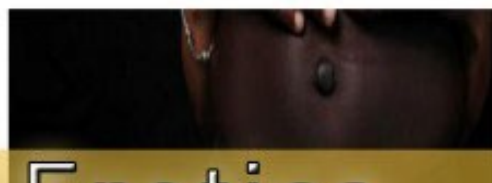




The CUCKOLD Games

BOBBI LOVE



Interracial Erotica



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Interracial Erotica

The Cuckold Games

Interracial/Cuckold Erotica

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Part One: Blackmailed by a Black Male

The first thing she saw was her ass. Standing in front of the mirror, taking one last look, Dana twirled slowly around, looking over her shoulder to see how her butt looked in those tiny exercise shorts that barely covered any leg. One of her big fears was that she would wake up one morning and find that she no longer had a perfectly-shaped butt --so she was relieved today when she saw how good her ass still looked, how it swayed, from side to side, as she playfully wiggled it around.

"I've never seen a woman stare at her own butt as much as you do," said her husband, walking into the bedroom with the newspaper and his morning cup of coffee. "I thought that was my job."

"Tim, please!"

"... Not that I'm complaining."

She rolled her eyes at him, something she'd grown quite accustomed to doing during the several years of their marriage. "No, I was just checking to see..."

"To see what?" her husband said, looking at the back of her legs now. They were so smooth, so tan. There wasn't a mark on them, save for a solitary freckle on the back of her left thigh.

"To see how these new shorts look, dear."

"Ah, I see."

"I just bought them. I needed some new shorts."

"They look fucking fantastic! That's how they look," he said, his eyes rising from the hem of those petite shorts at the faultless curves turning inward from her hips that would have been more subtle on her tight body if it wasn't for the way her ass swung right then. "You know, it's funny how the hottest chicks always seem the most insecure about their looks."

"Who said anything about being insecure?" she said.

He sat his coffee and paper on the nightstand next to the bed. The sheets were still rumpled and there were a few wet spots scattered about from their

lovemaking that morning. He looked over at his wife now. She was facing away, not paying attention to him. That was OK. Already he could feel himself twitch with the anticipation of her touch again. She wasn't even trying, but she looked damn sexy to him. Damn sexy.

Now he walked over to his wife, giving her a little squeeze around the waist. Her back was still slightly glistening from her perspiration. He leaned forward so that his jaw line was just above the back of her neck. The back of her neck was visible because her hair was tied up in a cute blond ponytail, which bounced and bobbed with every step. "Guess what?" he whispered hoarsely. "I think I'm ready for Round 2, baby!"

"You wish!" She wiggled out of his wanton grasp, turned to face him, her blue eyes sparkling like sapphires. "You're insatiable, do you know that, dear? I told you already that I need to go running or else I'll feel bad later!"

"Does this have anything to do with that little reunion thing you have coming up? Back in Kentucky? With your sorority sisters?"

"I don't know," she said. "Maybe..."

"I knew it!" he said.

"Well, it's just I haven't seen some of those girls in a few years now. I wonder though what everyone is going to look like in person."

Tim smiled knowingly. "Newsflash: they all look hot. I've seen your Facebook and all of your sorority sisters still looking fucking amazing. That --my dear-- is the good news. The even better news is that you look even more amazing than them! It's like you drink some sort of magic potion every day! It's like you made a deal with the devil! Trust me Dana, you're aging like fine wine, baby!"

"Thanks," she said, seeing through her husband's blatant stratagem. "But all the flattery in the world right now won't get you any ass."

He couldn't help but to grin like a schoolboy. He really liked it when his wife said things like that. "Aw, come on! Please, not even five super-fast minutes? I'll be so quick this time... Pllleeeeeeasssse!!!"

"Don't whine," she said. "That's definitely not going to help your cause."

He thought about it for a second. "We literally could have already done it again during the time you've spent checking out your ass in front of the mirror," he pointed out.

"Well, I'm sorry. I just like to look my best," she said.

"When you go jogging?" he said incredulously.

"Who knows," she replied, with a devilish smile, "I might run into a really hot guy!"

Tim wasn't worried. The last thing he was worried about was his wife being unfaithful. He'd just had sex with his wife a few minutes ago and knew that she was a satisfied female --a very satisfied female. And Tim was satisfied too, as evinced by the goo-filled Trojan sitting in the bathroom wastebasket.

Now he sat down on the bed while his wife continued fretting and primping; assessing herself in front of the mirror.

Her eyes moved up her trim waist, her full hips, and eventually stopped at her breasts. Yes, this new Nike jogging top definitely showed off just the right amount of cleavage. It allowed anyone interested to see how soft the curves of her voluptuous breasts were.

Then she came over to the bed, leaned down and pointed at the side of her cheek. "Kisses!"

Her husband smiled, gave her a quick peck before she turned and strutted her stuff out of the bedroom. A moment later he could hear the front door close, meaning that she was already gone.

He was alone now.

The apartment was empty.

That was okay though.

It was his wife's habit to go jogging on Sunday mornings --and always at the same time.

No doubt about it, Dana was definitely the healthy one in the relationship. Despite the fact that Tim was only a few months older, people often assumed their age gap to be closer to a decade. It wasn't that Tim had let himself go completely. Rather, he was just married to a woman who took health and physical fitness very seriously.

Which is why he couldn't understand her anxiety over the college reunion.

Almost pushing 30 now, Dana hadn't changed much from her sorority days at the University of Kentucky. She didn't smoke, she didn't do drugs, she rarely drank alcohol, and she always ate healthy. Tim had always thought that if his wife had been born on the West Coast she probably would have become a movie star.

But instead she was born in the Mid-West where things like character, education, and family values were emphasized. It was only after they graduated college and began looking around for jobs in the public educational field that Tim and Dana decided to move to Santa Monica and live by the beach.

After his coffee, Tim showered and slipped into a T-shirt and cargo shorts.

It was a bright, sunny morning with lots of Californian sunshine filling the walls of their condominium. People often asked how a couple of public high school teachers could afford to live so close to the ocean. The answer --of course-- was that Dana had some extremely wealthy parents. While Tim's parents were reasonably well-off, Dana's parents owned race horses, vineyards, and Picasso paintings. So buying their daughter (and her mild-mannered husband) a cozy little spot in paradise was nothing to them.

Now Tim stepped outside on the balcony to enjoy the view.

The view was always amazing.

Directly below there was the boardwalk that was already packed with the usual assortment of surfers, rollerbladers, skateboarders, tourists, and so many beach bunnies, the girls parading around in skimpy swimwear that would have gotten you arrested in Kentucky.

Not that Tim was complaining.

No way!

It was one of the things he liked about living next to the ocean the most: all the free eye-candy.

He was carefully studying a couple of Asian teenagers walking down the boardwalk in matching neon-yellow bikinis when he heard the loud knock on the door.

"Shit," Tim muttered to himself, just wanting to get this over with as quickly as possible.

On the other side of the door stood Ron Jenkins. In the school hallways he was simply known as "Black Ron." This sobriquet was used to distinguish him from "White Ron" who was also a janitor at the school. Tim wasn't sure whether or not Black Ron liked being called his nickname, so during the few times that their paths had crossed he found himself purposefully using the most generic salutation.

Today, however, he said, "Hey Ron. You're right on time. Come on inside."

"Yo, nice digs, man," Ron said, making no attempt to hide his delight. "Yawl teachers make mo' dough than I thought. Shit man, maybe I need to go back to school and get me a motherfuckin' teaching degree! We could be motherfuckin' neighbors, man!"

Tim's lips thinned with a polite smile. "Yeah, we found this place in one of those government foreclosure auctions. It's sort of been a blessing and a curse. Even with the low payments we basically have to use all of our teaching salary just to scrape by. This summer I'll probably have to get another job."

Ron wasn't really listening though. He walked into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator, closed the refrigerator, and then started checking out what was in the kitchen cabinets too.

Ron's being in Tim and Dana's home was something of a nightmare.

How was Tim going to handle this? It was an untenable situation. He only knew that Ron was here for money. The black janitor was blackmailing Tim. And watching Ron go through room after room, as if he was casing the joint, only made Tim's skin crawl. He never, even in his wildest imaginings, would have expected to be entangled with someone as crass and poorly cultured as Black

Ron.

"Fuck," said Ron, after he was done giving himself a tour, "this place is nice. And I damn sure know that you didn't get this place in no fucking government auction neither."

Looking at the clock, Tim said, "Alright man, let's just get this over with, okay?"

Ron's thick purple lips twisted into a greasy smile. He was in his forties, short, stocky, bald, dark-skinned, and had eyes that seemed to stay yellow all the time. Tim had always thought that there was something really unhealthy and cruel about Black Ron. Which is why he really didn't like being in Ron's debt. Unfortunately, there was nothing else to do but play the game, as they say.

So Tim walked over to couch and grabbed his wallet. "How much?"

"How much what?" Ron said, playing dumb.

"The money I'm supposed to pay you," Tim said, trying to keep his cool.

"Money? Naw, man! I don't want your money!" Ron said, erupting with peels of sickly laughter, flashing his yellowy eyes for the next several moments. "You think that black folk only want money?"

Tim was confounded. "I'm sorry. I assumed that..."

Ron interrupted him. "Yeah you assumed wrong too."

"Okay, so you don't want money..."

"Nope."

"So what do you want?"

"Ah, there it is!" Ron said, licking his lips and rubbing his hands together. "I'm glad you asked that. I'm really glad. Because that's exactly the question I wanted to hear from your lips."

Ron started walking around the living room, feigning interest in picture frames and magazines and whatever else was lying around.

Tim, calculating that Dana would be walking through the door in about five minutes, said, "Ron, so what exactly do you want?"

"That depends..." Clearly Ron was enjoying the dramatic tension in the room. He spent another minute walking around, letting the scene build up. "Tim I need you to ask yourself a question. What are you willing to give to stay out of jail? To keep your job? To keep your wife?"

"Look, I already told you that I have some money. It's not the most in the world, but it's all I have."

"I don't want your fucking money, whiteboy!" Ron snapped.

Tim gulped. "Okay, what then?"

"Take a seat."

Feeling like he had no other choice, Tim walked over to the couch and sat down. He wasn't completely oblivious the fact that now Ron --who was 5'7" on a good day-- was now towering over him.

Then Ron went back to the front door and came back with a small black-and-gold gift bag in his hands. For several excruciating seconds he stood over Tim, not saying anything, just holding the gift bag. What was the meaning of this? Did Ron's "blackmail" include giving Tim small tokens of appreciation? Was Ron a fucking space cadet? Was he insane?

Tim wasn't sure.

Then Ron broke the heavy silence in the room. "We're going to play a little game. Three little games in fact."

"What games?" Tim muttered in a barely audible voice.

Ron went on. "In each game I will give you a short, harmless task and when you complete the task you will take a picture of it with your phone and send me the picture so that I know you completed the task. Then I will give you the next task. In total there will be three tasks. Three games. Only three. Three. Do you understand, whiteboy?"

Tim was starting to feel lightheaded, but nodded anyway. "Three of them, that's all?"

"Don't worry, I've put some thought into each one too. So I think you'll be extremely surprised. This should be a lot of fun. You excited, whiteboy?"

"Ron..."

Ron raised his palm in the air, silencing Tim at once. Then he handed Tim the gift bag. "Take a look."

Tim's apprehension was through the roof. He sort of expected to discover a handgun in the black-and-gold gift bag; which is why he was somewhat surprised when he found out that the bag was so light. Maybe there was nothing in it at all? Maybe this was all some sort of stupid trick orchestrated by a lowly manual labor with too much time on his hands?

No, wait.

... There was something in the bag.

Something...

"Don't worry," Ron said, laughing at Tim's puzzled expression. "It's not for you. I'm not sure if you're one of those femboys, and I don't really care, but it's damn sure not for you."

Tim already knew who the thong bikini was intended for now; and the understanding only brought an intense feeling of anger which he knew he had to hide.

"That's right!" Ron said, grinning sadistically, his wide nostrils flaring as he breathed. "It's for that sexy-ass wife of yours. I want to see that white booty wearing this! So the first part of our game, see, is she has to put this on and you have to go outside and film her walk up and down the boardwalk for two full minutes, in the middle of the day too. That's all. Two minutes! In broad daylight! With people around! Afterwards just send me the two minute clip and the first part is over."

"You can't be serious, Ron," Tim said, wishing that Ron only wanted twenty

thousand dollars or something easy. "Because Dana will never go for something like that! Never in a million years!"

Ron didn't care though. He was already walking to the front door, helping himself to an apple on his way out. "You have seven days, whiteboy! If I don't get my clip in one week --well, I think we both know what's going to happen! And trust me, if you end up in prison, wearing sexy bikinis will be the least of your worries, whiteboy!"

Then Ron was gone. Tim sat there on the couch, feeling like all the walls were closing in on him. How could he have let this happen? What was he going to do?

Suddenly he heard the door handle start to jiggle and he had just enough time to hide the evidence underneath the couch.

"Hey baby! I had the most amazing run! These shorts were awesome, but I'm not sure I'll wear them again. It felt like everyone was checking out my booty!"

Part Two: Trouble in Paradise

All in all, it had been a fairly normal week for Tim and Dana. They got up in the morning, drove to work together, taught their classes, drove back home, cooked dinner, watched TV, checked emails, and went to bed.

For the most part, Tim avoided dwelling on what he had to do that weekend. He kept the thong bikini hidden in the closet. It was certainly not the kind of thing that Dana would ever volunteer to wear. She was no prude, but her sense of fashion was a little too highbrow for things like thong bikinis, mini-skirts, tramp stamps, and extra-tall high heels.

Clad in white shorts and a navy-blue T-shirt, Dana stepped into the living room with her cell phone. Traditionally, Saturday mornings were when she called her mother. Dana's mother hadn't been thrilled when she learned that her daughter was moving all the way to California, and part of their agreement was that one day a week they'd talk --so that they could catch up, exchange cooking recipes, keep each other in the loop.

"Okay mom, I'll tell him," Dana said into the phone, making eyes at her husband. "Yeah, he's fine. He's sitting here on the couch right now. Everything is fine. Just working. Work, work, work.... What's that? Okay, sure. Of course I'll tell him you said that. Okay, mom. Bye, I love you too!"

Tim waited until she was off the phone. "How's Kentucky?"

Dana sat down next to him on the couch. "Same old, same old."

"Nothing ever changes in that place."

"By the way," Dana said, giving her husband a rather quizzical look. "My mom said to tell you that she knows what she wants for Christmas this year."

"Oh really?"

"Take a guess," Dana said, her well-defined cheekbones rising in a little ironic smile.

"I think I already know," Tim said. "Grandchildren!"

"It's all mom ever talks about. Mom says that it's time we finally put a bun in

that oven," Dana said, quickly lowering her eyes, mistakenly thinking that her husband wouldn't be able to tell how much she agreed with her mother. "Really, it's getting hard to talk about anything else with her these days. I think she's obsessed."

Tim sighed wearily. "And what does her daughter think? That's my question."

"Well, you know," Dana said, turning to stare off in a different direction. "We can wait a few more years if that's what you want to do. I understand. I totally get that you want to be more financially comfortable before bringing another life into this world."

Now Tim was looking at his wife steadily with a curiosity that he couldn't disguise. He strongly suspected that lying just beneath her placid features was a burning desire to give birth to as many children as possible.

"So Dana? I was thinking that we could hit the beach today for a while. What do you think?"

"Yeah? I guess I could be talked into a few hours of lying on the sand. And your tan could use a little work yourself, dear!"

"You think so?" he said.

"I know so!"

Tim had never felt more anxious than he did sitting there on the couch, watching his wife laugh, while he waited for his opportunity. Tomorrow was Sunday. Tomorrow was the end of the week. He knew that he was running out of time. He knew that there would never be a better opportunity. It was either now or never.

"Dana..."

"Yes dear..."

"I got you a present, sweetie."

"What kind of present? Is it a horse? Is it a car?"

"No," Tim said, standing up and holding out his hand for his wife to take. "It's actually something you wear."

Part Three: Let the Games Begin!

After two grueling hours --one hundred and twenty long minutes of begging, bribing, pleading, promising, and complimenting-- Tim was finally starting to get somewhere.

They were still in the condo though. Tim was sitting on the bed, waiting for his wife to come out of the bathroom finally. Part of him was just amazed that he'd made it this far with Dana. When he first asked her to wear the thong bikini she laughed in his face. She told him that he'd obviously hit his head and gone crazy. She said that he had a better shot at getting her to have a three-way since she wasn't the sort of girl who particularly enjoyed, "walking down the street with my ass hanging out for the whole world to see."

But nobody had ever said that Tim couldn't be persuasive when he needed to be. And when it came to Dana, he knew exactly which buttons needed to be pushed.

Finally, the bathroom door handle started to turn, but a second later it stopped and Dana stayed in the bathroom.

"No way, Tim! I'm not wearing this thing! Forget it!"

Tim rolled his eyes in exasperation. "Dana, dear, how many times do we have to go through this? It's just a bikini. Lots of girls wear that style of swimwear."

"Well, maybe you should have married one of those sluts!"

"But I don't want to be married to a slut," Tim told her in his most soothing voice. "I want to be married to the smartest, kindest, and sexiest woman in the world! That's why I married you!"

"... I can't wear this. I don't even feel comfortable wearing this in front of you, much less going out in public."

"It's just a thong," he pointed out.

"Forget it!" she fired back.

"Dana? I've seen you naked --hundreds of times! How in the world can this be any worse?"

"I don't know," Dana yelled back at him through the bathroom door. "I know it doesn't make sense, but somehow it seems worse to wear something like this. It's like... I don't know, it's hard to explain."

"Because you know how sexy you're going to look?" he said.

"Because it's humiliating!"

"Can I at least get a peek?" he said. "Come on, you know I love you. You could be wearing a trash bag and I'd think it looked great on you."

"That's the problem," Dana said. "I know what you're going to think. And I also know that if I let you dress me up in this one time, then you are going to expect it all the time!"

"Not true!" Tim said. "Dana, dear, I swear to God that won't happen!"

"Promise?" she said, barely loud enough for her husband to hear.

Already Tim felt a huge wave of relief crash over him. He could tell by her voice that she was cracking. They were really making some progress now. So he spent the next couple of minutes reiterating how much he loved her and how he only wanted her to feel comfortable and how he never wanted her to feel forced and how he never would force her to wear things she didn't want to wear. Eventually, and not a moment too soon, that door handle started to turn again and this time the door flung wide open.

"Holy shit!" said Tim, struggling to pick his jaw off the carpet.

It was the most revealing bikini he'd ever seen.

The pink bikini bottom was a tiny thong that barely covered her shaved pussy. And when she turned around Tim could see how the thong framed her taunt, tanned ass. There wasn't much to the top piece either. The top piece struggled to contain her firm, plump tits and it looked like only a piece of string connected the two cups.

"You look so..." Tim's voice faltered.

"You know, my tan lines are really going to show up."

Tim had been around enough women to know that at this point the best thing he could do was simply offer his encouragement. Women were such emotional creatures. And right now what Dana needed more than anything was for someone to say something comforting and confirming.

However, while the theory was correct, the practical application was made near impossible since seeing Dana in such a sexy (and yes, slutty!) bikini had rendered Tim completely mute, unable to form a single word. All he could do was just stand there, staring at her, staring at those big plump tits, that flat little tummy, those flared hips, and that small triangle of cloth that disappeared between her long tan legs.

"Dana... You got me so fucking hard already!"

"No!" she said, putting her hands against his chest, blocking his advance. "No, no, no!"

"Wait? What's wrong? Why not?" he said, panting and grunting like a beast. "Baby, that bikini looks so good on you right now! You have to let me get a piece of that ass."

"Two things," she said. "First of all, there's no way I'm leaving this condo with just this on. I basically just have some dental floss up my crack. So if I do agree to this, I'm going to wear a wrap. Okay?"

Tim didn't argue the point.

"Secondly," she added, "if we have sex now, afterwards you let me change back into one of my regular swimsuits. Deal?"

This wasn't fair, thought Tim. Either he could make love to one of the sexiest women he'd ever seen. Or he had to keep it in his pants so that he would have the opportunity to take that fucking picture for Ron. This wasn't fucking fair at all!

"Well?" she said, cocking her eyebrow at him. Clearly she thought that she had just found a way of satiating her husband's kink without the embarrassment of public display. "What will it be?"

Swallowing his manly pride, Tim said, "Okay, but when we get back, I'm ripping that fucking bikini off and fucking the shit out of you."

He didn't wait for her response. His balls had swelled with cum; and they began to ache. So he just rushed past Dana, closed the bathroom door, dropped his shorts, and started working his hand furiously. It seemed weird to be masturbating when he was so close to a woman so sexy and so beautiful --but what else was he going to do?

It didn't take long to achieve climax.

"You ready?" Tim said later, having found Dana standing in the living room with a nervous look on her face.

"I can't believe that I'm actually going to do this."

"You look great," Tim said, trying to shake the thought of all those perverts gawking at his wife. "This is the West Coast, lots of girls dress like this. You have nothing to be worried about."

"But everyone is going to be staring at me," she said, as if she was still trying to think of a way out of this situation.

"No they won't," he said. And yet, despite his best efforts to ignore Dana's suggestive attire, Tim couldn't help but ogle her every chance he got. Every movement she made would cause the flesh of her chest to heave or jiggle. It didn't take long before he had an uncontrollable erection again. "Come on, dear. We'll just go for a little while. Do you trust me?"

"Of course I do, Tim," she said. Then Dana pulled out a wispy white wrap and tied it around her little waist.

"Let's go have some fun," Tim said.

Finally, Dana sucked in a breath and started walking towards the door. Her breathing was quick, but Tim could tell that she was trying to look calm.

Part Four: Dana's Dark Admirers

After a while, Tim could tell that Dana had calmed down. She seemed more relaxed; no doubt getting used to walking around in her new bathing suit. The good news was that her adjustment had a positive effect on Tim too. Instead of feeling absolutely terrible about coaxing his wife into this uncomfortable situation, he started to feel proud of the admiring glances she was receiving from all of the men and even some of the women.

"See, this isn't so bad," Tim said.

"I guess not," his wife said tentatively.

"Well, we're a long way from Kentucky."

"Yeah, they definitely don't dress like this. That's for sure."

"I'm glad we moved here. I'm glad you agreed to marry me. And I'm REALLY glad you wore that bikini for me, Dana. You make me so happy!"

Dana laughed lightly. "Boys are so weird!"

"You mean men..." her husband said.

"What?"

Tim hadn't taken the two minute clip yet. He had his phone ready in his pocket, waiting for the right opportunity to ask Dana to remove her sarong.

Not that the wrap was doing much to conceal anything. As they walked down the boardwalk together the sun shone through the loose material making it partially transparent; and the slight breeze caused it to cling to her thighs, outlining the shape of her cheeks and mound so that she might as well have been naked.

"You seem more relaxed now," Tim said, working up to the part where he asked her to take off the wrap. "Look at you go!"

"Yeah, I guess so."

Fingering his cell phone in his pocket, and feeling more than a little guilty, Tim

said, "You know what I think, Dana?"

"What dear?"

"I think that you should take off the sarong. Get some sun on those buns!" he said, thinking that the more he made it sound like a big joke, the more likely she would listen to him.

Unfortunately, the ploy wasn't the most effective, as Dana seemed a bit reluctant. "Yeah, maybe."

Tim could see the concern on his wife's face. He knew that she'd come a long way from her conservative roots, but asking her to parade around town with a piece of string up her ass-crack was probably a bit much. Nonetheless, if he didn't get her to comply with his request, then all of this would be for naught. "Come on, kid! Live a little! Nobody around here cares. Let's put some sun where the sun doesn't shine!"

She looked away from him as they continued to walk down the boardwalk together. "I don't know... We only live ten minutes away. This is our neighborhood. That might not be a good idea.."

"So?"

"Maybe we could do this somewhere else, somewhere not so close to home."

"What about for only a minute?" he said, then catching himself. "Actually, what about for two minutes?"

She turned back to him, her lips still puckered up with trepidation and concern. "Well, you know. It still feels sort of weird already..."

"How so?"

She looked up, gave him an ironic look, a look which meant that she needed to state the obvious to her husband. "Well, dear, my ass feels naked. That's how so."

Tim laughed heartily. "Who would have known that Little Miss Kentucky would one day be strutting her stuff like this, huh?"

"Yeah, it feels odd to have my butt-cheeks move so freely in public. Very odd. I feel exposed."

Tim nodded, realizing that he needed a new tactic. "At least it's a good day for that. Look at this weather!"

The day was sunny, warm, with nothing but blue skies. On one side of the boardwalk there was the white sandy beach with the steady crash of big Pacific waves. While on the other side there was a long line of restaurants and bars, most of them with patio areas where the customers could sit underneath large umbrellas.

"Come on, let's stop and get something to drink," Tim said, slipping his arm around Dana and dragging her towards one of the restaurants.

They had an outdoor bar, a spot designed to service people coming in from the beach, so that you could have drinks without having to go inside and worry about the restaurant's dress codes.

As they approached the bar area, Tim noticed several bus boys standing in the corner. The bus boys watched as Dana climbed onto a barstool, her cleavage jutting out like candy for their eyes to devour.

Dana didn't even notice them, how they were blatantly gawking at her. She was too busy trying to stretch out the fabric to cover more of her large breasts.

"Does this place have a bartender?" Tim mused. "Or do we serve ourselves?"

"I'm sure they do," Dana said. "Just wait. You're always so impatient."

Tim was impatient too. Quietly, he was still crafting a ploy to get his wife to remove her sarong long enough for that two minute recording.

After another moment, the bartender finally materialized, walking through a pair of swinging doors that presumably lead to a kitchen area.

The bartender was a female, late 20's, with red hair and fair skin. When the bartender saw Tim's wife sitting there in her skimpy bikini so that most of her chest was hanging out in plain view, a look of disdain seemed to flash over the bartender's face.

This annoyed Tim. He didn't feel like it was a bartender's role to judge what other people wore to the beach. She was probably just jealous that she would never be able to pull off a bikini like Dana had. It annoyed Tim so much that when the female bartender asked how they wanted their drinks prepared, he answered with a little more condescension than necessary.

"I don't think she likes me very much," Dana said, taking a sip of her frozen strawberry daiquiri.

"Who? The bartender? Why do you care what she thinks?"

"I don't," Dana said. "Not really."

"Trust me," her husband said. "If she had the body to pull off that bikini the way you do, she'd be doing it too. But nobody wants to see a pale, doughy person in a bikini like that. The glare coming off that white skin would probably blind people!"

Dana laughed and drank down more of her frozen red drink.

After they were finished, they ordered a second round.

Tim could tell that the alcohol was having an effect on his wife, who had always been a cheap date.

Waiting for the right moment, he reached for his drink on the bar, only to "accidentally" knock Dana's drink off, causing some of the frozen red sludge to fall onto her lap, ruining her sarong!

"Whoops! I'm sorry!" Tim said, getting up to help wipe the mess off. "Fuck, how clumsy of me! That was a twelve dollar cocktail!"

His wife was still frowning as she assessed the damage. "And a forty dollar sarong! Baby, it's ruined!"

"I'm so --so very sorry," Tim said. "It was an accident. Here, I'll take it and go wash it in the bathroom. It's okay. I'll be right back. We can't have you walking around in something like that."

Either Dana was too buzzed, or too apathetic to call bullshit. Still standing up,

she reached around her waist and untied the flimsy material, handing it over to her husband. "I seriously doubt that you're going to have much luck getting that out."

"I'll try," he said, already starting to walk away. "Just a minute, baby. I'll be right back. Don't move an inch!"

"Just so you know," she called back, "I'm drinking the rest of your drink! That's the least you could do!"

"Order us two more, baby!"

She grinned back at him, no longer seeming conscious about her bikini top, or her ass-cheeks which were now completely uncovered and exposed for everyone in the bar to see.

In the bathroom, Tim pulled his phone out and made sure that there was plenty of battery for two minutes of recording. He was pleased to see that it was fully charged. Then he walked over to the sink to make a half-hearted attempt at washing the drink out of Dana's sarong. If this worked, he would just buy her a new one. No, if Tim could get through this ordeal, then he might buy her a hundred new ones!

He was standing at one of the last sinks, in the corner, with his head down when the bathroom door banged open and a group of men walked in, everyone trying to talk at the same time.

Right away Tim recognized them as the bus boys. They were just teenagers, probably not even in college yet.

Not exactly sure why, Tim found himself taking the sarong and scurrying into one of the stalls before they saw him.

"Oh man, I love working at this place! This place is the best! Last summer I worked at Wal-Mart and that job fucking sucked!" said one of them.

Another one said, "So many fine bitches!"

"The worst part is the blue balls! I seriously get blue balls working here every day!"

"Dude? Did you see that fucking blonde bitch in the thong? Just now? With them big ol' titties!"

"Did you see the guy she was with?"

"That dude was a fucking chump too! We should kick his ass and take his girl!"

"You mean we should fuck his girl!"

"Show her what a real man feels like!"

"Man, it was hilarious when that Brittany Spears came on and she started dancing by herself. That ass tho! She was totally trying to make my dick hard! Man, she definitely wants a big cock in her! I'd make that bitch cum so fucking hard!"

"Naw man, she wants a big cock like mine. That sexy bitch doesn't want no little puny dick like yours. She wants a big cock that she can choke on!"

"Shut up, fool! Your dumbass is still a virgin. I'd rip that fucking thong off and stuff it in her mouth! Gag her with her panties while I make that pussy queef!"

This caused all of the bus boys to start laughing.

A moment later and Tim could hear the bathroom door bang open and then it was quiet again.

With their laughs ringing in his ears, Tim got his phone out and mentally prepared himself. All he needed to do was come up behind her, discretely hold the phone out for two minutes, and then this nightmare of a task would be over! Yes, over!

After tossing the ruined sarong into the trash bin, Tim was ready to rejoin Dana, who no longer had the ability to cover up her exposed ass-cheeks. Tim had his phone ready to go now. Like a man on a mission, he pushed open the bathroom door and marched down a long, dark hallway leading to the bar area, and to Dana.

She wasn't alone though.

Tim's mouth suddenly went dry.

Having been left alone for only a few minutes, Dana had attracted the attention of three muscular black guys who looked --at least to Tim-- like they could have been in a gang.

Two of the black guys were wearing khakis and wife-beaters. But the biggest one (obviously their leader, Tim assumed) only wore baggy jeans with no shirt, but had several gold and silver chains draped across his immense chest.

And he was quite the specimen.

Shaved bald head, ripped, V-shaped body, visible tattoos, and assertive cheekbones: he must have been two hundred and fifty pounds, Tim guessed. The guy was a real gorilla. And at the moment, he was looking at Tim's blond-haired, blue-eyed, scantily dressed wife, like she was the last banana in the jungle.

That's when Tim looked down and realized that he'd been recording the whole thing.

At the moment Dana was facing the black guys --where her big tits and flimsy bikini top were no doubt drawing numerous appraising glances. Tim wasn't thrilled with this situation, not at all. But at least it meant that she was distracted and facing away so that he had a clear shot of her firm ass-cheeks, barely covered by the thong --which was the shot Ron had demanded.

Rotten luck, thought Tim. This would have been the perfect shot if it wasn't for those fucking black guys!

Earlier, Tim had even been thinking that he would keep a copy of this video for himself. But not now. Watching Dana get hit on by a bunch of thugs just killed the mood.

Tim was still recording when the shirtless black guy stepped forward and put his arms out for a hug. Dana hesitated. And after an awkward moment, the black guy wrapped her up in his arms, crushing his chest into her heavy breasts, in what was probably supposed to look like a casual hug. He pulled Dana into his body and her arms dangled out at the sides like a child passively resisting. Then, before releasing her, one of his big coal-black hands slipped down her waist; and it looked like he grazed one of her butt-cheeks for a quick second.

Watching from a distance, Tim could feel his throat constrict and his heart sink down into his stomach. All of the blood in his veins seemed to concentrate in his earlobes, making them throb. Every part of his body wanted to murder that fucking black dude for taking such liberties with his wife!

Unfortunately for Tim (or perhaps very fortunately) by the time he got across the room, the black guys had already turned and started to walk away. He could hear them laughing and making little comments which sounded like veiled sexual innuendo.

"Hey!" Tim said. "Are you okay?"

Dana turned and looked at her husband. "I'm fine."

"Who were those guys?"

"Oh? You saw that?"

"Dana!"

"Um, just some guys," she said, pausing to hiccup. "Woops! I think I had too many drinks!"

Angrily, Tim put his hands on his hips and said, "What did those guys want? Why did that one guy hug you?"

"Oh, it was silly really. They asked me if I wanted to be in a video. I told them no. End of story."

"Video?" said her husband, not liking the sound of this one fucking bit. "What kind of video?"

"Not porn," she said, rolling her pretty blue eyes at him. "A rap video, dear. Wouldn't have that been hilarious? Me in a rap video? Can you even imagine? Can you imagine the faces of my parents if they learned that I had moved to California and become one of those booty girls in rap videos?"

She started laughing.

"Dana, I think you're a little drunk."

"I think so too," she said. "It's your fault. You know I have zero tolerance! You just wanted to get me tipsy so that I'd wear this ridiculous bathing suit! Your dirty old man!"

"Alright, alright," he said. "Let's get you home, my little hell cat. Let's get you home before you cause a riot in this place."

Part Five: Ron's Office

A few days later Tim was headed to the teacher's lounge because it was his planning period. The bell had already rang and the hallway was deserted when he heard a quick, low whistle. Ron stood in the shadowy threshold of a utility closet. He waved for Tim to join him. Then Ron closed the closet door for privacy.

"Hey, what's up, Ron?" Tim said. He knew that considering the circumstances, the last thing he wanted to do was aggravate Ron in any way. After all, what Ron had over Tim was enough to put Tim behind bars, not to mention take everything away from him that he loved.

Nonetheless, standing here in the foul-smelling, claustrophobic confines of the utility closet, Tim felt irritated beyond measure. And he certainly did not enjoy being beckoned during his planning period. Especially by some POS like Black Ron. So Tim found himself saying, "I didn't realize that we were going to meet in your office today."

"My office?" sneered Ron. "Good one."

The room smelled like piss and ammonia. It was dark except a single naked light bulb which hung from the low ceiling. Tim looked around the dingy little area that was cluttered with mops, brooms, brushes, buckets, and an array of industrial-strength cleaning products that sat in large plastic containers.

"So this is where the magic happens, huh?" Tim said, unable to stop himself. "This is where you hone your craft? This is where people like you come to master your custodial arts?"

Ron just stood there, glaring up at the snotty teacher who wore his white privilege like a badge of honor.

Tim waited. Then he said, "Is there a particular reason why you called me here? Because I sort of have important teaching stuff to get to."

"I'm sure you do," is all Ron said.

"What is it?"

"First of all," Ron said, obviously building up to something. "I'd like to

personally thank you for the video you sent me. Damn whiteboy, I probably watched that video a hundred times already! That ass! I love looking at that ass! I bet the brothas in that video were ready to pounce on that ass too. Dana didn't get any black meat that night did she?"

"No," muttered Tim contemptuously. "She didn't, Ron."

"Too bad," Ron said. "Actually I saw Dana today and I couldn't wipe the grin off my face! I don't know why your wife even wears pants and dresses when she would look so much better walking around in that thong I gave her!"

Tim stood there, fighting the urge to throttle the insolent black janitor.

"Aw, what's wrong, whiteboy? Ain't you got nothing to say now? A moment ago you were saying a bunch of hilarious things, but now you not saying nothing."

"Look --" Tim checked himself. "I mean, Ron, okay. I'm playing your game. I sent you the video like you asked for. What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to say that you're ready for the second game," Ron said.

Tim made a non-committal gesture with his shoulders and waited for Ron to continue.

"But before I explain the rules of this game," Ron said, "did you bring the thing for me?"

"The thing?"

"You know..."

Tim's expression withered at the thought. Not having any other choice, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the teeny bikini that Dana had worn. He handed the bikini over to Ron and watched as Ron brought the bikini bottom up to his face, his wide nose flaring as he inhaled deeply. "Hmmmm... Damn, that smells just like a peach!"

Tim didn't say anything, just stood there.

"Alright whiteboy, so this is how Game #2 is going to go. Just so you know, I

made some last minute corrections. See, I didn't realize that your wife had a sweet tooth for chocolate. I think it's time she finally get a nibble."

"What does that mean?" Tim said.

But to his dismay, he watched as Ron reached underneath a table and pulled out another black-and-gold gift bag, which was much heavier than the first.

Part Six: Every White Couple Should Own One

At the end of the week Tim treated his wife to an expensive dinner at one of the nicest Italian restaurants in the city. Afterwards they drank wine, talked, laughed, and took their shoes off for a long walk down the beach. It was dark but there was a full moon out. Dana was wearing one of her sexy little black dresses. She had her hair pulled up high to show off the big hoop earrings she'd chosen that evening. As the married couple walked along the wet sand, holding hands, not saying anything, just listening, the gusts of wind came off the water and blew Dana's hair back --giving her the appearance of a sultry fertility goddess ready for business.

"You look so beautiful," Tim said. "Has anyone ever told you that before?"

"Once or twice," she said, giggling. "So what's this surprise you have for me back at the house? I'm curious."

Surprise?

Oh, right. That.

As if he could forget something like that, as if he could forget what that POS Ron was making him do!

Now Tim had to suppress the disgust he felt for what he was about to ask of his wife. Using every ounce of will power, he pasted a smile onto his face. "Oh, don't worry, baby. I think you're going to like it."

As soon as the words left his mouth, he wanted to vomit.

Later, after they got back to the condo, Dana disappeared into the bathroom --as was her custom. She came out a few minutes later though. Now she was wearing only a bra and panty set she'd recently bought at Victoria's Secret. They were red and silky, with lace trim.

Moving her hips in a slow and exaggerated fashion, she approached her husband who was sitting on the bed. She didn't know what her husband had in store for her. Just like she didn't know how much he'd been dreading this moment all week.

As they started making out on the bed, groping each other like teenagers, Tim's

senses were on fire. The sight of Dana's tight body in those red panties had already given him an erection. But as he kissed her neck, working down her slender shoulders, all he could smell was the apple smell of her hair. While his mouth watered over the salty taste of her body mixing with the hint of strawberry from her lip gloss.

"Damn, Dana, you look so fucking good right now!"

"Oh yeah? You think so? What are you going to do about it?" she said flirtatiously.

Tim laughed in reply as he pushed Dana back so that she was lying flat on her back, her chest heaving, as she stared up at him with those big blue eyes of hers.

He watched approvingly as she slid her hands up her body and began messaging her firm breasts through the revealing fabric of her bra. When they started kissing again, Tim realized that he needed to go ahead and get this over with.

He reached under the bed.

He still couldn't believe that he was actually about to do this. It was so humiliating.

"Dana open your eyes."

Dana opened her eyes. Her expression was one of shock and confusion. "What is that?"

Tim tried to grin it off, thinking that the more casual and light-hearted he seemed, the least likely she would start to freak out. "Ha-ha!" he said disingenuously. "What does it look like?"

She stared at the object in her husband's grasp for several more seconds, allowing for a tension to build up in the room.

"It looks like a ..." Dana's voice faltered.

"I thought that we could play around a little tonight. I thought we could try something new."

Dana suddenly sat up, locked her arms, and cocked her head to one side as she continued mulling it over. Finally she said, "So you bought me a big black dildo?"

Just hearing the words come out of his wife's mouth caused Tim to die a little inside. If he had lived his entire life without having to hear his sweet, beautiful wife say "big black dildo" then he would have died a happy man. And yet, here he was, offering his wife a 12-inch black rubber dildo. It was huge and thick and full of veins. Apparently it had been molded from the cock of an infamous black porn star. No, he wasn't just offering this to his wife. He was encouraging her to use it. He was betraying the trust of their marriage, taking advantage of her willingness to do anything to please him.

"No way!" Dana said, shaking her head in disbelief. "Get that thing away from me!"

"What? What's wrong?"

"I think you have me confused with some other girl. Because there's no way that I'm going to put that thing anywhere near me. Much less inside me!"

"Dana, it's just a toy. Why are you being so dramatic? It's a toy. We're both adults."

For a while she just sat there staring at her husband like it was the first time she'd ever seen him. "... So this was my surprise? A big black dildo? A black cock?"

Tim winced ever so slightly. He really wished that his wife would stop saying those words. It was bad enough that he was being forced into this situation. But hearing his wife vocalize things was only making that much harder. "... It's just a toy."

"What? Speak up. I didn't hear you," she said.

Tim cleared his throat. "I was just saying..."

Dana interrupted him. "How long, dear, has this been a fantasy of yours? The reason I ask is because I know that usually when people try new things out in the bedroom, it's only after they've been thinking about it for a while. So when did you first start thinking about me using a black dildo?"

Tim shrugged his shoulders, gave his wife a sheepish little grin. "I don't know. Not too long. I'm not really sure."

"Here let me see that black cock," she said, holding her dainty white hand out.

Hating himself more and more, Tim gave it to her.

It looked amazingly realistic --from the deep chocolate head to the brown, veiny shaft, and the plump black balls with a suction cup attached to them for "hands free fun."

After appraising it for a while, Dana's lips started to thin in reluctant acceptance. "Okay my little pervert husband, if this is one of your little kinks, I guess I can try it. But I have one condition, dear."

"Name it," he said.

"I WILL NOT BE FUCKING MYSELF WITH A BIG BLACK DILDO EVERY NIGHT, OKAY?"

Tim nodded. He couldn't have agreed more. He wanted to tell his wife that this was going to be the only night, but he didn't want to give her any reason to be suspicious of his motives.

"Do we have a deal?" she said.

"Okay, dear, we have a deal," he said, fighting back the indignation that threatened to destroy the last shreds of his masculinity. "I promise."

"After all, it's just a piece of rubber," Dana said. "If this is what you really want to see..."

Tim couldn't believe that this was actually going to happen. Why was this happening? Was he such a terrible person? Was the world really out to punish him? His only redeeming thought was that at least after tonight there would just be one more task (that is, one more dumb, stupid, fucking pointless task devised by that fucking idiot Ron, AKA, Black Ron, AKA Mo-Ron) and then he could move on and forget about this tragedy of a night.

"Dana, I love you. Okay? I just want you to know that."

She fell back onto the bed and grabbed her husband's hand. Spreading her thighs a little, she lead her husband's fingers to the sacred place between her legs. Two of his digits slipped underneath her red panties until he felt the moistness of her lips. Soon his index and middle finger were a blur on her clit.

"Yes Tim!" Dana lay there, her flaxen blond hair spread out on the pillows, breathing hard. One of her hands curled into a tight fist that she used to beat the bed several times, while her other hand gripped the shaft of the large black dildo.

"Take my panties off, dear."

Tim reached for Dana's hips just as she lifted her butt a few inches off the bed.

He couldn't believe his eyes as he watched Dana bring the large black rubber cock between her legs. He'd seen her masturbate before. She even had a vibrator. But her vibrator was small and pink and battery operated. The sheer size of the dildo --not to mention the contrast between her white thighs and its dark skin-- caused a rather confusing visceral reaction for Tim.

"Shit! This thing is so big, Tim. I'm not sure it's going to fit inside me," she said, groaning a little. Then she rolled over to the nightstand and got out the lube. She covered the black cock with some clear fluid, making it gleam.

Then she spread her legs wide and pushed the cockhead against the outside of her treasure.

"Uggggh! This is so huge! I don't think I'm made for something this big! I'm used to your size," she said, unaware of how much she was hurting her husband's feelings.

But she kept pushing away and the bulbous head started to slide inside her. Then Dana relaxed for a moment and started to work the dark shaft into her love canal, going slow, inch by inch.

Without realizing what he was doing, Tim had placed his right hand on the shaft of his own penis. His eyes were wide with amazement and lust as he watched Dana fuck herself with the big black toy. A moment later, however, and Dana realized what he was doing also.

"No, no, no! I don't think so buddy!" she said, pulling the black cock from her

pussy, causing her pussy to make a squelching sound as the air rushed out.

"What? Can't I watch too?" he said.

"You can," she said. "But I don't want you wasting that wood and going to sleep on me! I want to make sure that you're ready to go after I'm done."

"What are you talking about?"

In a moment he found out. Dana pulled a chair up to the bed and told Tim to sit down. After he was comfortable she went back to the nightstand and got out the set of handcuffs they sometimes used in the bedroom. She told her husband to put his arms behind his back.

"Is this necessary, Dana?"

"If you want me to keep going it is," she said. "Now the quicker you listen to me, the quicker we get back to the fun part."

It was only after Tim had his hands secured behind his back that he realized a flaw in this thinking.

If his hands were handcuffed behind his back how was he going to take that fucking picture with his phone and send it to that fucking asshole Ron?

Dana gave her husband one last look and got back up on the bed, appearing much more comfortable than she had ten minutes ago.

Tim was at a loss at what to do next. All he could do was sit, shackled, helpless, watching as his beautiful wife laid down on the bed, spreading her legs for her husband to see clearly.

With one hand Dana was kneading her breasts. The other hand was alternating between her mouth and her pussy. Dana's eyes were closed and her mouth was partially open, sighs of obvious enjoyment coming out with great frequency.

Then Dana brought the big black dildo to her lips and licked around the head, which, judging by the wetness between her legs, was totally unnecessary.

"Oh fuck, I'm so fucking wet right now, baby. Do you see how wet I am?"

Tim's mind was going into overdrive. All he could do was sit there and watch, staring in stunned silence.

"He's so big! He fills me up so good!" She said as a wave of exhibitionism came over her and she took it and kissed her new toy. Then she brought it down to her clit and began rubbing the bulbous head in tiny circles, her hips arching to greet the welcome sensation.

Tim was still in state of turmoil. Watching Dana kiss that big black cockhead -- defacto adultery in his mind-- stirred a lot of confusing emotions for him. Maybe it was seeing her inner slut come to the surface; or maybe it was the fact that it was a black cock in her white hands, but his own cock started to get hard again.

"Dana," he whined, "please take these handcuffs off me!"

"I'm sort of busy right now," she said, working the black cock deeper and deeper inside her pussy. "Can I get back to you later, hun?"

"I'm serious," he said, tormented by how much his balls had started to ache. "They're actually hurting my wrist. I promise I won't masturbate. I just want to watch."

"You promise you won't touch yourself?"

"Scout's honor," he blurted out, realizing too late how ridiculous and pathetic he probably sounded.

Now it took Dana a moment to respond, as she seemed totally focused on giving herself pleasure. The dark shaft was spreading her open like her husband had never done before. But she suddenly sat up, letting the black cock plop out of her pussy. She got up and kissed Tim on the mouth, pressing her body against his. "Okay dear. But if you break your promise then this will be the last time we ever do something like this again."

"I promise," he mumbled back, sounding more defeated than excited to finally be unfettered.

Once the handcuffs were off, Tim stood up. His cell phone was sitting on the dresser. He still wasn't sure how he was going to take the picture without Dana noticing. But then she did something which seemed to solve all of his problems.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Um, nothing," she said with a coy grin.

"Dana..."

"I just want to try something," she said. "As long as we're being freaky tonight."

Tim couldn't believe his eyes as Dana (his Dana!) went over to the wall mirror and attached the black dildo with the huge suction cup at the base. He was even more shocked to see his beautiful white wife get on all fours and back herself onto the big black dildo.

It was beyond bizarre. Dana was acting like this was the most natural thing in the world.

She reached back, guiding the massive tip inside her again, no longer having to fight the resistance from earlier now that her pussy had been thoroughly stretched out --if not resized. Then she wiggled her hips and ass a few times, swallowing up several more inches, and going deeper than her husband ever could. Then she started fucking herself on the big black cock. Her ass rushed at the mirror and retreated, over and over and over again.

"Oh shit! Tim! Baby! This black cock feels so good now!" Dana said, the words sounding as improbable as the sight of Tim's wife on all fours, fucking herself with a black dildo was.

"Yeah dear," Tim said. "You look so good. I'm glad you like it. I want you to be happy."

Her eyes were half-closed and she started making little grunting sounds -- something which she'd literally never done before in bed with her husband.

Tim knew that this was the moment. He turned around and grabbed his phone. He selected the camera option. It was ready now.

Dana was completely oblivious to the rest of the world. Her shapely butt was arched high as she slammed her haunches backwards to meet the big black rubber cock. The blond-haired goddess was more like a hungry lioness in mating season now.

Tim took several pictures, some with her head down, others with her head up, her throat stretched backwards, her eyes closed with an all-consuming lust.

The next morning, after Tim sent Ron the pictures proving that he'd completed the second game, he asked Dana what happened to the big black dildo.

"Why?" she said, sitting on the couch, wearing only a T-shirt and panties as she flipped through this month's copy of Vogue magazine.

"I was going to throw it away," he said.

"Huh?" Without taking her eyes off the magazine, she said, "Why would you do something like that?"

"Because...um."

"It's in my top drawer, in my underwear drawer. Actually, I was thinking we could keep it around," she said, looking up and seeing the wounded expression on her husband's face. "Don't worry, hun, I'm keeping you around too!"

As Tim walked down the hallway, he could hear his wife still giggling.

Part Seven: Hard to Swallow

The following Saturday, around 6 P.M., Tim received a text from his tormentor and blackmailer Ron. Tim was sitting on the couch then. He tapped the screen of his cell phone, several times. Ron's text said:

Whassup whiteboy! Tonight's the night! Game 3! Last game! U excited?

Tim didn't reply.

He was in a sullen mood. He'd started drinking in the afternoon and was therefore partially drunk by now. He normally didn't drink in the daytime, but he also knew that he would have to be extremely intoxicated if there was any chance for him to actually go through with Game #3. He also figured that Dana would have to be drunk too.

Why?

It was one thing to get Dana to walk around public in a thong. It was one thing to get Dana to fuck herself with a big black dildo. That was just awful enough. But it was quite another thing to ask Dana to go to a dance club and bring a black guy home!

The good news --as Ron had cheerfully pointed out when the janitor and teacher were standing in the dingy utility closet at school-- was that Dana didn't actually have to let the black stranger fuck her. After all --Ron explained-- he wasn't the sort of guy who took the sanctity of marriage lightly. No, the only thing Ron wanted from Tim was a few pictures of Dana "wrapping her pretty white lips around a big juicy black cock, a real one this time, preferably so that her cheeks are bulged out."

How was Tim going to pull this one off?

He wasn't sure.

All of the alcohol was calming his nerves --but it was also clouding his thinking a bit. He figured he'd just get her to the dance club. (Ron also wanted a pic of Dana dancing, which seemed a bit tame considering his other requests.) And once they were there, Tim would just play it by ear. He kept telling himself that worse things could happen. Ron could release the evidence that incriminated Tim. Or, Ron could have said that he wanted Dana to fuck a stranger!

Yes, this was bad, very bad. But there was small consolation knowing that things for Tim and Dana could have been so much worse.

At least, that's how Tim was rationalizing things in his head.

Tim's phone started vibrating again. It was another text from Ron.

You guys at the club yet? Where's my pic, whiteboy?

Tim texted Ron back immediately.

No, not yet. Still trying to pick the right place. Don't worry, you'll get your damn pic.

Ron waited a few minutes and texted Tim back the name of a nearby club which was known to have lots of "brothas," without being too "ghetto." He said the club closed at 2 A.M. He said that he better have his pic by 3 A.M.

Part Eight: Dana Gets Her Grind On

It was only 9 P.M. and Dana had downed four or five Kamikazes. The drinks went straight to her head and already she'd danced with a couple of guys who no doubt picked up on the flirtatious vibe she was giving off as she stood next to the bar, turning and writhing to the throbbing house music.

You couldn't blame the guys either.

That night Dana was dressed to impress. She wore a very tight dark blue halter crop-top that ended a few inches above her belly button and left most of her back exposed. She also wore tight, black pants that exposed her butterfly tattoo on the lower part of her back. Under the tattoo, just above the huggers of her hips, was strategically positioned her black thong to accentuate the lovely ass and hips of the young woman.

It was easy for Dana to draw the attention of guys and women. As soon as she left the dance floor, presumably to rejoin her husband, another guy would materialize asking her for the next dance.

"I like your tattoo," said one of her admirers, a muscle-bound blond guy with a USMC tattoo on his right forearm. "I really like it!"

"Thanks," Dana said, laughing and tossing her hair around. "It's a butterfly."

"I know! I can see that!" the marine said, keeping his eyes pasted on Dana's ass. "Hey, let's dance! Do you want to dance?"

"Sorry," Dana said, "I need to chill out for a moment. I've already danced more tonight than I have in the last year! Oh, by the way, this is my husband."

When the marine guy saw Tim miserably slumped against the bar, his expression soured immediately. "Oh sorry. I didn't realize. I thought that was your gay friend."

"My what?" Dana said, exploding with laughter, then looking over at her husband. "Hardly!"

"Maybe next time," the military guy said, walking off.

Dana reached for her drink and smiled at her husband. "What? Why are you

looking at me like that?"

"You didn't have to laugh so hard. It wasn't that funny. That dude was being an asshole."

"Jesus Tim," she said. "I thought you said we were here to have a good time. You're the one that told me to go dance! You don't look like you're having a good time, Tim. And you haven't even danced with me once. You know what you look like? Honestly? You look like you're ready to bolt for the door at any moment."

"I'm having a good time," he said in his most miserable voice.

"Are you too drunk?" she asked.

This only irritated him even more. "I'm not too drunk!"

"Okay, okay. Sorry I asked," she said.

Then Dana finished her drink, ordered another round, and suggested that her and Tim go find a table where they could sit back and "people watch."

The club was pretty busy with a good mixture of people. There seemed to be almost an equal amount of whites, blacks, Latinos, and even a few Asians here and there. It had been a long time since Tim and Dana had come out to a dance club. The last time they'd been to a place like this they were both in college, back in Kentucky. This was definitely not Kentucky though. Some of the women in here looked like they had dressed for a lingerie party, not a dance club open to the public.

Ron was right too. There was no shortage of black guys either. They really were better dancers too. Some of them just stood back, on the edge of the dance floor, watching everyone else. But a lot of the black guys were out there dancing. People could say that that was just a stereotype. But obviously they didn't see the way these guys were moving. If Tim had trained his whole life he would have never been able to match the natural rhythm of those guys. Nor did it escape Tim's attention how many white women were dancing with the black guys. Tim had to remind himself that this was California. He had to remind himself that this was 2016. And he also had to remind himself the reason that he was here with Dana.

"I need to go to the bathroom," he said, leaning over to his wife. "I'll be right back, honey."

"Are you okay?" she said. "Do you need to throw up?"

He shook his head, got up from the table, started threading his way through the crowds.

A little later, when Tim returned to the table, it took him a few moments to process what he was looking at.

Dana wasn't alone. She was sitting next to a black guy now. Dana was laughing at something the black guy was saying. The black guy was sitting very close to Dana, so close that a stranger might have mistaken them for a couple. The black guy was in his forties, short, stocky, bald, dark-skinned, and had eyes that seemed to stay yellow all the time. It was weird to see a guy as ugly as him sitting next to someone as beautiful as Dana. It was weird to see Black Ron not wearing his school janitor uniform too.

"Guess who's here?" Dana said when she saw her husband standing by the table. "Small world, huh?"

Tim looked at Ron who was clearly getting a kick out of this. "Yeah, real small."

"Sit down, whiteboy!"

"Appreciate that," Tim said through gritted teeth. "So, Ron, what a coincidence that you picked this particular night club on this particular night to show up."

"Well, you know," Ron said, turning his lustful gaze to Dana. Yes, her skimpy shirt definitely showed off just the right amount of cleavage. It allowed anyone interested to see how soft the curves of her voluptuous breasts were. "I heard there were a lot of sexy snowbunnies here."

"Snowbunny?" Dana said, wrinkling up her small nose. "What the heck is a snowbunny?"

Tim knew what Ron had meant, but didn't say anything.

Ron laughed, threw his head back. "Well for starters, they ask the most adorable

questions!"

Ron kept laughing.

Then Ron looked at Dana and said, "I didn't realize you like to dance so much."

"Yeah, sometimes," she said.

"You're a very good dancer," Ron said with an intriguing smile on his face.

"You're very sensual. Too bad none of the guys you danced with were any good though."

Dana looked at him more closely, no doubt she was still getting used to Ron wearing a button-up shirt and khakis rather than his usual grimy overalls. Then -- and shocking her husband-- she said, "Do you think you could do any better, Ron?"

As Tim watched Ron lead Dana to the dance floor --letting her walk in front of him so that he could stare at her ass, her thong-- he understood what was going on now. Ron had set him up. Ron had played him. Ron didn't want a picture of Dana giving some random black guy a blowjob. Ron wanted Dana to give him a blowjob!

The thought, of course, was unbearable for Tim. Even as drunk as he was, even though he knew the consequences of not playing Ron's game, he still felt he needed to put a stop to this thing right here and now.

But how?

And was he really ready to deal with the consequences of Ron going to the police?

No, that thought was possibly even more unbearable.

So instead, he just sat back, reaching for his drink, keeping an eye on the dance floor, knowing that he was allowing his wife to get seduced by another man.

After dancing face-to-face, Ron suddenly grabbed Dana by the hips, turning her so that she was facing away from him. At first Tim fully expected his wife to respond negatively. But a second later he saw that she was much more passive

tonight. Ron took advantage of this, pulling her body into his now. Their hips began to move in tandem, having found a rhythm. Tim could see his wife even grinding the meat of her ass against the front of Ron's pants, probably making his cock hard.

"Piece of shit," Tim said, feeling as upset as he was helpless.

Then Ron's hands slid up her side, nearly cupping her breasts. Dana kept dancing though. She rocked back forth, adding to the pressure of her tits against his wandering black fingers.

They continued writhing together suggestively --as if they were just two random people who'd found one another under the twirling dance club lights. But it wasn't long before Ron grew even bolder. At one point he had Dana facing away when he suddenly pushed the back of her shoulders so hard that she was forced to bend over at the waist, her ass sticking up, and her hands nearly touching the sticky surface of the dance club floor. When other dancers saw this provocative style of dancing they moved out of the way, forming a ring of spectators as Ron simulated doggystyle sex with Dana.

Then he turned her around so that their noses were nearly touching. Ron leaned in, placed his lips on her neck. In one quick movement he picked Dana up in his arms. He kept one arm around her back and used his free arm to support her butt. Dana had no choice but to wrap her legs around the black man's waist.

The crowd of spectators began cheering on the couple, which must have looked so oddly paired --this great beauty of a white woman with this ugly old black man.

When Dana was on her feet again Ron reached around, roughly grabbing big handfuls of her ass-cheeks. It seemed like he was showing off to the crowd now. He wanted to show them what a great dancer and great lover he was. And when he grew bored of merely feeling up Dana's body, he grew bolder, reaching into the back of her black pants with both of his hands so that everyone could see the top part of her butt-cheeks and thong.

Ron was still grinning big and wide when he felt someone tap him on the shoulder. Tim was standing there. He only hit Ron one time. But it was hard enough to knock Ron unconscious.

"Dana," Tim said. "Come on, let's go. It's time for us to leave!"

Part Nine: Kismet

The next couple of days were a blur for Tim. He couldn't sleep, he couldn't eat, and every time he heard sirens outside he knew that they were coming to take him away.

This is terrible, he thought. This must be what it felt like to be on death row.

All Sunday Tim even thought about texting Ron and apologizing for what happened in the dance club. Tim could blame his actions on the alcohol. He could point out that he'd already been compliant for the first two "games."

But it wasn't so easy.

Images of Ron groping Dana, pulling her pants down in public, kept flashing through Tim's head, triggering feelings of uncontrollable rage. Yes, Tim had convinced his wife to parade around town with her ass hanging out. Yes, Tim had been instrumental in getting Dana to fuck herself with a big black rubber cock. But he still had his limits. He was still a red-blooded American man, after all. And he couldn't bring himself to allow another man (much less a low-life like Ron, much less a black guy!) simply have his way with Dana.

When Tim was arrested, he would get the best possible lawyers.

There was even a bright side to all of this.

At least he wouldn't have to worry about going to work anymore.

But Monday morning came around and Tim found himself to be a free man.

As soon as he got to school he decided to go find Ron and see if they could work something out --come up with some solution which didn't involve sexual intercourse with Dana. So Tim made a point of getting to school earlier than usual. He dropped his briefcase off in his classroom and headed towards the utility closet, thinking this was as good a place as any to start his search. But on his way he passed one of the other janitors. It was White Ron.

"Hey Ron," Tim said, trying to sound as casual as possible considering the fact that he hadn't slept in two days. "How's it going bud?"

White Ron was over fifty, tall and lanky, with stringy gray hair he kept in a

ponytail. "Eh, it's going. Can't complain."

Tim cut right to the chase. "You haven't seen the other Ron by chance?"

"Black Ron?"

Tim shrugged a little. "Yeah, uh, I guess so."

"Man didn't you hear? Black Ron is no more. He's gone. You didn't hear about it?"

"No!" Tim said, stunned by the announcement. "What happened?"

White Ron started to explain. "They got him Saturday. Apparently he was driving drunk. Cops pulled him over for expired tags and found Black Ron's kilo of Bolivian marching powder in the back. Ron had some guns on him too. Let's just say that the cops were better at aiming. Black Ron is gone."

Tim couldn't believe his ears. "What do you mean he's gone? He's locked up? They took him to jail? That's what you mean?"

"Naw man," White Ron said. "Black Ron isn't in no jail. He's up in heaven now, probably mopping floors and cleaning bathrooms for all the angels. Shit, at least that's the way I imagine heaven to be."

"Holy shit!" Tim said, still reeling from the revelation. "That's horrible!"

White Ron thought about it for a while. "Maybe."

"What's that mean?" asked Tim, expecting to hear that the two men had some type of janitor beef, some disagreement on the best way to remove floor stains in the bathroom.

"You remember when someone started sending dick pics on their phone to some of the varsity cheerleaders? Man, I always figured that Ron had something to do with it. He kept telling me that he knew for sure that he knew for a fact that it wasn't a student, but someone who worked at the high school."

"Yeah... but Ron was black. Weren't the dick pics in question of a white penis?"

"Yeah I thought about that too," White Ron said. "I think that was Black Ron's way of covering his bases. He was always fucking around like that. He was always talking about which girls and teachers he wanted to fuck. I'm almost 100% positive it was him. I know I should feel bad about him being dead and shit. But personally I think the world is a better place because of it."

After they left, Tim found himself walking through the hallways like a man in a trance. Could he really have gotten out of this so easily? Was Fate that kind to him? Could he finally go back to living a normal life with Dana?

It seemed too good to be true.

Then he was standing outside the old utility closet where Ron used to work from. Funny that the small innocuous-looking space had ever caused so much dread for Tim. Out of respect for Black Ron, he decided to take a quick look inside. Yes, it was still the same shit-hole.

Then, just as he was turning to leave, he saw something gleaming in the dark. Cautiously, he bent down at his knees and reached for the object.

It was Tim's phone! The one he'd lost! The one with all the dick pics he'd sent to some of the varsity cheerleaders one drunken night! Like the purloined letter, Ron had left the fucking phone in the utility closet this whole time!

Things really did seem too good to be true. Finally, Tim could go back to being a regular person living a regular life!

Part Ten: Happily Ever After

After work Tim stopped by the store to pick up a few things. He bought a bottle of good wine, some chocolate, and a dozen red roses. When the girl in the flower store asked him what he wanted the card to say, he told her to simply write, "Sorry I've been in such a weird mood lately, looking forward to making it up to you."

Ron's untimely death was the best thing that had ever happened to Tim. It only confirmed his suspicion that behind the surface of reality there really was this karmic energy thing going on. Perhaps if Ron hadn't tried to blackmail Tim then he would still be alive today.

"Oh honey, I'm home!" Tim said as he walked through the front door.

"Just one second, dear!"

A moment later Dana walked into the living room wearing a stretch lace and satin corset with detachable garters and black stockings. The corset was light pink with black lace and light pink bows. The corset had underwires, a hook and eye back closure, and ruffle and satin bows at the bottom. Her panties were pink and very trashy-looking. To complete the look, Dana had even put black high heels on.

"Well? What do you think? Do you see anything you like?"

Tim didn't say anything. He was so stunned by Dana's Fredrick's of Hollywood outfit that he'd already forgotten about the wine and flowers he'd left in the kitchen. "Is it my birthday?"

"Silly man!" said Dana tossing her hair from side to side. "I just figured you deserved something special tonight. I just wanted you to know how much I love you. I hope you like it."

"I don't like it," Tim said. "I love it! Come here young lady!"

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. Tim rubbed her ass, pulling on her cheeks as he ground his pelvis against her.

"Fuck, I'm so horny baby!"

"Me too," she said.

"I can't believe how amazing you look!"

"I love you Tim."

"And I love you more than anything Dana. You know that."

She paused, her eyes locking onto his. "I sort of feel like lately there's been this weird thing going on between us."

"Yeah?" he said, mostly enjoying the sensation of rubbing his body against hers. "It's okay."

She shook her head. "No, it's not okay, Tim. That's the point. I want us to be happy. And the only way that we can be happy is if we are both completely honest and open about what we want. This marriage won't work if we hide things. Transparency is so important."

"Sure, transparency. Absolutely."

She gave her husband a curious look and said, "You know you can tell me anything, right? You know that I will never judge you? I'm your wife, Tim. And if you feel like you're not getting something in this marriage then I need you to articulate that."

"I will," he said, feeling his penis stiffen against his boxers as he stood there embracing his scantily-clad wife. "I promise."

Dana took Tim by the hand, leading him to the back bedroom. Tim was ready to rip her lingerie off immediately, but she stopped. She made him sit down in the chair. She undid his belt and tugged his pants down to his ankles. When she saw the way his boxers had tented up, she laughed and patted his erections several times. Then she got the handcuffs out again and made him put his hands behind his back.

"Is this necessary?" he said. "I mean, you're not planning to do the same thing we did last time, correct?"

She secured the handcuffs and turned on some music she could dance to. By now

Tim's penis was rock hard. At first seeing his wife sway to the rhythm of the music, shaking her ass, wiggling her butt, grinning and giggling, was such a turn-on. But after a while the pleasure turned into something more painful as his shaft throbbed and his balls ached for release.

"Please, I'm begging," he said. "This is too much! Let me out of these damn things so I can fuck the shit out of you woman!"

She kept dancing by herself. "One more word from you and I'm --I'm going to gag you."

"Okay fine," he said. "But when are you going to let me free?"

That was it. Dana walked over to her dresser drawer. She pulled a pair of her panties out and stuffed them into her husband's mouth. She started dancing again, turning around so her husband could see her amazing ass as she gyrated from side to side.

Then there was a loud banging on the front door.

Unlike her husband, Dana didn't look startled at all. She simply shot Tim a quick smile and said she'd be right back.

"Don't go anywhere!" she quipped before grabbing her bathrobe and leaving the room.

It wasn't like he had much choice in the matter.

Tim's ears strained as he tried to hear what was going on in the next room. He thought he heard another voice, but he couldn't be sure. Where was Dana?

Why was she taking so long?

Was she in trouble?

Tim wasn't panicking exactly, but he was starting to get more and more anxious as one minute turned into two minutes, turned into three minutes. He really wished that he hadn't allowed her to handcuff him to this chair like this. What if she really was in trouble?

What was he going to do?

Nothing: was the answer. Because right now all he could do was sit there, his hands securely handcuffed behind his back, listening, waiting, breathing through his nose because his wife's panties were still lodged in his mouth.

When Dana finally returned she was still wearing her bathrobe. The fact that she wasn't in a state of distress told Tim that all of his worrying had been for nothing. She was smiling. She came over to him and knelt down so that their faces were only a few inches apart. She cupped Tim's face with both of her hands and looked right into his eyes.

"Tim?"

"Gmmmgppppph," he said because her panties were still in his mouth.

"Tim? I want you to listen to me for a moment, okay?"

He nodded.

"You know how I said that we need to be completely honest with one another? How we need to be transparent? Well, I think that you haven't been completely honest with me lately."

When Tim heard this, he felt like someone had just hit him upside the head with a baseball bat. It wasn't just what she said. It was how she said it. It was also the look she was giving him now as she studied his reaction.

"I thought so," she said, tenderly brushing some hair out of his face. "I wish that you would have just told me right away, dear. That would have been so much easier for everyone. You should have told me. I hate that I had to figure it out all by myself. Don't you agree, dear?"

Tim had no idea how she had figured out that Ron was blackmailing him. But from what she was saying, and how she was saying it, clearly she'd uncovered some rather damaging information. Tim only hoped that it wouldn't be too damaging.

"Don't you agree, dear?" she repeated.

He nodded his head vigorously, trying to show how sorry he was for keeping her in the dark.

"Good, good," she said in a soothing voice. "I'm glad that you are finally coming around. I think that overcoming conflicts like this might even make us stronger, as a couple. At least I hope so."

Again Tim nodded, just glad that his wife didn't seem to be too upset with him.

"Well then..." Dana said, standing up, looming over her husband as she shed her bathrobe, revealing her miraculous body fitted in the tight corset. "Shall we begin?"

Again Tim's penis sprang to life, knowing that finally he was about to come out and play.

Dana saw this too and smiled down at him. "Tyrone! You can come in now! We're ready!"

Before Tim had a chance to understand what was happening, a large black man with a shaved head entered the bedroom. He was wearing baggy jeans and a white wife-beater which showed off his ripped physique. His jeans were pulled down low enough on his hips so that you could see a pair of Calvin Kline boxer shorts underneath.

"You remember Tyrone, don't you, dear?" Dana said, her expression as casual as someone asking about yesterday's weather.

Tim's head was a hurricane of confusion. Only after another ten seconds did he recognize Tyrone. It was the same black guy who was trying to get Dana to be in a rap video! It was the same black guy who'd hit on Dana after seeing her in her thong!

"The other day he was gracious enough to give me his number," Dana explained. "Not that I would ever be in one of those rap videos."

"Shit," mumbled Tyrone, checking out the room before returning his lustful gaze back to Dana's sexy outfit. "We'll see about that. You'd look good as hell in my video. We'd sell a million records, baby!"

Dana rolled her eyes and looked back at her husband. "Any-way, so basically he agreed to help us out."

"Humph, ooowwwghgh???" Tim groaned with his mouth stuffed.

"Yes dear," Dana said. "I mean, at first I thought you wanting me to walk around with my ass hanging out was sort of weird. But I just figured you wanted other guys to see me. Then the black dildo thing was weird too. And then the dance club? I mean, by then I started to pick up on the signals. It wasn't like you were being very subtle."

"Smmmmggmmmllllzzz?" Tim said.

"All the signals..." she said, pausing. "Finally I did some research on the computer. That's when I realized that you were one of those husbands who fantasized about seeing their wife with other men. I think they call them "cuckolds" --which apparently isn't that uncommon, especially with highly intelligent men. And dear, you are one of the most intelligent men I know."

Tim started shaking his head from side to side, unsure of whether or not he was awake or in the middle of a terrible nightmare.

"Alright, I don't mean no disrespect," Tyrone said, pulling his wife-beater over his head. "But I got to get me some of that white ass. Shit, when you called me I couldn't believe it. I've fucked plenty of white girls before, but I never fucked a white girl as fucking fine as you are."

"I'll take that as a compliment," Dana said, standing there in her sluttiest lingerie.

"Take it how you want to," Tyrone said. "As long as you're ready to take it."

"Um, thanks."

"No, thank you!" he said. "I feel like I'm fucking Paris Hilton if Paris Hilton had a better ass and bigger tits!"

When Tyrone began slowly toward Dana, she was like a doe trapped in bright headlights. Her eyes followed him, slowly rising as he got closer. When she was close enough to feel the heat of his nearness, she turned to make her escape, perhaps yielding to the part of her brain which said that this was all wrong. It

didn't matter though. Tyrone wasn't going anywhere. He was like a vampire that had already been invited inside the house. He towered over Dana's hesitant figure. He gripped her arm, and pulled her to him almost effortlessly.

Now it was this strange black man that Dana was giving herself to. She put her thin tan arms around his neck, allowing him to pull her close to his body. Then she went up on her tippy toes as they started kissing passionately as if they had been long-term lovers.

"Take those fucking clothes off!" Tyrone barked. "Now!"

Perhaps being a little too cute, Dana smirked and said, "You first!"

But Tyrone wasn't having any of that. He gave Dana a stare so intense, so ominous, that it would have melted butter.

"Okay, okay," she said, trying to laugh it off as she started stripping her clothes off for him.

Tim couldn't believe what he was watching.

Dana now stood there completely naked, which clearly made her feel a bit flustered as the black men continued assessing every inch of her soft white body. Nervously she put her hands together and tried to cover up the space between her legs, but Tyrone wasn't having that either and quickly swatted her hand away.

"Do you like what you see?" she said in a voice that seemed a little fake, probably because she was still a little nervous.

Tyrone continued glaring at her exposed body for several more long seconds. "Get my dick out."

His voice was so low it was almost a growl; and difficult to hear.

"What?" said Dana.

"You heard me," he said. "Get my dick out. Do you know how to get someone's dick out?"

Dana froze.

"It's easy, I'll teach you." Tyrone smiled at her. "First you get on your knees. Get on your fucking knees like a good little white girl. Then you unzip my pants. Then you reach into my boxer shorts and feel around until you find the big black meat that's about to beat that little white pussy up. You got any questions?"

Dana shook her head and slowly sank down onto her knees.

"Ah, there we go. You're learning now. That's why I love white chicks. They are so good at learning how to serve."

If Dana heard what he said, she didn't give any indication. Rather she looked like someone who had been hypnotized into doing something dangerous. After she unzipped Tyrone's baggy jeans, and after she reached into his Calvin Kline boxer shorts, her jaw fell and hit the floor.

"Holy shit!" she said, causing at least one other person in the room to break out into a big triumphant grin.

Dana had taken her husband's penis out of his pants before, but it had never been as difficult, even when he wore tight jeans. Tyrone's dick was bending where her thumb gripped it, pushing against the material of his pants, giving the appearance of some animal trapped in a bag as she pulled it upward, then moved her grip further toward the head and pulled some more, gradually working the long member in an arc until it was vertical.

"You ever sucked black dick before?" he said.

"Nu-huh," she said, her big blue eyes still looking drugged as she tentatively wrapped her small dainty fingers around the dark shaft. "Not yet."

Tim tried yelling through his gag, making one last attempt to communicate to his wife how much he didn't want this to happen.

Dana stood up and turned to him. "What dear? You don't want me to give Tyrone a blow job?"

"Of course he does!" Tyrone said. "Believe me, both of you are in for a real treat."

Dana walked over and kissed the top of her husband's forehead which was

covered with sweat now.

Tim stared up at her, mouth gagged, hands tied, his eyes pleading with her to stop this right now.

Not understanding this, Dana smiled and said, "It's okay, dear. You're a cuckold. You're a cuck. And I don't love you one bit less because of it. I just wish that you had confided in me earlier. But I still love you. You're still mine! My naughty little husband! My sexy little cuckold!"

Defeated, Tim's eyes dropped to the floor where he kept them for a long time.

Dana turned to Tyrone now and said, "You know, he bought me this black dildo. It's huge and super realistic. Isn't that funny?"

Tyrone laughed. "Your man bought you a black dildo? Ha-ha! That's the funniest shit I've ever heard, shit! The only thing crazier than a white girl is a whiteboy! He must really want to see you get stuffed with black dick."

"I think so too," Dana said. "Something tells me he's been thinking about this for a very long time."

Tyrone was still laughing. "Well, what are you waiting for, sexy? This black cock ain't gonna suck itself!"

Then Dana felt a pair of strong hands on her shoulders, forcing her back down. When she was on her knees again, Tyrone put his hand under her chin, making her look up at him. He then leaned down and planted his lips on hers, kissing her. He licked her upper lip with his tongue as she closed her eyes, and held her mouth open.

The next thing her lips felt was a thick cock being slid in between them. She then eagerly tightened her lips around it, and started to suck him. Shortly after she felt him lay his strong hand on the back of her head, as he started to buck with his hips. She looked up at him and saw how much he was enjoying her mouth, which made her feel so happy and even more eager to please this man.

"Good girl," Tyrone said, looking down as the beautiful blond woman worshiped his ebony rod. "Now try and get the whole thing in your mouth. Can you do that? Can you show me that you're a big girl?"

Watching them together, it was clear to Tim that his wife was having difficulty deep-throating a man as large as Tyrone. Nevertheless, she didn't give up. Over and over again, she tried cramming as much of his cock down her throat, only to come up short a few inches each time.

Dana suddenly spit the dick out her mouth. She was coughing now; and had a substantial amount of her drool running down her cheeks and chin.

"Come on, baby," Tyrone urged her. "Just a little bit more to go, you almost got it all, swallow it all down. Take it all, Dana. Swallow it down."

In awe, Tim stared as Dana's jaws spread open a fraction wider and Tyrone forced the last inch and half of cock all the way down her throat.

"Ahhhhhh," he groaned, "You did it, Dana, you sweet little cocksucker! You took it all the way down your throat! You got all of it, baby!"

She lovingly sucked his meaty cock back deep into her mouth, and once again, let it slide part way down her clenching throat.

"That's right baby, show me your skills. Show me your special talents my beautiful little cocksucker!"

Looking proud and exhausted, Dana ignored the tears that had formed at the corners of her eyes caused by the big cock wedged deep in her throat. Moaning non-stop, Tim's gorgeous wife slowly shook her head from side to side to show-off her cock-sucking prowess. Tyrone gently stroked the sides of her puffed-out cheeks as her sparkling blue eyes smiled up at him. Even Tim had to admit she looked lewdly beautiful with that thick cock buried in her face.

"You really like to suck cock, don't you?" Tyrone said.

"Yes, yes I do."

"I can tell. Some girls don't like to suck cock. A lot of black girls don't like to suck cock. But not you, baby. You're one of those girls who loves wrapping her mouth around a big thick meaty rod. Isn't that right, Dana?"

"It feels good in my mouth," Dana admitted. "I've never sucked a black guy off."

"But you've always wanted to?"

Dana hesitated, shot a quick meaningful look over at her husband. "Secretly, yes."

Tyrone saw this and erupted with laughter. "You should be proud, hubby! Every white woman in America should challenge herself by trying to get a BBC all the way down her throat. And Dana did it! You're such a good little cocksucker, Dana. It's like you were made to suck on black cock."

"Thank you," Dana said. "I'm still learning though."

Tyrone grinned an evil grin. "Ask me to fuck you, slut. I want you to ask for it."

Dana laughed nervously. Nobody had ever called her a slut in the bedroom. Not even her husband used that sort of language.

"Did you hear me, slut? I gave you an order! Ask me to fuck you! I want to hear that pretty white girl voice beg for my big black meat to be inside her!"

Then Tyrone pulled her hair back with one hand and his mouth found Dana's and their tongues were inside each other's mouth. She was moaning in a sexual frenzy. This total stranger had her naked and begging him to be used.

After a few moments Tyrone pulled from her mouth and stood her up.

He pushed Dana down on the bed and he tried to enter her without any more foreplay.

Dana let out a loud gasp and pleaded with him to go slower since he was so big. She locked her eyes onto his, and whimpering, began telling him that she would do anything he liked as long as he didn't "tear her in half."

"Alright bitch, you know what I want to hear," he said.

She was still whimpering. "Please, Tyrone, fuck me. I begging you to fuck me. I'll be your slut, just don't hurt me."

"Okay slut, since you need this so bad, you can put my dick inside you now."

Dana guided the head of his cock inside her. She was so tight that she had to work it in gradually. When she finally got the large mushroom head in, followed by several inches of thick dark shaft, she threw both of her arms around Tyrone's neck and gripped tightly, biting her lip.

Tyrone seemed amazed at how tight Dana's pussy was.

He started fucking her quickly, and she returned his thrusts with hers. Their loins slapped into each other as they fucked. His cock was ramming her cunt and her clit hit him when they collided and she started feeling the beginning of her orgasm. She whined as they fucked and she cried "Damn it fuck me hard, fuck me like a whore. I need it bad. I'm close to cumming, fuck me harder, Tyrone!"

"Damn this be sum' the best pussy I eva did have!" he grunted back.

"Fuck me. Do it now. Fuck me," she pleaded.

Tyrone reached down and wrapped his long black fingers around Dana's slender white throat. He kept fucking her. He was staring deep into her eyes, not letting go of her throat. He owned her now. Dana's blue eyes seemed to bulge a little. She was also making small gurgling noises but she didn't seem to be actually choking.

"I got you now!" he said. "Where you going now, white girl? You ain't going nowhere until I'm done with this pussy. This pussy is mine. You staying right here and getting fucked until I finally bust all my thick, potent, African cream between your legs! Who knows? Maybe you get lucky and give birth to a Tyrone Jr.! Ha-ha, I bet whiteboy would love to see that!"

"Fuck me, baby!" she said. "Fuck me, yes, that black dick, yes, I'm so fucking wet, pound me, baby!"

Tim was absolutely shocked. Dana had never used these words with any man but now she needed to use them. Part of him wished that he was deaf so that he didn't have to listen to their dirty talk --or listen to the squishy wet sounds Dana's pussy was making every time Tyrone rammed himself all the way inside of her. But even if Tim's ears didn't work, he still would have smelled the overwhelming musky odor that filled the room now. Sadly, Tim wondered if he would ever be able to get the smell of Tyrone and Dana's sex out of his nose.

Tyrone then quickly turned his head to Tim. In a taunting voice he said, "Shit, I think she's falling in love with me. You hear that shit she's saying? She trying to be my baby mamma!"

Dana started breathing in quick, rapid breaths. "Yes, yes, yes, yes!" is all she could say now.

Finally Tyrone pulled his cock out of Dana. It looked like a fat, slimy, black eel as it popped out of her stretched-to-the-max pussy lips.

"Hands and knees," he said, slapping her hard on the inside of her left thigh. "Ass up in the air!"

Dana seemed exhausted. Her knees and arms wobbled as she turned over on the bed, offering Tyrone the lovely curves of her ass-cheeks.

Once her butt was high in the air, Tyrone gripped Dana by the waist and pushed himself between her wet pussy lips. He started rocking his waist back and forth, causing Dana to make "farting noises" out of her pussy. Dana was embarrassed by this, but Tyrone only seemed more pleased. He suddenly drove forward and he was deep inside her with one powerful thrust.

Soon every inch of Dana's bronze ass was covered in a sheen of sweat as Tyrone collided into her from behind.

"Damn, I could fuck this ass all night!" Tyrone said. "My black cock looks perfect sliding into a pretty white pussy!"

When Tyrone pulled his cock out it was glistening with Dana's juices; and Tim could also see large white patches of Dana's cream all over the black shaft.

"Put it in! Put it back in! Please!"

Tyrone laughed and looked over at Tim for a second. "Man, I bet you wish you could fuck your wife like this, huh?"

"Put that big black cock back inside me now!" Dana ordered.

"Alright, calm the fuck down, slut! You actin' like a crackhead now! You must be addicted to black cock!"

Again he pressed the tip of his cock against Dana's drenched pussy, which offered much less resistance than before. She yelled out in animal pleasure as Tyrone grabbed a big handful of her silky blond hair and pulled back. He was fucking her. He was riding her. Every time he slammed himself back into her the meat of her ass-cheeks wobbled. Her hair was being pulled back taut and her throat was stretched backwards and her tits were thrust forward. Tyrone used his hand to smack her ass several more times, each time harder than before.

Dana's moans were getting louder and louder. Then her body went into spasms as she arched her back repeatedly, trying to meet the violent thrusts of her new lover. The noises she was making could no longer be described as moans. They had turned into screams as she submitted to Tyrone.

Tim sensed the oncoming orgasm for both of them. They were close now, Dana and Tyrone. They were riding jointly towards it, their minds dissolved in a world of nothing but wet pussy and pulsating cock. Both of them cried out together and they came like bursting fireworks, Tyrone's thick seed coming in hot wads inundating Dana's pulsating pussy walls and reaching the famished mouth of her waiting womb. Then it was all over. Their life juices poured out of their entwined bodies and wetted the sheets below steadily.

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