

The
CAGE FIGHTER
Takes a Wife

Bobbi Love

Interracial/Cuckold Erotica

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Part One

Tears were shimmering in her translucent blue eyes as she watched her husband limp to the car.

"David?"

No response.

"Dear?"

Brandy's husband had seen better days. Both of his eyes were blackened, three of his ribs were broken, he couldn't put any weight on his left foot, and there was a large gash above his left eye. Unfortunately, there was still a distance of twenty feet between them and their destination. Every step David Roberts took was accompanied by the shake of all the pain pills he'd just been given by the medical doctor.

Brandy wiped away the tears —making sure that he didn't see her— and said, "Are you sure you don't need a hand, honey?"

He came to a full stop.

"For the millionth time," David snapped, "I'll be fine, goddamnit! Just get in the goddamn car! I want to get out of this goddamn place as quickly as possible."

Brandy looked around the parking lot, which was mostly empty by now. It could have been worse. A few hours ago the coliseum had been packed with more than 20,000 screaming fans who'd come to see the blood, the sweat, and the high-level mixed martial arts.

Brandy's husband was a professional fighter with a long career behind him. Before, he'd had a few losses, a few split-decisions that didn't go his way, but nothing like tonight. Tonight was the first time that anyone had ever seen David get completely annihilated in the cage. Already people in the MMA world were beginning to doubt whether or not David would ever fight again. It wasn't a question of whether or not he'd suffered some brain trauma tonight. It was a question of how much brain trauma he'd suffered.

It was a large truck: a 2016 F-150 on enormous customized wheels which pushed the vehicle even higher into the air. Brandy had never been overly fond

of the truck on account of its loud exhaust and inconvenient height. Whoever designed the vehicle certainly had never tried to get inside while wearing pumps and a mini-skirt, which was what she'd worn tonight.

"Don't worry," David said, noticing his wife's hesitation. "I can do it myself. Just get in please. It's starting to rain."

Brandy felt the rain too but it was something else that had given her pause. She stood there, not moving, watching as her husband limped towards the passenger-side door.

Finally, in a tiny voice, she said, "Dear?"

"What is it now!"

"You want me to drive?" she said quietly.

"Well, I sure as shit can't drive tonight!"

He was almost unrecognizable to her. His eyes were pinned, but filled with rage at the same time. She kept her stare low. "But you know I can't drive a stick, right?" she said. "I mean..."

His lips narrowed with irritation. As she continued to be glued to her spot, he came limping back in her direction, those pill bottles angrily shaking with each step.

Then he caught her arm and drew her up against him. He was a large physical man, but all the bruises and limited mobility diminished his ability to intimidate her. Still, compared to her soft body, he felt hard and powerfully male.

"Baby? I'm sort of having a rough day," he said in a strained voice. "I know that I'm asking the world here, but could you please do me one small little favor and just drive the fucking truck? Is that too much to ask? I'd very much like to get home so that I can figure out how I'm going to keep putting food on our table and keep a roof over our heads. Is that okay?"

While David spoke to her, Brandy kept her eyes down on the ground. The rain was coming down harder now, slicking her long dark hair against her scalp. To make matters worse, Brandy had chosen to wear a lacy white off-the-shoulder

top tonight, which thanks to the rain, meant her nipples were clearly poking through.

"Okay, I'm sorry, dear."

On his way to the passenger-side door, David let loose a string of curses.

Brandy took a moment to gather herself. She'd never been one to back down from a challenge. And she was sure that she could get them home safely tonight. Besides, it was only the starting and slowing down parts that gave her trouble with a manual transmission. Most of the drive would be on a long, flat highway.

By the time she was pulling herself into the driver's seat, David was already out cold. This didn't surprise Brandy because she remembered seeing all the pain pills he'd gulped down already. She fitted the key into the ignition and started to drive.

It took several false starts to get them from the parking lot to the large metal gate outside. Just as the F-150 reached the gate, however, Brandy got the brake pedal confused with the clutch pedal, nearly causing a traffic accident with a shiny red sports car.

There was a loud screech of wheels on wet cement, followed by car horns, and then everything was quiet. Very quiet.

Brandy's heart was thudding in her chest. Reaching for her seatbelt, she looked over at David who was still knocked out cold. It was a small relief too. It was certainly better than him realizing that she nearly killed both of them.

After Brandy got out of the truck, she saw the driver of the other car. He was already walking around the red sports car, looking for any signs of damage. Brandy hoped that he wouldn't find any either since it was clearly her fault and the sports car looked insanely expensive. It was the sort of car you'd see on posters hanging in dorm rooms.

"I'm so sorry," she said right away. "Are you okay?"

The man was near the back of his car, crouching, obscured by the large aerodynamic wings bolted to the car's back. It was only when he rose to his full height that Brandy realized who she'd nearly hit.

"It's you!" she gasped.

The large black man smiled. Little pebbles of rain were striking against the shaved dome of his head as he spoke: "Listen, if you wanted to kill me, you could have just asked for a re-match. You don't have to run me over in the streets!"

He started laughing.

Brandy was annoyed by his affable demeanor. And yet, she was too dumbfounded to talk, to say a single word. She still couldn't believe it: how rotten her luck was. What were the chances? Out of all the cars to run into... It had to be his!

The Black Beast!

Quietly, she watched as he turned and started walking towards her. With each step he seemed to be getting larger and larger until all 265 pounds of shredded black muscle were right before her.

He was no longer wearing the taut little briefs he fought in. Now he wore a pair of tailored slacks and a muscle T-shirt that was visibly stretched by his enormous tattooed arms and that wide chest. A natural heavyweight, he was so thick and strong. Brandy remembered the first time she heard that her husband was supposed to fight him: Marc "The Black Beast" Odell. Call it a woman's intuition, but she'd had her doubts from the get-go.

"Nice truck," he said.

Trying to temper the animosity between them, she smiled and said, "Thanks."

"Where's David at?"

Brandy pointed. "Sleeping, actually."

Of course this was his place to do a little gloating, get off a few free shots, bolster his inflated self-esteem. But to the man's credit, when he learned what the situation was, he only looked concerned and offered to help.

"Thanks," Brandy said, noticing that his eyes were now pointed at her chest like

she was a contestant in a wet T-shirt contest, "but we're fine."

Without saying another word, Marc went back to his car and came back with a black T-shirt. He tossed her the T-shirt and said, "You mean, you have someone coming to pick you up? Someone who can actually drive that behemoth?"

In all honesty, Brandy's confidence in driving the truck was shrinking with every second. But there was no way that she was going to give him the satisfaction of thinking that she was distressed. "Like I said, we're fine. Thanks for asking. Is there anything actually wrong with your car, because I'd very much like to get out of the rain."

"Look, this is crazy," Marc said, his voice deep and very authoritative. "There's basically a zero chance that you get home in this weather without some collateral damage. Honestly, I feel like if I don't intervene, I might have the death of some random traveler on my head. How about this? I'll leave my car here. No problem. Then I'll drive you guys home, call a cab, come back to get my car. No problem."

Brandy just stared at him for a few long moments, trying to establish his motives. But she had no evidence, no specific reason to suspect that he was trying to manipulate the situation for his own benefit. If anything, he should help! After all, he was the one responsible for this situation in the first place.

Placing her tiny fists on each hip, Brandy looked up at the black man and said, "Alright, but just so you know, I'm not paying for your fucking cab back here!"

"Wouldn't have it any other way," he said with a broad, triumphant grin. "Also, you seriously might want to think about putting that T-shirt on. After all, you're a married woman."

Brandy nodded, pulled the T-shirt over her head, and went back to the truck to wait for Marc to come over and drive her and David home

Part Two

The square little two-bedroom house was dark and seemed to be dead when the truck's headlights swept across the windows. The ride had been uncomfortable, but at least it wasn't too far. After fishing her keys from her purse, Brandy headed for the front. She opened the door and watched as Marc carried David's lifeless body over his shoulder. David was no small man; and he would have been a handful for two guys. But Marc was so naturally big and strong that he carried David around like it was nothing.

"White boy delivery service," Marc quipped in the living room. "Where do you want this one ma'am?"

Despite herself, Brandy smiled and pointed towards the hallway leading to the back bedroom. "On the bed please. And once again, thank you. I'm sure he'd rather sleep there than in the truck."

"Don't worry, our installation services come with a full guarantee, ma'am. If this white boy gives you a hard time we'll just come back here and give him an ass whooping!"

"Want a beer while you're waiting for the cab?"

Marc was already halfway down the hallway. "Yeah, that would be great actually!"

"Did you call them yet? The cab company?"

"Just about to do that right now," he said.

After walking into the kitchen, Brandy opened the refrigerator and bent to see what they had. It was a little disheartening to see how little there was too. People always thought that professional fighters were filthy rich and nothing could be further from the truth. Some professional fighters were millionaires, but the vast majority of them were living paycheck to paycheck. Unfortunately, the check from the promoters probably wouldn't clear in the bank for another few days. It was always those weeks leading up to one of David's fights when things got the leanest.

"No beer either," she said under her breath. "Rats!"

After scanning the mostly empty shelves for the tenth time, Brandy's eyes went back to the giant steaks and bottle of white wine. It was a custom for her and David to have a nice big steak dinner after his fight. He'd lost before, but this was the first time that he couldn't stay awake long enough to even eat. Which really sucked for Brandy because she was actually starving.

"Anything good?" said the black man, suddenly filling the kitchen with his massive presence.

Brandy looked over her shoulder, narrowing her eyes. For a second she thought he was looking at her ass. But now his eyes were off in a different direction and she didn't want to accuse him and make a fool of herself.

"You call the cab company yet?" she said.

"Just did. They said it will be 20 minutes. How about those beers?"

She opened the refrigerator door wider for him to see. "Sorry. No beers. I assumed incorrectly."

"That's okay, those steaks look pretty good. I'll just take one of those. Medium rare, please."

"I bet you would," she countered stubbornly. "I bet you would like to have one of those steaks."

She slammed the refrigerator door. She looked up at him, establishing eye contact. This was her kitchen, her house, and she wasn't going to back down. Even if he was a giant. Even if he did have muscles all over. Even if his body was covered in prison tattoos.

"Damn, that T-shirt looks good on you," he said, deftly pulling his cell phone out and snapping a picture before Brandy had time to react.

She looked down at her shirt —gasped in surprise. "What?!?"

Earlier, her mind had been too addled to realize that on the front of the black T-shirt there was a picture of The Black Beast. The fucking prick had made her wear a T-shirt with a picture of the man who'd beaten up her husband! Conceded bastard!

He was still laughing, looking down at his cell phone, at the picture he'd just taken. "Of course I would never do this," he said, "but how great would it be if I posted this picture on my Twitter? How funny would that be? Wouldn't that be hilarious? Knock the dude out. Then his sexy wife is walking around with my shirt on? Ha!"

Brandy began groping for some witty comeback, but found none. The longer he stood there laughing the more embarrassed she felt. Just when she started to think that he was a genuine person, it turned out that he was playing her, making a fool out of her! Already Brandy could feel the embarrassment turn into anger. "I'll be right back!" she said. "Don't touch a thing!"

Avoiding eye contact, she briskly walked back to the bedroom where David was still sleeping. Seeing him like this wasn't easy for Brandy. Part of the reason for being the wife of a fighter was the sense of security it gave her. Brandy loved walking into a room with David, knowing that her man could protect her against anything and anybody. Only, that wasn't the case. Images of David crumbling to his knees in the cage kept reappearing in her head. The Black Beast hadn't just won tonight, he'd completely humiliated her husband —made it look easy too. The idea made Brandy sick to her stomach.

She removed The Black Beast T-shirt first. A few moments later she was standing in her bra and panties when her nose started to twitch.

Cooking?

What the fuck?!?

She anxiously threw on a set of dry clothes and practically jogged back into the kitchen. The black man was standing at the stove, happily humming a playful tune. His broad, intimidating back was to her. He really was a big beast of a man, she thought. And though her footsteps had echoed loudly, he apparently didn't realize she was there.

Brandy angrily cleared her throat. "Excuse me?"

When he didn't respond, Brandy demanded cantankerously, "What do you think you're doing in my kitchen? Who gave you the right? The fucking right?"

This got his attention. Now Marc turned. When he saw her small, feminine body

standing in the threshold of the doorway, giving him that censorious stare of hers, his expression inexplicably brightened.

"What's so funny?" she said.

"Damn, you're not even trying to look sexy, but you can't help it, can you?"

Brandy impatiently looked down. She wasn't wearing anything special. Just a little T-shirt and a pair of gray work-out shorts that clung to her womanly hips. She sighed, defensively coiled her arms across her chest.

"Personally," he said, "I thought you looked better in one of my T-shirts. Why don't you go put that back on?"

Her eyelids were fluttering with indignation. "No!"

He shrugged, turned back to the stove. "Suit yourself."

Discretely making sure that her thong wasn't visible in the little gym shorts, Brandy then said, "What exactly do you call yourself doing anyway?"

"Don't worry, I'm cooking one for you too."

She stared at him with undisguised dismay. Brandy recognized extreme rudeness when she saw it. "I don't believe I gave you permission to go rummaging in my refrigerator."

He waved a hand. "How do you want yours cooked anyway?"

Losing patience with every passing moment, she snapped her fingers at the giant black man and said, "Can't you hear? Are you listening to what I'm saying?"

Suddenly he turned, his eyes hard and cold, his jaw fixed. The change was so instantaneous that Brandy nearly gasped out loud.

"Look," he said, visibly trying to rein his temper, "I'm tired, hungry, and perturbed that you've put me in this awkward situation. I've tried to be nothing but helpful to you and your husband tonight, and you're just standing over there, looking at me like I'm some burglar who's come a'crawling through your window."

He aimed an accusatory index finger at her.

"Since I got you home safe," he said, "the least you could do is feed me. Do you want me to starve to death?"

It sounded strangely reasonable to Brandy. And a moment later she found herself saying something even stranger. "Alright, but please, get out of the way. I don't want you burning down my place. Besides, the only person who cooks in this kitchen is me. So: get out of the way!"

Smiling broadly, Marc said, "Yes ma'am! Wouldn't have it any other way!"

"And when that cab comes, you're on your way out. Don't worry, I'll loan you some Tupperware for the road."

"Aw shucks," he said. "You just want to give me a reason to come back here."

She rolled her eyes while Marc lumbered over to the kitchen table. After the steaks were cooked Brandy decided to go ahead and open the bottle of wine. It was only after they'd started eating that she realized how bizarre the situation was: sitting at the table, eating David's food with the man that knocked David out. Brandy knew that she should feel more guilty about it, but she was so tired and hungry that she decided to worry about it later.

"Wow, this is delicious. Your hubby is a lucky man."

"Thanks. I'll make sure I tell him that."

"... When he wakes up."

"Yes, of course. When he wakes up."

"I've never been knocked out before," Marc said. "Did you know that?"

"No, not really," she lied.

"Actually, I've never been beaten before."

"What about that grappling tournament?" she said. "I mean, I've heard that you lost in grappling."

Marc looked at Brandy, chewing his steak slowly and thoughtfully. "Maybe you know more about me than I thought."

"Doubt it," she said right away.

"I meant MMA," he said. "I've never lost in MMA."

"Oh."

"Do you like the fights?" he asked.

"Not really. Too nervous. I mean, they make me feel too nervous. Do they make you nervous?"

"I won't lie," he said. "I'm always nervous before. In fact, sometimes I'm almost scared. But what's the worst that could happen? The worst that could happen is what happened to your hubby tonight. That's the worst. Only, it would be worse for me."

She leaned forward, putting her hand on the table. "Why's that?"

"Because I won't have a beautiful woman taking care of me."

Brandy didn't want to admit that she'd seen the pictures of Marc surrounded by different women, all of whom were beautiful enough to be professional models. He was a MMA superstar and had been on ESPN, late night talk shows, and several Hollywood movies now. He was big and powerful and wealthy; professionally his record was unblemished. It was only natural that women would find him attractive despite his heavy African features.

After the plates were empty, and after the wine had been completely drunk, Brandy turned and consulted the clock on the wall. "Didn't you say twenty minutes?"

Marc had just used a paper napkin to wipe some juices from his thick, purplish lips. His chair was slightly pulled away from the table and both of his massive legs were sprawled comfortably. It looked like he was sitting in his own kitchen. And he didn't look like he was in a hurry to go anywhere. "Huh?"

"Your cab," she said.

"Right!"

She looked him up and down. "You did actually call a cab? Didn't you?"

"Sure."

"Well do you want me to call another cab, just to be on the safe side?" she said.
"I'm sure you have better things to do than sit around my kitchen."

He tossed the paper napkin onto his plate and gave her a mischievous grin.
"Naw, not really. I thought we were having a good time."

"After I clear the table," she said, rising from her chair abruptly, "I'm going to call another cab company. I'd really hate to delay you. I'm sure that you have some celebrating to do."

"I like talking to you," he said.

"Do you mind?" she said.

Marc realized that she wanted to take his plate. He leaned back further, allowing her access. When she bent over he got a strong whiff of her perfume. It was intoxicating—a deadly feminine scent that sent his blood boiling with lust. It took every ounce of strength in his body to keep from grabbing her and pulling her onto his lap.

What was better than a steak and a blowjob?

Nothing.

"Thank you," she said politely.

"No, thank you," he said, his cock uncomfortably pressing against the front of his slacks.

Then his dark eyes narrowed as Brandy turned. Her long auburn hair was dry now. In the dimly lit room it looked darker and sexier, pulled into a bouncy ponytail. She had an All-American look to her: wholesome, pretty, and sexy as hell. Thankfully her T-shirt was tight enough to show off her curves—those big full breasts, that tiny waistline, and of course her bouncy backside. Though not

as big as he would have preferred, she had an ass on her. She probably did lots of squats and lunges. Clearly she spent a lot of time in the gym herself. She was hot enough to be one of the ring girls, if not hotter because she was sexy without trying to be.

Marc's jaw nearly hit the ground when Brandy turned and he saw the top of her thong peaking out of her shorts. He could feel his huge cock twitch and throb as he watched her perfect hips sway, walking towards the kitchen sink. There was something so sexy about seeing a woman's underwear —especially when he knew that it was an accident.

Or was it?

Brandy was using hot water to wash off the plates when she felt him standing behind her. She looked down into the sink basin, then turned the water off. He stepped forward and placed his hands on her hips. His hands were so large that they almost encircled her waist. For a long moment they just stood there, neither one saying a word as the tension built with terrifying force.

"Just wanted to thank you," he said, whispering the words into her left earlobe.

The deepness of his voice sent chills down her spine. Knowing that this couldn't continue for another second, Brandy didn't respond. She just stood there, gnawing her lower lip.

"Does your hubby know how sexy his wife is? His hot little white wife?"

She nodded now. In a voice barely audible she answered, "Yes, he does."

"Sure about that?"

"Pretty sure."

His strong fingers, calloused from lifting weights so much, pressed into her soft hips, pulling her back until her ass was pressing into his crotch. Brandy nearly moaned out when she felt the large hard thing jutting into her soft butt-cheeks. Her first thought was that it was far too large to be what she thought it was. But even through the layers of fabric, she could feel the heat emanating from the massive cock.

And then, without meaning to, her mind summoned up images of The Black Beast, standing triumphantly in the cage, wearing his tiny white briefs which did little to conceal the outline of a terrifyingly huge male member. It was one of those things she'd always noticed before, but never commented on. He'd obviously been proud of it, unabashed that his genitalia was so clearly pronounced in his tight-fitting attire. He displayed the outline of his long, thick, curved cock like a weapon. And now that weapon was pointed directly at her ass.

"Brandy?" he whispered in a hoarse voice.

She could feel The Black Beast twitch against her backside. Even if she did try to move away, his grip was so secure, holding her in place, controlling her. What was she to do? How was she supposed to respond? The wine certainly wasn't helping the situation. Her mind swirling with the heat of confused thoughts, she barely managed to respond. "Um, yes?"

"My cab is here," he said, abruptly letting her go, and walking towards the front door.

A moment later, Brandy was alone in the kitchen, speechless, dizzy, and very shaky.

Part Three

She was feeling better by the time she cleaned up the kitchen, and decided to take a shower. She had just dried off and wrapped her wet hair in a towel when she heard a loud crashing sound in the bedroom. Pulling on her short, white terry cloth robe and knotting the tie at her waist, she stepped out of the foggy bathroom to discover David laying face-down on the carpet.

"You've got to be kidding me!" Brandy said, exasperated.

She bent down at her knees, sticking her ass out, trying to get her husband off the floor. But it was impossible. She would have needed three more Brandys to even budge all that dead weight.

"David!" she said, peering down at him. "David, honey! Wake up! You fell on the floor! Wake up, dear, so we can get you into bed!"

No response.

"David! Hey asshole, get up!" she said, perhaps being a little too insensitive.

No response.

Then, just as she touched his arm, David's entire arm sprang up, and his hand smacked her directly in the face!

SMACK!

For a while, Brandy sat there on the floor, stunned. She knew that it wasn't his fault, that he wasn't even conscious, but her natural response was to hate him for even putting her in this awful situation.

"Fine," she said, standing up. "If that's where you want to sleep tonight, knock yourself out!"

Pause.

"Or wait," she said, talking to herself, which she was known to do, "that already happened tonight!"

She laughed at her cruel joke, removing her terry cloth robe while standing in

front of the full-length mirror.

Fresh from the shower, her skin felt extra smooth and soft to the touch. She ran her hands down her breasts, the sides of her torso, over her flat tummy, and down her generous hips that gave her a perfect hourglass frame. Turning to the side, she sucked her breath in, then blew out, inflating her tummy as big as possible.

Brandy loved children and having a baby was her number one priority. Ideally she would have at least three children; but David was reluctant because of their financial situation. He wanted kids too (at least he said he did) but there was always some reason for them to wait. Brandy was tired of waiting though. She was in her physical prime. Both of her sisters already had children and they'd never looked so beautiful as they did with big swollen bellies. If Brandy didn't get pregnant this year she was going to go crazy.

That's why I'm so friggin' horny, Brandy thought. I must be going fucking baby crazy!

David was snoring now. She looked over her shoulder at his carcass sprawled on the floor. She frowned.

"Idiot!"

In the top drawer of her bureau she pulled out her vibrator and a pair of panties. Then she pulled on a T-shirt just as there was a loud knock on the door.

Brandy had a feeling she knew who was there too.

She opened the door as far as the chain lock would allow.

"Open the door," Marc said.

"What for?"

"I forgot something," he said. "I need to get my phone."

"You left your phone here?"

"Just open the door."

"Where is your phone? I'll go and find it," she said, not sure if she didn't trust Marc or if she didn't trust herself. Clearly the man had a magnetism that almost scared her. It was distressing. She couldn't remember being so turned on by someone she barely knew.

"I think it's in the kitchen, but I'm not 100% certain," he said. "Look, my cab is waiting. I'm not playing. Can you hurry up?"

The balls on that man!

Brandy couldn't believe how arrogant he sounded now, ordering her around, snapping his fingers and expecting her to just drop everything and fetch whatever he wanted. Who did he think he was?

Black Beast or not, he was definitely an asshole!

"Wait here," she said.

She took her time looking for his phone. She checked the kitchen, the back bedroom, even the couch cushions. But to no avail. She went back to the door which still had the security chain bolted. "Sorry, I didn't see any phone."

"It has to be here," he said doing little to hide his impatience. "Honestly I'm already behind schedule. I need to find my phone. Can I please just come in and look. Two minutes. That's all I need."

"Two minutes?" she said, cocking her pretty head to the side.

"I promise," he said.

Brandy slid the chain out of its mooring, then pulled the door open and stood aside. She was glad to see an actual cab waiting in the street behind Marc. Obviously this seemed like the sort of stunt a guy like him would pull to get her into bed. Maybe she had been a little weak-minded earlier, but that was a most fleeting lapse in judgment.

"Hurry," she said rather laconically.

When Marc stepped back into the house, it was like his huge body filled the entire living room. He looked her up and down. "I like your choice in clothes."

It was only then that Brandy noticed she'd slipped on her Black Beast T-shirt again. She felt a small sickening feeling in her stomach at making such a dumb mistake. She should have already thrown the damn T-shirt away. The last thing she wanted was for David to wake up and start asking questions. This was exactly the sort of small issue that David would turn into a nuclear war.

"You wearing anything underneath, or just the T-shirt?" Marc said.

"Fuck you," she answered.

"I didn't think that ladies talked like that."

Brandy crossed her arms over her middle, a gesture meant to convey her annoyance. "And I thought that you had a phone to find. Well? You better start looking because you have exactly 90 seconds left before I'm kicking you the hell out again."

"Black looks good on you," he said with a sly grin.

Ignoring that, Brandy said, "Eighty-five seconds..."

While Marc went towards the kitchen Brandy debated whether or not she should go find some pants to put on. It only made her feel slightly better that she was wearing panties —as if the flimsy triangle of silk covering her privates would be a sufficient barrier against one of the world's most dangerous men.

She followed him into the kitchen and watched. Either he was a good actor or he really was looking for his phone. Trying to appear as indifferent as possible, she said, "Can you hurry up? I was about to go to bed."

"Got it!"

Marc's phone was on the kitchen table, sitting under a paper napkin. He must have left it there after eating.

Just then the cab honked its horn.

"That's for you," Brandy said, looking over her shoulder. When she turned back around, he was looking down at her, smiling. "What? Why are you looking at me like that?"

Without saying another word, Marc slipped his phone back into the front pocket of his slacks.

The cab honked its horn again.

"Better hurry," she said, her heart suddenly starting to pound in her chest.

Marc took a few steps and stopped. "Do you always open your door to any man who knocks on it? Or just black men?"

"Time's up," she said. "Good night, have a good night."

"Alright, but have you already started with your vibrator, or are you going to wait until I leave?"

She followed the direction of his gaze which turned toward the back bedroom.

The cab honked its horn again.

"What kind of vibrator do you own? Can I see it?"

Her heart, which was already beating at a furious rate, sped up. She shifted her weight from one bare foot to the other, realizing that this entire situation was about to get out of control.

It was a mistake to have let him back into the house. He was an ugly black brute. But somehow he seemed to be able to read her mind, much better than David ever had. "You're going to miss your cab. You can't stay here. That's for sure."

"Is that a fact?" He languidly turned and walked away, going right to the bedroom. David was still on the floor, dead to the world. Right away Marc saw the vibrator on the bureau. It was small and pink and used AA batteries. He picked it up, sniffed it just as Brandy came flying into the room.

"What do you think you are doing!" she said, her eyes wild with indignation. "Get out of my fucking house!"

He shook his head. "You should get a black one. Big veins. I bet you'd like that."

"Put that down!"

"Here, take it from me," he said, extending the vibrator towards her.

Uttering a frustrated grunt, Brandy stepped and started to snatch away her most intimate tool. But just then Marc slipped his rough hand around the small of her back, pulling her into him. He hesitated, his eyes lowering to the vicinity of her breasts. "Damn you smell good."

She looked up, motionless, caught in his broody stare. "Let me go."

"It's a shame that a woman like you has to resort to fake plastic stuff. It's not just a shame. It's criminal!"

"Let me go," she repeated huskily.

By choice, he let her go. "Let me help you out. Don't play with toys tonight. Tonight treat yourself to the real thing."

If the cab was honking its horn again Brandy couldn't hear it. She couldn't hear anything. Her ears were filled with blood as she stood there, her knees feeling like Jell-O, flustered, frustrated, and as nervous as she was excited.

"You're not wearing makeup, are you?"

"No," she said, realizing that somehow this made her feel more vulnerable.

"Your skin is flawless."

Without moving anything but her eyes, Brandy looked up at him. "Thank you."

For the first time, Marc seemed to notice that they were not the only ones in the room. David was on the other side of the room. From this angle, he was obscured by the bed. When Marc saw David's feet sticking straight out he frowned a little sadly. "Listen, we need to be quiet though. He's had a rough night. I don't want to wake him up. That would be rude."

Brandy only heard half the words. Her heart was just starting to slow down enough for her to get a sense of self-awareness again. But the words she did hear sounded quite reasonable and she nodded her head, several times.

"You're so big," she said. "And so black."

He chuckled, placing his hands on her hips.

Suddenly Brandy felt drained, exhausted. But at the same time she was aware of a sensuous warmth surrounding her body.

Leaning down, the black man said, "Why is your vibrator so tiny? Are you tiny?"

Brandy moaned faintly as she felt Marc's tongue trail down her throat. "It's not tiny."

"No?"

"It's regular sized," she said quietly.

Slowly, Marc's hands worked their way underneath Brandy's T-shirt. She gasped as she felt him touch her between the parted thighs, then around her backside, where he started squeezing the firm, soft flesh of her butt-cheeks that were barely covered by her thong.

Then Marc kissed Brandy, nibbling on her lower lip. "Is it true?"

Brandy felt a surge go through her body. "What?"

He continued. "That most white women fantasize about being with a black man?"

"I don't know..."

"You sure?" he asked, teasing her.

She shrugged and blushed. "I don't really know."

He grabbed her by the chin and made her look up at him. "Tell me if it's true..."

"Maybe, I guess," she said. "Is it true, um, the myth about black men?"

"What myth?" he said, only pretending that he didn't understand. "What myth are you referring to?"

"You know," she said, more mischievously this time, her lips curving into a

smile. "About... black men... having... big..."

Marc laughed softly, unzipping the front of his slacks. He held Brandy's eyes in his, willing the gorgeous white woman to discover with her hands, not her eyes so that she would get the answer she already knew.

Brandy's frail hand closed around the thick shaft of the multi-veined cock, feeling its hardness and its smooth, throbbing power. As Marc rubbed her bare bubble butt, she started working her way down the shaft, feeling her first black cock.

It was so huge, so much longer and thicker than anything she'd ever experienced. Everything about this man was so powerful and dominating. It made sense that his cock would be so huge.

She moaned faintly, feeling a definite wetness between her legs. Her first black cock! And it was so big, so hot, so full of life. This was so much better than any fucking vibrator, Brandy thought. Her mind was racing, unable to believe what was going on, as she felt Marc's large scrotum sac enclosing his hard nuts.

"You like holding it?"

She bit her lip and nodded.

"I can tell."

"It's so warm."

"I think someone has some jungle fever," he said, still teasing her.

It was true though. The taboo nature of their union was such a turn-on. She didn't consider herself racist, but Brandy had grown up in a small town where white women didn't mingle with black men. The only time you saw that was in the bigger cities. She could still remember her mother and father talking about an interracial couple they'd seen at a restaurant, referring to the white woman as a 'mud shark.'

Brandy knew that men found her attractive and it was not surprising that black men found her attractive as well. But it was only recently that she'd found herself appreciating the looks of a black man in a rap video or at the gym. Marc was no

male model, but there was something about his very presence which excited Brandy on a very primal level. She liked how dominant and powerful he was. She liked how much he wanted her with his eyes. And she liked that he was forbidden fruit.

"You're so sexy, Brandy."

"Um, thanks."

"Lucky for you," he said, "I have a thing for sexy white women."

"I bet you do," she said, trying to sound feisty.

"Squeeze that big black cock in your hands."

Brandy felt her desire grow with a terrifying intensity. This time the familiar ache seemed to originate from behind her eyes, from the very sight of this black giant. Then it seeped downward, bringing a warm flush to her cheeks and neck, making her nipples grow erect. When it finally reached her belly, it pooled there as a sharp, shimmering hunger.

Again she looked at him.

It wasn't just the sculptured lines of his arms, his chest, his shoulders. It wasn't just his flat stomach without the hint of soft flesh. It wasn't just his dark eyes, flat nose, thick lips, or rock-like jaw which she found oddly pleasing. It was also the contrast of their skin tones, the sexy dark burnish which he wore like armor.

It didn't take long before Brandy felt herself being pushed to her knees. She didn't put up much of a fight either. His cock was making little jerking movements as his penis rose and thickened even more, drawn upward.

"Fuck it's big!" she said, talking to herself.

He chuckled and took the opportunity to grab a big handful of her hair, giving him something to hold onto, something to control her with.

As Brandy knelt there, about to take him into her mouth, she felt terribly guilty. Despite her arousal, there was still a tiny voice in her head telling her to stop, telling her that none of this was right. After all, her husband was but a few feet

away. David was literally in the room! And if there was ever a time that he needed her help, it was now! She should have been looking after him, trying to help him, doing everything that loving wives are supposed to do. But her guilt (however intense) was no match for her base instincts which had clearly taken over. She could feel herself getting wetter and wetter.

"Look up at me," Marc demanded from above. "Let me see those pretty eyes."

Brandy complied. She put one of her hands around the shaft, felt it pulsing underneath her touch. Then she put her other hand around the shaft —amazed that there was still more length uncovered, including the bulbous cockhead, which was red-purplish.

"Kiss it," he said as she bent closer to feast.

His scent was sharply male and intimate. Brandy had never studied a cock so closely. It was her first black cock. Her first big black cock. The thought added to the excitement of the moment.

With his eyes glowering down at her, urging her to lick and suck and swallow, she opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around the first three or four inches. It was so hot, stretching her mouth open. She couldn't believe this was happening. She'd just met this man a few hours ago and now she was sucking his cock for him. She pressed her tongue against it, lightly, tasting bitterness and salt, the tang of soap, then allowing the whole smooth helmet of the head to slide towards the back of her throat. When she started gagging she heard an appreciative chuckle from above.

"Look up, let me see those eyes. Fuck you're gorgeous! I love those eyes."

Her eyes were already starting to water around the corners. She was moaning as she started to pump her mouth up and down the shaft. There was no real chance that she could deep-throat him, but she hoped he wouldn't be that upset with her. A cock that big would take some practice.

"Get the balls."

She was so focused on sucking his dick that Marc had to repeat himself two more times.

"What?" she said, blinking her eyes up at him.

He was still holding her by the hair. He smiled down at her, tugging her hair just a little. "Lick my balls too. I like to have them licked clean."

Her fingers were wet, coated with the saliva that seemed to be all over the place. It was a shame that Marc wasn't her husband because she'd never enjoyed sucking a cock so much. She pushed the heavy shaft so that his cock was pressed against the bottom of his ripped stomach. Then she stuck her tongue out and began to gently lick the dark prickly skin of his ball sac. He moaned from above, causing Brandy's heart to swell with pride. His animal musk was overwhelming her senses. She kept licking his balls, moving her tongue around in circular motions; then taking one of his nuts into her mouth and looking up at him to make sure he liked what she was doing.

He did too!

"Fuck you look sexy with those black nuts in your mouth, white girl! Keep sucking those balls and that cock! You're doing great, baby girl!"

Now that she'd proven herself capable, he let go of her hair and placed his hands on his hips, staring down with rapt attention.

Soon Brandy began to grow accustomed to having his cock in her mouth. Their bodies were starting to sync up perfectly. Every time he would move a little, her natural reaction was to shift accordingly, never letting go of his thick piece of meat.

At one point she felt him go backwards towards the bed. He kept his big hands on the side of her face, pulling him with her so that she was forced to start crawling with his cock in her mouth. When he sat down on the bed he put his hand on the back of her head, trapping her, while he started to vigorously fuck her mouth. Brandy began gagging, the wings of her delicate pink nose flaring as she fought to get air into her body.

A moment later he rewarded the sexy white wife by taking his cock out and smacking her on the sides of her mouth, pushing her face into his sweaty balls again and letting the heavy shaft rest on the top of her head.

"You're so rough," she managed to say, not accustomed to this type of treatment

in the bedroom.

"You don't suck your husband's cock?" he asked.

"Not like this."

Marc grinned a big grin. Then he turned to the side where David was sleeping. "Consider this a favor, my man! You're welcome! Someone needed to show your sexy wife how to suck cock properly!"

Part of Brandy didn't like how Marc seemed to be mocking her husband, but at the same time it seemed a bit useless to suddenly start drawing lines in the sand.

"What are you doing?" he said.

Brandy had started to lift her T-shirt over her head. She stopped and looked at him. "Getting comfortable."

He shook his head at her. "Naw, baby. Keep it on. I wanna fuck you while you're wearing a Black Beast shirt. That's sexy. Then every time you wear that shirt again it'll remind you of the time that the Black Beast came over and stretched out that white pussy with sum' big ol' Alabama black cock!"

Suddenly he stood up so that once again he was towering over her. Then he lifted Brandy up like she was a toy. Her legs instantly wrapped around his waist.

"Kiss me," he said.

She pressed her mouth onto his while his hands readjusted under her butt. She'd never kissed someone with such big, soft lips before. She could feel his tongue fighting to get inside her mouth and she freely yielded despite a natural aversion to French-kissing.

After a while it felt like his tongue had already licked every corner of the inside of her mouth. They were greedy, sloppy, lewd kisses.

Then she felt something big and warm press against the bottom of her panties. He was rubbing the bulbous head of his cock against the drenched silky material, readying her for entry. With her legs still wrapped around his waist, she felt him slide her thong just enough so that her pussy lips were exposed.

She closed her eyes, moaned, and bit down on one of his powerful shoulders.

When she opened her eyes again she saw her reflection in the mirror above the bed. In every way the contrast of their two bodies was amazing: the size, the color, the raw masculinity vs. the soft femininity. Brandy had never felt more feminine and sexy than she did right now in his arms.

She was still staring at his flexing back muscles when he pushed her down on to his throbbing meat. The initial pain was almost too much and Brandy yelled out—loud enough to wake the dead, but not her husband who continued sleeping.

"Shush woman!" he said, amused. "You're going to wake your husband and I'm pretty sure he doesn't want to see this."

Brandy was almost in a state of delirium now as her eyes went back to the reflection. She saw her toes curl as he buried several more inches of his cock inside her.

"Wait, wait, wait!" she said desperately. "You're too big! That's all I can take! Don't put any more in!"

Instead of answering Marc started kissing her again on the mouth. This time the feeling of his tongue in her mouth wasn't so bad. Being impaled like this was utterly exhausting—despite the fact that he was the one supporting all of her weight. She started moaning louder and louder, kissing him back. Soon her pussy seemed to grow accustomed to his large size because he was able to force several more inches inside her. Then he started bouncing her up and down on his cock, fucking her like this, effortlessly so, as if she did not weigh a thing, not showing any signs of fatigue as he stretched her out wider and wider.

"Oh my God!" she yelled out in disbelief. "How are you doing this! How is this possible!"

"Naw, you're just getting fucked by a real man, that's all!"

"Fuuuuccckkkk me! Fuccck me, baby! Holy fuck, I'm gonna cum!"

He laughed and increased the tempo of his pumping in the stand-up position. "You're getting fucked by the Black Beast, for real!"

"YYYYYYYEEEEESSSS!"

"Say it! Say: Fuck me Black Beast!"

Brandy locked her hands around the back of his thick neck, closed her eyes. She had tiny rivers of drool coming down the left corner of her mouth.

"FFFUUUCCCCCKKKK MEEEE BLAAAAACKKK BEEEEAST!"

He really seemed to enjoy that. He kept bouncing her up and down on his thick black shaft for what seemed like twenty minutes, but in reality was probably more like four or five. When he finally lifted her off him, his coal-black shaft was coated with her juices.

Marc threw her onto the bed and smiled down. "Did you cum already?"

She spread her legs, trying to entice him into her again. "Twice."

"Fuck we make a good pair, huh?"

"I could get used to that cock. Can I take the T-shirt off yet?"

"Naw keep it on. You look so sexy wearing my shirt. But give me those fucking panties."

Brandy reach down and tugged her thong down past her hips and feet. Marc held his hand out and she gave him her thong. She was a little surprised when she saw him stuff her panties into the pockets of his slacks.

"Trophy," he explained. "I definitely want to remember this night. It's not often that you knock a dude out and then go to his house and fuck his hot wife."

By now Brandy was barely listening. She was laying down on the bed, spreading her legs, rubbing her tiny clit which was hard. A jolt of excitement spread through her body when she saw the black giant get completely naked. His whole body was covered with dark muscles, but she'd never seen someone with such large, powerful buttocks before. He climbed onto the bed, causing the entire bed to sink down a couple of inches.

Before entering her again, Marc got between her legs and started to slowly jack his massive tool, locking eyes with the beautiful white wife.

"I saw you checking yourself out in the mirror," he said.

"Couldn't help it," she said.

"Oh?"

"We sort of look sexy together."

"You think?"

"I never thought this would happen, me and a black man. But I have to admit we look really good together. I love your body. And that cock is scary but magical!"

"I'm glad you like it," he said. "Because this cock loves that tight married white pussy."

"Stop it!" she said.

"What?"

"I feel bad enough for cheating on David."

"He'll be okay," Marc said. "Let's focus on us right now though."

She'd never been with a man who insisted on so much kissing during sex. But she didn't fight it either. She opened both her mouth and her legs, granting him access to whatever part of her he wanted. By now the walls of her pussy had been stretched out enough to accommodate his incredible girth and length. She liked being on her back now because it afforded her a view of his shiny black cock slowly disappearing into her body. Having him inside her was pure heaven. She reached under the T-shirt and started playing with her rock-hard nipples. Then she reached out and grabbed Marc's triceps which were flexed from supporting his weight.

"Give me that pussy," he whispered crudely. "Give me that sweet, sweet, married pussy."

"Oh yes..."

His dark eyes were a little cruel when he suddenly slammed his entire member

all the way inside her. She gasped, swore loudly, surprised by the odd sensation of having his cockhead brush against her cervix.

She tried to reprimand him, to counsel him to be more gentle with her, but before a single word of protest could be given, his tongue was once again probing the inner recesses of her mouth.

Like this the lovers fell into a sensuous rhythm. On top of her, Marc was so big that one might have thought he was humping the bed if not for the pair of trembling white legs wrapped around his thighs as he slowly pumped his cock in and out of her, in and out, causing Brandy to orgasm a third time.

"Damn you look so fucking sexy when you cum!" he said.

Brandy was still struggling to get her senses back. She'd never been fucked like this. She couldn't believe it was really happening. She wasn't even sure whether or not this was real. "I just came again! Again!"

"I know," he chuckled.

"FUCK!"

"I could feel you cumming all over my big black cock. My BBC!"

"I just came all over it," she said.

"White pussy and BBC," he said, relaxing his massive buttocks, then flexing them as he drove his shaft back into Brandy, "they make a dangerous combination."

"I'll say," Brandy said, feeling weirdly emotional, like she suddenly wanted to start weeping.

"Alright white girl!"

"Yes?" she said, looking up at him.

"Turn around. I want to see that booty when I finally nut in this pussy."

Had Brandy not been in a state of pure bliss, she might have realized what he'd

just said. But as it were, she only heard part of his statement; and so started to get on her hands and knees. Doggystyle hadn't been her favorite position before but with Marc she didn't seem to mind in the least. The mirror above the bed framed their bodies perfectly. After moving some hair out of her face Brandy saw the incredibly sexy image of Marc looming over her. Her pussy was drench, stretched out. Her ass was raised high in the air. She could feel the heaviness of his cock as he rested it on the top part of her ass.

He put himself back inside her, leaned over her body, and hoarsely whispered, "Are you my interracial whore?"

Brandy was struggling to accommodate his cock from this angle. She moaned, briefly tried to crawl forward.

"Stop running!" he said, spanking her ass so hard it actually hurt. "Don't run from this cock!"

The strength in Brandy's arms left her and she collapsed into the pillows.

"Uh-oh," he said, "looks like someone else is about to tap out tonight!"

Marc kept his hands on her hips and started fucking her from the back, filling the room with the wet smacking sounds of their bodies.

He paused after a while, taking the opportunity to enjoy the sight of his veiny black cock disappear into the sexy white ass.

Then he leaned forward, began kissing her back, her neck, her earlobes. "Baby? Are you my interracial whore?"

"Just fuck me," she said in a breathless voice, crouched on her hands and knees, turning her head so that she could no longer see her husband on the floor below.

"Say it."

"...No. Just fuck me baby..."

He responded with a few rapid deep thrusts as he continued to push all of his length deep inside her. "Say it! Say you're my interracial whore!"

She moaned: "Baby!"

He fucked her several more times, controlling her with his hands on her hips. "Say it!" he demanded. "Say you're my interracial whore!"

After some more reluctance, Brandy moaned: "I'm your interracial whore. Fuck me, baby! Fuck your interracial whore!"

That was all Marc needed to hear. A great orgasm had been building up in his huge African balls. The tightness of her pussy, the sight of her curvy white ass submitting to him, the sound of her voice telling him that she was his interracial whore: it was all too much. The bed began to shake even more as the black giant's thrusts redoubled in effort.

Just then he grabbed Brandy by her ankles and flipped her over on her back. A thick sheen of sweat was covering both of their bodies as they messily rearranged on the bed. The sheets were drenched with the mixture of sweat, pre-cum, and pussy juices.

Once Brandy was on her back, legs spread, Marc lined his cock up with her pussy lips which had never been so engorged, so bruised and beaten.

"Fuck you look sexy," he said, enjoying the wild animal look in her eyes.

"Put it in! Put it inside me!" she pleaded. "I need that fucking cock!!"

With a satisfied grin, he noticed how easily his dark shaft slid into her wet hole. All the pumping, all the orgasms, had created a frictionless tunnel for his cock now. She was still tight though and Marc grunted when he felt his heavy balls bump into her perfectly pink asshole.

"I'm going to fucking cum! I'm going to cum inside my interracial whore!" Marc started to build a rhythm with his thrusting. He was pulling his cock nearly all the way out of her then slamming it back in again.

"Yes baby! Yes! Fuck me!" she said, reaching around his dark hips and grabbing his huge sculpted buttocks. Ecstasy caused her to dig her nails into his skin, pulling him into her. "Fuck me! I love this dick!"

He growled again: "I'm going to cum inside my interracial whore!"

"Please baby! Like that! Fuck me! Cum! You can cum inside me!"

Marc had never needed to cum as badly as he did right then. "Take it, sexy white bitch! Take this black cock!"

"Yes, baby! I'm your interracial whore! Fill me up! Fuck your cock feels good!"

There were no voices now, no words —only the rude squelching noises as Marc's black cock spread her pussy lips apart.

As Marc was on top of Brandy thrusting into her, she watched his facial expressions. His thrusting became quicker and suddenly his face screwed up and he groaned and Brandy felt wave upon wave of wet hotness explode inside her as he came in her pussy. As he was ejaculating his sperm deep inside her, Marc could hear Brandy urging him on and telling him to fill her up with his hot African sperm.

Afterwards the couple laid on the bed together, like lovers, Brandy giggling as Marc pawed her body and kissed her neck. Brandy was exhausted but semi-delirious. Both of them still felt drugged from the crazy sex they'd just enjoyed. Every now and then Brandy would move, causing her pussy to make a rude fart sound as air rushed out. Marc kissed her on her lips, told her how sexy she was.

Suddenly Brandy's eyes got big and her whole body froze.

"David?"

He was standing over the bed. He didn't look upset, much less furious, just sort of tired and disappointed.

Marc was surprised, but not concerned. He stretched one of his big arms so that his hand was behind his pillow. He didn't even bother to cover his cock which was covered in Brandy's juices. "What's up, big guy?"

When her husband didn't respond, Brandy said, "Are you okay, dear? Did we wake you?"

David turned and started to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" Brandy said. "David!"

Her husband stopped at the door. He looked down at his wife lying next to Marc in their marital bed. "I'm going to sleep in the guest bedroom tonight. That's all. If you don't mind, try to keep it down a little."

Marc's eyes brightened as he curled his arm around Brandy's narrow shoulders. "Don't worry, we won't make a peep!"

"Are you okay, dear?" Brandy said, obviously much more concerned than Marc.

David turned.

"Hey big man," Marc said from the bed, "if you want, you're more than welcome to stay and watch. Your wife really likes it when I give her a little of the ground-n-pound!"

Marc started laughing.

"Maybe later," is all David said, quietly shutting the bedroom door behind him.

"Oh my God!" Brandy said, trying to process what just happened.

But before she could get her mind around the details Marc was already positioning himself over her. His huge ebony body was still glistening and his cock was hard again, playfully bobbing up and down over Brandy.

"Ready for round two?" he said.

And just before he put it back inside her, Brandy couldn't help but to think that he really was a black beast. A black fucking beast.

THE END.

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