

CUCKOLD | HUMILIATION | INTERRACIAL | THUG

THUG

Smoke



REMY LEONE

Thug Smoke

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GOING OUT

Jeremy sat back on the bed and watched his beautiful blonde wife get ready. His hands were tucked behind his head, resting on a pillow while he gazed upon the woman he married three years ago when they were both 25.

“Take a photo, it will last longer.”, Kristi said.

Her body was sculpted by years of volleyball and cheerleading when she was in college where she met Jeremy. They never dated until after college, as she was dating a football player at the time, but they ended up running into each other after graduating and one thing led to another and they were married.

“I’d love to.”, Jeremy playfully took out his cell phone pretending he was going to take a picture.

Kristi only wore a white tank top that was made for her work out sessions and a white thong that she just put on. Kristi would respond to Jeremy by arching her back and sticking out her firm butt out while giving him a devilish smile over her shoulder. Her husband’s eyes still checked out her youthfully smooth body whenever he had the chance. He remembered once saying she had an ass that made him want to eat off of it; a sentiment he still believed in.

It was her body that drew eyes whenever she walked anywhere. No matter if she was going to the store or going for a walk around the neighborhood; wherever she walked eyes were always checking out her perfect heart shaped butt or her naturally gifted bustline.

“Go ahead.”, Kristi said in a naughty tone.

Jeremy put the phone realizing she had called his bluff. He gave her an unamused look.

“Didn’t think so. You’re all talk.”, Kristi said it in a disapproving way. “Picture not worth taking?”

“Oh c’mon babe, that’s not why I didn’t take the picture, Kristi.”, Jeremy said in defense of himself.

“Bored with me?”, Kristi continued.

“No babe why are you saying that?”, Jeremy questioned.

Kristi crossed her arms which pushed her 32DD breast together. Even though most of the men she knew loved her sculpted butt, Jeremy was a boob man. He had never seen a pair as beautiful as his own wife’s. Not that it was normal for Jeremy to see bare breasts, but even at strip clubs.

Even stripper’s bodies were not as sculpted as his own wife’s. Her husband not only had an appreciation for the size of her chest, but also how perky they were. It was as though they hadn’t been affected by gravity in the slightest. It was one of the few things Jeremy never took for granted even after their years of a comfortable marriage.

“It’s just...”, Kristi began, “I feel like you are being pushy about us going out tonight. You already tried to get me to smoke weed with you and you know how much I hate that. I’ve only recently learned to become more tolerant that sort of stuff.”

Jeremy nodded. In his mind the light bulb had finally gone off and he realized now why she had been on edge. It was still such a surprise that his wife never wanted to out and wanted to stay at the house. She was so beautiful, but never really cared to be seen preferring the comfort and security their home provided her.

“We never go out, Kristi. I shouldn’t have pressured you to smoke earlier. That you are right about. However, the other part, I am right about.”, Jeremy stated.

Kristi gave a sigh and spoke in acceptance as she willingly wanted to go out as well, “Fine. But if I want to go home early you have to take me home. You know I don’t like to be out all night.”

“Of course, babe. I’ll take you home the second you want to leave. Just let loose one more time before we decide to start our family?”, Jeremy said in a sweet tone.

Kristi fell for the smooth words coming out of her husband's mouth. Her eyes gushed when she mentioned the thought of them beginning their own family. She nodded to herself that she wasn't going to go out for herself, she was going to go out for her husband.

"Okay.", She agreed. While Jeremy thought she was agreeing with him, she was agreeing with herself. She was the one who really wore the pants in the relationship.

"Okay! Well, then put some clothes on and let's getting going!", Jeremy said in a cheerful manner. He was ecstatic to hear his wife agree.

"Get out.", Kristi pointed to the door. "This might take me a while to get ready."

It took Kristi a good hour and a half before she was ready to leave the confines of her personal beauty parlor that was their bathroom. When she exited the bathroom, Jeremy's jaw almost dropped. He always knew his wife was beautiful naturally, but had forgotten how she looked ready to go clubbing.

When she stepped out to show her outfit, Jeremy's eyes immediately went down to Kristi's cleavage. Her extra tight white tank top looked more like a sport's bra as it was so small it didn't even cover her midriff and so tight that it held her large breasts up.

Her toned hips stretched at the black leggings, but were still very tight around her athletic legs. Her pants were so tight that it accented every athletic crevice that took Kristin year's to exercise. When she began to move, the black leggings that were skin tight stretched and became transparent over her thighs, calves and butt.

The thin shoulder straps on her tank top stretched low down the middle of cleavage exposing the side of her breasts and threatening to let her nipples escape. Jeremy also couldn't help his wife wasn't wearing a bra underneath and the faintest of his wife's nipples could be seen under the

tank top even without them being hard. On the front of the tank top it read “Do IT Big”. The word “Do” was on her right breasts, “It” was placed in the middle of her breasts and “Big” was on her left breast. The word “It” tantalizingly wrapped around the roundness of her breasts and made a symmetrical design that accented the curve of her bust.

Her hair was curled and parted in a way that was unfamiliar to her husband as well as a pair of bright neon colored tennis shoes with a pair of sunglasses. She almost looked like she could be some sort of model on a social media website that modeled that Jeremy saw on the computer and secretly followed to fantasize.

“You look great.”, Jeremy said. As much as he wanted to tell her to put on something a little more modest, it wasn’t the worst thing he’d seen going out downtown before.

“Thanks. Hours in the gym.”, Kristi showed off her tight body in tight clothing. “Not going to be embarrassed to be seen with me are ya?”

Jeremy thought about actually bringing his hot wife out finally. He thought about how out of place he was going to be in his jeans and t-shirt that had superheroes on them. She looked like she was going out to party like a Rockstar while he was going to some nerdy convention. He grimaced at the thought, but he truly had nothing else to wear that would be more appropriate.

“Let’s do a shot!”, Kristi said in an exciting manner.

Jeremy again was surprised at how his normally relaxed wife was ready to go into party mode all of a sudden. Jeremy obliged and took one with her. When she offered a second, he told her he better not as he still had to drive them downtown. She took one for the road.

They left home. Jeremy a little less loose and relaxed and Kristi a little buzzed, but left wanting more. Both were ready to have a fun night.

Only one of them would end up having one.

THE CLUB

The Club was called “Spades”. It was downtown and offered youths a hip hop environment where people danced and drank. Jeremy had been there before because of the influx of marijuana in the place and easiness to get his hands on it.

Jeremy saw a couple of familiar faces, but nobody that he was close to as they entered. The place was busy like usual, but they were able to grab a high top table and stand at it with their drinks. One of the scantily clad women who served drinks there supplied their alcohol as they stood and drank. The music was so loud that it was hard for them to carry a conversation.

Kristi knocked back a couple of shot and was beginning to let loose more. Shifting in her neon colored tennis shoes she moved her hips side to side dancing in place slowly. Jeremy could see men from time to time and looking over at Kristi and then look over at him. There was always a quizzical look on their face. Most of them Jeremy presumed were wondering if him and Kristi were together.

The music continued as did their drinking. For the first half hour they just stood at the table and listened to music as they took shots. It was actually kind of fun just to jam out and relax with some alcohol in their blood.

As Kristi became more relaxed her body moved in a more provocative manner. Her sexy body was like a magnet to the other men in the club and Jeremy could clearly see men checking his wife out.

“Babe we should dance.”, Kristi said to Jeremy.

“Dance? Me?”, Jeremy didn’t know how to dance.

“C’mon it will be fun!”, Kristi wasted no time in grabbing Jeremy’s hand and pulling him out on the dance floor.

Kristi was a natural at moving her body. In fact, any way she moved her body was sexy and even women were seduced by her. Jeremy looked like a fumbling nerd by her so it wasn’t a surprise when other men attempted to join them dancing. A few guys thought they were being Kristi’s knight in shining armor protecting her from her own husband who they thought was just a pervert. Kristi gracefully explained he was her husband which made them look like they had seen ghosts and continued on their way looking for another woman to dance with.

A couple of songs had went by and the dance floor was crowded. Jeremy’s smaller frame was getting knocked about and there was one moment him and his wife finally got separated by the crowd.

It wouldn’t take long for her to be blocked off from view and Jeremy would literally have to fight his way back to find his blonde wife. Normally she was easy to spot as she was always the most beautiful woman in the room at any given time, but Jeremy was not tall enough to see over the crowd. In fact, Jeremy was smaller and shorter than the average dancer which made it even that much more difficult.

Finally Jeremy swiftly cut through the middle to finally get a view of his wife. Kristi continued to dance as though she hadn’t even noticed Jeremy was gone and probably didn’t. She was much too busy dancing with a tall black man.

He wore his own white muscle shirt that was tight just like his wife’s, but the white was a deep contrast to his black skin that rippled with muscle’s. He wasn’t quite large like a body builder, but was also built like

an athlete like his own wife. Just by looking at him he looked like he was wide receiver for a professional sport's team. He was almost a head taller than the average person, but still wasn't the tallest man in the club. His hair was long, but braided into corn row braids. He had a crisp black goatee, faint stubble up to his cheekbones, and a slightly thicker, but still thin strap of hair on his jaw that went into his side burns.

Around his neck was a huge gold chain and he was wearing Kristi's sunglasses from earlier. His hands, adorned in gold rings, were tightly wrapped around the curve of Kristi's hip, while she faced away from him. He was certainly pulling her firm butt into his crotch and the fear of a black man with his wife Jeremy's first inclination. The black man was leaning over his wife which made her bend over, with his strong arm wrapped around her waist. He was now firmly grinding himself into her.

Kristi bent over submissively in front of the taller black man. Her hand came to rest on his arm around her waist, and her other hand stopped his hand from reaching up to grab at her breasts that he reached for. He stopped out of respect and returned it to her bare hip that he rubbed slowly. Jeremy could read the pleasure in Kristi's face as the strong man danced with her. Jeremy was having a hard enough time not being trampled by the other wild, drunk dancers while his wife was being grinded on by some big black athletic stud.

They danced three more songs together and both of them were glistening with sweat. Finally Jeremy made it to them both of them. However, the big man wasn't letting go of the sexy blonde. Kristi and the man were both so in the moment that the world around them had been lost upon them. The black man was hovering over her and covering like a blanket from the dance floor and hoarding herself to himself. He presented no opportunity to any man, including her own husband to cut in. His large hands rubbing at her legs, hips, stomach and sides and every so often reaching for her feminine curves which were normally halted.

It wasn't until the end of the song, that the large man firmly grabbed at her butt and held it like he owned it. She made a half attempt to remove it,

but the strength he showed her made Kristi melt in his hand; literally. She even felt the familiar feeling between her legs as she was handled. When she opened her eyes, she saw her husband which made her jump with a guilty feeling.

“Jeremy!”, Kristi said as though she wasn’t doing anything wrong. Her butt still in the thug’s hand. Jeremy knew he was touching her butt, but Kristi was facing Jeremy so wasn’t sure if he could see the man fondling her butt currently.

The black man continued to grind on Kristi and feel on her ass right in front of Jeremy. He hadn’t noticed Kristi stopped dancing and was talking to her husband, but Jeremy had a feeling he wouldn’t have cared.

To confirm his suspicions, he was right. Kristi explained to the black man that Jeremy was her husband and he finally let go of her and shook his hand.

“Name’s Tyrone.”, He nodded to Jeremy.

Jeremy felt the pressure of the black man’s large strong hand. He winced a bit, but played it off. “Nice to meet you, Tyrone. I’m Jeremy.”

“Got a beautiful wife here, Gerald.”, Tyone said. His hand wrapping around Kristi’s waist and pulling her towards him.

“Thanks. Jeremy though, not Gerald.”, Jeremy corrected Tyrone.

“Ah. Yeah, Jeremy. My apologies, as white boy names are hard for me to understand.”, Tyrone said with a shit eating grin on his lips.

Jeremy felt a bit uneasy, but his own thoughts were interrupted when the dance floor began to fan out. The music had died out and people were beginning to exit the club.

“Tyrone said he has some good weed.”, Kristi spoke to Jeremy.

Jeremy's ear's lit up. He was a pot head and the prospect of good weed was something that made him always want to hear more. He hadn't even questioned the fact that his wife, who hated weed, was now a proponent of him purchasing the substance.

"Is that right? What kind?", Jeremy was hoping it was something of good quality.

"Widowmaker.", Tyrone said in a smooth manner.

"Widowmaker?", Jeremy questioned.

"Is there an echo? Yeah, white boy. That's the weed, "Widowmaker"."

Kristi gave a giggle then slugged Jeremy on the arm softly. "You sound like an amateur."

"I've just never heard of that kind.", Jeremy said defensively. He found offense to the way they both ganged up on him, but still there was the prospect of good herb and he went along with it.

"Let's go to your vehicle. I'll get it to you.", Tyrone said. His arm still draped over Kristi he began walking without Jeremy even agreed. Kristi looked back over to Jeremy and waved him to follow them.

As they walked out of the club towards their vehicle he could hear the both of them giggling about something, but they talked softly. It irritated him, but he figured this guy could flirt with his wife a little longer before they bought his weed and left him to never speak again.

"Alright whitey, just have to take me to my place.", Tyrone said to Jeremy's surprise.

"You don't have it on you?"

“Fuck no. Can’t go in the clubs with drugs. Get busted that way.”, Tyrone said.

“Well how do you sell it then?”, Jeremy questioned.

“You a drug dealer, white boy?”, Tyrone snapped.

“No.”

“Then what do you know?”, Tyrone said with less attitude and more logic.

Jeremy nodded. “Yeah. But we only have a two seater vehicle. Not all of us will fit.”

“We can make it work. It’s not that far from here to my place. Snow Bunny here can just sit on Black Daddy’s Tyrone’s lap.”

Tyrone opened the door to Jeremy’s car and sat in the passenger seat. It didn’t take long before he pulled Kristi’s bubble butt onto his lap. By the time Jeremy was getting in the driver seat and starting up the engine, Tyrone was flirting with Kristi.

“Don’t worry, my little Snow Bunny. You don’t need a seatbelt. I’ll protect you.”, Tyrone’ arms wrapped tightly around her and squeezed her to show her how strong he was.

“I believe you!”, Kristi giggled.

“Where to.”, Jeremy said annoyed.

“Fifth street.”, Tyrone said as he nuzzled at Kristi’s neck. “You smell good.”

Kristi giggled and Jeremy pushed down on the gas. They would be on their way to Tyrone’s.

On their way there, his hands would find their way all over his wife's body. Jeremy could only pretend not to notice and be oblivious to the inappropriateness of his wife and Tyrone. Kristi was obviously intoxicated, but she didn't seem like she was too drunk to know what she was doing was wrong.

“So how long ya'll been married.”, Tyrone asked.

“Three years.”, Jeremy responded.

“Damn that's a long time to be with just one person.”, Tyrone said with an underlying implication.

Jeremy breathed in slowly and exhaled loud as he tried to not infer what Tyrone was really saying. He just thought about dropping this thug off at his place and buying some weed from him and leaving.

Though, nothing is ever that easy.

RIDE TO TYRONE'S

The three of them continued their drive to drop off Tyrone and pick up some of this weed he had been raving about. Tyrone leaned forward to turn the music on in Jeremy's car. Jeremy's favorite radio station was on.

“What is this shit?”, Tyrone laughed and Kristi followed while he quickly turned the station. The station was hip hop music that reminded them of dancing in the club.

Kristi seemed to be enjoying the switch of music as well as she bounced up and down on Tyrone's lap. From the corner of Jeremy's eyes he could see Tyrone was moving her hips up and down on his crotch.

"You two are going to get us pulled over could you guys just sit still?", Jeremy turned down the music while he came up with an excuse to get Kristi from practically giving Tyrone a lap dance. Kristi stopped at the request of Jeremy, which bothered Tyrone.

"Fuck the police. Go 'head Snow Bunny don't listen to him", Tyrone powerful arms were now moving her hips forward and back so her ass rubbed on his crotch firmly. Tyrone flipped the music back up staring at Jeremy coldly.

Kristi awkwardly began to dance again. She was looking over at Jeremy to make sure he wasn't mad. She could feel the long rod in Tyrone's pants and she would be lying to herself if she said it didn't turn it on or she didn't compare it to Jeremy's who was much smaller in size. Her interest had been peaked, but she would never cheat on her husband.

Tyrone commanded directions to his place at Jeremy in a demanding way. They were confusing and sometimes lead them in familiar circles. Tyrone just blamed him for being a bad driver while Kristi continue to enjoy the ride on the black man's lap.

"Stop. Right here.", Tyrone finally said after ten minutes of driving around unnecessarily.

"Here!?", Jeremy said. He looked around at all of the black men standing around on the corners. There was a gas station with a liquor store right by a few houses that looked like they were abandoned. Tyrone pointed to one of them.

"What's wrong white boy? That's my place.", Tyrone almost seemed offended.

“It doesn’t look so bad. I think this area gets a bad reputation from the news.”, Kristi chimed in.

“Exactly. Try to make us all look like criminals. Pull over Gerald. So we can get out.”

“Again, it is Jeremy, not Gerald. And I am NOT getting out here.”, Jeremy parked in front of he house.

Tyrone just smirked. He had to let Kristi out before he could go out. They both received a good clear look at Kristi’s pants stretching to become transparent while she stepped outside. Jeremy didn’t like that it was practically in Tyrone’s face who didn’t bother to conceal glaring in front of Jeremy.

Tyrone stepped outside and shut the door behind him immediately. He picked Kristi up and began walking toward the abandoned house. Jeremy’s heart sunk as he quickly shut the vehicle off and got out of the vehicle. He could hear some of the men standing on the corner yelling over at him something which only made him more nervous.

He followed Tyrone with his wife in his arms, scurrying behind them like a puppy dog.

Tyrone tossed Kristi down on a couch that had a dark sheet covering it. Tyrone’s place wasn’t clean, but it also wasn’t messy. There wasn’t enough stuff in it, but there were lots of TVs and computers along with other products. Jeremy could only assume these were stolen, but he was not so bold as to ask.

“Wait here. I’ll be right back.”, Tyrone said. He walked away, but Jeremy saw now the handle of a pistol in the back of his waist band. Something that he hadn’t noticed before.

“Kristi!”, Jeremy said in a soft hushed tone.

“Why are you whispering?”, Kristi said as though the situation they were in was normal.

“What are we doing?”, Jeremy asked.

“Weed for you, babe.”, She said.

“We need to go. Something doesn’t feel right.”, Jeremy looked around the place. There was an automatic rifle in one of the corners, a pair of brass knuckles, machete as well as three big bags of a white powder with cooking utensils around it.

“Jeremy, calm down. Tyrone seems friendly.”, Kristi said in an innocent tone.

“No. We have to----“, Jeremy was hushed, by a deep voice.

“Have to what now?”, Tyrone said. In his hand was a big bag of bright green, purple, orange, red and white crystalized marijuana.

“Oh I was just saying we should get home early tonight. We have a big day tomorrow morning and it’s getting late.”

Tyrone nodded and tossed him a bag. “That’s on the house for the ride.”

Jeremy was surprised at the sudden gift. He looked up at Tyrone who gave him a nod. “Really? This is a lot! Gee... thanks Tyrone.”

“Why don’t we light one up?”, Tyrone pulled out a joint.

Jeremy good nature allowed him to relax. Maybe he was wrong about Tyrone after all. Tyrone even let Jeremy light the joint himself. It was some of the best stuff Jeremy had ever had and he had been smoking for pot for almost a decade. It was sweet and the high was very mellow as he relaxed. He was very spacey in the head though which was a bit unusual.

He even began to become delusional because he heard Kristi said she wanted to try some.

Kristi reached over and grabbed the lit joint and took it. Jeremy realized he wasn't actually delusional she was really going to take a puff. She took the hit and her eyes almost rolled as she began to cough like never before. She never smoked in her life and now she took a huge puff on her first taste of weed.

"Babe... You okay?", Jeremy said relaxed in the couch. He felt like he was falling into the dark sheets.

"Snow Bunny is just hopping right now.", Tyrone took the joint from her and began to puff on it.

"Hopping?", Jeremy said.

"This shit affects white women in a certain way that I can't explain white boy. The Jamaicans use it all the time. For some unexplained reason it affects you white people in a odd way.", Tyrone puffed on the joint the entire time.

"How so?", Jeremy asked calmly.

"White men just become chill. White women though.", Tyrone gave a small whistle. "Well white women, they start getting a bit white girl wild."

"What you mean?", Jeremy was still feeling calm. He inferred nothing about the implications.

"Well... ", Tyrone nodded towards Kristi. "Look."

Kristi was shifting around in the couch. Her eyes were half closed, but she had the biggest smile on her face. Her legs would re-cross one after the other repeatedly and she couldn't stop shifting on her seat. It looked like she couldn't get comfortable.

“She okay? Kristi are you okay?”, Jeremy had a little concern now.

“She’s more than okay, white boy.”, Tyrone nodded. “Aint that right Snow Bunny?”

“Mmmhmmm”, Kristi moaned.

Jeremy was washed over a confusing anxiety. His body felt a bit numb as he tried to sit up, but he was having a hard time. Grunting and shifting his body he sat more upright.

“Tyrone what is going on with my body. I don’t feel like I have any control over it.”, Jeremy was unable to stifle the laughter. Jeremy knew he should be concerned, but he also thought this was hilarious due to the affects the herb had on him.

“Chill out white boy.”, Tyrone walked right in front of Kristi watching the hot wife rub her hands over her own body over her clothing.

Kristi giggled looking up at Tyrone, “I feel so.... Good.”

Tyrone reached down to begin to unbutton his jeans. “I’m going to make you feel even better little Snow Bunny.”

Tyrone unzipped his jeans and then looked over to Jeremy. “You’ll soon understand why it’s called “Widowmaker, white boy.”

Tyrone reached into his own jeans to Jeremy’s horror as he realized he was helpless to stop this man from doing what he was going to do.

WIDOWMAKER

Tyrone's hand began retreating from inside his crotch. His finger wrapping around the black piece of flesh that was coming into Jeremy and Kristi's view. Jeremy could see that Kristi's eyes were filled with a sort of lust that had never been present before.

Jeremy could feel the jealousy washing over him. He knew he wasn't the strongest or most handsome man in the world, but he was nice and nurturing. Now this big black criminal who contributed nothing to society, but pain was going to inflict some more on him.

"Here's my gift to you Snow Bunny.", Tyrone had finally pulled his hand out.

What followed in his hand was the biggest and also the blackest cock either of them had ever seen. Their eyes were wide and the thick and veiny cock hung low between Tyrone's legs. It didn't point upwards, but instead hung and almost looked like a veiny and thick polish sausage.

"Ever been with a black man before? Shit ever seen a black man's cock?"

Kristi, to Jeremy's dismay sat forward at the end of the couch. She was less than a foot away from Tyrone's cock as she just looked at it up and down.

"No... never.", Kristi said as she continued to look on both side of it.

"Tell your husband what you think about it.", Tyrone said.

Jeremy and Kristi's eyes met. There was something in Kristi's pupil that told Jeremy that she was in another place, but she was still being truthful and genuine in what she was about to say next.

"It's the most beautiful cock I have ever seen.", Kristi said without hesitation.

Kristi using the word “cock” was enough to make Jeremy wince if his body was reacting normally. Right now, the Widowmaker weed was making him still a bit numb. Though feeling was slowly coming back.

Tyrone still had his hand wrapped around his cock and he lifted it, to show off the fleshy sack, “And these?”

“Both your cock and balls look so heavy.”, Kristi said without inhibition.

“Get closer.”, Tyrone commanded.

Kristi leaned in an inch.

“Closer.”

Kristi leaned in a couple of more inches.

“I’ll help you.”, Tyrone said displeased. With that, his big black hand wrapped into the back of Kristi’s blonde hair and he pulled her face towards his genitals. He dropped his cock so that it laid right on Kristi’s cheekbone and draped off of her face.

“Clean those sweaty balls, Snow Bunny.”

Jeremy was filled with anger as Tyrone held his wife’s head between his muscular thighs with her face buried in his balls. His sack was loose as they carried a set of a heavy balls. His black nuts so large that Kristi was currently having trouble fitting it in her mouth.

“You see Gerald. Those Jamaicans found out white women fiend for the black dick with Widowmaker. It’s a aphrodisiac and for some reason black cock is the only thing on her menu, now.”

It was hard for Jeremy to be insulted at Tyrone for calling him Gerald again, as Kristi currently was sucking on his balls as the black man lectured. Jeremy could see Tyrone’s cock was filling with blood as it began

to become a little more erect and precum oozed out of its tip. A slow stream of precum began to ooze all over Kristi's tits and her white top began to become wet.

It was hard to believe how much precum Tyrone had in him as she suck his balls. He looked over at Jeremy with a grin that disgusted the husband.

"I think you need a closer.", The black man barked with a laugh.

Tyrone took his cock and before pulling away smacked it hard against Kristi's face. She winced out of being surprised and her hand felt her cheek where the heavy cock had slapped against. Her mouth opened and Jeremy watched her stare at awe of the black man in charge.

Tyrone helped Kristi stand up slowly. His eyes gave her one look up and down before reaching down and grab at the waistband of her black leggings. He forcefully tugged them down so that they wrapped around just below her knees.

Jeremy was still sitting on the end of the same couch only now becoming able to feel his nose completely. His muscles were beginning to pulse a bit, but could only helplessly watch his wife standing now in front of Tyrone. Her ass on full display with her white thong buried between her fleshy toned cheeks.

The next thing that was taken off, was her white tank top. However, this time it was ripped down the middle. It was now just hanging off her shoulders completely ripped down the center and Tyrone's hands were feeling Kristi's breasts.

Jeremy couldn't see what he was doing as they faced away from him. He heard Kristi cooing and the wet noises that occurred when Tyrone leaned down towards her chest; the sound of suckling.

"You motherfucker!", Jeremy said, still having a hard time moving.

“Wife fucker.”, Tyrone corrected the white husband continuing to suck on Kristi’s hardened nipples.

“No rapist!”, Jeremy attempted to correct the thug.

Tyrone stopped. He continued to play with Kristi’s nipples, “You think this is rape? No whitey. This is what she wants. She wasn’t high when we were dancing and my hard cock was buried in her ass. I basically dry humped her all night and she let me. Not only did she let me, white boy, but she was rubbing that ass up and down my rod through my jeans too. This drug isn’t making her do things she doesn’t want to do; it’s making her do things she wants to do, without inhibitions.”

Jeremy thought about it for a moment. Tyrone seemed to be making a good point. He contemplated his stage of denial at this point.

“You can’t... Tyrone. Please.”, Sobbed Jeremy.

Kristi finally spoke up. “Yes Tyrone. Please.”

The way she said it was all the implication Tyrone needed. His hand slowly reached up to the blonde woman’s hair and he grabbed it gently. His fingers weaved through her hair until he grabbed its base. Then, with one stern pull, he jerked Kristi’s hair to show he was in charge. She cooed at his strength.

“Kristi!”, Jeremy tried to reason with his wife. She seemed to not hear him at all as she stared up at Tyrone.

“Look me in the eye and say it, Snow Bunny. White boy here needs to hear it.”, Tyrone’s hand held her blonde hair so she was staring up at him still and so she was unable to look over at Jeremy.

There was a moment of silence as Jeremy’s heart pumped. He knew his wife would never cheat on him, but had she always wanted to was the

question in his mind. The fact that it was a black man too was just another whole level that he was surprised by.

“Tyrone. Please fuck me with that big black cock.”, Kristi said as though Jeremy wasn’t in the room.

“Good, Snow Bunny.”, Tyrone said. Instead of giving her a pat on the head, his hand patted at her hardened ass. He gave her a couple of soft spanks before rubbing it for a moment which was right in Jeremy’s face and twisted his stomach.

Tyrone held Kristi’s hair as he sat down. This time he was right next to Jeremy. His hand still in Kristi’s hair pulled her down onto her knees; which were luckily covered by her pants that were still wrapped around them. His arm wrapped around Jeremy’s shoulder and Jeremy could smell the thug’s musk from his armpit.

“Suck it.”, Tyrone pulled Kristi’s head down towards his abnormally large cock.

Kristi’s hand instinctively reached up to cup Tyrone’s balls as her lips wrapped around the tip. She began to kiss it like she would kiss her husband at first. Her other hand came up to wrap her fingers around the shaft the best she could. Kristi’s lips parted more to now allow the entire mushroom head of the black cock to enter her mouth. She continued to kiss it, but now looked like she was just making out with it. Her head wasn’t moving up and down, it looked like she was just kissing and sucking on it at the same time as she rubbed his balls and squeezed at the thick shaft.

Jeremy watched as his wife had a hard time with the giant black cock. The sounds of her sucking on such a huge thing was nerve wrecking for him. The head barely fit in her mouth and her hand couldn’t even wrap around Tyrone’s cock.

Tyrone pulled Jeremy in towards him, “See how she worships on the black man’s cock? We have a undercover brother lover here.”

Kristi's eyes stared at Tyrone the entire time. Her head was beginning to bob up and down more on the head. She was unable to fit the entire thing in her mouth, but she tried and even gagged a few times as she sucked on Tyrone's beefy black snake.

Tyrone's hand still held her hair. He spread his fingers and palmed the back of her head. His hips began to lift to meet her bobbing head until she stopped moving. Tyrone began to fuck Kristi's mouth softly but sternly.

The black man had his one arm wrapped around Jeremy in a half head lock. His other hand palming the back of Kristi's head. The black cock sliding in and out of the pretty white girl's lips. The sounds of Kristi gagging, slurping and moaning while Tyrone joined in with moans and grunts of his own.

"Fuck yeah... suck it. Suck that black dick you white slut.", Tyrone said softly, but it was loud in Jeremy's ear. His head was practically on the black man's chest getting a better view than even him of his wife sucking him off. The only person who was closer was Kristi herself.

The whiff of Tyrone's cock and balls emitted from the saliva covered monster invading his wife's mouth. Kristi looked up at Jeremy with a look that suggested nothing. It was a blank stare accompanied by a full mouth of black dick. The stillness of everything, but the black man using the couple for his own pleasure was anything but subtle.

Tyrone finally tossed Jeremy towards the end of the couch away from him. He pulled Kristi's head off his cock which made a loud popping noise. A trail of precum and saliva had dripped all over her own tits and she looked like she was almost dizzy and disappointed at the same time from the cock being pulled from her mouth.

"Already getting addicted to that black dick. See that white boy?", Tyrone laughed

Jeremy could see it too. While Tyrone slapped the wet cock against Kristi's face repeatedly, she enjoyed it. She even nuzzled it against her cheek whenever he left it there long enough for her to do so.

“Alright... let's get this poppin, now.” , Tyrone

“Poppin'?” , Jeremy meekly asked.

“You'll find out.”, Tyrone said with his usual shit eating grin. Tyrone stood up, his cock slapping one more time against Kristi's face as he stepped over her. He slowly turned around and reached down to grab at Kristi's hair again. He pushed her face down against the cushion of couch as he got down on his knees behind her. Jeremy could only watched Kristi's face get smashed into the seat cushion right next to him as Tyrone rested on his knees behind her.

With one tug the white thong was pulled down to Kristi's knees to bunch up with the black legging that were still there. Tyrone didn't want to take the time to take her neon colored shoes off. Tyrone's hand reached between his legs positioning his cock at Kristi's entrance.

“Ready?”

“Now!”, Kristi called out as though she had lost her patience. Her hips shift and rolled in anticipation at the cock between her legs from behind.

Tyrone gave Jeremy one last smile and stared him in the eyes as he slowly shifted his hips. Kristi instantly began to wince and moan from the pain mixed with pleasure as he entered her. The entire time Tyrone stared Jeremy right in the eye as his shaft slowly worked itself into the sopping white wife's wet pussy. Jeremy looked away wanting to vomit.

THUG SMOKED

Tyrone's grunting sounds came from the inability to cram his entire girth and length into the white wife. There was an area of resistance that he was trying to get past which made him give soft slow hip thrusts.

"G'damn boy, yo bitch is tight.", Tyrone said. It was bittersweet for the black man who had such a large cock. He finally stopped as he got a quarter of his cock into Kristi. He looked up to Jeremy with his cock being firmly squeezed by his wife's inner walls. "You must never fuck her.... Or you have a little white boy pecker."

Kristi gave a giggle in between some of the wincing and moans that escaped her lips as she tried to fit Tyrone's cock in her. Her face was still in the cushion, but was facing towards Jeremy's direction so he could see every grimace and relief of pleasure that constantly washed over her face with each of Tyrone's thrusts. Tyrone's hand still smashing her face down by the back of her head into the cushion.

"Let's see if this will loosen you up.", Tyrone brought his hand up and down roughly. The sound of his flesh smacking at Kristi's ass flesh filled the room with a crack. It must have worked, because he did it a few more times as his thrusts became more fluid. Each longer thrust producing a louder moan from Kristi.

"There we go white girl... open up for me.", Tyrone's thrusting had picked up at this point to a slow rhythmic push.

Jeremy was now a quarter of the way recovered. He could feel his legs and arms and though he had no strength he knew he could still only sit there. The helpless and hopeless feeling washed over him. He was truly helpless to stop his wife from acting like such a slut and from this black man from taking her from him. He felt hopeless because he knew even if

he did recover one hundred percent, he wouldn't be able to stop Tyrone. What would it even matter, he was already halfway buried in his wife and still getting deeper.

The thrusts of the black man continued and Kristi's bare thighs were firmly pressed against the footing of the couch that she was being fucked doggy styled over. Her clothing wrapped around her knees acted as pads to help her from getting any types of bruising on them. She felt Tyrone slap at her fleshy toned ass once again as he stuffed more of himself in her. He pulled the back of her head back and up from the cushion. Her back had to arch and her tits were now visible to her husband.

Kristi looked over to Jeremy who she recognized more and wondered why he was watching her cheat on him. She felt some sort of guilt as the Widowmaker wore off, but at this point the pleasure still had control of her. Tyrone's cock was thicker and longer than her husbands and the way he was dominating her was something she had never experienced before. Jeremy was usually only interested in making love to her which was nice sometimes, but sometimes she just wanted him to throw her down and take her like this thug was currently doing.

The sounds of Tyrone's hips slapping against the back of Kristi's thighs and ass could be heard while he continued to fuck her from behind. There was a softer slap coming from his heavy swinging balls that swung back and forth from his thrusting and slapped against Kristi's clit.

Jeremy watched Kristi's eyes began to roll in the back of her head and her big 32DD breasts bounce from black man assault. His big black hand reaching in front and grabbing her tit as he molested it in front of him intentionally.

"Take that black dick. Take it.", Tyrone said. "She's cumming all over my cock, Gerald."

Kristi was completely silent. There was a very low hum and grunt coming from her from the intense pressure that Tyrone filled her with.

While she came, Tyrone continued to pound away and Kristi repeatedly orgasmed.

Tyrone's thrusts were more forceful and Jeremy could feel it shaking the couch beneath him. It jiggled him like a bobblehead as he fucked his wife right over the couch cushion directly next to him. Anytime he looked at Tyrone, Tyrone would look at him with a maniacal smile and he couldn't even look at him anymore. The way he savagely fucked his wife without remorse. It was evil itself staring right back at him and he had no courage to be the hero.

Jeremy finally moved his arm and Tyrone noticed. "You're finally getting you're feeling back?"

Jeremy remained silent.

"Well I better make sure you don't interrupt us. I can almost feel it's wearing off on your wife too. Soon, she'll realize what's going on here."

Tyrone stopped, but never pulled himself out. He had done too much work to fit almost his entire shaft into the tight white busty blonde wife. He picked her up, enough so that he could set her face down on top of Jeremy. Her bare tits pressing against Jeremy's superhero t-shirt and they were face to face. Jeremy was now pinned into the corner of the couch with his wife laying on top of him and now Tyrone laying on top of her.

Tyrone continued to pump. Kristi started to get pushed down into her husband and Jeremy could now feel Tyrone's thrusting through his wife. As he fucked her he was smashed into the corner, but the couch cushions would bounce him upwards.

Tyrone stood over the white couple. He had Jeremy sitting down looking right up at his angry black face. He pinned Kristi down by her back against Jeremy to pin him down even more. His sweat beginning to drip all over the both of them as he continued his rough assault on the white woman.

“I’m going to stretch this bitch out so much you’ll never enjoy fucking her again, white boy.”, Tyrone said without stopping his hips.

Kristi’s body responded to his words and Jeremy could feel her tensing up. She let out a loud exhale into his ear which he could only presumed meant she just orgasmed at how vicious this man was fucking her and how he treated him like a wimp.

Tyrone had showed a side of his wife that he had never seen before or at the very least was in denial about. Jeremy had just admitted it to himself in that moment of this black alpha male making her cum.

“Get ready for a son, boy.”, Tyrone said with excitement.

“No Tyrone, not that!”, Jeremy said. So lost in thought he realized that things could actually get worse.

Tyrone looked over at Jeremy. His face was blank and his hips continued their assault on Kristi’s opening. Jeremy could only look back up at the black thug.

Tyrone had no pleasure in his face besides a scrunch of his lip and nose. He was bellowing out of his stomach that ripped through his chest and came screaming out in a thunderous bravado. He roared like a lion and his hips approached the power of one.

Jeremy thought the couch might break if he didn’t break first. He was smashed under the weight of this bucking bull on top of his wife who was on top of him. He wasn’t sure if he was more afraid of Tyrone currently cumming in his wife or fucking them both to death simultaneously.

Tyrone was still yelling out at the top of his lungs as his hips never slowed. He heard Kristi say, “So much cum...”

Kristi passed out finally.

Tyrone finally stopped yelling. His thrusts had become slower, but they didn't stop. He wanted to milk his entire cock into the white woman before pulling out. As he continued to drain himself into her he looked over at Jeremy.

“I came so much.”

The way he said it was as though Jeremy was supposed to be happy about that. Jeremy had to ignore it and find relief that Tyrone finally pulled himself off of Kristi. Kristi just fell off of her husband off onto the cushion next to him and laid on the couch. She had been fucked into unconsciousness.

Tyrone stood there. His big black dick covered in white cum from himself and Kristi. It was dripping onto the floor and puddling at his feet beneath him as he proudly stood over the couple.

Jeremy couldn't look him in the eye, but he could hear what he said next.

“Alright white boy. You got five minutes to grab your weed and grab your wife and get her out of here and don't come back. Otherwise I'm going to take another round at her. Your choice.”

Tyrone had pulled out another joint and lit it as he walked away down the hall.

Jeremy wasted no time in grabbing his wife and leaving. The second the door shut behind him, he realized he forgot something. He checked his pockets.

“No, no, no....”, Jeremy said to himself as he put his passed out wife into the passenger seat of his car.

Jeremy was frantically searching his pockets looking around as he became furious at himself. It was the entire reason they even went to Tyrone's in the first place. He looked back at the abandoned looking house that Tyrone lived at. There he stood holding the thing he forgot. It was a bag full of green herb.

Jeremy realized finally what he forgot. He forgot the weed.

The black man gave the bag a jingle as though baiting him and Jeremy could see him laughing. Tyrone then gave him the middle finger, shut the curtains and turned off the light.

It would be the best weed that the thug ever smoked.

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