

SNOW BUNNY SIZE QUEEN

A BBC CUCKOLD STORY

BY

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Snow Bunny Size Queen

I met Stephanie completely by accident in the lobby of our shared apartment building. We were both getting the mail, and she brushed against me by accident as she absentmindedly examined an envelope on the way to the elevator.

"Sorry," she said, turning quickly to look at me, then doing a double-take.

"Wait –," she continued, "are you Jason? Jason Jones?"

"Yes," I said, flashing her a smile.

She had a casually sexy look about her. She must have been around 30. Her hair was pulled back in a messy ponytail, and she wore a black jacket over what appeared to be workout clothes. I made a note to myself to discretely check out her ass when I got a chance. Her eyes were light brown and her lips were full. She was petite, but curvy. In other words: exactly my type. At the same time, I also noticed a huge diamond on her ring finger.

"This is yours," she said, extending the envelope to me, "it was in our mailbox."

I took the envelope from her hand. It was an ad for a ski resort in Wyoming.

"Thanks," I said.

"Is that place in Jackson?"

"That's right," I said, "I went there last year."

"I love skiing," she said, "but Jeff – that's my husband – never wants to go. He thinks it's boring."

"Boring? How could flying down the slopes at 60 miles an hour be boring?"

"What? Do you really go that fast?"

"I do. But I was on the ski team in college. I might have made the Olympics if I hadn't gotten injured my senior year. At least that's what I tell myself to preserve my ego," I laughed.

"Well that's quite impressive," she said, looking me up and down as if to appraise my ski skills, her eyes pausing briefly –

but noticeably – on my package. I realized that my biking shorts left little to the imagination. Then, realizing that she'd uttered this phrase with her gaze fixed squarely on my genital region, and simultaneously realizing that I had noticed this, she looked up at me and blushed.

"The skiing of course," she blurted.

"Of course," I said, smiling back, "what else?"

"By the way," I said, "you know my name, and I know your husband's name, but I don't know yours."

"Sorry," she said, still flustered, "let's start over. I'm Stephanie. Stephanie Nash."

"Very nice to meet you, Mrs. Nash."

"Oh my God," she laughed, slapping my arm playfully, "don't call me Mrs. Nash. I'm not that old. And I think I'm younger than you. I should be the one calling you Mr. Jones."

I loved the fact that she was getting flirtatious already. This might be easier than I expected, despite the big ring on her finger.

"Alright," I said, "I'll call you Stephanie, and you can call me Mr. Jones."

She smiled.

"Alright," she said, "I was raised to respect my elders. I guess I can accept that arrangement. I'll see you around, Mr. Jones."

She turned and stepping onto the elevator.

I held her gaze for a moment, then, just before the elevator doors closed, I gave her a quick wink. The last thing I saw was her giggle and blush, looking down. She clearly liked it, though.

I didn't see Stephanie for at least a week after that. Then one Sunday afternoon I went to our building's fitness room. I almost never worked out there – it was tiny and only had a couple of machines – but that day I couldn't bring myself to make the trip on the subway to my normal gym. After swiping my keycard and entering the small room, I was pleased to see

an attractive young woman on the elliptical machine. I was even more pleased when I realized that it was Stephanie.

She had her back to the door and was wearing earbuds, so she didn't acknowledge my entrance. She had probably seen me in the mirror that she faced, but didn't betray an sign of recognition. I began putting weights on the bench-press bar. I did a couple of sets of warm-up, then took a break, wiping my brow as I sat on the bench.

Just then, Stephanie stepped down from the elliptical and took out her earbuds.

"Hey, Jason!" she said cheerily.

"Aren't you supposed to call me Mr. Jones?" I teased, "something about respecting your elders..."

"Ha ha," she said, "I forgot. Where are my manners. Mr. Jones."

I thought that there was something more than just friendliness in her eyes, and I decided to test my theory. Almost all girls like this want to fuck, but they need to be given an excuse to.

"Stefanie," I said, "I could use a spotter for this next rep. I'm going for three. Do you think you could help me out?"

"Sure," she said, toweling herself off and walking around the back of the rack, "but I don't think I'm going to be that much help. You'll be lifting almost twice what I weigh."

"That's ok," I said, "I might need just a little boost. That's all. You can handle that."

"Ok," she said, "if you say so."

"Just put your hands right under the bar, without actually touching it. Like I said, I'm going for three. I can lift it off, but then I'm going to need you to get in position to spot me. Make sense?"

She nodded.

"Ok," I said, gripping the bar, "on three. One...two...three!"

I grunted in exertion as I lifted the bar up and executed the three reps easily, replacing the bar with a gently touch that surprised even me.

"Wow," she said, "you did that with absolutely no problem. It's like you didn't need me at all."

"Maybe I just wanted an excuse to talk to you," I grinned, sliding out from under the bar and grabbing my towel.

"Well you wouldn't be the first guy to try something like that," she said, "but you *would* be the first guy to try it in this gym. This place is so tiny. You're the first actual person I've ever seen down here."

"I know," I said, "I usually go to a place on 47th street, but with the snow outside, I just couldn't be bothered."

"I understand," she said, "but you must like snow. What with your skiing career and all."

"I like to ski in snow," I said, "not walk in it."

"I know what you mean," she said, "and I love the idea of being...what do they call it? A snow bunny?"

Was she teasing *me* now? She had to know that the term "snow bunny" had an entirely different meaning in the African-American community: a young white woman who loves black cock. I decided to test the waters.

"There are lots of different ways to be a snow bunny," I grinned, "and some of them are more literal than others."

"You mean like I could be an actual rabbit?"

"Ha," I laughed, "yeah. That's exactly what I meant."

"Well," she said, "to be honest, I do eat kind of like a rabbit. I'm about to go make a kale shake."

"That's a good idea," I said, "I also make myself a smoothie after every workout. But I'll have mine with protein powder."

"Ohh!" she said excitedly, "will you let me make you one? I've got a great recipe."

"I love trying new flavors," I said in my most seductive tone, "do you want to bring it down to me?"

"Why don't you just come up to our place for a while?" she asked, "Jeff had to work. He'll be gone all day."

A very interesting detail. It seemed like this snow bunny was ready to ride the slopes.

"Ok," I said, "as long as you don't think he'd have a problem with you having an older black man in your apartment while he's gone."

"Don't be silly," she said, "we're just friends, right? And besides, you're like – what – ten years older than me? You're just Mr. Jones, my elderly neighbor from downstairs."

Normally, I would have given her a slap on the ass for that remark, but I decided that it wasn't the time for that: not quite yet.

"Alright," I said, "but sometimes the elderly can surprise you."

"I'm sure you're right," she said, her hand on the door handle.

I followed her to the elevator, and we both stepped inside. The trip was quick, but the tension was high. She cast a couple of glances my direction and gave a couple of little giggles.

"I guess it does look kind of bad," she said, "I mean if the neighbors saw."

"Yes," I said, "very scandalous. A young woman like yourself inviting a senior citizen like me up to your apartment for a post-workout smoothie. I can't think of anything more shocking."

"Ha," she said, "well, here's our floor."

She led me quickly down the hallway. I admired how her ass looked in her yoga pants. I was barely able to detect a thong line.

"Ok," she said, putting her key in the lock, "come on in."

"Thanks," I said, stepping inside after her.

This was it. She'd invited me across the threshold. I knew this could only mean one thing: she wanted to fuck.

"Oh jeez," she said, walking down the hallway and throwing her towel in a hamper in the closet, "I forgot that I didn't take a shower yet. I'm sorry – I probably stink."

"Nah, don't worry about that," I said, following her into the kitchen, "I promise to keep my distance."

"Ha," she laughed, "good."

She opened the fridge and got out a huge bunch of kale, slapping it on the counter.

Then she got out a footstool and strained to reach the top of a cabinet where I could see the blender. I saw an opportunity to escalate things.

I walked around behind her, dwarfing her with my large athletic frame as I easily plucked the blender from its high perch.

"Thanks," she said, turning around, looking directly at my chest.

I set the blender on the counter and embraced her. She closed her eyes as I moved in for the kiss.

It was electric. She stood on her tiptoes, trying to shove her tongue into my mouth as she threw her arms around the small of my back. My hands wandered from her back down to her ass, which I cupped easily in my hands.

"Fuck," she said, breaking the kiss for a moment, "we shouldn't be doing this. It's so wrong."

"No it's not," I said, "if it were wrong, it wouldn't feel so perfect right now. We both know how much we need this."

I'd heard that line before. It wasn't uncommon. Most married women need a little encouragement to actually cross the line. They need some kind of assurance that you think that they are still good people, even if they happen to be acting like cheating sluts.

"Besides," I whispered, "no one has to know about this. Not the neighbors. And certainly not your limp-dicked husband, Jeff."

I realized that insulting her husband like that was taking a big risk, but it was one that I was fairly certain would pay off. And it did. The second I said it, she pulled herself into me even harder, smashing her lips against mine. Her moans were all the permission I needed to escalate the encounter even more.

"God that's hot," she whispered, "when you talk dirty like that."

"I'm just getting started, sweetheart," I whispered.

I picked her up easily, grabbing onto that luscious ass with both hands and holding her to me as I turned away from the countertop.

"The bedroom is straight ahead – down the hall," she whispered, "why don't you take me there, Mr. Jones?"

"I think that's an excellent idea, Stephanie," I said, "but you know what? In this situation, I think I'd prefer it if you'd call me something that conveys a little more respect even than Mr. Jones."

"Oh yeah?" she asked, her breath hot on my ear as I took her to the bedroom, "what's that?"

"Daddy," I said, throwing her on the bed and stripping off my shirt, "do you think you can do that?"

"Oh yes," she said, pulling her t-shirt over her head and then wriggling out of her sports bra, "that's the perfect name for a guy like you."

"Ok," I said, facing her now clad only in my workout shorts, "why don't you take out Daddy's cock. Do you think you deserve to suck it?"

"Ha," she said, "I guess you must think that you're in charge here."

"I don't think it. I know it. What's my name again?"

I reached down and slapped her ass playfully.

"Daddy!" she shrieked.

"Don't forget it," I said.

She grabbed the waistband of my shorts, looking up at me in lust as she pulled them down, taking my boxers with them.

The moment of truth. I live for this moment, to be honest. The moment that the white women that I seem to attract are waiting for. They all want to know if it's true. If black guys actually have big dicks.

I can't speak for all black guys. I can only speak for myself. But in my case, the rumors are absolutely true. And seeing the way white women react when they finally learn the truth never ceases to please me.

"Oh my God," she said, laughing for a moment in astonishment, "I can't believe that thing is real. I mean, I really can't believe it!"

"I'm going to make you a believer, sweetheart," I said, taking her hand and guiding it towards my shaft.

"Mmm. Please do, Daddy," she said, looking up at me with puppy-dog eyes as she began to stroke my cock gently.

"Don't just tease it," I said gruffly, "get that thing in your mouth. You know that's what you want."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, her voice suddenly taking on a very submissive tone.

I knew that tone well. It was the tone that certain women got in their voice when they submitted to a dominant hung black man. It was the sound of black magic: black *cock* magic, that is.

She began to give me one of the most enthusiastic blowjobs I've ever had. Some of these white girls really knew how to give head. She'd probably practiced on a lot of other lucky guys over the years, but I couldn't imagine that her husband inspired that kind of passion in her. I remember how she'd reacted before when I mentioned her husband, so I decided to talk about him some more.

"That's it, you little slut," I said, putting a hand firmly on the back of her head, "suck that cock like you'd never suck your husband. I know that white sluts like you only get this crazy for black dick."

"Mmm…," she responded, taking me even deeper.

"Damn," I said, "you look so good sucking that big black cock. What would your husband say if he saw you acting like such a whore?"

"He wouldn't say anything," she said, coming up for air, "he's too much of a wimp to confront you. He'd probably just jerk off in the corner and cry."

"Ha," I said, "I know just the type. A born cuck."

"That's right," she said, "I've been waiting so long to get some real dick."

"Your wait is over. Now come on and get this dick you little white whore. You wanted to be a snow bunny? You're a snow bunny for black cock now!"

"Yes, Daddy!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically, "I want you to break me in. Show me what I've been missing by being only with white guys my whole life."

"So this is the first time you've been with a black man?"

"Mm hmm," she said.

"Well then, let me tell you in advance. It's true what they say: once you go black, you can't go back."

"Mmm," she said, licking my cock hungrily, "I think I'm starting to understand why they say that."

"I'll make sure you understand it. Now get that dick back in your mouth."

"Yes, Daddy!"

"That's a good girl," I said as she began to bob up and down on my cock again, leaning forward as she sat on the bed, "good little snow bunny slut."

I looked up and saw a framed picture next to the bed. It was a wedding picture. I smiled to myself as I made eye contact with her husband's photo. If only he knew what his wife got up to when he was working overtime.

For a while, the only sounds in the room were the sounds of her slurping on my cock. I knew this type of wanton, abandoned cock-sucking: I called it "white girl head." But to be more accurate, it wasn't a type of head that *all* white girls gave *all* the time. It was something they reserved for the truly deserving men. The hung alphas. The guys who could really make them scream.

"Get down here on the floor," I said, "and take off your clothes."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, immediately stripping off her sports bra and pulling her yoga pants down over her ass.

"The thong, too?" she asked, looking at me coquettishly over her shoulder.

I slapped her ass hard, leaving a satisfying handprint.

"Ouch, Daddy! Was I a bad girl?"

"You were trying to tease me. Admit it."

"Ok," she said, rubbing her ass, "I admit it. But you didn't answer my question. Should I keep the thong on?"

"Take it off."

"Yes, Sir."

SMACK! I corrected her swiftly with a nice slap across her other asscheek.

"What's my name?"

"Daddy!" she corrected herself, rubbing her stinging buttock.

"Stop rubbing your own butt and get that thong off, slut!"

"Yes, Daddy."

She stepped out of the thong and faced me again.

"On your knees," I said.

She dropped to her knees in front of me, looking up at me expectantly.

"I know you like it rough," I said, "I know exactly what girls like you like. But I think we need a safeword."

"Ok, Daddy."

"You say 'yellow' to slow down, and 'red' to stop. If you can't talk, just tap my leg three times, ok?"

"Yes, Daddy. I understand," she said, "I love the fact that you're so considerate."

"Of course," I said, "but now it's time to show you what you've been missing from a lifetime of fucking wimps like your husband."

"Yes, please. Show me how a real man uses a woman."

I grabbed my cock in one hand and her ponytail in the other, rubbing it across her lips and face.

"God," she murmured, "I still can't believe how big it is."

"Believe it," I said, "look up at me."

She obeyed, gazing up at me with a worshipful look in her eyes.

"Tell me the truth. This is the biggest cock you've ever been with, isn't it?"

"Yes, Daddy."

I slapped her across the face with my cock. She blushed.

"You love being treated like this, don't you, slut?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Tell me what you are."

"I'm a snow bunny slut," she said, smiling up at me.

I smacked her across the other cheek with my massive erection, smiling at the way her pale skin flushed deep crimson at the humiliation.

"That's right," I said, "now open up. I'm going to fuck your face. I want you to play with your pussy for me while I use your mouth."

"Yes, Daddy!" she exclaimed breathlessly, the fingers of her right hand disappearing between her legs and moving in a small circular motion as I pulled her hair back by her pigtail.

"That's a good girl," I growled, "open up for Daddy."

She opened her mouth as far as it would go, and I began to fuck her face, gently at first, taking care not to test her gag reflex too much. She began to rub herself faster and faster, in time with my strokes.

"Don't you dare come without my permission you little whore," I said, reaching down and spanking her ass a few times, "I own this pussy now, do you hear me?"

"Mmm hmmm," she moaned.

I pulled out and slapped her face three more times with my dick.

"I know you love getting treated like this."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, "please abuse me with your dick. I love it."

"Good girl," I said, "good little white girl slut."

She opened up again and I pushed it further this time, encouraging her as I did.

"Open up for me, honey. That's a good little girl. Open up and take Daddy's dick as deep as you can."

I let her come up for air several times, pushing deeper past her resistance after each break. Soon she had the hang of it,

and was taking it down her throat. I reached down and felt the bulge each time my head extended past her tonsils.

"I bet you'd never do this for your husband, would you?"

"Mmm-mmm," she moaned, her fingers still circling her clit furiously.

I put one hand around her neck while the other one guided her head down on my cock. I was fucking this woman's face like it was my personal sex toy. I enjoyed the sensation of stretching her throat for a few minutes, then pulled off.

"Time for you to lick my balls, slut."

She opened up eagerly, licking and kissing my sack as I reached down to play with her tits.

"Is that pussy nice and wet for me?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good," I said, "but I think I'm going to nut on your face first. Hold your left hand up next to your face."

"Yes, Daddy."

She was breathless. I could tell that this kinky play was exactly what she needed. What she'd been craving. Whether she knew that herself or not.

She looked at me a little strangely, holding her left hand up next to her face, but not quite understanding what I had in mind.

"Beg for my cum you little slut," I ordered, "beg for me to nut all over your face and engagement ring."

"Oh God," she said, "that's so filthy. I love it."

I reached back and spanked her with one hand while I stroked my cock with the other, aiming carefully for her face.

"What did I tell you? Beg for it."

"Please come on my face and my ring, Daddy."

"Good girl," I groaned, shooting two ropes onto her hand, coating her ring, while aiming the next five shots at her face.

"Mmmm," she said, keeping her eyes clenched shut, "fuck that was a lot."

"I always shoot a big load," I said, "now it's time to clean it up."

"Yes, Sir."

WHACK!

"What's my name, slut? You keep forgetting. I think you might need a reminder."

"Daddy!" she moaned.

"That's right," I said, "lick up all that cum like a good girl, then we'll talk about your punishment."

White girls *love* the idea of being punished by a black guy. Even the ones who claim not to love big dicks all still love the idea of being taken in hand. Most white men don't know how to keep their women in line in the bedroom. I'm all too happy to take up the slack and teach their wives the lessons that they can't.

"Look me in the eye while you lick that cum off your wedding ring," I ordered.

She looked up at me, an expression of absolute lust in her eye as she polished the diamond ring with her tongue, kissing and licking it as she consumed my seed. Then she slowly fed herself the rest of the cum that coated her face.

"Did I do a good job, Daddy?" she asked.

"Very good," I said.

"Are you going to fuck my pussy now, Daddy? I'm so horny for your big black dick."

As much as I wanted to break in that tight snow bunny pussy right away, I knew that drawing things out even more would be more fun for both of us. Plus, I needed a few more moments to build up another load for her.

"Not so fast," I said, "did you forget about your punishment?"

"Come on, Daddy! I promise to be a good girl and not tease you."

"I'm not sure if that's going to cut it," I said, sitting on the edge of her bed, "come over here and get over my knee. It's time to teach you a lesson that your husband should have taught you a long time ago."

"What are you going to do to me, Daddy?"

"I'm going to spank that cute ass," I said, "I bet your husband's never given you a good whippin', has he?"

"No, Sir."

"See?" I said, pulling her over my lap as she shrieked in delight and surprise, "that's what I'm talking about. You forgot my name again."

"Sorry Daddy!" she wailed as I pulled her arms behind her back, holding them securely with one hand while I spanked her ass with the other.

Normally I would have warmed her up before spanking her hard, but I knew we didn't have much time. Besides, I was enjoying seeing how far I could push this cute little white bitch. It seemed that no matter how rough I got, she needed it rougher. I was going to really enjoy finally breaking in her pussy.

I spanked her harder and harder, moving from one cheek to the other and changing up my tempo and rhythm to always keep her guessing. I stopped from time to time and slipped a finger into her tight pussy. She was soaked.

"Are you learning your lesson you little slut?"

"Yes, Daddy," she gasped, "I promise never to forget your name. Please stop spanking me and start fucking me. I need that cock so bad."

"Do you think you can handle this dick?"

"I don't know, Daddy," she moaned, squirming on her lap, her ass a wonderful shade of pink, "it's so big. Is it going to hurt?"

"You bet it will," I said, "but you're going to love it anyway."

"Yes, Daddy."

I pulled her up. My cock was hard again, sticking straight up angrily in front of her.

"Oh Daddy, it looks like you're ready again."

"That's right," I said.

"How do you want me?"

"Bend over the bed and keep your legs nice and far apart," I ordered, "I'm going to fuck you from behind like the dirty little slut you are."

She obeyed, standing and then bending over the bed, her well-spanked ass exposed to me.

"Such a cute little pussy," I said, "get ready to be totally ruined for any man smaller than me."

"Go head, Daddy," she moaned, wiggling her ass up at me, "ruin my little pussy. Stretch me out so I can't even feel my husband anymore."

"You're a filthy little slut, did you know that?"

"Only for you, Daddy," she cooed, glancing over her shoulder at me.

"Get ready, slut."

I pushed my cock up to her pussy lips.

"Fuck," she moaned, "go slow. It's so big."

I pushed it a bit further.

"Take this big cock, you little white whore. You know you need this. You crave big black dick."

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, "just take it. Tear my little pussy open with your big black cock!"

This last filthy line provoked me enough that I grabbed her hair with my left hand and then buried myself to the hilt, letting out a primal groan as I penetrated her completely, bottoming out in her tight pussy.

"Fuck," I groaned, "I haven't had a pussy this tight in at least a week. This is amazing."

"A week, huh? Are you that much of a stud?"

"Either that, or all of you white girls are just whores," I laughed, beginning to move slowly in and out of her tight tunnel.

"That's a good girl," I said, as she began to rotate her hips backwards against me as I stroked, "feel that rhythm. Get that dick."

"Oh yes, Daddy," she groaned.

I realized that she hadn't come yet. Her orgasm had been building this entire time. It was bound to be explosive.

"Where's my cock, whore?"

"In my pussy, Daddy!"

"Whose property is this?" I asked, slapping her ass, "who does this pussy belong to?"

"You, Daddy!" she shrieked, "it's all yours!"

"That's right it is," I groaned, beginning to fuck her hard now, hard enough that our thighs began to clap together in a steady rhythm.

"I own this pussy. You're never going to fuck your husband again without my permission, is that clear?"

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, "my pussy is your property. I'll never fuck my husband again without your permission."

"That's right you won't. You're a size queen now. A size queen slut for black cock. My little snow bunny size queen."

"That's right," she moaned, her hips bucking back desperately towards my thrusts, "I'm a snow bunny size queen slut. All I want is your big black cock, Daddy!!"

"Good girl," I groaned, thrusting harder and harder into that warm, tight pussy, "come on Daddy's cock. You've been a good girl. You deserve it."

"Fuck yes," she moaned, starting to shake as she screamed in pleasure, "oh god...it's so good...so fucking good..."

For a few minutes she just lay there underneath me, quivering gently as the orgasm slowly subsided. I was still buried balls-deep in her pussy, but I pulled out slowly now. It was time to change positions.

"We're not done yet," I said, pulling her up onto the bed, "I need to get my nut."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, her eyes glazed over with the after-effects of coming so hard, "please just do whatever you want."

I spread her legs and pushed my cock up to her pussy, slowly working the head into her swollen pussy.

"God it's big," she moaned.

"Look down and watch it go inside," I ordered.

She looked down and watched my giant black anaconda disappear to the hilt.

"It feels like you're poking my stomach," she laughed, "you're so fucking deep."

"Mm," I said, grabbing her throat gently, "I'm going to come inside you. I need to fill you up."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, "my pussy is your property. You can come inside me if you want. But you need to know something."

I started fucking her harder, pushing her legs back as far as they could go so I could get as deep as possible with each stroke.

"What's that?"

"I'm not on birth control, Daddy," she moaned, "I'm totally unprotected. Totally vulnerable to your seed."

"Oh god," I groaned, "you little white slut. Tell me what you want. I know you want me to come inside you."

"Yes please," she moaned, wrapping her legs around me now as I pounded her, "I want you to come in my unprotected pussy. Just fill me up. I want it so bad."

"You want to get knocked up by a black man, don't you? Does your husband know you're unprotected?"

"Yes," she groaned, "we're trying to get pregnant. But he hasn't been able to knock me up yet. I know for a fact I'm ovulating today, though."

Oh my God. This woman was even sluttier than I possibly could have imagined. This final detail finally sent me over the edge.

"Come for me you little whore," I groaned, choking her a bit with my hand as I continued to fuck her with a steady, sensual rhythm.

"Yes," she gasped, "I'm close. Keep giving it to me rough."

I smiled, reaching up with my other hand and slapping her cheek, not hard enough to hurt her, but hard enough to remind her who was in charge. That was exactly what she needed.

"Fuck Daddy," she groaned, bucking up towards me, "I'm coming on your cock. Please fill me. Shoot your big load in my unprotected cunt."

"Fuck yes you little snow bunny whore..."

"Give me a baby please, Daddyyyyyyy!!!"

That was it. I couldn't hold back a second longer. I shoved my cock against her cervix and unleashed a massive load of cum. If that didn't do the trick of knocking her up, I didn't know what would.

"Take that cum, you little whore."

"Thank you Daddy," she moaned, "fill that little pussy. Do what my husband can't. Give me a baby, please!!"

"Ugh yes," I groaned, still cumming in her tight pussy, "that's so good. I love flooding a tight, unprotected white pussy."

She beamed up at me, absolutely glowing.

"Ok, Stephanie," I said, pulling out, "I hope you enjoyed your first BBC experience."

"I loved it," she said, leaning up to kiss me, "Daddy."

"Good."

I moved up on the bed and put my cock in her face.

"You're not going to leave without cleaning me off are you?"

"Of course not, Daddy!"

I threw back my head in pleasure as she sucked the last few drops of cum from my cock. She was doing such a good job that I got hard again.

That's when I looked in the mirror right in front of me and saw a man standing in the hallway, watching us through a crack in the doorway. He was standing completely still, as if rooted to the spot. It had to be her husband. Luckily, I wasn't the type of guy to scare easily. If he didn't have a gun, I wasn't going to run. Besides, for all I knew, they'd set this whole thing up together. I knew that plenty of white guys were into seeing their wives get fucked by a hung black guy. Who was I to refuse him that pleasure? I decided to ramp up the filth factor, to see what I could get away with.

"Suck those balls while I jerk off on your face," I ordered, moving my sack directly over her mouth.

She slurped on them for a few moments, and I moaned in pleasure.

"Such a good little whore," I said, "does your small-dicked husband know you love sucking black cock so much?"

"My small-dicked husband has no idea," she laughed, her voice partially muffled by my body, but hopefully still clear enough to be heard in the hall.

"Do me a favor now, slut," I growled, "lick my ass while I jerk off on your pretty face. Can you do that?"

"Mmm," she moaned, her mouth filled with my balls, "mm hmm."

I shifted up a bit, then groaned as I felt her tongue begin to tease my asshole.

"That's it," I said, grabbing her left hand, "stroke me off with the hand where you wear your engagement ring while you eat my ass."

She eagerly obeyed my command. I looked up to see her husband, clearly jerking off now.

"Your husband is a worthless little cuck," I laughed, "otherwise he'd never let his wife be treated like this."

"Mmm hmm," she moaned, stabbing her tongue into my asshole and bringing me right up to the edge for the third time that day.

I pulled back, taking control of my own dick once more.

"Ok, honey," I said, "I want you to smile. Pretend like your husband is here watching us, and smile for him.

She beamed, closing her eyes as I shot rope after rope across her face, absolutely coating it and pasting her eyes shut. I finished by pressing my cock into her mouth and having her clean it off once more.

"That was very good," I said, "but I'm afraid I've got to get going now. You know where to find me the next time you need me though."

"Awww, already?" she pouted, her eyes still plastered shut with cum.

"I'm afraid so," I said, throwing on my boxers and shorts and grabbing my t-shirt as quickly as possible.

I gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, finding one of the only places that wasn't covered in my sperm.

"Take care, Daddy," she said.

"You too," I said, looking into the hall, where her husband was still standing, absolutely shell-shocked, "I think you've got some cleaning up to do."

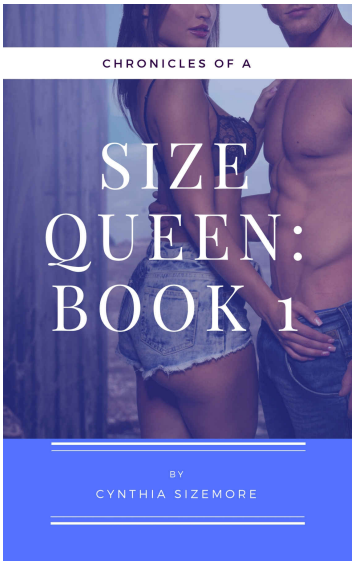
As I pushed past her husband, I turned and added "both of you."

A few minutes later, I was back in my apartment, thinking about what had just transpired. Who had really seduced whom? Had it all been a game? Had she really been cheating, or had the two of them set it up from the beginning? Was she really not on the pill?

Unfortunately, I never got any satisfactory answers to those questions. All I knew is that I'd converted another normal white girl to a snow bunny size queen. And that was enough for me. At least for now.

THE END

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About the author

Cynthia Sizemore is the pseudonym of a real-life sizequeen who has been in a cuckold relationship with her husband for over five years. All of her erotic fiction is based on her real-life experiences of cuckolding her husband.

Follow her on amazon to leave feedback and find out about new releases, special offers, and more!

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