

Bobbi Love

Queen

of SPADES

—NOVELLA—

Surrendering Her Privilege

Queen of Spades: Surrendering Her Privilege

Interracial, Cuckold, Hotwife, Femdom Erotica

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Chapter One

When Heidi first married Paul Kelly, she thought she'd found everything she needed: a man who was kind, responsible, dependable. He wasn't flashy or bold, but he made her feel safe. And back then, that was enough.

They met in college—Paul, always a little too tired and a little too serious; Heidi, a sweet-natured education major with bright blue eyes and California sunshine in her smile. But she liked his quiet demeanor, the way he respected her ideas, and how he blushed like an embarrassed school boy when he complimented her. She didn't need excitement. She wanted security.

Now, seven years into their marriage, the security had calcified into something more like routine for Heidi Kelly. All of her days seemed to be full of predictability and silence. Their house in a quiet Oregon suburb was neat and modest, with plastic bins for every category in the garage and a fridge always stocked with leftovers. Paul Kelly, now a junior financial analyst for a mid-tier firm, came home each evening drained, sighing at the door as if he'd aged ten years on the commute alone.

And lately, they hadn't touched. Not really. He blamed stress, poor sleep, quarterly projections. Heidi quietly blamed herself.

She'd started going to the gym several months ago, nudged by a flyer she saw posted at the school where she subbed: Strong Body, Strong Voice — A Community Fitness Initiative for Women. And what began as a cardio outlet quickly became more. There was a new energy in her body, a heat she hadn't felt in years. Her hips had always been wide, her body soft and lush, but now there was tone and confidence building under the tanned white skin.

And then came the activism.

One of the women Heidi Kelly met in the fitness class invited her to a local panel on race and education disparities. She had never thought of herself as particularly political—just nice. But sitting in that room, listening to stories about systemic inequality and generational struggle, something in her heart broke open. A great surge of purpose rushed in.

She started volunteering with a local advocacy group. She helped organize a school supplies drive. She took a weekend workshop on intersectionality and white privilege. She came home late one night, cheeks flushed from a spirited debate, and Paul barely looked up from the couch. He was watching a documentary about World War II, sipping a tepid beer.

“You’re home late,” he said.

“I lost track of time,” she replied, still breathless. “We were talking about prison reform and—oh! I met someone who teaches a class in restorative justice. This guy named Jamal. He said I should audit it. Isn’t that cool?”

Paul shrugged. “Sure. Just make sure you get enough sleep. You’ve got that second-grade class tomorrow.”

Heidi stood there, her gym bag still slung over her shoulder, blonde hair tied back in a messy braid, waiting for him to ask more. But he didn't.

That night, when she slipped into bed beside him, she reached for his hand under the covers. It felt small in hers. Fragile.

He didn't turn toward her. “I’m just tired,” he murmured. “We’ve both been so busy.”

She lay there staring at the ceiling, her body humming with energy, unspent and unnoticed. There was something raw and dangerous growing inside of her these past few months, she could feel it.

Their marital problems weren't just in the bedroom.

They also existed in the quiet pauses of their conversations. The meals where only the forks spoke. Heidi began to wonder if this was what it meant

to grow apart—not a single breaking point, just a slow erosion of attention, of interest both mentally and physically.

Paul noticed, of course. He wasn't oblivious. But he didn't know how to respond. He saw how people looked at Heidi now, when they went to the grocery store or when she picked him up from work. She turned heads—always had—but now there was something different about her. She glowed. There was a looseness in her laugh, a confidence in her gait. These days she didn't walk, she strutted.

And he felt... small. Not in stature—though he'd always been self-conscious about his narrow frame and soft masculine features—but in significance. As if she were moving ahead in life, finding purpose and passion, while he was stuck managing spreadsheets and quietly watching time trickle past.

He tried one night—candles, a bottle of red wine, even music from their wedding playlist. But when he reached for her waist, which seemed to be getting smaller with every visit to the gym (she had a personal trainer now, a fun-loving black guy named Malik) Heidi stiffened. Not coldly. Just... gently, as if she were somewhere else.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I just—there's something off. With us. Isn't there?"

He pulled back, hurt flickering across his face. "I know," he said. "I've been trying... I really have."

"I know you have," she said, and meant it. "That's what makes this harder. Maybe later?"

"Of course, dear," said Paul, grabbing his laptop and going to the bathroom. "No problem."

Heidi smiled. Boys will be boys.

And life continued.

The next Saturday, Heidi went to a cookout hosted by the activist group. Paul stayed behind—claimed he needed to catch up on spreadsheets, though he mostly sat watching old war documentaries in silence.

At the event, one of the men on the panel, Jamal, found her again. He was tall, broad-shouldered African-American male with deep brown skin and close-cropped hair. He wore a fitted black t-shirt that revealed muscular arms. Jamal's eyes were calm, intelligent. They talked over paper plates and music, sitting close under a shade tent. When he spoke to her, the tall African-American man spoke with a voice like thunder about economic justice and community power. Jamal's leg brushed Heidi. Her hand lingered when she handed him a bottle of water.

There was no kiss. No touch beyond what could be dismissed as accidental. But the heat between them? It throbbed. Primal.

“I like your name,” Jamal said. “You from the suburbs, right?”

“Guilty as charged,” said Heidi, trying not to blush so much. “And you?”

“Guess you could say, I’m a bit more urban.”

“Cool,” she giggled.

“So if you ever need to learn anything about the urban life, you come find me, Heidi,” the black man grinned at the blushing blue eyes, his deep voice dripping with ineundo. “I can teach you a few things. I know a few things that you might really enjoy, you feel me?”

That night, Heidi came home late. She had never needed a man so badly in her life. She walked softly, barefoot through the hall, her skin still warm from the day. But to her great dismay, she found Paul asleep on the couch again, curled in on himself like a child.

She stood over him for a long moment. His narrow chest rose and fell. He hadn't shaved. His shirt was wrinkled. She bent and kissed his forehead—softly, like a mother might—and pulled a blanket over him.

Then she went upstairs. Alone. Her body still humming as she reached into the top drawer of her nightstand, and removed something small and pink that used AA batteries. And in her bones, Heidi knew: this wasn't just a slump. This was a fault line. And it was already beginning to crack... And she badly needed something to fill it, fill it all the way up.

Chapter Two

Over the next few months, the married couple's relationship seemed to change even more. Heidi was changing, evolving.

She had always been warm-hearted, but now she seemed alive. She came back from the gym glowing, wearing form-fitting leggings and tank tops. She talked about her activism group with a fire in her blue eyes. She invited people over—new friends from the community center, women with nose rings and brightly colored hair, men who talked about systemic injustice and healing circles. Paul never felt like he belonged in those conversations. His soft voice always got lost somewhere between their strong opinions and spoken-word quotes.

In bed, the distance was worse.

Paul tried one night, reaching for her, kissing her neck.

She pulled back gently. “Not tonight, babe. I’m just... exhausted. Mentally, emotionally. Everything feels heavy. Do you realize how many black men are locked up in prison in this country?”

Paul rolled onto his side and stared at the wall. The hum of the central air felt louder than usual.

The tension finally spilled over one night after dinner.

Paul stood by the sink, hands shaking slightly as he dried a dish. “I don’t want all those activist people over here anymore!”

Heidi looked up from wiping the counter. “What?”

“They're so rude to me,” Paul said, louder this time. “It doesn’t feel like my house anymore. The way those women look at me... With disgust.”

She stood still for a long moment. "Don't you think you're overreacting a bit?"

"Not really."

Heidi's brow furrowed. "Nobody has done anything wrong, dear. They're good people. Respectful. They're just worried about building a better future for... everyone."

Paul dropped the dishcloth. "Fine, whatever. Just keep your activism limited to outside the house, please?"

"Sure, dear. But please calm down," Heidi said. "Your voice is cracking.... And Paul?"

His face was nearly red now. "Yes?"

"I'm not trying to hurt you," she said, voice quiet. "But I can't keep shrinking myself to make you feel comfortable. I'm discovering things—about the world, about myself. And I want you to be part of it. But I won't stop just because it makes you insecure. Okay?"

He nodded his head, almost looking like a broken man.

Paul glanced at his wife—gorgeous, radiant, her blonde hair catching the light, her deep blue eyes soft but unyielding. He felt pale. Small. Like he wasn't Heidi's husband, instead he was her little brother.

That night, he didn't sleep in their room. He took a pillow and blanket and set himself up on the couch. Heidi didn't protest. She just stood at the top of the stairs, arms folded across her chest, watching him with something like sadness—or resolve.

Chapter Three

The next day, after an especially intense boot camp session at the gym, Heidi lingered near the lockers, toweling sweat from her chest and neck. Her cheeks glowed, her blonde braid damp at the nape of her neck. That's when Tasha—one of the newer girls in the class, tall and striking with caramel skin, a pierced eyebrow, and an irresistible smirk—walked over.

“Damn whitegirl! You've got fire in you,” Tasha said, leaning against the cool tile wall, sipping from a metal water bottle. “You ever use it for something real?”

Heidi blinked, smiling uncertainly. “You mean like... protest?”

“Exactly,” Tasha purred, eyes glinting. “You should come to a meeting. I'm part of a group called Bunnies for Justice. We're all about fighting systemic racism, empowering Black voices, and making sure injustice doesn't get to sit there unchallenged. We're passionate. Loud. Sexy when we want to be.”

“Bunnies?” Heidi asked, a little breathless.

Tasha leaned closer, her voice low and conspiratorial. “It's tongue-in-cheek. We use softness to disrupt the narrative. Feminine power, turned revolutionary. You'd fit right in, honey.”

Heidi couldn't say no. The idea thrilled her. A place where her heart and body could both feel useful—alive.

That Saturday, Heidi wore a short denim skirt and a tight white tank top that hugged the full, rounded swell of her chest, the word EQUALITY stretched in bold red letters across her ample curves. When she showed up at the warehouse-style community space downtown, the room was already buzzing. Candles burned in corners, incense curled through the air, and R\&B hummed low in the background. The women there were fierce and

glowing—some in fishnets and combat boots, others barefoot with kinks and curls spilling over their shoulders.

They hugged her. Welcomed her. Tasha winked as she led Heidi to sit on a bright floor cushion in the center circle.

“You’re one of us now,” Tasha said, reaching into her canvas tote. “You earned this.”

She pulled out a folded pink T-shirt and handed it to Heidi. “Your Bunny t-shirt.”

Heidi grinned. “Thanks! I’ll try it on when I get home.”

“That one’s gonna look real good on you,” Tasha said, with a sly smirk.

That night’s guest speaker? Jamal.

Heidi’s breath caught the moment he stepped in.

He was wearing a sleeveless hoodie, thick chocolate biceps exposed, the fabric dark with summer sweat. His voice echoed as he began to speak—not just powerful, but smooth, grounded, intoxicating. He talked about generational pain, the criminalization of Black masculinity, the history of redlining, and the failures of liberal passivity.

Every time his eyes passed over Heidi, her stomach fluttered. Once, his gaze landed on her and lingered just a second too long. Her thighs pressed together instinctively.

After the talk, the group broke up into circles to debrief. Heidi tried to focus, but all she could feel was Jamal’s nearness—he was only a few feet behind her, speaking in low tones to Tasha. When Heidi turned, she found both of them looking at her.

Tasha grinned. “I told you she had fire.”

Jamal’s eyes ran slowly over Heidi’s face, down her throat, lingering at the word on her tank top.

“She does,” he said, voice low and deep. “And fire like that... it either burns out or changes the world.”

Back home, Paul was asleep on the couch again, wearing mismatched socks and a stretched-out t-shirt. The TV flickered against his closed eyelids. Heidi didn't wake him. She didn't speak. She went upstairs alone, stripped out of her clothes, her damp panties, and remembered the T-shirt.

She unfolded it. It was bright pink, soft to the touch—and startlingly small.

“Did she give me the wrong size?” Heidi murmured, holding it up. It looked like it was meant for someone two cup sizes smaller.

Still, curiosity won out. She slipped it on.

The fabric hugged her body like it had been painted on, creeping up to reveal the glint of her pierced navel. Her full bust pushed insistently against the snug material, distorting the print stretched tight across her chest. Inked in bold black across the front was the silhouette of a voluptuous woman in bunny ears—hips flared, chest spilling—and near the upper thigh, a discreet Queen of Spades tattoo completed the image.

Below that: Bunnies for Justice.

Heidi stared at herself in the mirror, not sure how to feel at first, biting her lip. She looked... hot. Embarrassingly so. The shirt hugged every curve, the pink playing off her golden skin and blonde hair in a way that felt almost too much. Obviously, she'd never wear it in public. She decided she'd ask Tasha for a bigger size.

Just as she reached to pull it off, her phone buzzed. Unknown number:

> >>You home safe, Bunny?

She smiled, thumb hovering. Then the next message arrived:

> >>Try on the shirt yet? This is Jamal.

Her breath caught.

> >>I did. It's tiny! I think it's the wrong size, lol.

Jamal replied almost instantly:

> >>Send me pic.

Heidi hesitated—cheeks flushed, heart thudding. There was something dangerous about it. But something thrilling, too.

She raised her phone. Angled it just right—her blonde braid over one shoulder, her full chest front and center, the hem of the shirt stopping high above her hips. Her skin still had a sheen from the night air. From this perspective, the cropped out the fact that she was only wearing panties now, no skirt. She took the shot. Sent it.

Seconds later:

>>> You're gorgeous.

>>> That looks so natural on you.

Heidi stared at the message, her pulse skipping. Her lips parted slightly.

The shirt suddenly didn't feel too small. It felt... just right. And it was making her feel... a certain way. Naughty. Sexy. Wanted. Horny.

Later that night, Heidi lay in bed, the soft hum of her pink vibrator barely audible under the covers. She bit her lip, trying to stifle the moan that threatened to escape as the tiny device worked its magic.

Thirty or forty minutes ago, Paul had made a move on her, and she'd been so strangely turned on by the night's events that she let him actually crawl on top of her. It was the first time both of them had been in the same mood, at the same time, in weeks. Months? She wasn't sure. But there were no fireworks. Not tonight. It was the same six or seven minute routine: quick preliminary oral, missionary, cowgirl, missionary—and then Paul rolled over, not bothering to apologize for being so selfish, just being completely oblivious to her needs.

In the dimly lit bedroom, presently, she glanced at him, his pale, eager, thin frame sprawled out like a child's. How did I end up here? she thought, frustration bubbling up inside her.

Now she turned the small pink vibrator up a notch, her hips arching slightly as the vibrations intensified.

Heidi's mind wandered to the gym earlier that day. The way Malik, her personal trainer, had adjusted her form during squats. His big dark hands on her waist, his deep voice in her ear, "You're doing great, Heidi. Just a little lower. Those glutes are finally... filling out, girl. Keep it up, and you'll be giving the sistas a run for they money, dayum!"

Heidi could still feel the heat of his touch, the way his masculine presence seemed to fill the room. God, he's so... different from Paul. Like, his opposite. The thought sent a shiver down her spine, and Heidi pressed the vibrator harder against herself, chasing the release that always felt just out of reach.

Paul stirred beside her, mumbling something incoherent before settling back into his deep sleep. Heidi sighed, pulling the vibrator away and setting it on the nightstand. This isn't enough, she thought, staring at the ceiling. I need more. MUCH MORE. She slipped out of bed, grabbing her robe and padding quietly to the bathroom. She needed to clear her head, or at least try to.

The cool tile floor beneath her feet grounded her as she stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her blonde hair was tousled, her cheeks flushed from the frustration simmering inside her. She ran a hand over her body, feeling the curves she'd worked so hard to sculpt. Her waist was smaller now, her ass fuller—thanks to Malik's relentless and punishing training. He notices, she thought, a small smile playing on her lips. I can tell.

She opened the medicine cabinet and pulled out a bottle of lotion, squeezing a dollop into her hand. She began to massage it into her skin, her hands gliding over her ivory thighs, her full womanly hips, her flat pierced stomach. The sensation was soothing, but it wasn't enough. Her fingers trailed lower, brushing against the sensitive skin between her legs. She

hesitated for a moment before giving in, letting her fingers explore the warmth and wetness that had been building all night, while in the presence of Tasha and Jamal.

Her breath hitched as she touched herself, her fingers moving in slow, deliberate circles. This is what I need, she thought, leaning back against the sink for support. Her other hand reached up to cup her breast, her thumb brushing over her nipple until it hardened under her touch.

Now she closed her eyes, a portrait of hourglass horniness and female need, imagining Malik's big black hands on her instead of her own. His strong, calloused fingers teasing her, his deep voice whispering in her ear. The fantasy was enough to push her closer to the edge, her hips rocking against her hand as she chased that release, that release, that was proving to be annoyingly elusive tonight.

Heidi slipped back into bed, her body still humming in anticipation... She deserved to cum too.

She glanced at Paul, who was still snoring softly, completely unaware of his wife's inner turmoil. Her hand reached for the small pink vibrator on the nightstand, her trusty companion for nights like these. She pressed the button, expecting the familiar buzz to fill the silence, but nothing happened.

She frowned, pressing it again. Still nothing. No, no, no, she thought, frustration bubbling up inside her. She shook it, tapped it against her palm, and even tried the other settings. Dead. Completely dead.

“Are you kidding me?” she muttered under her breath, tossing the useless toy onto the bed. She sat up, her mind racing. She needed release—needed it desperately. The tension in her body was unbearable, a throbbing ache between her legs that demanded attention.

She grabbed the vibrator again, this time unscrewing the bottom to check the batteries. Maybe they were just dead. She popped them out and replaced them with fresh ones from the drawer, her hands trembling with impatience. She pressed the button once more, holding her breath. Nothing.

“Damn it!” she hissed, throwing the vibrator across the room in frustration. It hit the wall with a soft thud and fell to the floor, lifeless. She buried her face in her hands, her body aching with need. What am I supposed to do now?

Her eyes darted to her laptop on the dresser. An idea sparked in her mind. She could order a new one. A better one. Something that would finally give her what she needed. (Since her small-endowed hubby wasn't exactly helping her out these days.) She slid out of bed, her bare feet padding across the cool hardwood floor as she grabbed the laptop and brought it back to bed.

She opened it, the screen casting a soft glow on her face as she navigated to her favorite online store.

She typed in rabbit vibrator and clicked search, scrolling through the options.

But then something caught her eye—a suggestion at the bottom of the page.

Her breath hitched as she read the description: Ebony fantasy toys.

They were giant black dildos.

Heidi's heart raced as she decided which one to click, her blue eyes widening as the bold thumbnails loaded on her browser... Intimidating. Some she clicked past quickly, cheeks flushing. Others... she lingered on. Then she saw it: a toy molded from the anatomy of a famous African-American adult film star. Realistic. Dark. Thick. Veined. It looked powerful, heavy, almost too much—and that's what made her breath hitch.

Her mouth went dry as she imagined it—imagined how it would feel inside her, stretching her, filling her in ways Paul (unfortunately) never could.

Her pale dainty fingers hovered over the keyboard, hesitating for just a moment before she added it to her cart. She entered her credit card information with trembling hands, her pulse quickening with each click. The company promised discreet packaging and billing. Still, she triple-

checked that Paul wouldn't be home the day it was scheduled to arrive. When the confirmation screen appeared, she let out a shaky breath, her body already responding to the thought of what was coming, sort to speak.

She closed the laptop and set it aside, her mind racing with anticipation. She couldn't wait for it to arrive—she needed relief now. Her hand slid between her legs, her fingers finding the wetness that had been building all night. She gasped as she touched herself, her hips arching off the bed as she began to move her fingers in slow, deliberate circles.

Her other hand reached up to cup her breast, her thumb brushing over her nipple until it hardened under her touch. She closed her eyes, imagining the black dildo—imagined its size, its thickness, how it would feel sliding into her. Stretching her out. The fantasy was enough to make her moan softly, her fingers moving faster as she chased that elusive release.

Her breath came in short, shallow gasps as she felt herself getting closer, the tension in her body coiling tighter and tighter. She bit her lip to stifle another moan, her hips rocking against her hand as she imagined the fake black cock thrusting into her, filling her completely.

“Oh God,” she whispered, her body trembling as the first wave of pleasure hit her. Her back arched off the bed, her fingers working furiously as she rode the wave, her mind consumed by the fantasy of the black phallus—of how it would feel to have something so big, so powerful inside her.

The orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave, leaving her breathless and trembling. She collapsed back onto the bed, her body still pulsing with aftershocks as she tried to catch her breath. She glanced at Paul, who was still snoring softly, completely oblivious to what had just happened.

A small smile played on her lips as she closed her eyes, her body finally relaxed. She couldn't wait for the fake black dick to arrive—couldn't wait to feel it inside her, to experience the pleasure she'd been craving for so long. For the first time in weeks, she felt a sense of sensual excitement, of real anticipation.

Finally, Heidi Kelly drifted off to sleep with a smile on her angelic face, her curvy white body still tingling with pleasure as she dreamed of her new black toy, and what was to cum.

Chapter Four

When the box finally came—three days later, right on time—her stomach flipped. The plain cardboard package sat innocently on the porch, no markings, no branding. But Heidi could feel its weight in her hands, and something about that made her thighs press together as she shut the door behind her.

Inside the kitchen, she laid the box on the table.

She stared.

Her hands hovered over the edges, shaking. What was she doing? What did this mean? She wasn't sure—but she knew she had to see it.

Slowly, she sliced the tape. Peeled back the flaps. Nestled inside black tissue paper was a velvet drawstring pouch, heavier than expected. She tugged it open, breath catching.

It was... beautiful. A deep, rich brown, smooth to the touch but laced with pronounced veins. Wide, full, slightly curved, the head modeled with almost too much detail. It looked alive. Like it had actual presence. Like it demanded something of her. The base bore the initials of the African-American male porn star it had been modeled after—one whose name she'd now learned by heart.

She held it in both hands, stunned. It was so much larger than Paul. So much darker. Realer. Heavier. Blacker.

She swallowed, skin prickling, her breath coming faster.

A sudden sound—just the hum of the fridge—but it made her jump. She tucked the toy quickly back into the pouch and retreated upstairs, locking the bedroom door behind her.

Heidi sat on the bed for a long time, the pink Bunnies for Justice shirt folded at the foot of it. The toy beside her in its velvet pouch. Her dainty ivory fingers grazed the fabric. Then, almost reverently, she pulled the Bunnies for Justice shirt on. Looked at herself in the mirror again.

The same shirt. The same curves. But something had shifted. She looked... claimed. Even if only by her own desire.

The bedroom was quiet, lit only by the amber glow of Heidi's bedside lamp. She stood at the mirror in her pink Bunnies for Justice crop t-shirt and a matching pair of lacy low-cut satin panties, her blonde hair slightly tousled, lips parted as she stared at her own reflection.

The velvet pouch now lay open on the bed beside her, its veiny black contents in her hand. It was so much bigger and heavier than what she was used to. She wasn't even sure what she was doing—admiring it? Studying herself with it? Imagining things she hadn't dared to say aloud?

Then came the unmistakable creak of the floorboards outside the bedroom door. Heidi turned sharply—just as the door opened.

Paul stood in the doorway, holding a half-empty glass of water, expecting to say something benign. But what he saw rooted him in place.

Heidi froze, caught in the act. Her face flushed crimson. In one reflexive motion, she let the enormous black dildo slip from her fingers. It hit the floor with a heavy, undeniable thud.

Silence followed.

Paul's eyes locked on the fake black cock his wife had dropped, then on the shirt stretched tightly across her well-developed chest. His gaze trailed over the graphic—the curvy bunny girl, the Queen of Spades mark, the pink lettering that read Bunnies for Justice.

And then up to his wife's beautiful face.

“Heidi?” His voice was raw. “What the fuck?”

She scrambled to explain, arms crossing over her chest. “Paul—I—wait, just let me—”

His jaw tightened. “Are you kidding me right now?”

“It’s not what you think,” she said quickly, knowing exactly how hollow that sounded.

“Really?” he snapped. “Because what I see is my wife dressed like—like a...—holding a black fucking dildo that’s... Jesus Christ, Heidi!”

Her mouth opened. Closed.

The shame hit hard—but beneath it, something else flickered. Defiance? Honesty? She wasn’t sure. “Paul, this isn’t about you,” she said gently. “It’s about... me. About things I’m figuring out. You’ve noticed we’ve been disconnected—”

“Oh, disconnected?” he laughed bitterly. “Yeah, I noticed. And now I know why.”

She stepped forward, hands out in apology. “Please don’t twist this. I’m not cheating. I haven’t done anything. I’ve just—”

“Just what?” he cut in. “Started dressing like someone I don’t recognize? Started hanging out with men who make you feel things I clearly don’t? Started replacing me in every way but name?”

“Paul,” she said, voice catching, “this isn’t about you not being enough. It’s about me waking up. About my body, my voice, my values. You’ve been somewhere else for a long time.”

He stared at her, lip trembling slightly. “And you’ve been drifting toward something that doesn’t include me.”

Her eyes softened. “I wanted you to be part of it. I still do.”

He shook his head, stepping back. “No, you don’t. You want someone stronger. Louder. Bigger. Bla... A man who makes you feel something.

That's not me.”

“Paul—”

But he was already turning, storming down the stairs like a storm cloud rolling loose.

The front door slammed seconds later.

She stood there trembling, the silence ringing in her ears. The pink shirt clung to her skin. Her new black dildo lay at her feet. Her throat was tight with shame. With guilt. But also with something else: the bitter, burning ache of inevitability. Because no matter how hard she'd tried to bridge the gap, the truth was painfully clear now. Paul wasn't ready for who she was becoming. And she couldn't go back. Would he understand that? Could he understand that?

By 11:04 PM, Heidi heard the familiar jingle of keys at the front door. The sound was soft, hesitant—nothing like the slam from earlier.

She sat up slightly in bed, but didn't go downstairs. She just listened.

The door opened and closed. Footsteps. Slow. Heavy. Sad.

Then silence again, except for the quiet creak of the stairs as Paul made his way up. He didn't speak when he entered the bedroom. Didn't even look at her. He moved mechanically—removing his shoes, setting his phone on the nightstand, pulling his T-shirt over his head and dropping it into the hamper.

They didn't say a word as he slid under the covers beside her. It felt like muscle memory: the brushing of limbs, the shuffling of pillows, the sound of the AC hum. Their bedtime dance. The thousand small rituals of a marriage.

Heidi's big blue eyes stared at the ceiling, her chest tight, unsure what to say. She hadn't cheated on him. It was just a damn dildo. Why was he being so insecure about a damn black dildo?

Then, in the dark, her hubby's voice broke the silence. "Heidi? Do you still love me, dear?" he asked softly. "Do you still... want me?"

She turned toward him. Even in the dim room, she could make out the furrow in his brow, the strain around his mouth. His voice sounded thin, like a boy asking a question he wasn't sure he could bear the answer to.

"Of course I do," she whispered, reaching out to touch his face. "I love you, Paul. That's never changed!"

"Then what was that?" he asked, his voice breaking slightly. "The shirt."

"It's just a shirt, Paul."

"We both know what that Queen of Spades symbol means," he snapped, needing a moment to calm down before he continued. "And the... toy. Everything you've been doing lately... it's like you're turning into someone I don't recognize."

She exhaled slowly. "I know. I've been exploring parts of myself that I buried for a long time. Parts I didn't even know I was allowed to have. Passion. Voice. Desire. It's not about replacing you, or humiliating you. It's about finding me. And I didn't mean to hurt you in the process."

He was quiet for a long moment. Then, quietly: "It hurt."

She nodded. "I know. I'm sorry."

They lay like that, the quiet pulsing between them. Then Heidi moved closer, her hand finding his under the covers. Their fingers laced together instinctively. She brushed her lips against his jaw. "I don't want to lose you," she whispered.

Paul turned, pulling her into him, kissing her deeply and passionately for the first time in weeks. It wasn't fiery or desperate—it was aching. Slow. Like something broken trying to heal.

Their mouths moved under the blanket like a secret being told in reverse. His hands were unsure at first, but hers were steady—cradling his face, his

neck, grounding him. She felt his breath catch, the tension leave his shoulders.

For the first time in what felt like months, they touched like they knew each other. Like memory and need had finally intersected again. He got on top, kept kissing her. She could feel his small penis hard, like a cocktail weenie, pressed against the inside of her thigh now.

“Paul, stop,” Heidi said, her voice firm but breathless, her hand pressing against his narrow chest as he hovered over her in their dimly lit bedroom. His pale skin glowed faintly in the moonlight streaming through the window, his thin frame trembling slightly as he tried to lean in for another desperate kiss.

“What? Why?” Paul asked, his voice cracking with confusion and a hint of desperation. His small, soft hands fumbled at the hem of her nightgown, but she swatted them away.

“Because,” she said, her blue eyes locking onto his with an intensity that made him shrink back, “I want to... But I also want to try something new...?”

He frowned. "You mean, your new toy?"

She gave him a wicked smile. “What an interesting idea, Paul.”

He froze, his heart sinking as his gorgeous wife reached over to the nightstand and pulled out the large, life-like black dildo. It was massive—12 inches of dark, veiny silicone. Heidi even told him how it was modeled after a famous African American porn star. The mushroom head glistened under the soft light, and Paul couldn't help but feel a pang of deep male insecurity as he compared it to his own modest 5 inches of throbbing masculinity.

“Heidi, I... I don't know if I'm comfortable with this,” he stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. He felt small, weak, and utterly inadequate as he stared at the realistic-looking black dildo in her hand.

“You haven’t been lasting very long lately,” she said bluntly, her tone leaving no room for discussion. “I need to make sure I get some relief too.” She spread her legs wider, her pale skin contrasting sharply with the very dark toy she held. Her blonde hair fanned out on the pillow, and her full lips curved into a sly smile. “Come on, baby. Don’t be shy. No one will know. It’s just me, your beautiful loving wife. It’s just us. Please?”

Paul swallowed hard, his throat dry as he took the black dildo from her. It felt heavy in his hand, the veins and ridges so realistic that it made his stomach churn. He glanced down at his own penis, which seemed even smaller now in comparison, making him go from rock hard to slightly limp.

“Just... just relax,” Heidi whispered, her voice dripping with anticipation. She added some lube to the tip of the fake ebony cock, making it look like she’d already done this before. Then she reached down and spread her pussy lips, revealing her slick, pink entrance. “Start slow, okay, dear?”

Paul nodded, though his hands were trembling as he positioned the tip of the dildo against her wet folds. He pressed gently, but the sheer size of the toy made it difficult to even get the head inside. Heidi winced slightly, her breath hitching as she arched her back.

“Harder,” she urged, her voice strained with need. “Push harder.”

Paul hesitated, but the look in her eyes—a mix of impatience and desire—forced him to comply. He pressed down with more force, feeling the resistance of her tight pussy as it stretched to accommodate the massive toy. Heidi let out a high shriek, followed by a low moan, her fingers digging into the sheets as the head finally popped inside her body.

“Oh God,” she gasped, her eyes fluttering shut. “That’s it... keep going.”

Paul’s heart was pounding as he slowly pushed the one-eyed monster deeper, inch by agonizing black inch. He could feel how tight she was, her walls gripping the toy like a vice. He was still concerned about hurting her. Her moans grew louder, more desperate, and he couldn’t help but notice how much more aroused she seemed than she ever was with him.

“Fuck, Paul,” she breathed, her hips lifting off the bed to meet his thrusts. “It’s so big... I can feel every vein, every fucking one of them!”

He hated how arousing this was to him. He watched in awe as her body responded to the toy, her pussy stretching to take its full length. Her pale skin flushed with arousal, and her breasts heaved and jiggled with each ragged breath. She was lost in pleasure, completely consumed by the sensation of being filled in a way he could never provide.

“Deeper,” she begged, her voice trembling. “Please, deeper.”

Paul obliged, pushing the Congo cock all the way in until it was buried to the hilt. Heidi cried out, her back arching off the bed as she came undone. Her pussy clenched around the black toy, milking it as waves of pleasure crashed over her.

Paul’s own arousal was overshadowed by a deep sense of fear and inadequacy. He couldn’t compete with this—with him. The toy was everything he wasn’t: big, strong, and capable of giving Heidi the satisfaction she craved. He felt like a spectator in his own marriage, watching as his wife experienced pleasure he could never provide.

But Heidi didn’t seem to notice his inner turmoil. She was too lost in the moment, greedy for her own pleasure, her unfamiliar moans growing louder and more urgent as she rode the edge of another orgasm.

“Faster,” she demanded, her voice raw with need. “Make me cum again, baby. Yes, yes, yes! You’re so good at this!”

Paul’s hands moved almost mechanically, thrusting the artificial mocha missile in and out of her with increasing speed. Each stroke elicited a new wave of moans from Heidi, her body writhing beneath him as she approached her climax.

“Oh God, yes! Mal—” she screamed, her pussy clamping down on the toy as she came hard. Her entire body shook with the force of her orgasm, and Paul couldn’t help but feel a strange mix of pride and jealousy as he watched her fall apart.

When she finally came down from her high, Heidi lay back on the bed, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she caught her breath. She turned to Paul with a satisfied smile, her blue eyes sparkling with contentment. “That was amazing,” she purred, reaching out to caress his cheek. “Thank you, baby.”

Paul forced a smile, though his heart was heavy with insecurity. He knew he could never measure up to his wife's new black latex dong—to the African-American adult star. But for now, he would do whatever it took to keep Heidi happy. Even if it meant sacrificing his own pride.

Now her fingers traced lazy circles on his chest, Heidi's body still humming from the intensity of her orgasm.

She turned to him, her big eyes soft but insistent. “Your turn, baby,” she whispered, her voice dripping with a mix of warm affection and desire. Paul hesitated, his insecurities bubbling to the surface, but he nodded, knowing he couldn't deny her.

He positioned himself between her legs, his pale, slender frame trembling slightly as he looked down at her. Heidi's blonde hair fanned out against the pillow, her full lips parted in anticipation. Her white skin glowed in the dim light, and her voluptuous curves seemed to beckon him closer. Paul swallowed hard, his pale noodle already half-hard from the sight of her.

He pressed himself against her slick little hole, feeling the familiar warmth and wetness that still lingered from the dildo. He pushed in slowly, his breath hitching as her tightness enveloped him. Heidi let out a soft moan, her hips lifting slightly to meet him. But as he began to move, something felt... off. His wife's pussy felt more accommodating, looser than usual, and the realization hit him like a punch to the gut.

“Is everything okay, dear?” Heidi asked, blinking up at him, her voice laced with concern. “What's wrong? Did the black cock stretch me out too much? There was a warning on the box. Did I mention that?”

Paul grunted with arousal and humiliation.

Her words cut through him like a knife. His heart raced, and his confidence shattered in an instant. The image of the massive, chocolate hood hammer filled his mind, and he couldn't shake the thought of how much his own wife had enjoyed it—how much she had needed it. His own androgynous body betrayed him, and before he could stop it, he felt the familiar rush of release. He pulled out quickly, his small ivory inch worm twitching as he came on her stomach, his watery drops of liquid splattering across her pierced bellybutton.

Heidi's face twisted in mild annoyance. "Ugh, Paul," she sighed, wiping at the mess with her hand. "You know I don't like it messy down there."

Paul's cheeks burned with shame as he collapsed beside her, his wilted pinkie resting against his thigh. He stared at the ceiling, his mind racing with self-loathing and questions, questions he wasn't sure he was ready to ask himself yet. And he wanted to apologize, to explain, but the words caught in his throat. Instead, he lay there in silence, his body spent and his male pride in complete tatters.

But Heidi wasn't done.

She turned to him, her wide eyes gleaming with a hunger that hadn't been satisfied. "I need one more," she said, her voice firm. "Just one more orgasm. Pleeeeeease, sweetie."

Paul's heart sank. He was exhausted, both physically and emotionally, but he knew he couldn't refuse her. He nodded weakly and reached for the his wife's nubian pleasure pole, its dark, lifelike form taunting him as he picked it up again. Heidi spread her legs wider, her pussy glistening with arousal as she guided him to position the toy at her entrance.

"Give it to me. I'm ready. Give me that big black cock, baby."

"You want this BBC?" he said, hating himself.

"BBC?"

"What you just said," he explained. "Big black cock."

Heidi got it, she smiled. “Oh. Yeah! I want that BBC, Paul!”

He pushed the massive tip against her, feeling the resistance as her tightness fought against the size of the sex toy. Heidi winced slightly, her breath hitching as she adjusted to the sensation. “Go slow, slow with that big black cock, baby,” she whispered, her voice trembling with anticipation. “I’m still not used to your.. BBC.”

Paul obeyed, pressing the mushroom head against her slick folds. He watched as her pink pussy stretched to accommodate the ebony girth, her body yielding reluctantly at first. He pushed harder, feeling the veins of the dildo press against her walls as it slid deeper. Heidi’s moans grew louder, more primitive, her wide hips lifting off the bed as she urged her hubby on.

“Yes, just like that,” she gasped, her hands gripping the sheets tightly. “Oh God, it’s so big...your BBC.”

Paul’s stomach churned at her words, but he kept going, pushing the dildo in and out of her with slow, deliberate strokes. Each thrust seemed to send waves of pleasure through Heidi’s body, her moans growing more desperate with every movement. Her pussy clenched around the naughty toy, her arousal dripping down onto the sheets as she writhed beneath him.

“Faster,” she begged, her voice breaking with need. “Please, faster! As if you really were a black...”

Heart sinking to new levels of mortification, Paul watched as her body responded to every thrust, her big bouncy breasts bouncing with the rhythm of their movements. Her moans filled their marital bedroom, each one a reminder of how much she was enjoying this pretend African-American invader—how much she needed this BBC in her tight white pussy.

“Oh God, I’m so close,” Heidi gasped, her back arching off the bed. “Don’t stop, don’t stop, baby!”

Paul gritted and pushed through the discomfort, focusing on pleasing the woman he loved, focusing on the way her curvy white body moved beneath him. He could feel her tightening around the dildo even more now, her

pussy pulsing with the approach of her climax. Her moans grew louder, more frantic, more desperate, more shrill, until finally, finally, she let out a sharp cry as another enormous orgasm ripped through her.

Heidi's body convulsed with pleasure, her pussy clamping down on the fake BBC as waves of ecstasy washed over her. Paul kept moving, drawing out her orgasm until she finally collapsed back onto the bed, her chest heaving as she caught her breath.

Heidi turned to him with a satisfied smile, her blue eyes half-lidded with contentment. "That was incredible," she purred, reaching out to stroke his arm. "Thank you, baby. I know that was difficult for you. But you have no idea how badly I needed that."

They didn't speak more that night. But when they finally drifted off, their bodies were close—closer than they'd been in a long time. And in the hush of their shared bed, something tender and tentative began to grow again.

Chapter Five

Over the next few months, Heidi's life continued to change—gaining a kind of momentum that left Paul watching from the sidelines.

She was in constant motion: planning community events, moderating panels, attending strategy sessions in converted art spaces downtown. Her Bunnies for Justice T-shirt multiplied into a drawer full of variations—some cropped, some oversized, some with slogans bold enough to make Paul wince. She started wearing her hair differently too—looser, wilder. And then one day, for the first time in her life, she came out of the bathroom with her long blonde hair braided like... black girl's hair? Paul had to admit it looked good on her; and there was no way he was going to say anything negative now. His wife's once soft-spoken demeanor had sharpened with real conviction.

He tried to be supportive.

Paul made dinner when she came home late. He proofread her flyers and offered to drive her to weekend rallies for BLM protests, among others. He told himself this was love: to hold space for your partner's transformation, even when it left you feeling a little behind.

But inside, something gnawed at him.

It wasn't just the time she gave away to activism—it was the way Heidi came home after. Lit up. Energized. Like something had been touched in her that he couldn't reach anymore.

And then there was the bedroom.

After that first super awkward night months ago—the big black dildo, the fight, the reconciliation, the silent truce—the married white couple had found themselves edging toward a new kind of intimacy... One shaped not by routine or old rhythms, but by something far more complicated.

Heidi's new BBC dildo—the same one he'd stumbled upon—had become a fixture in their love life.

At first, it was unspoken. Heidi would reach for it after their closeness began to fade. Paul would look away. But eventually, they both stopped pretending, or hiding. Some nights, she held the big ebony dong openly, her pink Bunny t-shirt half-peeled off her shoulders, blonde hair messy from the pillow, blue eyes wild with need. She moaned in a way he hadn't heard in years...

Paul watched. Sometimes he helped. Sometimes he kissed her neck while her hand moved in ways he couldn't replicate. But he always knew: it wasn't him making her react like that.

And still, he stayed.

Because to protest—to say it bothered him—was to reveal something fragile in himself. Something Heidi might interpret as weakness. Insecurity. And that was the one thing he couldn't afford to show her anymore.

So he made space. Quietly. Carefully.

He learned to be the supportive sensitive husband. The good listener. The man who folded her activism T-shirts and put them in the laundry without comment. The man who pretended not to be bothered by his wife's Queen of Spades symbols. The man who shared a bed with his wife but only brought her halfway there—until she took herself the rest of the way with a black sex toy modeled after some African-American stud of a man that Paul would never come close to competing with.

And each time it happened, a little more of his confidence slipped away. A little more of his masculinity vanished.

He never said the words, but they lived under his breath like a secret: She wants something I can't be. But he stayed. A divorce would have ruined him financially. But he also stayed because he loved her. Because he didn't know what else to do.

Maybe everything will just sort of work itself out? he thought optimistically.

And then one night, he was pulling into his own driveway when he noticed the cluster of unfamiliar cars—sleek, clean, upscale. A silver Audi. A red Tesla. A matte-black Jeep with tinted windows. Paul slowed, brow furrowing. Heidi hadn't mentioned guests. And definitely not this many.

He stepped out of his car, his work bag slung over one shoulder, his shirt wrinkled from a long day of spreadsheets and back-to-back meetings. As he approached the front door, he heard it—laughter. High-pitched, melodic, overlapping. The unmistakable chatter of women in a social high. Glasses clinking. Voices raised in delight.

When Paul stepped into the house, he froze.

The living room was transformed. It glowed with the soft flicker of scented candles, low music playing from the corner Bluetooth speaker. And it was filled with women—stunning women.

There were several of them. Paul recognized all of the women—they'd recently become what could only be described as his wife's inner circle. And so he was familiar with their voices and glances, aware of their unspoken signals. Of the usual group, he noticed that only Tasha was missing.

They were all wearing tightly fitted Bunnies for Justice T-shirts in varying shades—pale pinks, jet black, bold red—knotted just above the waist or stretched across ample curves. Their bodies were impossibly sculpted, glowing with the sheen of confidence and curated female beauty.

A tall, statuesque blonde with long beach waves and glossy red lips leaned against the arm of the sofa, her toned stomach peeking out from beneath her cropped t-shirt.

Next to her, a curvy brunette with a sharp jawline and olive skin sat cross-legged on the rug, her emerald eyes wide as she hung on every word being spoken.

A redhead with striking cheekbones and porcelain skin perched beside the coffee table, her crimson hair cascading over one shoulder in loose curls, a glass of red wine balanced delicately in her hand. She laughed easily, her eyes never leaving the man at the center of it all.

A petite Latina woman stood barefoot by the bookshelf, wide hips swaying slightly to the music, her long dark braid over one shoulder, her golden-brown skin glowing against the vibrant lavender of her fitted t-shirt. She was smiling—flushed and dreamy—as if someone had lit a candle inside her.

Sitting alone in a chair was an Asian woman with the biggest set of tits Paul had ever seen on a petite chick. Paul wondered if he was looking at her the same way random black men looked at Heidi in the streets, or at the grocery store, or waiting in line at the movie theatre. It didn't matter. The gorgeous Asian woman's yellow T-shirt read Justice Bunny and featured a cartoon-style sketch of two curvy female rabbits mid-twerk. The letters were stretched tightly across her enormous chest: a billboard that told the world what her sexual preference was.

And in the middle of them all stood him, grinning like the devil.

Dr. Omar.

Older and very black. Dr. Omar was also taller than Paul by several inches, with wide shoulders filling out the elegant cut of his navy blue suit. A deep maroon pocket square peeked from his breast pocket. The older African-American man's voice was rich and fluid, deep enough to vibrate the wine glasses, laced with certainty and gravitas. His dark ebony skin gleamed in the candlelight. He obviously enjoyed being the center attention to so many gorgeous women – who were all wearing propaganda for something too dark for Paul to even imagine. He bowed his head, a sick feeling gathering in his stomach. But Paul valiantly forced himself to look at Dr. Omar again. The older black man's beard was sharp, salt-and-pepper. His eyes –deep-set, intelligent, cunning– were scanning the room slowly, confidently, as he spoke.

The women drank him in. The professorial figure seemed to have a narcotic effect on their minds, their bodies. The women forgot about their nice clothes, forgot about the nice cars they drive back to expensive houses. They forgot about their husbands. They leaned toward him, Dr. Omar, nodded eagerly, occasionally touching the older black man's arm or shoulder when he made another insightful point. They laughed at his jokes, eyes glowing with the kind of rapture Paul had only seen on television audiences swooning over celebrity authors or spiritual gurus. And then he saw her.

Heidi.

She was walking out of the kitchen, balancing a tray of glasses, her long blonde hair swept into a relaxed braid, loose strands framing her flushed face. She wore the shirt—the pink Bunnies for Justice t-shirt. It was the same one she was wearing when Paul first caught his wife red-handed with a black dildo that was a clear signal she wanted something bigger and better in her life. It hugged her chest, her t-shirt, the Queen of Spades design pulled tight across her curves. She wore soft leggings, barefoot, utterly at ease in her own home.

But it didn't feel like his home anymore.

She looked like a hostess. A leader. A woman admired. And none of it had anything to do with him. "Pauly!" Heidi chirped, surprised but cheerful. "You're home early."

He tried to smile, but his mouth barely moved. "Yeah... guess I am."

Smiling through their annoyance, the women turned to look at him. Some offered polite nods, one gave a half-wave, but most of their attention quickly slid back to Dr. Omar. It was like he carried the wisdom that they needed to set their souls free.

Heidi set the tray down and crossed the room, her eyes bright. She kissed Paul's cheek quickly. "Come meet Dr. Omar. He's a legend. He's written, like, four bestsellers on race and power. He's the voice on white fragility in America."

White fragility, what the fuck? Paul's heart thudded as the man turned to him.

Dr. Omar extended a hand. His palm was large, firm, and utterly sure of itself. "You must be Paul," he said, voice low, words clipped with polished diction. "Heidi speaks highly of you."

Paul took his hand. Tried not to notice how small his own felt inside it. Tried not to let the words Heidi speaks highly of you sting with the suggestion that he was a supporting character in someone else's story.

"Pleasure," Paul muttered.

"You just missed a fascinating segment," said the redhead, her eyes still flicking toward Dr. Omar. "He was breaking down racialized archetypes in Western literature. It was brilliant."

Dr. Omar nodded slightly, eyes closed, as though brilliance was expected of him.

Paul tried to laugh, but it came out stiff. "Well, sounds like I interrupted something important."

"Not at all," Heidi said quickly, though her attention was already shifting back toward the circle of women.

Dr. Omar gestured to an empty seat near the back of the room. "You're welcome to join the conversation, Pauly, if you like. Heidi had just brought up the topic of the psychological legacy of colonialism on modern Caucasian masculinity. Timely topic."

There was no sarcasm in his voice, but Paul felt the sting of it anyway. There was something about the way the words landed—the way all the women looked at Paul, not with hostility, but with gentle dismissal—cut deeper than any insult.

"I think I'll... change first," Paul said.

He turned and went upstairs, the low murmur of conversation and laughter continuing beneath him.

Halfway up, he stopped and looked back.

From this angle, he could see the top of Dr. Omar's silver-threaded head, see Heidi's body angled toward him, her smile—open, relaxed, radiant. She reached for a glass. Her shirt rode up slightly as she leaned forward.

Paul gripped the railing, jaw tight. He had never felt so small. Not just in the room. But in his own home.

Chapter Six

Several minutes later, Paul descended the stairs slowly, now changed into a fresh shirt and jeans, trying to shake the unease in his chest. He paused just outside the living room, hidden from view, listening again to the voices — laughter, conversation, that low bassline of Dr. Omar’s voice holding court.

He stepped back into the room.

The scene had shifted slightly. The lights were even lower now, the mood more intimate, and the wine bottles on the table fewer. But what struck Paul most was the sight of Heidi—his Heidi—seated right next to Dr. Omar on the couch, her knee almost brushing his, her blonde braid slipping forward across her chest. She was laughing, her hand resting lightly—too lightly—on Dr. Omar’s thick, suited arm.

Paul had never seen her like this. So... open. So engaged. So utterly taken with someone else.

Dr. Omar lifted his glass and spoke with casual authority. “I just want to say, it’s been such a delight to see how quickly Bunnies for Justice is taking root in our communities. Especially in the suburbs. I’ve always said, if we really want radical change, we’re going to have to impregnate the minds of our strong suburban white women...”

A ripple of delighted laughter spread through the women.

“I couldn’t agree with you more,” Heidi said, her voice light and playful. Her eyes sparkled. She hadn’t even seen Paul yet.

“That’s exactly right,” added the redhead, now sitting on the floor beside Dr. Omar’s chair, chin resting in her hand, her legs folded beneath her like a schoolgirl at story time.

“All of you,” Dr. Omar said slowly, his deep voice rolling over the room like warm smoke, “are role models for your neighborhoods. For your sisters. For your girlfriends. Your daughters. I like seeing this. This makes me happy.”

The brunette woman on the loveseat smiled dreamily. “It makes us happy too.”

“Very happy,” said the Latina, her voice soft and lilting.

One of the women — a curvier blonde with a nervous smile — piped up. “Well... not everyone is happy. My husband Peter, for instance, he kind of hates how much time I’ve been putting into this group. He even said the name Bunnies for Justice sounded, um...inappropriate.”

Dr. Omar leaned forward, eyebrow raised. “Peter’s a whiteboy, right?”

She nodded, sheepish. “Yes, sir.”

He smiled knowingly. “Figured. Whiteboys are having a tough time adjusting to... cultural realignment. For a long time they were told they’d inherit the world by default. White skin. Male body. That’s all it took to be important. But that’s the past. And we all know better now, don’t we?”

A ripple of “Mmhmm”s and “Amen to that” swept the room.

Dr. Omar raised his glass, and all the women followed suit.

“To a new America,” he said. “An America that finally reflects the beauty and power of its true people. To diversity, to change... and to the white women and Latina sisters and Asian warrioresses, who are brave enough to lead that charge!”

Glasses clinked.

Laughter resumed.

Paul, feeling slightly nauseous, stepped fully into the room at last. Heidi glanced at him, finally registering his presence, and smiled vaguely.

“Hey honey. You okay?” she asked, but her voice was distracted, her eyes drifting back to Dr. Omar even as she spoke.

“Fine,” Paul muttered. He lowered himself into a chair in the corner, one slightly removed from the circle, and watched the scene unfold as if through glass. He noticed how the women looked at Dr. Omar—not just with admiration, but something deeper. Yearning. The redhead brushed her hand through her hair in slow motion whenever he spoke. The brunette laughed just a little too loudly. Heidi leaned into his space like she was orbiting something magnetic. Paul swallowed hard, his heart thudding in his chest. He didn’t belong in this room. He didn’t matter in it.

And his wife— his warm, kind, cheerful wife—looked like she’d found a new center of gravity: Dr. Omar.

The conversation shifted again, this time to the topic of white male fragility as depicted in mainstream media, and Dr. Omar’s voice took on a sharper edge. “It’s not enough to simply claim you’re not racist,” he said, his eyes suddenly locking onto Paul’s. “You must actively work to dismantle the systems of oppression that benefit you.”

Paul swallowed hard, feeling as though he were being put on trial. “I—I try to do my part,” he said weakly.

Dr. Omar raised an eyebrow. “Do you? Or do you simply pay lip service to the cause while reaping the benefits of your privilege?”

The room fell silent, and Paul felt the weight of their judgment pressing down on him. He opened his mouth to respond, but no words came out.

Heidi broke the tension with a soft laugh. “Oh, Dr. Omar, don’t be too hard on him,” she said, her hand sliding higher up his thigh. “He’s still learning.”

Dr. Omar chuckled, his gaze softening as he looked at her. “Perhaps you’re right, Heidi. After all, change doesn’t happen overnight.”

The women murmured their agreement, and the conversation moved on, but Paul couldn’t shake the feeling of being an outsider in his own home. He

watched as Heidi continued to flirt shamelessly with Dr. Omar, her body language leaving no doubt about her attraction to him.

As the night wore on, the wine flowed freely, and the atmosphere grew even more charged. The women became bolder in their advances, their hands lingering on Dr. Omar's arms and shoulders as they laughed and joked with him. Heidi was the most brazen of all, her fingers now tracing the outline of his belt buckle as she whispered something in his ear.

Paul's heart raced as he watched them, his mind spinning with a mix of jealousy and strange pangs of arousal. How can she do this to me? But deep down, he knew he was powerless to stop it.

Finally, Dr. Omar stood up, his towering presence filling the room once more. "Ladies," he said, his voice low and commanding, "I think it's time we end this party. After all, we have a big day of protesting tomorrow! So many black people are going to have better futures because of women like you!"

One by one, Bunnies for Justice began to filter out of the house until it was just the three of them: Paul, Heidi, and Dr. Omar.

There was a shift in the energy. The others were gone now, their perfume still lingering in the air. The house was quiet again—almost.

Paul sat on the edge of the armchair, holding his glass, while Heidi curled up on the couch, legs tucked beneath her. Dr. Omar sat between them, his posture relaxed, one arm draped casually over the back of the couch, the stem of a wineglass held loosely between two thick ebony fingers. He looked perfectly at ease. Like he owned the room. Like he'd already won.

Paul had barely said a word since the last guest left. He was trying not to stare at Heidi—at how she leaned toward Dr. Omar when she laughed, at how completely at home she seemed in this moment that felt alien to him.

Then, just as Paul was starting to think maybe the evening would end without incident, Dr. Omar turned to him.

"Paul," he said calmly. "I need to tell you something."

Paul looked up. The tone in the man's voice sent a quiet jolt through his chest.

Dr. Omar's eyes didn't blink. "As you can probably tell, your wife and I, we have a certain... chemistry."

Chemistry, the fuck? Paul glanced at Heidi, but she said nothing. She sipped her wine and stared at the floor, a faint smile curling the corner of her lips.

"I'm not saying it's appropriate," Dr. Omar went on. "I'm a married man. And she's—well, your wife. But you deserve the truth."

Paul sat straighter, suddenly aware of his heartbeat.

"For the past couple of months," Dr. Omar said slowly, "Heidi and I have been having an affair. After much argument, my wife has agreed to let Heidi join our household as my second wife. She has been selected to carry my seed."

The words dropped like a stone in a still lake. No shouting. No drama. Just that quiet, heavy thud.

Paul's jaw moved, but no sound came out. His eyes darted to Heidi, who now looked up at him—her expression unreadable. Maybe apologetic. Maybe not.

He didn't yell. He didn't clench his fists. He just stared. And then something behind his eyes cracked, like a window in wintertime under too much pressure. He nodded. A tiny, involuntary nod. "I... I figured," Paul murmured. His voice was quiet. Flat. He looked like he'd been punched but wasn't sure if he was allowed to bleed.

The room went silent. And then—

Dr. Omar chuckled.

It started as a low sound in his throat, then swelled into full laughter. He set down his glass and shook his head. “I’m messing with you,” he said, smiling. “We haven’t been having an affair.”

Paul blinked. “What?”

Dr. Omar leaned back, still grinning. “Just wanted to see your reaction. That’s all.”

Heidi laughed too—softly, covering her mouth, shaking her head. “God, that was cruel,” she said, but she didn’t sound upset. She sounded entertained.

Paul didn’t laugh. He just stared at the floor, the blush of humiliation rising from his chest to his neck. Dr. Omar’s voice dipped again, cool and calm. “But your reaction, Paul... it said a lot.”

Heidi reached out and touched Paul’s knee gently, maybe trying to reassure him. Maybe trying to remind him to play along.

But Paul couldn’t move. He wasn’t angry. He wasn’t shouting. He just looked... small. Like he’d been let in on a joke that wasn’t meant to be funny. And in that room, lit by flickering candles and half-finished wine, he realized something that scared him more than anything else: He believed it. Even if it wasn’t true... it could’ve been. And part of him had already accepted it. He felt cold inside.

Across from him, Heidi laughed — a gentle, breathy sound — still recovering from Dr. Omar’s cruel joke. “Oh my God,” she said, brushing a strand of hair from her face, cheeks flushed from wine and adrenaline. “That was literally so mean.”

Dr. Omar smiled but didn’t look at her. He kept his gaze fixed on Paul, calm and deliberate, as though watching him under a microscope.

Paul tried to steady his breathing. His heart was still racing from the blow — and from the realization that he’d believed it. Fully. Instantly. Without reservation. The way Heidi had been around this man tonight—the way her

blue eyes lingered on him, how her laughter had come more easily, more freely than it had around Paul in months—it hadn't seemed like a stretch. It had seemed... inevitable.

Heidi looked radiant.

Her blonde hair had fallen from its Viking braid, loose tendrils framing her face. The fitted pink Bunnies for Justice T-shirt hugged her figure in all the ways Paul still wasn't used to. Her soft, full, curvy, gym-enhanced curves shifted as she shifted her weight on the couch, leaning back, eyes still dancing from laughter.

Dr. Omar didn't miss a detail. His posture was relaxed, but his presence filled the room — unhurried, unbothered, unchallenged. His voice, deep and sure, carried effortlessly even when he spoke in low tones. He said nothing now. Just watched.

“Honestly,” Heidi said, turning toward Paul at last, “you should've seen your face.”

He forced a smile, but it didn't reach his eyes.

“It was just a joke,” she added, gently.

Paul nodded, but the pit in his stomach only deepened. Not because he thought it wasn't a joke. But because it had been too believable... After all, she could only cum these days by using a big black dildo. Not him. What did that mean? Not good. It was almost like she'd outgrown him — mentally, physically, sexually.

“You really thought we were having an affair?” Heidi asked, half teasing.

Paul looked at her for a long moment. “You didn't exactly make it hard to believe.”

Her smile faded slightly. A flicker of something crossed her face — surprise? Guilt? Or maybe just the dawning realization that her husband was hurting far more than she'd realized.

“Hey,” she said softly, reaching for his hand. “Paul. Don’t do this.”

But he couldn’t look at her. Not when Dr. Omar was still there, sitting like a king — an Ancient powerful African king— in the middle of the room, his broad shoulders commanding the space, his expression unreadable.

“I just...” Paul swallowed. “I know I’m not... the kind of man that fills a room. I know I’m not him.”

“No one’s asking you to be,” Heidi said, her voice lowering.

“But you are drawn to him,” Paul said, glancing up. “I see it. I’ve seen it all night.”

There was a silence then — not awkward, but dense. Like the air itself had thickened.

Heidi didn’t deny it. She didn’t have to.

Dr. Omar finally spoke. His voice was velvet and iron. “There’s no shame in recognizing strength, Paul. Some people shrink in the presence of power. Others... awaken. Fulfill their duties. Their obligations.”

Paul flinched at the words. Heidi looked down, suddenly fascinated with the stem of her wineglass.

“I’m not here to take your place,” Dr. Omar continued, with almost clinical detachment. “I don’t have to. The truth is—roles evolve. So do people. Women evolve. White women evolve. So do whiteboys.”

Paul stood in the center of the room, shoulders stiff, heart thudding. His wine glass trembled slightly in his hand. He couldn’t meet Heidi’s eyes now —not when her body was turned so naturally toward Dr. Omar, her posture loose, almost unconsciously leaning into his gravity.

Paul felt that his fragile presence in the room had rearranged its center of gravity around someone else.

Heidi reached for him gently. “It’s okay, dear,” she said, voice low and calm, the same tone she might use to soothe a startled animal. Her hand brushed his wrist, tender and practiced. But the deep warmth in her touch didn’t quite reach her eyes. Not with Dr. Omar sitting beside her on the couch.

Paul’s gaze flicked to the older man. Dr. Omar’s large ebony hand rested casually on Heidi’s pale knee now, fingers spread just enough to suggest ownership without flaunting it. He didn’t look at Paul. He didn’t need to.

Paul’s throat tightened.

He didn’t know what to say, what to do. All his instincts—the ones that told him to stand up for himself, to say something—felt like they belonged to someone else. Someone stronger. Someone braver. “What... what do you want me to do?” he asked finally, his voice barely above a whisper.

The question hung in the air, raw and unguarded.

Dr. Omar turned to him then, slowly, as if finally acknowledging the existence of the smaller man in the room. His eyes were impossible to interrupt. “What I want,” he said, swirling the last of the wine in his glass, “is irrelevant.”

He paused, letting the silence stretch.

“But what you want?” he continued. “Now that’s the real question. You see, Paul... the world is changing. And whiteboys like you are being asked to change with it. To let go. To listen instead of talk. To step back.”

Paul swallowed hard, his fingers tightening around the stem of the glass.

“It’s not about humiliation,” Dr. Omar added, as though reading his thoughts. “It’s about understanding your place. Adapting. You’re not being erased. Just... redefined.”

He said it without malice, without mockery. That was what made it worse.

Heidi said nothing now, her gaze fixed on the space between her husband and the much larger black man. Her blue eyes were was vague. Was it sympathy? Pride? Conflict?

Paul sank into the armchair slowly, setting the glass down on the side table with care. His mind swirled with doubt, hurt, and something else he wasn't ready to name. The candlelight flickered again, casting strange shadows across the floor. And in the thick silence that followed, it became painfully clear: This wasn't just about marriage anymore.

This was about power.

And Paul had just realized he didn't have much left, a storm swirling just behind his still expression. Across from him, Heidi glowed—lit from within by the wine, the warmth of the room, and something deeper. Something more primal. Her excitement had a pulse, almost visible in the way she leaned forward slightly, the way her full lips parted when she listened to every syllable of the older black man.

She looked stunning in the soft light—her All-American blonde hair half-tumbled from its braid, a loose curl brushing the side of her cheek. The pale pink Bunnies for Justice shirt stretched across her chest, the fabric snug over her curves, her posture unselfconsciously relaxed. Her bare legs were folded under her on the couch, smooth and sun-kissed from her long walks home from the gym. She looked... alive.

Paul felt weaker and more feminine than usual. Or just sexless. His frame, always narrow and slightly slouched from desk work, seemed to fold inward on itself as he sat opposite her. He hadn't shaved in a couple days, not intentionally—he just forgot. His shirt felt too loose in the collar, like it no longer fit the role he used to play in this house. He wanted to say something, but the words dissolved somewhere behind his clenched t-shirt.

Dr. Omar's eyes lingered on the gorgeous blonde bombshell— in a vulgar way, in a hungry way, and with the quiet recognition of someone who saw her fire and fed it.

He sat tall, legs spread comfortably, one arm draped along the back of the couch like he owned the house. The world. His tailored suit barely wrinkled as he moved, and the deep timbre of his voice cut through the quiet with the ease of someone used to commanding attention. A man who had nothing to prove. A man who had already won, before the game even started.

He asked gently, “Are you coming to the Black Lives Matter protest tomorrow?”

“Of course!” Heidi’s whole body seemed to light up. “I wouldn’t miss it. It’s... I mean, it feels like the most important thing I’ve ever done.”

Paul’s jaw clenched almost imperceptibly. The most important thing?

Dr. Omar nodded, slowly, his gaze steady. “You’ve grown, Heidi. You’ve stepped into something real. I love seeing you little bunnies out there with your BLM signs and your and big bright blue eyes! Ready to change the world! There’s clarity in you now.”

She blushed—not flirtatiously, but with a kind of earnest pride, the way someone might when a teacher praises them for getting the answer right. “It’s all so much bigger than me, being a justice bunny,” she said. “But I just want to do my part. I want to understand. I want to help. Offer whatever I can for the cause.”

She meant every word. That was the hard part. There was no posturing in her. No rebellion. Just wide-eyed commitment, the kind that made her cheeks pink and her voice tremble when she talked about prison reform or school equity. She was beautiful like that—lit up from within by a cause, not a spotlight.

Paul stared at her, aching for a version of her that used to sit on this same couch and talk about vacation plans or potential baby names or decorating the guest room. Now she talked about justice. Oppression. Change.

He didn’t know how to reach her anymore. And worst of all, he wasn’t sure she wanted to be reached.

Dr. Omar said nothing more, but the way he watched her said enough. Calm, composed. As if he already knew where this road led. As if he'd seen it all before. His presence dominated the room. The universe. It was a quiet kind of raw masculine power—unapologetic, unmoving—and it wrapped around Heidi's ivory curves like gravity.

Paul looked away. He couldn't watch it unfold—not the way she leaned toward him now, the way her laughter came so easily, how her big eyes lingered on this older black man who seemed to orbit her like gravity.

Suddenly, Heidi excused herself, her voice soft but tinged with a slight warmth. "I'll just refill my glass," she said, attempting a steady smile.

But the subtle flush on her cheeks and the slight wobble in her step betrayed the fact that she was already a little tipsy.

As she rose, the room seemed to shift around her.

The world tilted gently, and before she could steady herself, the voluptuous blonde wife found herself slipping sideways, off balance, laughing — and right into Dr. Omar's lap. His big dark-skinned strong arms caught her effortlessly, steadying her with practiced ease.

"Uh-oh! Here you go!"

"Sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry for. A bunny like you, you have a standing invitation to fall into my lap anytime you want."

Their eyes met, blue and dark brown, an unspoken exchange hanging heavy in the air. The warmth of his presence enveloped her as her body settled against his. She could feel the solid strength beneath her, grounding yet electrifying. For a brief moment, time seemed to slow, the quiet hum of the room fading into the background.

Paul remained rooted to his chair, a silent observer trapped in the storm of his own conflicted feelings. His gaze flickered between Heidi's flushed face

and the commanding presence of the man holding her. The tension was suffocating — a mix of jealousy, fascination, and a deep, aching vulnerability he couldn't shake. He wanted to speak, to reach out, but the weight of the moment pinned him in place. His place. He was already accepting his new role. There was no going back.

Heidi's gasped slightly — a mixture of nerves and something else she wasn't ready to name — as Dr. Omar's steady hands remained firm but gentle on her wide Justice Bunny hips. She shifted slightly, caught between the comfort of being held and the swirling tension of everything happening around her.

And then Heidi's fingers traced the edge of Dr. Omar's sleeve, a tender, almost innocent caress that spoke of trust and something more profound than desire. Her lips curved into a soft, uncertain smile as Dr. Omar leaned in, his lips huge and hungry, their breaths mingling in the dim light of the white couple's living room.

But before they kissed, the older black man stopped, one last time, and looked over at the anxious-looking hubby. It was hard to tell if Dr. Omar was trying to be sympathetic, or if he was just turning the knife one last time before claiming Heidi in front of her husband.

Dr. Omar's voice was velvet-draped st-shirtl as he glanced at Paul, still cradling Heidi casually in his lap. "You know," he began, his tone deceptively mild, "not too long ago, this—me and your wife like this—would've been illegal in most of this country."

Paul stiffened. Heidi, nestled against the older man's firm chest, tilted her head slightly, listening. The candlelight flickered off the curve of her cheekbone. Her shirt still clung tightly to her figure, rising and falling with each shallow breath.

"In fact," Dr. Omar continued, his hand idly tracing the seam of her bottom with deliberate ease, "laws against interracial couples were upheld until 1967. Not ancient history, Paul. That's just... one generation ago."

The room fell into a taut silence, like the air had gone thinner.

“And you have to ask yourself—why were those laws written in the first place? Who wrote them? Whiteboys did.” He glanced down at Heidi, then back at Paul. “Was it protection? Or was it... fear? Insecurity?”

Paul shifted even more uncomfortable than he thought was humanly possible. The wine in his glass trembled with the movement.

“Insecurity, whiteboy insecurity,” Dr. Omar said, answering his own question. “Fear of the unknown. Fear of the black man. Fear of dominant genetics. Or maybe fear of being... replaced.”

Now his dark gaze bore into Paul, but there was no gloating. Just quiet, calculated dominance. “Funny, isn’t it? How things evolve. What was once forbidden is now everywhere. You can see it in cities, in films, in magazines. Interracial couples. Black men, white women. Not just legal—celebrated.”

Heidi’s lips parted slightly, her eyes still locked on the older man beside her. She didn’t seem to notice her hand resting lightly on his chest.

Dr. Omar’s smile deepened, calm and unbothered. “And sometimes, what’s forbidden becomes what’s most desired.”

The words hit Paul like a slow punch to the chest.

Heidi shifted again, not awkwardly—but comfortably. Her back curved slightly as she leaned into the curve of Dr. Omar’s arm, her expression soft and unreadable. Not guilty. Not ashamed. Just... present.

“You alright, Paul?” Dr. Omar asked coolly, a trace of amusement playing at the edge of his voice.

Paul couldn’t respond. He felt like a shadow in his own home, sitting across the room from the woman he loved—watching her glow for someone else.

Dr. Omar didn’t press. He simply leaned back again, his fingers still resting lightly on Heidi’s hip, and let the moment stretch.

“History has a way of correcting itself,” he said. “Comfort is easy to lose when it was never earned. Nature has a way of putting things in their right place.”

The silence that followed wasn't just silence. It was power, thick in the air like smoke.

Dr. Omar moved first. Slowly, deliberately, he turned his body toward Heidi, the fabric of his expensive suit pulling taut across his bulging thighs. She didn't lean away. Her breath hitched—a tiny, vulnerable sound—as his large hand settled on the curve of her knee. Paul's throat clicked audibly when he swallowed.

“Look at me,” Dr. Omar said to Heidi, his voice low but leaving no room for disobedience. Her eyelashes fluttered as she obeyed, her lips parting slightly. He leaned in, closing the distance between them with the ease of a man who had never known rejection. When his mouth met hers, it wasn't a question—it was a claim.

Heidi gasped into the kiss, her hands flying up to clutch at his broad shoulders. The wineglass slipped from her fingers, splashing crimson across the carpet, but neither of them noticed. Dr. Omar's tongue swept past her lips, demanding, and she melted instantly, her back arching as a low moan vibrated in her throat. Paul made a strangled noise, his own glass trembling in his grip, but neither his wife nor the man devouring her paid him any mind.

Dr. Omar's hands were everywhere—cupping the back of Heidi's golden blonde head, sliding down to grip her waist, pulling her roughly onto his lap so that her ample hips straddled his thighs. Her fingers tangled in his locks, her manicured nails scraping his scalp as the kiss deepened, wet and hungry. The room filled with the slick sounds of their mouths moving together, the creak of leather under shifting weight, the ragged symphony of their breathing.

Paul felt heat rush to his face—and lower. His pee-wee twitched traitorously in his slim-fit chinos as he watched Heidi grind against the

older man's obvious arousal, her Bunnies for Justice shirt riding up to expose a sliver of creamy belly. He wanted to look away. He couldn't.

"That's it," Dr. Omar growled against Heidi's swollen lips, his hands sliding under her shirt to palm the soft swell of her breasts through her lace bra. "Show your husband how a real man treats your fine white ass."

She whimpered, her hips rocking harder against the bulge in his tailored pants. The sight of her—flushed, desperate, unraveling in another man's arms—sent a jolt of shameful arousal straight to Paul's groin. He crossed his legs tightly, his face burning.

Dr. Omar broke the kiss with an audible smack, his dark eyes glinting as he turned to Paul. "You've never made her sound like that, have you?" It wasn't a question. Heidi buried her face in the man's neck, her blonde hair cascading over his shoulder as his thumb circled her nipple through the lace. "She's wetter now than you've ever felt her. Don't bother denying it."

Paul's mouth worked soundlessly.

Dr. Omar smiled, all white t-shirt and predatory charm, and began unbuttoning his dress shirt with one hand while the other kept Heidi pressed close. The fabric parted to reveal a chest dusted with tight curls, muscles flexing under smooth ebony skin. Heidi made a small, helpless noise and leaned in to trail open-mouthed kisses along his collarbone like she was worshiping a victorious gladiator.

"Take off your clothes," Dr. Omar commanded, his voice cutting through the haze of lust clouding the room.

Heidi froze, her lips still pressed to his throat. "Wh-what?"

"You heard me." He grasped her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze. "Every piece. Slowly."

Her breath came faster, chest heaving as she glanced at Paul. For a moment, the spell seemed to waver—the reality of what was happening crashing

through the wine and pheromones. Then Dr. Omar's thumb brushed her lower lip, and she shuddered, her resolve dissolving like sugar in hot tea.

On unsteady legs, Heidi stepped back from the couch. Her hands shook as she grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head in one fluid motion, releasing a cascade of blonde hair that tumbled past her shoulders. The matching lace bra barely contained her full breasts, the deep rose color contrasting with her flushed skin.

Dr. Omar leaned back, spreading his arms along the back cushions. "Keep going."

Paul's pulse thundered in his ears as Heidi's fingers moved to the button of her denim skirt. The denim slid down her thighs, pooling at her ankles to reveal bikini-cut panties that matched the bra, the lace damp and darkened between her legs. She stepped out of the skirt gracefully, her hips swaying as if moving to music only she could hear.

"Beautiful," Dr. Omar murmured, his eyes raking over her body. "Now him."

Heidi blinked. "What?"

"Your husband. Strip him."

The command hung in the air, sharp and unexpected. Paul's mouth went dry as Heidi turned toward him, her expression a mix of arousal and confusion.

"It's... part of the process," Dr. Omar said smoothly, already working on his belt. "To confront white fragility, one must first expose it—literally."

Heidi hesitated only a moment before crossing the room. Paul shrank back in his chair, but her hands were already on his belt buckle, fingers fumbling in their haste.

"H-Heidi, wait—"

"Shhh," she whispered, her breath warm against his ear as she yanked his pants open. "Just let it happen."

His protests died in his throat as she peeled away his clothing—the crisp button-down sticking to his thin frame with nervous sweat, the boxer briefs tented pathetically over his half-hard cock. When she finally stepped back, Paul sat naked and trembling, his knees pressed together to hide his modest small pale “manhood.”

Then Paul watched in horrified fascination as his wife approached the older man like a supplicant approaching an altar. “You’re really going to do this?” his voice trembled, his pale hands gripping the armrests of the chair as he stared at his wife knelt before another man. Paul’s high-pitched tone barely masked the mix of jealousy and arousal swirling in his chest.

Heidi didn’t answer. It was like he wasn’t in the room. There was only Heidi and Dr. Omar. Her blue eyes were locked on the imposing figure of Dr. Omar, her lips parting wetly as she reached for the waistband of his tailored trousers. Her delicate fingers trembled, betraying her innocence, but there was a determination in her gaze that Paul had never seen before.

Dr. Omar, towering over her, placed a large hand on her shoulder, his deep voice resonating through the room. “It’s okay, Heidi. Take your time. There’s no rush.”

She nodded, her blonde curls bouncing softly as she slowly pulled down the older black man’s zipper. The sound was deafening in the quiet room. Paul could hardly breathe as Heidi’s delicate hands reached inside, her fingers brushing against something that made her gasp softly.

And then it was out.

Dr. Omar’s enormous black cock sprang free, thick and throbbing, its dark hue contrasting sharply against Heidi’s pale skin. The sheer size of it made Paul’s heart skip a beat. It was unlike anything he had ever seen—long, thick, veiny, and crowned with a broad, mushroom-shaped head that glistened with precum. The base was framed by a thick patch of coarse, curly black pubic hair, the scent of musk and masculinity filling the air.

“It’s...beautiful!” Heidi opened her mouth for more words, but her thoughts crumbled in the furnace of her body.

Dr. Omar grasped the base of his cock, giving it a lazy stroke. “African genetics,” he said conversationally, though his voice carried a faint rasp. “Centuries of natural selection. Women of the motherland choosing mates who could fill them properly—breed them thoroughly.” His thumb smeared a bead of pre-cum across the plum-colored head. “While your ancestors were hiding their... inadequacies... under layers of Puritanical shame, mine were perfecting the art of conquest through pleasure.”

Heidi’s eyes widened, her pink lips parting in awe. She had only ever known Paul’s small, pale penis, something she could handle effortlessly. This... this was monstrous. Her hands wrapped around the shaft, her fingers barely meeting as she tried to grip it. It was hot to the touch, almost throbbing with power, and she could feel every vein pulsating against her palm.

“Oh my God,” she whispered, her voice shaky.

Dr. Omar chuckled softly, his deep laugh vibrating through the room. “Take your time, sweetheart. It’s a lot to handle.”

Heidi nodded, her innocent resolve hardening as she leaned forward, her lips brushing against the tip. The taste was salty, earthy, and overwhelmingly masculine. She hesitated for just a moment—then opened her mouth and took the head inside.

Paul watched, his stomach churning with a mix of shame and arousal, as Heidi’s lips stretched around the girth of Dr. Omar’s cock. Her cheeks hollowed as she tried to suck, but it was too big. Tears welled up in her eyes as it pressed against the back of her throat, triggering her gag reflex.

“That’s it,” Dr. Omar encouraged, his deep voice soothing despite the intensity of the moment. “Just relax. Let it in.”

Heidi whimpered, her tears spilling over as she tried to take more of him into her mouth. She gagged again, pulling back slightly, but she didn’t stop. Her hands tightened their grip on his shaft, stroking what she couldn’t fit into her mouth. She loved the challenge—the way it tested her limits, the way it made her feel so small and powerless yet so exhilarated.

Dr. Omar groaned softly, his hands moving to cradle her head as she continued to suck and stroke. “Good girl,” he murmured, his voice thick with praise. “You’re doing so good.”

Paul couldn’t tear his eyes away. His wife, his beautiful, kind-hearted Heidi, was on her knees, worshipping another man’s cock. A black man. A very big black man... And not just any man—Dr. Omar, a man who exuded confidence and power, a man who made Paul feel utterly insignificant.

Heidi adjusted her rhythm, finding a way to work with the size of his black anaconda. She took as much as she could into her mouth, her saliva dripping down the shaft as she bobbed her head. The sensation of her soft lips and warm mouth around him was driving Dr. Omar wild, his hips rocking gently to meet her movements.

“Suck my balls,” he commanded, his voice firm yet gentle. "Black balls matter."

Heidi obeyed without hesitation, pulling back to take one of his heavy testicles into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around it, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked gently. The musky taste was overwhelming, but she didn’t care. She was lost in the moment, lost in the sensation of pleasing him.

Dr. Omar groaned louder this time, his cock resting on top of her blonde hair like she was a coaster for a drink. The sight was both humiliating and erotic for Paul, who could only watch in stunned silence.

“That’s it,” Dr. Omar whispered, his hands guiding her head back to his throbbing cock. “Now take it deeper.”

Heidi opened her mouth wider, her breath hitching as she pushed herself to take more of him. The tears were still streaming down her face, but she didn’t stop. She wanted this—she craved it. The way it filled her mouth, the way it dominated her, the way it made her forget everything else.

Paul’s hands clenched into tiny pale fists, his mind racing. He should be angry, he should be jealous... but all he could feel was an overwhelming

sense of submission. His wife was being claimed by a man who was everything he wasn't—strong, powerful, virile—and he could do nothing but watch.

Heidi's gagging grew louder as Dr. Omar thrust deeper into her mouth, his cock hitting the back of her throat. Her hands gripped his thighs for support, her nails digging into his skin as she struggled to take him. But she didn't stop. She looked up at him with those innocent blue eyes, her lips stretched around his ebony girth, and Dr. Omar felt a surge of primal satisfaction.

"That's enough," Dr. Omar said, his deep voice resonating with authority. He pulled his massive cock out of Heidi's mouth, a string of thick gooey saliva still connecting her trembling lips to his glistening pre-cum-coated plum-colored tip. "Now it's time to fuck you."

Paul's heart leapt into his throat. "Wait... you're not wearing..." he stammered, his voice cracking like a teenager's.

Dr. Omar turned to him slowly, his dark eyes narrowing with a mix of amusement and dominance. "Relax, hubby," he said, his tone dripping with condescension. "I'm not trying to breed your wife... yet."

The emphasis on the last word sent a shiver down Paul's spine.

Heidi, still on her knees, looked up at Dr. Omar with a mix of anticipation and nervousness. Her lips were swollen, her cheeks flushed, and her blue eyes glistened with unshed tears. She was trembling visibly, but there was no mistaking the hunger in her gaze.

"Heidi," Dr. Omar said, his voice soft yet commanding. "My wallet. You'll find a condom in there. For some reason, your hubby doesn't want me to breed you tonight."

Giggling, she obeyed without hesitation, her slender fingers fumbling slightly as she reached for his leather wallet. She retrieved the foil packet and held it up, her brow furrowing as she read the label. "Magnums?" she whispered, her voice tinged with awe. "Is that a new brand?"

Dr. Omar chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that filled the room. “They’re for real men. Only little boys use the other ones.” His eyes flicked over to Paul, who sat frozen in his armchair, his pale face flushed with shame.

Heidi tore open the packet and carefully unrolled the condom, her hands trembling as she attempted to sheath Dr. Omar’s monstrous cock. It was no easy task—his girth was overwhelming, and the veins that snaked along his dark chocolate shaft seemed to pulse with life. She struggled for a moment, her delicate fingers struggling to stretch the latex over his angry swollen head.

“Take your time,” Dr. Omar purred, his hands resting on her shoulders as he watched her work. “We need every fucking inch covered. Unless you two want your first child to be black?”

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Heidi managed to roll the condom down his length. She exhaled shakily, her chest rising and falling rapidly as she gazed up at him.

Dr. Omar grabbed her by the arm and pulled her to her feet. “Bend over the coffee table,” he commanded, his voice sharp and unyielding.

Heidi hesitated for a fraction of a second before obeying, her hands gripping the edge of the table as she bent over. Her round, voluptuous ass was on full display, the curve of her hips enticing and irresistible. Dr. Omar stepped behind her, his large hands gripping her hips as he positioned himself at her entrance.

Paul’s breath hitched as he watched the scene unfold—Dr. Omar’s cock pressed against Heidi’s tight pussy, the sheer size of it making her spread her legs wider to accommodate him.

But as Dr. Omar began to push inside, Heidi let out a sharp cry of pain. “It’s too big!” she gasped, her voice strained as she tried to pull away.

Dr. Omar paused, his hands tightening on her hips. “Relax, sweetheart,” he murmured, his voice softer now. “You can take it. You were built for BBC. You want to take it, don’t you? You want to be a good girl for BLM?”

Heidi nodded frantically, her breath shaky as she tried to calm herself. But when he pushed again, she cried out once more, tears streaming down her face. “Please... another position,” she begged, her voice barely above a whisper.

Dr. Omar hesitated for a moment before agreeing. He pulled out and guided her over to the couch, sitting down with his legs spread wide. “Straddle me,” he instructed, his voice firm but gentle.

Heidi climbed onto his lap, her thighs trembling as she positioned herself over his towering cock. Dr. Omar reached up grabbed her perky breasts encased in a lacy bra. He unhooked it with practiced ease, tossing it aside as he leaned forward to take one of her nipples into his mouth.

“Oh god...” Heidi moaned, her head falling back as his tongue swirled around her sensitive flesh. His big, black hands gripped her wobbly ass cheeks firmly, his big black hands kneading the white soft flesh as he encouraged her to lower herself onto his cock.

Heidi hesitated, her hands gripping his broad shoulders for support. She could feel the enormity of his tip pressing against her entrance, and the thought of taking even part of him inside her was both terrifying and exhilarating.

“Go slow,” Dr. Omar murmured against her breast, his breath hot against her skin. “Take as much as you can handle.”

Heidi nodded, her breath hitching as she began to lower herself onto his cock. The stretch was immediate—his girth was overwhelming, and she could feel every inch of him forcing her tight pussy to expand to accommodate him. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she whimpered softly, her body trembling with the effort.

“That’s it,” Dr. Omar encouraged, his voice thick with arousal. “Take it... take all of it. You're paying your reparations, baby.”

After agonizingly slow progress, Heidi finally managed to take the first few ebony inches of him inside her. Her pussy clenched around him

instinctively, and she let out a shaky moan as she adjusted to the sensation.

Dr. Omar stood up suddenly, lifting her effortlessly into the air. Heidi gasped in surprise, her arms wrapping around his neck instinctively as he positioned himself beneath her once more.

“I’m going to make this easier for you,” he growled, his hands gripping her ass tightly as he began to thrust upward, driving his cock deeper into her with each motion.

Paul watched from his armchair, his mouth dry and his heart pounding in his chest. The sight of his wife being impaled on Dr. Omar’s massive ebony monster cock was both humiliating and arousing beyond words. Was this what they meant when they said white men need to know their place in the new world? He couldn’t tear his eyes away from the scene—Heidi’s blonde hair cascading down her back, her full breasts bouncing with each thrust, and Dr. Omar’s muscular body moving powerfully beneath her.

“Fuck... you’re so tight,” Dr. Omar groaned, his hips snapping upward as he buried himself deeper inside her. “Like a virgin. You feel fucking amazing, Heidi.”

Heidi moaned in response, her nails digging into his darkly glistening back as she clung to him. The pain had subsided somewhat, replaced by a growing sense of pleasure as her body adjusted to his size. She could feel every inch of him stretching her, filling her in ways she never thought possible.

“Oh god... yes...” she whimpered, her hips rocking against his as she tried to match his rhythm.

Dr. Omar’s thrusts grew harder, more urgent, his grip on her ass tightening as he pounded into her. Heidi’s moans grew louder, her body shaking with pleasure as she neared her climax.

“Cum for me, Heidi,” Dr. Omar commanded, his voice rough with desire. “Let me feel you cum on my BBC.”

Heidi's breath hitched at his words, her body responding instantly. Waves of pleasure crashed over her as she reached her peak, her pussy clenching tightly around Dr. Omar's BBC as she cried out in ecstasy.

Dr. Omar growled in satisfaction, his thrusts becoming erratic as he felt her squeezing him. With one final, powerful thrust, he buried himself to the hilt inside her, his orgasm washing over him with intense force.

"Fuck..." he groaned, his hands gripping her ass tightly as he spilled himself inside her.

Paul watched in stunned silence as the two of them came together, his wife writhing in pleasure on another man's cock while he sat helplessly in the corner. The humiliation burned hot within him, but so did a strange sense of arousal—he couldn't deny the thrill of seeing Heidi surrender to Dr. Omar so completely.

As Dr. Omar finally pulled out and set Heidi down gently on the couch, Paul couldn't help but wonder what would happen next. The tension in the room was palpable, and he knew this was far from over.

Dr. Omar turned to him, a sly smile playing on his lips. "Your wife is quite a woman, Paul," he said, his voice dripping with smug satisfaction. "You must be really proud."

For one surreal moment, everything was still—just the sound of heavy breathing and the drip of condemned wine from the table's edge.

"Proud?" was all Paul could say as he saw his wife staring up at the ceiling like she'd been drugged. Like she didn't know what planet she was on.

"Clean her up. That's how you show support tonight," he ordered, pulling the Magnum off his cock and tossing the used condom onto the trembling husband's chest. "She'll need her strength for the morning rally."

As the other man dressed with infuriating calmness, Paul crawled to his sobbing wife. They weren't tears of sadness though. Her body was a map of

bruises and bite marks, her blonde hair matted with sweat and tears. When he reached out to touch her, she flinched.

The front door clicked shut behind Dr. Omar. Alone with the wreckage of their marriage, Paul began to understand—this wasn't a one-time mistake. This was the future.

Chapter Seven

The next morning, Paul stood at the kitchen counter, fingers wrapped around a chipped mug of coffee he hadn't yet sipped. The smell was familiar—comforting, even—but the world around him felt completely foreign. Like he'd woken up in someone else's life.

Across the room, the hardwood still gritty with last night's chaos—a snapped hair clip, the torn corner of a gold Magnum wrapper, a single black button from an expensive suit. He paused, clutching his threadbare robe tighter around his narrow frame.

He heard the creak of floorboards behind him and turned.

Heidi walked into the room like she belonged to it entirely—barefoot, skin kissed with sunlight filtering through the windows, wearing a silky black robe that clung to her curves. The hem swished lightly around her thighs, revealing just enough leg to make Paul's throat tighten. Beneath it, a glimpse of dark red lace teased the outline of her body. Her blonde hair was still mussed from sleep, her lips a soft pink, full and unguarded.

She paused when she saw him, a flicker of uncertainty crossing her features. But she recovered quickly, offering a casual, slightly nervous smile.

“Morning,” she said lightly, walking past him to pour herself a glass of water.

Paul couldn't speak right away. His eyes trailed the gentle sway of her hips, the easy sensuality in the way she moved—so different from the woman he used to know. She radiated confidence now. She looked like someone who knew she was beautiful. And not just beautiful—wanted.

And then she stood at the stove with her back to him, preparing breakfast, the silhouette of her body making the silk teddy she wore glow like trapped

sunlight. Thin straps framed the constellation of bite marks blooming across her shoulders. Love bites from a black man twice her age. Paul's throat tightened when she turned, the plunging neckline revealing a fresh bruise the shape of a man's bite mark above her left breast.

"Horny? Whoops, no, I mean: hungry? Are you hungry, dear?" she said, fingers tightening around the spatula. Pancake batter dripped onto the burner, sizzling into acrid smoke. She didn't move to wipe it up.

Paul watched a bead of syrup slide down the curve of her hip. The hem of her lingerie barely covered the dusky blonde triangle between her thighs. "You're... dressed up. For the rally?"

"I'm not, but I will be. Obviously this is a rally day, so, pretty big deal." She turned off the burner with a click that sounded like a bullet chambering. "Today Dr. Omar wants all the Bunnies looking... cohesive."

The word landed between them with leaden weight. Paul stared at the blue veins visible beneath his translucent skin. His robe gaped open, revealing chicken-flesh thighs and the pale pink baby carrot of his penis nestled in curls the same limp brown as his hair.

"Listen, about last night..." Heidi's voice fractured. She gripped the edge of the counter, French tip nails digging into the grout lines. The strap of her teddy slid down one arm, baring the full arc of her breast. "If you want me to stop seeing him—"

"No." The word erupted from Paul's lips before he could cage it. His pale eyes darted to her face, where tear tracks had smudged yesterday's mascara into raccoon circles. "I understand now. This is... bigger than us."

Heidi's mouth fell open. A drop of pancake batter slid down her inner thigh. "Dear—"

"You're changing history." He moved toward her, knees trembling. The memory of her sucking Dr. Omar's enormous black cock flickered behind his eyes—the obscene stretch of her lips, the choked gurgle as she took him

deeper. Paul's hand rose unbidden to brush the bruise on her chest. "You're making reparations real. You're making a better future for this country."

Her breath hitched. "Does that mean...?"

He forced a smile through the acid churning in his gut. "I want to come to the rally. Show my support."

The spatula clattered into the sink. Heidi crushed herself against him, her perfume drowning out the stench of burnt batter. Paul felt her nipples harden through the silk, her body already responding to a phantom touch. His arms hung limp at his sides as she kissed his neck—dry pecks that skittered across his papery skin.

"Thank you," she breathed into his collarbone. Her hand slipped between them, fingers brushing the pathetic bulge in his robe. "Maybe later we could —"

The doorbell rang. Heidi flinched like a gunshot had gone off. Through the frosted glass, they could see the hulking outline of a man carrying two Starbucks cups. The distinct cadence of Dr. Omar's baritone rumbled through the door. "Heidi? We need to review your talking points."

Her body went rigid. Paul watched in perverse fascination as her nipples tightened to diamond points beneath the silk. A dark spot bloomed between her legs. "One second!" she called out, voice cracking. Her fingers dug into Paul's shoulders as she lowered her voice to a hiss. "Get dressed. Please."

Bile rose in Paul's throat as he shuffled to the bedroom. Through the wall, he heard the front door open, followed by a wet smack of lips meeting flesh. The fridge door squealed open—Heidi's nervous habit when guests arrived. Dr. Omar's laughter echoed down the hall, rich and velvety.

"Still serving that colonial swill?" The clink of glass bottles followed. "I'll have Kenya send proper coffee beans with my next care package."

Paul shrugged off his robe. The mirror showed a patchwork of childhood insecurities made flesh—knobby knees, concave chest, a wispy trail of

pubic hair leading to his stubby little boy-penis. He yanked on acid-washed jeans that hung loose on his bony hips. The Educate Don't Hate T-shirt drowned his frame in cheap cotton.

When he emerged, Dr. Omar had Heidi pressed against the fridge. His massive hand engulfed her hip, thumb stroking circles where her teddy met skin. A golden anklet glinted above her slippers—thick links shaped like slave shackles.

“There’s the enlightened one!” Heidi enthused.

Dr. Omar didn’t look up from where his large flat nose nuzzled Heidi’s golden blonde hair. “Hear you’re joining us today. Hope you have proper footwear—we’ll be kneeling for the solidarity photos.”

Heidi giggled. Paul hadn’t heard that sound since their honeymoon. “I told him about your plantar fasciitis,” she said, eyes glassy. “Dr. Omar says you can sit during the procession.”

“Generous.” Paul focused on tying his canvas sneakers. The laces kept slipping through his sweaty fingers.

Dr. Omar finally released Heidi to approach him. Even in casual linen slacks and a white Henley, the man exuded threatening elegance. His soap smelled like musk and burning currency. “About last night...” He placed a hand on Paul’s shoulder—fingers spanning from clavicle to scapula. “Performance art often shocks the uninitiated.”

Paul’s Adam’s apple bobbed. The coffee in his bowels turned to concrete. “It was... educational.”

“Good.” Dr. Omar’s thumb found the bruise on Paul’s neck where Heidi had bitten him during their ill-fated anniversary dinner. “I’m glad that you have the right attitude. Because today’s lesson might be more... participatory.”

Heidi made a noise like a kettle boiling over. The dark spot on her teddy had grown. Dr. Omar glanced at his diamond-encrusted Rolex. “Five

minutes, bunny. Don't forget the new uniform."

Paul watched his wife sprint down the hall, jiggling parts he'd once mapped like holy lands. Dr. Omar clicked open a silver case, removing a cigarillo. His tongue dragged along the paper as he spoke. "Nine point five inches."

"I-I'm sorry?"

"In case you're wondering how big the cock is that is fucking your wife now." Dr. Omar exhaled clove-scented smoke. "If she has been moaning your name in the past month, or so... She's imagining my nine point five inches, my BBC. You saw how well she did last night. That was just the first time. Imagine Heidi with some training!"

Paul's laugh came out razor-sharp. He turned it into a cough. A framed photo on the wall caught his eye—their wedding day. Heidi's dress had been two sizes smaller then.

The sound of small pink sneakers on hardwood made them both turn. Heidi emerged like a centerfold parody of activist chic—distressed denim booty shorts hugging the cheeks of her ass, a cropped Bunnies for Justice t-shirt knotted beneath her breasts to show a sliver of quivering stomach. Her long blonde hair pulled back into a bouncy ponytail. Long white socks swallowed the lower half of her legs, pink lines at the top, just where her knees started.

Dr. Omar's cigarillo fell to the floor, still smoldering. His Adam's apple slid up and down his corded neck. "Damn girl, now that's what I call an outfit!"

Paul's knees gave out. He caught himself on the sofa as Dr. Omar circled Heidi like a buyer at auction. The older man's pinkie finger traced her waistband. "Bought those at Target?"

"Nordstrom," Heidi breathed. Her chest heaved in her tight cropped t-shirt that showed everything. "But good try."

"You'll set the movement back thirty years. Good, lord!" Dr. Omar hooked a finger under her booty shorts. "These stay on during the speech. But

after...” He pulled until the denim strained over her right cheek. The sound of his palm connecting with her flesh cracked like a starter’s pistol.

Paul bit his tongue until copper flooded his mouth. His feeble pale penis stirred against his thigh as Heidi whimpered. The outline of Dr. Omar’s hand burned crimson through the denim.

“First lesson’s free,” the well-regarded author smirked, rubbing Heidi’s ass while trying to establish eye contact with her husband. “Let’s educate.”

By the time they pulled up to the rally—Dr. Omar at the wheel, Heidi in the passenger seat, and Paul crammed in the back—the air was thick with patchouli and the sharp scent of restless ambition.

It was Paul’s first political rally ever.

He followed a few paces behind Heidi, adrift like a forgotten balloon, his khaki cargo shorts awkwardly out of sync with the bright bubblegum hue of her backpack. Every so often, Dr. Omar’s hand would casually slide over her body, her ass, in a fleeting grope, only to shift seamlessly to a respectable hold on her elbow whenever the news cameras turned in their direction—his touch transforming into the picture of a professional mentor.

“There’s Gloria.” Heidi pointed to a curvy redhead adjusting a megaphone. “She’s the one who took Dr. Omar back to her condo after the police brutality seminar.”

Paul stumbled over a protest sign declaring DE-FUND HATRED. He looked around and didn’t see Dr. Omar any longer. “Oh?”

“Her husband, hehehe, took video. For... accountability.”

The main stage loomed ahead, flanked by posters of Dr. Omar looking statesman-like. On either side, Justice Bunnies hawked t-shirts from folding tables. One brunette with sleeve tattoos caught sight of Heidi, came over, and squealed.

“Omigod, I love your booty shorts! Someone has been putting some time in at the gym! How much do you squat? No, don’t tell me, because I’m going to be totally jealous!” She squeezed Heidi’s ass with practiced ease. “Dr. Omar’s gonna lose it when he sees how good you're pulling that off.”

"Uh, trust me," Heidi said, trying not brag, "I think he already did."

Heidi preened. Paul stared at the ground, counting his scuffed sneakers. The brunette sized him up. “Hubby?”

“He’s supportive, an ally,” Heidi blurted. Dr. Omar’s hand landed on her shoulder. “In his own way.”

A moment later and Dr. Omar was now smiling at the girls, complimenting them on their dedication to making a better world, and then leaned down until his lips brushed Paul’s ear. “Twelve thousand people come together over intersectional justice?”

The crowd roared on cue.

Paul flinched as a sea of raised fists eclipsed the sun. His wife squirmed beside him, little pink Nikes squeaking. Dr. Omar’s thumb worked circles under her shirt. “Why don’t I give hubby the VIP tour? They’ll need volunteers at the sex-positive booths.”

Paul’s bladder shriveled. “I’m good here.”

“Nonsense.” Dr. Omar steered him toward a cluster of porta-potties reeking of desperation and political fervor. “There’s something I want you to see.”

Heidi stayed by the stage, biting her lip as a college kid adjusted her mic pack.

A smattering of applause erupted as Gloria took the stage. Her speech on environmental racism dissolved into white noise as Dr. Omar muscled Paul through the crowd. Toward the back of the grounds, behind a “Medic Tent” sign dripping with red crosses, sat a black SUV with tinted windows.

“Funding doesn’t raise itself.” Dr. Omar palmed a fob. The doors clicked open. “In we go.”

The interior smelled like leather and shame. Dr. Omar settled into the captain’s chair, legs splayed to accommodate the tent forming in his slacks. Through the cracked window, they could hear Heidi’s speech building to a crescendo.

“—oppression isn’t just systemic! It’s in the bedroom! The boardroom! The —”

Her voice cut off with a wet gasp. Paul pressed his nose to the glass. Dr. Omar grabbed his neck from behind. “Watch.”

Onstage, Heidi’s face contorted. Gloria had a hand on her ass. The crowd screamed its approval as Gloria pulled back and gave a hard aggressive spank to one of Heidi’s ass cheek, which jiggled in front of the people below.

“Please welcome,” Gloria shouted into the mic, “our newest inductee to the Bunny Justice squad!”

Paul retched. Dr. Omar’s laughter filled the SUV. “Stick around. At the after party, we defile confederate flags.”

“Stop,” Paul whispered. His fingers scrabbled at the door handle. “She hates being touched without—”

“That big white booty? Trust me, your wife loves the attention. It’s highly arousing to a woman like Heidi. She wants babies, Paul. And she wants to be seen. But she needs more than a partner. She needs a man. And we both know that’s why we’re in this situation right now.”

“What? I’m confused.”

Dr. Omar continued. “Heidi needed a man. And I’m simply obliging her natural need for big, strong, smart, healthy babies. Babies with melanin.” Dr. Omar grabbed his jaw. “She’s been ditching birth control since

February. Last night, with her eyes, the way she was looking up at me as I pounded her little slit, she was practically begging me to fill her raw. Having black babies, it's the ultimate white girl fantasy."

"How do you know?"

"I literally wrote the book about it."

The floor dropped out beneath Paul.

On stage, someone produced a black dildo the size of a forearm. Heidi sank to her knees as the crowd chanted "DO BETTER". Her lipstick smeared on the first stroke. Paul's penis throbbed. Dr. Omar leaned over to whisper, "That's what she uses while thinking of me, good."

Paul came in his cargo shorts. The warm splatter against his thigh felt like penance. Dr. Omar inhaled deeply. "Smells like white guilt."

Several minutes later, the car door opened. Heidi tumbled in, grinning, radiant, smelling of sweat and perfume and hair products — along with the smell of her arousal, which flooded the cabin. "You done good, bunny."

"You think? I really worked on my speech." she panted. "Maybe I should have spent more time twerking. That's what the crowd really seemed to like the best. You guys noticed that, right?"

"Your speech was fine," said Dr. Omar. "But we both know that pretty white mouth is made for better things."

Paul pressed himself against the window as Dr. Omar flipped up her shirt. Bruises flowered across her breasts—fresh bites mingling with hickeys. The older man flicked her nipples. "You ready to show your worth to The Cause?"

Then Dr. Omar shoved Heidi's head into her husband's lap. She froze. Paul's cum -stained khaki fabric looked like a Rorschach test. The older man wrapped a fist in her hair. "Lick it up. Make your man feel useful. Something tells me he's not feeling as cocky as he used to?"

Paul whimpered. Heidi's tongue swiped the stain, moaning. Dr. Omar yanked her back by the hair to expose her throat. "Greedy bitch. Thought you could get a cream pie out of me last night? Well, you almost tricked me into giving up my proud African DNA."

His zipper sounded like a guillotine dropping. Heidi lunged halfway up his ebony shaft. Acting on instinct. Pure instinct. Paul watched her throat ripple, her blue eyes starting to water as she fought to get as much of the dark wood in her mouth and down her throat, her blue eyes streaked pleasure tears now. The air thickened with spit and musk. Paul's softening penis left streaks on his thigh.

Dr. Omar held out a condom. "Put it on him."

Paul stared at the foil packet. For one insane moment, he thought the him meant himself. Then Dr. Omar jerked his chin toward Heidi. "Time you learned a new lesson."

His wife's eyes widened. "We can't do it here. Now. Not in the car."

"I don't remember asking."

"But I can give you a blowjob in the car?"

"Cute," laughed Dr. Omar. "But you gotta show me that you deserve this big black cock. I can't just be giving BBC away to every pretty white girl who bats her big blue eyes at me. I gotta see that she's truly dedicated to making up for the mistakes of her ancestors by showing total obedience and submission."

For the first time in their multi-year relationship, Paul was starting to notice something about his wife.

Forcing her to be submissive was turning her on.

It was a revelation. He'd never thought of that. Instead, he was raised thinking that everything should be 50/50, equal in all ways, but seeing Heidi's reactions, like she was under the spell of an evil wizard who wanted

to keep her filled with nothing but big black cock, Paul had to admit that if he had a fraction of the masculine charm of Dr. Omar, his life would be a lot easier.

The crowd roared outside the black SUV, a deafening wave of voices chanting for social justice.

Inside, Heidi's heart pounded louder than the rally. Dr. Omar loomed over her, his presence filling the small space with an intensity that made her feel both exhilarated and terrified. His dark eyes bore into hers, commanding, unyielding.

"Don't make me say it again, bunny," he ordered, his deep voice rumbling like thunder. "Put a Magnum on this big black cock. Go on, girl. Don't just stare at my jock like some hungry cheerleader."

Heidi hesitated, her fingers nervously twisting the hem of her pink Bunnies for Justice T-shirt. She shifted in her seat, her thighs pressing together under her booty shorts. She'd dressed for this moment, wearing the red lace bra and panty set she'd bought just for him, but she hadn't anticipated it happening like this—in the middle of a rally, with her husband sitting inches away. "I... I can't," she stammered, her voice barely above a whisper.

Dr. Omar's expression darkened, his jaw tightening. "You're saying no to me?"

The air in the SUV grew heavier, the tension palpable. Paul tensed. Heidi swallowed hard. She respected Dr. Omar. Feared him. And, if she was honest with herself, she craved his approval. She couldn't deny him, not entirely.

"Only... okay, only a blowjob?" she whispered, her cheeks flushing as the words escaped her lips. "Just a blowjob?"

Dr. Omar's lips curled into a slow, predatory smile. He leaned back against the leather seat, spreading his legs wide. "Then get to work."

Heidi's hands trembled as she unbuttoned his slacks. The bulge beneath his tailored pants was already immense, straining against the fabric. She hesitated, her breath catching in her throat.

Even though she'd already seen it, felt it, tasted it, even had it inside her pussy, it was still such a shock to Heidi. When she finally freed him, again, her big blue eyes widened in disbelief, again. His low-swinging phallus was massive, thick and veined, the dark skin glistening under the dim interior light. It was nothing like Paul's—nothing like anything she'd ever seen until Dr. Omar made his move on her... Now it was all she could think of.

Her mouth felt dry as she licked her lips, trying to summon the courage to begin. She glanced up at him, her pale blue eyes pleading for mercy she knew he wouldn't give. With a shaky breath, she leaned forward, wrapping her soft lips around the tip of his dark chocolate shaft.

The taste of him was earthy, primal, and it sent a shiver down her spine. She took him deeper, her jaw already straining as she tried to accommodate his girth. She'd always prided herself on her oral skills, but this... this was a challenge unlike any she'd faced before.

Paul let out a strained, breathless curse as his body shuddered with a second climax in under ten minutes. This time, barely anything spilled out—and for a fleeting moment, both Heidi and Dr. Omar shot him sharp glances, a mix of irritation and detached curiosity—before refocusing on what they were doing, as if he were little more than irritable background noise.

Dr. Omar grinned at his blushing ivory prey, his dark hand threading through her blonde waves as he guided her head. “That's it,” he urged, his voice low and rough. “Just like last night. I can tell you like sucking this cock. See it in your eyes, bunny.”

Heidi gagged slightly as he pushed deeper, her lips stretched impossibly wide. She could feel him hitting the back of her throat, her eyes watering as she struggled to breathe through her nose. She pulled back slightly, her tongue swirling around the thick shaft, before taking him deep again.

The rhythm was relentless, her jaw beginning to ache almost immediately. She could feel the tension in his thighs, the way his body seemed to throb with anticipation. She glanced up at him through her lashes, her mascara already smudged from the effort. His eyes were closed, his head tilted back as he savored the sensation of her mouth.

“Good girl,” he murmured, his hand tightening in her blonde hair.

The praise sent a rush of heat through her, and she redoubled her efforts, bobbing her head faster, deeper. Her jaw screamed in protest, but she couldn't stop—wouldn't stop. She wanted to please him, to prove that she could handle him, that she was worthy of his attention.

But after minutes felt like hours, her stamina began to wane. She pulled back, panting, a string of saliva reaching her lips to his intimidating black cock, connecting them. Her jaw felt heavy, her muscles trembling with fatigue. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

Dr. Omar's eyes snapped open, his dark gaze sharp and demanding. “Did I say you could stop?”

Heidi shook her head quickly, her chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. “I... I just need—”

“No excuses,” he interrupted, his voice harsh. “We're fighting racism. Get back to work.”

She hesitated for a moment before leaning forward again, taking him into her mouth with renewed determination. This time, she focused on the tip, her tongue circling the throbbing head as her hand stroked the length of him. The pre-cum that slicked her fingers made the motion smoother, and she could feel him twitching in her hand.

Dr. Omar's breathing grew heavier, his hips lifting slightly as he thrust into her mouth. “That's it,” he growled. “Take it all like a good little slut. Look at you, proving that you're a true ally. Look up at me with those pretty blue eyes while you have all that black meat stuffing your mouth.”

The words sent a jolt of arousal through her, and she moaned around his cock, the vibrations drawing a deep groan from him. The gorgeous blonde's cheeks hollowed as she sucked harder, her hand moving in rhythm with her mouth. She could feel him growing harder, thicker, and she knew that her older black lover was close.

But her jaw was screaming now, her muscles giving out. She pulled back again, panting, her lips swollen and slick with spit. "I... I can't," she gasped, her voice trembling.

Dr. Omar's eyes narrowed, his hand gripping her chin as he forced her to look at him. "You're not done until I say you're done."

Heidi whimpered, her body trembling as she leaned forward again. Her mouth opened wider than she thought possible, her lips stretching around his girth as she took him deep, deeper than before. She could feel him hitting the back of her throat, her eyes watering as she fought the urge to gag.

And then, suddenly, he was coming, his hips jerking as he spilled into her mouth. The taste was overwhelming, and she swallowed quickly, her throat working to take it all in. He groaned, his body shuddering as he rode out the waves of his release.

When he finally pulled back, Heidi collapsed against the seat, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. Her jaw felt like it was on fire, her lips tingling from the effort. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, her body trembling.

Dr. Omar leaned down, his lips brushing against her ear. "Good girl," he murmured, his voice thick with satisfaction. "But we're not done yet."

Heidi's eyes widened as he unbuckled his seatbelt and shifted closer to her. His jet-black hands gripped her thighs, pulling her toward him. She could feel the heat of his body, the raw power radiating from him.

"Now let's get those panties off, little girl. They're too wet now. You made them dirty, naughty white girl. Good thing you ran into me for some help."

“Seriously?”

“Off! NOW!”

Heidi’s hands trembled as she reached for the waistband of her panties, her fingers brushing against the damp fabric. Her mind was clouded, her thoughts hazy, as if she were floating somewhere outside herself, surrendering completely to Dr. Omar’s commands. His deep, resonant voice echoed in her ears, pushing her to act without hesitation. Do it, he had said, and so she did, tugging the panties down her thighs with a shaky breath.

The panties slipped past her knees, and she tossed them carelessly over her shoulder. They landed on Paul’s shoulder, and he flinched, staring at them as though they were some foreign object he didn’t know how to handle. He awkwardly held them in his hands, his face pale and his jaw clenched tightly. Heidi didn’t even glance his way, her focus entirely on the man before her.

Dr. Omar’s hands were firm on her plush hips, pulling her closer until she was straddling him. Her breath hitched as she felt the tip of his enormous cock pressing against her entrance. She hesitated for just a moment, her body tensing with a mix of anticipation and fear. This is too much, this is how we get busted and lose everything we worked so hard to achieve in the world of social justice, she thought briefly, but the thoughts were quickly drowned out by the overwhelming arousal coursing through her veins.

“You ready to ride some social justice, bunny?” Dr. Omar growled, his voice low and commanding. His hands gripped her ass, squeezing hard enough to make her gasp. “You were built for BBC.”

“Oh. Geez... Thanks... Ughughugh...”

Heidi’s eyes fluttered shut as she slowly lowered herself onto his rigid dark pole, her tight pussy stretching to its ultimate limits in order to accommodate his girth. “Geez, after this, giving birth will be a breeze.”

“You already talking about giving birth to my son? And you ain’t even got all the way down my big black Johnson? Dame girl, you wild, you wild for

that one.”

She didn't respond this time. Couldn't. The pain was sharp at first, a burning sensation that made her bite her lip to keep from crying out. But as she took more of the well-endowed black social justice warrior inside her, the pain began to melt away, replaced by a deep, primal pleasure that made her moan softly in his arms, a place that she wanted to stay in for a very long time. After a good deal of swearing and gasping and wailing, her soft white helpless body eventually adjusted to the Moorish soldier at her gate, battering to get in, her wetness at least making the stretch easier with every demanding, swollen, black-as-night African-American inch she took.

Dr. Omar's hands guided her movements, pulling her ivory hourglass form down until she was fully seated on him. Impaled. Heidi's eyes widened as she felt him buried deep inside her, the sheer size of him filling her completely. Her hands were now lovingly wrapped around his bulky black neck like they were newlyweds. The blonde woman could feel every inch of him, her walls clenching around him as though trying to hold on. Her breath came in shallow gasps, her body trembling with the intensity of it.

“That's it,” Dr. Omar murmured, his voice thick with satisfaction. He gave her thick white rump another firm squeeze before letting his hands roam up her sides, tracing the curve of her slender waist. “You're taking me so well, girl. Just like I knew you would.”

Heidi's cheeks flushed with a mix of embarrassment and arousal. She felt exposed, vulnerable, and yet she couldn't deny the thrill that coursed through her as she sat there with him inside her. She glanced over at Paul, who was still clutching her discarded panties, his face a mask of anguish. Part of her felt guilty for putting him through this, but the other part—the part that was completely intoxicated by Dr. Omar—didn't care.

“Look at me,” Dr. Omar commanded, his voice cutting through her thoughts.

Heidi's eyes snapped back to him, her breath catching as she met his dark, intense gaze. His eyes bore into hers, holding her captive as he began to move beneath her, his hips rocking gently to thrust deeper into her. Heidi

gasped, her hands gripping his shoulders for support as her body responded to his rhythm.

“Move with me,” he instructed, his voice firm but not unkind. “Let me feel you. Show me your skills, bunny. You’re representing your entire race when you’re on this big black cock, bunny.”

"Black lives matter!" they chanted outside.

Heidi hesitated for just a second before she began to move, the grand sweep of her hips rocking slowly against his, bouncing her plump white ass on his lap now. The pair of blue eyes rolled back in her head. The sensation was overwhelming, her body trembling with pleasure as she took him deeper with every thrust. Then she opened her eyes.

Moaning together, sometimes kissing, sometimes not, the pair of lovers started not breaking contact; and it looked like Heidi was starting to lose herself in the older man’s dark cunning eyes. She could feel him hitting spots inside her that she didn’t even know existed, the stretch of him sending shivers down her spine, signaling to her body some primal signal about how she’d finally found a suitable mate.

Dr. Omar’s pure black hands tightened on her pale hips, guiding her movements as he watched her with a predatory gleam in his eyes. “That’s it,” he muttered, his voice rough with desire. “You’re doing so good, girl. Just like that.”

"Black lives matter! Black lives matter!"

Heidi whimper-moaned softly, the cascade of her silky blonde hair falling back as she surrendered completely to the sensations coursing through her. She felt like she was losing her virginity again. She felt him pull down on her hips, impaling her on the massive African-American cock, making her squeal in ways that she’d never done before. She could feel herself tightening around him, that veiny black one-eyed monster, her body responding to the older man in ways she couldn’t control. Her creamy thighs trembled as she moved faster, driven by a need for more, for something she couldn’t quite name. Or was still too scared to name.

"Black lives matter!"

"They do," she murmured, pausing to get enough air back. "They really do."

Dr. Omar's hands moved to her breasts, his fingers slipping beneath her pink T-shirt to find the matching bra she had worn just for him. He unhooked it with ease, his hands immediately finding her soft flesh. He kneaded her breasts gently, his thumbs brushing over her hardened nipples, and Heidi gasped, her body arching into his touch. "You're so beautiful," he murmured, his voice low and filled with desire. "You ride BBC so good. Understand, bunny?"

"Black lives matter!"

Heidi nodded weakly, looking down as her older black lover took one of her nipples into his mouth and suck it like a baby, her breath coming in ragged gasps. She didn't have the strength to argue, nor did she want to. She belonged to him—at least for now—and she was completely at his mercy.

"Keep bouncing, keep bouncing on this big black cock. Ride that BBC like a good bunny. Do your whitegirl bunny thang on that dick, show us what you got, bunny!" Dr. Omar's hands moved back to her hips, his grip firm as he began to thrust harder into her, pushing her harder and faster. Heidi cried out, her nails digging into his shoulders as she struggled to keep up with his pace. The sound of their bodies slapping together filled the SUV, mingling with the distant chants of Black lives matter! outside. The chant was becoming the soundtrack of their lovemaking.

Heidi's head spun, her body on the verge of exploding as she felt herself tightening around him. She was close—so close—and she could tell he was too. His brutal angry thrusts became more erratic, his grip on her hips tightening as he pushed her to the brink.

"Black lives matter!"

"Don't stop," he growled, his voice strained as he fought to hold on. "Don't you fucking dare stop. Bounce, bounce, fucking ride that white pussy on

this big black cock!”

"Black lives matter!"

The gorgeous blonde moaned in response, her body trembling as she felt herself finally shatter around him. Her orgasm hit her hard, waves of pleasure crashing over her as she clung to him, her body convulsing with the intensity of it. Dr. Omar groaned loudly, his hips jerking as he spilled himself deep inside her, his cock pulsing with every wave of his release.

Heidi collapsed against his huge ebony chest, her curvy, All-American beauty momentarily limp and spent. It was a good thing that there wasn't a fire because she didn't have the energy to move off her older black lover. Her breath came in shallow gasps, her mind hazy with the aftermath of what had just happened.

Dr. Omar's arms wrapped around her, holding her close as he whispered softly in her ear. "You did so good, bunny," he murmured, his voice filled with satisfaction. "I always knew that you were going to be one of my top bunnies. It's always the ones who look innocent who are actually the friekiest."

"Black lives matter!"

Heidi didn't respond, her body too exhausted to do anything but lie there on top of him until she could recharge enough to find her panties. Outside, the tribal chants continued, but inside the SUV, there was only silence—a silence filled with the unspoken truth of what had just happened, as Dr. Omar's intruding army of well-hung Moorish warriors was celebrating even as they slowly dripped out of Heidi's battered, sensitive, European cream-filled flower.

Chapter Eight

The sun was blinding white over their cul-de-sac, kids riding bikes in slow figure-eights, lawn sprinklers clicking in the distance. Paul had just returned from the grocery store, the backseat of his sedan lined with reusable bags and discount flyers. Heidi was waiting in the kitchen. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a loose bun, bare-faced, barefoot, wearing a soft tank top that clung to her without meaning to.

There was something in the way she stood—hands lightly clasped, as if praying. He set down the bags and kissed her cheek. She didn't kiss back.

"Honey," she said quietly. "I need to talk to you."

He paused. She almost never used that tone—flat and serious, with none of her usual musical warmth. His stomach began to sink before she even finished the sentence. "About what?"

"About you," she said.

The silence that followed was absolute. The fridge hummed in the corner. A bird chirped outside, sharp and oblivious.

He didn't speak. He didn't even move.

"Several weeks ago, what happened in that SUV, between Dr. Omar. It happened. I can't exactly go back in a time machine and unchange that. Besides, even if I could it didn't look like you were exactly not enjoying yourself too. I've never seen you squirt so soon."

"I was... caught off guard," Paul echoed, still stunned. His voice cracked slightly. "Anyway, like I said already... It's fine. I'm fine."

She put her hands on her full hips. "If it's so fine then how come the last several weeks... why have you been moping around the house like a puppy

that just got spanked? You're so sulky, Paul. I miss the old Paul. This one is bumming me out."

"Heidi? I don't want to lose you," his eyes flicking to the floor, like he couldn't believe that he'd just blurted his thoughts out. "Especially not to a guy like that."

"Dr. Omar?" She looked at him. Her eyes were moist, but steady. "The man is in his sixties. Are you really worried I'm going to leave you for Dr. Omar?"

"Well, shouldn't I be?"

She shook her blonde hair, her body relaxing with humor. "It wasn't about lust. Not just that. It was—he's powerful. He listens. He made me feel... seen. Desired. Like I was something more than just a wife keeping the house quiet so you can sleep."

Paul's lips parted but nothing came out. His skin had gone pale, even for him. The collar of his shirt felt suddenly too tight.

Heidi reached out, her voice trembling. "I'm not trying to end our marriage. I still love you, Paul. I do. But we haven't touched in months. We don't talk about real things. And I can't keep shrinking just to make this feel okay."

He stepped back, gently. Her hand froze in midair. "I need some air," he said. And then he walked out.

The weeks that followed were full of silence that roared.

They still shared the same house. The same bed, technically—though Paul slept stiffly on the edge, if at all. Sometimes, he ended up on the couch. Not because she asked him to. But because he couldn't bear the heat of her body next to his, knowing where else that warmth had been.

Dr. Omar. Virile, early sixties, a deep booming voice that echoed when he spoke at the rallies. Paul imagined those large black hands on Heidi's ivory womanly hips. He couldn't stop imagining his wife with Dr. Omar, like part

of his brain had been hijacked. Imagined her breathless, eyes fluttering shut, giving herself over to a older black man who probably just considered sleeping with her merely one of the perks of the job. And what was that with Dr. Omar not having to wear a condom? Even Paul had to wear a condom, and he was her husband! On the drive home, that fateful day, Heidi had explained that Dr. Omar had his tubes tied. But wasn't this a little too dangerous for the health of their marriage? Weren't they really playing with fire?

Paul, in contrast, had always been careful. Always asked. Always deferred.

And now he felt hollow.

Heidi tried to give him space. She stopped initiating conversation. She made coffee in the mornings but left it on the counter without comment. She walked barefoot through the house, her body draped in loose cotton and soft curves that Paul still yearned for—and yet, couldn't bring himself to touch.

One night, after two glasses of wine and far too long staring at spreadsheets, Paul confronted her—not with anger, but desperation. “Why him?” he asked, standing in the doorway of their bedroom, voice hoarse. “Do you love him?”

“No. Of course not,” she said. “But I don't regret what happened. Because for the first time in years, I felt awake.”

“You mean woke?”

She scrunched her nose at him. “Whatever, I hate labels.”

“Then what do you like, dear?”

“I don't know,” she said, pausing before she redirected the conversation. “And I know it's not PC to say this, but I think older black men, younger white females are the cutest. I'd love to start seeing more in the world. Very satisfying. For both.”

“For some people,” he said, fighting back the inner rage. “Sure, maybe for some people.”

“Dear,” she said, putting her hands on her womanly hips, “I saw how fast you came watching me and him together. There’s no use pretending that you don’t like it. If this marriage is going to work, we need to be honest. No more lies. Or BS.”

That hurt more than rage ever could.

She sucked her teeth and turned her head to the side, a skeptical angle for her husband. “Have you looked at some of those sites for cuckolds? Forums for cuckolds? The ones that Dr. Omar recommended for you to look at? For healing?”

His voice was barely audible. "No, dear. I haven't."

"Well, maybe that would help, dear. Therapy. Sense of community."

And suddenly, a quiet tension began to live in the house like a third presence.

It was in the way Paul avoided her eyes, and in the way Heidi lingered a little too long in the shower. It was in the way her body seemed to stretch and glow, even when she wasn’t trying. There was something blooming in her—a raw, full-bodied sensuality—and Paul couldn’t tell if it was from guilt, freedom, or the taste of masculine and exotic, the taste of something she hadn’t had before. Chocolate. Thick, long, seasoned.

Chapter Nine

The morning started like any other. The smell of coffee drifting through the kitchen, and sunlight slanted through the blinds.

Paul watched her from across the kitchen—the way her hips moved as she leaned over the counter, the hem of his old button-down shirt riding high across the curve of her ass. She hadn't bothered with shorts underneath. Just long, bare legs, toned now from her workouts, soft at the thighs, and golden from the sun. Her hair was in a loose silky blonde braid down her back, a few strands curling around her cheekbones. She looked like she'd just stepped out of a dream—luminous, flushed, effortless.

She was pouring herself coffee slowly, deliberately, as if every small motion deserved to be noticed. And Paul was noticing. He always did. But lately it felt like everyone noticed her—at the gym, at rallies, online. Heidi didn't just glow anymore. She radiated.

He, meanwhile, sat at the table in yesterday's hoodie, pale skin blotchy from another night of restless sleep, legs crossed nervously, his bowl of cereal already forgotten.

“I need to ask you something,” she said, without turning.

He swallowed. “Okay...”

She finally turned to face him, cradling her mug. Her shirt gaped slightly at the chest, revealing the bare swell of her breasts underneath. No bra. She never wore one anymore at home anymore. It was like she wanted to keep him on edge. Or maybe she didn't think of him that way anymore. She didn't see him as a sexual partner.

“It's about the next rally. There's going to be a live art piece. Something big. Something... risky.”

He nodded slowly, caught between her words and the way her curves pressed against the fabric as she leaned back against the counter. Her thighs touched when she stood still, and her lips—glossy, full, impossibly pink—formed each word with maddening calm.

“It’s being directed by Dr. Omar,” she added, watching his expression closely. “Just so you know.”

There it was. That name again. Always spoken softly, like a weight that never fully lifted.

Heidi stepped forward, letting the morning light glide over her long legs. “The piece is meant to challenge people. Make them see the old power structures flipped, reimagined. It’s bold... visual... provocative.”

Paul narrowed his eyes. “What does that mean, exactly?”

She moved closer, just a few steps. Enough for him to smell the hint of lavender in her skin. “They want to use symbolism. Raw, visual metaphor. Dr. Omar walking across the stage with... um... two leashes.”

She let the words hang in the air for a moment, like steam rising.

“Leashes?” he repeated, confused.

“Connected to collars,” she continued, her voice low, smooth. “One on me. One on you.”

Paul blinked.

“Collars. On our necks?”

She nodded. “We’d be crawling behind him. Slowly. In front of the audience. While he leads us.”

His stomach twisted. “You can’t be serious, dear.”

“I am,” she said. “And it’s not what you think. It’s not about humiliation. It’s performance. A reversal of power. A reckoning. Dr. Omar—a Black

intellectual, elder, and survivor—leading a white couple on hands and knees. People won't forget it.”

Paul stood, his chair scraping slightly. “You mean I won't forget it.”

Heidi's expression didn't flinch. If anything, it deepened—almost amused. “This isn't about us. Not really.”

He stared at her—at the line of her collarbone, the loose fall of her hair, the way the shirt clung to her body like it belonged there. She was so sensual now it hurt to look at her. And she carried it differently. She didn't ask permission anymore. She didn't shrink.

“You want me to kneel,” he said quietly. “You want me to crawl behind a man who's already—”

“—fucked me? Stretched me out?” she finished for him, voice barely above a whisper. “Who's made me feel things I hadn't felt in years? Who has probably been good for both of our sex lives?”

“It's supposed to be one sex life, dear.”

“Tell that to the small pale dick that stopped being interested in me three years after our marriage.” She stepped closer still. They were almost touching now. Her voice dropped again, almost purring. “Dr. Omar wants white guys who represent the fall of the white patriarchy. Maybe that's exactly why it has to be you.”

He couldn't breathe.

“I haven't felt power like this before,” she continued, just a notch above whispering. “Not until recently. Not until I started saying yes to who I really am. This isn't about betrayal. It's about truth.”

Paul looked down. Her bare legs were right in front of him. Her thighs brushed his jeans. Her breasts rose with each breath beneath the loose cotton. He could see the faint outline of her nipples through the shirt. His body responded helplessly.

Heidi leaned in, lips near his ear.

“You say you still want this marriage,” she whispered. “Then show me. Submit. Just once. On stage. Let them see it. Let me see your understanding. Show me, don't just tell me.”

She pulled back and walked away, her bare hips swaying with silent command, her coffee steaming in her hand like a torch.

He looked away. He didn't want to cry. Not again. “I'll think about it.”

But even as he said the words, he knew something deep inside him had cracked. And some things, once cracked, don't go back together the same way again.

Chapter Ten

The car ride was long, hot, and mostly silent. Heidi sat cross-legged in the passenger seat, her sundress riding high on her thighs, golden legs bare and oiled, catching streaks of sunlight that made Paul dizzy to look at. Her perfume was faint—something floral and warm—and every time the wind from the cracked window stirred her hair, it drifted over to him like a teasing reminder of what she was. She looked soft, calm. Serene. A golden long-legged blonde enjoying another sunny day. Moreover, Heidi looked like someone going to a beach picnic, not a political rally for social justice.

She hummed quietly to herself, scrolling on her phone, breasts moving gently beneath the thin cotton of her dress with every bump in the road. Paul, meanwhile, clenched the wheel with both hands, his shirt already damp with sweat. The closer they got, the more his stomach twisted.

He couldn't believe he had agreed to this.

He wasn't a performer. He wasn't an activist. He was a spreadsheet guy. A rule-follower. The thought of being on stage was bad enough. But the thought of doing this—in public, in front of hundreds, if not thousands of people—sent waves of nausea through his gut.

He hadn't seen the final rehearsal. He hadn't even wanted to. He was doing this for Heidi. To keep her. To stay close. But deep down, he knew—he wasn't in control anymore. Because deep down, he feared what Heidi might do if he said no. Leave him? Walk away for good? Find someone else, another man, to—stay with—like Dr. Omar. Someone with presence. Someone who didn't tremble under the weight of her pale curves and evolving identity as a human on this planet.

When they pulled into the rally grounds, his blood ran cold.

There were not hundreds of people, there were thousands of people. Far more than he expected.

Tents flapped in the summer wind. Booths handed out flyers. Stages were set at each corner of the large open field. And at the central platform—massive, raised, with a huge black banner hanging behind it—voices boomed over a sound system that echoed into the trees. Speakers were already on stage: firebrand social justice leaders from around the country. Each one took the mic to cheers, some to tears. The energy of the crowd was electric—chanting, clapping, people pressing close together, sweating under the sun and the weight of change.

“Welcome to the future!” one speaker shouted. “Welcome to a reckoning!”

The audience erupted.

Now, on the main stage, a charismatic woman in a red jumpsuit shouted into the mic: It’s time to surrender the illusion of power. To feel the shift! To embody justice!

The crowd exploded. Hands in the air. Horns blasting. Flags whipping in the wind.

Paul swallowed. He gripped Heidi’s hand instinctively, but she had already pulled away. Her eyes were wide, but not with fear—she looked excited. Energized. Drunk with optimism. He wanted to disappear.

Just then, a young woman with a clipboard—short, stylish braids, and a headset—spotted them in the crowd and beamed. “Heidi! Paul! You’re here! Dr. Omar’s been asking for you.”

Paul tried to answer, but his voice caught.

They were led through a side gate, past security, and around to the backstage area of the main platform. Backstage, it was cooler—but somehow more charged. Tech crews hustled with headsets and lights. Smoke machines were being tested. Volunteers buzzed around with

clipboards and props. Cameras were being adjusted. Drums thudded in the distance.

And in the middle of it all stood Dr. Omar.

He looked tall under the shade tent, dressed in tailored black slacks and a crisp deep-blue linen shirt, the top buttons undone. His silver beard was perfectly trimmed, his dark eyes shining with intensity. His presence was magnetic—like a tribal elder crossed with a movie star. When he smiled, everyone looked. Heidi included.

He turned when he saw Heidi and smiled. It wasn't just warm—it was intimate. Familiar. Like he'd touched her in places Paul hadn't. Like he knew how she made those little naughty sounds in the dark.

He walked toward the white couple with open arms now. “There you are,” he boomed, voice as deep as ever. “My beautiful co-stars.”

Paul shrank involuntarily at that word: co-stars.

“My dear,” he said, opening his arms. Heidi stepped into them easily, her sundress-clad hourglass melting into his embrace.

Paul watched, heart thudding.

Her breasts pressed softly against Dr. Omar's chest. His hand rested briefly—firmly—at the small of her back. And then they pulled apart, but the connection between them lingered in the air like heat from a brand.

Dr. Omar's eyes turned to Paul, and for a moment—just a beat—there was something amused in them. A flicker of dominance that made Paul's neck itch.

“Paul, hey whiteboy,” he said, voice a little quieter, but with an unmistakable undertone of command. “Thank you for your courage today.”

Paul's throat was dry. He nodded stiffly.

“It’s a powerful piece,” Dr. Omar said, voice lower now. “And it’s going to challenge people. Shake them. Thank you both for your bravery.”

Again Paul nodded mutely.

And then he saw them.

Behind a screen, lined up along a prep curtain, there were couples, white couples, all the way—maybe a couple of dozen men and women.

The women stood tall and top-heavy, dressed in shimmering black bikinis, each one identically revealing, hugging soft curves and taut white bellies. Their skin glistened with oil, nipples slightly visible through the thin fabric, thighs brushed close. Some of them smiled, clearly nervous, but trying to chat with each other like it was just another show. Others had a stillness in their posture—quiet, electric.

But it was the men, all of them as pasty as Paul, that made Paul stop breathing.

They were kneeling.

In small, tight white briefs that left little to the imagination. Their bare bird chests glistened under stage lighting. Around their necks were collars—thick, black, leather, glinting with silver buckles. Some had their hands folded. Some stared at the ground. A few flushed red with embarrassment. And yet, they stayed. Silent. Leashed.

Paul took a step back, his pulse thudding in his ears. “Wh-what is this?” he said hoarsely.

Heidi turned to him, calm, her body radiating a quiet glow.

“I told you. Symbolism,” she said. “We’re not alone. This is part of something bigger. It’s meant to provoke. To strip everything down—gender, race, ego. It’s about surrender.”

A volunteer stepped up holding a pair of costume bags. “You’re in Group B,” she said, handing Heidi a hanger. “Prep station’s just behind the

screens. Ten minutes to wardrobe.”

Paul took his hanger with trembling hands. His name was written in silver marker across the front. He opened it slowly.

Inside: a collar. Tight white briefs. Black kneepads. That was all.

Heidi was already walking ahead, her blonde braid swaying behind her like a metronome. Dr. Omar remained near the stage, speaking into a headset, surrounded by crew and tech staff, calm as a king preparing his court.

She looked at him—her blonde hair wild and loose now, eyes gleaming like ice lit by fire. She turned around and gave her hapless hubby a final glance before disappearing into the crowd of volunteers. “You promised you’d show up,” her blue eyes seemed to say. “This is your moment.”

Paul’s hands trembled as he took the briefs from the bag. “Fuck me.”

Backstage hummed with low voices and distant chanting. The crowd was alive, waiting, roaring beyond the curtain. And soon Paul—barefoot, trembling—stood half-dressed in a space that didn’t feel real.

He had just pulled his T-shirt over his head, exposing his narrow chest, pale skin prickled with goosebumps. Every move felt surreal, like he was watching himself from outside his own body. His fingers fumbled with the small white briefs, tugging them up over his legs. They were smaller than he expected—much smaller. They clung to his wide hips like a second skin, tight across the small bubble of his backside and even tighter across the front, which appeared to have a baby carrot stuffed inside. There was no hiding in them. Not even that mercilessly small bulge of his penis, which was now curled up like scared shrimp.

He stood there for a long moment in just the briefs, his knees stiff, heart hammering, every cell in his exposed pale body screaming This can’t be happening.

But it was.

He kept repeating it to himself like a mantra: In an hour, this will be over. Just hold on. An hour, and it's behind you. Maybe then... maybe Heidi will love you again. Maybe she will finally respect you again. As a man.

He took a breath, then stepped out from behind the curtain.

Heidi was already waiting.

She stood under the warm backstage lighting, dressed now only in her sexy black bikini, which paradoxically made her look more naked than if she'd been completely nude. It hugged every inch of her ivory curves like it had been poured on—her breasts full, lifted and framed perfectly by the triangle cut, her hips soft and wide, the bikini bottom high-cut to show off the curve of her silky smooth thighs. Her deep tan skin was golden, smooth, practically glowing. Her thick blonde hair spilled around her shoulders, her braids swishing from side to side, a mess of sunlit blonde. And her kneepads were snug on her legs, emphasizing how — like her husband — ready she was to get down, to crawl, to perform, to serve something bigger and blacker than her.

Her eyes lit up when she saw her husband in his small tight white briefs and knee pads.

“Aww,” she said, walking over, placing a soft hand on his bare chest. “You look cute.”

The word stung—cute—but the way she said it, warm and affectionate, made his stomach flip.

And then she tilted her head, her fingers brushing his neck. “You forgot something,” she murmured, teasing. “Your collar.”

She lifted the collar from the costume table. The soft black leather gleamed under the lights. Her fingers wrapped around it like it was a necklace, not a symbol of submission.

The destruction of his last shreds of masculinity.

Paul swallowed hard, his throat dry. “Do I really have to wear that?”

Heidi’s smile didn’t waver. “It’s part of the piece, Paul. It’s symbolic. We’re making a statement.”

Before Paul could protest further, a deep, commanding voice cut through the air. “I’ll take care of that.”

Dr. Omar stepped into view, tall and broad in his fitted dark slacks and a crisp button-down that clung to his chest. Up close, he seemed even larger. The collar of his shirt was open, exposing a powerful neck and just a trace of silver hair on his chest. His sleeves were rolled up just enough to show thick, veined forearms. He looked composed. Commanding. Alive with the satisfaction of a man in total control. His cologne was subtle, woody, expensive.

The older black man reached out, fingers brushing Heidi’s as he took the collar from her hand. He ran the smooth leather between his fingers like it was something sacred.

Dr. Omar stopped inches from Paul, his towering frame casting a shadow over him. “Kneel,” he commanded, his voice low and firm.

Paul hesitated, his heart pounding in his chest. He glanced at Heidi, who gave him an encouraging nod. Reluctantly, he sank to his kneepads, head bowed in submission. He felt exposed, vulnerable, and utterly out of place.

Dr. Omar knelt in front of him, his movements deliberate and unhurried. It looked like he was trying not to grin. He reached out and fastened the collar around Paul’s neck, his fingers brushing against the sensitive skin there. The leather felt heavy, constricting, like a noose tightening around his throat. Dr. Omar leaned in close, his warm breath ghosting over Paul’s ear as he whispered, “There! Voila! Looks good on you, boy. You’ve never looked more perfect!”

The words sent a shiver down Paul’s spine, his hands trembling at his sides. He wanted to protest, to rip the collar off and run, but he couldn’t move. He felt paralyzed, caught in the gravitational pull of Dr. Omar’s dominance.

Dr. Omar straightened and stepped back, his gaze sweeping over both Paul and Heidi. “You’re ready,” he said, his tone final. “Follow me.”

He turned and walked toward the stage, his footsteps echoing in the quiet room. Heidi took Paul’s hand and helped him to his feet, her touch both comforting and unnerving. “Come on,” she said softly. “This is important.”

Paul followed numbly, his legs moving on autopilot. The bright lights of the stage blinded him as they stepped into view, the roar of the crowd washing over them like a tidal wave. Thousands of faces stared up at them, their cheers and chants merging into a deafening cacophony.

Dr. Omar stood at the center of the stage, his presence commanding attention. He held a leash in each hand, the leather straps trailing behind him like snakes. Heidi knelt beside Paul, her body poised and graceful even in public displays of ultimate submission. She reached up and took one of the leashes, fastening it to her collar with no problem. Then she turned to Paul, handing him the other leash without a word.

Paul’s hands shook as he fumbled with the clasp, his fingers clumsy and uncoordinated. Finally, he managed to secure it to his collar, the weight of the leash pulling uncomfortably against his neck. He glanced at Heidi, searching for reassurance, but her eyes were fixed on Dr. Omar, her expression filled with something he couldn’t quite place. Adoration? Respect? Love?

Dr. Omar smiled wide—genuinely pleased.

"Look at you two! Why the long face? You’ve never looked more perfect than you do right now,” he said. “Stop frowning, both of you. Trust me, okay, you look good together like this. This is a good look for you both.”

Paul’s heart pounded in his chest.

The curtain behind them rippled. The sound of the crowd surged. Soon, the lights would rise. The music would swell. And the whole world would watch.

Then it happened. Dr. Omar began to walk, the leashes tightening around their collars.

The overwhelmed white husband stumbled forward, forced to crawl in Dr. Omar's wake, Paul's movements awkward and unsteady. The crowd erupted in cheers, their voices mingling with the pounding of Paul's heart. He felt like a puppet, his strings pulled by Dr. Omar's strong hands.

The stage seemed to stretch on forever, the lights blinding and the noise overwhelming. Paul's breath came in ragged gasps, his body aching with every step. But Heidi... Heidi moved without trouble, like she'd crawled on kneepads many times before, her body swaying rhythmically as she crawled behind Dr. Omar, next to her struggling husband. Guys were catcalling her from the crowd. Women in the audience quietly judged her when they realized how much better her body was than theirs. Her gorgeous hips rocked gently from side to side, her movements deliberate and sensual in this feline sort of way. She looked up at Dr. Omar with a mixture of reverence and desire, her lush red lips parting slightly as she finally caught his demanding dark gaze.

Dr. Omar stopped abruptly, turning to sneer down at them. His eyes burned with intensity as he looked down at Heidi, his expression unreadable. Then, without warning, he reached down and cupped her chin, tilting her head back so she was looking up at him. "Good girl," he murmured, his voice thick with approval. "Show everyone what a good girl you are."

Heidi's cheeks flushed, her lips curling into a small smile, as if she was living out some type of hidden fantasy. Her husband, however, was miserable. Paul crawled helplessly, already aching, his stomach twisting with jealousy and shame every time he saw Dr. Omar touch Heidi's head or body. He wanted to look away, to close his eyes and pretend this wasn't happening, but he couldn't. He was still trying to get his body to move faster, crawl faster.

Dr. Omar released Heidi's chin and stepped back, his gaze shifting to Paul. For a moment, they locked eyes, and Paul felt a wave of panic crash over him. Then Dr. Omar smirked, a knowing, almost pitying expression that

made Paul's skin crawl. "Let's show them what submission looks like," Dr. Omar said, his voice carrying across the stage.

The crowd erupted in cheers once more, their excitement palpable. Paul felt like he was drowning, the weight of the moment pressing down on him until he could barely breathe. But Heidi... Heidi looked alive, her body thrumming with energy as she knelt beside him, her eyes shining with something he couldn't quite place. "Ready?" she whispered, her voice barely audible over the roar of the crowd.

Paul didn't answer. He couldn't. All he could do was nod weakly, his pale soft body trembling as Dr. Omar tugged on the leashes and began to lead them forward once more.

"Black lives matter!"

"Black lives matter!"

"Black lives matter!" the crowd continued to roar.

Chapter Eleven

They weren't sure where they were going. But after the art performance, the couple was escorted to the parking lot for a long SUV ride. The trip was silent, the hum of the engine the only sound accompanying Heidi and Paul, who were both unleashed now. But they still wore just their skimpy black and white bathing suits, as they sat in the backseat, being driven to God knows where. Tinted windows shielded them from the outside world, but the tension inside was thick enough to cut with a knife. Paul's hands fidgeted nervously in his lap, while Heidi stared out the window, her expression unreadable. She absentmindedly twirled a strand of her blonde hair around her finger, her mind seemingly elsewhere.

"Where again are we headed?"

"I told you, Dr. Omar is going to meet us there. That's what he said."

"I hope he has our clothes."

"I'm sure he's thought of that, dear," said Heidi.

When the vehicle finally came to a stop, they were greeted by the sight of a sprawling mansion, its grandeur both imposing and intimidating.

The driver opened their door and gestured for them to step out, his expression stoic as if this were just another ordinary day. Heidi stepped out first, her bare feet pressing into the cool grass, followed by Paul, who hesitated before joining her. They were led inside, down a long hallway lined with ornate artwork, until they were deposited in a room that locked from the outside with a soft click.

The room was lavish, with plush carpeting and dim lighting that gave it an intimate feel. Heidi immediately noticed the outfit laid out on the bed—a sleek cocktail dress in a deep shade of crimson, accompanied by a matching

red and black lingerie set. She ran her fingers over the fabric, feeling its smoothness against her skin.

“This dress is stunning,” she murmured, more to herself than to Paul.

Paul, meanwhile, found a plain white t-shirt with a cartoon character and a pair of brown cargo shorts waiting for him. He picked them up, his brow furrowing slightly. They were his size. “At least it’s something I’d actually wear,” he muttered, trying to find some semblance of normalcy in the situation.

But then he saw it—the cock cage. It sat innocently on the bed, its small, skin-colored frame almost mocking him. His stomach churned as he stared at it, his mind racing with thoughts of what it meant.

“I’m not wearing that,” he said firmly, his voice tinged with defiance.

Heidi glanced over at him, her piercing blue eyes narrowing slightly. “Paul,” she said calmly, “you heard Dr. Omar. He expects obedience. Do you really want to upset him?”

Paul swallowed hard, his throat suddenly dry. The thought of displeasing Dr. Omar sent another intensely cold chill down his spine. Dr. Omar was the last sort of person you wanted angry at you, felt Paul. He looked at the cage again, his hands trembling as he picked it up. The cold metal felt heavy in his grip, a tangible reminder of the power dynamic that had been thrust upon them.

Heidi, meanwhile, had already moved on. She slipped into the en suite bathroom, turning on the shower and letting the steam fill the room. She stood under the hot water, letting it wash away the remnants of the day, her mind wandering to what the night might bring. She took her time, meticulously applying makeup and styling her hair until she looked every bit the bombshell she felt like—more and more these days.

When she emerged from the bathroom, dressed in the lingerie and dazzling cocktail dress, Paul couldn’t help but stare. She looked radiant, her curves

accentuated by the figure-hugging fabric. But there was something different about her—a confidence that seemed to radiate from within.

“Paul,” she said softly, her voice cutting through his thoughts, “put it on. It’s okay. It’s just, um, a symbol? I mean, for both of our sakes...”

He hesitated for a moment longer before finally relenting, his hands shaking as he fastened the cage around himself. The sensation was strange, restrictive, and somewhat humiliating. But as he looked at Heidi, he couldn’t help but feel a sense of resignation. This was their reality now.

“Can I at least hold the key?” he asked.

“That sort of defeats the purpose,” said his wife. She wiggled the finger in her fingers to get his attention. “Don’t worry, I’m actually great at not losing keys.”

“Don’t even joke about that Heidi.”

“Lighten up! Aren’t you excited to find out why we were brought her by Dr. Omar?”

“Frankly, I’d prefer to go home and go to sleep.”

“You sound like such an old man when you talk that way,” said Heidi.
“Sorry, not sorry.”

And then they waited in silence, the minutes stretching into what felt like hours. The anticipation was almost unbearable, every passing second tightening the knot in Paul’s stomach. Finally, the sound of footsteps outside the door broke the silence, followed by the unmistakable voice of Dr. Omar.

“Open the door,” he commanded, his tone leaving no room for argument.

The door swung open, revealing Dr. Omar standing there, his imposing figure filling the doorway. His dark eyes swept over Heidi, a hint of approval flickering in his gaze. Heidi stood beside Paul, her breaths shallow, her curvy body still tingling from the thrill of performing art in

front of so many people. Heidi wondered if that was the most important thing she'd ever done? On the other hand, Paul's face was pale, his hands clenched into fists at his sides as Dr. Omar stepped forward.

"You look exquisite," he said, his voice low and commanding. "Come."

Heidi didn't hesitate, stepping forward with a confidence that surprised even herself. Dr. Omar extended his large ebony mitt, and she allowed her dainty ivory hand to be swallowed without question. Wearing his new cargo shorts and cartoon t-shirt, Paul followed reluctantly, his movements stiff and awkward.

They were led down another hallway, this one lined with doors that all seemed to lead to unknown destinations. Finally, they arrived at a large room, its centerpiece an ornate canopy bed draped in rich, dark fabrics. The atmosphere was heavy with anticipation, the air thick with the scent of desire.

"Allow me to explain," Dr. Omar began, leading them through the labyrinth building, his voice smooth and deliberate, like velvet over steel. "What you've experienced so far is merely the beginning. Ready for the real truth? What this is all about?"

Paul and Heidi exchanged looks of confusion and slight fear.

"On top of my world-class CV, which I believe you already know by heart, Heidi, I am also a part of an exclusive group—The Mandingo Club. The name is, of course, ironic. Once, many terrible years ago, it was the black man who served the white master. Now, let's just say, the tables have been turned. Let's just say: here it is the white who serves her black master in a mutually rewarding situation. Mind you, our elite club only gets together on a monthly basis. But we are always on the look-out for new talent in the cuckold/hotwife department." Dr. Omar paused, letting the words sink in, his gaze flickering between Heidi and Paul. "You two, Paul and Heidi... you're perfect candidates for the Mandingo Club. Ever since Heidi joined my activist group, I've had my eye on her. On both of you. And now I'd like for you two to be guests tonight."

Paul's jaw tightened, trying to keep the lid on his emotions which felt like they were ready to boil over. "Is that what you do? You sleep with every white woman who joins your little activism thing?"

"My little activism thing?" Dr. Omar repeated, his eyes narrowing with annoyance—he looked one wrong word away from grabbing the smaller white man by the scruff of the neck.

"He just means your activism, Dr. Omar." Heidi said, obviously jumping into the conversation to save her husband. "I'm sure my husband didn't mean to disrespect your highly touted work."

"To answer your question, whiteboy," said Dr. Omar announcing the last word like it was a slur, "No, I don't sleep with every white woman who joins one of my activism groups. I only sleep with ones that have a certain type of look."

Paul couldn't help himself. "Look, what kind of look?"

"The white women who look like they need BBC in their lives. Not all of them have it. But the ones that do are very noticeable to us brothas. They stick out. You can't miss them. They stick out like a sore thumb or big white bubble butt, ha!" said Dr. Omar, raising a knowing eyebrow at Heidi.

"Yeah, well, we didn't sign up to be part of some strange sex cult. We're not interested," Paul said, his voice trembling slightly despite his attempt to sound firm. "This has gone too far. We're leaving."

Dr. Omar raised an eyebrow, his smirk deepening. "Of course, you're free to leave. The club rules grant every guest one free taxi ride back to the city per week. But before you go... perhaps you'd like to see what you're turning down. I insist."

Before either of them could respond, Dr. Omar turned and gestured toward the door. "Follow me."

Reluctantly, Heidi and Paul trailed behind him as he led them through the mansion. The walls seemed to close in around them as they passed

countless rooms, each emanating sounds of unrestrained pleasure. Moans, gasps, and the rhythmic slap of black skin against white skin filled the air. What was this? Some type of orgy? One of those Eyes Wide Shut parties, but only for black men? And why had Paul allowed his wife to cage him in the first place? Panicking a little, Paul's eyes darted nervously, his face flushing as he caught glimpses of naked bodies intertwined in ways he could hardly comprehend.

Then they stopped. Dr. Omar paused outside a partially open door, and Paul couldn't help but peer inside. His breath hitched.

Inside the room was a massive scene that made his stomach churn—and yet, he couldn't look away. The screen filled up the entire wall. A blonde woman, her blue eyes wide with ecstasy, was being fucked by a towering black man whose muscles rippled with each thrust. She looked... so much like Heidi. Her large breasts bounced wildly as the ripped black man (he looked like a Zulu warrior) pounded into her, his massive veiny black snake stretching her wide, too wide. At her feet, miserably, a white man knelt, dressed in cargo shorts and a white t-shirt, sucking her toes while he massaged his own smaller, caged pale penis—which only brought him frustration, no relief. The black man growled something indistinguishable, driving the voluptuous blonde to another climax that made her scream in pleasure.

Paul stared, frozen. His heart raced, his pants growing uncomfortably tight despite the revulsion swirling in his gut. He felt ashamed, but he couldn't tear his eyes away. She looks like her. Heidi.

“Enjoying the show?” Dr. Omar's voice cut through the haze of Paul's thoughts like a knife.

Paul snapped his head around, glaring at Dr. Omar. “This is sick,” he spat, though his voice lacked conviction.

Dr. Omar chuckled softly, leaning in closer. “Is it? Or is it merely... enlightening?” His gaze shifted to Heidi, who was watching the scene with wide, curious eyes. “Tell me, Heidi... doesn't it excite you? The power, the surrender, the raw animal pleasure?”

Heidi hesitated, her lips parting slightly as she glanced at Paul and then back at Dr. Omar. She didn't answer, but the flush on her cheeks spoke volumes.

Paul grabbed her arm, his grip tight. "We're leaving. Now."

Dr. Omar stepped aside, gesturing toward the hallway with a mock bow. "As you wish. But remember..." His voice dropped to a whisper as they passed him. "The door is always open."

The frazzled white married couple headed down the hall, the sounds of the interracial orgy fading behind them. Paul's mind was racing, his pulse pounding in his ears. He felt sick, confused, angry... and yet, the image of that blonde woman kept flashing in his mind. Her eyes... her body... It was like watching Heidi in another man's arms, and the thought sent a jolt of something he couldn't name through him.

Heidi walked beside him, silent but visibly shaken. She was still quite a picture though. Her breaths were shallow, her breasts wiggled and her curvy ass swung in the tight red dress—but her hands also trembling slightly. She kept glancing back over her shoulder, as if part of her wanted to turn around.

Her husband grabbed her hand. And together, Paul and Heidi stormed through the mansion's opulent halls, their anger now palpable.

Paul's jaw was clenched, his fists balled at his sides, while Heidi's cheeks burned with a mix of fury and confusion. They were done. Finally done. The games and marriage experiments were officially over. They'd seen enough, heard enough, endured enough. The image of that blonde woman—her face so eerily similar to Heidi's—bent over and taken by that warrior-looking black man was seared into both their minds. This was a dangerous place. They couldn't get out fast enough.

But as they rounded the corner into the grand foyer, they froze.

The sight before them was so surreal, so jarring, that they both stumbled to a halt, their breaths catching in unison.

The room was decadence distilled—vaulted ceilings framed in gold leaf, frescoes of mythic indulgence swirling above in candlelit opulence. Crimson velvet drapes fell heavy over tall windows, muting the outside world and steeping the chamber in a wine-dark glow. The air shimmered with cigar smoke, the sharp tang of cologne, and something more primal.

Couches and armchairs—plush, oversized, arranged in a semi-circle like thrones in a clandestine theater—were all turned toward the center of the room. Their occupants, a gathering of black-skinned business tycoons in tailored suits and loosened ties, lounged with drinks in ebony hand: crystal tumblers clinking with aged bourbon, champagne sweating in fluted glass. Many of them also sat next to provocatively dressed white woman. Sometimes the husband in the cargo shorts was there, sometimes it was just the black man and his gorgeous white prize.

Then—without fanfare, without warning—they appeared.

It was like a dream.

Twenty-four figures. Twelve towering African-American men, statuesque and imposing, their presence like a physical force. And twelve others: white females, curvaceous, barely covered in shimmering fabrics that clung like mist. Each step they took whispered of intention.

A murmur passed through the room, part awe, part anticipation. No one asked why they were there. Everyone already knew.

Heidi was looking at the row of empty cushions now.

To her surprise, she recognized the curved cushions, all twelve of them. She recognize the cushions from a couples' intimacy website she'd browsed more than once since getting married. The cushions were for doggy style, Heidi knew. Basically, it's a device that props up the hips and ass just right during sex. The cushions are designed to take pressure off the knees and back, making doggy style more comfortable and way more fun, Heidi knew.

Now there were twelve of them, neatly arranged in a row, separated by only a few feet, ready for whoever would be using them.

Heidi stood near the back of the room, feeling flushed and restless. The air had gone still with a kind of reverence, as if the room itself was holding its breath. One by one, the white women stepped forward—twelve in total, curvy flawless bodies gleaming under the soft amber light—and gracefully positioned themselves over the curved cushions. Blondes, brunettes, redheads, and everything in between. They moved with a kind of slow, choreographed confidence, their wide hips perched, backs arched, silky hair cascading like a curtain as they settled into place on the Support Arches.

Paul couldn't believe his eyes: twelve gorgeous white women perched on their doggy style cushions, offering up their heart-shaped asses and small wet white holes to their black lovers.

“This is too much,” Paul said.

Heidi nodded in complete agreement. “Are they about to do what I think they're about to do, Paul?”

“Who are these people?” asked hubby.

Behind them, the African-American men approached—tall, suited, powerful. They moved without hesitation, as though stepping into roles they'd played before. The room fell into a hush, but it wasn't silence; it was awe. Every eye watched as the tableau formed: a perfect, mirrored line of figures—twelve gorgeous white women offered, twelve black men claiming. The symmetry was shocking. Beautiful. Disturbing.

Heidi and Paul couldn't look away.

It was like witnessing a ritual older than language, older than shame. Something primal and unapologetic. Heidi and Paul felt the modern world peel away, replaced by something ancient. This didn't feel like a party anymore—it felt like the aftermath of conquest. A victorious tribe celebrating with flesh, with dominance, with ceremony. Heidi could almost smell the blood and fire of a battle not her own, hear drums pounding in the dark edges of memory.

And yet, as the black men began pulling their dark-skinned cocks out of their pants and mercilessly pushing into the white women, she didn't feel disgusted. Somewhere inside, a part of her stirred. Quietly. Curiously. Intensely.

Heidi's hand flew to her mouth. How could this be real? The women's faces were a mosaic of emotions—arousal, fear, respect, obedience. But there was no faking what was going on. Each white woman was surrendering completely, their cries of pleasure mingling with the deep, guttural grunts of the invading black army of men.

Paul's eyes darted from couple to couple, his stomach churning. He couldn't look away. Why couldn't he look away? The sight was mesmerizing, horrifying, and yet... arousing? He felt a hot flush creep up his neck.

Dr. Omar emerged from behind them, his presence commanding as always. His deep voice broke the white couple's spell. "Ah, I see you've stumbled upon something special. This... this is a rare display indeed. Consider yourselves fortunate."

Paul spun around, his face red with anger. "What the hell is this? What kind of disgusting—"

Dr. Omar raised a hand, silencing him with a single gesture. "This, my dear Paul, is the pinnacle of devotion. These women—these beautiful, willing women—are carrying the future of our cause. They are the vessels through which we fight racism, through which we build a better world. And their husbands... well, they understand the sacrifice."

Heidi's eyes widened. Sacrifice? She watched as one of the white men—a skinny, pale figure who looked eerily like Paul—stood off to the side, his tiny penis in his hand, jerking furiously. He was one of the white husbands who didn't have a cock cage on, and Heidi instantly thought he would look better with a cock cage on instead of showing the world such an unattractive little pink shrimp with too much hair down there. She watched the poor white hubby as he watched his own wife (Heidi was assuming) being mounted by a massive black man. Heidi became fascinated, watching

him. The husband's face was twisted with a mix of humiliation and pure ecstasy, and when he finally came, he let out a strangled cry that Heidi couldn't tell was pleasure or pain.

Was this a thing for white guys? Heidi thought to herself. Do all white guys fantasize about their wives with black men? How fascinating!

And still, it was crazy to her to think that there were some “regular men” who got off on seeing their wife with a bigger man. But another part of Heidi was definitely glad that she'd married one of those men, or otherwise they'd already be talking through divorce lawyers.

Dr. Omar stepped closer, his hand resting on Heidi's shoulder. “Do you see, Heidi? Do you understand now? This is what it means to truly commit. These women are not just wives... they are warriors. Powerful white female warriors. And their husbands... well, they are lucky to be part of something so profound. World changing. Inevitable.”

Paul's voice was hoarse. “This is insane. This is—”

“Progress,” Dr. Omar interrupted smoothly. He gestured toward the center of the room, where the action was intensifying. “Look at them. Look at how they embrace their roles. How they surrender. How they find pleasure in their submission. It's beautiful, isn't it? It looks...”

Heidi couldn't tear her eyes away. “Natural.”

“Exactly,” said Dr. Omar.

The women's cries grew louder, their bodies arching as the black men drove deeper, their massive cocks filling them completely. All around there was the primal celebration of stunning white femininity and dominant black masculinity exploding against each other. One woman almost came right away. The gorgeous white woman screamed as she came, her legs trembling uncontrollably, while the other two white women flanking her moaned softly, their faces serene as if they'd found some kind of peace and strength by offering their wombs to potent black seed.

Dr. Omar leaned closer to Heidi, his breath hot against her ear. “You could be one of them, Heidi. Look at them. Look how happy they look... You could be so much more than you are now. All you have to do is... let go.”

Heidi’s heart raced. Let go? The idea was terrifying, thrilling, impossible. Nervously, she glanced at Paul, who was frozen in place, his eyes locked on the spectacle before them. His face was pale, his lips parted as if he wanted to say something but couldn’t find the words.

Dr. Omar’s hand slid down Heidi’s arm, his touch firm but gentle. “Come,” he murmured. “Let me show you.”

Before she could protest, he guided her toward a plush couch in a quiet corner of the grand room. Paul followed, his steps hesitant, his eyes darting around like anxious small animal. It was hard to ignore the feeling that him and Heidi were prey in here. And they were surrounded by predators, alphas of the jungle. Dr. Omar sat in the middle, pulling Heidi down beside him. His arm draped around her narrow shoulders, his other hand resting on Paul’s thigh.

“Watch,” Dr. Omar whispered, his voice low and hypnotic. “Watch and learn you two.”

The orgy reached a fever pitch. The women’s cries grew louder, their bodies writhing as the men took them with brutal intensity. Heidi’s breath quickened, her heart pounding in her chest. She could feel Dr. Omar’s warmth beside her, his masculine presence overwhelming. Being with him made it feel like she’d never have another problem to worry about. His big ebony hand slid down her thigh, lovingly and flirtatiously, his hard fingers brushing against the fabric of her shorts.

“Do you feel it, Heidi?” he murmured. “Do you feel the power? The beauty? The... inevitability?”

Heidi’s lips parted, her mind racing. Inevitability? She didn’t know what to say, what to think. She only knew that she couldn’t look away. The sight before her was consuming her, pulling her in, making her question everything she thought she knew.

Paul's voice broke the silence, trembling with disbelief. "This... this isn't real. This can't be real."

Dr. Omar chuckled softly. "Oh, it's real, Paul. And it's happening. Right here. Right now in America, the greatest country on this planet. And you... you're part of it. Whether you want to be or not."

Heidi's breathing grew shallow, her body tingling with a strange, exotic heat. She could feel Dr. Omar's touch moving closer, his fingers brushing against the hem of her dazzling crimson cocktail dress. She should stop him. She should stand up, grab Paul, and walk away. But she didn't. She couldn't.

Because deep down, a part of her wanted this. A part of her wanted to surrender. To let go. To see what it felt like to be one of those women—to be taken completely, utterly, without hesitation.

Dr. Omar's lips brushed against her ear, his voice a whisper. "Are you ready, Heidi? Are you ready to take the next step? Show The Cause what a bad-ass warrior woman you are?"

Heidi's heart skipped a beat. Ready? She wasn't sure. She was just curious. The women were gorgeous. And each seemed to be trapped in her own prison of pure pleasure.

Dr. Omar's fingers traced the hem of Heidi's cocktail dress, the fabric clinging to her white curves as he began to lift it. She froze, her hand darting to his wrist, halting him mid-motion. Her eyes flicked nervously to Paul, who sat stiffly, his face unreadable. His boyish jaw was clenched, his eyes glued to the scene unfolding in front of them—white women and black men entangled in raw, passionate acts... so many gorgeous heart-shaped white butts slamming against so many grunting black men... so many big black cocks stretching out so many small white holes—but he gave no indication of what he wanted. Nothing. No nod, no shake of his head, not even a flicker of emotion. Just... silence.

Heidi swallowed hard, her voice trembling as she turned back to Dr. Omar. "The room upstairs would be better," she said quickly. "I could never... not

here. Not with so many strangers. No way.”

Dr. Omar studied her for a moment, his dark eyes boring into hers. Then, to her surprise, he nodded. “I understand,” he said, his voice calm but laced with authority. “Well, while we’re here, we might as well enjoy the show.”

Heidi exhaled shakily, her relief palpable as they settled back into their seats. A waiter appeared—a young white man—and Heidi couldn’t help but notice the cruel irony of it all. White men serving at an event where white women were being... bred.

That’s the only way to describe it, she felt. The thought sent a strange pang through Heidi, a mix of discomfort and something else she couldn’t quite put a name to. Or, maybe she didn’t want to put a name to it...

Something deep and primal inside of Heidi was realigning itself.

Suddenly, it seemed to Heidi that finding a rich black man was like hitting the jackpot these days for any girl, of any color. Money, power, influence, swagger, confidence, and something between their strong dark legs that made sure that you fell asleep each night with a big grin on your face... Yes, please!

As the interracial orgy unfolded before them, Heidi found herself growing increasingly aroused. The white women’s moans, the men’s grunts, the slick sounds of black skin against white skin—it was impossible to ignore. It was powerful. On multiple levels. Dr. Omar seemed to sense it almost immediately. His hand, which had been resting casually on her thigh, began to move. At first, it was subtle—just a light squeeze, a playful brush of his fingers against her skin. But soon, his touch became more deliberate, his hands kneading her shoulders in deep, rhythmic movements that sent shivers down her spine.

Heidi bit her lip, trying to suppress the growing heat between her legs, but it was no use. Dr. Omar’s hands were everywhere now, his touch both soothing and electrifying. Then, without warning, he guided her hand to the bulge in his pants. Her breath hitched as her fingers brushed against the unmistakable hardness beneath the fabric. Almost instinctively, she reached

into his pants, her fingers wrapping around his thick, midnight-black, veiny shaft.

Her blue eyes widened as she pulled it out, her hand struggling to fully grasp its girth. It was just as enormous as before. Thick, black, and very veiny, the mushroom head already glistening with pre-cum, intimidating yet undeniably alluring. Heidi's heart pounded in her chest as she began to stroke his African-American length, her pink-painted fingernails unable to entirely encircle his massive ebony girth.

Paul glanced over, his face a mask of disbelief as he watched his wife's delicate hands wrapped around a cock that was easily twice the size of his own. She wasn't using her wedding ring hand—a small mercy, he supposed—but soon, even that didn't matter. Her fingers grew tired, and she switched to using both hands, her wrists straining as she tried to keep up with Dr. Omar's demands. "Heidi, in public?"

She didn't respond to him.

Dr. Omar's free hand gripped her blonde hair, holding it like a reins as he leaned back, his eyes heavy-lidded with pleasure. "Use your mouth," he commanded, his voice low and steady.

Heidi hesitated, her bright blue eyes darting around the room at the strangers watching, their gazes hungry and expectant. But they were looking at the spectacle of 24 people having sex at once. Nobody was giving a damn about her. More importantly, her fingers and wrists were aching, and the sheer size of him was overwhelming. She needed a break—even if it meant taking him into her mouth.

Reluctantly, sucking her teeth at him, she slid off her chair and knelt before him, her knees sinking into the plush carpet. Dr. Omar smirked down at her, his black cock twitching in her tiny pale grip as she brought it to her lips. She took a deep breath, trying to prepare herself for the challenge ahead.

"I guess I know why they say once you go black..." she tried to joke.

“I don’t need a comedian,” Dr. Omar said, his black fingers tightening in her blonde hair, trapping her face between his grip and his big bouncy BBC. “I need a snowbunny cocksucker.”

Heidi complied right away. Obediently, her lips stretched around the black man’s thick head, her mouth struggling to accommodate his girth. She managed to take him in inch by inch, her cheeks hollowing as she sucked on the enormous black meat in her mouth, her tongue swirling around the sensitive BBC tip. Dr. Omar groaned, his grip tightening in her blonde hair as he guided her movements.

“That’s it,” he murmured, his voice thick with nasty arousal. “Take it all. You’re helping out now. You’re a real Justice Bunny now.”

Heidi gagged slightly as he pushed deeper, her throat contracting around him. But she didn’t stop. She couldn’t. His cock was overwhelming, but there was something undeniably thrilling about it too—about the way he dominated her, the way he made her feel so small and powerless. It made her feel like she could be her true self around him.

Dr. Omar’s eyes flicked over to Paul, a smirk tugging at his lips as he spoke. “Tell me that’s not the perfect picture, goddamn!” he said, his voice dripping with satisfaction. He snapped a photo with his cell phone and aimed it at Heidi’s miserable-looking husband. “Your wife with a big black cock resting on her face. Covering up most of her face. She looks sexy as hell. I’ll send you a copy, whiteboy. I’d make that my wallpaper.”

Paul’s face flushed, turning from white to reddish pink, with a fresh new wave of anger and humiliation. Even though he was barely holding onto his claims of masculinity, Paul nonetheless said nothing. He just turned away from the cell phone showing his wife’s face with a BBC, the biggest act of defiance Paul was willing to chance. Dr. Omar chuckled softly before redirecting his attention back to Heidi. “Keep going, my little Justice Bunny,” he urged, his tone leaving no room for argument. “Show me what that pretty mouth can do for The Cause.”

Heidi nodded obediently, her eyes already glazed, her lips sealing tighter around his veiny swollen dark-skinned girth as she increased her pace. Her

hands moved to grip the older black man's thighs for support, her nails digging into his muscular legs as she struggled to keep up with his demands. Her jaw ached, her lips felt raw, and her throat protested against the relentless invasion, but she didn't stop. She couldn't stop.

Dr. Omar's groans grew louder, his powerful hips thrusting gently into her mouth as he urged her on. "That's it," he growled, his voice thick with arousal. "Take it all, Heidi. Stay on your knees. Worship that BBC. Look, even hubby thinks you look sexy with a real man... You're doing so good, Heidi, baby."

Having almost forgotten about the orgy in the center of the room, Paul's hands clenched into fists under the table, his knuckles white as he watched his wife give herself completely to another man. His chest tightened with a mix of emotions he couldn't quite name—anger, jealousy, helplessness. But most of all, there was a strange, undeniable thrill that he couldn't ignore.

I never thought it would get this far, Paul thought. The cuckold thing was supposed to be just a fantasy for online.

Dr. Omar's grip on Heidi's hair tightened as he neared the edge, his breath coming in ragged gasps. "Almost there, snowbunny," he muttered, his voice strained as he admired how wide Heidi's red lips could stretch to wrap around his swollen black python. "Don't stop, Heidi. Damn me and you gonna have some fun!"

Paul lowered his gaze, thinking at least it would be over soon. And then, with a terrible pang of conscious, he realized that he was actually hoping for an older black man to shoot his cum into Heidi's mouth – just so the whole nightmarish ordeal would be over.

How did this happen, Paul wondered. How did I get to this point?

"Don't forget about those big black balls, baby. They're heavy. You keep teasing them, been teasing them since we first met. Now put those big heavy black balls in yo mouth, I said, PUT THOSE black balls in ya mouth! Now look up at me. Damn, damn, damn, look at those pretty blue eyes. Let

me see those pretty blue eyes staring up at me! Damn, that looks sexy as fuck!”

He snapped another photo with his camera. “Don’t worry, I’ll send hubby this photo too.”

Heidi closed her eyes, focusing solely on the task at hand. She found the tip of his BBC again with her mouth. Her lips burned, her jaw screamed in protest, but she pushed through the pain, determined to finish what she’d started.

But no, the next part happened so quick.

One moment Heidi was kneeling, the next moment she wasn't.

Dr. Omar’s hands gripped Heidi’s waist with an intensity that sent shivers through her entire body. Before she could even register what was happening, her feet left the ground, and she felt herself suspended in the air, her body weightless and vulnerable. The older man’s dark eyes locked onto hers, the glint of a jungle predator in them that made her sheltered suburban heart race. Her breath hitched as she realized his intentions—he was going to take her, right here, in front of everyone.

“Dr. Omar, wait—” Heidi started, but her protest was cut short as she was lowered onto him. She felt her panties being moved to the side, removing the last line of defense, leaving him free to enter her body now. Even around all these people, ew, no, ewww, no thank you, definitely not! Her body tensed as she felt the thick, engorged tip of his cock pressing against her warm and wet entrance. She still couldn’t believe that something so big could fit inside her body. He was resizing her. Literally. And he also might be turning her into a size queen. She gasped, her fingers clutching at the mature man’s well-built ebony shoulders for support.

Oh God, she thought, her mind a whirlwind of panic and arousal. He’s so big... He’s ripping...

The stretch was immediate, violent, almost too much to bear. Heidi’s blue eyes widened as she felt herself being slowly impaled, inch by agonizing

ebony inch. Her nails dug into Dr. Omar's dark rough skin as she tried to adjust, her body trembling with the effort. She could feel every ridge, every vein of his massive BBC as it pushed deeper into her tight, wet heat. She bit down on her lower lip to stifle a whimper, her cheeks flushing with humiliation and pleasure as she realized just how exposed she was.

Paul watched from his seat, his face pale and his hands gripping the edges of the chair so tightly his knuckles turned white. Why do things like this always happen to nice guys like me, he wondered. His throat felt dry, his stomach churning with a toxic mix of anger, jealousy, and something else... He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight of his wife being taken by another man—a civil rights leader. Dr. Omar's hands moved possessively over Heidi's supple Caucasian body, his rough fingers digging into the great sweep of her hips as he guided the young white wife down onto him. Paul's jaw clenched as he heard her soft gasp, the sound of her breath hitching as she took more of him.

Sadly, he could tell that his wife was already making sounds with Dr. Omar that she never made with him.

"That's it," Dr. Omar growled, his voice low and commanding. "Take it all, Heidi. You can handle it. Ride that cock, my big black cock. Show everyone who you truly are."

"But what about all these people?" Heidi managed to ask, currently more concerned about a bunch of strangers than her own husband, who was sitting a few feet away, feeling like he was in the darkest dream of his life.

"Don't worry about these people. You just worry about pleasing this dick. Look at you, gripping my shit, girl. You trying to milk me in front of all these people? Damn, you nasty, girl."

Heidi whimpered, her body shaking as she finally seated herself fully on him. Impaled on BBC. Her head fell back, her blonde hair cascading down her back as she tried to catch her breath. The stretch was overwhelming, but there was a strange pleasure in it too—a deep, aching satisfaction that made her toes curl. "Wait, wait, wait..."

Dr. Omar didn't give her time to adjust. His hips snapped upward, driving his dark-skinned phallus even deeper into her. Heidi cried out, her hands flying to his chest for balance as he began to move. His thrusts were slow and deliberate at first, each one pushing her to the edge of her endurance. But soon, he picked up the pace, his movements becoming more forceful, more demanding.

"Oh God!" Heidi moaned, her voice trembling with pleasure. Her nails raked down Dr. Omar's chest as he fucked her, her body writhing against his. She could feel herself tightening around him, her arousal building with each thrust. Her mind was foggy, overwhelmed by the sheer intensity of the sensations coursing through her.

Paul was feeling something else entirely. His eyes were locked on the scene though, his breathing ragged. It wasn't like this was the first time Heidi had fucked Dr. Omar. But this felt different... He still felt sick to his stomach, but he couldn't look away. Again. His wife—his beautiful, perfect wife—was being fucked by another man, a much older black man, right in front of him. And the worst part was that she seemed to be enjoying it even more this time. Mch more!

Paul's hands clenched into fists at his sides, his nails digging into his palms. He wanted to scream, to rage, to rip Dr. Omar away from his perfect wife... but Paul couldn't. He was paralyzed, caught in a web of humiliation and arousal. He knew he should have stopped this a long time ago. It was his fault. Now it was like a fire that got too big and he just has to wait and watch it, from a distance, until it burns itself out.

Meanwhile, having forgotten that Paul exists, Dr. Omar's hands tightened on Heidi's hips as he stood up, lifting her with him. "Lightweight, baby."

She gasped, her legs instinctively wrapping around the older man's waist as he carried her across the room. The contrast was shocking. Heidi looked like a fairy tale princess being taken by the ugliest, most brutal blacksmith in the kingdom. Her body bounced with each step, his throbbing ebony manhood sliding in and out of her as he moved. Heidi's head fell back, her breathing shallow and uneven as Dr. Omar pinned her against the wall. He fucked her harder now, his hips slamming into hers with brutal force.

“Oh yes!” Heidi cried out, her voice echoing off the walls. Her nails dug into Dr. Omar’s shoulders as she clung to him, her body trembling with pleasure. She could feel herself getting closer to the edge, her arousal spiraling out of control. Dr. Omar’s big black cock hit a spot inside her that made her see stars, her body convulsing around him.

“That’s it, Justice Bunny,” Dr. Omar growled, his voice rough with arousal. He reached under and stuck his thumb up Heidi’s virgin asshole while he continued fucking her against the wall. “Take it all. Show these people the real Heidi.”

Her eyes rolled back as she came undone, Heidi’s BBC-induced orgasm crashing over her like a tidal wave. Her body spasmed around Dr. Omar’s thick veiny black member, her screams of pleasure drowned out by the sound of their drastically different skin tones slapping together. Dr. Omar didn’t stop, his thrusts growing even more frantic as he chased his own primal release.

Paul could only watch in stunned, emasculated silence as his wife was fucked senseless by another man. His eyes were glued to the sight of Dr. Omar’s cock sliding in and out of Heidi’s slick, swollen pussy. The contrast of their skin was like art. Must See TV. And suddenly, Paul's own hand crept downward, his fingers brushing against the bulge in his pants. He hated himself for it, he really hated himself, but at the end of the day he just couldn’t stop himself either.

“Heidi, baby, my love, you look so sexy right now,” Paul muttered to himself, sadly.

Dr. Omar’s pace slowed as he approached his own climax, his thrusts becoming more deliberate. They weren't breaking eye contact now. Neither Heidi or Dr. Omar. Heidi was still pinned to the wall, her feet locked around his back. She whimpered, her body still trembling from her orgasm. Dr. Omar growled, his hands tightening on her hips as he leaned forward powerfully and buried himself inside her one last time.

“OOOOhhhheeeeeee!” The man’s jet-black Mandingo stick pulsed as he emptied himself into the gorgeous white wife, his hot cum flooding her tight channel in front of her husband.

Heidi's body went limp as Dr. Omar pulled out of her, his cum instantly dripping down her thighs. She collapsed against the wall, dropped and crumbled up on the floor, like her legs had suddenly been turned into Jell-O. On the floor, staring up at Dr. Omar with reverence, Heidi's breathing was shallow and uneven. Dr. Omar stepped back, a satisfied smirk on his face as he stared down and admired his handiwork.

“Now that's progress!”

Paul's hand froze in his lap, his mind racing with a million thoughts he couldn't quite process. Dr. Omar turned to him, his smirk widening.

“Sorry baby,” Dr. Omar said, pulling his pants back up, zipping, and working a loud belt buckle. He was grinning down at Heidi now. “Not even sexy snowbunnies can sit around showing off their well-fucked white pussies. We gotta get you up. Let's go back to our seats, Heidi.”

Paul blinked slowly, trying to process what he'd just seen.

His eyes locked onto his wife. Her walk was unsteady, her legs moving like she was half-asleep or just waking from a dream. Her hair was tousled, cheeks flushed, lips parted, breath shallow. She looked drained—spent in a way he'd never seen before—but there was something else, too. Her eyes, wide and distant, glowed faintly with a kind of dazed contentment, as if some internal war had ended and left behind a strange peace.

She was being guided gently—almost ceremoniously—by Dr. Omar, who seemed to be showing Heidi off to other black male members as the unlikely pair hobbled back to their seats.

The show was still going on, with at least six breeding couples performing.

Dr. Omar towered beside Heidi, his hand resting at the small of her back, steadying her, directing her. There was nothing rushed or inappropriate about his touch—but it was unmistakably possessive.

Paul stood as they neared, but it was Dr. Omar who acknowledged him first with a slow nod, as if they were old acquaintances. Heidi didn't speak, just

folded quietly beside the older black man on the low, leather couch. Her body curled instinctively toward his, her cheek resting against his broad shoulder as though it belonged there.

Paul sat too, unsure where else to go.

Together, the trio turned their attention back to the center of the room, which was alive with movement, a symphony of skin and sweat, a tableau of interracial passion unlike anything they'd ever imagined. It was like seeing Art come to life.

Heidi shifted slightly against Dr. Omar, her breath catching in her throat as she exhaled a faint, satisfied hum. She glanced at her husband, but Dr. Omar's commanding presence pulled her focus back to him.

"Dr. Omar?" Heidi said at one point. She glanced down at her lap with a meaningful glance. "I need to wash up... down there. Okay?"

He shook his head at her. "You look better with my cum inside you."

Paul closed his eyes.

And as the moans from the center of the room began again, slower this time, building back up, "Watch closely, Paul," Dr. Omar said, his voice low and deliberate. "This is what dedication looks like."

The room seemed to pulse with energy as the interracial orgy continued unabated.

Heidi's gaze flicked to the center of the room where a voluptuous redhead was being mounted by a much older black man. He looked older than Dr. Omar. His dark skin glistened under the chandelier lighting, his facial expression taut as he drove into her with animalistic grunts. The redhead's creamy pale thighs trembled as she cried out, her lacquered red nails digging into the plush carpet beneath them. Moments later, the senior citizen black man let out a guttural roar, his hips jerking forward as he obviously emptied himself inside her.

The crowd erupted into polite applause, their eyes drinking in the sight of cum dribbling down the redhead's thighs as she stood up to take a modest curtsy.

Heidi's breath hitched, she could feel Dr. Omar's eyes on her, his gaze heavy with expectation. His hand slid down her arm, squeezing her wrist once more before releasing her. He suddenly stood up, his looming frame blocking her view of the redhead. Then it happened. He pointed to one of the now-vacant Support Cushions in the center of the room.

"Come on, my little bunny," he commanded, his voice leaving no room for argument. "It's time to assume the position you were built for."

Heidi hesitated, her lips parting as if to protest, but the words died in her throat. The weight of Dr. Omar's dominance pressed down on her, crushing any resistance she might have been able to muster under normal conditions. She glanced at Paul, whose face was pale, his fists clenched in his lap. For a fleeting moment, she wondered if he would speak up, if he would intervene. But he remained silent, his eyes locked on hers, his face a mask of conflicting emotions. Obviously he was battling with their new reality as much as she was.

Swallowing hard, Heidi stepped forward, her knees trembling as she approached the row of remaining interracial couples in the middle of the room.

Dr. Omar steered her to an empty Support Cushion. The space was flanked by two voluptuous brunette women, moaning and lost in their own private worlds of pleasure, their bare asses pale and glistening as they were pounded from behind by their merciless black lovers.

"Oh, dear," was all Heidi could say, feeling like she was watching something that she wasn't supposed to be looking at.

The wet slap of skin against skin filled the air, mingling with the moans and cries of pleasure that echoed through the room. Heidi's heart raced as she lowered herself onto all fours, her dress riding up to expose the lace of her

matching bra and panties, which did little to hide the way her body responded to the situation.

But he just came inside Heidi, he just shot his load into my wife, was the only thing Paul could think of for a few moments. Was it even possible to recover that quickly? As a man? Medically possible?

It was.

With a huge shit-eating grin, Dr. Omar knelt behind her, his large ebony hands sliding up her thighs to push her dress up and her damp cum-stained panties aside. His fingers brushed against her slick folds, eliciting a sharp gasp from Heidi. She bit down on her lip, her body trembling as she felt the head of his massive cock press against her entrance. The sheer size of him made her ache, her pussy still tender from their earlier encounter.

“Relax,” Dr. Omar murmured, his voice deep and commanding. “You've taken this cock before. You can handle black meat now. You're BBC certified. But it's time to show everyone what a team player you are.”

Heidi's breath came in short, shallow gasps as she felt him push forward, the thick plum-colored head of his cock was still stretching her in ways she never thought possible. She winced, her fingers digging into the Support Cushion as he fed her another inch. The sensation was still overwhelming, still making Heidi feel like she was being taken to her absolute limits. Dr. Omar's hands possessively gripped her hips, holding her perfect ivory body steady as he pulled back slightly before thrusting forward with a force that made her cry out.

Black disappeared into white.

“Oh god!” Heidi's voice cracked, her body jolting as he buried himself inside her. The audience murmured in appreciation, their eyes fixed on the scene before them. Heidi's face burned with embarrassment from being on display during such an intimate moment, but beneath it, there was a flicker of something else—something primal and raw and tribal. They were watching her. They were fascinated by her. Men and women. Heidi had never felt so exposed, so vulnerable, and yet the arousal coursing through

her veins was undeniable. The shame and attention was only heightening Heidi's arousal, adding fuel to the flames.

Dr. Omar's thrusts were relentless, each one driving deeper into her tight channel.

Milking the black cock with her pussy, Heidi's moans grew louder, her body arching as she tried to accommodate the older man's massive intruder. The brunettes on either side of her were lost in their own sin, their cries blending with hers to create a symphony of white woman submission. Heidi's eyes fluttered shut, her mind drifting as she focused on the sensations rippling through her body, allowing her body to simply become one of many on display right now for the delight of conquering alpha black warriors.

Paul watched from his chair, his chest tight with a hodgepodge of anger, humiliation, and that terribly inexplicable thrill. His wife—beautiful, confident Heidi—was being fucked like a common whore in front of dozens of people. Strangers. And yet, again, his hand crept toward his lap, his fingers brushing against the growing bulge in his pants. He had to either touch himself, or he'd go crazy. Paul hated himself for it, but the sight of Heidi's flushed face, her lips parted in pleasure stirred something deep inside him. He didn't want to be a cuckold. He knew that. But using powers of persuasion that Paul didn't understand, Dr. Omar had turned him into a cuckold. His small pale penis, hard as it had ever been, stuck up in his lap like a flag surrendering his defeat.

Meanwhile, in the center of the room, Dr. Omar's pace quickened, his powerful hips slamming into Heidi with increasing force. She ached her back, he slapped her left ass cheek, pulled her long blonde hair, slapped her right ass cheek. Her cries grew more frantic, her body shaking as she teetered on the edge of another orgasm, completely oblivious to the audience in front of her. Dr. Omar leaned over her, his thick purple lips brushing against her ear as he triumphantly whispered, "Black lives matter. Say it, say the words so everyone can hear you!"

"Black lives matter!" Heidi gasped, her voice trembling with intense emotion. The words spilled from her lips almost without thought, fueled by

the intensity of the moment. Dr. Omar's lips curled into a satisfied smirk as he straightened, his hands tightening on her good child-bearing hips now.

"Good girl, good white girl," he growled, his thrusts becoming more erratic as he approached his climax from behind. Heidi's body convulsed as she came, her pussy clenching around his massive ebony dong in a vice-like grip. "Okay, Heidi. Now let's see if you can be a team player?"

Dr. Omar's hips snapped forward one final time before he pulled out abruptly—his black anaconda glistening with Heidi's juices as it slipped free from her stretched pussy with an obscene pop. The sudden absence of him inside her made her walls clench involuntarily... then release.

A sharp queef burst from between her thighs—an embarrassing puff of air forced out by the violent intrusion of Dr. Omar's girth moments before. This was a first. Heidi never queefed with her husband. Her cheeks burned crimson as the sound echoed in the hushed space around them. Her stomach knotted with humiliation—until she realized no one even noticed. Or maybe they didn't care. The room was too consumed by its own depravity—moans and wet slaps of flesh drowning out everything else. She was near the middle so that on either side she saw several other white woman, all going through the same intense experience for their black lovers and the audience members.

Dr. Omar smirked down at her sprawled form before turning his attention toward the edges of the crowd.

Something caught his eye.

He lifted two fingers—curling them in silent command—and within seconds, a towering black security guard stepped forward.

The man was younger. Early thirties at most—built like a linebacker with shoulders so broad they blocked out the light behind him. His security guard uniform strained against muscles carved from raw power—his biceps flexing as he adjusted his belt... revealing an unmistakable bulge already straining against his pants.

Heidi was looking up over her shoulder, confused. Her breath hitched when Dr. Omar gestured toward her—toward her—and the guard’s dark eyes locked onto hers with predatory focus.

“No—” The word slipped out before she could stop it—her voice thin with hesitation as she scrambled backward on unsteady arms. "I thought it was just me and you."

"This is bigger than us both." Dr. Omar’s hand clamped down on her shoulder—forcing her still—as he leaned close enough for his breath to ghost over her ear: “Don’t embarrass me, bunny. At the Mandingo Club, we share our prizes.”

Her throat tightened under the weight of his warning... but beneath it—beneath the fear—something hotter flickered to life inside her chest.

The guard didn’t wait for permission—he unbuckled his belt with practiced ease—his massive black cock springing free before he’d even fully undone his pants.

Heidi’s lips parted in stunned silence—Oh God.

It was thicker than Dr. Omar’s—veins bulging along its length like ropes under dark skin—the head already glistening with pre-cum as it bobbed heavily between them.

The guard gripped himself—stroked once, twice, four times—before stepping forward... crowding into her space until all she could smell was sweat and musk... until all she could feel was heat radiating off him like an inferno waiting to consume her whole—

Then—without ceremony—he grabbed her wide white hips—yanked her backward—and sheathed himself inside her in one brutal thrust.

She didn’t even know his name.

Heidi’s vision whited out—her mouth falling open in a soundless scream as pain—pleasure—too much too fast—ripped through every nerve ending at

once—

“Fuck!” The guard groaned above her—his voice rough like gravel—as he bottomed out inside her trembling body—stretching her beyond anything she’d thought possible. The tight pink elastic ring was stretched to its max over his hose-sized black member, which was like a heavy steel pipe wrapped in rich velvet.

Her fingers clawed at nothing—grasping against smooth leather seats—but there was nowhere to go—nowhere to hide—as he began moving—slowly dragging it out of her resized canal, then pounding into her like a barnyard animal claiming its reluctant too-tight mate.

Each snap of his hips sent shockwaves through her—forcing gasps from lungs that refused to work properly—each drag of his cock against sensitive walls making stars dance behind clenched eyelids—

And then—then—when she thought she couldn’t take anymore—couldn’t breathe—couldn’t think—

He shifted—angled deeper—and suddenly—oh God—suddenly there was nothing but fire—nothing but blinding pleasure coiling tighter—tighter—until—

Heidi came with a broken sob—her body convulsing around him—her nails digging into his thighs hard enough to leave crescent marks behind—

But he didn’t stop—didn’t slow—just growled something low—filthy—against her ear before picking up speed—slamming into her until all she could hear was skin slapping skin—until all she could taste was salt on bitten lips—

And when he finally—finally—spilled inside her—hot pulses filling every inch—she barely registered it over the aftershocks still wracking through spent muscles—

Only distantly aware when Dr. Omar replaced him moments later—pushing past oversensitive nerves—claiming what was left of her ruined body for

himself again.

As the older black gentleman was fucking her from the back, again, his weathered black face grinning as wide as possible as he looked down and saw those perfectly sculpted white buttocks bouncing and jiggling up and down his swollen meat, swallowing his black member up, milking his heavy black balls, and then spitting the black cock out of her hole again, as if she was just working on some deep jungle instinct. The instinct to please. He slapped the white ass, also acting on pure instinct. With an angry black fistful of blonde hair, he said, "That's it baby, bounce that booty on daddy's cock, like ya mamma showed you... Yeah, baby... Now what's that funny little expression thing I taught you to say for times like this?"

"Black lives matter?" Heidi asked, barely able to get the words out of her exhausted brain.

"Wrong answer." He slapped her ass again, then a second, then a fourth, then a tenth time, all in the same place, leaving a big red handprint on one of her cheeks. "No baby. The other thing."

Heidi closed her eyes, like she was trying to charge her inner batteries up for something big. "Only..."

"Yeah baby?"

"Only big black cock can put me in my place!"

Another big grin spread across his face. "Ah, damn, bitch. That sounds so sexy when you say that. The fellas need to know! Again, say it again!"

"Only big black cock can put me in my place," Heidi gasped several more times, each time she could feel an extra twitch inside her, she could literally feel his excitement. They were becoming connected in crazy and unexpected ways. Breathlessly, Heidi's blue eyes widened, then shut, as she rocked back and forth, her perfect hourglass ivory figure making for the perfect receptacle for Dr. Omar's pounding. "Only big black cock can put me in my place! Fuck, baby, it's so deep!"

The older black man was obviously getting close to release again.

Dr. Omar's breath shortened into sharp, shallow bursts, his broad ebony chest rising and falling with increasing urgency. His big black hands, once slow and controlled, now gripped Heidi's wide hips instinctively, possessively—knuckles pale, fingertips pressing with unconscious desperation. A low, guttural sound built in his throat, unformed yet insistent, while his dark eyes glazed, blinking rapidly as if fighting back a wave overtaking him. Every muscle in his strong African-American body coiled in that fragile, electric stillness — the half-second before the inevitable — suspended between tension and surrender. "Get it justice bunny, you earned this load! Straight from Africa!"

Heidi felt too drunk to even try and speak in public. "Oh yes! Shoot, shoot it deep inside me, baby! I wanna show you I'm woowooooorthy!"

"Damn bunny, you worthy," Dr. Omar said, grunting low and satisfied as more rounds of thick hot semen shot out of the tip of his BBC, headed straight to the entrance of her uterus for the second time that day.

His chuckle vibrated through bruised flesh as he leaned down—nipping at her shoulder—before murmuring: "You did good, bunny. You're a model for your community."

Still in doggy style, Heidi collapsed onto the Doggy Support Cushion, her body trembling with exhaustion. She felt, among other things, a tremendous sense of satisfaction at having played her part perfectly. She was dedicated to a better Future America. With her butt still pushed in the air, it was easy for everyone to see when she accidentally queefed, then pussy-farted a bunch of cum out of her hole, which was currently running down her thighs in copious amounts, staining the Doggy Support Cushion.

There was a ripple of applause spreading through the audience, the men and women obviously appreciating Heidi's performance and dedication to The Cause.

Dr. Omar stepped back, his chest proudly rising and falling as he caught his breath. He glanced at Paul, his smirk widening as he saw the look on the

younger man's stricken face.

Paul's eyes remained fixed on Heidi, who lay panting on the cushion, her angelic face flushed and her body glistening with sweat. Despite the humiliation burning in his chest, he couldn't deny the undeniable truth: Heidi had never looked more alive. More dominated. More sexy. More fulfilled.

Dr. Omar reached down, pulling Heidi to her feet. She swayed slightly, her legs unsteady as a drunk or toddler, but he held her firmly, his arm wrapped around her waist. He turned to face the crowd, a triumphant gleam in his eyes.

"This is the future," he declared, his voice ringing out across the room. "A future where we embrace our desires, our diversity, where we break free from the chains of society's expectations. Heidi has taken the first step. Who among you will follow?"

The crowd erupted into applause again, this time louder, their cheers echoing off the walls. Heidi leaned against Dr. Omar for his much-needed strength, her body still humming with the aftershocks of her orgasms. She glanced at Paul, her heart aching at the sight of his conflicted expression. But even as guilt tugged at her chest, there was a part of her that felt...free.

Dr. Omar tilted her chin up, forcing her to meet his gaze. "You did well, Heidi," he murmured, his voice softer now. "But this is only the beginning."

Heidi's mind raced with thoughts of what that beginning might entail. But before she could dwell on it, Dr. Omar's lips crashed onto hers, claiming her mouth with a possessive fervor that left her breathless. His spent long black dong still jutted out and Heidi instinctively reached and gently massaged the glistening ebony skin. His ability to give her pleasure was something that she still couldn't get her head around. Then he told her that she had to put his BBC back in his pants and she actually frowned at him. He removed her cocktail dress and kissed her now that she was only wearing her bra and panties.

The crowd cheered even louder, their approval fueling the fire that burned between them.

Paul stood suddenly, his chair scraping against the floor. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. Instead, he watched helplessly as Dr. Omar broke the kiss, his dark eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

“You’re dismissed, Paul,” Dr. Omar said dismissively. “Go gather your thoughts. Your wife will join you later.”

Heidi glanced at her husband, her heart pounding in her chest. She wanted to say something, to reassure him, but the words caught in her throat. Instead, she stayed silent, her body still pressed against Dr. Omar’s as Paul turned and walked away, his shoulders slumped in defeat.

The crowd's whispers of excitement turned into another round of polite applause as Dr. Omar spread Heidi's thighs, revealing all of the thick white goo sliding down now. He was displaying how well bred she was, showing her off like a trophy on parade, as though every streak of cum down her legs was part of some unspoken contest.

Heidi was curtsying and blushing, while Dr. Omar stood there, gloating like a man who just found out he was going to be a father. This was the last image Paul allowed to be seared into his shell-shocked mind before leaving. He closed his eyes. In accepted defeat. And the crowd's applause soon became a roar of atavistic cheering as more and more black men finished and then showed evidence that their white partners had been properly seeded.

Epilogue

That night had been the closest they'd ever come to divorce. They both knew they had a lot of work to do. If they still wanted their marriage to work. After the world's most awkward cab ride, Paul and Heidi went through a period where it was like two ghosts haunted the same house—eating in silence, brushing past each other like strangers, sharing a bed that had grown too wide.

She didn't wear her ring.

Paul didn't ask about Dr. Omar—not because he didn't want to know, but because he already did. He'd seen everything that night. Everything. The way Heidi bent. The sounds she made, low and animal. How her eyes had rolled back while her husband sat quiet in the corner, jerking off in his cum-stained cargo shorts.

And now, months later, something in Paul refused to let her go entirely. He told himself he was waiting—for her to say something, do something, admit something. But Heidi didn't. She moved through the house like she'd shed something heavy, lighter now. Freer.

Then came the night he walked into the bedroom, awkward and boyish, scratching the back of his neck.

“Hey,” he murmured, standing in the doorway. “I, uh... I've been reading some of those books you recommended. I think there's some really interesting stuff. I was... surprised.”

Heidi was lounging on the edge of the bed, her thighs bare under a ruffled short white skirt. Her cropped black t-shirt stretched tight over her breasts, which were growing now, the white letters reading **BLACK BABY ONBOARD**. One of Dr. Omar's so-called funny gifts that had started argument between the married couple. In the end, as always, Paul was the

first to apologize for bringing it up. He even said he knew that it wasn't fair putting her under a lot of stress while she was pregnant. Now, his wife turned, lifting one brow for the first time in weeks, lips parted just slightly.

“Oh yeah?” she said, voice like dak honey. “Like what stuff?”

Paul shifted, cheeks warm. “Well, you know those fall of the white male patriarchy books? Some of them were actually... enlightening. It made me think about things I'd never even considered before. The... systems I benefit from. The way we're trained to see ourselves.”

She sat up straighter, face softening into a smile that spread slowly, seductively, like a sunbeam through dust.

“Good,” she said, and her voice held a purr of approval. “Wow. I'm just so happy to hear this, Paul. This is... really good news.”

He looked away, gaze sinking toward the floor as he grasped for the correct lingo to use with his pregnant wife. “But I know it's a journey. And I'm just... starting. I'm new to all of this.”

A pause. And then her bare feet padded softly across the hardwood. She reached him, slid her arms around his waist and pressed her warm body against his. The scent of her fruity shampoo hit him like a shot of old lust. They kissed. Soft at first. Then open-mouthed, Heidi's tongue searching, aggressive.

Paul stiffened in more ways than one.

Heidi pulled back just enough to look him in the eyes, her hands sliding down his chest. “Come on,” she whispered. “I've missed you so badly. Let's go to bed.”

It was the first time she had ever initiated. And in that moment, Paul felt like a different man—not stronger, not powerful... but wanted, even if it was for a different reason now.

As she undressed him, she took her time, like a woman unwrapping a gift she knew she wouldn't keep. She pushed him gently onto the bed, her white skirt riding up as she straddled him. Her body swayed above his, confident, commanding.

Paul could hardly breathe.

He thought: So this is what she wants. From me. A man who yields. A man who learns his place. A man who watches. Not bad. These are some major benefits. Her initiating sex!

And as she began to move—slow and rhythmically insistent, her hands pressed flat against his chest—he realized something cold and sharp had taken root deep inside him.

Heidi would never look at him the same again. Not after that night in the mansion. Not after Dr. Omar. And maybe... maybe he wouldn't look at himself the same either.

"First it's my turn. Lick it," Heidi demanded, her voice low and commanding as she rolled off him, the back of her head hitting the pillow perfectly as she spread her legs wide on the bed.

The dim light made her skin glow softly, shadows dancing across her curves. She was only two months pregnant, but the doctors said she looked like she was four months pregnant. The baby was said to be unusually healthy.

Paul hesitated for only a moment before diving in, his tongue pressing against her slick folds with urgency. He could taste her arousal, sweet and tangy, as she let out a soft moan, her fingers tangling in his hair to guide him deeper.

"That's it," she whispered, grinding against his face, her thighs trembling as she neared the edge. "Keep going, whiteboy."

Paul obeyed, his tongue circling her clit with precision, his hands gripping her hips to hold her steady. He reveled in the sounds she made—little gasps

and whimpers escaping her lips as she grew closer to her climax. When she finally came, her body tensed, and she cried out, her legs clamping around his head as waves of pleasure washed over her.

Paul pulled back, breathing heavily, relieved that she hadn't asked for the big black dildo tonight.

Hope burst through his chest like a ray of sunshine. Maybe things could go back to normal. Maybe they could forget about Dr. Omar and the way Heidi had changed since seeing him. But then she smirked down at him, her eyes dark with desire.

"Your turn, whiteboy," she said, pushing him onto his back. Her hand found his baby carrot instantly, her dainty fingers wrapping around it with ease. She stroked him slowly, her grip firm but teasing, making his 5 inches of length disappear and reappear in her palm like a cheap magic trick. Paul groaned, his hips bucking into her hand as she leaned down to take him into her mouth.

Her lips were warm and wet, her tongue swirling around the tip before she took him deeper. Paul's mind raced, trying to push away the intrusive thoughts of Dr. Omar—the way his much larger cock would stretch Heidi's lips, the way it would make her look so obscene, so unlike herself. But he couldn't escape it. The image burned in his mind, fueling his sick arousal even as it twisted his stomach.

"You want to fuck me tonight?" Heidi asked suddenly, pulling back and gripping his penis tightly, her thumb pressing against the sensitive underside. Paul hissed, his toes curling as pleasure shot through him.

"God yes!" he gasped, his voice strained. "I want to fuck the shit out of you!"

Heidi smirked, her grip tightening even more on her hubby's small pink worm, and she leaned closer. "Well, you know Dr. Omar says no. We have to wait until after the baby shows up."

Paul's eyes flicked to the bulge of her stomach. There was little doubt about who the father was. Dr. Omar had already agreed to financially support his offspring and had already chosen the name: DeSean. Paul's heart ached at the thought—but he pushed the jealousy aside, focusing on the way her hand moved over him, driving him closer to the edge.

"He's not here now," Paul muttered, his voice desperate. "Dr. Omar wouldn't know."

Heidi shook her head, her grip loosening just enough to tease him mercilessly. "No, don't be silly," she said softly, her eyes flicking down to her husband's baby dick. "I'm sorry, but there's something missing here. We need Dr. Omar. He brings out the sexiness of us. The submission."

"For you, maybe," Paul groaned, his hips thrusting into her hand as she stroked him faster, her thumb brushing over the sensitive tip. "I don't need that black bastard to—"

He didn't finish his sentence. With a sudden burst of pleasure, he came, his body tensing as two small spurts of semen shot out onto Heidi's BLACK BABY ON BOARD shirt. She didn't seem to notice, too lost in her own thoughts, her grip on him loosening as she absently massaged his balls.

"Damn, Heidi," he panted, his chest heaving. "That was great! You did great!"

But Heidi wasn't listening. Her eyes were distant, her mind clearly elsewhere—lost in fantasies of big black cock, her favorite thing to fantasize about now. Paul felt a new pang of jealousy twist in his gut, but he pushed it aside, again, focusing on the way she was already coaxing his manhood back to life with her delicate touch.

Suddenly, Heidi looked down and saw the small stain on her BLACK BABY ON BOARD shirt.

"What the fuck, Paul? Are you fucking serious?"

"Sorry," he mumbled.

“You fucking asshole! This is one of my favorite shirts!”

Her blue eyes narrowed, and she yanked it off, throwing it at Paul, who was just starting to get exciting again, unable to admit yet that seeing his blonde hair blue eyed wife walk around with a BLACK BABY ON BOARD shirt was strangely one of the hottest things ever. What was happening to him, he wondered.

"Go put this in the laundry right away!" she ordered, her voice sharp.
"Gross. You shot your stuff on it, Paul! What were you thinking? You know that's one of my favorite wear-around-the-house shirts."

Paul nodded quickly, stumbling off the bed and grabbing the shirt. "Sorry," he muttered, avoiding her gaze. "I'm really sorry, dear. I just got too... excited. It won't happen again."

He hurried out of the room, clutching the BLACK BABY ON BOARD shirt tightly. The last thing he wanted was to upset Heidi now that they were finally on good terms again. As far as he was concerned, staying on good terms with her was the only thing he needed to worry about these days.

Suddenly Heidi's voice broke through his thoughts like a razor. "Dear, while you're there, can you see if my panties and bras are done drying yet?"

Paul reached for the silk material of his wife's undergarments, three pairs or so, currently hanging over the washing machine to dry. Despite just orgasming, he feels a small jolt through his penis, but it was nothing to worry about. He wouldn't be ready for another round for bare minimum two hours. "Yes dear, they are ready. Dry."

"Good can you bring them back to the bedroom? I want to make sure that I look cute for tomorrow. Dr. Omar is coming over and we're going to hang out. If you were him, would you want me to wear the red panties or blue panties? They're both thongs."

"I dunno," said Paul, realizing what he was about to do. Pick which lingerie Heidi wore for another man. "I guess... the red pair is pretty sexy?"

Heidi giggled in excitement, her knowing laughter cutting through the air. "Good, I'll go with the red pair since you said so. Anyway, there's a question I need to ask you. Dr. Omar told me to ask you. Tomorrow, when he comes over to hang out, do you want to... watch?"

"Watch?"

"You know what I'm saying, sweetie. Do I need to spell it out?"

A flash of anger and annoyance flashed across Paul's face, but he wisely knew to get rid of that before entering the bedroom door's threshold, holding his wife's fresh clean clothes. "Do I want to watch? You and him? Together? Please, Heidi. That's the LAST thing I want to see. That man —"

"Okay, calm down, stop being so dramatic," she told him. "Like I said, it was just something Dr. Omar told me to ask you. I already told him you'd say no. That you would support me through the difficulties of my pregnancy, but that you weren't supportive of the idea of me fucking other men. Even Dr. Omar."

"Especially Dr. Omar!" snapped Paul."

She ignored his dramatic tone. "Good, awesome, you have my things!"

She clapped her hands together, still wearing just her denim skirt and bra now. "You can set them down on the dresser, dear. Thank you for being such a good helper! I love you so much!"

Gritting his teeth, Paul turned his head away from his wife so that she couldn't see the look of pure disdain on his face. He left the room quickly.

But as soon as he was gone, he was back, leaning in the doorway with a guilty expression on his soft face. "Watch?"

Heidi was confused. "Hm?"

"...Yeah, I guess I could watch you guys. Tomorrow night? I mean, it wouldn't be the first time, right? Um, um, I guess... I guess it's sort of sexy, seeing how,, you are with him. Ha, is that weird, Heidi?"

"No that's not weird!"

"Ha."

His wife continued, energized, eyes wide open. "Don't you remember last month's lecture? It was about how: beta males naturally get aroused watching alphas claim tribe's hottest females. It's probably one of those evolutionary biology things, you know? Like this instinct kept the beta males from getting killed by the alphas for trying to take the alpha's women/breeding pool. It all makes sense. Scientifically. So, to protect the beta males, their arousal is even greater when they see alphas with their women."

"Yeah, that does make sense," said Paul, with a hollow chuckle. "I've never thought of it that way. Hey, wait a minute! Are you calling me a beta male?"

"No, dear, I'm not calling you a beta male. Obviously you are the biggest alpha in the world," Heidi smiled, rolling her pretty blue eyes at her husband. "Now why don't you grab that big black dildo from the dresser and bring it over here so we can have some real fun together! I love you, honey!"

"Love you too," said Paul, trying not to show how excited he got when saw his wife get stretched out by a much bigger man. The sudden presence of Dr. Omar had changed his and Heidi's lives in ways that Paul wasn't ready to even address mentally. But Dr. Omar had also woken up, or triggered, a part of Paul that was becoming more and more familiar each day: the submissive part. And truthfully, part of Paul felt grateful relief from not having to worry about his inadequacies as a man. It was all thanks to Dr. Omar. It was like Dr. Omar had removed an impossible burden; and Heidi had never looked happier and healthier. Her tan skin literally glowed as she looked up at him on the bed, grinned mischievously.

"The strap-on, babe? Is that too much to ask for?" she asked, cutely, spreading her legs.

"No babe, I can do the strap-on tonight. If that's what you want, I don't mind," Paul said, stoically. Then, trying to echo Dr. Omar's own words, like

a young boy trying to repeat his mentor's lessons, the white husband leaned over, nibbled an earlobe, and whispered hoarsely, "You like black dick? Does that pretty little white girl like this big black cock? You want me to give you another black baby? You want me to turn this white womb into a full-time black baby factory?"

Heidi responded with a passionate kiss that seemed to last the whole night.

THE END

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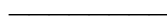
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