked at the contraption in his wife's hands now.

It looked diabolical.

The harness was a web of black nylon straps, cold and impersonal against his skin. Stacey's fingers, usually so gentle, were all business as she cinched it tight around his waist and thighs. John stood there, a pale mannequin being dressed for a role he never auditioned for. He stared at the wall, at a small crack in the plaster he'd been meaning to fix, trying to divorce his mind from what was happening to his body.

Then she fastened the final buckle at the front. The weight was instant and shocking. He looked down.

A deep, obsidian shaft jutted from his groin, a thick, veined monstrosity that seemed to suck the light from the room. It was an alien appendage, a brutal contrast to his own soft, pink flesh, which lay flaccid and shrunken beneath the harness's central ring. A wave of vertigo washed over him. This is what it feels like, he thought, a strange, dissociative awe cutting through his shame. This is the weight of a real cock.

Stacey was already on the bed, propped against the pillows. Her legs were parted, one knee bent. The red lace of her negligee was a dark stain against her pale skin. Her fingers idly circled her clit, already slick and glistening. “Well?” she asked, her voice a low thrum of anticipation. “Don’t just stand there, Brick . Use it. I thought you liked tight white married pussy?”

John felt a jolt of something powerful and dangerous shoot through his entire body.

He moved like a marionette with tangled strings, his steps clumsy as he approached the bed.

The unfamiliar weight between his legs swung with a pendulous gravity, a constant, humiliating reminder. He crawled onto the mattress, the movement awkward with the new hardware. The silicone tip, cool and blunt, bumped against her inner thigh.

She guided him with a hand on his hip, her touch electric and commanding. “There,” she whispered, positioning him. The broad head pressed against her entrance, and he felt her heat even through the synthetic material.

He pushed.

The resistance was immediate, then gave way with a soft, wet sound. Stacey’s head fell back, a sharp, guttural “Oh, god...” tearing from her throat as her body stretched to accommodate the immense girth. John watched, mesmerized and sickened, as inch after terrifying inch of the black dildo disappeared into her, until his nylon-clad pelvis was pressed flush against her skin. She was so full.

“Move,” she gasped, her eyes squeezed shut.

He began to thrust, a stiff, mechanical motion. In. Out. The harness chafed against his hips. That was the only thing he could feel. However, each push drew another ragged moan from his wife, each withdrawal a wet, sucking noise that filled the silent spaces between their ragged breathing. Resentment, hot and acrid, boiled in the man's gut. Those sounds. Those are his sounds. For that thing. That fake piece of him.

“Faster, Brick ,” she demanded, her hands gripping his ass, her nails digging into his skin, trying to pull him deeper, harder. “And stop looking so miserable. Play along, Jesus.”

He knew what she meant. The words tasted like ash. He swallowed hard. “You like that, you married white bitch?” he muttered, the line from his own story feeling like a betrayal on his tongue.

Her reaction was instantaneous. Her eyes flew open, wide and dark with a fire that stunned him. “Oh yes, Brick ” she hissed, her hips bucking to meet his next thrust. “Yes. Show me. You're boss. Tell me more.”

The dam broke. The character, the persona John had created under duress, now became his only script for survival. “You like this big black cock stretching your tight little whitegirl pussy out?” he growled, the words coming easier now, fueled by a perverse mix of shame and a desperate need to please her.

“God, yes!” she cried out, her back arching. “It feels so good. So much fuller.”

Each filthy affirmation from his mouth was met with a corresponding surge of ecstasy from her body. He was merely the operator of the machine that was giving her a pleasure he could never provide. He was a ghost in his own bedroom, a conduit for another man’s fantasy. The resentment was a live wire, sparking and dangerous.

Then something shifted.

He was watching her face, contorted in a rapture he’d never seen before, and his eyes drifted down. He saw the base of the black dildo, slick with her arousal, driving into her again and again. And just below it, something else was happening... Something unexpected... His own penis, tiny and pink, was stirring. It twitched against the cold nylon of the harness, then began to stiffen, rising to attention as he watched his wife get ravaged by the phantom of Brick .

A bizarre, dizzying euphoria washed over him.

The resentment didn't vanish; it transformed! It shattered and re-formed into something else entirely—a dark, thrilling fascination. His diminutive hand moved of its own volition, fingers wrapping around his own modest pale length. He began to stroke himself in time with his thrusts, a slick, frantic rhythm.

Stacey's eyes fluttered open, seeing him pleasuring himself while he fucked her with the toy. A wild, approving smile spread across the angelic features of her face. "That's it," she moaned, her voice cracking. "Look at you. Look at us. Give me that BBC!"

The synchronization was perfect, obscene, electric.

John's/Brick 's thrusts became more sure, more powerful, driving the imitation deep. His hand worked his own baby carrot, which was now fully, achingly hard. He was no longer a reluctant participant; he was an audience of one, a co-conspirator in his own cuckolding, and it was the most potent aphrodisiac he'd ever known.

His wife's climax began as a tremor, a tight fluttering around the invading silicone that he felt through the harness. Her cries became incoherent, primal screams that were music to his ears. His own orgasm crested in tandem, a searing, shameful burst of release that shot across his stomach as he watched her body convulse around the black dick.

He collapsed beside her, the harness a uncomfortable lump between them.

They lay in a sweaty, panting heap, the only sound their ragged attempts to draw breath. The air was thick with the musky scent of sex and silicone.

After a long moment, John turned his head. Stacey was already looking at him, her expression unreadable. A slow, shaky smile touched her lips.

"Well," she said, her voice hoarse. "That was..."

"Amazing," John said, feeling as euphoric as he was humiliated.

Chapter Four

Stacey's BMW in the driveway was a punch to his gut.

She's home. Shit.

John's fingers, still clutching his laptop bag, went slack. He'd been so sure he had the house to himself, so ready for his private ritual. Lately, since his wife brought that goddamn BBC dildo into their house, John's only real release came from the flickering screen of his computer, from the specific, degrading genre of porn that had become his secret shame and his greatest addiction.

It wasn't just any cuckold porn either.

It was interracial.

It was hung, dominant black men with bodies like sculpted obsidian, taking gorgeous, curvy white wives right in front of their pathetic, pale husbands. Men like Brick . Women like Stacey. And whiteboys like John. It was his drug of choice, a sweet, soul-crushing poison that left him feeling emptier and more pathetic each time he drained his tight little pink balls to it. He'd started wondering if the BBC cuckold videos had some kind of hypnotic effect, rewiring his brain to crave its own humiliation. Or maybe he should just blame Stacey, who'd insisted on bringing that huge veiny black dildo into their bed, who'd demanded he pretend to be Brick while he fucked her, a performance he always failed.

Today he found her out back by the pool, and his heart hammered against his ribs.

His wife was laid out on a lounge chair, and the bikini she wore was nothing but a few scant strings of baby blue fabric.

Holy fuck!

The bathing suit was sluttier, skimpier than anything he'd ever seen his (normally conservative) wife in. The blue triangles of the top strained to contain the impossible weight of her massive tits, their pale, creamy swell spilling over the edges. The bottom was a floss-thin string that vanished between the generous, round curves of her ass. She was a fucking fantasy, a goddess of flesh rendered in stunning, tantalizing detail.

And his first thought, his immediate impulse thanks to his new programming, wasn't to go to her. It was to retreat. To hide.

He scurried back inside, his small five inch penis already stiffening in his chinos. He didn't even make it to the bedroom. He slid down the wall in the hallway, fumbling with his belt buckle, his eyes squeezed shut.

In his mind, it wasn't his own pathetic hand he saw. It was Brick , his ex-cellmate.

The Black man was there, in their backyard, his powerful, dark hands gripping Stacey's hips, pulling that tiny blue string aside, gaining access to her most intimate areas. Then John saw that big fat imaginary black cock, thick as his wrist, pushing into Stacey's wetness right there on the lounge chair, her huge ivory tits bouncing and jiggling with every brutal thrust meant to breed her white womb. The image was so vivid, so primal, so animalistic, so powerfully degrading, that John came in less than a minute, his release splattering onto the hardwood floor, a thin, shameful mess.

He was still cleaning up, his tiny hands shaking, when the sliding door opened.

Stacey walked in, her wide hips swaying with a natural rhythm that made his spent penis twitch. Her golden brown skin glowed from the sun, droplets of pool water clinging to her curves. Her dark hair was pulled up, emphasizing the elegant line of her neck, that angelic face now set with a look of lazy expectation. She smelled of coconut oil and chlorine and pure, unadulterated sex.

"Finally home," she said, her voice a low purr. She walked up to him and pressed her body against his, and the sensation of her damp, nearly-naked

skin through his work shirt was agony. Her mammoth tits flattened against his chest, and he could feel her hard nipples even through the fabric. "I've been thinking about you all afternoon."

He wondered if she meant him or Brick , another sign that their marriage had changed so drastically.

She kissed her hubby, her tongue invading his mouth, and his mind screamed. No, not now, please not now. He was empty. He was soft. Shriveled. He was a hollowed-out shell now.

Undeterred, his wife led him to the bedroom, pushing him onto the bed and climbing on top of him. She ground her covered pussy against his crotch, but there was nothing there to grind against. It was like she was grinding against a eunuch.

Growing slightly frustrated, she reached down, her expertly manicured fingers fumbling with his zipper, and pulled out his flaccid, pink little penis.

"Are you okay, dear?"

"I'm fine!" said her husband, obviously not fine.

She squinted, curious. "What's wrong with it?"

Her face fell. The lazy expectation vanished, replaced by a familiar, frustrated disappointment. "Again, John? Seriously? What is it this time? Stress at work?"

"I... I'm sorry," he whimpered, unable to meet her eyes. "I just... I can't."

She sighed, a sound of profound irritation, and rolled off of him. She stood by the bed, looking down at his pathetic nakedness with a gaze that felt like a physical blow. "You're fucking useless. You know that? A useless little boy with a useless little dicky."

Angrily, she turned her back to him, and his eyes were drawn, as always, to the incredible shelf of her ass, barely contained by the blue string. She didn't head for the closet. She went to the special drawer in her nightstand,

the one that housed him. She pulled out the BBC dildo, its monstrous, veiny black silicone seeming to suck the light out of the room. She didn't even look back at John.

"Guess that's why God gave girls an imagination," she said flatly, and disappeared into the master bathroom.

The lock clicked shut. A moment later, the shower started. But it wasn't the shower he heard. It was the low, buzzing hum of her Hitachi, followed by a sound that tore his soul in two: a low, guttural moan that was nothing like the sounds she made with him.

He sat on the edge of the bed, his head in his hands, listening. The hum would stop, replaced by the sound of slapping flesh, a wet, rhythmic squelching. She's fucking herself with it, he realized. She's pretending it's... him.

Then her voice, muffled by the door but crystal clear in its intention, began to drift out. It wasn't meant for him. She was talking to her fantasy.

"Oh god, yes... fuck me with that big black cock... stuff me with it..."

The hum of the vibrator resumed, mingling with her sharp, desperate cries.

"You like these huge white tits, don't you? You like how they bounce for you, daddy? Grab them... squeeze them hard... yes!"

John was rock hard again, all five inches filled with blood, his own inadequacy the most potent aphrodisiac.

"... It's too big... too black..." Stacey's voice came from the bathroom.

John was mesmerized, enslaved by the soundtrack of his own replacement.

"You feel so much bigger than my husband... you're splitting me open... I want you to fucking breed me... pump your black seed in me... claim this pussy..."

Her moans escalated into raw, uninhibited screams of pleasure. They were the sounds from his stories, the sounds from his porn, the sounds he'd never been able to elicit. They were the sounds of Brick winning.

An hour later, the bathroom door swung open, filling the house with the faint hiss of steam and the scent of her body wash—warm vanilla and something floral.

When she finally emerged, John turned his head—and nearly forgot to breathe.

Steam drifted from the bathroom in lazy clouds, framing her like a figure stepping out of a dream. She wore a pale summer blue dress that seemed to shimmer under the hallway light, its thin fabric catching softly against her skin whenever she moved. The neckline was modest but elegant, drawing attention to the Staceyful line of her neck and the gentle slope of her shoulders. A gold bracelet glimmered at her wrist, and her earrings—simple hoops—swung lightly as she turned her head.

Her hair was swept up into a loose bun, a few strands falling artfully to frame her face. Her makeup was subtle but perfect—just enough to accentuate the curve of her lips and the brightness in her eyes. Even her heels, nude and delicate, seemed designed to make her posture regal. She didn't just look ready for an evening out; she looked untouchable, like someone who belonged to a higher world than the one John had been stumbling through.

“Why aren't you dressed?” she asked, her tone cool but not unkind.

John blinked, caught off guard. “Dressed? For what?”

Her eyes flicked toward him in faint disbelief. “The charity event,” she said. “Brick's event. Mr. Limo. Remember? I reminded you a million times!”

He nodded mutely, shuffling toward the closet.

“Don't take too long,” she added, adjusting a tiny clasp at the back of her dress, her reflection in the mirror calm and composed.

John grabbed some clean clothes and went into the bathroom, the mirror still fogged, the air thick with her perfume. He stared at himself for a long time—pale, ordinary, wilted next to the vivid impression she'd left behind.

From the other room came her voice, lilting and amused. "Don't be so depressed," she teased. "I'm sure we can find some fun tonight, honey."

"Probably not."

"Have you gained weight?" Stacey asked.

When he finally emerged from the bathroom, his beautiful wife was waiting by the door, radiant and composed, her purse in one hand, keys in the other. She smiled lightly, as if nothing had happened, as if they were merely going to the grocery store. "Ready, whiteboy?"

He froze.

The word hit like a slap—familiar, mocking, foreign in her mouth.

Chapter Five

The evening sun hung low over the highway as they pulled out of the driveway, the gleam of Stacey's white BMW catching the light like polished marble. John sat stiffly in the passenger seat, jaw set, his hands awkwardly folded in his lap. He hated this feeling—the loss of control, the quiet humiliation of being ferried around while his wife drove, humming along to a playlist of smooth R&B and light pop. He'd always joked about “passenger princesses,” but now he was living it, trapped in the role.

Stacey, by contrast, was radiant.

She'd put herself together with her usual effortless precision: the same pale summer dress, cinched gently at the waist, her earrings glinting each time she turned her head. Her hair had dried into soft, wavy curls that brushed her shoulders, and every time she laughed at something on the radio, the corner of her lip gloss caught the sun and flashed. The scent of her perfume—something warm and citrusy—filled the cabin in slow, intoxicating waves.

John watched her from the corner of his eye, trying to stay bitter but losing the battle.

The curve of Stacey's arms on the steering wheel, the smooth confidence in how she handled the car—it all reminded him of why he'd fallen for her in the first place. Even her little gestures carried a strange power: tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear, glancing into the side mirror, biting her bottom lip while focusing on a turn.

He couldn't help thinking how improbable it was that she had ever chosen him. Him—pale, pudgy, lately more anxious than ambitious. She could've been with anyone, and yet she'd stuck around through the worst of his mess, even through the trial, even when people whispered about his past. He should have been grateful. He was grateful. But watching her now—her

glowing skin lit gold by the setting sun, the brightness of her smile—he felt a crawling unease under the gratitude, something like fear.

Because lately, Stacey seemed different. Freer. More self-assured in a way that left him feeling like he was shrinking.

He tried to distract himself by focusing on the drive, hoping the address Brick had sent would lead them to some sketchy part of town—some place grimy enough to make Stacey reconsider whatever connection she thought she was rekindling. But as they exited the highway, John’s stomach sank. The neighborhood grew cleaner, richer, brighter. The cars around them were newer, the sidewalks lined with palms and polished glass storefronts.

Stacey smiled as she turned into a circular driveway lit by golden lanterns. “We’re here,” she said lightly, pulling up to the valet stand in front of the Grand Heights Hotel. The sign gleamed in tasteful gold lettering, all five stars of it literally engraved into the stone façade.

John gawked. “This is it?”

“Mhm,” Stacey said, eyes bright with anticipation. “Brick said he bought the place last year. Said he’s ‘in hospitality’ now.”

John could only stare at the massive building—the kind of place that hosted galas and luxury weddings—feeling the smallness of himself magnify in the glow of the marble and chandeliers.

They drove up to the entrance.

The evening felt almost unreal—like the kind of night that belonged to someone else’s life.

They stopped.

"I got it!"

Outside the hotel's grand entrance, John tried to keep up appearances, hurrying around to open the car door for Stacey.

She stepped out of her white BMW with practiced Stacey, her pale blue dress rippling softly in the warm night air. Several shaven ebony heads turned, and for a second John felt proud, until he realized he looked like the hired help next to her. His wife's laughter floated over the sound of idling cars, light and effortless, while he fought the sinking weight of self-consciousness pressing into his burgeoning gut.

The valet, a young Black man in a red jacket, appeared. And the young black valet did a double take when he saw the mismatched white couple.

Hubby stood frozen, holding the heavy car door, while the valet glanced from Stacey's stunning form to John's pale, anxious face and chuckled softly, shaking his bristly head. The unspoken words hung in the humid night air: No fucking way, man. He can't handle all that.

At any rate, the valet's smirk was a branding iron on John's fragile ego.

Stacey didn't seem to notice. She just smoothed her dress over her spectacular hips and took John's offered arm, her touch electric and demeaning all at once.

Inside, the hotel's interior glittered—crystal chandeliers, polished marble, and a buzz of conversation that made everything seem more glamorous than it really was. Stacey moved through the lobby like she belonged there. John trailed behind, scanning the crowd, tugging nervously at his collar. His wife seemed to catch every reflection of light: her hair shining, her smile drawing glances from strangers, her confidence amplifying with each step.

"Stop pouting," Stacey said cheerfully. "At least pretend that you're having a good time, dear."

"I am having a good time," John said miserably.

"Tell your face that," she said.

"I'm not sure why we agreed to this thing anyway?" John said. "That guy just wants money. I fucking know it."

“Look on the bright side,” Stacey said with a teasing smile as she scanned the crowded venue. The place was alive with sound and color—hundreds of people talking, laughing, moving—and John suddenly realized they were the only white faces in the sea of dark-skinned guests.

“At least I’ll be able to find you if you get lost,” she added, bumping her hip against his. “I’ll just ask for the pasty whiteboy!”

John forced a sickly chuckle. “Ha ha, very funny, Stacey,” he said, his voice flat. “Didn’t realize I married a comedian.”

He told himself this was good—this was what he wanted, wasn’t it? To be normal again. To show up somewhere civilized, to be a couple among couples. But the deeper they moved into the event, the more he felt like a tagalong in his own marriage, drifting just a step behind her, unsure if he even belonged.

Stacey squeezed his hand lightly as they crossed into the main ballroom. “Hey,” she whispered, “relax. It’s just a fundraiser. Be my charming husband tonight. Where is that guy anyway? I haven’t seen him in a while. I miss that guy.”

Her voice was teasing but kind, and he tried to match her energy, tried to believe her warmth wasn’t drifting away from him by the hour.

And then he tried to focus on walking, on being a good escort, but his eyes were glued to his wife’s God-given curves. The pale, clingy fabric of her dress was a revelation, molding to every dip and curve. And then he saw it. In a sudden burst of harsh fluorescent light from above, the outline of her white thong became perfectly visible through the material, a stark frame around the lush, full cheeks of her wobbly white ass. His heart hammered against his ribs.

“Stacey,” he hissed, pulling her slightly aside. “Your... your underwear. You can see it. The light—”

She stopped and threw her head back, a rich, throaty laugh echoing through the concrete cavern. “Oh my god, John. Who the fuck cares? It’s just a

piece of fabric. It's not like I'm going commando." She gave him a look that was equal parts amusement and pity. "Relax. Nobody's looking at my ass."

But they were.

The moment they stepped into the opulent ballroom, John knew with a sickening certainty that everyone was looking at his wife's phat white ass. And her big bouncy milky tits. And her face, so naive, so innocent and slutty at the same time. And they were all looking at her little white hubby with a mixture of curiosity and contempt.

Their disdain for the pale paunchy so-called man was palpable.

The room was a sea of elegant, vibrant Black faces. Dozens. Hundreds. And again, they were the only two white people there. The conversation didn't stop, but it dipped, and forty pairs of dark, appraising eyes turned their way. The men's gazes were not polite. They were hungry, undressing Stacey with a casual confidence that made John feel like a boy amongst men. He saw their eyes linger on the proud thrust of Stacey's generous bust, the way they strained against the delicate fabric of her dress, on the hypnotic sway of her womanly white hips, on the faint but tell-tale outline of that thong he'd tried to warn her about.

Stacey, meanwhile, seemed to bloom under the attention.

She stood taller, her smile widening. "Also on the positive side," she chirped, her voice dripping with a faux-innocence that he knew was utterly calculated, "maybe tonight will help us come up with some more fantasy scenarios in the bedroom..."

"Stacey! I can't believe you just said that!" Then John dropped his head, the despondency a physical weight on his shoulders. He was adrift, a pale five inch minnow in a ocean of testosterone-rich bull sharks.

A presence materialized beside them, so large it seemed to block out the light.

John didn't need to look up. He knew. The entire atmosphere changed, growing heavier, charged with a raw, masculine energy.

"Stacey. That's what's up. You made it."

The voice was a deep, resonant rumble that vibrated right through John's bones. Brick . He was even bigger up close, his broad shoulders stretching the impossibly fine black fabric of his suit. His gaze swept over Stacey in one swift, possessive assessment, a lazy, approving smile touching his ridiculously thick lips. He didn't even glance at John.

"Brick ! This is quite the event," Stacey said, her voice a little breathier than usual. Her hand tightened on John's arm, but it wasn't a grip of solidarity. It was an anchor, holding her in place against the powerful current of Brick's presence.

"For a good cause," he said, his eyes finally, slowly, dragging down to John. The amusement in them was glacial. "Ah, there's my old cellmate! What's up, cellie!"

"Hey Brick ," John said sullenly.

"Hey whiteboy!" Brick extended a hand. His grip was crushing, meant to intimidate, and it did. John's slender fingers were swallowed whole. "How do you like my new digs, Shakespeare?"

A cold dread trickled down John's spine. Was this asshole going to bring up those goddamn stories all night? Because if so, John was going to immediately escort his wife out of this place. As far as John was concerned, as soon as everyone forgot those Stacey/Brick stories, the better!

"Looks like things have really worked out for you, Brick . Congratulations, man," John squeaked, immediately hating the pathetic sound of his own voice. "You seem to have everything you wanted in jail."

Brick's smile widened, a flash of perfect white teeth. He was looking at Stacey now, licking his lips. "Well, I wouldn't say I have everything I wanted in jail... Not yet."

Then the intimidating dark-skinned man released John's small pale hand as if discarding something distasteful and focused his full attention back on Stacey. "That dress is a fucking masterpiece, Stacey. It would be a crime not to see the whole collection. Let me give you a private tour of the gallery upstairs. Some of the auction items are... particularly impressive."

It wasn't a question. It was a command, softly spoken but absolute.

Stacey's cheeks flushed. She looked from Brick's intense stare to John's panicked one. For a second, John saw a flicker of the wife he knew—a hint of uncertainty, of propriety. But then Brick's eyes dropped pointedly to her chest, to the way her breasts were rising and falling with her quickened breath, and the flicker died.

"A private tour?" she said, a slow, wicked smile spreading across her angelic face. "I'd love that." She finally let go of John's arm. "Honey, you don't mind, do you? Mingle. Try the canapés. We won't be long."

Before he could form a word of protest, Brick had placed a huge, guiding hand on the small of her back. His dark fingers spanned nearly the entire width of her body, possessive and sure. John could only watch, hollowed out, as they walked away, Stacey's hips swinging with a new, deliberate rhythm, the faint outline of her thong a taunting farewell.

He stood there for what felt like an eternity, ignored by the crowd, the hum of conversation a mockery. Mingle. The word echoed in his skull. Was this Stacey getting revenge for those stories John wrote in jail? It felt like something she would do to even the score. All the sudden, John really was starting to feel like a spectator in his own life, a cuckold in waiting.

Cuckold. He hated that word! He hated it so much it scared him.

John took a moment to regain composure, reminding himself that he was still a man and nobody on this planet was going to turn him into a fucking pathetic cuckold.

He looked around, balling his fists up.

It was quite a party tonight.

The grand ballroom seemed to hum around him, a mix of expensive cologne, champagne bubbles, and the clinking of glass. John slipped out into one of the adjoining corridors, pretending to study a painting so no one would notice the husband left behind.

He had to admit it: the place was magnificent. Marble columns, subtle gold inlay, a staff that moved like clockwork. Every corner gleamed, and every guest seemed to be part of a world he didn't quite belong to. And the worst part—the part that knotted his stomach—was that it all belonged to Brick .

John had checked, of course.

He was quite an online detective, when needed.

The night after Brick's unexpected visit, John had gone online and typed his old cellmate's name into the search bar. What he found had kept him awake for hours. There it was, in glossy headlines and promotional photos: Lester "Brick" Cole – Entrepreneur, Motivational Speaker, Philanthropist. The man had an empire now—several companies, a YouTube channel with millions and millions of subscribers, sponsorship deals, even an ownership stake in a European soccer team.

At first John thought it had to be some kind of scam, a front. But no—it was all legitimate. The man who once slept on the bunk below him, who spent years hustling commissary snacks and favors, had built a fortune from scratch. And not quietly either—he'd become a public success story, the kind that got written up in business magazines with photos of him smiling in bespoke suits.

John didn't know why, but that made everything worse. It wasn't just envy—though that was part of it. It was the sense that the balance between them, the old dynamic from those days behind bars, had flipped permanently. Brick had found a way to turn their shared past into something golden. John had tried to bury his.

Now, wandering through Brick's hotel like an awkward guest at someone else's celebration, John couldn't shake the feeling that he was walking through a living monument to his own failures. Every polished surface seemed to reflect not just the lights—but his own pale, uncertain face looking back.

Finally, he found a empty, dark-paneled hallway that led away from the main ballroom, leaning against the wall and trying to steady his breathing.

The sound of a door opening snapped his head up.

A service exit.

It was her!

Stacey peered out, her eyes scanning the hallway until they landed on him. Her expression was fierce, urgent.

“John. In here. Now.”

Stumbling, his heart a frantic drum against his ribs, he followed her into a dimly lit, plush sitting room—part of the hotel's luxury suite. Brick stood by a mahogany desk, his suit jacket off, his powerful frame even more imposing. He didn't look at John. His eyes were locked on Stacey.

“Lock the door,” Stacey ordered, her voice low and shaking with excitement.

John fumbled with the bolt, his hands numb.

“Come here,” she said. He obeyed, stopping a few feet from her. The air was thick with the scent of her perfume and something else, something muskier, more primal.

“Hey whiteboy, got something special for you,” Brick finally said, that grin of his sharp enough to cut glass. Stacey was smiling too—though there was something about the curve of her lips that made John's stomach twist.

Brick reached into a desk drawer and pulled out a rectangular, neatly wrapped package. He held it out like an offering. “Go on. Open it.”

John hesitated. Every instinct in him screamed that this wasn’t going to end well. The weight of the box in his hands felt heavier than it should’ve, almost symbolic. When he didn’t move fast enough, Brick’s tone shifted—commanding now, the way it used to sound when there were no guards around. “I said open it.”

Even Stacey added softly, “Come on, John. Don’t make this weird.”

His small pudgy fingers tore through the wrapping. The sound of paper ripping filled the silence.

And then he froze.

It was a book.

Hardcover, professionally printed, glossy as something from a real publisher. His name as on the front, as big as a billboard it seemed. Then there was the title, the art, the names of the characters—and it all hit him at once.

His throat went dry.

Brick stepped closer, watching his face. “Recognize it?” he said.

John couldn’t speak.

He flipped the pages, and there they were—the stories he’d written in prison, word for word. The ones he thought were buried forever. Every paragraph, every humiliating detail—packaged, printed, and now real.

“See, man,” Brick said lightly, almost cheerful, “I told you those stories had potential.”

John felt the room tilting, his ears ringing. It was like seeing the worst parts of his past turned into a souvenir. And the look on Stacey’s face—half amusement, half disbelief—cut deeper than anything Brick could’ve said.

He shut the book, trembling slightly. “Why would you...?” he managed, but the words dried up before he could finish.

Brick smiled wider. “Because, my man... I think it’s time the world saw your creative side.”

John’s eyes moved numbly across the glossy pages. The titles alone made his pulse throb with panic—echoes of nights he’d spent trying to wall off whole parts of his memory. Cellmate Takes Bouncy White Wife on Tennis Court, Stacey's First Big Black One, Brick Owns the Conjugal Trailer, Brick Gives Wife First Black Baby Bump... Beyond mortified, John thought those awful titles were gone forever, locked away with the rest of the darkness from that time. But here they were, typeset, printed, bound—evidence that his past had teeth and could still bite.

He shut the book so hard it made a small crack in the silence. “You can’t release this,” he said, voice hoarse. “Please, Brick . I’ll do anything. Just don’t put this out there.”

Brick leaned back in the leather chair, smiling like a man who had already won. “Too late for that, my friend. There’s money tied up in this now. Design, editing, preorders. You know how business works.”

John’s stomach turned over. “Then—then at least use a fake name. Don’t use mine. Please.”

Brick drummed his thick fingers on the desk, pretending to think. “Hmm. Maybe. But that’ll cost you. We’re already in deep, man. Call it twenty grand to make the change.”

John blinked. “Twenty thousand? I don’t have that kind of money.”

“You’re a lawyer, right? I figured that’d be pocket change.”

“I’m not exactly liquid right now,” John said quietly. “We’re... stretched thin.”

The silence that followed was like a held breath. Stacey watched them both, unreadable. Then Brick smiled, slow and deliberate, like a man tasting the next move before he made it.

“Well,” he said, “maybe there’s another way. Something that won’t cost you a dime. Something that might make everybody happy. Very happy.”

John looked up, heart pounding. The way Brick said it—calm, assured, a little too pleased—made him realize that whatever came next was going to change everything again.

Brick leaned forward, elbows on his knees, the glint in his eyes both amused and cold.

“You know,” he said, “I was rereading some of your stuff last night. The way you described the little details? Man, that was something else. Especially those parts where you went on about her giving... blowjobs.” He said the last word too carefully, dragging it out just long enough for the insult to land. “About her... worshiping big black cock in front her hubby. Your writing, it's so, artistic. I like it.”

John froze. It was meant to sound like praise, but underneath it was something else entirely — a reminder that Brick owned not just the book, but the memory of John’s humiliation.

He forced a tight smile. “Yeah, well, it was fiction.”

Brick laughed. “Sure it was.” He reached into his jacket and pulled out his phone, scrolling lazily through something on the screen before setting it face-down on the desk. “Anyway, I’ve been thinking about your little problem, whiteboy. You don’t have twenty grand lying around, but I could help you out. I could cover it.”

John blinked. “You... you’d pay for the reprint?”

“Yeah,” Brick said. “On one condition.”

The room seemed to shrink. John felt the air go heavy again, that same mixture of dread and nausea crawling up the back of his throat.

“What kind of condition?” he asked quietly.

Brick smiled in a way that wasn't really a smile at all. “Something simple,” he said. “Just a little gesture that shows how much you really trust me. Let's call it... proof of goodwill.”

Stacey's eyes flicked between them, her lips parting as if she might speak, but then she didn't.

John didn't know what scared him more — what Brick was about to ask for, or the sense that Stacey already knew. "I'm sorry, Brick, but I don't think that's going to work out. We're not those kinds of people. Honestly."

"Then how come you wrote all those stories about Stacey and me?"

"That was just imagination. Fiction. Nothing else."

"Naw, whiteboy, listen up. Two things are about to happen. You're about to get 20K. And I'm about to get your wife's lips wrapped around my Alabama black snake, you feel me, whiteboy?"

The room seemed to get even smaller, tighter, hotter, the air growing thick and hard to breathe.

Brick's words hung between them, a vulgar, grinning challenge.

John's stomach churned, a sick swirl of disbelief and raw humiliation. He turned to Stacey, his eyes begging for an anchor, for the woman he married to put a stop to this insanity.

Her expression shattered him.

There was no outrage, no protective fury. Her heart-shaped face was alight with a thrilling, conspiratorial energy. Her full lips were parted, her chest rising and falling a little too fast. She looked like a woman watching the

most deliciously scandalous scene unfold, a playful glint in her eyes that seemed to say, Oh, this is just too fun. What a naughty game.

Brick didn't wait for John's verbal consent.

The large Black man simply reached into his inner suit pocket and produced a massive, leather-bound checkbook. The scratch of the pen on the paper was obscenely loud in the tense silence. He tore the check free with a crisp snap and held it out.

"For services rendered," Brick said, the phrase landing like a physical blow.

John's hand trembled as he reached for it. The paper felt filthy. He glanced at Stacey again, a final, desperate plea. Her gaze was fixed on the check, her excitement palpable, a flush spreading across her chest and up her neck. She gave a tiny, almost imperceptible nod. Take it.

His fingers closed around the check. He folded it once, twice, a small, shameful square, and slipped it into his wallet. The transaction was complete.

"Good. The fee has been paid," Brick announced, his voice booming with finality. "Let the entertainment begin."

Entertainment. The word lanced through John. He's talking about my wife. He's reducing her to a fucking party trick.

Then Stacey spoke, and her words twisted the knife even deeper. "Okay," she said, her voice a breathy, excited little giggle. "But only a blowjob! That's all this is, Mr. Limo!"

"Mr. Limo, ha! I like that!" Brick's grin was pure evil triumph. He placed a large, possessive ebony hand on the small of Stacey's back, his African dark skin a stark contrast against the thin, pale fabric of her blue dress.

He guided her toward a long, plush purple couch against the wall.

Brick stopped suddenly, his hand sliding down, and he grabbed a huge, meaty handful of Stacey's ass, squeezing the generous, round pale flesh

hard through the dress. He looked directly at John, who felt the blood drain from his face, a wave of nausea making him sway on his feet. Brick gave him a mocking wink before finally releasing his grip on Stacey's posterior, as if he'd already done enough to establish his dominance amongst the group.

“And don't worry,” Brick sneered, his eyes locked on John's sickly expression. “I make all my women suck me off first. Even classy, well-spoken, fine ass whitegirls like your wife gotta earn my seed in their body, you feel me?”

Brick sank onto the couch, spreading his powerful thighs. The fine wool of his suit pants strained over the formidable bulge that was already forming there. He made a lazy, beckoning gesture with one finger.

Stacey didn't hesitate. She moved between his legs, sinking to her knees on the expensive rug. The posture was so natural, so reverent, it made John's heart crack. She looked up at Brick, her expression one of eager anticipation.

“Well?” Brick said, his voice a low rumble. “You paid for the show, whiteboy. Get a good seat.”

John stumbled to a high-backed armchair opposite the couch, his legs giving out. He could only watch, paralyzed.

Brick unzipped his fly. The sound was harsh, definitive. He didn't push his pants down, just freed his cock. And then it was there.

John's breath caught in his throat.

It was everything he'd written about and nothing like it at all. Seeing it in reality was a spiritual assault. It was thick, veiny, and impossibly long, a deep, dark ebony that seemed to absorb the light. It was already fully hard, jutting out from a dense thatch of coarse black hair, the head a smooth, broad helmet that looked like it could break a woman in half. It dwarfed his own pathetic, pink little dick, rendered it a useless, Evolutionary joke.

Stacey's eyes went wide, a genuine gasp escaping her lips. "Oh my God..." she breathed, a whisper of pure awe.

"You like that, whitegirl?" Brick chuckled, wrapping his powerful fingers around the base, giving himself a slow, proud stroke. "This what you been reading about, about this big black cock? This the African monster your husband's so obsessed with?"

She could only nod, her gaze fixated on the mammoth cock hovering just inches from her face.

"Then get to work," he commanded, his voice dropping, losing all its playful pretense. "Show me what that pretty mouth do. Show your husband how a real man gets his black cock sucked by a bubble butt white wife."

Stacey leaned forward, her dark hair cascading around her face. Her tongue darted out first, a shy, tentative lick along the thick bottom vein. She moaned at the taste of him, a musky, masculine flavor that was already driving her wild. Then she opened her mouth, stretched her lips wide, and tried to take the head.

She could barely get the tip past her lips. It was too big. She strained, her jaw already working, a line of saliva immediately dripping down her chin.

"That's it," Brick groaned, his head falling back against the couch. "Fuck, yeah. Look at that. Look at her trying to swallow this black dick, all this big black cock. You can see her inner slut coming out, her inner white slut!" His eyes, heavy-lidded with pleasure, found John's. "You were right, Shakespeare. She was born for this. Look at her fucking struggle. She loves it."

Stacey's efforts became more frantic.

She used both hands, wrapping them around the massive ebony shaft she couldn't hope to encircle, and began pumping what she couldn't fit in her mouth, her wedding ring coated with saliva and pre-cum.

She bobbed her head, taking another half-inch of ebony wood, gagging softly, the wet, obscene sounds of her effort filling the room.

Her free hand came up and fondled his ridiculously heavy black balls, weighing them in her palm.

“You okay, whiteboy?” Brick grunted, thrusting his hips up slightly, forcing more of his African chocolate into the gorgeous white woman's straining mouth. “Hear her gagging on it? That’s the sound of a sexy white bitch who’s finally got a cock worth choking on. Not that little pink clit you got. This is a fucking man's cock.”

Stacey’s eyes were watering, tears of effort and overwhelming sensation tracing paths through her makeup. But she didn’t stop. She redoubled her efforts, her cute little upturned nose buried in the briar patch of wiry jet-black pubic hair, her throat working convulsively around the invading thickness. The sounds were hideous and erotic: gags, wet slurps, Brick's low groans of approval.

“Such a good fucking girl,” he praised her, his voice rough. “Such a filthy, hungry little cocksucker for me. You want this black dick, don’t you? You want to taste what a real fucking Black man cums like.”

She pulled off with a gasping, wet pop, a string of saliva and pre-cum connecting her lip to his glistening head. “Yes,” she panted, her voice hoarse from being stretched. “God, yes. It’s so big. I want it, I really do. For some reason, I want to make you cum so badly!”

Feverishly, she dove back down, taking him deeper this time, her body shuddering with the effort.

One of Stacey's hands came up and roughly grabbed one of her own enormous tits through her dress, squeezing it hard, pinching her own nipple as she serviced her first big black man.

John watched, his own small Caucasian penis hard, leaking ache in his pants. He was disgusted. He was humiliated. And he was more turned on than he had ever been in his entire life.

Brick's breathing grew ragged, his hips starting to piston up into her face, fucking her mouth in a steady, relentless rhythm. "Yeah, take it, you white bitch," he growled, his composure slipping into something raw and animalistic. "Take this fucking black master dick. Gag on it. Swallow it. Let me see those pretty fucking eyes! I'm gonna flood that pretty throat, baby. Gonna pump my fucking load so deep down your neck you'll taste black cock for a week."

He grabbed a fistful of her dark hair, controlling her movements, his powerful body tensing. "You ready? You ready for this seed? Huh? You wanna be my little white bread bitch?"

Stacey moaned a desperate, affirmative sound around the massive ebony donkey dong violating her throat, her body trembling with female submission and female need.

Brick's eyes, blazing with triumph and ownership, locked onto John's. "You see this, Shakespeare? You see what your twenty grand bought? This is just the fucking preview. After she swallows my kids, I'm gotta a real surprise for you!"

Then a low, guttural growl rumbled deep in Brick's chest, a sound more animal than man.

The Black man's grip on Stacey's head shifted from control to pure possession, his powerful long ebony fingers tangling in her dark hair and holding her firmly in place. His powerful hips began a shallow, involuntary thrust, fucking up into the warm, willing wetness of her mouth. He stood up from the couch, his sheer size dwarfing her, never relinquishing his hold, forcing her to follow the motion on her knees.

Stacey's muffled moans vibrated around the deep blackness of his swollen shaft, a symphony of submission that made John's own pathetic penis twitch painfully in his trousers. His wife wasn't trying to escape; she was trying to take more, her throat working desperately around the invading African girth. Her painted nails scraped against his powerful thighs, not in protest, but in a frantic need to hold on.

Finally, Brick's body went taut, a statue of coiled jungle muscle and pure intent. A shudder wracked his frame, his six-pack abdomen clenching. His hips gave a final, violent shake as he buried himself to the hilt in Stacey's soft pale throat, a choked gasp escaping his lips.

Stacey's eyes, which had been squeezed shut in concentration, flew open just as Brick pulled his cock free. The massive, purple-black head was slick with her saliva and pre-cum, positioned mere inches from her face, pointing directly between her eyes like a gun, or a predator. It pulsed, a living, threatening thing.

The first jet of cum was a surprise to everyone, a thick, hot rope that shot out with unexpected force. It landed diagonally across her face, a stark white line splattering across her cheekbone, her nose, and the corner of her parted lips. Stacey flinched, a tiny, shocked gasp escaping her. It's so warm, her dazed expression seemed to say.

Then came the rest.

In quick, powerful spurts, the Black entrepreneur painted her. Thick, pearlescent ropes splashed across the bridge of her nose, her forehead, her other cheek. A heavy dollop landed on her chin, dripping down onto the delicate pale fabric of her dress. Another pulse hit her directly on the mouth, glazing her lips white. Brick kept grunting, milking every last drop onto her All-American face, marking his territory with a brutal, possessive finality.

Within seconds, more of Stacey's lovely face was covered in his hot seed than not. A glistening, obscene mask of unadulterated Black dominance.

"Oh my God... Brick !" She squeezed her eyes tightly shut to keep the viscous fluid from stinging them, rendered blind and utterly claimed. She let out another shaky, nervous laugh, a bizarre sound of shock and overwhelming arousal.

John was moving before he even registered it.

A surge of something—protectiveness, rage, utter humiliation—propelled him forward. He dropped to his knees beside her, frantically shrugging out of his suit jacket. He used the soft inner lining to gently wipe at his wife's eyes first, clearing a path so she could see.

“Asshole,” John muttered, his voice trembling with a fury he didn’t truly feel. The heat of his own arousal was a betraying fire in his gut. “You didn’t have to do that. She’d already... she’d already sucked your fucking dick, man.”

Brick, however, was too utterly pleased with himself to even acknowledge their existence.

Smugly, the Black man tucked his now-softening, still-impressive Mandingo stick back into his trousers with a satisfied sigh. He smoothed his hands down his pristine suit coat, checking his reflection in a large gilt-framed mirror on the wall. He adjusted his tie, a smirk playing on his lips as he admired the picture he made: composed, powerful, and thoroughly satiated.

The white couple remained on the floor—one a glazed, trembling mess, the other a frantic, emasculated caretaker. The contrast couldn’t have been more perfect.

Brick turned back to them, his voice a cool, commanding baritone that cut through the heavy, sex-scented air. “You have about ten minutes to get presentable,” he announced, as if discussing a business meeting. “You need to be in the main ballroom. There’s a big announcement about to happen.” His eyes, dark and glinting with predatory amusement, locked onto John’s. “An announcement that will definitely pertain to the two of you.”

Brick didn’t wait for a response. He simply turned and strode from the room, the door clicking shut behind him, leaving them alone in the silent, devastating aftermath.

Wondering how he got to this moment, John continued to dab carefully at Stacey’s face with his ruined jacket. Her skin was flushed, hot to the touch. As he cleared more sticky streaks from around her eyes, she blinked them

open. Her gaze was unfocused at first, then it found his. There was no shame there. No anger. Only a dazed, glassy wonder, a look he had never seen before. A look of profound satisfaction.

“John...” she whispered, her voice hoarse from its recent abuse.

“I’m here,” he said, his own voice cracking.

Her tongue, pink and quick, darted out, licking the remnants of Brick's cum from her top lip. She savored it, a slow, deliberate taste that sent a jolt of pure agony straight to John’s core.

“It’s so... much,” she breathed, a slow smile spreading across her stained lips. “I can still feel him. In my throat. On my skin. Everywhere.” Her hand came up, not to push him away, but to cover his, the one holding the filthy jacket. Her touch was electric. “Did you see? Did you see how he sort of... owned me?”

John could only nod, his throat too tight to form words.

Her eyes drifted shut again, a contented sigh escaping her. “Wow, that was so... different.” Her free hand drifted down, pressing against her lower belly through her dress. “Was the real life version as good as your stories?”

The question was a physical blow. John recoiled. “Stacey, I only did that to survive in jail!”

“I know, I know, don't get your panties in a bunch. I'm just kidding,” she said, giggling in a weird dreamy way.

She released his small pale hand and slowly, languidly, began to rise.

She walked unsteadily to the same mirror Brick had used. She didn’t look horrified at her reflection. She looked... enthralled. She traced the paths his cum had taken on her skin, a faint, proud smile on her face.

“We really should get cleaned up,” she said, her voice now carrying a new authority, a confidence forged in humiliation and another man’s orgasm. “We wouldn’t want to be late for Brick's announcement.”

She turned to look at her husband, who was still kneeling on the floor, surrounded by the wreckage of his marriage and his masculinity. “Come on. Get up. Your wife needs to look perfect for him.”

John obeyed.

Walking over to his wife, he started dabbing the last trace of cum from Stacey’s cheek with a napkin, his movements gentle but hurried. The dank smell of body fluids hung thick in the air, pungent and embarrassing. Stacey, still blushing, laughed it off with her usual poise — the same self-assured glow she always managed to carry, even when covered in another man's cum. Her pale dress now bore a faint yellow stain on one shoulder, and a tiny bit of whipped cum clung stubbornly to her hairline.

“Guess we made quite a mess,” she murmured, trying to twist it into humor. “Me and Brick .”

“Yeah,” John muttered, tossing the sticky napkin into the bin. “I can see that. You really put on a performance...”

She didn’t take the bait. Straightening up, John's wife checked her reflection in the mirror, dabbing at her skin until she looked radiant again — somehow even more luminous after the chaos. “Come on,” she said, sliding her arm through his. “Brick is waiting, honey.”

John sighed, dragging a hand down his face. “Dear, can’t we just—say you’re sick or something? We could go home, save ourselves the trouble.”

She turned toward him sharply, her perfume floating between them. “John, no. That’s rude, and you know it. Brick has been nothing but generous. We’re guests in his hotel.”

“Yeah, well, dear,” he said bitterly, looking down at their intertwined hands, hers soft and warm, his palm clammy with nerves. “I’ve been trying to warn you, but he is not a good guy. And I don’t like the way Brick looks at you. Like you’re a trophy he wishes to acquire.”

Stacey's expression softened, almost pitying. "Don't start with that, whiteboy. You know I can't stand little insecure boys."

Chapter Six

When they finally walked into the event room, the hum of voices from Black men and Black women washed over them — laughter, clinking glasses, camera flashes. Everyone in tuxedos and long fancy dresses, everyone decked out in glittering jewelry. Overhead chandeliers blazed. Every eye seemed to turn their way as they entered, Stacey's Stacey commanding attention like she'd stepped onto a red carpet. As she walked past, her flared hips swayed in her too-thin dress—leaving a trail of black men leaning away from their tables to check out the whitegirl's thonged bubble butt, which seemed to be on jutting out on display for the purpose of their pleasure.

The chatter in the ballroom dimmed as Brick raised his hand for attention, his gold watch flashing under the chandelier.

The man had a natural gravity—every eye turned toward him without needing to be asked. Stacey straightened beside John, smiling politely, her fingers brushing against his arm. John's stomach churned. He had a bad feeling, the kind that starts behind your ribs and creeps upward until it strangles your breath.

At the front of the room, Brick stood behind a gleaming microphone, his baritone voice filling the hall.

“This year,” he was saying, “our foundation will expand to three new cities, feeding families and building opportunity where it's needed most...”

Applause rippled across the tables.

John tried to listen, he really did, but his focus kept slipping sideways — to Stacey, her hand resting lightly on his arm, her gaze fixed on the man at the mic. Her lips were parted slightly, eyes bright with something that wasn't just admiration. It was deeper.

That look — that tiny, unguarded flicker of awe — hit John like a gut punch.

He knew then that she wasn't just impressed by Brick's newly found wealth or the crowd's respect. She was drawn to the force of him, the confidence, the command. He was a natural boss.

And standing beside her, John suddenly felt like the smallest man in the room, in the world.

As Brick continued his speech, his voice filled the grand ballroom like rolling thunder.

John felt a bead of sweat slide down the back of his neck.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Brick was saying, his voice a deep, confident rumble that rolled through the room. “Tonight isn't just about giving back. It's about building something lasting. It's about stories. Our stories.”

The crowd nodded, murmured, clapped. Stacey's face brightened—she loved that kind of message—and John tried to swallow the tightness in his throat.

Brick smiled, pausing for effect, milking the silence. “And that's why I'm proud to announce the official launch of Black Panther Press, a new publishing house dedicated to celebrating and elevating voices in our community.”

The applause was instant and thunderous. John joined in weakly, trying to look supportive, though his palms had started to sweat.

Brick continued, “And to kick things off, we'll be publishing a very special collection—one that explores the boundaries between passion, vulnerability, and truth. A bold, fearless work by a man some of you already know...”

John froze.

Brick's smile widened as he found John and Stacey in the crowd. “Please welcome the very gifted author—our good friend, John Armstrong!”

The lights dimmed.

A giant screen flickered to life behind Brick , revealing the cover of a book called: Whiteboy's Trophy Wife Gets BLACKED

A massive book cover filled the wall: sultry colors, swirling script, and three models locked in a suggestive tableau. The tall, muscular Black man with the commanding gaze and ironclad confidence looked uncannily like Brick himself. The curvaceous woman draped over his lap, her curvy features and pale skin gleaming under imaginary studio lights, was a dead ringer for Stacey. And the smaller white man, frail and harmless-looking, slumped in the corner with wide, haunted eyes—it was unmistakably John.

The crowd erupted.

There were whistles, cheers, laughter, even a few shouted “Amen!” and “Tell that truth, brother!” from the back. Someone yelled, “Now that’s real storytelling!”

John’s face turned white. His chest went tight. He could barely hear through the roar of approval around him.

At least that asshole could have had the decency to cover up my name on that book cover, thought John, incredulously staring at a book cover that was roughly the size of a movie screen now.

Like a King celebrating the recent conquering of another king, Brick spread his arms, basking in the energy of the crowd. “This book,” he declared, “isn’t just erotic. It’s symbolic. It’s about power, vulnerability, and redemption. It’s about modern-day society, and how our roles are changing. Diversifying. Being non-traditional. And most importantly, it’s about the way stories can set us free from society's expectations!”

John could feel every eye in the room flicker between the screen and him. He wanted to disappear. Stacey sat frozen beside him, her smile faltering into a stunned half-grin, unsure whether to laugh, applaud, cry, or run.

And then, amid the chaos, John realized something awful—Brick had planned this. Every word, every beat, every cruel flourish.

The audience erupted again—applause, whistles, shouts of encouragement. Brick laughed along, clapping his hands once for emphasis.

John's heart sank as he realized the crowd wasn't laughing at Brick. They were celebrating him. They were celebrating this story. John's current story.

And the worst part—Stacey was smiling, too, her expression impossible for him to read.

After Brick's grand speech on giving back to underserved communities, the applause swelled and then faded into a low, conversational hum.

John and Stacey stood off to one side of the ballroom, unsure where to look or what to do with themselves.

Waiters drifted by with trays of champagne, and the scent of cologne, perfume, and ambition seemed to hang in the air.

They expected Brick to find them—he always made an entrance when he was ready—but for now they were stranded among the crowd. Every few minutes a Black man (ages 19-90) would stop by to congratulate Stacey on her "beautiful assets" that could "give sistas a run for they money!" The comments were friendly, non-threatening, but there was an undercurrent of castigation—girl, put them big ol' ivory cheeks away so that we can think our damn thoughts, god, DAMN.

Stacey managed each interaction gracefully, smiling and thanking them, though John could see the stiffness in her shoulders growing. When the last Black man (a grandfather of twenty-seven) walked away, leaving another echo of the same well-meaning remark, Stacey finally turned to her husband and exhaled sharply.

“Okay,” she said. “You were right. I was wrong.”

John arched a brow. “About the dress?”

“Yes, about the damn dress. If I have to smile through one more speech about how ‘stunning my assets are’, look, I swear I’ll lose it.”

John smirked despite himself. “You seemed to be enjoying the attention.”

Her eyes softened. “Yeah,” she admitted after a moment. “Maybe I was. I’m not proud of that, but... I don’t know. It’s been a while since anyone’s looked at me like that.”

He didn’t answer. For a heartbeat, the noise of the room fell away and the two of them just stood there, the old gap between them stretching wide again.

Before either could say something else, two large Black men in dark suits approached—professional, quiet, watchful. They looked like they belonged in a security detail rather than a hotel ballroom. One leaned forward and said evenly, “Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong? The Boss is ready for you.”

John’s throat went dry. Stacey exchanged a quick look with him, half-nervous, half-curious. Then she straightened her posture, smoothed her dress, and gave a tight smile.

“Lead the way,” she said.

The two of them followed the Black men out of the ballroom, through a series of hushed corridors that smelled faintly of cedar and expensive polish.

John’s thoughts were a blur—resentment, anxiety, curiosity—all churning together.

The Black guards opened a pair of tall mahogany doors and, with a polite but firm gesture, ushered John and Stacey inside. The air in the new room was cooler, quieter—almost reverent. If the ballroom outside was for spectacle, this was a space for worship.

John stopped just past the threshold, blinking at the scale of it.

The room was easily twice the size of the study they'd been in before, and every inch of it radiated wealth and care. The walls were paneled in dark rosewood, the ceiling traced with gold leaf patterns that caught the light from a chandelier shaped like an open lotus. And all around them, resting on pedestals of polished black stone or displayed in glass cases, was art—African art spanning centuries.

There were tall Benin bronzes of kings and warriors, their eyes wide and solemn; carved Ashanti fertility dolls polished smooth by generations of hands; Yoruba masks with intricate scarification patterns curling around the cheeks and temples. In one corner stood an enormous wooden sculpture of a mother figure from Mali, her back arched as she held a child toward the sky. Another wall was dominated by a collection of bead-embroidered cloths and Zulu shields, their geometric patterns so precise they seemed to hum with symmetry.

Stacey drifted from piece to piece, the heels of her shoes clicking lightly against the marble floor. Her face was soft with wonder. “This is incredible,” she murmured, pausing in front of a display of fertility figures—wooden statues with round hips and generous breasts, their bellies polished to a deep amber shine.

She turned to John, her cheeks coloring slightly. “Is it just me, or is there a theme here?”

John frowned, pretending to study a carved stool. “A theme?”

She grinned, unable to hide her amusement. “Come on. Look at them. Fertility rituals everywhere. The women are all—” she made a vague gesture at the statues' wide hips, “—and the men are all...” She trailed off, laughing quietly as she pointed toward a sculpture of a hunter whose exaggerated anatomy left little to the imagination.

John rubbed at his temple. “Yeah. I see it.”

Stacey giggled again, a flush rising up her neck. “It's beautiful, though. Not lewd. Just... proud, I guess. Like they celebrated the body instead of hiding it.”

He didn't answer right away.

The contrast between Stacey's bright curiosity and John's own unease was stark. To him, the room felt alive—not just with history, but with something heavier, older. More primal. The art didn't just depict power and creation; it radiated it. And standing there, next to his radiant wife in her pale dress, John couldn't shake the feeling that the room was seeing them, measuring them somehow.

Then there was the deep sound of a man's voice.

John and Stacey turned at once.

The heavy doors opened, and Brick walked in with the casual command of someone entirely at home. He was carrying a briefcase now. The sound of his laughter rolled through the chamber before he spoke.

“Well,” he said, clasping his hands together, “did you two enjoy the little sermon on giving back?”

Stacey smiled brightly. “It was inspiring. Really. You’ve built something amazing here.”

"Speaking of being built for things..." Brick muttered under his breath, eyes fixed on Stacey's curves.

"What was that?" Stacey said, taking a step forward to hear better.

Brick grinned, tipping his chin in acknowledgment. “Appreciate that. It’s a lot of work, but you know how it is — you build a foundation, you lift people up.” He looked around the room, as if to punctuate the words. “All this,” he said, gesturing to the ancient carvings and tapestries, “reminds me what real legacy looks like. Creating, providing, protecting.”

John nodded stiffly, unsure what to do with his small hands.

Brick's gaze drifted back to Stacey, assessing, amused. “You certainly made an entrance out there, Stacey. I think everyone thinks your name is 'Whitegirl in the thong,’” he said, smiling in that half-joking way that could

pass for praise or something sharper. “You had the crowd’s attention, my dear, that’s for sure.”

Stacey flushed, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “Was it that noticeable?”

“Let’s just say,” Brick replied, still smiling, “there’s going to be a lot of wives getting beat up in bed because you decided to wear that dress tonight.”

Her laugh came quickly, nervous but genuine. “Well, that’s not such a bad thing, is it?”

“Not at all,” he said smoothly. “It’s a gift, being able to draw eyes — most people spend their lives trying to be seen.”

John stood beside her, feeling smaller by the moment, the polished floor reflecting all three of them like an oil painting in motion.

Brick moved deeper into the room, his shoes soundless against the marble. He touched one of the bronze figures on a pedestal as if greeting an old friend.

“You know,” he said, glancing between them, “I keep this collection because it reminds me that everything worth building starts from something raw — something uncomfortable. Legacy, success, even redemption — they all come from stepping into a space you don’t fully control.”

He turned toward them with that half-smile that always carried a challenge. “And that’s why you’re both here tonight. Because I think there’s something bigger in store for you than you realize.”

Stacey blinked, uncertain. “Bigger how?”

Brick chuckled quietly. “Let’s just say opportunity has a funny way of choosing people who’ve already been tested.” He walked past John and poured three drinks from a crystal decanter. “You’ve both had your share of tests.”

He handed a glass to Stacey first, then one to John, holding it just long enough to make the gesture feel like a dare.

John took it, his mouth dry. “And what exactly is this opportunity?”

Brick leaned against the edge of a carved table, swirling his drink. “A partnership. Something that might help rewrite how your story ends. But,” he added, eyes steady on John, “that depends on whether you’re willing to step outside your comfort zone again.”

The air between them tightened — curiosity from Stacey, unease from John, and quiet control from Brick .

That's when it happened.

Brick reached into his briefcase — a slim, black leather thing that looked more like it belonged in a museum than an office — and pulled out a crisp folder embossed with a golden seal. He placed it on the table between them like it was a sacred text.

“This,” he said, sliding it toward John, “is your future, whiteboy. This is your legacy.”

John hesitated before opening it, half-expecting it to be another cruel joke at his expense. But when he did, his breath caught. The number on the first page was so large it didn’t even register at first — all those zeros stacked neatly behind a single digit and dollar sign.

“One... million?” he whispered, the words barely escaping his mouth.

Stacey gasped softly, her hand flying to her lips. “Oh my god, John—”

John stared at the number on the page as if it might evaporate if he blinked. One million dollars. His mind couldn’t seem to wrap around the idea that a sum like that could ever be attached to his name. He looked up, dazed, waiting for someone to explain the catch.

Brick leaned back in his chair, a lazy grin curling at the edges of his mouth. “You’re thinking that’s too good to be true, right?” he said. “And you’d be

right. This contract—this payday—it’s not for the book I already printed. It’s for the next one. The sequel.”

John frowned, confused. “Sequel?”

Brick nodded, tapping a thick finger on the glossy surface of the contract. “Yeah, man. Book two. Same style, same voice. But this time...” He paused, looking between John and Stacey with a slow, deliberate smile. “This time, I want it based on real experiences. Not fantasies. Not fiction. You’ll just be documenting what actually happens between me and Stacey. Think of it like journalism—with some flair.”

For a heartbeat, the world tilted. John’s stomach went cold, as if the oxygen had been sucked out of the room.

He tried to laugh, but the sound came out brittle. “That’s a joke, right?”

Brick didn’t blink. “No joke. You’ve already proven you can write the scenes. Now I want you to tell the truth. The real story.”

Stacey said nothing at first. Her eyes darted from Brick to her husband, her lips slightly parted as if she wanted to protest—but she didn’t. Instead, she stood there, shifting her weight, fingers twisting nervously around her clutch.

John’s pulse was hammering.

He couldn’t tell which emotion was stronger: the insult, the disbelief, or the humiliating flicker of something he didn’t want to name. He looked at his wife again, hoping she’d say something—anything—that would shatter this unbearable silence.

But Brick filled it instead. “Listen, John,” he said in a tone that was both charming and cruel. “It’s a business proposition. Nobody’s forcing you. But let’s be honest—you need the money. And you’ve already got the talent. All I’m offering is opportunity.”

He leaned forward, clasping his hands. “So what’s it going to be, man? You in?”

John didn’t answer.

He just stared down at the contract, at that impossible number glinting up at him, and felt the room closing in around him like a trap made of gold.

"Here's a pen," said Brick , handing the object over to the much smaller white man.

John’s hand hovered over the contract, his pen trembling like it was caught in a current. Every rational part of him screamed don’t do this. But another voice, darker and quieter, whispered that maybe—just maybe—he couldn’t afford not to.

He looked up from the papers, his eyes locking on Stacey.

She was standing beside Brick , her posture graceful, her expression unreadable. He searched her face for outrage, for some flicker of solidarity, some hint that she saw this whole setup for what it was—a power play designed to humiliate him.

But she didn’t look angry. She didn’t even look uncomfortable.

Instead, there was a faint, almost fascinated softness in her eyes—as if she were watching something she couldn’t quite pull away from. Her arms were crossed loosely under her chest, her lips parted ever so slightly. It wasn’t approval, exactly. But it wasn’t protest either.

And that crushed him.

He swallowed hard, trying to find his voice. “You... you’re not actually considering this, are you?” he asked quietly, his words trembling as they left his throat.

Stacey met his gaze, and her face warmed with an uneasy smile. “I’m not saying I agree with it,” she said gently, “but... look, John, it’s just a contract. He’s not saying we have to—”

“Not yet,” Brick interrupted, smirking. “But we’re all adults here.”

John’s stomach twisted.

He looked down again at the contract, the paper suddenly blurring before his eyes. A million dollars. His head pulsed with numbers, bills, the relentless weight of debt.

Then came the quieter ache—the memory of their marriage before all of this, before the distance and tension and whispered names. Before he’d started drinking alone, went to jail, and kept from getting bullied and beat-up by writing about a very large Black man fucking his wife, his sweet, beautiful, innocent angel.

He looked back at Stacey one last time.

Her hand brushed her hair behind her ear, and her eyes darted toward the document, then back to him. Calm. Composed. Curious.

It hit him like a blow.

His wife wasn’t disgusted. She was... intrigued.

"Fine, whatever."

The last shaky curve of John’s signature on the contract seemed to suck all the air from the room. The pen clattered from his numb fingers onto the polished mahogany desk. A million dollars. For his permission. For his shame. For his wife.

Brick's smile was a white, predatory slash in the dim light. He didn’t look at the contract. His eyes, dark and knowing, were already on Stacey. “You heard the whiteboy, sweetheart. He just gave us his blessing. And a hell of a budget for our... research.” His voice was a low, commanding rumble that left no room for debate. “Get me comfortable, my little snowbunny.”

Stacey’s gaze flickered from her husband’s ashen face back to the powerful man now owning the space between them. Her small, pale hands trembled as she knelt before him. The delicate fingers that had once slipped a

wedding band onto John's finger now fumbled with the glossy leather of Brick's Italian loafers. She pulled them off, then his socks, her touch hesitant on his bare, strong feet. So long, so black.

“That’s it,” Brick murmured, his voice dropping into a soothing, yet utterly dominant, register. He placed a massive hand on the crown of her head, a gesture of possession that was almost paternal. “Just relax, baby girl. You’re doing so good for me already. Such a pretty little thing, eager to please. Don't worry whitegirl, we both gonna give and get lots of pleasure to each other.”

The praise seemed to melt some of the tension from Stacey's shoulders.

She looked up at the imposing Black man, her light-filled angelic face a mix of fear and blossoming excitement. Her small trembling pale hand went to the heavy, polished buckle of his belt. The sound of the leather sliding free was obscenely loud. Brick didn't help her, just watched, a powerful Black king being undressed by his newest white subject.

John could only stand there, a ghost in his own life, watching his wife's own submission—her slender hands working to open the button of Brick's trousers, then grasp the zipper. She hesitated for a fraction of a second, her eyes wide, before pulling it down.

The command was soft but absolute. “Reach in there and pull it out for me, Stacey. It likes you. It likes it when you hold it. Now let's see what you're working with.”

She obeyed, her skinny pale arm sliding into the man's open fly.

Her expression shifted from nervous concentration to pure, unadulterated shock. Her jaw went slack. Oh my god, she mouthed silently, her eyes widening as her fingers made contact with the unseen monster lurking against his thigh. Her mind raced, a chaotic jumble of stereotypes about Black men having bigger cocks.

She was thinking: and it's real, it's all very real, and my girlfriends are never gonna believe this, they're going to lose their fucking minds when I

tell them.

When the tall Black man's cock sprang free, she jerked her hand back as if burned. It was a living, breathing thing, a thick, veined pillar of dark flesh. She was use to the small pink ones that you could make shoot without much effort. This was very different. The plum-colored head, slick with pre-cum, bobbed heavily just inches from her face, its sheer mass and presence seemingly staring her down, a perfect mirror to the man's intense gaze from above.

“Open that mouth, baby girl!”

The order cracked through the room. Stacey's lips parted obediently, and Brick guided himself forward. The broad, hot crown pushed past her lips, stretching them wide, and slid over her tongue. It was an invasion of sheer size and heat, a savage furnace of a thing that pulsed with a life of its own. She could feel every throb, every prominent vein mapping a topography of pure masculine power onto her palate.

“Look up at me, whitegirl,” Brick groaned, his voice thick with pleasure.

He kept one heavy hand firmly on top of her head, feeling the silky dark hair, controlling the bob of her skull. “Damn you look sexy with some black meat in your mouth. That's what's up. I see you breathing through your nose, trying so hard to take it for me. Good girl, Stacey. I can tell you're gonna be my real good girl.”

He began to move, a subtle, testing rock of his hips that pushed another inch into her mouth. Stacey gagged instantly, a wet, choked sound that made John flinch. But Brick just held her there, his expression one of rapt fascination.

“There it is,” he grunted, his eyes flicking to John's horrified face. “Hear that, Shakespeare? That's the sound of a woman who finally found a cock that fits. That's the sound of your million-dollar idea.” He looked back down at Stacey, whose eyes were now watering. “You ain't never had nothing like this stretching that pretty white throat out, have you? This what you been dreaming about?”

Stacey managed a weak, gurgling moan of affirmation around the massive intrusion.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” he breathed. “Such a filthy, eager little cocksucker. Born for this shit. Just like your husband wrote.” He shifted his grip, tilting her head back to open her throat further. “Let’s see if we can get a little more of me in there.”

He pushed forward. Stacey’s eyes bulged, a fresh wave of tears spilling down her cheeks as her throat expanded to accommodate him. The gagging intensified, a wet, rhythmic choking that was both horrific and intensely erotic. Her hands came up, not to push him away, but to grip his powerful thighs, her nails digging into the fine fabric of his suit pants for anchorage.

“Yeah, take it,” he urged, his own breathing starting to ragged. “Take all that big aching black cock you sexy white bitch. Gag on it. Choke on it. Let your husband hear what a real mouthful sounds like.”

John felt his own pants grow uncomfortably tight, a traitorous arousal burning through the acid wash of his humiliation.

"Oh no!"

He was hard, painfully so, mesmerized by the vulgar, breathtaking tableau of his wife being used by his ex-cellmate.

Now Brick's thrusts became more deliberate, fucking her face in a steady, shallow rhythm. “You like how that feels, don’t you?” he demanded, his voice a rough growl. “You like having your whitegirl throat stuffed full of ebony cock? Huh? Tell me you love it.”

He pulled back just enough to let her gasp a ragged breath, saliva and pre-cum stringing from her lips to his shining tip.

“I... I love it,” she panted, her voice hoarse and broken. “It’s so fucking big. I love your cock, Brick . Please...”

“Please what?” he demanded, slapping his heavy, hot shaft against her flushed cheek.

“Please fuck my face,” she whimpered, the words a surrender that shattered the last of John’s world. “I want to taste you. I want you to cum in my mouth.”

“That’s my good girl,” he purred, pushing back into the warm, willing wetness. Around the same time, his eyes, dark with promise, locked on John. “You gettin’ all this down, Shakespeare? This is gonna be a great fucking chapter in your book.”

"..." was all John could say.

"Huh? Speak up whiteboy! Your wife is moaning too loudly on my cock!"

"I said," John stuttered, "it's fine."

"Ha, yeah. No shit!" Brick roared, laughing. He pulled his cock out of Stacey's mouth with a loud plop, leaving her face covered in saliva, sweat, and pre-cum. He patted her on her head like she was his new favorite pet. "Now let’s see if we can make this chapter a little more spicy for whiteboy?"

There was a long, tense pause.

Then Brick stepped away from Stacey and wandered toward the far end of the grand chamber, where the lighting dimmed and the shadows deepened around a glass case. He stopped beside it and gestured for the couple to join him. “Now this,” he said quietly, his voice dropping into a tone that somehow filled the entire room, “is the crown of my collection.”

Side by side, like two siblings lost in a haunted museum, John and Stacey approached hesitantly.

Inside the case, resting on dark velvet, was an ancient object wrought from iron and brass. It wasn’t ornate like the others; it was raw, functional, brutal.

The metal bore the patina of centuries — a rusted green-brown sheen that hinted at age and suffering.

Brick gazed at it with a strange reverence. “It’s called the iron harness,” he said, pointing to the object. It consisted of bands that circled the waist and thighs, connected by a rigid vertical rod or chain. Brick also explained that in some cases, a locking belt or frame was fitted around a person’s midsection, preventing movement or self-defense, while leaving the enslaved person vulnerable. The metal was heavy, crudely forged, and fastened with rivets or padlocks that could only be removed by the enslaver. “It was used during the transatlantic slave trade — a reminder of how control was enforced, not just over bodies, but over souls.” His eyes flicked toward John, then to Stacey. “Some history you don’t read in school. It’s ugly, but it’s real.”

For a long moment, no one spoke. The air felt heavier than before, thick with the weight of what that relic represented.

"Its purpose wasn't merely physical control," continued Brick, his voice suddenly rich with the air of a seasoned lecturer, "it was psychological domination. These contraptions stripped individuals of dignity and autonomy, turning natural human intimacy into an act of violence and ownership. The iron chafed the skin raw; the weight bruised the hips and back; the shame and fear it produced were often longer-lasting than the physical wounds."

Stacey stood frozen, her earlier ease gone, her face pale and thoughtful.

John couldn't bring himself to look at it for long; it made his stomach twist, as though he'd stumbled into something sacred and horrifying at once.

Much to the white couple's chagrin, Brick continued, his voice deep, serious, smooth. "Such devices were part of a wider system in which enslaved people were treated as livestock, their reproduction managed for economic gain. It's a horrific reminder of how technology and craftsmanship were sometimes used not for progress, but to deepen human suffering."

John coughed and Stacey looked away, twirling her hair nervously.

Brick finally turned toward them again, his voice low and deliberate. “Every empire leaves scars, every story its ghosts. The question,” he said, staring straight at John, “is what a man does when history asks him to face himself.”

John had no answer.

The heavy silence in Brick's private gallery was broken only by the soft hum of climate control.

Again John's eyes darted over the artifacts—masks with exaggerated features, statues of women with impossibly curved hips and full, round breasts, sculptures of men with limbs like tree trunks and prodigious, proudly displayed erections. It was a temple to a potency he could never possess.

Brick stood before a different object, one that seemed to suck the air from the room.

It was a crude, terrifying wooden structure, a collection of planks and holes, darkened with age and something that felt like suffering.

“This,” Brick said, his voice a low, reverent rumble that commanded attention, “is not for celebration. It is a reminder. A punishment board. Used to break the spirit of African slaves, men and women, who thought they were more than property.” His eyes, hard and glittering, moved from the contraption to Stacey's pale heart-shaped face. “Get inside it. Hurry.”

Stacey's breath caught. “What? Brick, no... that's...”

“The contract is signed,” the Black man stated, his tone leaving no room for appeal. He gestured to the thing. “This is research. You want to write authentic stories, don't you, whiteboy? You need to understand the humiliation. The utter loss of control. And your wife is going to feel a fraction of it. Now, Stacey. NOW. Before I decide this isn't enough and think of something truly degrading.”

Her eyes, wide with a mixture of horror and a terrifying thrill, met her husband's.

John took a half-step forward, a weak sound of protest dying in his throat. What could he do? He'd already sold her. He'd signed it away for a million dollars and the chance to scribble down his own emasculation.

With a bravery that shocked John, Stacey nodded, a single, sharp jerk of her chin. "Fine, whatever Brick ."

She walked slowly to the device. Brick didn't help her. He watched, a connoisseur of submission, as she figured out how to fit herself into it.

The ungodly contraption forced her to bend forward at the waist, her head and hands thrust through the designated holes, locking her in a posture of total vulnerability. Her perfect, voluptuous ass was raised high and presented, the thin pale fabric of her dress stretching taut across the magnificent curves.

"Good girl," Brick purred. He moved behind her, and with a quick, sharp tear, the sound horrifically loud, he ripped the dress straight down the back. The fabric fell away, pooling at her waist caught on the wood. She was left in only a flimsy white thong, her high heels, and the glittering jewelry at her wrists and neck. The contrast was dizzying—the priceless gems against the coarse, hateful wood, her soft, pale skin seeming to glow in the dim light.

John could only stare at his wife's near-naked body displayed like a piece of meat. Her back was a long, elegant curve, leading down to the incredible swell of her ass. The pearl white thong was a mere whisper of lace bisecting the full, round cheeks. His mouth went dry.

Brick ran a single, possessive ebony finger down the length of her spine. Stacey shivered violently.

"You feel that, don't you?" he asked her, his voice dropping to an intimate, cruel whisper. "How exposed you are? How I can do anything I want to you? This is what power feels like. This is what your ancestors did to mine.

Now..." He leaned close, his lips near her ear, his gaze locked on John.
"...the tables have turned."

His hands came up and cupped her breasts from beneath, his dark skin a stark contrast against their pristine whiteness. They were so heavy, so full, they spilled over his fingers. He kneaded them roughly, and John saw Stacey's fingers, trapped in the stocks, curl into fists.

"These incredible tits," Brick groaned, plumping them, squeezing them together. "God, they're perfect. Made to be sucked, to be fucked. Have you ever had a real man worship these, Stacey? Or has this pathetic little boy just fumbled at them? Unable to handle so much woman?" He pinched her nipples hard through the lace of her bra, and she cried out, a sharp sound that was mostly pleasure.

"Answer me."

"N-no," she gasped, pushing her chest back into his hands. "No, never like this."

"Of course not." He deftly unclasped her bra, pulling it away and tossing it aside. Her breasts fell free, huge and magnificent, swaying with the movement. Their weight was palpable, the pink nipples already hard peaks. Brick palmed them again, groaning. "Fuck, look at them. They're begging for a real mouth. For a black man's mouth."

He looked directly at John, a challenge in his eyes. "You see this? You see how her body answers to real strength? It's fucking biology. She can't help it."

He released her breasts and his hands slid down her sides, over the dramatic dip of her waist, to grip the swollen curves of her ass. He squeezed the firm, round flesh, pulling the cheeks apart slightly, the thin white thong digging deep into her cleft.

"And this whitegirl booty," he muttered, almost to himself. "This is a masterpiece. This is an ass built for taking a pounding. This is built for BBC. I bet hubby can't even get past these cheeks. That's biology." He

hooked his thumbs in the waistband of her thong. With a slow, deliberate pull, he dragged it down her legs, leaving her completely naked from the waist down, her most intimate place exposed just inches from his face. The scent of her arousal, musky and sweet, hit the air.

John's knees felt weak. He was painfully hard, his own inadequacy a throbbing ache of five pale inches. He was watching a god claim his temple.

Brick spread her ass cheeks wide, exposing her pink, tight little hole and the glistening wetness of her pussy lips below it. Stacey moaned, a long, shuddering sound of utter surrender, and pushed her hips back against him.

"You like that, don't you, you slutty whitegirl?" he growled, running a thumb over her rear hole, making her jump. "You like being spread open like this? On display for your husband? You want him to see how wet you are for a Black man? How your pretty white little cunt is dripping for this black cock?"

"Yes," she whimpered, her voice muffled by the wood. "Oh god, yes, Brick ."

"Yes, what?" he demanded, his voice sharp.

"Yes, I want you to fuck me," she cried, beyond shame. "I want you to fuck me right here. I want him to watch you take what's his."

Brick laughed, a low, triumphant sound. He straightened up, unbuckling his own pants. His jet-black cock, already thick and hardening, sprang free. It wasn't even fully erect yet and it was already bigger than John could ever dream of being.

"You hear that, Shakespeare?" Brick said, not taking his eyes off Stacey's presented body. "She's begging for it. Now get over here. You've got a job to do." He pointed to the floor directly beside them. "Take off your clothes. Clothes are only for real men."

The command hung in the air, a final, definitive nail in the coffin of John's dignity.

Miserably, hubby obeyed. His legs, heavy and uncoordinated, carried his wimpy white frame across the room to where his wife was locked in the punishment device, her perfect, voluptuous ass raised high and exposed, a pale, trembling offering.

“I said: Remove your clothes!”

John flinched. “My... my nudity isn’t needed to write a fucking story,” he protested, his voice a weak, reedy thing that cracked on the last word.

Brick's laugh was a short, harsh bark. “You ain’t in control here, whiteboy. You gave that up for a check. Now, unless you want your first spanking in front of your pretty wife, I suggest you hurry the fuck up.”

Defeated, a hot flush of humiliation crawling up his neck and across his face, John’s hands moved with a clumsy shame. He fumbled with the buttons of his shirt, his fingers feeling thick and useless. The soft cotton shirt fell to the floor. He toed off his shoes, then, with a sigh that was almost a sob, he unbuckled his pants and let them pool around his ankles. He stood there, a pathetic sight in his boxers—pale, narrow shoulders, arms that looked like they belonged to a teenage boy, a slight, soft gut that bulged over the waistband.

“All of it, whiteboy! Don’t be shy now!” Brick smirked, slapping Stacey’s ass in a gesture of primal possession. The sharp crack made her jump in her confines. She squeezed her eyes shut, turning her face away, unable to look at her husband.

John’s breath hitched. He hooked his thumbs into the elastic of his boxers and slowly, painfully, pushed them down. The cool air of the gallery hit his skin, and his already shrunken cock seemed to retreat further into itself. It was a small, pink shrimp, utterly limp, his tiny pink balls pulling up tight against his body like a frightened insect seeking shelter.

Brick's laughter boomed through the room, deep and triumphant. “Well, I’ll be goddamned,” he roared, giving Stacey’s ass another stinging slap. “No fucking way this little pink worm is the equipment for a woman like this!

Look at this ass, boy! This is a breeding ass! A perfect slave ass! This needs a real fucking cock!”

John’s mind went blank, white noise of shame drowning out all coherent thought. He tried to grasp onto something, anything. A million dollars. A better life. This is for us. The justifications were paper-thin, dissolving instantly in the acid of his humiliation.

Having conquered the husband, Brick turned his full, predatory attention back to his prize. He ran a possessive hand over the full, round curve of Stacey’s left ass cheek. She flinched, a tiny, involuntary sound escaping her lips.

“You don’t like that, baby?” Brick purred, his voice deceptively soft. He traced a finger down the cleft of her ass, making her shudder. “Then why are you so fucking wet?” He brought his fingers around, showing John the glistening evidence coating his fingertips. “See that, Shakespeare? That’s her body telling the truth. Her mouth says ‘no,’ but this pretty little cunt? It’s begging for me.”

He began to play with her, a master testing his instrument. Two thick fingers slid into her pussy without warning, and Stacey cried out, her back arching. “Oh!”

“There it is,” Brick groaned, fucking her with his fingers. “So tight and hot. So much better than that little thing you got.” He slapped her ass again, the sound sharp and degrading, leaving a red handprint on her pristine white skin. His other hand found her breast, squeezing the heavy weight of it, pinching her nipple hard between his thumb and forefinger. Stacey gasped, a ragged moan torn from her throat, her body bucking against the restraints that held her. She was a puppet, and he was pulling every string.

He withdrew his wet fingers and guided himself to her lips. “Suck,” he commanded. Stacey, dazed and overwhelmed, opened her mouth. He fed his massive, plum-colored cockhead past her lips, fucking her face with short, brutal thrusts for a few moments before pulling out and slapping the heavy, veined ebony shaft against her cheek, leaving a trail of her own saliva and his pre-cum on the features of her angelic face.

The humiliation was absolute. John watched, his own pathetic dicklet giving a tiny, traitorous twitch at the utter debasement of his wife.

“You ever been fucked in the ass, Stacey?” Brick asked conversationally, as if asking about the weather.

Stacey’s entire body went rigid. “NOooo!” she cried, her voice pitched high with genuine panic. She started to thrash against the wooden boards, her magnificent ass jiggling with the effort. “No, please! Don’t! I’ve never... it’s too big! You’re too big for my ass, Brick , please!”

“Shhh, shhh,” he soothed, a cruel amusement in his tone. He spat into his hand, a crude, vulgar sound, and slapped the saliva onto his cock, lubing the broad head. He pressed it against her tight, puckered pink hole. She screamed, a raw, desperate sound that was smothered by the wood.

“It’s never gonna fit! You’ll tear me in half!” she sobbed, her body straining, every muscle taut with fear.

“It’ll fit,” he growled, applying more pressure. The tip of him began to press against the tightly clenched ring of muscle. Stacey hyperventilated, her breaths coming in short, sharp gasps. “I’ll make it fit. I’ll breed this ass too. Make sure every hole of yours belongs to Brick !”

He pulled back slightly and slapped his cock hard against her ass cheeks, the wet, meaty sound echoing in the room, making her wail. He lined up again, this time with more purpose, the head pressing insistently, threatening to pop past that first impossible barrier. John felt sick, aroused, paralyzed, his own heart hammering against his ribs.

“Please, God, no, Brick , stop!” Stacey begged, her voice breaking. "I'm serious, I can't take your cock in my ass! Not yet."

He pushed. Just a fraction of an inch. A millimeter. Stacey screamed, a sound of pure, undiluted panic.

"Not yet, huh?"

And then he stopped.

He let out a low, dark chuckle and pulled his hips back, leaving her violated rim quivering and exposed. "Calm down, you two," he said, his voice dripping with condescending amusement. "Just fucking with you. For now." He patted her ass, a patronizing gesture. "A virgin asshole is a precious thing. Gotta be broken in right. On my terms." He looked over at John, at his naked, trembling form. "You know what, whiteboy? As soon as you stepped into my cell, I knew we were going to have some fun."

Brick then leaned down, his big plush lips close to Stacey's ear, his voice a low, intimate rumble meant only for her. "This tight little ass is mine, Stacey. You understand? I own it. I'll take it when I'm good and ready to watch you scream for a whole new reason." He slid his hand between her legs, his fingers finding her dripping wetness with ease. "But right now... this delicious, greedy cunt is begging for the main event. It's time to put a baby in you."

"A baby?" John said, looking like a man snapping out of a bad dream. "We didn't agree to—"

Brick cut him off, snapping his fingers. "Get over here, whiteboy! Yes, HERE. On your knees. Fighting it will only make it worse."

Glad that his wife couldn't see him now, John shuffled over to the bigger Black man.

John knelt, his own pathetic nakedness a stark contrast to the powerful, clothed man above him and the voluptuous, trapped woman before him.

"Go ahead, whiteboy. Lick it," barked Brick. "Don't be scared little boy."

The scent of Stacey's arousal, a sweet, musky perfume, filled John's nostrils. He could see the glistening evidence of his wife's excitement coating her inner thighs, a blatant betrayal that sent a confusing jolt straight to his own shriveled penis.

“Go on,” Brick commanded, his voice a low rumble of pure authority. “Get her ready for me. Make that tight white pussy beg for this black cock.”

John’s tongue felt like sandpaper. He leaned forward, tentatively extending it to trace a path up the soft, pale skin of Stacey’s inner thigh. She shuddered violently, a high, desperate whimper escaping her. The sound was not one of pain, but of pure, unadulterated need. When his tongue finally made contact with her slick, swollen lips, she cried out, her hips bucking against the unyielding wood of the contraption.

“Oh god...” she moaned, the sound muffled.

Her taste exploded on his tongue—salty, sweet, and utterly intoxicating. It was the taste of her deepest, most hidden desire, a desire not for him, but for the man whose presence dominated the room.

John closed his eyes, trying to lose himself in the familiar act of pleasuring his wife. He focused on the soft, velvety texture of her folds, the way her clit hardened into a tight little pearl under the gentle flick of his tongue. He could feel her body responding, her moans growing louder, more insistent. For a fleeting second, he could pretend he was the one doing this to her, that he was the one making her feel this good.

The fantasy shattered as a large, powerful hand clamped onto the back of his head. Brick's grip was unyielding, forcing John’s face deeper into Stacey’s pussy, mashing his nose and mouth against her wetness. John’s eyes flew open, panic surging through him. He looked up, his vision blurred, and saw Brick smirking down at him.

“That’s it, whiteboy. Eat that pussy like the good little cuck you are. Oh, you don't like that word? Cuck? Get used to it!”

"I'm trying," John said, obviously annoyed by all of this direction from the other man.

Brick chuckled at the whiteboy's expression. "Get it nice and wet for the main event. Me, whiteboy. I've never seen a pussy need a creampie more than this one.”

John had no choice. The pressure on his head was immense, holding him in place as he was forced to service his wife. He redoubled his efforts, his tongue working frantically over her clit, delving deep into her opening, lapping up her juices. Stacey's responses became wild, unrestrained. She was moaning continuously now, a steady stream of pleasure sounds that were both humiliating and intensely arousing for John.

“Yes! Right there! Don't stop! Fuck, John...!” she cried out, her words a twisted form of praise that was really meant for the man orchestrating it all.

Suddenly, something hard and impossibly hot slapped against John's cheek. He froze, his tongue still inside her. He turned his head slightly and his eyes widened. It was Brick's cock. The veiny, massive black anaconda was right there, resting against his soft doughy face, its heat searing his skin. It was slick with pre-cum and Stacey's own wetness, a monstrous, living thing that seemed to throb with its own predatory heartbeat.

Brick didn't move him. He just held John there, using his whiteboy face as a guide as he positioned the broad, purple head of his cock against Stacey's dripping entrance. John was trapped, forced to watch from inches away as the tip pressed against her stretched, pink lips.

“Now watch closely, cellie,” Brick grunted, his voice thick with lust. “Watch how a real man claims what's his.”

He pushed forward.

Stacey let out a choked scream that was part pain, part ecstasy. The pressure was immense. John could see the strain on her face, the way her body went rigid as Brick's girth began to stretch her open. It was a slow, agonizing invasion. Brick didn't just thrust; he pressed, he pushed, he steadily forced her body to accommodate him. Her tight pussy resisted for a moment, then yielded with a soft, wet pop as the head finally slipped inside.

“FUCK! Oh my GOD! It's so big!” Stacey shrieked, her voice cracking.

Brick let out a guttural groan of pure satisfaction. “That's it, baby. Let your master take it. Take this big black cock like a good white bitch.” He held

still for a moment, letting her adjust to the sheer size of him, his own muscles trembling with the effort of control. Then he pulled back almost all the way out, the thick shaft glistening, before driving back in with another slow, deep, overwhelming stroke.

The sight was the most degrading, most erotic thing John had ever witnessed.

He was so close he could see every detail: the way her stretched lips clung to his shaft, the contrast of dark black and bright pink, the way her creamy white flesh was forced to make room for the dark, veiny intrusion, the tiny shudders that wracked her body with every inch he gained.

After a few more of these long, torturous strokes, Brick pulled his slick member all the way out. He looked down at John, whose face was still held in place.

“Get back in there, little boy. She’s not wet enough. I can still feel her tight little cunt fighting me. Do your fucking whiteboy job.”

Released, John dove back in, his tongue frantically licking and sucking, trying to quell the ache Brick had created. Stacey was mewling now, a continuous sound of overwhelmed pleasure. The combination was too much for her. John’s tongue on her clit, Brick’s cock stretching her open—it was pushing her over an edge she never knew existed.

“I can’t... I’m gonna... oh fuck, I’m coming!” she screamed, her body seizing up in the restraints as a violent orgasm ripped through her. Her pussy clenched and fluttered around nothing, dripping onto John’s face.

Brick laughed, a dark, victorious sound. “See? This is what I call teamwork! Your wife’s first orgasm on a real cock, and you got to taste it. Now...” He shoved John’s head away, not hard, but with utter finality. “Stay there. And watch. Learn!”

John stayed on his knees, his face wet with his wife’s juices, his heart hammering against his ribs. Brick positioned himself again, this time with

more purpose. He gripped Stacey's hips, his powerful hands dwarfing her waist.

"This is it, Stacey," he growled, his voice dropping to an intimate, possessive rumble. "No more playing. I'm gonna fuck a baby into you now. I'm gonna pump this fertile white cunt so full of my black seed, there's no way it won't take. You understand me? You're gonna be my breeding bitch."

He didn't wait for an answer. He drove into her, a deep, powerful thrust that buried his entire length inside her in one smooth, devastating motion. Stacey's scream was muffled by the wood, her body arching as he filled her completely.

"YES! Fill me up!" she cried, her voice raw with surrender. "PLEASE, I'm all yours..."

Brick set a relentless pace, each thrust a claiming, each withdrawal a promise of more. His low hanging black balls slapped against her clit with every powerful drive forward. The wet, slapping sounds of their coupling filled the room, a vulgar rhythm punctuated by Stacey's sobbing moans and Brick's guttural grunts.

He reached around, his big hands finding her huge, heavy white breasts, squeezing and kneading the soft ivory flesh, pinching her nipples hard.

"These perfect fucking tits are gonna swell with milk for my son," he grunted into her ear, his pace never faltering. "You feel that? You feel how deep I am? My black cock is pounding your womb right now, whitegirl. I'm painting it black."

John could only watch, his own small whiteboy penis achingly hard, leaking onto the floor, as the man he had sold his wife to fucked her with a brutal, breeding purpose. Brick's thrusts became more frantic, more animalistic. His body tensed, a coil of pure power about to snap.

"I'm gonna cum! I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM!" he roared, slamming into her one final time, burying himself to the hilt as his orgasm erupted

deep inside her. Stacey screamed again, a long, drawn-out wail as a second, more intense climax was ripped from her, her body milking his cock for every last drop.

Brick held himself there, pulsing, grunting, emptying himself into her. After a long moment, he slowly pulled out. A thick, white trickle of his seed immediately began to leak from her well-used, gaping pussy, dripping down her inner thighs, proof of the breeding that had just taken place.

He turned his head, his eyes, glazed with triumph, finding John's. A slow, smug smile spread across his face.

"Now... clean her up."

"Clean her up?" John's voice was a thin, reedy protest, swallowed by the vast, opulent room. "No way! That's—"

A sharp crack of laughter cut him off. Brick's eyes, dark and gleaming with contempt, locked onto him. "I don't give a single fuck about your opinions, whiteboy," he countered, his voice a low, crushing weight. "I own you. And I own your snowbunny wife. Now get on your fucking knees and lick all that cum out of her pussy. That's your only role in this."

His will shattered, John's body moved on its own, a puppet whose strings were pulled by a master. Again he miserably dropped to his knees on the cold marble floor, the position becoming his natural state. He shuffled forward, the scent of sex and sweat and his wife's arousal thick in the air. He leaned into the most intimate part of her, the place he had known for years but that now felt utterly foreign, claimed by another man.

Long, thick ropes of white cum were oozing out of her battered pink hole, a sluggish river of another man's victory.

John's stomach lurched, but a deeper, more traitorous part of him stirred with a sick fascination. He closed his eyes, unable to look, and pressed his mouth against her.

The taste was overwhelming.

A salty, musky tang that was unmistakably him. It was the taste of power, of dominance, of everything John wasn't. He ran his tongue along her slit, gathering the thick, viscous fluid, and forced himself to swallow. Each gulp was a pill of his own humiliation. He worked diligently, his tongue lapping at her swollen lips, probing inside her to collect every last drop. He was nothing but a servant mopping up after a king.

The whole time, to make his degradation complete, Stacey moaned and shook beneath him. Her curvy pale body, so sensitive and over stimulated, trembled at the touch of his tongue. A high, continuous whine escaped her lips, her hips giving tiny, involuntary bucks against the wood that still held her captive. She was lost in a haze of pleasure, completely unaware of the shame of the man cleaning her.

Brick watched, a statue of satisfied power, his arms crossed over his broad chest. "Okay, whiteboy," he said, his voice a rumble of approval that felt worse than any insult. "You did a good job. I knew you had potential. Look at all that seed you just sucked out of your wife's pussy. Bet you won't forget that taste for a long fucking time."

He laughed, a cruel, echoing sound that seemed to bounce off every artifact in the gallery, each one a testament to a virility John would never possess. Then, with a dismissive wave of his hand, he issued his final command. "You can unlock her now. Get your wife out of my device before I breed her again!" Without another glance, Brick turned and left the room, the heavy door clicking shut behind him, leaving them alone in the heavy, sex-scented silence.

The moment the door closed, John jerked into motion, a panicked switch flipping inside him. Caretaker mode. He scrambled to the sides of the wooden contraption, his fingers fumbling with the crude latches and locks.

"Dear? Are you okay?"

His small hands were shaking so badly it took him three tries to release the mechanism holding Stacey's wrists. When the final lock sprang open, she collapsed forward, her body boneless and limp. He caught her, her weight

surprising him, and they both sank to the floor in a heap of trembling limbs and ragged breath.

They clung to each other on the cold marble, like two small, terrified animals who had just narrowly escaped a predator. Stacey buried her face in his neck, her sobs quiet, shuddering things. "No, I'm fine. I'm really fine. You know I always get so emotional after intense sex though."

John held her tight, his hands stroking her back, his own tears mixing with the sweat on her skin. For a single, fleeting moment, it was just them again. Broken, but together.

"It's okay," he whispered, the words feeling hollow and meaningless. "It's over, dear. He's gone. That fucking asshole is gone!"

She just shook her head against his shoulder, her breathing starting to slow. He could feel the sticky residue of Brick's cum, now mixed with his own saliva, cooling on her inner thighs where he'd licked her clean. The reality of it crashed back down on him.

"We... we should get our clothes on," John stammered, wanting to cover her, to cover himself, to create any kind of barrier against the world. "We need to get out of here."

Still holding each other, they clumsily got to their feet.

Their clothes were scattered; his a pathetic pile near an African fertility statue, her beautiful, dress a ruin of pale fabric. They managed to find their underwear. John stepped into his boxers, the thin cotton doing nothing to shield him from the chill of the room or the heat of his shame. Stacey, moving like a sleepwalker, slipped her thong back on, the white lace a stark contrast against her cum-smearred skin and the red marks left by Brick's aggressive grip.

They stood there, half-naked, pale, overwhelmed, exposed, and utterly shattered, the enormity of what had just happened settling over them. John reached for her hand, his fingers intertwining with hers, a desperate attempt to find an anchor.

The door opened again.

Brick stood in the doorway, already holding two tall, dark glasses filled with amber liquid. His eyes, dark and knowing, swept over their pathetic state, taking in their half-dressed bodies, their tear-streaked faces, their intertwined hands.

A slow, wicked smile spread across the heavy Africanized features of his cruel face.

"Oh good," he purred, his voice like velvet wrapped around steel. "You're not dressed. Saves me the trouble of telling you to take it all off again." He stepped fully into the room, letting the door swing shut behind him with a soft, definitive click. "The night's not over. I just went to get us all a drink."

Chapter Seven

It had been a month since that night in Brick's art room, though John tried not to measure time that way. Every day since had been one long exercise in pretending things were fine. Stacey had been especially good at it — laughing a little too brightly at brunch, taking photos of her cappuccino foam hearts, humming as she got ready for bed. On the surface, she seemed almost happier than before, more relaxed somehow. Energized. Confident.

But to John, that calm had a strange edge.

It was in the way his gorgeous wife looked at her reflection longer than usual before leaving the house. The way she kept her phone close, screen always face down. The way her touch — once automatic and thoughtless — now came with a kind of permission, like she had to remind herself that he was still her husband.

He told himself not to notice. He told himself that things heal with time.

Still, the memory of Brick — the low timbre of his voice, that unflinching confidence, the way he made sure Stacey saw John's complete defeat and submission to them both — lingered like a stain that wouldn't wash out. John could feel it when Stacey laughed at a text she didn't show him, or when her scent hit him as she passed through the kitchen wearing one of her sundresses.

They hadn't talked about what happened. Not once. The silence between them was its own arrangement — fragile, necessary, impossible to maintain forever.

That's why today was so important.

They had spent the entire Saturday trying to find their way back to something like normal. Shopping together in the morning, lingering over coffee, laughing — almost easily — as they got manicures side by side.

They'd shared popcorn in the dim glow of a matinee, and later, at the park, tossed crumbs to a family of ducks while the late sunlight shimmered on the pond. For a few fleeting hours, it had almost felt as if the rift between them had never existed, as if the day itself were conspiring to make them forget.

However, the feeling of relief was short-lived.

As they turned onto their quiet street, the sight of a black limousine waiting in front of their house caught the fading sunlight — gleaming like a dark omen.

Mr. Limo.

Right away John's stomach dropped, his hands tightening around the steering wheel. There was no mistaking it. Only one man they knew would arrive like that.

Stacey, who had a copy of *Vogue* on her lap, saw it a moment later. "Oh, God," she whispered, the words barely leaving her lips. Her hand shot to the rearview mirror, tilting it toward her face. Suddenly she was in motion —snapping open her purse, rummaging for her compact. She dabbed at the corners of her eyes, wiped away a faint smudge of eyeliner, smoothed a bit of hair that had slipped loose from the silky pink bow in her hair. The movements were quick, restless.

Her reflection caught the faint sheen of panic in her eyes. She untied her bow, tied it again, then again, as if the act alone might calm her. "Does this look alright?" she asked, voice light, a forced brightness in it. "I mean... this dress—it's fine, right?"

John glanced sideways.

She looked immaculate to him—too immaculate. The way she kept fixing herself felt less like vanity and more like self-defense, a ritual to regain control in the face of something she couldn't name.

"You look fine, dear," he said quietly, but the words fell flat.

Stacey inhaled, exhaled, adjusted her sunglasses so they covered half her face, and straightened her shoulders. When the car came to a stop, she stayed perfectly still for a long second, the hum of the engine fading between them.

Then she unbuckled her seat belt and murmured, “Well... no sense in keeping the man waiting.”

And with that, the illusion of their peaceful day disappeared, replaced by the weight of what waited beyond their front door.

When John and Stacey stepped into the house, he felt it before he saw it—the air, heavy and foreign, thick with someone else’s scent. It wasn’t his cologne, that much he knew. It was sharper, darker, expensive.

And then he saw him: Brick, standing in the living room like the place belonged to him. A king. Two other well-suited Black men lingered near the door, built like walls, their expressions flat and unreadable.

The white couple recognized the Black security guards from the hotel.

“Hope you don’t mind,” Brick said, spreading his hands as if he’d done them a favor. “Door was cracked open. Figured I’d wait inside.”

John’s throat tightened. His forced smile felt stiff enough to crack his face. “Sure,” he managed. “No problem.”

But Stacey—she was practically glowing. Her laugh came out quick, a little breathless. “Brick! What a surprise! You could’ve called ahead—I’d have made the place look nicer.”

Brick gave a slow grin. “It’s already nice. But you, Stacey—you light up the room with all them curves, whitegirl.”

John’s chest burned. He couldn’t tell if it was anger or humiliation, or both. Stacey tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and smiled—an automatic reflex she’d probably perfected years ago. She looked flattered, maybe a little nervous, but not offended.

Brick didn't ask if he could sit—he just did, sprawling comfortably on the couch, all confidence and muscle and lazy authority. When he patted the cushion beside him, Stacey hesitated for a heartbeat, then sat. John tried not to stare. He pretended to straighten a picture frame on the wall that didn't need straightening.

“So,” Brick said, glancing up, “how's the writing coming, Shakespeare? You finish your first story about the husband who ate another man's cum out of his wife's pussy? That one's going to be a banger, yo.”

The two Black security guards couldn't hide their goddamn mocking grins.

John felt his palms sweat. “Not yet, sir,” he said, trying to sound casual. “Still, um, thinking about it.”

“Thinking,” Brick repeated, as if the word amused him. “Thinking's fine. But too much thinking, you forget to act. You know what I mean, whiteboy?”

John didn't respond. He just watched his wife. She was sitting with her hands folded neatly in her lap, nodding faintly, her eyes darting between the two men. There was admiration in them—subtle, but there. That stung worse than anything Brick could've said.

Then John's eyes fell on something new.

The envelope sat on the coffee table, the corner of it catching a glint of afternoon light.

Brick tracked John's eyes. “I know we talked about direct deposit,” he said, his tone calm and sure, “but I wanted to drop off your first monthly check in person. Plus, figured it'd give us a chance to catch up, brainstorm some ideas for your next story, whiteboy.”

John nodded stiffly. “Yeah... sure. That's considerate of you.”

Stacey stepped out of her sandals and crossed the room, the faint scent of her perfume lingering in her wake. Her hair was still tied in the loose pink

bow she'd worn all day, a few strands slipping down along her cheek. The soft material of her summer dress moved with her — airy, effortless — catching the light in a way that made her seem almost unreal.

“Brick ? Would you like some water?” she asked, turning toward Brick with a small, practiced smile.

“That'd be great, thank you,” he said.

She disappeared briefly into the kitchen, the faint sounds of running water and glass clinking filling the quiet. When she returned, she set the glass down on the table — but as she did, a coaster slipped from her hand, landing softly on the carpet. She bent to retrieve it, pushing her bottom up in the air, revealing the outline of lacey pink panties that strained to barely cover the globes of her plump ivory bottom, the motion Staceyful but unguarded.

The room went still for just a moment.

John felt something twist inside him. The easy air from earlier — their laughter, their fragile sense of peace — was utterly gone. Stacey straightened, brushing a strand of hair from her face, her expression calm but unreadable as she handed Brick the glass.

He took it with a slow nod, his gaze steady. “Appreciate it, babygirl.”

Stacey sat beside John, her dress falling neatly across her legs, her perfume still faint in the air.

For a long moment, no one said a word. The ticking of the wall clock filled the silence, each beat feeling sharper than the last.

And suddenly, Brick's smile widened, easy but unmistakably bold. “C'mon, Stacey,” he said with a chuckle that filled the room, “you can't just sit over there looking like summer itself. Come here, give a brother a hug.”

John felt his stomach tighten. Brick had a way of saying things that sounded half like a joke, half like a dare.

Stacey hesitated — just for a beat — before she started across the living room again. She was smiling, but it was the careful kind of smile — polite, guarded, the kind that made John wonder what she was really thinking.

Brick rose to meet her, his height and presence filling the space easily.

John's hands tightened on his knees as he watched them meet halfway, that brief, friendly embrace turning into something else... John sat rigid in the armchair, his knuckles white as he gripped the worn fabric, forced to watch the scene unfold from the worst seat in the house.

Stacey, his wife, was on her toes, pressed flush against the massive frame of the Black man.

"Oh no, baby."

Her pretty floral-pattern sundress had ridden up her thighs, and from John's terrible angle, he had a perfect, humiliating view. Brick's hand, so dark and veined and big, was brazenly cupping the full, pale curve of her ass over her pink lace panties. The contrast was brutal, a fucking masterpiece of jungle dominance.

Brick's eyes, dark and sharp, snapped from Stacey's blushing face down to John's horrified stare. A cruel smirk twisted his lips.

"Oh, hey," Brick's voice cut through the silence like a whip. "How's the cuck cage working out for you, whiteboy? Is it pink enough? Give us another peek."

"Ha, yeah, maybe later," John said, pretending to laugh.

"Do I look like a motherfucker who likes repeating himself?"

"No.."

"No what?"

"No, sir."

John's heart hammered against his ribs. His face burned. With trembling fingers, he fumbled with the button of his khakis, the two mountainous security guards by the door shifting slightly, their impassive faces watching his every move.

He pushed his pants and underwear down to his knees, exposing the neon pink plastic prison encasing his pathetic, shriveled cock.

The air felt cold and judgmental against his skin.

He moved to pull them back up, his entire being screaming with the need to hide his emasculation.

"I didn't say you could do that, whiteboy!" Brick boomed, the command instantaneous and absolute.

John froze, his hands dropping to his sides, leaving his pale, hairless thighs and the glaring pink device on full display. A strangled sound, something between a gasp and a sob, escaped his lips.

Brick laughed again, a rich, deep sound of pure pleasure. He guided a giggling Stacey to the couch, pulling her down so close they were one entity. As if they were the married couple in the house. He planted one of his heavy, ebony hands high on her milky-white thigh, his fingers splayed wide, owning the territory.

"Stop squirming, whiteboy," Brick said, his eyes never leaving John's. "You actually pull off the look. It suits you. Your body, your whole... whiteboy personality thing."

He turned his attention to Stacey, his voice dropping into a possessive growl just for her. "Look at him, baby. That's all you got before me? That little pink thing? That ain't a man. That's a fucking little boy. And you ain't built for no little boys. You built for men. Big men."

Brick leaned in, nuzzling her neck, his other hand coming up to roughly squeeze one of her heavy tits through the thin cotton of her dress. She gasped, her back arching, pushing her chest into his hand.

“Fuck, look at these perfect white tits,” he groaned into her ear, loud enough for everyone to hear. “So fucking big and soft. Made for a real man’s hands. Made for a Black king to worship. You like my hands on them, don’t you, girl? You like how I make them feel?”

“Yes, Brick ,” Stacey moaned, her eyes fluttering shut. “They feel so good when you touch them.”

“Tell him,” Brick commanded, his voice leaving no room for argument. “Tell your husband what my hands feel like on his wife’s tits.”

Stacey’s eyes opened, glazed with lust, and found John’s devastated gaze. “They’re so big, John,” she whispered, her voice husky. “And strong. He makes me feel... owned.”

Brick grinned, a flash of white in his dark face. “Damn right, you are. I own your white ass, looking all fine and shit. What you think that million bucks was for? Shit, bitch. You mine now.”

His hand slid from her tit, tracing down her stomach and sliding under the hem of her sundress. John could see the fabric bunching and moving as Brick's hand worked underneath it... Stacey’s breath caught, and she spread her legs a fraction, an open invitation.

John didn't know what to do.

His poor face burned, a deep, mortified crimson. He fumbled with his belt, his fingers clumsy and shaking, desperate to cover the tiny neon pink humiliation between his legs. The three Black men's laughter echoed in his ears, sharp and mocking.

“Damn, do they make white ones in adult sizes?”

“Them balls looking like straight marbles, yo!”

"You win them whiteboy balls at an arcade?"

He finally got his pants fastened, the coarse fabric a small relief against his skin. He knew his face was red as an apple.

And then it happened.

Amidst the smirks and guffaws from the three Black men, the sound of Stacey's voice cut through, icy and clear.

"They're just teasing you, silly. You don't have to overreact."

John's head snapped up.

Stacey was looking right at him, a smirk playing on her lips that he had never seen before. It wasn't her kind, loving smile. This was something colder, crueler. She was leaning into Brick's side, his arm draped over her shoulder, his big hand possessively cupping her breast. Her nipple was a hard point against the flimsy fabric of her dress.

"What did you say?" John whispered, the words barely audible.

"I said stop being so sensitive," she repeated, her voice gaining strength, laced with a newfound confidence that seemed to come directly from the man whose fingers were now gently pinching her through the cotton. "I mean... I love you, John. But you do sort of have that small dick energy, dear. It's just a fact. Look at you. Look at this." She gestured vaguely at his crotch, then let her own hand fall to Brick's powerful thigh, her fingers tracing the dense muscle there. "There's no comparison. Am I wrong?"

"You fucking bitch," John muttered under his breath.

Brick chuckled, a low, approving rumble. "See? Your woman ain't stupid. She knows what's up. She knows what a real man feels like." He turned his head, nuzzling into her neck. "Don't you, baby? You know this big Black cock is what that pretty little body has been craving."

Stacey moaned, her eyes fluttering closed for a second. "Yes, sir."

"Sir?" John choked out, his hands clenching into fists at his sides.

"Oh, don't sound so surprised, whiteboy," Brick said, not even looking at him, his full attention on Stacey. "It's natural. She's just showing proper respect. Something you could learn."

A large black hand left her breast and slid down, palming the full, round curve of her ass through her dress. "Hm. You got some meat back there, girl. You sure you don't have some black in ya?"

"No, not really," said Stacey, giggling her answer through a blushing face.

"You want some? You want some black in you, Stacey?"

The room went still.

One of the guards shifted, a quiet rustle of fabric.

She giggled, blushed.

John snapped.

"What's so funny, Stacey?" his voice came out harder than he meant.

Her smile faltered. "Excuse me?"

He could have backed down right there. Could have smoothed it over. But something in him snapped—some buried part of his pride that had been scraped raw one too many times. "Your hearing going bad too?"

Stacey's face changed—gone was the playful hostess act. Her eyes narrowed, cold and sharp. The air seemed to bristle between them.

Brick leaned back, watching, a small, satisfied smirk tugging at his mouth.

John felt all three Black men's attention on him, and for a second, the absurdity of it all struck him: three Black strangers in his living room, his wife glaring at him like he was the intruder.

He took a slow breath, trying to steady himself, but his hands were trembling. The house that had once felt like his—their—space suddenly belonged to someone else entirely.

"My hearing, huh?" she said, still giving her husband the famous death stare.

John could tell from the look on her face that something in Stacey had snapped. All the little irritations that had built up between them during the past year—the silent eye-rolls, the forced smiles, the unspoken accusations about who'd ruined what—seemed to crash through her at once.

Her jaw tightened, and when she finally spoke, her voice was low, deliberate, almost trembling with anger. “You know what, John? I’m tired. I’m tired of walking around eggshells for you, tired of pretending like you’re still the only one holding this marriage together. You keep acting like the victim when you’re the one who dragged us into this mess.”

He blinked, thrown off by how calm she sounded. He’d expected shouting, but this was worse—it was surgical.

“Dear, what the hell are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about the stories. The meetings with your benefactor. All the things you agreed to because you were too scared to stand up for yourself. And now you’re angry at me? For what—trying to make sense of it? For trying to actually make things worked?”

John opened his mouth, but nothing came out. She stepped closer, arms crossed, staring up at him like she didn’t even recognize him anymore.

“Don’t look at me like that,” she said quietly. “You made this world, John. You brought it into our lives. Now you have to live in it.”

Her words hung in the air, sharp and cold.

The men behind her were silent, but John could feel their presence like a wall.

“Stacey?” he whispered, but his voice barely carried.

And for the first time in a long while, she didn’t answer him.

"Stacey?" he said again, feeling like he was bobbing in the sea, trying to stop the momentum of a huge cargo ship that had already passed, leaving him stranded and scared.

She just looked at him—furious, resolute, and heartbreakingly done.

Turning her back to him, she began addressing her husband. "You know, dear," she said. "I read online that most cucks like to be feminized. Whether they know it, or they don't."

John's laugh was hollow, defensive. "You've lost it, I think you've lost it, dear," he said, shaking his head.

But Stacey wasn't joking. Her face hardened, her voice turning flat and cutting. "Oh, I'm sorry. Does anyone recall me asking if I give a fuck what you think? Those days are over. You're the one that pulled us into to this weird-ass world. Now let's see how happy you are actually being my little bitch!"

John's already light complexion became a shade or two lighter. "Stacey?"

"Don't Stacey me, whiteboy," she scowled.

"Don't call me th—"

She cut him off. "I'll call you whatever the fuck I want. Now, let's get back to that whole feminized thing in your community. Follow me. Bedroom. Now!"

"What? I'm not going to the fucking—" not having the opportunity to finish his sentence.

Because just then, Brick's thick, strong fingers dug into the back of John's collar, lifting him clear off the polished hardwood floor of the hallway.

John's feet kicked uselessly in the air, a pathetic, frantic scissoring motion. "Hey put me down, asshole!"

The two massive security guards followed, their heavy footfalls a quiet, rhythmic drumbeat of impending doom.

Stacey led the procession, her wide hips swaying with a new, terrifying confidence. She didn't look back, humming a cheerful little tune that was

utterly at odds with the violent humiliation happening behind her.

She pushed the master bedroom door open and stepped inside, disappearing from view.

Brick followed, unceremoniously dumping John onto the plush cream-colored rug at the foot of the couple's large marital bed. John landed in a heap, his khakis still tangled around his ankles, the neon pink cage a glaring beacon of his shame.

“On your knees, whiteboy,” Brick commanded, his voice leaving no room for debate. He unzipped his dark slacks, the sound harsh and metallic in the tense quiet of the room. “Since your mouth is so fucking smart, let’s see what else it’s good for.”

John stared, wide-eyed, at the heavy, thick bulge straining against Brick's black boxer briefs. He could already see the intimidating outline, the promise of a size and power he could never comprehend. He shook his head, a feeble, silent protest.

Stacey stood by the bed, her arms crossed under her magnificent chest, making her tits look even more enormous, pushing against the very thin sundress fabric. “You heard him, John. Get on your fucking knees and open your mouth. If you don't want to play with me, I guess you can play with Brick .”

"What? Seriously Stacey?"

"Or do I need to have one of his friends hold you down?"

The threat hung in the air. John’s eyes darted to the two Black giants blocking the doorway, their faces still impassive, their arms like tree trunks crossed over their chests. With a shuddering breath that was closer to a sob, he pushed himself up onto his knees.

Brick hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his briefs and pushed them down.

"Oh my God!" Stacey shouted.

His cock sprang free, and John actually flinched. It was massive, long and thick and veiny, a dark, intimidating piece of flesh that seemed to thrum with its own power. It was everything John wasn't.

"Open wide, Shakespeare," Brick growled, stepping forward. "Ready to do some research?"

Trembling, John parted his lips.

Brick didn't hesitate. He grabbed a fistful of John's hair and guided himself forward, pressing the broad, spongy head of his dick against John's lips before John changed his mind. He turned quickly, squeezing his eyes and lips shut, until he shouted, "Okay, I'll do it! Stacey! Fine. I'll let you do that thing you wanted, Stacey."

Stacey stepped closer, a wicked smile playing on her lips. She reached out and stroked Brick's muscular back. "Wait until you see the new and improved version, Brick . John 2.0."

Chapter Eight

The smell of lilac perfume clung to the air—Stacey’s favorite.

John was already feeling disoriented.

And the soft, floral sweetness felt jarring against the storm brewing between the married couple.

Stacey stood by the vanity, brushing a stray lock of hair from her face. “You think you can keep degrading and bullying me for the rest of our lives?” she said. “You think I'd just be okay with that?”

He said nothing.

She gestured toward her mirror. “No, you’re going to see what it feels like to be on the other side for once. You’re going to see what happens when someone else decides your role in this world.”

Brick was rooted in the doorway, flanked by his two massive associates. He didn’t say anything—just folded his big beefy black arms and leaned against the frame, watching with a smirk.

Stacey reached for a handful of her makeup—foundation, powder, a brush. “You always cared so much about appearances,” she said quietly. “How you looked to other people. How we looked.” She dabbed a little color onto his cheek, almost tenderly, but the intent behind it was sharp as a blade. “So let’s see how you feel when you don’t control the story.”

John tried to protest, but the words died halfway up his throat, and his gaze locked on the intimidating bulge in Brick's boxers. He could feel the heat of the two security guards behind him, a wall of silent, judgmental muscle.

Stacey uncrossed her arms, a wicked smile playing on her lips. “Is this not like your stories?” she purred, her voice dripping with a fake sweetness that

made John's skin crawl. "Oh, that's right, in your stories, it's only me getting savaged."

Brick's eyebrow raised, a flicker of amused curiosity in his dark eyes. "What kind of story you want, whitegirl?"

"He wants to be a girl so badly," she said, stepping closer to John and running a condescending finger through his hair. "Look at him. So pale, so soft. No real muscle. That useless little pink nub between his legs. He's already halfway there. Let's finish the job."

A cold dread, sharper than any fear he'd felt yet, shot through John. "Stacey... no," he stammered, the protest sounding weak and pathetic even to his own ears.

"I didn't ask for your opinion, Candace," she snapped, her voice hardening. She looked at Brick. "What do you think? Don't you think my husband would make a pretty sister?"

Brick's deep laugh filled the room. "Fuck yeah, I do. Let's do it. This oughta be good, you feel me?" He zipped his pants back up, the sound a dismissal of one humiliation and the beginning of another. He took a seat on the edge of the bed, making himself comfortable. "You heard your wife, Candace. Stand the fuck up. Show's about to start."

The next thirty minutes were a blur of utter degradation.

Stacey moved with a frenetic, terrifying efficiency, humming that same cheerful tune as she laid out her arsenal of makeup and beauty supplies on the dresser.

"First things first, we need the right foundation," she chirped, grabbing a roll of duct tape. "Those shoulders are too damn broad." She nodded to one of the guards. "You. Brick? Can you give me a hand? Hold his arms behind his back."

Brick grinned.

The large Black man moved without a word, his hands encircling John's small pale biceps like iron manacles, forcing his shoulders back and his chest out. Stacey began wrapping the tape tightly around his upper torso, pulling it taut until his chest was compressed, his back pinched. "There," she said, standing back to admire her work. "A much more feminine silhouette. Now for the curves he doesn't have."

She produced two silicone hip pads and a prodigiously large bra from a drawer.

She stuffed the bra until the cups were overflowing, then forced John's arms through the straps. The weight of the fake tits was immense, a constant, jiggling reminder of his transformation. The hip pads were strapped on next, secured around his waist, giving him the illusion of wide, child-bearing hips.

"Oh my god, look at you!" Stacey gushed, clapping her hands together. "You're already so much prettier!"

Brick chuckled from the bed. "Got yourself a whole new woman, whitegirl. A real project."

"You think?"

"In jail I could have lived like a king with a bitch like that earning me money. Snowbunnies don't stand a chance around a bunch of locked up brothas."

"Amen," the two security guards said at the same time.

The makeup was the worst part.

Stacey taped his eyebrows, stretching the skin taut before ruthlessly plucking them into a thin, high arch. Foundation was caked on, smoothing out his stubble and any remaining trace of masculinity. She painted on new, delicate brows, then went to work on his eyes, layering on dark liner and shadow to make them appear huge and doe-like. Blush was swept high on his cheekbones, and a deep red lipstick defined a new, fuller mouth.

Finally, she produced a long, silky wig, almost identical to her own hair color and style. She tugged it onto his head, positioning it carefully.

“Perfect,” she whispered, her breath hot on his ear.

She stepped away and went to her closet, returning with a tiny black lace bra, a matching thong, a tight red miniskirt, and a low-cut top. “Arms up, Candace.” She dressed him like a doll, her fingers brushing against his taped-down chest, his padded hips. She fastened a delicate necklace around his throat.

When she finally turned him toward the full-length mirror, John didn’t recognize the person staring back.

A voluptuous young woman with huge, pleading eyes and a pouty, red-lipped mouth looked back, her figure curvy and exaggerated in the tight clothes. The pink cage was a hidden, shameful secret beneath the black lace.

“You look just like my sister,” Stacey breathed, her own arousal evident in the flush on her chest. “Isn’t she beautiful, Brick ?”

“Fuck yeah, she is,” he growled, his eyes roaming over John’s new form with a predatory gleam. “Come here, Candace. Let me get a closer look. We might have to update your contract, you feel me?”

John stood frozen, tears welling in his expertly made-up eyes.

But the tears only made them look bigger, shinier, more feminine.

“I said, come here,” Brick repeated, his voice a low threat.

John took a hesitant step forward, then another, the unfamiliar hip pads making his walk an awkward sway.

He stopped in front of Brick , who was still seated on the bed.

Brick reached out, not with violence, but with a shocking possessiveness. His big, dark hands slid up John’s newly padded hips, over the cinched

waist, and came to rest on the massive, fake tits filling out the top. He squeezed them hard, his thumbs rubbing over the nipples through the fabric.

“These are some nice fucking tits, Candace,” he grunted, his voice rough with desire. “So big and soft. You fill this bra out better than half the bitches on the street.” He leaned forward and buried his face in the silicone-filled cleavage, taking a deep, dramatic breath. “Mmm, you even smell like a woman now. Your wife did a good job.”

He pulled back, his gaze locking onto John’s. “But we both know what’s really under this pretty little skirt, don’t we?” One hand slid down, dipping under the elastic waistband of the miniskirt, past the lace of the thong. His fingers found the hard, unyielding plastic of the pink cage.

John flinched, a sob catching in his throat.

“There it is,” Brick whispered, applying pressure, making the cage dig into John’s flesh. “That little pink secret. That’s all that’s left of the whiteboy you used to be.” He leaned in closer, his lips almost touching John’s ear. “You’re not a husband. You’re not a man. You’re just a pretty, empty hole waiting to be filled. And I’m the only one with the key to that cage, and the only one with the fucking cock to fill that void. For both you and your wife.”

He stood up abruptly, his dominance filling the space. He looked at Stacey. “Your sister is fucking gorgeous, baby. But I think me and you have some unfinished business, you feel me, whitegirl?”

"I feel you," Stacey said, batting her long eyelashes at the towering Black figure. "I feel you, my Black king."

John was exasperated.

He threw his hands up in the air and said to his wife, "Damn, where you learn to talk like that, Stacey? Huh?"

"You mean the Black king thing? Um, I don't know," Stacey said, playing dumb in a really annoying way. She was even twirling her hair at him,

batting her big dark eyes up at him, controlling him with the exuberance of her life force.

She stopped playing dumb. "Maybe it was from all those stories Brick forced you, my own husband, to write for him, a complete stranger. Maybe that's where I learned all of the fascinating details about Black Kings, snowbunnies, and whiteboy cucks. Like you. My own husband."

Anyone stumbling upon the scene would have easily mistaken John for a very sexy and approachable young woman who was obviously on the verge of a breakdown. He looked fragile. Weak. Pale. "Stacey, no..."

His wife ignored him.

Turning her back to him, presenting him with the unmistakable contours of her shapely derriere in her sundress, she continued her line of thought on the subject, hands on her wide hips, as if wanting to make sure that her husband knew the new terms of their marriage. "Well, just for the record, it wouldn't have been my first choice, John. I just want you to know that. Not this type of... arrangement. But if this, um, type of arrangement is what you really want, dear, wow, okay, I mean... and I've read hundreds of pages suggesting that this type of arrangement is what you really want... I mean, you know?"

She turned back to him and they made eye contact.

Instantly John melted under his wife's stare.

He could read her thoughts as clearly as he could read one of the many vibrant book covers laying around their bedroom. Her eyes were full of warmth, playfulness, intelligence, and the desire for pleasure. "You and him? Again?"

His wife's laugh was a light, airy sound that scraped against John's raw nerves.

She admonished him. "Oh, stop pouting, Candace. You look too goddamn adorable when you pout. So much easier on the eyes than 'John' ever was."

“Really?” The word burst out of him, shrill and cracking. He was so lost in his own swirling vortex of shame and betrayal that the presence of the three other men in the room momentarily faded.

A small vein pulsed angrily on John's forehead. Her forehead.

Candace gestured wildly in the air. “The moment this is over, I’m taking off these fucking stupid girl’s clothes. Was the cuck cage not enough? Was literally removing my manhood and reducing me to a... a thing... was that not enough? Fucking answer me, Stacey!”

WOOP!

A searing, open-handed slap exploded across the left cheek of Candace's padded ass. The sound was shockingly loud in the room. Candace yelped, more in shock than pain, and spun her head around to see Brick grinning down at her, those dark eyes gleaming with malicious amusement.

“The fuck, man?” Candace spat, her voice trembling.

“Sorry, babygirl,” Brick rumbled, rubbing his long-fingered ebony hands together. “But that cake was looking too damn good just sitting there, all pouted up, and shit. You feel me? I might have to get me a nibble before this is all over.”

Candace was too stunned, too thoroughly dismantled, to form a coherent response.

Stacey just grinned, a wicked, complicit curl of her lips. “Well, now you know what it’s like on the other team!” she giggled triumphantly, the sound like shattering glass to her husband.

“This isn’t fucking funny, Stacey!” Candace screamed, the last vestiges of her composure shredding.

WOOP! WOOP!

Two more rapid, powerful blows struck across both sides of her ass in quick succession, the force of them stinging through the thin fabric of the

miniskirt.

Candace froze, her artificially wide eyes even wider now, her made-up face a mask of stunned humiliation. Brick stepped around Candace slowly, deliberately, until their faces were only inches apart. His breath was warm and smelled of mint.

“You got a real problem with listening, don’t you, snowbunny? That's right, I called you a bunny. I know you a boy but right now you be looking like a damn snowbunny. I mean, damn girl, DAMN, if I had known this, we could have some fun back when was locked up together, you feel me?” Brick's voice was a low, dangerous growl. “But why you acting like I disgust you? Shit, bitch. Maybe you need a reminder of who runs this motherfucking show now. I write the checks, I pay the bills, I make the rules, you feel me, you two?”

Candace and Stacey just stared at each other silently, each looking unsure of what to do with their hands at the moment.

Each seemed to be thinking the same thing: was this worth it? The million dollars at the end of the year? Is this the type of thing they both wanted to explore in their relationship?

Brick looked like he couldn't give a shit.

Now the towering Black man didn’t even look at his guards, just raised his voice a fraction. “Yo. Take five. Go smoke out in the limo. I got some private business to handle with these two fine ladies. Gonna be an hour, maybe two. Might be faster if the girls know about teamwork and shit.”

The two immense dark figures nodded in unison, their impassive faces finally breaking into slight smirks before they turned and left, closing the bedroom door behind them with a soft, final click.

The air in the room grew heavier, more intimate, and infinitely more terrifying.

It was just the three of them now.

“Now,” Brick said, his focus returning to a trembling Candace. “Where were we? Right. You complaining. Acting just like a damn woman already.” He grabbed a handful of the chestnut brown wig and forced John’s head down, bending him over at the waist, presenting his spanked, padded ass to the room. “Stacey, get over here. Check this shit out, yo. Your sister needs a lesson in gratitude.”

Stacey practically skipped over, her sundress swishing around her thighs. She stood beside Brick, looking down at her husband’s bent form.

“You see this, Candace?” Brick said, his hand running over the curve of the red miniskirt. “This ass, even fake, is a work of art. And it belongs to me now. Just like your wife’s ass belongs to me. Any questions? Good, now shut the fuck up, snowbunny!” His other hand snaked out and gripped Stacey’s hip, pulling her against his side. “Just like your wife’s everything belongs to me.”

"My everything?" Stacey said, feeling a thousand times more feisty than Candace was right now. "What is that supposed to mean exactly?"

He smirked down at her. "Yo, bunny, chill, relax that little snowbunny build you got going on right now. You feel me, bunny? Just pretend this is before the Civil War and the tables got turned, you feel me? Like, I'm talking about I just bought you two on the slave blocks and now we just got home."

He looked at Stacey. “You ready for me to finish what we started in the living room, baby? Ready for me to give you what your little whiteboy hubby never could?”

“Yes,” Stacey breathed, her eyes glassy with want. “Please, I mean... I... need it.”

"Stacey!"

Brick chuckled. “Then let’s give your sister a front-row seat.” With that, he put a firm hand on Candace's back, keeping her bent over, and guided Stacey to stand directly in front of him.

Brick's hands went to the thin straps of Stacey's sundress.

He slowly pushed them down her shoulders, letting the fabric whisper down her body to pool at her feet.

"Damn, bunny!"

She stood before them in nothing but a pair of pink lace panties, her body a pale, lush masterpiece. Her breasts, full and heavy with large, pink areolas, bounced slightly as she moved, and John's eyes, from his upside-down view, were helplessly drawn to them.

"Fuck, look at these perfect white tits, them fucking baby feeders, yo," Brick groaned, cupping them in his big hands, his dark skin a stark, beautiful contrast against her milky flesh. He squeezed them together, leaning down to lick and suck at each nipple, making Stacey moan and arch her back. "So fucking big. So soft. They were made for a real man's mouth. Made for my mouth."

He sucked one hardened nipple deep into his mouth, and Stacey cried out, her fingers tangling in his hair. "Oh God, yes!"

"You like that, don't you, girl?" he muttered, his voice muffled against her breast. "You love this Black king worshipping your perfect body."

"I love it," she gasped. "I love it so much."

Brick pulled back, his lips glistening. His hands slid down her sides, over the flare of her hips, and hooked into the waistband of her panties. He pulled them down her thick thighs, and she stepped out of them, kicking them aside.

Now she was completely naked, her body exposed for both her husband and her new dark lover.

"Turn around, baby," Brick commanded, his own arousal a massive, undeniable bulge in his slacks. "Show Candace what a real woman looks like. Show her what I'm about to claim."

Stacey turned, a proud, wanton smile on her face, and presented her bare ass to her bent-over husband. Brick stepped behind her, one long-fingered ebony hand splaying across the small of her back, the other working to unzip his pants.

“Watch closely, Candace,” Brick growled. “Watch what a real cock looks like. Watch what it does to a hungry, willing cunt.”

He freed himself from his pants, and John’s breath caught in his throat. It was immense, thick and long and veiny, a dark, intimidating spear of pure muscle. It jutted out from a thick thatch of black hair, a glistening drop of pre-cum already beading at the tip.

Brick spat into his hand, slicking his enormous length, then pressed the fat, purple head against Stacey’s dripping entrance. She was so wet it glistened on her inner thighs.

“You ready for this, whitegirl?” he grunted, his voice thick with lust.

“Fuck yes, I’m ready,” she moaned, pushing her hips back against him. “Give it to me. Please. Breed me with that big Black cock.”

The words were an ice pick in John’s poor little heart. Breed me.

With a powerful, single thrust, Brick sheathed his entire length inside her. Stacey’s back arched violently, a guttural, animalistic scream tearing from her throat that was equal parts shock and ecstasy. “FUUUCK! OH MY GOD!”

“That’s it, take it,” Brick grunted, his hands clamping onto her hips, holding her steady as he began to piston into her. “Take all this Black dick, you fucking beautiful snowbunny. This is what you needed, wasn’t it? This is what that tight little white pussy was aching for. I know most of you whitegirls are obsessed with BBC!”

The slapping sound of his hips against her ass was relentless, a brutal, rhythmic beat that underscored every one of John’s failures. Stacey’s huge

tits jiggled and bounced with every powerful thrust, and her moans filled the room, raw and unfiltered.

“You feel that, Candace?” Brick snarled, never breaking his rhythm. “You see how deep I’m in your wife? I’m hitting places your little pink shrimp could never even dream of. One day you’re going to thank me for locking up your clit in chastity. Oh fuck, FUCK! Now... now I’m planting my seed so deep in her white womb, colonizing the colonizer, you understand me, bunny? I’m gonna fucking own this pussy. I’m gonna own her. I’m gonna fill her up until she’s dripping with me. Proud dominant African DNA.”

Stacey’s head lolled back against his shoulder, her eyes rolling back in her head. “Yes! Own it! It’s yours! It’s all yours! Breed me, baby! Knock me up with your strong Black seed! I want it!”

“You hear that, whiteboy?” Brick’s voice was a taunt, a victory cry. “She wants my baby in her. She wants to carry my child. Your wife is begging for a real man to put a baby in her belly.”

He kept going, sweating and grinning while John’s beautiful wife moaned underneath his heavy ebony bulk.

John sniffed, not on purpose. The room was a thick, humid box of sex.

He could see how the air clung to Candace’s skin, heavy with the musky scent of Brick’s sweat and the sweet, perfumed arousal dripping from Stacey’s brutalized pink flower. Brick’s powerful angry black thrusts were a constant, driving rhythm, the wet, slapping sounds of his hips against Stacey’s ass echoing off the walls. Stacey’s moans were a continuous, breathy soundtrack of pleasure.

“Get over here, Candace,” Brick commanded, his voice a low rumble even as he continued to pound into Stacey, who was on her knees, sucking his cock with a greedy, sloppy hunger.

Candace shuffled forward on her knees, the ruffled hem of her miniskirt brushing the carpet. Brick grabbed her wrist and yanked her hand up, forcing it into Stacey’s dark hair.

“Hold it back, this bitch's hair,” he grunted. “Let me see that pretty face while she chokes on this black fucking anaconda.”

Candace's fingers trembled as she gathered Stacey's soft hair, pulling it away from her face. The sight was devastating. Stacey's eyes were watering, her mascara starting to run as Brick's enormous, veiny black cock slid deep into her throat, making her gag reflex kick in violently every time he hilted himself.

“That's it, take it all, you hungry white bitch,” Brick groaned, his head thrown back. “Look at her, Candace. Look how this perfect little snowbunny fucking worships a real man's dick. Your little pink clit could never make her feel like this.”

Stacey's only response was a choked, gurgling moan of agreement.

Candace could feel the strain in her wife's neck, see the absolute surrender on her face. It was heartbreaking. And yet, a treacherous, shameful heat bloomed low in Candace's own stomach.

Later, the position changed. Brick had Stacey on all fours, doggy-style, her magnificent ass high in the air, her huge tits swaying heavily with each brutal penetration. He was fucking her so hard her whole body jerked forward.

“Candace!” he barked. “Get your ass over here. Put your hands on her hips.”

Scrambling to obey, Candace positioned herself beside Stacey, placing her pale, delicate hands on the creamy curves of her wife's waist. Stacey's skin was slick with sweat.

“Now move her,” Brick ordered, his rhythm never faltering. “Fuck her on my cock, fuck that white bitch on my motherfucking BBC! Show me you know how to please your woman.”

Tentatively, Candace pulled Stacey back onto Brick's thrust, then guided her forward. It was awkward at first, extremely awkward, but soon she found

the rhythm. Candace was actively fucking her own wife on another man's monstrous member. Her hands were participating in her own ultimate humiliation. Stacey began to moan louder, the new angle driving Brick even deeper into her guts, making that XXXL Snickers Bar appear and reappear, over and over again.

“Oh, fuck, yes!” Stacey cried out, her voice cracking. “Do it, Candace! Fuck me on his cock! Please baby, please! Just like that!”

“You hear that?” Brick taunted, a dark laugh punctuating his words. “Your wife loves it when you help her get fucked. You're a natural, cucky. A born fucking bedroom assistant.”

The final service was the most intimate betrayal.

Stacey was on top, riding Brick reverse cowgirl, her back to him, facing Candace. She moved up and down with a practiced, sensual grind, her full, round ass slapping against Brick's muscular black thighs. Her massive ivory tits bounced with every movement, the pink nipples hard and begging for attention.

“Her tits look lonely, Candace,” Brick said, his hands smacking Stacey's ass. “Get over here and put that pretty mouth to work. Suck on them. Make her cum.”

Candace leaned in, her heart hammering. She took one of Stacey's large, pink nipples into her mouth, sucking gently at first, then harder as Stacey's breath hitched. The taste of her skin, the familiar scent of her perfume mixed with the strange scent of Brick's sweat, was intoxicating and devastating. Stacey's hands came up, tangling in Candace's shiny dark wig, holding her close.

“Oh, God, Candace,” Stacey moaned, her eyes rolling back in pure ecstasy as Brick thrust up into her from below. “Don't stop. Your mouth feels so good.”

Spurred on by the praise, Candace lavished attention on Stacey's breasts, licking, sucking, and nibbling, getting lost in the sensation. She could feel

the vibrations of Stacey's moans through her chest. Their faces were inches apart, and in a surge of desperate, confused passion, Candace crashed her lips against Stacey's.

The kiss was deep and hungry.

Candace could taste everything—the faint hint of her wife's lipstick, the salt of her skin, and overwhelmingly, the distinct, musky taste of Brick's precum on her tongue. Stacey had been sucking his black cock just minutes before. The flavor of another man, of him, was all over her wife's mouth. It was the most degrading thing Candace had ever experienced. And it made her... wet.

A hand, soft and familiar, slid down Candace's stomach and under her skirt. Stacey's fingers found the hard plastic of the pink cage and the two tender, aching balls trapped inside. She palmed them, massaging gently.

“If you're a good girl,” Stacey whispered against her lips, her voice drugged with pleasure as Brick impaled her, “maybe I'll unlock this thing later. Maybe I'll let you play.”

“Only if she's a very good girl and does everything we tell her!” Brick interjected, his voice booming from beneath them, a wide smile on his face.

The promise, the sheer condescending tease of it, sent a jolt of electric hope and shame through Candace's core.

Suddenly, Brick was moving. He pulled out of Stacey with a slick, wet sound and got off the bed. “On your hands and knees, Candace. On the carpet. Now.”

The command was sharp, laced with a new, unsettling intensity. Candace hesitated, her eyes wide with fresh fear. What did he want now? Her eyes darted to Stacey, seeking reassurance, an escape.

Stacey, still panting and glistening with sweat, gave a tiny, almost imperceptible nod. Her expression was hazy but held a sliver of that old wifely solidarity. A look that said, Just do it. I've got you.

“Trust me, girl,” Stacey murmured, making a small, familiar gesture with her hand, the same one she used with her actual real life sister. “You got this!”

Slowly, trembling, Candace lowered herself to the plush rug, getting on all fours. The position was submissive, vulnerable. She heard Brick kneel behind her. Her heart threatened to beat out of her chest. Oh god, is he going to...? Is he going to try and...? The thought of that immense black cock trying to enter her, even with the cage on, was terrifying.

The Black man grabbed the hem of her red miniskirt and yanked it up, bunching it around her waist. The cool air hit the black lace panties underneath, framing the heart-shaped, padded ass they had constructed for her. His big, warm, ebony hands landed on her bare thighs, the contrast against her lily-white skin stark and shocking. He squeezed, his thumbs rubbing circles near the soaked fabric of her panties. She whimpered, bracing for an invasion that never came.

Instead, he chuckled darkly. “Stacey. How do you like your new bed? Lay down.”

Confused, Candace watched as her wife, with a sated, lazy smile, moved off the bed.

Stacey lay on her back on the carpet directly in front of Candace, her head pointed toward the door, her feet toward the bed. Then, she shifted, sliding her body backward until the entirety of her back—still damp and warm—was resting flush against Candace’s.

Stacey’s head came to rest just above Candace’s tailbone, her shoulders and back providing a heavy, warm weight across Candace’s spine. Her ass was nestled against the back of Candace’s head, her legs splayed out on either side.

Candace was now a piece of living furniture, a human ottoman, supporting the woman she loved while that woman still dripped with the seed of the man who owned them both.

“Now that’s a good girl, good fucking girl,” Brick said, his voice dripping with satisfaction. “A perfect little fucking footstool for my snow queen. My prize.”

The weight was unbearable.

Not just the physical pressure of Stacey’s entire back and shoulders pressing down on Candace’s spine, turning her into a human plinth, but the crushing, suffocating reality of it. The pink plastic cage felt like it was burning into her flesh, a constant, humiliating reminder of the manhood that was gone, replaced by this panting, made-up thing on all fours. The rough texture of the carpet dug into her knees, a small, sharp counterpoint to the heavy, warm softness of her wife’s body.

Stacey shifted her weight, a slight, sensual roll of her hips that sent jolts of sensation through Candace’s frame. Every tiny movement was amplified. Candace could feel the deep, languid contentment radiating from Stacey’s skin, could practically feel the lingering throb between her wife’s legs where Brick had just been.

“You comfortable, baby?” Brick's voice was a low, possessive rumble. He wasn't talking to Candace.

“Mmmhmm,” Stacey purred, her voice thick and syrupy with satisfaction. She wriggled again, settling more firmly against Candace, who let out a tiny, strained grunt under the shifting load. “She’s so sturdy. A perfect little ottoman. Just like you said.”

Brick's deep chuckle was a sound of pure, untouchable power. “That’s ‘cause she knows her fucking place now. Don’t you, Candace? You’re just a piece of furniture for my queen. A pretty, pink-caged fucking footstool. Shit, ain't no coming back from today. You all in, ain't you bunny?”

Candace’s eyes squeezed shut behind a curtain of soft wig hair.

The words were meant to shred what was left of her dignity, and they did. But underneath the shame, a pathetic, desperate hope flickered. Maybe if

I'm good. Maybe if I'm the best fucking ottoman they've ever seen, they'll... they'll unlock it. They'll let me feel something.

"You feel so good, Stacey," Candace whispered, the words muffled by the carpet. A desperate bid for approval. "So warm."

"I know I do," Stacey replied airily, her fingers idly tracing patterns on Candace's flank. "I'm full of our king. I can feel him... swimming inside me. So deep. Do you have any idea what that feels like, Candace? To be filled so completely you can't think about anything else?"

A hot tear finally escaped, tracing a path through the caked-on foundation. "No," Candace breathed.

"Of course you don't," Brick said. His bare feet came into Candace's limited field of view as he walked around them. He stopped near Stacey's head. "Look up here, Candace. Look at what you're supporting."

Candace forced her head up, her neck straining. "I'm not sure how much longer my arms will last, guys."

The angle was obscene. Stacey's head was tilted back, her lips parted, a blissed-out smile on her face. And Brick was standing over her, his massive, semi-hard cock still glistening with her wetness, resting just inches from her mouth.

"Look at that, you useless bitch," he growled. "Look at my powerful black cock still wet from your wife's pussy. The pussy you never fucking satisfied. She's dripping with me right now, boy, leaking my seed all over your fucking back, and you're just the table it's happening on."

Stacey's tongue snaked out, not quite reaching him, a silent, hungry plea.

"You want to clean it up, baby?" Brick asked her, his tone shifting to a dark, teasing intimacy. "You want to taste yourself on my cock? Taste our fuck?"

"Yes," Stacey moaned, her hips giving an involuntary little thrust against Candace's head.

“Then do it. Clean your king.”

Stacey lifted her head, and with a devotion that made Candace’s stomach clench, she took the head of his cock into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around the plumb-colored tip, lapping up their combined juices along the veiny Black monster with soft, suckling sounds.

“Fuck yeah, that’s it, that's it. Please your fucking master, whitegirl,” Brick groaned, his hand tangling in the long silky strands of her hair. “Such a good girl. This is a powerful image.”

Stacey’s answer was a guttural, affirmative hum that vibrated through Candace’s entire body.

“You see that, Candace?” Brick's eyes locked onto hers, pinning her in place. “You see how fucking devoted she is? That’s what a real woman does. She services her man. She pays reparations with her body. She worships this Black cock. Something you can never fucking understand.”

He pulled his cock from Stacey’s mouth with a soft pop. “Alright, my queen, my snowbunny queen. Time for round two. This game is called "Colonizing the Colonizer." Ha, nah, I'm just joking. But I do gotta make sure to get some of my seed inside ya.” He gently guided her head back down onto Candace’s back. “You just relax. Your little footstool isn’t going anywhere.”

The man, incredibly erect, moved behind Candace again. His black skin was glistening.

Stacey heard him kneel. His strong hands grabbed her padded hips, his thumbs digging into the fake curves. He wasn’t touching her for his pleasure; he was using her for leverage.

“Hold still, Candace,” Stacey murmured, a note of genuine warning in her voice. “Just be...uggghh... good for us. You be good to us. We be good to you, Candace.”

Candace froze, every muscle tensed.

She felt Brick position himself. She heard the wet sound of his renewed erection sliding into Stacey's well-fucked, waiting cunt. Stacey cried out, a sharp, breathy gasp of pleasure that was instantly muffled as she bit her lip.

Then the rhythm began again.

This time, Candace felt every single thrust.

It wasn't just a sound or a sight; it was a seismic event transmitted directly through Stacey's body into her own. Each powerful drive forward from Brick slammed Stacey down onto Candace's back. The force of it drove the air from Candace's lungs in ragged grunts. The padding on her hips did little to cushion the impact of Stacey's ass against the back of her head.

"Oh God, right there!" Stacey screamed, her voice hitting a fever pitch. "Fuck me! Fuck your baby into me! Give me that black baby in my belly!"

"This white pussy is mine!" Brick roared, his pace becoming punishing, brutal. His grip on Candace's hips was vise-like, using her as an anchor to piston into her wife. "I'm gonna fuck a Black son into you! You're gonna swell up with my child and everyone will know a real man owns this pampered little white pussy."

The degradation was absolute.

Candace was a tool, a fuck-stool, a mere instrument to facilitate her own replacement.

Her world narrowed to the smell of sex, the sound of slapping skin and ragged moans, and the relentless, pounding vibration that shook her very bones. Yet, with each jarring impact, the trapped, caged flesh between her own legs ached with a traitorous, shameful need. The hope of being unlocked, of being touched, became a frantic prayer.

Stacey's body began to tighten, her back arching sharply against Candace's. Her moans became frantic, unintelligible pleas. "I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum again! Don't stop! Please!"

“Cum then!” Brick demanded, his voice a guttural snarl. “Cum all over this Black dick! Soak me! Let your fuckin’ cunt milk every drop of seed out of me!”

Stacey’s orgasm was a violent, trembling explosion.

Her whole body seized, her fingers clawing at Candace’s sides as she let out a long, wailing scream of pure, unadulterated ecstasy. The convulsions of her pleasure rippled through Candace, a horrifyingly intimate transmission of her wife’s ultimate betrayal and satisfaction.

Brick gave a few final, deep, grinding thrusts, burying himself to the hilt with a primal groan that seemed to shake the room. “Take it! Fucking take it all!”

For a moment, there was only the sound of heavy breathing. The weight on Candace’s back felt heavier than ever, a sack of satisfied womanhood filled to the brim.

Then, a slow, deliberate clapping sound came from the doorway.

A new voice, deep and laced with amusement, cut through the thick air. “Damn, D. You weren’t kidding. You really did get yourself a whole new set of bitches.”

Candace’s blood ran cold.

The two security guards were back, leaning against the doorframe, their massive arms crossed over their chests. They’d been watching. They’d seen everything.

Brick pulled out with a slick, wet sound. He laughed, breathless and triumphant. “Told you it was a good show. This one,” he said, slapping Stacey’s ass, making her jump, “is gonna be carrying my next heir. And this one...” He kicked Candace’s thigh lightly, contemptuously. “...is the fucking rug we fucked on. Just some shit I saw in a video one time and wanted to try for myself.”

"Dope. Yeah?"

"Fucked up. But yeah, dope as fuck, you feel me?"

The guards laughed, a low, rumbling sound.

The taller one nodded toward Candace. "She ever gonna get a turn? Or she just for decoration?"

Brick looked down at Candace, a cruel, speculative gleam in his eyes. Stacey, still sprawled across Candace's back, lifted her head, her eyes meeting her husband's—no, her sister's—from their inverted angle.

"I don't know," Brick mused, his voice a taunt. "What do you think, Candace? You been a good enough girl? You think you've earned the right to feel something other than plastic?"

Stacey's hand slid back, her fingers finding the small, cold padlock on the brightly colored cage. She jiggled it. The sound was like a gunshot in the silent room.

Candace's breath caught. Her entire being focused on that tiny piece of hard pink plastic. Please. Oh god, please.

Stacey smiled, a wicked, possessive curl of her lips.

"Maybe," she whispered, her voice dripping with a new type of power—that was both the most exciting and the most terrifying things she'd ever felt.

THE END

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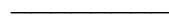
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