

**CHECKING OUT  
MY NEIGHBOR'S DEECK**



**BY STORMBRINGER**

## CHECKING OUT MY NEIGHBOR'S DEECK

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### A South Florida Universe Story

Note: A previous version of this story was released as Trying Out the Neighbor's Dick

"Are you trying to peek under my robe?"

Henry Gale flushed a little and jerked his head back. He was finishing his breakfast at the table while Gabby stood at the sink rinsing her dishes. "Ya caught me, luv," he replied with a grin.

"Well, Henry," she replied, turning around. "All ya had to do was ask, eh." She tugged on the cloth belt and held her robe open, giving her husband a good look.

"Bloody hell," muttered Henry, staring at his wife's body. Gabby was wearing a blue bikini. It would have been skimpy on a normal woman's figure, but Gabby was gifted with a buxom, jiggle body, and her EE breasts looked like they were trying to burst out of the top. "You're wearin' that out!"

Gabby's cheeks turned rosy. She'd never been one for showing off her body. Her figure drove men crazy, and she'd spent most of her 25 years trying to hide it. It had been easy back home in Wellington with its milder climate, a little harder in Sydney, and later Brisbane when she moved in with Henry, but near impossible in this pit of hell known as Miami, Florida.

She quickly learned that if she didn't want heat stroke, she had to pack away her slacks, sweaters, and jackets and replace them with shorts, sleeveless halters, and swimsuits. The more flesh she had on display, the more male stares she attracted. Gabby was quite lovely and received plenty of attention from the opposite sex. She had dark brown hair that fell halfway down her back, a pert nose, cute dimples when she smiled, and sparkling eyes clearer than the ocean blue water off Miami Beach. Men were mesmerized by her eyes—until she lost the bulky clothes and the stares inevitably moved down to her tits. Henry's workmates were all smitten with her, from her beauty and body to her Kiwi accent. She had to admit their adoring stares were somewhat flattering.

Gabby's body wasn't even all that impressive for Miami standards. She saw plenty of women with big tits on Miami Beach, but theirs appeared firmer and had far less jiggle than Gabby's naturally heavy beauties. She finally answered her husband. "Roni helped me pick it out for her pool. I'm only wearin' it next door at Roni's. She's been wantin' me to try out Dre's deeck for a while now."

Henry got up from the table and carried his dishes to the sink. "That black wanker's got a great deeck. He won't be there, will he?"

"I don't think so. Just me and Roni sunbathing and takin' a dip."

"Good. He's a sick cunt, right full of himself, he is."

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The last time the Gales had gone over to Veronica’s backyard for a barbecue, Dre had just started building her new deck. They’d been shocked to see that their neighbor, Veronica Mueller’s new boyfriend, was—in Henry’s words—“as black as an aborigine covered in tar on a moonless night.”

Andre was African-black and stood by the barbecue shirtless, his rock-hard stomach and chest rippling with muscles covered in sweat. He was the only one of the four who didn’t seem bothered by the heat. Andre “Handy Andy” Mabuza was from Mozambique and seemed perfectly at home in it. “Fancy some shrimp on the barbie, mate?” Dre had said, his fake Australian accent sounding strange mixed with his deep Afro-Portuguese lilt. “Sorry, we ain’t got no bloomin’ onions.”

“What’s a blooming onion?” Henry had asked, immediately disliking the dark-skinned man.

“You know, from the Outback.”

“There ain’t no onions blooming in the outback, mate.”

“Never mind. How about a burger?”

Gabby’s attention had shifted between the African man and Roni. Roni was staring at him like she was totally in love, even though they had only met the week before. Handy Andy had come over to give her an estimate on building her deck and had apparently never left. Previously, Roni had been a little flirty with Gabby’s hunky Aussie husband, but now she was barely acknowledging Henry.



Roni Mueller was, oddly enough, the only American of the four. She was gorgeous, with short blond hair that fell to her collarbones, a cute little upturned nose, and icy blue eyes similar to Gabby’s. She had been wearing black bikini top and cut-off jean shorts with the button open and the zipper down, revealing the black bikini panty underneath. She was fitter and less curvy than Gabby, with a harder, flatter stomach and large D-cup breasts. Her large nipples had been visibly poking through the bikini fabric. Gabby had lost her smile when she noticed Henry’s gaze flicker down to their neighbor’s very prominent headlights.

Gabby and Roni had become fast friends. Roni was a nurse, but Gabby thought she could easily have been a model. Roni had laughed and said both their bodies were better suited for a stripper’s pole than modelling, and that stripping was how she

had paid for nursing school. She even confessed to making more money as an exotic dancer than as a nurse. Each woman was envious of the other's figure, and Roni swore that Gabby could have earned six figures dancing at an upper-class club.

Gabby had turned her attention back to Dre and caught him staring openly at her breasts. Her brow had furrowed, but he didn't look away. He simply smiled a wide, toothy white grin and winked at her. Dre was not a handsome man. If anything, he was downright ugly, with a broad flat African nose and large flaring nostrils, big lips, and deep-set eyes. She could not understand what Roni saw in the black man unless it was the big muscles. At 6'3", he towered over Roni by nine inches and over Gabby by eight. He had a thin waist, flat stomach, and prominent abdominals that she had to admit were impressive. His chest expanded outward and upward to broad shoulders, with muscle-bound arms and huge biceps.

Gabby cornered Roni and finally got her to admit that Dre wasn't much to look at. "But his equipment gets the job done," Roni replied with a smirk.

Gabby understood exactly what she meant. It said so right on the side of Dre's work van: *HANDY ANDY'S HANDYMAN SERVICES: My equipment will get the job done.*

Gabby lost a little respect for her new friend when Roni confessed that Andre's estimate on the deck had been too high for her, but he'd offered her a discount if she blew him. Gabby gasped. "And a bigger discount if I fucked him."

"How much is it going to cost you?"

Roni smiled. "Free. But I've been paying for it every night since. Jesus, Gabby, his cock's a foot long." She held her hands apart at an impossible length.

Gabby lost all respect for Roni at the thought that she had fucked a black man just for a free deck. She made excuses not to come over much after that barbecue. It wasn't easy, they had quickly become friends and had been growing closer until the black man moved in.



She would be at her desk upstairs writing her novel and watching a shirtless Dre Mabuza carrying planks around the side of the house, slowly becoming annoyed by his constant hammering. She spoke with him once after the barbecue. She had been outside watering the garden wearing a backless, stomach-baring blue crop top with a short matching skirt when Dre came up behind her.

"Where are your little ones?" he asked in his deep African accent.

Gabby jumped. "Dre, you startled me." She waited, but he didn't apologize. "What do you mean?" she asked, feeling uncomfortable. She was wearing even less than she had at the barbecue, and he was staring at her more intensely. While she found her husband's coworkers' fawning stares

flattering, other male stares often felt predatory. Andre's stare wasn't flattering.

"All your babies."

"Oh, we don't have any children yet," she replied. She had gone off birth control a few months earlier, and she and Henry had their first unprotected sex on her 25th birthday last month — and once since.

"In Africa, wide hips and large titties are seen as a sign of good health and fertility," Dre continued, his voice thick and rolling. "In Mozambique, we would say you have a body built for having babies."

"Well, it's a good thing we aren't in Mozambique," Gabby replied firmly. "My husband and I decided to put off having children."

"If Mr. Gale ain't up for it," Dre said with a confident grin, "I can give you lots of babies. Handy Andy's equipment will get the job done." His hand drifted down and squeezed a very sizable bulge beneath his jeans. "We have lots of fun making babies."

"No thank you, sir. I'm a married woman." Her eyes couldn't help flickering down to Dre's massive bulge. Ever since Roni told her Dre had a foot-long cock, she had checked that bulge several times at the barbecue. It seemed impossible, a twelve-inch slong would be around thirty centimetres in proper measurements. It couldn't be that big... but judging by the bulge she was starting to wonder..

"You don't want to see my babymaker?" he asked, his voice low and teasing.

"For Christ's sake, NO!" Gabby snapped. "Now go home and finish off your deeck. I'm sick of trying to work with all that hammering."

He just gave her a slow wink. "You know where to find me if you change your mind." He turned and walked away.

"What an arrogant wanker," Gabby mumbled under her breath as she watched Dre head back next door. She found herself trembling slightly from the encounter, her hands shaky as she held the hose to finish watering the garden.

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"Well, I'll be buggering off then," said Henry, giving her a kiss. His hands slid around her, lifting up her robe and grabbing her ass cheeks through the bikini bottom. He pulled her close. "Why don't ya keep that bikini on all day so I can take it off ya tonight," he whispered in his thick Australian accent.

She could feel his hardness pressing into her belly. "Why don't you take it off now? I don't mind it quick and passionate."

He paused and glanced at his watch. "Na, luv. Better get to work with me mates now, and I'll get to work on you tonight." He gave her another firm kiss. "Good day, luv."

"Bugger off then," Gabby sighed.

She was randy. She'd woken up with a wet fanny, and her husband's embrace had only made it wetter. This was a sure sign she was between cycles and ovulating. Maybe tonight would be the night. She should try to make it special, get some wine, share a bath, create a romantic evening to remember the night they conceived their first child.

The old Gabby would never have worn a bikini at all, let alone one this small, but Roni had been very persuasive, even watching her try it on. Gabby didn't even close her robe once Henry left. She poured herself some tea, picked up the mug, and walked upstairs with the robe flapping behind her, enjoying a strange sense of freedom wearing so little. The Miami heat was definitely having an effect on her.

Gabby sat down at her desk and opened her laptop. She began typing.



*Darcy O'Grady sipped her tea, her eyes on the warehouse looking for any signs of life...*

She backspaced, deleting the line. Drug smuggling was too common in Miami. She wanted something different. She typed *animal smuggling ring* instead, then immediately deleted that too.

Gabby tapped her fingers and took a sip of her tea. She wasn't happy with it. Animal smuggling? What — snakes, alligators, or exotic birds?

*She tried again. Darcy O'Grady sipped her tea, her eyes on the garage where the suspected carjackers were located...*

She was much happier with this direction. Gabby Gale was a teacher by profession and wanted to pursue that in the States, but was having trouble getting accreditation through the American bureaucracy. She had published one novel back in New Zealand, *Darcy O'Grady and the Māori Job*. It had sold well enough in New Zealand and okay in Australia, but hadn't been picked up by an American publisher. She hoped setting her next book in Miami might help.

Gabby checked the time and decided to put off writing for the day, or at least until later that afternoon. She didn't particularly want to hang out with Veronica since she had taken up with that cocky black man, but Roni was so proud of the new deck Dre had built that Gabby had agreed to check it out today. Hopefully Dre was working another job and wouldn't be around to bother them while they sunbathed. She certainly didn't want him seeing her in this tiny bikini.

Gabriella Gale placed her mug in the sink and headed towards the back door. She slipped her bare feet into her jandals. The heat hit her the moment she stepped outside. "Yech," she grunted. "I hate this city."

The walk through the yards was short. She couldn't see the driveway from here, so she couldn't tell if Dre's truck was there. Gabby moved around the side of Roni's house and into the backyard. The old shoddy deck had been replaced by a much nicer, larger one. Roni had an inexpensive above-ground pool, and the new deck now surrounded half of it. She hated to admit it, but Dre had done good work.



She grabbed the railing and climbed the steps onto the deck. "What a great deeck," she said aloud, looking around appreciatively.

"Obrigado," came a deep African voice from behind her.

Gabby jumped in surprise. Dre was lying on an inflatable mattress. His large muscular body was almost nude except for a tight speedo. His arms were crossed under his head and he was grinning up at her.

"Dre, you startled me!" she exclaimed.

He didn't apologize. He never did. He simply kept grinning as he rose to his feet, towering over her. "Where's Roni?" she asked, quickly pulling her robe closed and tightening the belt.

"She got called in," Dre replied in his deep African accent. "There was a big pile-up on I-95. Lots of injuries."

"Oh."

"Here to check out my dick?" he asked, grinning widely.

"It's a nice deeck," Gabby replied, forcing herself not to look down at the straining speedo. She swept her eyes over the deck. "I'm jealous. I'd love a big deeck like yours."

"Yeah, my dick's the envy of the neighborhood."

"Isn't the stain a little too dark?"

"The biggest dicks are always dark."

Gabby didn't like the way Dre was smirking at her. She turned and walked away, surveying the big deck. "I suppose Roni's happy with your deeck?"

Dre followed her. "She can't keep off it."

She walked over to the pool; some tubes of caulk were laying around the edges. "I could use some cahk, my shower has a big crack in it," she said.

"I'd be happy to come over and fill your crack for you."

"Thanks, but if I can get my hands on some cahk, I can do it myself or get Henry to do it."

"I doubt Henry has enough cock for the job. I got plenty of cock for ya. I got all the cock ya need right here."

A wadded-up ball flew past her and landed in the pool, unfolding into the yellow, green, and black speedo. Dre suddenly grabbed her, spun her around, and pulled her into his powerful arms. Before she could react, his large lips pressed down onto hers. Gabby kept her mouth tightly shut, fighting the probe of his tongue. His hand yanked her robe belt free. The robe fell open as he pulled her tightly against him, far more powerfully than Henry had earlier.



“Dre, no,” she gasped, pulling her head back. “NO!”

“What’s wrong?” he asked, sounding genuinely confused as he released her.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing? I’m a married woman,” Gabby replied, stepping back away from him. “I’m not interested in...” Her eyes moved down as their bodies parted. His massive black penis fell forward, sticking out and bobbing heavily right in front of her. “Oh my god!” she gasped in genuine amazement.

Roni hadn’t lied. She’d never seen a slong so big. It had to be between thirty and thirty-two centimeters long, and its thickness rivalled the tubes of caulk at her feet. Henry had a nice prick, but it wasn’t even half as big as this ugly black slong bobbing from Dre’s crotch. And it was ugly- as ugly- as ugly as the black man it belonged to. A thick wrinkly foreskin wrapped around a swollen golf ball-sized head, while the shaft bulged with blue-black veins like the ones on Dre’s biceps.

“Not interested?” Dre chuckled deeply, his African accent thick and rolling. He grabbed the shaft with his large black hand and slowly pulled back the foreskin. “You can’t keep your eyes off it.”

Gabby gasped in awe. As the head emerged, his slong transformed from hideous to magnificent. The head was a fat, bulbous ball with a large flared ridge. “It’s so big,” she breathed in disbelief.

“I told ya, my dick is the envy of the neighborhood. You sure you’re not interested?”

Involuntarily, her hand reached out toward the enormous black cock. She caught herself and yanked it back. Her nipples were aching, hard and trying to poke through her bikini top. Her fanny was drooling heavily; the bikini bottom was completely soaked.

“No,” she replied, shaking her head even as her eyes remained locked on it.

“You can touch it,” Dre said. When she hesitated, he reached down and grabbed her wrist. She tried to pull away, but his grip was too strong. He brought her hand to his cock. Gabby curled her fingers into a fist at first, but he ran her knuckles along the thick shaft. “Come on, Gabby. Just hold it and feel its powa. I won’t bother you again, and this may be your only chance to hold a real man’s cock. It’s bigger than Henry’s, ain’t it?”

“Yes... a lot bigger,” she mumbled. Her heart was pounding like African drums in her ears. She opened her hand and wrapped her fingers around the massive black cock.

“See? It no bite, but it does spit like a cuspeira, so beware,” he chuckled. “You like my cock, Gabby.”

“Yes,” she hissed. She ran her hand along the heavy shaft. She didn’t even notice when he released her wrist. It felt so powerful, so hot. Small jets of precum spurted from the head each time she stroked upward.

“You made it get like this, Gabby. It’s hard for you. Binga likes you a lot.”

“I did?”

“Yeah, puta. You come over here with them biggi white titties busting out of dat bikini, talking about how much ya like my dick and wanting cock in your crack. No wonder Binga’s so hard.”

“I’m sorry, that was my accent,” she whispered, still slowly stroking him.

“But you do like my dick?” Dre grinned. “Your body likes my dick too. Your nipples are tenting that bikini. Tell me you like that big black cock.”

“I like your big black cock, Dre. I’ve never seen anything like it... it’s so big.”

Dre smiled. “Meu pau foi construido para foder vadias brancas commo voce.”

“What was that?” she asked.

Dre smiled at her. It meant, “My cock was built to fuck white sluts like you,” but all he said was, “You glad I let you touch it?”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“Then give me a hand job.”

“A what?”

“A hand job. Jerk it off. What do they call it in New Zealand?”

“A wristy.”

“Then give me a wristy.”

“I couldn’t...”

“Fuck you, puta,” he growled. “You can’t leave me like this. You’re already stroking it. When you gonna get another chance to play with a cock like mine? A wristy ain’t cheating on your husband. Do this for me and we pretend it never happened. I’ll leave you alone.”

Gabby hesitated, but her hand kept moving. Dre walked backward and straddled the inflatable mattress. “Kneel.”

She released his cock only long enough to drop to her knees on the mattress. A shiver ran through her as she stared up at the massive black slong and his powerful torso. "Oh my god!" she hissed, looking beneath the giant dick. "Your bolos are gigantic! They're as big as coconuts."

Dre chuckled. "Vou colocar um bebe negro em voce." Translated, he said, "Gonna put a black baby in you."

Gabby assumed he was talking about his balls. "Yes, they are," she agreed.

"This is where you white women belong, kneeling at the feet of a black man."

Gabby looked up and glowered at him, but another wave of arousal flooded her fanny. "How do I... where do I start?"

"Ya spit, gurl. Spit in your palms. Binga will help you lube him up."

Gabby kept one hand on the huge cock, holding the foreskin back, and spat into her other palm. "What's a Binga?" she asked. "Does it mean prick or something?"

"Na, girl. I named my cock after Mount Binga, the tallest peak in Mozambique."

"Oh," she said, surprised. "We had a Mount Binga in Queensland."

"Is kismet then."

Binga was indeed helping her lubricate its knobby head and shaft. Pre-cum was shooting out of the urethra in rather large amounts, and when it wasn't spurting, his pee slit was still drooling thick sticky fluid. The spurts of Cowper's fluid from Dre's cock head rivalled one of Henry's entire orgasms. If the fluid hadn't been clear, Gabby might have thought Dre was continuously ejaculating. Between her saliva and his heavy precum, her hands were now gliding smoothly up and down the giant shaft.

Gabby had made the mistake of jerking him off too fast at first. His cock lined up with her forehead, and she wasn't used to kneeling with her arms raised. Her arms tired quickly, so she slowed down. "Are you close?" she asked, twisting her hands around his thick shaft.

"Naw, gurl. You just started," Dre chuckled deeply.

A part of her wanted to run back home, but another part refused to let go of the giant black cock. She loved the heat, the pulse, the raw power in her hands. She didn't understand why kneeling before this man made her fanny flow like Humboldt Falls. Probably because she was ovulating and desperately randy. Mostly, she just wanted to see Dre's huge black slong erupt like White Island volcano back home.

She sat up higher, still working her hands along the massive shaft. It was so large it would have taken four of her hands to cover it completely, and so thick she couldn't close her fingers around it. Fast stroking tired her arms too quickly, so she settled into a slow, steady pumping rhythm.

"This will help," Dre said. He leaned down, running one beefy hand through her hair and around the back of her neck.

Gabby gasped as he pulled the knot on her bikini top. "What are you doing?" she exclaimed, releasing his cock and quickly covering her breasts with both hands. His massive cock bobbed hypnotically just above her eyes.



"Letting me see them biggi white titties will help me get off quicker," he replied. He bent further and pulled the string behind her back. Gabby kept covering herself. Dre noticed her eyes were still locked on his outthrust cock, the tip now bobbing right in front of her lips and nose. "Now is not the time to be shy, neighbour. Make Binga cum."

For a moment, Gabby wondered how her plan for a simple afternoon sunbathing had turned into her kneeling topless in front of the biggest, blackest slong she'd ever seen. Slowly, she lowered her hands. Her bikini top fell onto the deck. She reached out for his black cock again. It had gone ugly once more, the foreskin sliding back over half the plum-sized head. She pulled the black turtleneck down, revealing its full magnificent glory, and grabbed the shaft with both hands.

"Now that's my girl," Dre sighed contentedly. "What nice white titties you have. If you get tired, you can lie down and let me fuck dem biggi titties."

"Uh, no thanks," Gabby replied, her mind briefly picturing herself squeezing his enormous cock between her breasts.

"I like pink nipples," Dre said, staring down at her. "And I really like long, plump pink nipples."

Gabby flushed but found herself arching her back slightly, presenting her swollen nipples to him. *Stop that, Gabby*, she scolded herself. The hot Florida sun felt good on her bare breasts, and tiny droplets of sweat were already forming on her skin.

She turned her full attention back to stroking the huge cock. Her arms were tiring again. Henry would have finished long ago.

"Try talking to him," Dre suggested.

"W-what?"

"Binga likes compliments and dirty talk."

"Ah... Binga, you're so big," she said hesitantly.

"Keep going. You do better."

"It's so big. I love your big black African cock, Dre."

Binga responded with a powerful spurt of precum. "Binga likes that. Compare him to your husband."

"I... I can't. I shouldn't," she said, feeling guilty.

"Do it."

"You're so much bigger... and blacker. There's no comparison." Her hands tried to speed up again. "It's like they're two different things."

"They are. That's a big black cock you're holding. How big is Henry? Half that?"

"Smaller," she admitted quietly. "And much thinner."

"Henry has a little white boy penis. That cock in your hands is a real man's cock. Whose superior, white girl?"

Gabby's cheeks burned with shame. "Yours, Dre. Your big black cock is superior."

Dre's cock throbbed and swelled even larger in her hands. "Binga really likes that. Thank him."

"Thank him? For what?"

"For allowing you to jerk him off."

Gabby hesitated, then whispered to the huge cock head hovering above her nose, "Thank you." She looked up at Dre. "Thank you," she repeated, meaning it this time.

Dre smirked. "Now show your appreciation for him by giving him a kiss."

"What?" she gasped.

"Give Binga a kiss, gurl." He laughed. "He don't bite, but he do spit like da Cuspideira."

Gabby pulled the heavy cock down toward her mouth. She pursed her lips and gave the head a soft kiss. A shiver ran through her body. She kissed it again, longer this time, her tongue flicking out briefly to taste his precum.

"Again!" Dre ordered.

"Yes," she whispered. She leaned in and kissed the head once more. Dre's hand came down, holding the back of her head and pressing her lips firmly against his cock. Her tongue circled the tip, then the flared ridge. The thick glans pushed forward, forcing her lips apart and sliding into her mouth. A soft moan escaped her throat as she began sucking her neighbor's huge black cock.

Dre ran his fingers through her hair, pulling her deeper until the head pressed against her uvula. She fought the urge to gag, trying to relax her throat. Dre eventually released her head, but Gabby didn't stop.

Gabby bobbed her head over the thick end of the shaft, one hand gripping the base and keeping the massive cock bent down toward her mouth. She ran her eyes up his hard, muscular

body but quickly looked down again when she met his gaze, the look of triumph and arrogant satisfaction on his face made her flush with shame.



She lifted her free hand from the deck and hefted one of his heavy bolos. The huge black testicle filled her entire palm with its weight. Her hand was far too small to hold both. When Henry was soft, she could cup his whole crotch in one palm. There was no denying that her husband's white penis was inferior to Dre's enormous black cock.

Gabby released his testicle and slid her hand up his thick thigh, gripping his waist for support as she began sucking faster. She still couldn't manage half his length, but her throat was slowly adjusting to the huge glans stretching her. A desperate part of her wanted to slip a hand down into her bikini bottoms to relieve the aching need in her fanny.

"What do they call a puta that likes sucking cock in New Zealand?" Dre asked, his deep African voice thick with pleasure.

Gabby bobbed her head a few more times before pulling back with a wet pop. "A woodpecker," she answered breathlessly,

before running her tongue around the bulbous head. "But I'm not a woodpecker. This isn't something I enjoy." Her hand continued jerking his thick shaft while she licked him.

Dre laughed. "Well, you may not be a woodpecker, but you're a great cocksucker, gurl."

Gabby glared up at him but went straight back to sucking his cock. She held the base tightly with her thumb and forefinger while stroking the rest of the shaft with her other hand. She could feel him swelling and knew he was getting close, so she increased her pace.

"For something you don't enjoy," he gasped, "you sure are enthusiastic."

Gabby pulled back just enough to speak, keeping her lips pressed against the tip. "Just warn me before you giz," she told him, then immediately went back to sucking.

"Dayumn," Dre groaned. "I don't think Binga's ever been sucked so good."

A strange wave of pride washed over Gabby. *Stop it*, she scolded herself, but she couldn't deny the rush of pleasure she felt knowing she was pleasing him. Maybe it was the ovulation making her overly hormonal, but she felt an embarrassing surge of satisfaction. She wondered if Roni sucked him like this. If Dre were hers, she'd suck his cock every day... she wanted to get better at it, to take more of him, to depththroat his huge black slong and please him even more.

She looked up at his face. His head was thrown back, mouth open. He was about to cum.

Just as that dangerous thought echoed in her mind — *This is where white women belong, kneeling at the feet of da black man* — she panicked and pulled her head back, intending to finish him with her hands. But the moment the flared head left her lips, Dre's cock erupted.

Her mouth was instantly flooded with a massive, thick load of giz. It bulged her cheeks and squirted out the corners of her lips. Gabby reared back, gulping down the hot, pudding-like sperm. The next powerful spurt splattered across her face, followed by several more thick ropes that painted her cheeks, forehead, and heavy breasts. Some even landed in her hair.

Henry's cum had always tasted bitter and watery. Dre's was thick, rich, and strangely delicious. She found herself licking greedily around her lips, savouring the flavour.

"I warned you Binga strikes like the cuspideira," Dre said with a deep chuckle, still milking his cock and launching more strands onto her face.

"What on earth is a cuspideira?" Gabby asked, rolling his thick sperm on her tongue. The more she tasted, the more she wanted.

"Da spitting cobra of Mozambique," he replied, still jerking himself off.

"I can't see," she complained, using her finger to push thick wads of semen from her eyes toward her mouth.



"Let me get you something to wipe off with," Dre said. "Here, lie down."

Gabby felt his strong hands on her shoulders, spinning her around and pushing her onto her back on the air mattress. Before she could protest, he grabbed her hips. "What are you doing?" she asked, still half-blind.

"Getting you a cloth." He quickly pulled the strings on her bikini bottoms and yanked them off. "Here," he said, tossing the soaked fabric onto her chest. "That thing is drenched."

Gabby grabbed her dripping bikini bottom and began wiping her eyes. Just as she cleared her left eye, she felt Dre's cheeks brush the insides of her thighs. "Dre?" she asked, startled.

His hot tongue licked slowly from just above her anus all the way up her slit. Gabby gasped sharply, her hips lifting off the mattress as his tongue thrust between her wet folds. "Dre?" she moaned, the word turning into a plea. When he sucked her swollen clit between his lips, she cried out in pleasure. "Dre... Sto—"

The protest died in her throat as a powerful orgasm began building. He pushed two thick fingers inside her and flicked them deep. "Don't stop," she begged, grinding against his hand. "So good... I'm cumming!"

Gabby screamed as the orgasm crashed through her, her hips bucking wildly against his mouth and fingers. It was one of the strongest orgasms she'd ever had. Dre's two fingers felt bigger and more skilled than Henry's entire prick.

He wasn't finished with her. Dre hooked his powerful arms under her knees and spread her thighs wide. "Fuck, that's a pretty white pussy," he growled hungrily.

Gabby felt her cheeks flush with embarrassment at the exposed, spread-open view she was giving him. Still, when he released one knee and pushed his fingers against her fanny again, the promise of another strong orgasm made her lift her hips eagerly toward his hand.

As wet as she was, his fingers still struggled to enter her. The hard knob pushed her lips inward until they stretched wide around something far too thick to be just fingers. *A thumb?* If so, it was an enormous thumb. Finally, her labia parted and the bulbous head pushed inside her. Gabby tossed her ruined bikini bottom aside and wiped her eyes one last time. She blinked, raised her head, and stared in disbelief at the thick black log slowly sinking into her pussy.

Dre was working his massive cock in and out, gradually pushing deeper as her juices coated him. Her own hips were rising to meet each thrust. The head alone was over five centimeters wide, and she had already taken another five or six centimeters. "Stop. What are you doing?" she gasped.



“What does it look like I’m doing?” he snorted, still working himself deeper.

“Stop, Dre. Take it out,” she demanded. Twelve centimeters. Thirteen centimeters.

“It’ll fit,” he promised, hips still moving.

“Sto— AAAHHH!” Gabby cried out in awe as he passed fifteen centimeters — already the full length of Henry’s penis. The stretch felt incredible. Every ridge and bulging vein dragged along her walls, sending tremors of pleasure through her body. “Take it out now!”

Dre pushed her knees up, pulled back, and slowly withdrew his cock. Gabby felt a hollow ache the moment he left her. Her legs twitched with the urge to wrap around him and pull him back inside. “You want to try a different position or something?” he asked.

“No, you idiot. We can’t have sex,” she scowled, watching his cock head slip free and bob heavily in the air. “I’m a married woman and I love my husband.”

“Henry don’t have no cock like mine,” Dre growled, gripping her knees and pulling her back toward him.

*No, he doesn’t*, she thought. “We’re trying to have a baby,” she added weakly.

Dre’s cock spat a thick rope of precum across her belly. “We can fuck until you cum, then I’ll pull out.”

*Yes, please*. “No. Too dangerous,” she muttered, unable to take her eyes off the monstrous black cock. “I’ll suck you off again,” she offered, though her dripping fanny wanted far more.

“You can suck Binga whenever you want, but you’re looking at him like you want him to fuck you.”

“No, I’m not,” she protested, even as her hips continued rubbing against him. “I just can’t get over how big it is. How big is it exactly? And how much of that thing can Roni actually take?”

“Around thirty-two centimetres. She can take all of it.”

“No way,” Gabby breathed.

Dre pressed his cock down along her belly so the base rested on her pubic mound. “All of it.”

Gabby stared at the dark shaft lying across her white skin. The contrast was disturbingly erotic. “The head’s past my belly button,” she whispered.

“How much do you think you could take?”

“I don’t know... maybe half?”

“You already took half. I could have gone much deeper, but I guess we’ll never know.”

Gabby reached down and wrapped her hand around his cock, pulling the foreskin back to expose the fat, flared head. “It’s too big,” she murmured in awe. “There’s no way I could take any more.”

"I've never met a woman who couldn't take it balls deep," Dre said, slowly thrusting through her grip. "You got a body built for big black cock."

"No," she hissed.

"Balls deep."

"Impossible."

Dre pulled back, then pressed the thick head against her entrance again. "Put it in," she whispered. Her heart rate increased; the pounding of African drums returned to her ears. She raised herself up on her elbows to look down at the giant black slong pointing at her pussy. The large flare of his coronal ridge made the image of a plow come to mind. This plow wasn't pulled by oxen, it was pushed forward by an unyielding trunk-like battering ram. And the purpose of a plow was to lay furrows in fertile soil before the farmer planted his... SEED!

Suddenly remembering how dangerous this was, Gabby was about to tell him to stop, but instead, all she did was gasp, as the bulging plow spread her pussy open again and pushed inside. "Yessss," she hissed as tremors of pleasure moved out from where he was penetrating her, pleasure that would grow the deeper he went. "Dre, you can't cum in me," she moaned, relaxing her body and laying down on the mattress. He hefted her legs up, raising her slightly and working his cock deeper. "And we're just seeing how much I can take, not actually... fucking," she added. He grunted, not giving her an answer. "Understand?" she asked, raising her hips in time to the thrusting of his cock.

"Porra, sua buceta está apertada," he groaned, slipping back into Portugese. "Binga gosta de uma buceta quente e molhada"

Gabby hoped that meant he understood. She felt full and stretched again, but it felt good, promising large orgasms if she were to let it fuck her, but cumming on another man's cock would be the ultimate betrayal of her vows to Henry. She couldn't let it go that far. "Oh my god," she moaned in awe as he pushed deeper.

"There that's half," he grunted. Dre was sitting up on his knees, arms cupped under her knees lifting her crotch up to level with his cock. He was covered in a sexy slick sheen of sweat. Rivulets were running down his face, dripping on her belly. She was covered in the same sheen as the Miami sun beat down on her skin. "How much more?"

"Don't know," she panted. "A few more centimeters?"

A few turned into four more as he pushed his cock in nearly eight inches deep. "You got this," he told her, giving her another two centimeters, nearly nine inches.

The pounding in her ears changed from matching the beat of her heart to the pulses of pleasure building in her womb. Dre's big black cock was going to make her cum and she no longer cared if she betrayed Henry, she wanted it. The growing pressure in her womb promised a huge orgasm. Just as she thought it might explode from her, Dre's cock began to hurt. It was too deep now stretching her out too far. The promised huge orgasm faded rapidly and she was suddenly glad for the pain helping bring her to her senses. "That's it. No more. You're on my cervix."

For once, Dre seemed to listen to her. He quit plowing her deeper, but he kept pushing his cock against her cervix, knocking at her womb. She felt a hot wetness inside her, the wetness growing as he kept the light rapping against the opening to her womb. Gabby raised her head

and slid her hand down her stomach. Her fingers turned sticky as they slid through the gooey trail of precum his cock had left behind. Dre's copious amount of Cowper's fluid! He was coating her cervix with it. There were theories that sex could induce labor, some hormone in semen softened the cervix. Her hand slid down under her belly button, she could feel the bulge beneath her skin. The bulge suddenly pushed forward moving deeper beneath her stomach. "Unh!" she grunted, wincing at the intrusion. Her thighs parted wider as Dre's testicles slapped against them.

"That's balls... bollocks deep, white girl."

"I can't..." she gasped. "Can't believe it." Yet, there was no doubt his huge cock was buried to the root inside her.

"Like it?"

"Hell no! I'm so stretched out. It's uncomfortable. Unh! I feel strange," she gasped, writhing on the air mattress. Her belly was undulating down towards the root of his cock.

"Want me to take it out?"

"Yes! No! Wait, I'm not sure," she panted like she was in labor. She looked up at Dre, not liking the arrogant sneer plastered on his face. "It's not so bad now, starting to feel better." Gabby threw her head back and moaned. Her hands quickly found her nipples and started pulling on them she needed to cum so bad. "Ohmygod, Dre! What are you doing to me?"

"That's your pussy being resized."

"Resized?"

"Adapting to big black cock."

"Oh god," she moaned, moving her head back and forth as her fingers pinched and pulled at her throbbing nipples. "So full... so full... so full of cock!"

"Full of big black cock. Feels good, don't it?"

"Yeah. Feels good, really good, gonna cum."

"Your pussy's resized now. It's only going to want big black cock from now on."

"NO!" she moaned in denial, her crotch humping the root of his cock "But Henry?"

"Will never satisfy you again, if he ever really did."



A switch clicked in her brain and she no longer cared about Henry, all she wanted at that moment was to cum on Dre's giant black slang. "Please, let me cum. I need it so bad."

"You want to cum?" he asked, adjusting a little, still on his knees lifting her up.

"Yes."

"Ask."

Gabby groaned in frustration as her need grew. "Please, make me cum, Andre? I need it so bad."

Dre grinned in triumph and began slowly removing several centimeters of cock before pushing it back in. Soon he was pulling 5-6cm out before pushing back in. Gabby gasped, humping her crotch up into his thrusts. She groaned in frustration when he pulled half his cock out and froze. "Want me to stop?"

"No," she begged. "Keep doing that. I'm so close"

"Doing what?"

"That thing you're doing... fucking me."

"You want me to keep fucking you?"

"Yes, keep fucking me. Fuck me, Andre. Just don't cum in me. FUCK ME!"

Dre started moving again. "Fuck you with what, puta?"

"BINGA!" she squealed. "Your big black cock!" She bucked her hips into his thrusting cock as Dre started fucking her faster. "Fuck me with your big black cock, Dre. OHMYGOD! CCUUMMMINNG!"

Her orgasm exploded through her. She wrapped her legs tightly around his hips, pulling him as deep as possible while clinging to his muscular back. Powerful contractions milked his entire thirty-two-centimeter length as she came harder than she had ever cum in her life.

Dre kissed her deeply, his tongue invading her mouth as she rode out the orgasm. When she finally relaxed, he rose up on his powerful arms and began thrusting again with long, steady strokes.

Gabby came three more times — each one intense and better than anything Henry had ever given her. By the final orgasm, Dre was pounding into her like a piledriver. His forehead rested on her, sweat dripped down his face onto hers.

“Ohmygod, Dre... I love your big black cock,” she moaned shamelessly.

“Binga likes your white pussy,” he grunted.

“Binga’s gonna make me cum again, Dre.”

“Binga’s gonna cum too.”

“Hold off,” she begged. “Please let me cum first.”

Gabby clung desperately to him, legs locked around his waist. The pressure built to an almost painful level. This was going to be bigger than the first one, but she didn’t know what her body was waiting for.

Her answer came a moment later when Dre, shoved in cock up to the balls and grunted like a rutting bull. Her mind only registered the horror that he was seeding her for a fraction of a second before her orgasm burst out of her womb consuming her mind and body with more pleasure than she’d ever felt before. She could feel every strong blast of his seed inside her fertile womb, each spurt of sperm increasing the intensity of her own orgasm. Her legs wrapped around his hips holding his cock deep inside her so that he couldn’t pull out, not that he was trying to. Her fanny clung tightly to the huge shaft, contractions squeezing and milking his cock for every drop of his seed.

They both slowly came down from their powerful orgasms. Dre ground his cock deep inside her, making her feel even fuller. His thick shaft radiated heat throughout her womb. She knew she was flooded with his fertile African seed, but the bliss was too strong for her to care right now.

Dre turned his face toward her and kissed her again. Gabby held her lips tight for a brief moment before reluctantly parting them and letting his tongue inside. Soon she was kissing him back, soft contented moans escaping her throat. That final orgasm had been worth the risk. All of them, the first one with the ugly black man and the many that followed had been far more intense than anything Henry had ever given her. She kissed Dre deeper, silently thanking him for the best sex of her life, while feeling a pang of jealousy that Roni probably got to fuck him every night.

Dre sucked on her lower lip, biting it lightly, then pushed himself up and slowly withdrew his cock. It looked massive and swollen. As soon as the head cleared her fanny, it sprang upward and sprayed a long strand of semen across her breasts and belly. “So much cum,” Gabby muttered in awe.

Andre wasn't finished. He sat back on his knees, jerking his heavy shaft. Several more thick jets of semen landed on her stomach, forming a small white pool around her navel. Gabby scooped up a large clump with her fingers and brought it to her mouth, tasting him again. She rubbed the rest of his seed into her belly and over her tits.

A large gush of semen suddenly poured out from between her legs. The spell finally broke. "My god... what have I done?"

"Hopefully you've just been bred by a real man," Andre chuckled.

*"Mmmm, yes," she muttered, rubbing his semen on her skin just under her bellybutton.* "I mean, no. God no! I gotta get cleaned up," she said quickly. "I need to get your giz out of me."

"I can clean you up, puta," Dre said. He scooped her up in his strong arms. "But my jizz ain't going nowhere." He turned and casually tossed her into the pool.



Gabby squealed as she hit the water. She kicked up to the surface, wiped her eyes, and looked around. Dre had gone inside. She tried squeezing her vaginal muscles, releasing a white cloud into the water, but she could still feel plenty of his African seed deep inside her and realized it was futile. After a few minutes of cleaning herself as best she could, she swam to the ladder.

As she started climbing out, the sliding glass door opened and Andre stepped back onto the deck. Suddenly feeling shy and ashamed, Gabby lowered herself back into the water. "Where's my bikini?" she asked.

"Messy, so I took it inside."

"My robe then?"

"Keeping your bikini company." Andre crossed his arms and stared at her.

Gabby glared back, though her eyes kept drifting to his cock. Even soft, it was still a monster, swinging heavily between his legs.

“Can you go get me my robe then?” she asked, annoyed.

“I got sometin for ya,” he said, disappearing inside again. He returned and tossed her a small wadded-up white ball.

Gabby missed it. It hit the water. When she retrieved and wrung it out, she held up a tiny washcloth. “A washcloth? Seriously?”

“Come inside. We’ll find you sometin to wear, gurl.”

Gabby climbed the ladder, one arm across her heavy breasts and the other holding the washcloth over her crotch. She stood dripping on the deck, glaring at him. Dre held out his hand, his eyes roaming over her wet, glistening body with clear approval.

Still embarrassed, but realizing how ridiculous she was being after what they had just done, Gabby lowered her arm, dropped the washcloth, and took his hand. As they walked, she noticed his cock had started to rise again.

Dre led her into Roni’s house and up the stairs, still holding her hand. He opened the door to Roni’s bedroom and let her walk in first. Gabby headed toward the walk-in closet, but Dre grabbed her shoulder, marched her to the bed, and pushed her down onto it.

“Hey, what gives?” she protested, pushing herself up. Her eyes widened as she felt the hard knob pressing between her thighs again. “Dre... we can’t.”

But he was already working his enormous cock back inside her. “Oh god... yes... well... uh okay then... fuck me,” she moaned, pushing back against him. “Just don’t cum in me again.”

She came hard when he reached twenty centimeters. As the orgasm swept through her, she felt sudden pressure against her sphincter. Before she could react, Dre’s thumb pushed into her ass. The unexpected intrusion sent her crashing into another, even stronger orgasm.

“Feels good, don’t it, puta?” Dre growled, removing his thumb and gripping her hips with both hands.

“Yes... so good, Dre. Keep fucking me.”

“If I keep fucking you, I’m going to seed that white pussy again.”

“Unh... unh... unh,” Gabby grunted with every thrust. “No, it’s too risky... fuck... fuck me... gonna cum... NNNOOOOO!”

Dre suddenly yanked his cock completely out of her.

“If I can’t cum in you, den I no gonna fuck you, puta,” he said, teasing her slit with the fat head of his cock.

“No... put it back in. Put it back in, please Dre.”

“If I do, I’m gonna seed that white pussy good.”

“Oh god,” Gabby moaned, torn between fear and desperate need. “I don’t care. You can cum in me. Just put it back in.”

“Put it where? Tell me, puta. Where do you want my cock?”

“In my fanny! PUT IT IN MY FANNY!”

Dre snorted in amusement. “Okay... but you asked for it.”

Gabby felt pressure against her sphincter again. This time it wasn’t his thumb. “OW! Dre! Wrong hole! Wrong hole! OOOMMMPPPHHH!”

The pain was intense as his huge cock forced its way into her ass. “Oh my god, Dre! What are you doing?”

“You asked for it, puta. Begged for it, even.”

“I didn’t want this, you idiot. I wanted it in my fan— Oh!” Fanny met something completely different in America. The pain slowly began to fade, replaced by an overwhelming feeling of fullness. “You’re resizing my ass?”

Andre threw his head back and laughed. “No, puta. You can’t resize a bunda, you estúpida woman.” He worked a little more of his thick cock into her. “But you will get used to it... and soon you’ll be loving it.”



“That’ll never happen,” Gabby grunted, even as she pushed her ass back to take more of him. The pain was fading, slowly being replaced by a sense of fullness. Anal sex was demeaning and she hated it, yet her nipples were so hard they were pulling her areola off her breasts. Even her fanny was weeping with shame, tears of arousal running down her inner thighs. She wanted to slip her fingers down there and stop the flow. The next time Dre worked his cock around, feeding her another centimeter, she raised her ass into the thrust. “Yessss,” she hissed into the bedspread.

Dre chuckled again, his arrogance coming through in his laugh. “Told you so, puta. You come begging for Binga to fuck your bunda again.”

“In your dreams, you black wanker,” she hissed, pushing back to get more of his cock in her.

Dre gripped her hips tighter and began a slow, powerful pistoning of his thick shaft. He managed about twenty centimeters before he couldn’t push any deeper. Then he really began fucking her ass. He was skilled, pulling back until the thick flare of his corona stretched her sphincter before driving deep again.

Gabby couldn’t hold back. “Oh fuck... oh fuck, fuck, fuck,” she gasped every time he bottomed out. “Fuck me... fuck my ass... oh god, keep fucking my ass.” It felt incredible — a completely new kind of pleasure she had never experienced. Dre’s giant black cock seemed to have complete power over her. No wonder Roni had become completely infatuated with the African handyman after just a few days.

Dre picked up speed. Gabby reached under herself and started frantically fingering her fanny. Dre noticed and gave her a strong slap on her ass, hard enough to sting a little. “Dats it puta, play with your white pussy while I fuck yo ass.” She came hard, releasing a steady stream of trapped semen that ran over his fingers, moaning loudly into the bedsheets.

Dre didn’t stop. He kept fucking her ass until he buried himself deep and flooded her bowels with another heavy load of his seed. Gabby came again, even harder, her body shaking as more semen poured out around his thick cock.

Dre pushed her forward while pulling back, his cock flying up free of her sphincter. Cum splattered down on her back and without its plug, a steady stream of sperm began to pour out of her asshole. He gave her ass another hard slap. “I’m gonna go take a shower,” he said casually.

Gabby could barely move. “What about the mess?” she asked weakly. “Don’t you want to get the bedspread in the washer?”

“That’s woman’s work,” he grunted. “Roni can clean it up.” He disappeared into the bathroom.



Gabby didn't know how long she was out, but she awoke to a gentle licking on her fanny. She moaned, humping the lapping tongue. She couldn't believe Andre would go down on her with her pussy and ass still leaking his semen, but he was willingly if not eagerly slurping his own seed up, even dipping his tongue low to taste the semen pouring from her overstretched anus. She was grateful Dre was being so gentle with her after the workout he'd put her through. The soft touch was just what she needed right now. "Hmmm, faster," she groaned, feeling an orgasm building. The lapping sped up, the prehensile tongue slipping between the folds of her fanny to wiggle inside her and finally putting her over the edge when he sucked her swollen clit between his soft lips.

Gabby bucked her hips up into the pleasurable tongue and came, her partner moaning with pleasure as a fresh flow of semen poured from her fanny, onto the gentle tongue, and into her partner's mouth. There was a gentle kiss planted on her fanny and the licking began again. This time the tongue licked up around the border of her brown pubes. Another kiss on her belly button and the tongue was moving up again, a soft feminine body climbing up onto her own. Gabby gasped as her swollen nipple was sucked between soft lips.

Gabby Gale raised her head enough to see Roni's blonde bob-cut hair moving around on her breast. "But?" she asked, confused.



Roni gave one last kiss to her wet nipple before climbing up Gabby's body. "I see you've met Binga," she said, happily, planting a kiss on Gabby's closed mouth. Roni rubbed her nose against Gabby's before turning her head sideways. "Relax," she whispered, pressing her lips on Gabby's, her tongue trying to probe between them.

Gabby relented and parted her lips accepting the blonde's tongue and teasing it with her own. A low moan escaped Roni's mouth. Roni kissed her lips before pulling back. "I've been wanting this to happen since I met you," she said, kissing her again.

"But," said Gabby, still shocked by the situation. "I don't like girls."

"Then close your eyes and pretend I'm a...AAAHHHH!"

"Roni?" she asked, concerned. Roni had suddenly arched her back and thrown her head back, a look of ecstasy crossing her face.

“Unh unh unh unh,” gasped Roni, her breasts mashing into Gabby’s, her body sliding forward and back. “Noooo,” she groaned, her expression turning to one of despair.

“Oooohhh!” Gabby moaned, strong hands grabbing her ankles and spreading her legs. Dre’s cock returned, her face adopting the expression of bliss that had recently been on Roni’s face. Her crotch lifted up into Andre’s thrusts, humping up against Roni’s blonde pubes. Soon she also felt the loss as Dre withdrew and began fucking Roni again.

Andre Mabuza was man enough to pleasure two women at the same time and he did.

He went back and forth many more times, the two women kissing passionately and moaning their joy or loss depending on whom Andre was fucking. Gabby raised her crotch up eagerly knowing her turn was coming, but Roni suddenly broke their kiss and reared up again. “No, fuck me, let me cum,” she begged, smiling as Dre pushed his cock back deep and started fucking her hard.

Gabby felt a surge of anger at her friend. It was her turn for Andy’s cock. Not her slut friend’s. After all, she was getting Andre’s cock all the time. Jealousy replaced her anger. Her pussy was aching for Dre’s cock again and she didn’t just need his huge member, she wanted his seed again. Her womb felt empty without it. She suppressed her emotions. She was still rational and knew she couldn’t risk another one of Dre’s voluminous loads of semen, but her monkey brain wanted to toss Roni off her and wrap her legs tight around Andre’s waist to keep him inside her until he seeded and even impregnated her.

“Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! CUMMING!” screamed Roni.

Andy fucked her through her orgasm before pulling out and shoving his cock back into Gabby’s fanny. To her friend’s credit, Roni had just wanted to cum and wasn’t greedy for Andre’s cock after all. Having gotten her orgasm, Roni crawled forward, her pussy dripping her arousal on Gabby’s brown pubes and belly, until Roni swung her leg off her just as a huge orgasm began spreading through Gabby’s body.

Roni spun around and swung her leg back over her friend. “Let me have some of that cock, baby,” begged Roni. Gabby raised her head, still coming down from her orgasm. She found herself staring at Roni’s fanny. It was wet, her lips were still slightly spread open from being stretched around Dre’s thick cock. The black African pulled out again, there was a muffled “Mmmpphh!” and Roni’s fanny was pushed up against Gabby’s mouth. Gabby held her mouth closed, Roni’s wet fanny pushing into her tightly closed lips as Dre fucked her blonde friend’s throat. The pushing stopped and a moment later, Dre’s cock was entering her fanny again.

Since Dre was holding Gabby’s ankles, Roni was helping him along. She had grabbed the thick shaft and pushed it back down to the entrance of Gabby’s pussy, watching the dark black shaft slide through her fist as it began fucking the beautiful Kiwi. Roni lowered her lips down to the cock, letting it slide back and forth over her tongue. She moved closer to Gabby’s speared pussy and flickered her tongue over Gabby’s clit as she was being fucked hard by Andre.

Gabby didn’t quite know what the additional pleasure was, but she was suddenly and overwhelmingly in the throes of a huge orgasm. It just came with no build-up and no warning. Gabby raised her head, crying out in ecstasy, Roni’s fanny just before her lips. This time, Gabby allowed her tongue to flicker out and run up Roni’s wet slit.

“Oh, that’s it, Gabby,” moaned Roni. “I knew you’d be up for some fun.” She turned her attention back on her black boyfriend. “Let me taste that cock again, baby.”

"Damn, you bitches are fine," muttered Andre, pulling his soaking cock out of Gabby. Roni grabbed it and guided it back up to her mouth.

Gabby found Roni's fanny pushing back into her mouth. She licked more rapidly, stabbing her tongue out and letting Dre's thrusts push Roni's fanny into her tongue. She slowly began to get into it, her hands sliding up to run down the smooth skin on Roni's back down to her well-rounded ass cheeks. She squeezed her friend's rear end, lifting her head to service Roni's fanny more easily. Her neighbor's soft body lying on top of her felt good and Gabby suddenly knew that this would only make their friendship grow even closer. Nor would this be the last time they spent some time together with or without the well-hung black man.

Andre returned his big black cock to her pussy and Gabby tightened her grip on Roni's ass cheeks to hold her still so she could keep servicing her fanny.

"Unh, " groaned Andre, throwing his head back as he began pounding Gabby's pussy harder.

"That's it, baby, give it to her," said Roni, watching the dark shaft pistoning in and out of Gabby's pussy. "Put a black baby in her."

"No," groaned Gabby into Roni's fanny. She struggled halfheartedly beneath Roni's weight and held still by Dre's grip on her ankles. Dre increased speed, fucking her faster, deeper, and harder. The now familiar sensations of a huge orgasm began to build in her womb.

"Knock her up, Dre," said Roni, again, gleefully.

"No," moaned Gabby again, but she ceased struggling, increasing the licking and tongue thrusting into Roni's fanny as her own greedy fanny started rapidly humping into Dre's thrusts desperate for the damn to burst on another huge orgasm.

"Give her a real man's baby."



“YYESS!!” screamed Gabby, attacking Roni’s pussy as the first powerful blast of Dre’s hot seed sprayed inside her fertile womb. Roni pushed her fanny back into Gabby’s mouth as she too began to cum.

The three orgasmed together. Pulsing waves of pleasure coursed through Gabby’s body with each blast of hot seed inside her. This was even stronger than the other orgasms he’d given her. He slammed it deep, pumping her full of a few more wads before yanking his cock out. It reared up, plastering cum on Roni’s orgasming face until she was able to grab the shaft and pull him down into her mouth, gulping down what little seed he had left.

The immediate aftereffects of her large orgasm left Gabby in a happy state of euphoria. The warmth spreading out from her womb made her entire body feel relaxed and satisfied. She was only vaguely aware that Roni had lowered her head and was lapping out some of the thick semen pouring from her fanny. She raised her head and planted a kiss on Roni’s fanny to thank her.

Eventually, Roni rolled off her and sidled up to embrace Gabby. “What have I done?” she asked, lowering her hand to her womb. She still felt warm inside and despite her worries that Handy Andy may have knocked her up, she felt incredibly happy at that moment. “Poor Henry.”

“Is a weak man compared to Andre,” replied Roni, kissing Gabby’s cheek and then lips. The black man was gone. Gabby could hear the shower running.

“Maybe Dre is sterile? You’re not pregnant.”

Roni laughed loudly. “Handy Andy’s equipment will get the job done. Dre has lots of children. As for me, I was on birth control up until two weeks ago. He was pissed at me when he found out

and made me throw it out. Just waiting for it to get out of my system so I can have his baby. I hope I give him a son. He prefers boys, and says they will be real men like him.”

“Fuck, what have I done?” said Gabby again. “Henry will throw me out.”

“Then you’ll come live with us. We can do this every night.” Roni kissed her again and the idea wasn’t that repulsive to Gabby.

“I can’t. I’ll just pray I’m not pregnant and get on birth control.”

“He’ll want you again.”

“I can resist him,” she said, not believing it. At least until I’m protected.

“You won’t. You’ve got the black itch now. You’ll need his cock again whether you like it or not.”

“The itch?”

“You’ll see. But I have something that might help.” Roni rolled off the bed and walked over to her dresser.

Gabby’s eyes opened wide when she saw the massive black dildo in Roni’s hands. The thing was the size of Andy’s black cock. “Where on earth did you get that thing?”

“This is the **BBC LIFELIKE DILDO**,” she said. “I got it at the BBC Boutique here in Miami when Andy started building a she-shed for some big plastic titted bimbo and didn’t come home for a few nights. “Here, you can borrow it for when you get the itch.” Roni handed the giant dildo off to Gabby, “It’ll help, but it’s not the same and I’ll want it back.”

Gabby nodded, unconvinced she’d ever use the monstrosity. “Thanks,” she replied. The shower cut off in the bathroom and Gabby felt the need to get away before Andy came back into the room. “I’d better go.” She turned to leave.

“Wait,” said Roni.



Roni turned her around and pulled Gabby into her arms, embracing her tightly. Their large bosoms pressed tightly together, practically hard nipple to hard nipple. They kissed, lovingly and passionately, Roni's soft body felt good against hers and Gabby wondered if maybe she did like girls. She was breathing heavily, lustfully when their embrace broke and she looked forward to their next encounter. The next time they sunbathed or used Roni's pool, maybe they'd skip wearing bikinis altogether.

Gabby turned and fled the room. Her fanny dripped Dre's semen down the hallway and down the stairs. She didn't know where her bikini was but found her robe. She pulled it around her nude body and flew across the yard to the safety of her home.

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Henry was disappointed to see her in her pajamas, even though she looked sexy as hell in them. "You and Roni have fun on Dre's deeck?" he asked during dinner.

Gabby's face couldn't make up its mind whether or not to blush or go pale. "I had a great day," she replied.

"Up for some more fun, love?" he asked, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Sorry," she apologized, she was still stretched out and had been leaking semen for hours onto the pad she'd put in her panty. "A little too much sun."

Henry gave her a condescending look. "You should know better."

"Sorry," she said again, this time flushing slightly.

"If you're going to hang out on that black wanker's deeck, you gotta use protection, love." Henry shook his head.

"Next time, I'll know better."

"Wish I had a deeck like that," he said. "Then you wouldn't have to go next door to use the neighbor's deeck."

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## Epilogue

Several mornings later, Gabby finished brushing her hair, still wet from her morning shower. She was nude beneath her white robe. She sat down at her writing desk, the screen on her laptop flickered to life, still on the page she'd opened last night. The BBC LOVER'S BOUTIQUE, a store that catered to what she was looking for and if she could gather up the courage, was only a twenty-minute drive from her house. If she couldn't, well they also shipped.

**THE KING DONG** was a truly magnificent looking vibrator, it looked like a real black cock and it was bigger than Andre Mabuza's Binga. It had multiple vibrating settings and even a bucking ejaculation mode. It was \$59.99, but appeared worth it, better than the **BBC LIFELIKE DILDO** Roni had loaned her which didn't vibrate. She glanced over at her bed and the huge black dildo propped up against her pillow, still wet from her fanny.

She had relented and let Henry make love to her last night. They were still trying to get pregnant after all. The intimacy had been pleasant, but the sex was lacking. She now understood what the "itch" was. It was the area deep in her fanny that her husband could never reach with his little dick. The itch ran from the tip of Henry's dick to where the tip of Andre's big black cock had reached. The "itch" had kept her up most of the night and the "itch" had her trying out Roni's dildo the moment Henry left for work. The dildo worked, scratching her itch and fulfilling her need to be filled by a large black cock. It wasn't the same as the real thing, the real "itch" was her burning need to be seeded by Andre again.

There was an intriguing link on the page, something called, The Bull Pen. She clicked on it, gasping when she saw what it was. Thumbnail after thumbnail of black men offering their services as "bulls". Underneath the heading, **THE BULL PEN**, were the words, no white pricks here.

Gabby's eyes were wide as she stared at all the black cocks, every one of them in the 30 to 36-centimeter range! Even the hanging ones seemed to be plump black banana cocks, a foot long by American standards. Some hid their faces behind smartphones in mirror selfies, some had the cocks pulled out of sweatpants, and others, the muscular ones, posed nude. There were young men, old men, muscular, thin, and fat men, all with huge black cocks. Some of the erect circumcised ones were absolutely perfect specimens of black cock. One even looked familiar, so she clicked on the thumbnail.

**HANDY ANDY**, my equipment will get the job done.

She snorted, staring lustfully at the familiar cock. Her fanny slowly started drooling at the sight of it. Gabby glanced away and over her shoulder at the black dildo on her bed. She might have to have another go with it later, and dammit if her ass wasn't craving a good fucking too.

She turned back to her computer, staring at Andy's sexy muscular body and his even sexier big black cock, sticking out, fully erect. "Well, sonofabitch," she muttered as the idea came to her. Gabby opened her email and wrote out one to her publisher before sending it.

She opened up her word processing program and started typing.

*Darcy O'Grady paced back and forth in front of Drew. The black-skinned handyman smiled as he watched her pace the room. Darcy had the feeling she'd need some muscle for this job and muscle was something Handy Andy had plenty of. Her neighbor needed some extra cash and readily agreed to help her.*

*"Dammit Drew, of course, the Haitian would be smuggling the Columbian artifacts out of a strip club," she groaned, "but how do we infiltrate the network? You can go in as a customer, but how do I get in?"*

*"Isn't it obvious, especially with your body," chuckled Drew. "You get a job there as a dancer."*

*Darcy quit walking and stared at her new black ally. "I work for the art division of INTERPOL, I'm not a stripper."*

*"Well, that's a waste then, cause you sho is built like a stripper. How big are yo tits, DDs?"*

*"Double E's" she answered, reluctantly. "You've got a point, but I don't know the least thing about dancing."*

*"Well, I've been to a few of the local clubs."*

*"Why doesn't that surprise me?"*

*Drew chuckled. "Even the one we need to infiltrate. I could show you some pointers."*

*"What do we need to do?"*

*"Follow me." The large black man got up off the couch and entered his bedroom. His apartment was similar to hers next door, small with just a few rooms, but that was all she needed for however long The Haitian Job took her. "Here, this should fit you," he said, pulling out a tiny dress that looked like it belonged to an adult dancer. "Got some heels too."*

*"Why on earth do you have these?"*

*"Ex-girlfriend. Her tits were as big as yours but fake. You could make a lot of money dancing with your natural big titties."*

*"Thanks," she replied, wryly. Drew was nice enough, but crass.*

*"Put it on and come out and dance for me." Drew turned and walked back out to his living room.*

*Darcy pulled off her clothes, wondering how she always seemed to find herself in these situations. At least Drew was here to help her and she was grateful for that. He had a large mirror and she looked at her young fit figure, her large breasts straining to burst out of her bra. She had a firm well-rounded rear end too. Her neighbor wasn't wrong, she was built like a stripper. This wouldn't be the first time she used her looks to get what she needed either.*

*Darcy pulled the dress over her head, tugging at the hem to pull it down further, but the thing barely covered the bottom of her fanny or her butt cheeks. She slipped her dainty feet into the heels, immediately accentuating her strong calves. "Well, with a little makeup and having my hair done, I do look like a stripper." She examined herself in the mirror, pleased with how good she looked. "Ready," she called.*

*"Okay," said Drew. Suddenly, Motley Crues' Girls, Girls, Girls, began playing from Drew's phone. "Come out strutting."*

*Darcy O'Grady strutted out from the bedroom, already swaying her hips to the music and promptly froze in her tracks, eyes staring in amazement at her black assistant.*

*"What's wrong? Why did you stop?"*

*"Why are you naked?" Darcy couldn't take her eyes off the massive piece of black meat hanging between Drew's legs. It had to be 32 centim...*

No, she should keep it for an American audience, thought Gabby, backspacing.

*It had to be a foot long! "And why's it so big?"*

*Drew chuckled. "Never seen a black one?"*

*"No," she said shaking her head, "I've never seen anything like what you're packing, Drew." Even the Māori from the recent Māori job hadn't been hung like this and his slong had been huge. Her fanny started drooling at the sight of it. It made her miss her husband, half a world away, but his prick wasn't half as big as Drew's black cock. "But, why are you naked?" she asked again, though she didn't want him to put it away.*

*"That's the test. Make it hard and you're ready to go undercover."*

*Oh, I'm ready to go under your covers, she thought. "Okay," she agreed.*

*Drew started the song again and sat back to enjoy the show.*

*And Darcy danced. It was easier than she thought, just open yourself to the beat and let the music flow through you. She'd always been a fast learner and stripping was no exception. She just wished she had a pole to practice on and speaking of poles, Drew's had plumped up and was rising. She turned and wiggled the dress off over her head, presenting her ass to him as well as the spreading wet spot on her panty.*

*Darcy spun around, strolling up to the black man, she leaned forward and shook her breasts in his face before stepping back and reaching for the hook between her cups. She swore his cock grew another inch when she freed her huge tits for him.*

*Darcy danced and danced. She was no longer dancing to go undercover, she wasn't even dancing for Drew, she was dancing to please his big black cock... and it was working...*

Gabby sat back pleased with her new plan. She opened her emails. She had one from her doctor's office confirming an appointment for next week. She needed to get back on birth control and fast. She knew Dre would be back for more and she wouldn't be able to resist him. Hell, her writing had made her horny and she was ready to go look for him. But first, she needed to make sure she wasn't already pregnant and it was safe to fuck him again because she knew he wouldn't pull out nor would she want him to. The problem was there hadn't been any doctor appointments open for a week and with Florida's growing population, she'd been lucky to get that.

The second email was from her publisher giving feedback on her plan for Darcy. Her character would no longer be a dowdy middle-aged private detective ala Miss Marple, but a young vibrant attractive agent for Interpol hunting stolen cultural antiquities around the world. And Darcy would have prolific sexual needs...

Apparently, her publisher agreed.

Mrs. Gale;

- 1) You had me at sex. Show me you can write it.
- 2) Include at least two graphic sex scenes per book. Preferably more.
- 3) A loving encounter with the husband and hot erotic sex with an ally and the villain works.

- 4) Keep the husband. She loves him, but can't help herself as her job gets her in situations where she cheats.
- 5) Don't worry about large penises. Sex stories don't have to be realistic.
- 6) Loving Drew. Make theirs a "let's keep it professional, but they always end up fucking" relationship. Make him a recurring character. Interracial is hot right now!!!
- 7) If this sells, I'll publish a rewritten version of **THE MAORI JOB** that follows the same formula.
- 8) If this works, I'm willing to discuss a multi-book contract.

Looking forward to reading what you've got. Impress me.

Gabby sat back with a huge grin on her face. "Oh, I can write sex," she mumbled, liking the direction this was going. The series would be formulaic, like a James Bond novel. She'd already thought that Darcy would end up bedding the villain at some point. The Maori made sense from her first book and now there would be the strip club-owning smuggler known as "The Haitian".

She had a thought and opened her browser back to the Bull Pen. She backed away from Andy's and went back to browsing through the men. Sure enough, there was a dark-black man with a French name. A Haitian! She opened his window, gasping at the size of his dark black cock. He was as big as the fucking **KING DONG** she was planning on ordering. And there was his email and phone number! She couldn't contact some stranger for sex, could she? But dammit, she wouldn't mind trying out that cock. She could even consider it research for her book!

But first, she needed that pregnancy test and to get back on birth control.

The doorbell rang.



Gabby Gale stood up from her desk and tightened the belt on her robe as she walked down the stairs. The doorbell rang again halfway down. "Coming," she yelled. She hurried to the door and opened it.

Andre Mabuza stood there grinning at her, his finger reaching out to press her doorbell a third time.

Her naked body beneath the robe quickly became aroused at the sight of him. Her nipples swelled and popped out, pulling out her entire areola as they hardened. Her fanny started drooling as she stared at the muscular black African, no longer ugly in her eyes, but one of the best-looking men she'd ever seen.

She stood there staring wide-eyed at him like an idiot until he spoke, "Thought I'd stop by and fill your crack for you," he said with an arrogant smirk. He held a tube of caulk up. "I brought my cahk."

Gabby slowly stepped back, holding the door open to let him in. He tugged at the belt on her robe, as he passed, pulling it out. Her robe fell open.

Gabby was smiling happily. Her nude figure was fully on display to anyone on the street as she slowly closed the door.

THE END



