



Stepford's Wife

Copyright 2001 by Stormbringer

Revised 2009, 2025

Professor Stepford stared deeply into his wife's eyes. The third time he hypnotized her seemed to really put her under. He had returned from a symposium on hypnotism several days ago and decided to test what he had learned on his wife. The presenters at the symposium had taken this subject seriously, forcing all the attendees to sign a morality contract promising not to use what they learned for anything unethical. Apparently messing with minds could be dangerous.

Click... Click... Click...

The professor reached out and stopped the balls. The clicking stopped. Newton's pendulum, a device for explaining the laws of conservation of momentum and energy, a simple desk toy,

and a useful device for putting people under. Julie's head quit slightly turning to follow the balls. She was still, mouth slightly open, breathing deeply.

Stepford looked at Julie, who was staring blankly off into space. She was a gorgeous blue-eyed blonde with big tits capped by long nipples. She had a thin waist, full hips, and a flat, almost muscular belly. She was 28; he was 59. Julie had been a former student who looked to him as a father figure. He had taken advantage of her daddy issues and manipulated her into dating him. They had married just after she graduated.



Julie was perfect in every way but two. The first problem was that she smoked. Stepford found it a vile habit, and that was the reason he had offered to hypnotize her. The first two sessions had seemed to help; she was slowly quitting smoking as she grew used to being hypnotized. The third time had completely put her under, she was going deeper with each session. She was nearly ready for a command phrase, no longer needing the desk toy to go under.

"Julie, slowly repeat over and over: 'I do not need a cigarette.' The more you say it, the more it comes true."

Stepford got up to go to the bathroom, leaving his wife saying, "I do not need a cigarette," so softly he could barely hear her.

Stepford sat on the toilet and leafed through the pile of magazines beside him. He pulled out a copy of *Penthouse Letters* and began reading a story.

Julie's second great fault was her sexual naiveté. The girl had the body of a porn star and the mind of a nun. She had even considered joining a convent before settling on going to school to become a therapist so she could help people. Stepford wished his wife were more like the women in *Penthouse*, hornier, sluttier, his private sex toy.

Stepford flushed the toilet and returned to his wife, who was still mindlessly repeating the phrase over and over. He wondered how long she would do this if he died on the spot.

"Julie, I have a new phrase for you. Repeat: 'I love sucking cock,' as you listen to my voice."

"I love sucking cock. I love sucking cock," said Julie over and over.

'*My God, she's doing it,*' thought Stepford. "Whenever we're home, instead of craving your nightly cigarette, you will crave sucking on my cock. You love the taste of sperm. Say it."

"I love the taste of sperm. I love the taste of sperm."

"Excellent. Now listen closely, Julie. When I wake you from your trance, we are going to get ready for bed. You're going to go to the bathroom and sit on the toilet. There is a copy of *Penthouse* sitting next to the toilet. Pick it up and read the story on the dog-eared page. It is about a woman who gets a lesson on cock-sucking from her husband. That story will change the way you think about performing oral sex. From then on, you will love sucking cock and swallowing sperm. When I snap my fingers, you will wake up. You will remember nothing I've told you, though you will act on everything I've said. You will not link your new behavior with being hypnotized."

Julie's eyes came into focus when Stepford snapped his fingers. She smiled at him shyly. "I think it worked. I don't feel like a cigarette."

"Good, honey. If not, we'll keep it up till you're cured. It's late, let's get ready for bed."

Stepford went into the bedroom, and Julie went into the bathroom. He stripped off his suit and pulled his boxers down. Curious to see if it had worked, he tiptoed over to the bathroom door. It was her habit to leave the door cracked open to diffuse any unpleasant odors. He often took advantage of that watching her get in and out of the shower. George peered through the crack. He could see his wife reflected in the mirror. Julie was sitting on the toilet, seemingly very engrossed by the story she was reading in *Penthouse* which was a good sign as his wife hated pornography of any kind. He frowned when he saw she had already changed into her nightgown. It was an ugly thing that covered her body from her neck to her ankles. Why did she refuse to show off that great body? Maybe he could change that?

Stepford returned to the bedroom and lay naked on the bed. He crossed his legs and tried to concentrate on a book, but he kept thinking of what might be about to happen. His ex-wife hadn't liked sucking cock either. He had only gotten a blowjob once, when he was a teenager, and she hadn't finished him off. He looked down at his white-and-black chest hair at his penis, barely visible past his paunch, but it was plumping up with anticipation.

"George!" said Julie, entering the room.

"There's nothing wrong with a wife seeing her husband nude, Julie." She was staring at his cock. He felt it twitch and rise up off his balls.

Julie reached over and turned off the light. "What are you doing? I was reading." She didn't answer him, but he felt her climb onto the bed beneath his feet. He spread his legs for her.

Stepford was disappointed. He wanted to watch her take his cock in her mouth. He should have remembered she would turn the lights off. Maybe he could change that too?

Julie wrapped her fist around his cock, and it turned rock-hard. Stepford wasn't exactly hung like a horse. In fact, her fist covered his entire penis except for the head. He felt her breath on his penis. "Honey, what are you doing?"

"A good wife does things to please her husband," she said, before her lips touched the head of his cock.



It was everything he had hoped it would be. Julie ran her tongue in a circle around his cockhead and then took him in her warm mouth. She moaned slightly like she was taking pleasure blowing him. She removed her hand from his cock, swallowing him whole. It was more than he could stand, and his cock jerked as he erupted in her mouth. His cock quickly went limp, but Julie kept her lips squeezed around the shaft and bobbed her head as if she were milking it for more sperm. She kept it up until his cock grew too sensitive, and he had to yank it from her mouth. "Thanks, honey," he said.

"Thank you. Maybe you'll let me do it again in the morning."

Stepford woke up the next morning with Julie's lips already wrapped around his cock. She released him long enough to kiss and lick his balls before returning to blowing him. He lasted a little longer this time but still came in a couple of minutes. Just like last night, she squeezed her lips around his cock, milking him for every drop of seed. Once again, he wished he could see her, but she was still wearing that drab nightgown. .

Julie sat up, slowly licking her lips before climbing off the bed. She ran into the bathroom and turned on the shower.

"Julie," he said when she came out of the bathroom with her hair wet and wearing her frumpy nightgown. He called her into the kitchen. "I need to hypnotize you and reaffirm your commands."

She entered the kitchen. "But I haven't had a cigarette in over a day now." The balls were already clicking. Her eyes flickered back and forth from ball to ball and she visibly relaxed.

"That's why we need to keep it working. Come sit at the table."

His trusting wife sat across from him, unable to take her eyes off the pendulum, and within minutes of his using the technique, she was completely under again. It really did get easier as they got used to it. "Julie, listen to my voice and obey what I say. Stand up and remove your nightgown."

"But then you'll see me naked." Her voice was monotonous, without feeling.

"I am not here. There is just the clicking of the balls and my voice, and you must obey my voice. Remove your robe."

Julie stood and, without another word, pulled her hideous nightgown over her head. Stepford inhaled sharply at his wife's gorgeous naked body. Four years of marriage, and he had never had a view this good.

Professor Stepford stood up and grabbed his wife's breasts, delighting in seeing something he had only touched in the dark. He bent down and kissed her nipples. Julie just stared off into space, not responding in any way. He knelt and kissed her flat tummy and belly button. He loved seeing a woman's navel. Stepford licked her navel and ran his hand across her light-brown pubic hair. He couldn't resist moving around behind her and checking out her ass. He pulled her butt cheeks apart and stared at the cute little rosebud that was her asshole. He had never dreamed of fucking a woman's ass, but now whole new vistas were opening for him to explore. He wished he were eighteen again and not a fat, tired old man.



Stepford had to get moving, so he stood up. "Julie, from now on, you like showing off your body. You are proud of your figure and big breasts. Repeat: 'I love showing off my body.'"

"I love showing off my body," she began mumbling.

"As you say it, it becomes true."

Stepford left her there and took a quick shower, cut even shorter by the fact that there was no hot water. "Damn," he said, shivering under the cold water. He would have to call that damn plumber again to come fix the hot water heater. This was the second time it had broken down in three months. He'd call from his office, and he wasn't paying them another dime.

Stepford finished showering, dried off, and dressed. He returned to his wife, still mumbling about liking to show off her body. "Julie, I am going to leave my credit card on the table. After I leave for work, you're going to go shopping for new outfits to show off your sexy body. I want you to buy some short skirts and some halter tops. You love your navel and want to show it off. Buy clothes to show off your belly. You will also buy sexy lingerie. You particularly like garter belts. You also want to spend time working on your tan in the backyard, so buy a very skimpy bikini. Be careful not to get burned." His wife had beautiful fair skin that had never seen the sun's rays in its life. He thought she'd look even better with a tan. Plus, he wanted to show her off at the beach to all his friends. "Do you understand these instructions?"

"Yes."

"Then I will snap my fingers, and you will awaken. You will never question me when I try to hypnotize you in the future, and throw away that hideous nightgown. Oh, and don't spend over a thousand dollars." He was glad he had thought of that. The seminar had warned him about the proper commands so much that he was trying to be careful. She might have maxed out his credit card. This could be dangerous if you weren't careful, but then most people didn't have his superior intellect.

Stepford stopped the clicking balls before snapping his fingers. Julie smiled at him and kissed him on the cheek. "Have a nice day at work, dear," she said. Julie grabbed her robe and walked buck naked toward the kitchen garbage to throw it away, completely unconcerned about her nudity. He tossed a credit card on the table and left for work, a smug grin spread across his face.



Julie came home from shopping, wearing a halter top, miniskirt, and sandals. She had changed at the mall, throwing her old bulky clothes away. She carried five bags of clothes upstairs and into the bedroom. Julie stripped off her clothes and took the tags off her new bikini. It was a string-thong bikini that was borderline indecent. It barely covered her nipples, but it was stretched so thin you could clearly see them anyway. She bent down to pull the thong on, wincing as her newly pierced belly button pressed into her abdomen. "I love my sexy tummy," she said, rubbing her hand across the top of her belly. She thought the stud through her navel really enhanced the beauty of her belly and would draw more attention to it.

The only thing she didn't like was that her pubic hair stuck out all around the bottoms, but she didn't know what to do about that. She hurried downstairs to catch the late-afternoon sun. She had just finished oiling up her body in the backyard when the front doorbell rang.



Hank did a double take when the sexy slut opened the door. At first, he thought she was naked. The bikini was cream-colored and matched her skin tones. She stared at him blankly, completely unconcerned about her outfit. She seemed so different from the woman he had seen the last time he was here a month ago. "Hi Mrs. Stepford, I'm Hank the plumber, we met last time I was here. I'm here to look at the hot water heater."

"It's about time," she said. "It hasn't worked quite right since the last time. Come on in, you know where it is. I'll be out sunbathing if you need me."

Hank openly let his eyes wander down her body, and the bitch actually smiled at him. The little tease liked showing off her body. He leered at her bare ass as she walked over to the back sliding glass door.

Hank walked over toward the hot water heater and fixed it in less than ten minutes. The last time he was here, he had rigged it to break down again for two reasons. First, he had spied on Julie through the half open door to the bathroom while she showered. His eyes had widened and his dick swelled as he watched her step out of the glass enclosure. With the hot water out, she'd taken a cold shower and was shivering, but her big nipples were hard little rocks and goosebumps had risen on her areola.



She was fucking gorgeous and had a body built for porn. Hank had reached down and squeezed his cock as she grabbed a towel and began drying off her hot body. Then her stupid husband had yelled for her to hurry because the plumber needed to turn the water off. He'd slipped back into the bedroom and made his way back to the water heater with a hard dick. The next time he saw her, she was dressed in a bulky sweater that made her look chubby.

The second reason Hank had rigged the hot water heater to fail was that he was a sleazy bum and had been hoping to bill them for more hours. Of course, the jerk husband had called his boss and raised such a stink that this job was on the house. He walked out into the living room and stared at Julie through the window. Maybe he could get a different form of payment for this job?

Hank walked over to the refrigerator, grabbed a beer, and spent the next thirty minutes watching Julie lie out on a cot. She had oiled herself up thoroughly and turned over onto her back after ten minutes trying to get an even tan. Hank pulled his dick out and squeezed it, resisting the urge to jerk off as he hoped Mrs. Stepford would be sucking him off within a few minutes. He saw her get up and quickly threw the beer can away as she entered the house.



"All done?" asked Julie as the plumber came down the hall.

"Yeah, it took longer than I thought. Now let's see—that's one hour labor plus parts, which comes to two hundred dollars. Cash, please." He smiled when her eyes lit up with alarm. Her stupid husband hadn't told her there was a charge.

"What? I don't have that kind of cash on me. Can't you bill us?"

"Nope. It's cash up front only. No checks. Your husband had the money ready last time."

"He won't be home for hours. Can you come back?"

Hank tried to look angry. Any slut who would dress like that had to want it as bad as he did. She did a great job looking innocent, though. He had encountered the type before, they played hard to get, needing to be pushed into adultery. "Listen, Mrs. Stepford, I don't have all day. If you're playing games with me, you can talk to the police."

"Please, no," she said, tears forming in her eyes. The school paper printed all minor arrests, and this would humiliate George. "I didn't even know you were coming today. How about a credit card?"

"That's it. I'm calling the police."

"No! Please wait."

Hank paused near the phone. "Listen, Mrs. Stepford, there is one way I'd be willing to overlook your bill."

"Thank God," she said, relieved. "What is it?"

"Give me a blowjob."

Julie gasped in horror, though her mouth watered at the thought of sucking a new cock. "I can't do that, I'm married. I can't cheat on my husband."

"Come on, Mrs. Stepford. Everyone knows a blowjob ain't adultery. Besides, it's that or I call the cops."

"It isn't a sin?"

"Nope."



"What do you want me to do?"

"Well, you can start by coming over here and pulling my pants down," said Hank, while unbuttoning his shirt. This hadn't been as hard as he thought it would be.

Julie walked over to him and unbuckled his belt.

"It's easier if you kneel," he said. Julie knelt, looking up at him as she pulled his belt off. His shirt was open. He had a lean, muscular build, much nicer than her husband's body, but then Hank was much younger, closer to her age.

Julie was excited about seeing and sucking a new cock. Now that she knew this wasn't a sin, she could suck all the cock she wanted. She pulled his pants down, impressed by the bulge under his briefs. Julie reached up and pulled his underwear down, freeing his cock. "Wow!" Her eyebrows rose in surprise. "Your cock and balls are so big."

"Thanks," said Hank. His dick was perfectly average at six and a half inches. It was probably a little thicker than normal. Not that he was complaining, he liked being told he was big. "How big is your husband?"

"About an inch smaller," she said, kissing the head of his cock lovingly.

"You poor thing." She was running her tongue around the crown, sending shivers up his spine. "Do you like sucking cock?"

"I love sucking cock," she replied, holding his penis up so she could lick his balls.

"Do you swallow?" he asked, not that it mattered. If she said no, he would just grab her head and hold her so that he could cum in her mouth.

"I love the taste of sperm," she said before taking him in her mouth.

"Damn, girl, you suck cock like a slut. I wish my wife sucked dick like you. Fuck, I wish my wife looked like you."

Julie cringed at his foul language. She got the impression that Hank the plumber wasn't a very nice guy, but he did have a nice cock. She took the whole thing in her mouth and began rapidly bobbing her head while looking up at him. His flat stomach and abdominals were as different from her husband as his penis. She moaned with pleasure, bobbing her head faster.

"Here comes my nut, bitch," he grunted, and his cock jerked in her mouth.

Julie moaned as her mouth filled with hot cum, and she quickly swallowed his load. She wrapped her lips around the base and began milking out every last drop. She was surprised that the plumber's cock maintained some of its hardness.

"Ready to get this thing shoved in your pussy?"

"What?" She stood up rapidly, her breasts quivering under the bikini top. "How dare you talk to me like that."

"Come on, bitch, you know you want it."

"Get out of my house. What kind of woman do you think I am?"

"But I . . ."

"Get out!" Julie screamed at the plumber. The confused man pulled his pants up, grabbed his toolbox, and left. She had half a mind to phone his boss. Shame, he had turned out to be such a jerk. His sperm had tasted really good, and he came more than Stepford.

"My God, you're beautiful," said Stepford as Julie came out of the bathroom wearing a white lacy bra and panties with a garter belt just above her newly pierced navel. He had no idea the hypnotism symposium would have had this kind of payoff. First, he had come home to find Julie doing her housework in a teeny bikini, and now this.

"I'm glad you like it, George," said Julie seductively. "I hope it's making your cock nice and hard for me to suck."

Stepford was lying nude on the bed, and his cock had plumped up a little, but he wasn't used to cumming twice in one day, not at his age anyway. "It might need a little help getting there."

"Well then, we'll just have to make it hard," she said, taking him in her mouth.

It worked. "Hold on, dear," he said, feeling the cum welling up in his balls after a minute. "I want to fuck you tonight."

"Stepford! I expect that language from . . . from a plumber, but not a college professor."

"Sorry, dear." He had rolled off the bed and grabbed her hips, holding her on all fours.

"Good lord, what's gotten into you tonight? We're not animals." Julie rolled over onto her back and spread her legs.

Stepford sighed. He wanted to try new positions with her, but at least this gave him a good view of her body under the sexy lingerie. The panties were crotchless and so small that part of her hairy bush stuck out. He positioned himself at the entrance to her vagina and began rubbing his cock around it. Dry as a bone.

"Be careful lying on me," she said as he reached over to the nightstand for lubricant. "My belly button is still sore from the piercing."

Stepford looked at the tube of lubricant. "If you don't want to use it, sit on my chest and let me suck on you," said Julie.

Stepford had an idea. "Julie, I forgot to hypnotize you tonight. Let's go out to the table." He put on some boxer shorts and walked to the kitchen.

Julie got up, never questioning the fact that she needed hypnotizing in the middle of sex. She walked into the kitchen, her head turning to stare at her husband's desk toy on the table. The balls were clicking back and forth, click... click... click. She went under almost immediately.

"Julie, I want you to repeat: 'I love to fuck,' while you listen to my voice." He paused while she started mouthing the words. The word fuck had never escaped her lips before. "Sex is good. From now on, the sight of a hard cock makes you horny. It excites you so much that your pussy starts lubricating to prepare you for it. Your nipples will become hard and sensitive." She had some of the fattest, longest nipples he had ever seen, but they never hardened except when she was cold, and it always embarrassed her so much that she put Band-Aids over them. "You like getting fucked in different positions. Missionary is your least favorite. You especially like getting fucked from behind or being on top." That way, she would do all the work, and he could play with her tits. "Your pussy and body are so sensitive that every little touch feels twice as good." He wondered if he could make her cum. Julie had always been too uptight about sex to enjoy it.

Stepford knew he couldn't keep doing this every day. He didn't have the stamina to handle sex like he had at eighteen. He decided he needed a trigger for her behavior. He went to the bathroom to think about it, leaving her mindlessly repeating "I love to fuck" over and over, her eyes flickering back and forth at the clicking balls. He leafed through a *Penthouse* until he was finished.

"Julie," he said, returning to the table. "Listen carefully. Whenever you see a *Penthouse* or *Penthouse Letters* magazine and hear the word 'Penthouse,' you will go into a receptive trance. You will no longer need to stare at the clicking balls. You will act normally, but everything you hear for the next hour will be treated as a command that must be obeyed. You will become extremely horny." Stepford was no fool, he didn't want her hearing the word on some soap opera or something. "Do you understand?"

"I love to f . . . I understand. I love to fuck . . ."

"Good. Then when I snap my fingers, you will remember none of this, but you will act on everything I've told you. And one more thing, you're very embarrassed by your hairy bush. Go trim it. On second thought, shave it all and keep it smooth."

Stepford snapped his fingers and watched Julie smile at him, then blush. "I'll be right back, honey," she said.

He went into the bedroom and lay down on the bed. He kept reaching under his boxers and squeezing his cock every now and then to keep it hard. Julie returned a few minutes later, still wearing the lingerie. He could no longer see the brownish patch under her panties. "Now, where were we?" he said, raising his hips to pull down his boxers.

"Oh my," she said, staring at his cock. Her nipples started popping out.

"Julie, why don't you do a little striptease for me?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. I don't like to dance."

Stepford reached into the desk beside the bed and pulled out an old copy of *Penthouse*. "The girls in *Penthouse* always dance for their husbands." Her eyes widened as she stared at the magazine, and he could see her holding her thighs together. "Do a little striptease for me."

Julie obeyed, swaying her hips and running her hands over her body. She wasn't a natural, but her sexy body and lack of inhibitions made up for her inexperience. Maybe he would rent *Striptease* or *Showgirls* and make her practice.

"Ooh," she said, looking relieved to remove her bra. Julie had big areolas with nipples close to an inch long. Her nipples were now puffy and red from rubbing against the bra. They were completely hard, and she moaned as she tweaked them between her fingers. Julie continued dancing. She unhooked her garter and rolled the stockings down her legs. She then turned around and stuck her ass up in the air as she pulled her panties down. Her thighs glistened—she was so wet.

Stepford couldn't wait any longer. "Does this give you any ideas?" he asked, waving his cock at her.



Julie quit dancing, climbed on him, and with one quick motion took his entire penis inside her pussy. She was soaked. He had never felt her pussy so hot and inviting. He was in heaven as she bounced up and down on his cock.

"Stepford, something's happening. I feel funny. I feel funny." Stepford couldn't hold back. He leaned up and sucked one nipple into his mouth just as she came. "Oh my God," she moaned. Her eyes closed, and she quit bouncing as she shuddered from her first orgasm. He quickly turned limp, but she kept grinding their crotches together until she came again. She didn't stop until he had to yank his cock out of her. Julie opened her eyes and stared in awe at him. "Oh, Stepford, you made me cum. I love you so much."

"I love you too." She collapsed on him. He looked over at the clock. It had only been fifteen minutes since giving her the *Penthouse* command.

"Julie, why don't you go get me a beer and make me a sandwich?"

"Of course," she said, jumping off him. Nude, she ran out to the kitchen. She returned a little later with a plate and a beer. Stepford sat up to eat. Julie crawled between his legs and began nuzzling his cock. "I want to suck you off," she said.

"No Julie, you're tired, and you want to go to sleep." Julie yawned, moved over to her side of the bed, and crawled under the covers.

Stepford took a sip of beer. He had created the perfect subservient wife. He was happy; she was happy. What could go wrong?

Part 2: Something Goes Wrong



"Holy shit!" Billy did a double take when he saw Mrs. Stepford in the bikini. She tutored him in her husband's class, and he had just rung her doorbell. He had never seen her in anything so skimpy. In fact, he had never seen her show off any more skin other than her hands or face. He had expected she had a body hiding under her shapeless clothing, but he had no idea it was this hot.

"I see you like my outfit," said Julie. "I was just working on my tan. Go have a seat at the table, and I'll go change."

"Don't change on my account," he said, ogling her.

Julie seemed to think about it but said, "I want to keep you focused on your studies. I'll be right back."

Billy felt his cock growing as he watched her bare ass climb the stairs. Was it his imagination, or was she putting a little extra swing in her hips for him.

Julie flushed with pride at the effect her body had on the young man. She loved showing off her body, even though she didn't much care for Billy personally. He was an arrogant punk with more muscles than brains. She was only tutoring him so that he could pass Stepford's class and stay on the football team. She changed and returned downstairs.

Billy was rubbing an erection under his pants when she came into the kitchen. "With all due respect, Mrs. Stepford, that outfit sure isn't going to help me focus."

"You like?" She twirled around for him. She had changed into a half-shirt that showed off her belly and a short skirt. The skirt whirled up daringly close to her crotch as she spun around. She had left her feet bare.

Mrs. Stepford sat close to him and opened the psychology book. There was only one reason for this kind of behavior. She wanted him. He hadn't expected it previously, he hadn't even thought she liked him. Maybe the old man wasn't giving her any, or maybe she had heard the rumors about what he was packing in his pants.

Billy reached down and put his hand on her bare knee as he leaned over the text book.

Julie felt a wave of pleasure travel up her leg at Billy's touch. It grew as he slid his hand up toward her thigh. Julie picked his hand up and set it on the table. "What do you think you're doing?" she asked, a little flustered.

"Come on, Mrs. Stepford. You gotta know what seeing you dressed like this is doing to me."

"Billy, I'm a married woman, and you're my husband's student. I'm sorry if my new outfits have gotten you all hot and bothered. I will change into something less comfortable so you can focus."

"Wait! You can't leave me hanging like this. I won't be able to concentrate all day. Look what you've done to me."

Julie stared as Billy pointed to the outline of a rather sizable bulge under his pants. The fabric made it look huge, bigger than Hank the plumber. Her mouth watered at the thought of a big hard cock in her mouth. She hadn't had any sperm since yesterday.

"You gotta help me out here," Billy said, slowly unbuttoning his pants. He was staring at her face to see if she had any objections. He didn't see anything but interest, her eyes focused on his swelling bulge.



"Oh my God! You're huge," she said as he pulled it out. It had to be ten inches long and very thick. He put both her husband and the plumber to shame. She felt her nipples hardening at the sight of his big hard cock. The crotch of her panties was getting soaked too.

"Listen, Mrs. Stepford, unless we do something about this, we won't be able to get any studying done."

"I can't cheat on my husband," she said, though she wondered what something that big would feel like inside her. "How about I suck you off, and then we'll get right to work?"

"Sounds good to me," said Billy, facing the chair away from the table so that she could crawl between his legs.

Billy had the nicest cock she had ever seen. His balls were big also, and she hoped that

meant he would blow a lot of sperm. "You have a really nice cock, Billy," she said, kissing the head.

"You have a real nice mouth, Mrs. Stepford. Whoa!" He jumped as she immediately swallowed half his penis in her mouth. The bitch was really into it.

Julie sucked up until only the head was in her mouth. She ran her tongue around the head and then released it as she began licking down the shaft. She licked his balls and then returned to the tip. Julie took him in her mouth and began bobbing her head.

Billy couldn't believe what a horny little slut the prof's wife was. She was trying to swallow the whole thing. His cockhead must be halfway down her throat. Dozens of women had sucked him off before, but none had ever shown this much enthusiasm or seemed to enjoy it so much.

She was so good that he came in only ten minutes. "Here it comes, Mrs. Stepford." She bobbed her head up, and at first he thought she was trying to get it out of her mouth before he blew. Instead, she stopped with just the head in her mouth, jerking his shaft with her hand. She wanted to taste him!

His load caught her off guard. Billy watched her cheeks bulge out, and then she gulped rapidly to keep up with the flow. She made contented sounds as she jerked every ounce of sperm into her mouth. She kept sucking him, and his cock stayed hard in her mouth. She would have kept right on sucking him off again, but he had other ideas. "Come on, let me show you what my cock can do."

"What do you mean?" she asked, reluctantly taking her mouth off him. She was hoping for another load.

"Let's go up to your bedroom and fuck."

"I can't cheat on Stepford!"

"Come on, Mrs. Stepford," Billy said, grabbing her arm and pulling her up. "You know you want it. Quit playing games."

"Billy, you're hurting me," she said, jerking her arm out of his hand. Julie realized exactly how physically big a man the football player was. And seeing him towering over her with his huge cock hard, frightened her. "Just get out." She ran from the room and upstairs.

Billy followed her and knocked on the door to the bathroom as she locked it behind her. "Mrs. Stepford . . . Julie, I'm sorry I scared you. Come on out."

"No! Go away."

"Listen, I swear I didn't mean to hurt you. Come out and let me apologize."

"Just leave."

Billy walked into the bedroom, whistling softly at the sexy lingerie at the foot of the bed. The bitch sure knew how to dress to please a man. Billy wasn't about to force her into anything, but he still thought she was acting out some fantasy with him. He quickly stripped off his clothes and

climbed onto her bed. Her old man had a *Penthouse* lying next to the bed. He picked it up and started leafing through the pictorials.

Julie was crying as she sat on the toilet. Billy had really scared her. He had a very strong, masculine presence that both intimidated and attracted her. She didn't want to cheat on Stepford, but she loved to fuck so much that it was hard to turn down a cock like Billy's. She looked down at a copy of *Penthouse Letters*—the one that had taught her how to give blowjobs. Stepford was supposed to hide them under the pile in case they had guests. She picked it up just as Billy yelled from the bedroom, "I can sit here all day if I have to. Your husband left me a *Penthouse* to read."

Julie gasped as a new wave of horniness overwhelmed her body. She was hornier now than when she had first seen Billy's hard cock. Her nipples started rubbing against her bra. She reached under her shirt and removed her bra, her nipples were so sensitive. "Go away, Billy, George will be here any minute."

"The professor is in class. Come out here."



Julie stood up and walked to the door. She unlocked it and walked into her bedroom. Billy was lying nude in the center of her bed. His large, muscular body looked incredible compared to her husband's. His cock was still hard and made her mouth water. "Please leave," she said.

Billy held his dick up into the air. "How big is the professor?"

"His cock is only half your size," she answered.

"That ain't a cock. That's a little boy's penis. Something that small will never satisfy you. Only a big cock like mine can make you happy. You know it's true."

Julie started crying again; she nodded her head in agreement. It was true.

"Once a cock this big gets in you, it will ruin you for anything smaller. Take your clothes off. Show me that hot body of yours." Billy watched in awe as Julie pulled off her top and her big tits fell out. Her nipples were so hard—he knew she was into this as much as he was. His cock throbbed when he saw her shaved pussy; then he saw how soaked her panties were. "Damn, bitch, you want me bad."

"Yes," she said, still crying, her pussy clenching with need for Billy's cock.

"What are you so upset about?"

"I don't want to cheat on Stepford."

"He's a wimp. You deserve better. Your body was built for big cock."

Julie nodded and quit crying. She suddenly felt nothing but contempt for her husband. He was nothing compared to the stud lying nude on her marital bed. Stepford's little-boy penis was dwarfed by the mighty cock Billy was holding, pointed at the ceiling. "Come and get it," said Billy.

Julie practically leaped onto the bed, all inhibitions gone. She straddled him, lifting her hips up over his cockhead. He poised the tip between her labia, and she dropped to her knees. "I'm cumming," she screamed as all ten inches were buried in her pussy. Billy's cock awakened dormant nerves deep in her vagina, and the extra size prolonged the orgasm until it was almost unbearable.

"God damn, you're one horny slut," moaned Billy. "I've never felt a pussy so hot and tight."

Julie was looking at him with awe. His ten-inch cock had just ruined her for all other men. She was such a horny slut that she began raising her hips and slamming down hard, forcing Billy's cock deep into her pussy each time. She came again and again, each time collapsing onto Billy's hard chest.

Billy got tired of waiting for her to recover and rolled her over. He knelt between her legs, throwing them over his shoulders, and positioned the head of his cock at the entrance to her pussy. "Sluts like you love to talk dirty. Beg me to fuck you," he said, teasing her with just the tip.



"Fuck me, Billy."

"Not good enough. Tell me how much you love my big cock."

"I love your big cock. Fuck me with your big cock." Her pleas turned to screams as he slammed his cock back into her pussy. "Oh God, Billy—fuck me, fuck me. Your big cock's making me cum."

Billy fucked her for close to half an hour. He lost count of the number of times he had made her orgasm, but it was a record. She spent half the time thrashing on the bed, screaming out how good a fuck he was, and the rest of the time in an orgasmic bliss. He never failed to make his girlfriend's orgasm once or twice, but none of them reacted like this horny wife, the bed was soaked with her cum. None of them had bodies half as hot as Mrs. Stepford either, he thought, watching her breasts jiggle with each thrust of his cock. This woman fucked like a porn star; this wouldn't be the last time he came over and fucked her. This was going to be a regular thing. His cock started swelling, and he could feel his orgasm about to blow. "Are you on birth control?" he grunted out.

"No," she moaned.

"You want me to cum in your pussy?" he asked.

Julie's suggestive mind took it as a command. "I want you to cum in my pussy. Fill me up with your sperm."

Billy didn't have to be told twice. If she got pregnant, that was the professor's problem. He buried his cock in her pussy and shot jet after jet of sperm into her womb. Her eyes flew open in awe, and her pussy clamped down so tight around his cock that he thought she'd rip it off. A wave of her cum dripped down his balls. Julie's eyes rolled up in her head, and she passed out.

Billy extracted himself and dressed, leaving her asleep on the bed. He stared at her a moment, watching his cum trickle out of her pussy. "Wow," he said, and left.



Julie slowly opened her eyes; she felt incredible, liberated. She was a horny slut with a body built for big dick, and she had finally found a cock to satisfy her.

Her eyes came into focus, and she saw her husband staring at her in horror. "W-what happened?" he stuttered.

"I just got fucked by a real man."

"Who did this?"

"Billy."

"That punk from class? Julie, how could you?"

"How could I not? I wanted his big cock the moment I saw it. After fucking Billy, your little penis will never make me happy."

"Julie, look down at that magazine. *Penthouse*," he said as she looked at the magazine on the floor.

"Yes, I know it's a *Penthouse*, Stepford. I can read, you know."

Amazing, seconds after saying it, her nipples had swelled up again. "Julie, quit showing contempt for me. You love me deeply."

"I'm sorry, George, I love you. I just couldn't resist Billy's big cock. Please don't be mad."

"Exactly how big was it?"

"Twice your size. It stretched me out like crazy. I've never cum so much in my life. Just... just thinking about him..." Julie reached up and began squeezing her nipples, moaning as she tugged them. "Makes me want to fuck him again." Her crotch was rising, vaginal muscles clenching, sending more of Billy's semen leaking from her pussy.

George gulped. He had a low sperm count and couldn't have children. It had led to his divorce with his first wife. No doubt his punk student didn't have that problem. "Go change the sheets, then take a bath. I don't want any trace of that punk on you when you come to bed."

Stepford watched her leap to obey him. He had screwed up royally. He should have listened to all the warnings and been more careful with his hypnotic suggestions. What should he do? He could always make Julie forget about Billy, but he couldn't make Billy forget about Julie. He thought about it for a while, becoming more pissed at himself as he thought about it. He was too intelligent to make a mistake like this.

Julie came back just before the hour was up, so she was still suggestible. He hadn't made a decision yet. "Julie, get some sleep, and in the meantime, you're not to fuck him again."

She crawled into bed and went to sleep. Stepford didn't sleep quite so well.

The next day at class, Stepford had trouble concentrating on teaching. Billy sat toward the back, looking all smug. Hell, the jerk even had two of the hottest girls in school sitting next to him, laughing at his every word.

Stepford had hypnotized Julie in the morning and made her tell him everything that had happened. He couldn't believe that Billy had a ten-inch penis. Cocks that big didn't exist. The more he thought about Billy, the more he wanted to see that ten-inch cock for himself, to see Julie wrapping her lips around it, fucking it. He wanted both Billy and himself to enjoy Julie. He wanted to see them together before he made Julie forget everything she had done with his student. He'd have to hope Billy moved on to another woman.

Stepford got home late and ran to the bathroom. He leafed through *Penthouse Letters* until he found a hot story to his liking. He left it open beside the toilet.

Shortly after, a hypnotized Julie was getting really aroused as she read about the woman who took on two guys at once. That would really satisfy a horny slut like her. She had to try it.

Stepford had told her to take a shower and make herself gorgeous. She fixed her hair and makeup, then put on the lingerie with the garter belt she had bought. When Julie finished, she walked back to see her husband. He was holding up a magazine. "*Penthouse*," he said to her.

"Yeah, what about it?" she asked, feeling horny.

"Just shut up and listen," said Stepford. She shut up, and he continued. "Julie, you desperately crave two cocks at once. You want to have a threesome with two men. Go get Billy and bring him back here. Put your coat over the lingerie when you leave. Show him what you're wearing if he objects to coming here. Tell him he has to wear a condom. Refuse to have sex with him if he doesn't do what you want. Now go get him."

Billy lived in a dorm only ten minutes away, so Julie was still very susceptible to suggestion when she knocked on his door. "Well, well," he said. "I figured you could wait until my next tutoring session, but apparently not. Come in. What can I do for you?" he asked, with a knowing smirk.

"I want to have a threesome. I want to try two cocks at once."

"Well, you're not playing games anymore, are you?"

"No. Let's go back to my place."

"No, it's better if we stay here. Can't risk your husband catching us. Who did you have in mind to join us?"

Julie thought about it. She had no idea. Shame Stepford only had a little penis. If he had a cock, he could have joined them. "I don't know, Billy. I really need this."

"I don't know him all that well, but there's this German guy down the hall. I've seen his cock in the shower, and it looks even bigger than mine."

"That sounds great. I think he'll do fine," she said, shaking her head eagerly.

"Wait here. I'll see if he's in his room."

Billy returned about ten minutes later, followed by a blond-haired, blue-eyed giant. The man was around 6'4", and had a hard, chiseled face. He appeared even more muscular than Billy.

"Vell, vhat did you vant to see me for?"

"Hans, this is Julie. She's a married little slut who wants to try two men at once, and she likes well-endowed men."

Hans looked Julie over. His hard face never seemed to smile, but he nodded as if he approved of her looks. "Pretty. You aren't gay, are you, Billy?"

"Hell no. This is all her idea. She likes cock so much she begged me to find another guy for her."

"This true, Julie?" asked Hans.

"Yes, I love big cock, especially Billy's. And now I want to love yours."

Hans still looked doubtful, suspicious. "I'd be happy to fuck you, but..."

Julie pulled the belt on her coat and opened it, smiling at Hans as she let her coat fall to the floor. "Does this help change your mind?"

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Hans. For the first time, his face showed expression, and it was one of amazement. "You are magnificent." His hand came down to squeeze a swelling bulge.

"Fuck!" said Billy. She was wearing the lingerie he had seen on the floor of her bedroom. Billy had never seen a woman with a body this good, and he had fucked several dozen of the hottest girls in college and high school. "Well, Hans, If you aren't interested, I will go find someone who is."

"Ja, I fuck her," said Hans, his look of amazement turning to lust.

"Let's get started then," said Billy. He started unbuttoning his shirt, and Hans followed suit.

"Come over here and suck my cock," said Billy, pulling his pants down.

Julie was staring at Hans as he slowly revealed his chest. She loved his hard, muscled body. He looked like a Viking stud on the cover of a romance novel, though he kept his hair short in a military cut. She quit staring at Hans when Billy revealed his plump, half-hard cock. She was down on her knees, taking him in her mouth within seconds of seeing it.

"This bitch sure can suck cock," said Billy to Hans.

"Scheiße," said Hans, watching the sexy blonde woman sucking on Billy's big dick. "She swallowed it all."

"I-I t-tell ya, man, she loves it," said Billy, starting to sweat. He grabbed the back of her head and started fucking her face.

Julie squeezed her lips tight, moaning as Billy's cock slid in and out of her throat. She felt him swelling up and pushed her head back. She didn't want him cumming in her throat, she wanted to taste him before she swallowed his load. She was soon rewarded with a mouthful of cum, and the first wad was sliding down her throat just as he ejaculated a second, smaller load. Having already blown him, she was prepared for his large loads and swallowed every drop finding it delicious.

"Now my turn," said Hans as she was milking out the last drops of Billy's cum onto her tongue. Julie turned to Hans. He was still standing there, bare-chested with his pants on. "You're going to take my schlong out, but first, you strip for me."

Julie immediately started dancing to music in her head. She had watched *Showgirls* and *Striptease* over and over one afternoon, committing the dances to memory. She knew what turned men on, and she was delighted to see Billy's cock rising to attention again. She winked at him and tossed her bra over his cock so that it hung there. She turned back to Hans, he was staring at her long nipples, and she brought one nipple up to her mouth and teased it with her tongue. Julie then turned around and unhooked her garter. She licked her leg as she rolled her stockings down. Then came the panties, which were so wet she could have wrung them out. When she turned back to Hans, she was naked. Julie held her long hair up as she danced, thrusting her hips suggestively toward Hans' crotch.



"Enough," he said. "You suck me now."

Julie fell to her knees and was immediately impressed by the bulge under his pants, running her hand over it. She tore into him, yanking his pants down and kissing the bulge under his underwear. Julie kissed up his underwear and took the waistband in her teeth, pulling it out and down. A large cock smacked her in the face. "Wow," she said when she saw it.

"You like?"

"I like." It was probably close to eleven inches long and a little thicker than Billy's. The German's cock matched Hans' body in every way, hard and chiseled, like it was cut from granite. Even his balls were huge. The cock was perfect in every way except . . . "Where's the head?"

Billy laughed. "He's still wearing his turtleneck. Show her, Hans."

Hans smirked and pulled back on his foreskin until a large, golf-ball-sized cockhead emerged.

"I see," she said, kissing the tip and licking around the crown.

"Take it slow, slut. I want you to worship mein grober schwanz properly. I call it der Bratwurst. You'll love it."

Julie obeyed. She licked it all over, then lifted it up and licked his balls. He was right, she did love it. And with both men here, she loved the thought that she would get enough sperm to satisfy her. She moved back up to the tip and slowly began bobbing her head over the tip of Hans' cock, taking more with each thrust.

Julie was having difficulty with Hans' thicker size and was having to come up for air more often. "Take it all," ordered Hans. Julie redoubled her efforts and soon was sucking on his entire cock with ease. "Gott, this has never been done by any woman before. Absaugen mein sausage, you married whore."

"Hans, go lay on the bed," said Billy, waving his hard cock.

Hans nodded and backed toward the bed. Julie followed, walking on her knees, never letting his cock leave her mouth—even when he lay down on the bed and she crawled up between his legs.

Julie began deep-throating Hans' magnificent sausage. His cock felt so big and alive in her mouth that she wanted to suck on it forever, but her rhythm was thrown off as Billy shoved his cock into her pussy, and she orgasmed. She had been so intent on sucking Hans that she hadn't felt Billy come up behind her.

So this is what it's like to have two men at once, she thought. *It's wonderful,* but it was hard to concentrate on pleasing Hans when your pussy was getting speared by a ten-inch cock. She gave up and ended up jerking Hans off with her lips loosely wrapped around his cockhead so that she could scream when Billy made her cum. She was cumming so much that she was afraid she might miss out on swallowing some of Hans' sperm.

She didn't have to wait long. Hans' cock swelled up so big it did resemble a sausage. The thick veins running the length of his cock puffed up, and his entire schlong turned an angry red. When he came, his sperm filled her mouth completely, and she swallowed it down. Unfortunately, Billy gave her another orgasm at that moment, and Hans' cock sprayed her face as she reared back to scream. She quickly clamped her lips back around the head to catch the rest.

Billy pulled out and smacked her ass. "Get up, bitch," he ordered. She got off the bed while Billy took Hans' place, lying on his back. The big German stood off to the side, his cock still plump and half-erect.

"Mount me," said Billy, holding up his shiny cock so that she could straddle it.

Julie stared at Billy's gorgeous cock all shiny from her pussy juices. "Wait, you're supposed to wear a condom."

"Fuck that. You don't want me to wear a condom. Fucking bareback is much better."

"You're right," she said, nodding. "Bareback is better." Julie mounted him, moaning from another orgasm as she slid down his cock. She wanted to kiss him, but he seemed disgusted by the sperm on her face. He just wrapped her hair around his fist and held her head back so that he could suck on her tits. Her overly sensitive nipples triggered another series of orgasms.

Billy tired and pulled her hair to the side so that her head was lying on the mattress, looking at him. "Ah, ah, ah, ah. fuck me, Billy, ah, ah," she said over and over again as he bounced his hips on the mattress. He was looking over his shoulder at something.

Julie felt something push into her ass, and she wasn't sure she liked it, but her butt cheeks clenched, and she came again. It was one of Hans' fingers, and it was coated with something

that felt like Vaseline. He moved it around for a moment and then yanked it out. The finger returned, spreading more Vaseline around the rim of her ass.

"Ever been ass-fucked?" asked Hans, pushing his cock between her ass cheeks.

"Jesus, no," she replied, feeling disgusted at the idea. There hadn't been anal sex in the threesome story she had read.

"I will be first then, ja."

"No, Hans, you're too big. It'll rip me in two."

"I'm going to fuck your ass, so get ready," said Hans, and he pushed forward.

"Oh God," she cried. It felt like a golf ball was getting shoved up her butt. Billy had quit fucking her to allow Hans to push it in. The golf ball worked its way deeper; her ass never closed as the equally thick shaft followed the head. "It hurts," she cried.

Just before her hour-long hypnotic state expired, Billy whispered in her ear, "The pain will fade, and you'll love it." That was when she became an ass slut, not that she was surprised; her body was built for big cock, no matter what hole.

Julie was so stuffed with cock that she finally felt satisfied. She'd have to thank George for suggesting this. She could feel their shafts rubbing against each other, separated by only a thin layer of flesh. They slowly started to move. "I love it. I love you two. Fuck me with your big cocks. Fuck my ass. Fuck my pussy."



They started to move, awkwardly at first, but soon developed a rhythm as they got used to each other. "Let's alternate," said Billy. "You in, me out." They began pistoning their cocks into her body. Just as Billy's left her pussy, Hans shoved his into her ass, and vice versa. "Now together." Hans switched so that they were both fucking Julie together.

Billy pulled Julie's hair back and looked at her sperm-covered face. Her eyes were dazed and unfocused, and her tongue was hanging out. Her pussy was squeezing his cock tightly, spasming every time he shoved it in, and a constant stream of her cum was pouring over his balls. "This is pretty cool, Hans."

"Ja, sehr gut."

"Want to do it again sometime? I wouldn't mind that hot German bitch you flew here with."

"And I wouldn't mind that cheerleader you are dating."

"We'll see what we can do then," said Billy, looking forward to the partnership with his new friend.

Julie didn't seem to come out of her daze, but her body thrashed around as Billy came. Hans bellowed and gave several hard thrusts of his cock as he filled her ass with sperm.

"More, please," murmured Julie. "I'm spent," said Billy. "I got one more round left in my veapon," said Hans.

They left Billy and snuck off to the dorm showers. Hans wanted her to clean up. Afterward, she spent the next forty minutes with her legs wrapped around Hans' waist as he lifted her up and down his cock while the water cascaded over their bodies. She hoped Stepford would be pleased when she told him about her threesome.



Part 3: Stepford's Last Mistake

Julie had a dazed look and a dumb grin on her face as she left the college grounds. It was after 2:00 a.m., and Stepford would be worried, but he was the one who wanted her to have a threesome in the first place. He would understand.

Julie felt dehydrated and decided to stop at the convenience store for some bottled water. She grabbed a 20oz bottle and walked up to the counter. A giant Black man stood on the raised platform behind the register. He'd been reading a magazine when she came in. He had on a tank top to show off his huge tattooed arms. He had obviously spent a lot of time lifting weights. He was eyeing her up and down. She must look a sight, her hair was still wet from fucking Hans in the shower, and she wore nothing but a short coat with a bra, panties, and garter ensemble underneath it.

"\$1.69," he said in a deep voice.

Julie took a five out of her coat pocket. The Black man made her uncomfortable. She didn't like being alone with one late at night in a convenience store. She didn't care for black people. Her daddy had always told her to stay away from the dirty "N-words". Stepford didn't care too much for them either, hating the school's affirmative action policy. This one looked like a thug too with a buzzcut and sideburns. He had African features, broad lips, a flat nose, and an angry bitter

scowl. His dark eyes swept down her body, trying to see through her coat, taking in her white nylons and heels before moving back up to stare at her face.

She looked away from the predatory stare as he handed her the change. Her gaze fell on the magazine rack filled with filthy porn magazines behind the counter. The new issue of *Penthouse* was out on the top row. She stared at it, wondering if it had any good stories about threesomes. She must have stared too long because the Black man said, "Wanna buy that *Penthouse*?"

Julie shivered as a new wave of horniness coursed through her body. Her nipples popped out, rubbing against her bra as she looked up at the man. His name tag read *Omar*. "No, I don't approve of pornography."

"You're staring at it like you love pornography."

Her eyes flickered back to the magazine rack. I... love... pornography, she thought. "Yes, but give me something more hardcore."

Omar grinned. This sexy white woman was starting to intrigue him. "How about *Oui* or *High Society*, they're both more hardcore than *Penthouse*."

Julie shuddered moaning as a fresh wave of arousal poured down her thighs. "Yes, please. Give me both."

Omar grabbed them, ringing her up. "What exactly you looking for?"

"Maybe something with big... you know... big cocks."

Omar nodded knowingly. "You need to visit an adult bookstore for the good stuff," he said.

Julie nodded, she'd need to visit an adult bookstore for the kind of pornography she loved. "I will."

"I have something here you might be interested in," he said, reaching under the counter, pulling out the magazine he'd been reading.

"*Jungle Fever*," she muttered. She flipped through it, eyes widening. "It's all black men with white women," she said in shock at what she was seeing.

"Girl, if you love big cocks, you'll want to go black. Black guys have the biggest cocks around." Omar stood up from his stool, his crotch was eye level with the counter. She found herself staring at his sizable bulge. "You curious about black cock?" he asked.

Julie's mouth fell open as she watched one huge black hand come down and squeeze that monstrous bulge. A bead of sweat formed on her head as all these new thoughts surfaced in her brain. She wanted to see what a really big cock looked like which met she should go black. Julie gulped as his black hand left his bulge, the swell noticeably bigger. Julie nodded almost imperceptibly. "Yes," she muttered.

Omar smirked. "You want to see it, say it louder and ask me nicely."

Julie shuddered. "Yes, I'm curious. Show me... please?"

Omar looked around. The parking lot was empty except for his rundown old Honda and Julie's shiny Jaguar. He looked down at her white nylon clad legs coming out under the coat. "Show me what you're hiding under that coat." Now it was Omar's turn to be impressed. "Holy fuck," he growled when she opened the coat. His broad nostrils flaring as he stared at her flawless lingerie clad body. He hadn't been expecting that. "Damn gurl, your body is built for big black cock."



Julie shuddered. Her hard nipples scraped against the lacy bra, a fresh wave of arousal drooled down her thighs. "Let me see it," she stuttered, shivering with lust. She was so curious about black cock. She wanted to go black so bad. Omar unbuttoned his jeans and slowly lowered the zipper. He fished around inside his underwear. "Fuck me," she gasped in awe when he slammed his dark black cock on the counter. It was still slightly floppy, but as long and as thick as Han's uncut German cock had been hard. It laid on the open pages of the Jungle Fever interracial magazine. It swelled and extended slightly, rising up off the magazine showing a pictorial of a white wife fucking a black plumber.

"Imma gonna fuck you, but first come back here and suck my cock."

Julie nodded, not wanting to take her eyes off Omar's black cock. Omar pushed his jeans down and sat back on the stool. He watched in awe as the stacked white woman stepped up behind the counter. She dropped the coat as she approached him, falling to her knees. His cock had

risen, angled up from his crotch. She stared at it in awe. It was long and girthy, the glans were as big as a golf ball. Omar was dark skinned, but his penis was even blacker, almost a purplish black, crisscrossed with some very powerful blue-black veins. Hanging beneath it was a pair of hairy balls that would have made a bull jealous. "It's so big," she said in awe as she reached out for it, one hand wrapping around the thick shaft. It was so girthy her finger and thumb didn't touch. She could feel its heat and the powerful pulse beneath the veins. It swelled, bulging even more, turning fully hard. "It's a foot long!" she gasped in amazement.

"Closer to thirteen," he grunted. "You been craving black meat a long time, white gurl?"

"So long," she muttered, licking her lips. "You're my first." She scooted closer as she pulled the huge black cock down. She pressed her lips to the head and kissed the tip while looking up at the muscular black man.

“That a white boy’s ring?” he asked, staring at the large diamond sparkling on her finger as she held his black shaft.

“Yes,” she said, sticking her tongue out and licking around the swollen glans.



“His little white dick not big enough for you?”

“No,” she said, spreading her lips wide around the head, slowly starting to bob as she sucked the end of Omar’s cock. George’s little white dick would never satisfy her.

“That black dick gonna change yo life, white gurl. It’s gonna turn you out for the black man. You’re never gonna want white dick again.”

“Mmmm,” she moaned, sucking harder, his words registering as commands.

“Why you dressed like a slut, white gurl?”

Julie Stepford didn’t stop sucking the head of Omar’s big cock, but she remembered why she’d worn the white lingerie under her coat. She wanted a threesome with Billy.

“You dress like that for me? You on the prowl for some black meat, weren’t you? You keep dressing like a slut and I’ll give you all the black meat you want.

“Mmmm,” she moaned again, filled with a strange sense of confusion. Why did the thing with Billy and Hans happen? She didn’t want white dick, only a big black cock. She’d worn the lingerie for Omar, hoping he’d give her what she’d always wanted and it had worked. She was

finally getting some black dick. She shoved forward, the bulbous cock head, pushing down her throat, filling her, making her choke. She pulled up, coughing and gasping for breath.

"What's the matter white girl, that dick too much for ya?"

"Yes," she gasped. "It's too big." She gazed at it sadly, wanting to worship his big black cock with her mouth like it deserved, but it was way more than she could handle.

"No, it isn't. You just ain't used to sucking a real man's dick. Relax and take that black cock balls deep like a true slut."

She needed to try harder. She pulled it back down and began sucking again, this time relaxing her throat. She sucked up and down, swallowing more, wanting to gag, but fighting it. She breathed deeply through her nose, forcing more of his thick cock down her throat. His curly black hair came closer and closer, tickling her nose, and finally she became a true slut, her lips pressing into his crotch.

"Fuck yeah, slut," groaned Omar. "You and me gonna have a lot of fun together."

For the next half hour, she worshipped the big cock in her mouth like it was her god. She heard several people come into the 7-11. First, what sounded like some drunk college kids, and a little later a cop came in and chatted with Omar for about ten minutes. The Black man just apologized for not getting up, saying he had hurt his knee.

Luckily, the store was empty when he blew his load. "Take my nut, slut," Omar grunted, grabbing her head just as his cock exploded, and his first wad overflowed her mouth, spilling down her chin. Afraid of spilling more, Julie clamped her lips down around his bucking cock, holding the shaft with both hands to keep it steady, and opened her throat. The rest of his large load of sperm slid down her throat and mixed with Hans' and Billy's sperm in her belly. For the first time, she felt full.

"Damn gurl, you a pro at sucking black dick. Now get up and go wait in your car. My replacement will be here in a couple of minutes, and we'll go back to my place and fuck."

Julie walked out of the store and slid into her Jaguar. She couldn't wait to feel his cock in her pussy. She had fantasized about Black men her whole life and couldn't understand why she had waited so long to do this. Her hand slid under the lace panty, her fingers feeling the heat and wetness of her needy pussy. "Hurry, Omar," she moaned, slipping several fingers inside her. Another car pulled up and what looked like a tattooed stoner got out, entering the store, greeting Omar. His replacement. She didn't have to wait much longer. Omar came out a minute later, rapped on her window and told her to follow him.

He lived in an old, run-down apartment in the Black part of town, a part of town she had avoided but was now starting to think of as a hunting ground. "My wife's a nurse and works the late shift, so we can fuck till dawn." Julie nodded her approval.

Inside, the Black man quickly stripped off his sweats and stood naked in his bedroom.

Julie stared at his muscular chest and arms. They were huge, as were his legs. "I've never seen a man with as many muscles as you," she said.

"I just spent ten years in prison. Ain't much to do there but lift weights."

"What did you do?" she asked, opening her coat and letting it fall to the floor.

"Just got caught with some drugs. Don't touch the shit now. Luckily, my wife waited for me, though I think she found some cock on the side. That's why I don't feel too guilty giving some to you."

"Thank you," she said, feeling lucky for finding such a generous man.

"Now, as much as I love the outfit, I want to see what you're hiding under it. Strip for me."

Julie started swaying her hips and slowly undid her lingerie. His cock was hard again by the time she was nude. "Damn, you're one fine-looking bitch. I love the shaved pussy and those long nipples. Your body was built to handle Black cock. Come here."

Julie walked over to him, and he played with her nipples until she was squirming in his hands. He threw her on her back on the unmade bed and knelt between her legs, pushing his cock down so that it was pointed at her pussy. She couldn't wait any longer. "Oh God, fuck me. Shove that big, beautiful black cock in my pussy."

Omar shoved the head in. "Man, your pussy's soaked at the thought of having a black man."

"Yes, please fuck me. I want it so bad."

"You're a real black cock loving slut, aren't you?" He asked, shoving a little more in.

"I love black cock."

"You can't get enough black cock."

"No, that's why I want it so bad."

"You'll do anything for my big black cock. Say it, slut."

"I'll do anything you want, just give me that big black cock."



Omar slammed it in and watched as she thrashed around from an orgasm. This was a dream come true for him too. He had always wanted a white woman but never dreamed he'd find one so hot who liked being dominated. He fucked her hard and fast, watching her scream, moan, and thrash as she had orgasm after orgasm. Her pussy felt like a vise grip wrapped around his cock. "It turns you on, fucking a convict, doesn't it?"

"God, yes," she screamed, huffing and puffing.

"Fuck yeah," he grunted. "You protected, white gurl?"

"No, not safe," she gasped, her hips bucking up into the rapid thrusts of his powerful black cock.

"You want me to cum in your pussy?"

"Cum in my pussy."

"Good, cause I wasn't gonna pull out. You want my black seed, slut?"

"Yes! God, yes! Fill my womb with your seed."

"I'm gonna put a black baby in that belly."

"Do it! Give me a baby. Fill me with your sperm." Julie and Stepford had talked, and neither had wanted children. Now she wanted a black baby more than anything. Omar grunted, and his cock jerked in her pussy. He sprayed his semen deep into her womb, triggering a series of orgasms. Billy and Han's sperm didn't stand a chance as Omar's voluminous semen overwhelmed them. He collapsed on top of her, and they rested for a while.

"Can I fuck your ass?" he asked, getting off her.

"I'll do anything for black cock."

"That's what I like to hear." He grinned and slapped her thigh. "Turn over." Julie got in the doggy position while he went to get some lubrication. He returned, stroking some Vaseline onto his cock, and knelt behind her. Her asshole was already open, and it was red. "You little slut, you've already been fucked in the ass."

"Yes, but not by a black cock."

"Good. From now on, you only fuck black men. Understand?"

"I'm turned out, Omar. After what you just did to me, I'll never touch a little white dick again," she said happily. Julie wiggled her ass back at him.



Omar pushed it in, loving how tight she was. The white girl seemed discomforted at first but quickly got into it. No woman, not even his wife, had taken it up the ass before, and he wasn't about to let this little slut go. "What's your name, slut?"

"Julie."

"Well, Julie, my wife works nights on the weekends and a double shift Tuesdays when I'm off. Come over on those nights, and I'll give you all the Black cock you want."

"I'll be here, but I don't think I can ever get enough Black cock."

"Well, maybe I'll invite some friends," he said, slamming his cock into her hard. "Most of them been in jail, and they ain't had a good fuck in years. Would you like that, slut?"

"I'd love it."

Omar fucked her until dawn, giving her a hard slap on the ass as she left.

An exhausted Julie walked into the house and threw her coat across the back of the chair. Stepford was waiting in it, fast asleep. He awoke with a start. "Julie, thank God. I was so scared." He looked down at her body. The lingerie was twisted and at an awkward angle, as if hastily thrown on. Her hair was matted down as if it had been wet, and flecks of dried sperm were on her chin, chest, and belly. "Julie, where were you?"

"I went over to Billy's for a threesome."

"You were supposed to bring him back here."

"We did it there with a German student down the hall."

"I was supposed to be one of them."

"But I needed real men with big cocks, and you only have a little penis."

Stepford groaned. This whole thing had been a disaster. The hypno symposium had warned him, but he hadn't listened. "Julie, I need to hypnotize you." He wanted her in a deep state so he started the balls swinging.

Click... click... click...

She went and sat at the table, staring at the balls, soon in a deep trance. "Tell me everything you did at Billy's," he ordered. She did, and tears were falling down his cheeks as she got to the part where Hans had fucked her ass. All he had wanted was a blowjob and for her to loosen up a little.

"Julie, listen closely. I want things back to normal. You will no longer fall into a suggestive state when you see a *Penthouse* magazine and hear the word 'Penthouse.' You will forget every command I have given you under hypnosis. You will forget every command Billy gave you under hypnosis. When I snap my fingers, you will wake up, and from now on your mind will be too active to hypnotize." Stepford was about to snap his fingers when he caught himself. "And you will also forget every command the German kid gave you. Forget about Billy and Hans." He snapped his fingers.

Julie woke up, smiled at her husband, and walked up to bed.

The next morning, he came downstairs and was relieved to see she was dressed in her bulky old clothes and smoking a cigarette. Two trash bags were sitting on the floor, containing her bikini and other sexy outfits. He'd miss those. "I guess the hypnotism didn't work," he said.

"Sorry," she said, taking a deep drag. It tasted like her first puff in days. "I didn't believe in that stuff anyway."

George left for work, a relieved smile on his face.

Tuesday rolled around a few days later. Stepford got home and tossed his briefcase on the table. The kitchen was empty and he was a little grouchy; she hadn't prepared any dinner. He was also horny and hoped he'd be able to talk Julie into sex later. He would have liked a

blowjob, but he would have to live with never having one again. He snuck up the stairs, hoping to catch a glimpse of her nude body in the shower.

The professor frowned when he entered his bedroom. One of the trash bags of her sexy clothes was on the bed, her bikini and other outfits spilled out of it. He came around to her side of the bed and sat down by the trash bag. Her nightstand drawer was slightly open, giving him a glimpse of a glossy magazine. He pulled the drawer open, eyebrows shooting up when he saw the copy of *Oui*. He pulled it out revealing another porn magazine, *High Society*. Confused, he looked back down, his mouth falling open as he stared at the copy of 'Jungle Fever'. A topless white woman on the cover with a dark skinned black man behind her, his large hands covering her breasts. An interracial magazine! He lifted it out, gasping in shock. Beneath it was a ratty VCR cassette called 'Blacks on Blondes', but the interracial video wasn't as horrifying as the huge black dildo lying next to it. "Julie! What the hell is this," he yelled, just as she came out of the bathroom.

"That's my black dildo, silly," she said.

George stared at her in horror, the color draining from his face as he stared at his wife. She was dressed like a slut. She wore a tight dress covered in cutouts showing her skin. She wore no bra, and he could see her nipples poking out through the thin material. She had also fixed up her hair and put on a lot of makeup. "Why are you dressed like that?"



"It's Tuesday, I'm going out to get some black dick."

Something was wrong. Stepford grabbed the *Penthouse* from her drawer and held it up. "The new *Penthouse* came today."

"Great, leave it on my side of the bed when you're done with it."

"You hate porn."

"No, I don't. *Penthouse* is a little tame, but I enjoy the stories."

"What do you mean black dick?"

"Omar's going to feed me that big black cock of his. You should see it George," she said, her eyes lighting up. "It's more than a foot long!"

"Who's Omar?"

"The big black guy that works at the 7-11. I've been wanting to try black dick my whole life so I went in there late at night and seduced him. It wasn't hard. I wore that lingerie..."

"The night you met Billy and Hans?"

Julie's brow furrowed. "Who are Billy and Hans?"

"Julie, you can't go out and have sex with some black guy."

"Omar's not just some black guy, George. He turned me out for the black man."

She headed downstairs and he followed. "But what about me?"

"Sorry honey, I'm black only now. I guess I should have told you."

George was still holding the penthouse. He held it up in front of her. "Penthouse, Penthouse, Penthouse," he said desperately, but she showed no reaction.

"George, what's wrong with you? You're acting weird tonight."

"I just found out my wife's into black guys," he said, angrily. "Julie, look at this." He took a few steps to the table and started the balls on Newton's cradle.

Click... click... click

Her eyes followed the balls.

"Julie, listen to my voice, you do not like black men..."

"I don't like black men," she repeated.

George sighed in relief.

"But I love big black cocks," she finished, stopping the balls. "Don't wait up."

George Stepford followed her to the door, sinking down into his recliner in defeat. "But what about dinner?" he asked as she was leaving out the door.

Julie paused and gave it some thought, her eyebrows shooting up. "I'll bring you home a creampie. Cucks love creepies."

"I'm not a cuck..." he muttered, as she shut the door.

The End