

Wendy and the Witchdoctor  
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"There goes the neighborhood," said Wendy, looking out the window.

Stan looked up from his dinner. His six-foot-tall, buxom blonde wife was framed in the sunlight, staring out the window. Wendy had a brilliant legal mind, but a body built for stripping, she was always the most beautiful woman in every room. Every day he was reminded of how lucky he was, and today, with the sunlight lighting up her face, was no exception. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"It looks like the new neighbor's a black guy."

"Well, you can cross twenty thousand dollars off the value of our house then." Stan got up and joined his wife at the window. "Man, he's huge. He's probably just a moving man." The man bulged with muscles and had a shaved head. The black giant wasn't working, though; three other black men were unloading boxes from a truck.

"You're probably right," she replied, watching as the three workers finished. They bowed their heads toward the bald giant and left. He nodded back without speaking before turning and entering the house.

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Stan was wrong. The new neighbor was the black man. Stan saw him outside the next day as Stan was flipping burgers on the grill. The dark skinned giant was lifting dumbbells. Stan doubted he could have managed one of the big round weights. "Hello there neighbor," he called.

"Greetings," said the black man coming over to the fence.

"Stan Marsh," said Stan, shaking hands with the biggest man he had ever seen, watching his own normal-sized hand get swallowed up by the black man's. He appeared to be in his thirties, but it was hard to tell with his shaved head. He was also the darkest black man Stan had ever met.

"Mobutu Tanaka, Dr. Tanaka."

"Where are you from, Dr. Tanaka?" The man had a strong African accent.

"Kenya. I am Maasai."

"What brings you to the States?"

"I am taking a class at the university on new medical techniques to take home to my people."

"Just one class?"

"Yes. You would call it a refresher. Then I will go home."

Stan nodded, impressed. This man had bought a house to live in for only three months. He came from money. "Would you like to come over for a burger?" Mobutu seemed like an interesting guy to talk to.

"Would you have an American hot dog?"

"Sure do. I can throw some on the grill."

"I have not had an American hot dog since college."

"Wendy, bring me a couple of dogs from the fridge," Stan yelled through an open window.

A moment later, Wendy opened the sliding glass door and walked out onto the porch with two hot dogs on a paper plate. Mobutu looked over at the statuesque blonde. "Perfection," he said.

"What?" asked Wendy. She was dressed for work, an attractive business-professional outfit—black pencil skirt, white blouse that showed a little too much cleavage, heels, and an open black jacket. The sunlight made her blue eyes sparkle.

"You are magnificent."

"Ah... thank you, I guess," she said, blushing.

Stan was frowning, but he quickly shrugged it off. Wendy was magnificent. He took the hot dogs from his wife. The black man stared admiringly at Wendy until she became uncomfortable. Stan noticed her nipples had hardened, poking out tents in her blouse. She crossed her arms over them. "Nice meeting you..."

"Dr. Tanaka."

"Nice meeting you, Dr. Tanaka," she said. "Excuse me, I need to put on some comfy clothes." She turned and reentered the house.

The black man's dark eyes stared at Wendy's well-rounded firm rear end as she walked away. His eyes moving down her legs, her calves toned and defined from her heels. "Your wife is tall for a white woman," he said.

“Six feet without heels.” Stan took the food off the grill. “Let’s go inside. We have some fixings set up on the table, and I will get us some drinks. Would you like a beer?”

“No. Milk or water, please.”

“Okay... I think we have some milk.”

“That will be satisfactory.”

Wendy returned, walking downstairs after having changed into jeans and a short T-shirt that occasionally displayed her toned stomach and bellybutton. The jeans hugged her perfectly round ass, as did the T-shirt, stretching tight around her large, full bosom. “Here you go, Mobutu,” said Stan, handing him a glass of milk.

“You will address me as Dr. Tanaka or Your Highness.”

Both Stan and Wendy were taken aback by the arrogant tone, glancing at each other. “You are royalty?” she asked, arching an eyebrow.

“King Usawe is my brother. He rules over many kraals.”

“And you are the tribe’s doctor?” asked Stan.

“I am the tribe’s Laibon, a healer and spiritual leader—what you whites call a shaman or witch doctor.”

“Aren’t you a real doctor?” asked Stan.

“A Laibon is a real doctor, but I understand your meaning. I also have a PhD from the college here.” He turned from Stan dismissively and stared at the lovely blonde. “What do you do, Wendy?”

“I’m a lawyer.”

“Wendy is modest. She graduated from Harvard last year and just found a job, Dr. Tanaka.” Stan would be damned before he addressed the arrogant man as “Your Highness.”

“Intelligence and beauty.” Again, his eyes openly swept down her body.

His gaze and comments were making her uncomfortable again. She tried to change the subject. “You are not what I expected an African to look like.”

“What is your meaning?”

“You know—skinny, malnourished.”

“My family is raised to be superior to commoners.” Mobutu finished his hot dogs and milk. “I would relieve myself.”

“The bathroom is down the hall on the right.”

Mobutu stood and walked to the bathroom. He took out his long thick cock and peed in the toilet. Wet swimsuits hung over the shower curtain. Stupid Americans, he thought, leaving an item that would give him control over them lying around. The beefy black man grabbed hold of the black bikini panties. The entire bikini was tiny and would reveal most of Wendy’s magnificent body. He looked inside the panties, examining the inner material closely. Finally he saw what he was looking for: a small curly hair. It was blonde and hadn’t stood out against the material. The man was easier; Mobutu immediately found a pubic hair in his swimsuit. He folded both his prizes in some toilet paper and shoved it in his pocket.

Mobutu returned to the living room and saw that Wendy had moved next to Stan, and Stan had his arm around her possessively. “Are you in good health?” he asked. Stan started to respond, but the black man added, “Just Wendy.”

“Yeah, perfect health. I rarely get sick and I exercise regularly. My family is long-lived. Why?”

“Are they real?” he asked, pointing at her breasts. “They are larger than normal.”

Wendy’s mouth fell open as she blushed. She recovered and said, “That’s none of your business.”

“They are real and all mine,” interrupted Stan. “I think it’s time you left.”

“SILENCE!”

Stan felt himself getting angry. He opened his mouth, but no words came out. He frowned, confused, his brain having trouble turning his thoughts into words.

“Wendy, you are truly a genetically superior female. You should be with a genetically superior male.”

Wendy raised her eyebrow. “And I suppose that’s you?”

“Obviously.”

“And I suppose you also have a foot-long penis and can screw for hours like all black men?”

“Actually, it is thirteen of your English inches, and most black men are like your husband—pathetic and small, weaklings. But the royal family of Tanaka has been breeding males superior in size, brains, and the ability to produce semen for hundreds of years. I believe you would be the perfect genetic receptacle for my semen. You are tall, athletic, brilliant, and physically well-endowed.”

“Get out of my house, Moby,” spat Stan, finally forming words.

Dr. Tanaka glowered at the insult. That would cost the scrawny white man. “I will give you 100 head of cattle for your wife.”

“What?” said Wendy, sitting up in shock.

“Get out,” growled Stan.

“SELL HER TO ME!”

The deep voice echoed in Stan’s ears. His mouth fell open, his mind confused. He saw his backyard filled with cattle as Dr. Tanaka led Wendy off. He shrugged the image away.

“I said get out.”

“Very well then.” Mobutu turned and strolled back to his house.

“What an arrogant prick,” said Wendy.

“I know right? Unbelievable.” Stan frowned, rubbing his temples. “Strange.”

“And what was up with you? You looked like you were considering his offer.”

“Don’t be silly,” replied Stan. “Our yard’s not big enough for a hundred cattle.” He winked at her.

“Ass,” she said leaning in for a kiss. She pulled back and whispered in his ear. “Besides, I’m worth at least a thousand.”

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Wendy stretched out cat-like on the cot in her yard. It felt good to lie out in the sun. A drop of sweat ran down her scantily clad breast and ended in her belly button. Her entire body was slick with tanning oil covering everywhere the tiny black string bikini didn’t cover. This was her private tanning bikini and she only wore it when sunbathing in the backyard, never in public. It had been safe outside for months with the house next door vacant, but she didn’t want their new weirdo black neighbor seeing her in it, but he seemed busy with school, so she hoped it was safe.

She closed her eyes and was almost asleep, opening them when a shadow fell across her body. Dr. Tanaka was looming over her, and she jumped in surprise, wondering if she should scream for help. "I have been watching you," he said.

It was several weeks after the black man had come over to their house, and she hadn't seen him since—aside from the limo that picked him up for school each morning. He was practically naked, wearing only a cheetah-print loincloth. His chest was spectacular, as ripped as any bodybuilder's. Mobutu's skin was as black as coal and glistened with perspiration in the sunlight. "How long have you been standing there?" she asked.

"A quarter hour. You are most beautiful when you sleep." Her bikini was designed for maximum tanning. It was small and tight; her EE-cup breasts strained at the top, hugging the contours of her firm breasts and outlining her nipples. The African was getting an eyeful.

Creepy, she thought. "You need to learn some boundaries, doctor."

"Have you considered my offer?"

"I'll never cheat on my husband," Wendy decided to try to reason with the big Maasai. "I understand you aren't from here, but you can't just go around propositioning married women."

"Why? It is my right to take any woman of the tribe I desire. I have dozens of children among the kraals. The husbands consider it an honor to raise a superior man's son as his own."

"That's what you don't understand. This isn't Kenya. Americans aren't for sale."

He snorted. "Americans are very much for sale. Money is all you seem to think about."

Wendy couldn't deny there was truth in that. Her firm only cared about billing hours. "You should leave. My husband will be home soon."

"So? He is a weakling. I give you one last chance." Mobutu untied the side of his loincloth and pulled it aside. It was designed to confine the man's huge genitalia, and when freed, the penis fell out, not stopping until it nearly reached his knee. "This is what will pleasure your white pussy like your weak husband never could."

"My God," she cried, staring at the plump black monster swaying like a giant black banana. She was surprised to see that the man was circumcised. The glans was as large as a small apple, as were his testicles, and it was thicker flaccid than her husband's was when hard. Staring at it, she thought that it was thirteen inches long wasn't so unbelievable.

"You may suck it."

"Get off my property."

“SUCK MY COCK!”

“Oh!” Wendy jumped slightly at the commanding tone. A fresh bead of sweat rolling down her temple. Her tongue flickered out and licked her lips as she stared at the African’s huge black cock. Oral sex was demeaning and she didn’t even do that for Stan, and the thought of sucking a black man’s penis revolted her. Yet, she wondered how much of the monster she could have managed. She shook her head trying to clear it as she pictured herself grabbing the shaft and guiding the head towards her mouth. Her head moved an inch closer to it before she came to her senses. “I... said... GET OUT!”

Mobutu looked surprised by her rejection. His penis had even plumped up and risen a little in anticipation of her servicing him. His dark eyes stared directly into the bright blue pools of her eyes. They were locked and she couldn’t look away. “REMEMBER THIS COCK!” he said in a deep commanding voice.

Wendy stared at the huge black cock, the image frozen in her brain. It had risen even more, closer to full erection, gigantic and massive. It bobbed hypnotically as the muscular black giant turned and headed back to his own yard.

Wendy stood up, shaking her head. “If you ever come back on my property again, I will call the police,” she yelled. What arrogance, she thought. Just because he had a huge cock... Wendy shivered; she hated that word. Just because he had a big cock... black cock... stop thinking about his... big black cock... his large penis, didn’t give him the right to... Wendy went inside, no longer comfortable outside in the skimpy bikini, wondering if he might still be watching her. The upstairs window of his house had a direct view of her backyard. She walked past a mirror and froze. Her nipples were hard and prominent, tenting out her top and hugging her areola. Her panties were damp too and not from sweating. She was both shocked and a little angry by her body’s reaction to the strange encounter.

Probably best not to tell Stan about their encounter, but she hoped he might be up for a little fun that night.

“Damn, that was a big cock,” she mumbled, a fresh wave of arousal running down her thighs.

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Mobutu Tanaka walked up to the dollhouse in his upstairs den. The window looked down into the Marsh’s backyard where Wendy’s cot sat empty, but it was night and the yard was dark. Three dolls soaked in glasses filled with dirty liquid. Mama Juju, an old voodoo woman in New Orleans, had sent him the necessary materials to mix the concoction. The voodoo woman had great power, but many of her spells involved the use of marijuana, and Mobutu saw drug use, like alcohol, as a weakness. He removed the Barbie doll from its glass and carefully dried it off. Once dried, he placed a small dollop of glue on the doll’s crotch area and stuck the piece of

Wendy's pubic hair into it. He repeated the process with the Ken doll and finally the black Ken doll, using his own pubic hair.

Mobutu needed to see if the ritual had worked. He placed Barbie on the bed in the dollhouse, then drew an erect penis on Ken with a black marker, placing Ken on top of Barbie in the bed.

Mobutu stripped naked so that his skin would blend into the night and swiftly ran next door, leaping the fence and rolling quickly to his feet, pausing to listen. All was quiet except for faint voices from inside. It was a moonless night and dark, but the black man possessed the leopard's nightvision, the strength of a mountain gorilla, the dexterity of the monkey, wisdom of the elephant, endurance of a wildebeest, and the giant cock of the cape buffalo.

His monkey powers allowed him to swiftly climb an oak tree in the Marsh's yard that afforded him a good view of the neighbors' bedroom. The night was cool and their window was cracked open.

Wendy was lying under the covers, propped up reading papers inside a file folder. "Wow," she said, looking up. "Where'd that come from?"

Stan walked into the room nude and sporting a strong erection, his penis pointing up toward his belly button. "I don't know," he replied. "It just sort of grew on me."

"Remember this cock," echoed Dr. Tanaka's deep voice in her head. Her brain picturing the Kenyan's giant black cock as she stared at her husband's modest six inch penis. She shuddered slightly.

"You up for some fun? I don't want it to go to waste."

"Hop in, stud," she said, shrugging off the disturbing images of Mobutu's dark penis even as her pussy was rapidly lubricating. Wendy folded the covers back. Her hand slid under her husband's pillow, returning with a condom packet. She tossed it to Stan.

The white man tore into the packet and rolled the condom down over his small thin penis. Mobutu shook his head, wondering why a married couple would place such a barrier between them. Another white woman putting her career before her duty of bearing children.

They turned the lights off, and Mobutu was soon listening to the soft cries of Wendy and the grunts of her husband. Her cries turned to one long moan, and soon Stan cried out as he came just minutes after turning out the lights.

"Ooh, that was nice," said Wendy. "Hey, you're still hard."

"You know what? I think I can keep going," said Stan.

"Make sure it's still on first," she whispered.

"We're good," said Stan, checking the rubber. The sounds of lovemaking filtered through the window again. "I can't believe how wet you are tonight."

Mobutu jumped down from the tree and ran back to his house, leaping like an antelope over the fence. He stuck his forefinger in his mouth, making sure it was wet before grabbing the Ken doll and smearing away the drawing of the erection. He then quickly returned to the tree in time to hear Wendy say, "It's okay, honey. It was still great. I haven't had an orgasm like that in years."

"Sorry," said Stan. "I don't know what happened."

Mobutu left the couple alone for a few days. When Saturday rolled around, he knew Stan would leave to play golf and that was when Wendy liked to sunbathe. Unfortunately, the day was overcast or she was avoiding him. Wendy's cot remained empty.

Mobutu stripped the Barbie doll and dressed it in a bikini. He laid the doll down outside the dream house before rising and staring out the window. He stood there frozen like a statue until, fifteen minutes later, his sexy neighbor walked outside in her skimpy bikini despite the cloudy day.

Mobutu grinned. He took a joint from his wallet and lit it. He hated the stuff, but Mama Juju swore by it to cloud people's judgment. He decided to just fill his mouth with smoke and not inhale. He blew one mouthful on the doll and pinched the joint to extinguish it. He then removed the doll's top before staring out the window again.

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Wendy didn't know what she was doing out here sunbathing on such an overcast day. She'd been in the middle of doing a load of laundry when she suddenly had the urge to sunbathe despite the fact their neighbor might be home. All she knew was that she really wanted to lay out for a while in her bikini. She dropped the laundry and ran to the bedroom to change.

She sighed as she laid out on the cot, satisfying the strong urge to lay out. But another urge took its place. The tight bikini top felt constrictive and she reached behind her neck to untie it, pulling the strings down and staring at the cups laying loosely over her nipples. Why not, she thought, pulling the top off exposing her breasts. She'd always wanted an all around tan. She wasn't an exhibitionist either; the skimpy bikini was only for the backyard. She had a modest one-piece for wearing in public. She hadn't feared anyone seeing her in this bikini until Dr. Tanaka bought the house next door and now she was sunbathing topless. She sat up and glanced at his house, but all was quiet. She sat back and relaxed.

Thinking about the black man conjured memories of seeing him nude last week, his huge appendage starting to rise. It was an image forever frozen in her brain... remember this cock. How could she forget about it?

His penis was just something to be admired. She'd never sleep with a black man, or any man other than her husband for that matter. She even felt sorry for the black doctor. Though he bragged about it, there was no way any woman could have taken his monster cock... penis. Unless Maasai women were built differently?

Now here she was removing her bikini top when the doctor might be home and able to see her. She hadn't seen much of him since the incident and not at all today, so she decided to risk it. Strange, but it felt good exposing herself outside. She'd have to consider going topless the next time they were in the Caribbean. Stan would go nuts. The white areas normally covered by the bikini stood out against her tan skin. It felt perfectly normal and natural, freeing.

Wendy laid back and closed her eyes for several minutes, opening them suddenly. She looked down at her topless body at the bikini bottom. Why not? Her hand untied the string at her side and she lifted her ass up long enough to pull her panties completely off, exposing her trimmed blonde bush to the world.

She closed her eyes again. Exposing herself had her thinking about sex—mostly her husband, but her neighbor's penis flashed in her thoughts more than once. Her right nipple grew until it extended its full three-quarters of an inch. She opened her eyes, staring at her nipple. It was so hard it ached a little, and sweat glistened on it, making it look wet. Then her left nipple followed suit, and she felt herself becoming very aroused.

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Mobutu stood in the window with the nude Barbie in his hand. He quit licking its nipples and moved to its crotch. Outside, Wendy began squirming on the cot. The nude woman parted her legs, then swiftly closed them. She quickly stood up, grabbed her bikini, and ran into the house.

He assumed she would be masturbating. He returned to the dollhouse and played around with the Barbie and Ken, putting them in different positions. He bent Barbie's legs and put her face in Ken's lap, put them in the sixty-nine position, bent her legs forward so that he could sit her on Ken's crotch, and bent her so that it resembled doggy style. Every now and then he took the Barbie and licked its breasts and crotch. Finally he dressed Barbie in just her bikini bottoms and left her in the house.

Stan got home just after dark, when it was safe for the black man to sneak back into their yard, his skin natural camouflage. Wendy was standing in the kitchen window topless, washing dishes, and her husband was staring in awe with a dumb grin on his face.

Mobutu returned home and grabbed both dolls. When he got back to their yard, he drew an erection on Ken, though it wasn't necessary—Stan already had an inferior bulge in his pants. Mobutu held Barbie's head in Ken's crotch and watched.

Wendy turned from the dishes and walked over to her husband. "God, I'm glad you're home." She dropped to her knees on the kitchen floor and caressed his bulge. "I've been so horny all day. I don't know what's come over me." Wendy quickly unzipped her husband and pulled out his dick, happy to see he had another big erection like last week. It looked good enough to eat, and for the first time in her life she leaned forward and took him in her mouth.

"Holy shit!" Stan said, startled. "You haven't done this before."

Wendy was just starting to bob her head over it when Mobutu erased the erection. "What's wrong? Don't you like it?" she asked, letting his limp penis roll from her mouth. It was completely flaccid and barely two inches long now. She pulled at it several times, but it stayed limp.

"No, it felt great. I don't know what happened. It was there and then it was gone."

"Let's go upstairs and see if I can get it to come back." Wendy grabbed his hand and pulled her husband upstairs.

Mobutu climbed the tree and watched as she stripped off his clothes and pulled him into bed pulling out another condom packet. He drew another erection on Ken and heard her squeal in delight. This time she opened the packet and rolled the condom down Stan's hard shaft. He moved on top of her, easily inserting his penis into her aroused pussy. Stan's flat ass soon began rising and falling as he humped his wife.

"Yeah, baby," moaned Wendy. "Harder, harder, just a little more. I'm close, baby, real close," and then "Nooo, please not again," as Mobutu smeared out the erection.

"What the..? Sorry, I..." Stan sat up kneeling. Both he and Wendy stared down at his limp penis, the condom hanging stretched out and loose over the flaccid shaft. "I don't know what happened," said Stan. He pulled the rubber off and tugged at his penis trying to get erect again. Wendy stared at it hopefully, but it remained tiny and shrunken.

Mobutu left the tree and returned home. He drew a limp, shriveled penis on Ken and placed him on the bed in the dollhouse. He waited until it was late and he assumed the couple next door would be asleep. He took Barbie and licked her breasts and crotch again before laying her in bed beside Ken. He took the black doll and placed it on top of Barbie.

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Wendy woke up with a start, the dream rapidly fading. She couldn't remember it, but it was hot. Stan was in the bathroom. "Honey, come back to bed."

Stan walked back into the room wearing boxers, which was odd since he usually walked around nude until dressing. "We can't, Wendy. We'll be late for church."

Wendy sighed. "Maybe when we get back then?"

"We'll see."

Wendy was so hot and bothered she couldn't concentrate on the sermon. Her nipples were hard and rubbing against her bra. She squirmed in her seat, hoping the preacher would hurry and finish before her wet pussy soaked through her clothes and stained the pew. She had a strong desire to kneel before her husband and suck on his penis again.

When they got home, Wendy thought she saw the curtains move in Dr. Tanaka's house as if he was watching them. She forgot about the black man as she entered their living room, when Stan suddenly said, "Hey, you still up for some afternoon fun?"

Wendy looked over at him and saw his pants were tented out. With a squeal of delight she kneeled at his feet and pulled out his rock-hard erection, taking him back in her mouth. Then it was gone, his penis withering into a limp little worm within seconds.

His huge cock was hard in her mouth, pushing into her throat, and Wendy loved it. She looked up, but it wasn't Stan who was looking down at her. It was Dr. Tanaka. She gasped in horror.

"Jesus! I'm sorry, but you don't have to make such a big deal over it," said Stan. He looked truly hurt, ashamed. "Maybe it's stress. If this keeps up, I'll see a doctor. Trust me, Wendy, it's not you—it's me."

"I'm sorry too," she said, climbing to her feet. The image of kneeling before the black man wouldn't leave her mind. It stayed with her all day and into her dreams. Her dreams changed, though. Sometimes she was on all fours as the black man fucked her from behind; sometimes she was riding his mighty cock; and all the while Stan was lying beside her in the bed with a limp dick, stiff and frozen staring at the ceiling, doing nothing to stop them.

She had these dreams every night. Mobutu completely replaced her husband in her sex fantasies. Worse, several times a day her nipples would grow and her pussy would get wet. Stan made no sexual moves on her at all, and when she glimpsed him naked, his dick was always small and limp and the image of Mobutu's superior African cock would flash in her brain.

"Remember this cock!"

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On Saturday, Mobutu placed the topless Barbie back on the cot outside the dollhouse and waited for Wendy to show up. This time she walked out without even bothering to wear the bikini top. He placed a naked black Ken beside her and blew marijuana smoke at the Barbie doll to cloud her judgment.

Mobutu put on the loincloth and walked next door. "May I join you?" he called.

Wendy jumped as he had startled her and held her arms across her breasts. "I don't think that's a good idea."

"I just want some conversation. I apologize for my behavior previously. I was just startled by your beauty."

"Well, okay then, but let me go get my top."

"Don't bother. Maasai women do not cover their breasts. My people are much more comfortable with nudity. I will join you if it helps." Mobutu removed his loincloth and laid next to her cot in the trim grass, staring up at the sun. He was pleased to see her gaze focusing on his crotch, and soon she became comfortable enough to show him her breasts, lowering her arms to her sides. "This is nice," he said. "To lie here and not worry about cobras or mambas and lions."

"Your home sounds fascinating."

"It is."

She looked at his cock, plump and half-erect. "May I ask you a medical question?"

"Certainly."

"Do you know anything about impotence?"

"Your husband?"

She hesitated. "Yes. He's been acting weird. Occasionally he will get an erection, but then it's gone, and most of the time it doesn't stir." She sobbed a little with frustration.

"Did this start around the time I moved here?"

"Yes, I think so, but what does that have to do with it?"

"Your husband is intimidated by me."

"I find that hard to believe."

"I could be wrong, but I've seen it before. A weak man, when confronted by a superior male, often becomes impotent. He imagines his woman with the superior male fucking her with his superior cock like he never could."

Ugh, there was that word again. Strangely, "cock" seemed to apply more to Mobutu's long, snake-like penis, so different from Stan's they should have different names.

"It has happened to me before. The woman becomes infatuated with me and the husband becomes incapable of interfering."

"I don't think that's the problem," she replied sarcastically, though the fact that she had been dreaming about the doctor scared her.

"I've offended you. I should go." He stood up near her head so that she was looking up at the plump black cock. It had swelled and risen slightly.

"Yes, I think you should." She couldn't take her eyes off his cock and wondered what it would look like fully erect.

Mobutu bowed and walked naked back to his house. He grabbed Barbie and black Ken, taking them to his vantage point upstairs. He held Barbie up to his face and licked her crotch, watching as Wendy jumped on the cot and started squirming. He quit and placed the black doll's head on her crotch and watched.

On the cot, Wendy parted her legs and thrashed her head back and forth. She was staring at his house as if afraid or hoping he would come back. Her hips were thrusting slightly, and her hand would wander down to her pussy only to jerk back as she realized what she was doing. Suddenly her back arched and her mouth opened as she came. Once again she hurried back inside her house. Mobutu grinned, then rubbed his jaw. It was sore.

The black doll had power over him also.

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All week Wendy played with herself, imagining she was with the black man and dreaming about him at night. She was starting to wonder if she could resist him. The images were becoming so vivid, and she was so horny she even looked up large black dildoes online and there were some monsters nearly as big as her black neighbor, but she couldn't bring herself to purchase one. She hadn't even seen a short-term erection on her husband this week. Stan's small penis hadn't stirred.

Friday night she awoke in a sweat from a particularly powerful dream. She feared she was drowning and had a funny taste in her mouth. All she could remember of the dream was that it

involved sucking off Tanaka. She played with herself while Stan snored beside her, wondering if the doctor would come talk to her again when she laid out the next day.

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Mobutu squeezed the last of his sperm out of his cock and looked at the cum-splattered Barbie. His balls had stored up a lot since he last had sex, and the doll was covered. Tomorrow, he thought, she would be ready.

The next day he stripped Barbie and black Ken, placing them outside the dollhouse together. Barbie sat on the cot with her face in the black doll's crotch.

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Wendy walked completely nude out to her cot without giving it a second thought. It wasn't long at all before the black man walked out his back door wearing his loincloth. She'd almost been expecting him. He didn't even ask to join her, just assuming she'd let him. He jumped over the fence with impressive agility for a man his size and walked over to her.

"I thought we could talk some more," said Mobutu, letting the loincloth fall down so that his cock swayed seductively before her face—the big black cock she fantasized about constantly, so big, so perfect. Her gaze focused on it and she licked her lips. This cock wouldn't go limp in her mouth like her husband's tiny white penis. "I see the way you stare at my superior black cock. Would you like to touch it?"

She wanted to do more than touch it, but she just nodded and reached out one hand to caress his shaft and another to heft his balls. Just touching it sent a jolt of pleasure through her body. Her pleasure and arousal grew as his cock grew. The monster extended several inches and swelled, rising ponderously until it pointed directly at her mouth as if commanding her to suck it. It truly was over a foot long and as thick as her wrist, dark veined and powerful.

"Isn't it magnificent?" he asked.

"Yes," said Wendy, completely enthralled with the huge, dark black cock. "I've never seen anything like it in all my life."

"Now you see why your husband has been feeling inferior."

"Yes, I think I understand. Your cock is twice as big as his penis." Wendy wanted to take him in her mouth but needed permission since he was royalty. She leaned forward and kissed the bulbous head directly on his pee-slit. She kept her lips on it and looked up at him.

"You may service my cock with your mouth if you desire."

Wendy felt a surge of pleasure and she quickly parted her lips, taking the head inside her mouth, feeling complete for the first time in weeks. It was as if she belonged here, naked at his feet, slurping on his black scepter of power. Weeks ago she wouldn't have done this for Stan; now she was willingly sucking on her arrogant black neighbor's thirteen-inch cock. It was a shame that Stan's performance had been so disappointing; it would have been good practice preparing herself for Dr. Tanaka's cock.

Wendy took her mouth off the head to lubricate it better. She began with the tip, running her tongue all around the head, then down the shaft. He grabbed the tip and held it up for her, thrusting his balls in her face. She licked those too, amazed not only at their size, but they were full and heavy, one testicle filled her entire palm.

Wendy kissed her way back up to the end and took it in her mouth again. She hadn't even taken a quarter of his cock in her mouth when it pushed into her throat and she gagged.

'YOU'RE A SKILLED COCKSUCKER!'

Wendy nearly choked as his words echoed in her ears. She relaxed her throat and tried a little at a time, managing half his cock, no longer gagging, taking his big black cock like a true cocksucker. She decided to go with that and started rapidly bobbing her head while jerking the rest with both her hands. Despite her enthusiasm, he lasted a long time, almost outlasting her strength though she wished she could have serviced this cock all day long.

He exhaled through his nose, snorting bull-like before bellowing loudly. "Take me seed," he grunted. His cock seemed to be doing push-ups in her throat; then she realized he was cumming directly into her belly. Horrified at the thought of swallowing semen, she backed up, feeling it pouring down her throat; then it was in her mouth and she could taste it. It was one of the most delicious things she had ever put in her mouth. Her cheeks bulged out and sperm dribbled out the sides of her mouth as she gulped, and he still wasn't done cumming. "Swallow it all, Wendy. Taste my superior black seed." More rolled around her tongue before sliding down her throat, and she jerked his cock off with one hand, making sure every drop was in her mouth—until suddenly she screamed in orgasm and lost control, getting one last splatter of hot cum across her face.

Confused, Wendy looked down to see what had made her orgasm and saw her free hand frantically rubbing her clit, her fingers working in and out of her wet pussy. After cumming, the guilt hit her and she fell back from his still-hard cock in horror. "What have I done? Please tell me this was all a dream. My God, Stan..."

"Stan is a weakling, but I understand. It was a mistake. You could not help yourself. Maasai cock is hard to resist. I will not go naked before you anymore, but you're an impressive cocksucker and I will let you service me anytime you desire. All you need to do is ask." He held his huge black cock by the base waving the swollen dark glans before her eyes and just staring at it made her want to suck it again.

Wendy watched him leave, then ran into her house crying. The guilt didn't last long. By the end of the weekend she knew she both loved and preferred sucking black cock. She wanted to do it again, as soon as possible, she could taste his black seed on her tongue just thinking about it. It was all she thought about. It was all she dreamed about. It was affecting her work. She didn't even try making love to Stan.

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Barbie sat in a chair all weekend staring at an index card with writing on it that said: \*I want to suck more black cock. I want to swallow more black seed. I will swallow his entire cock. I love sucking Mobutu's cock. My husband is a wimp who can never satisfy my need for superior black cock.\*

Mobutu didn't move the doll until he got back from class on Monday. Then he stripped it and placed it kneeling at black Ken's feet, blowing some marijuana smoke at them just to be on the safe side, but he doubted he needed it any longer.

He watched through a window as Wendy got home from work wearing a professional skirt and jacket. She stared at his house as she walked into her own. His doorbell rang ten minutes later. He opened his door to find a confused-looking Wendy standing before him wearing a robe. She looked nervous, like she didn't know quite what to say. "P-please, Your Highness, I'd like to suck on your c-cock again."

"Is this wise? I don't want you to do it if you're going to regret it again."

"I won't regret it. I have to do it again... I want it. I promise I will do better. I only have an hour until Stan is home."

"DROP THE ROBE"

Wendy shuddered. She undid the belt right on his doorstep and let the robe fall off her shoulders. She stood naked at his front door where anyone on the street could see her.

"Then you may suck it." Mobutu walked over to his couch and sat down, spreading his legs open. "You may come in." She entered his home, closing the door behind her. "Crawl to me."

She fell to her knees. She crawled over to him, her mouth watering at the thought of sucking him off again. "May I remove your cock, Your Highness?" she asked when she arrived between his legs, her hands rubbing his thighs towards the building crotch.

"You may, and I want you to tell me what you think of my cock as you do."

Wendy's hands fumbled with the buttons, opening his pants and pulling the zipper down. "I want to suck on your cock so bad. I was afraid I'd never see it again. Oh yes," she said when her hand closed around the huge bulge straining his underwear. She pulled his briefs down, gasping as the object of her desire sprang out from its confines. "I love your black cock, Your Highness."

"You may proceed then."

"Th-thank you," she said with gratitude. Wendy attacked his cock, quickly licking it before taking it back in her mouth. She managed another inch today before he came, and she swallowed every drop. Nor did she quit there. She kept him in her mouth, clamping her lips around the head and tugging on it until he turned hard again. She kept sucking, desiring more of his thick delicious black seed. Her back and neck grew sore, but the pain was nothing compared to the reward waiting for her. Wendy had just swallowed his second load when she realized the time and ran home between their yards with her robe untied and flapping behind her. She made it inside just before Stan got home. Mobutu watched all this from his window, grinning.

He kept the Barbie in the chair staring at the words all week, not even bothering to kneel her before the black doll. Wendy came over every day after work and blew him, often swallowing several loads of cum before running home. By the end of the week her lips were kissing his pubic hair; she had swallowed his entire shaft and could barely contain the pride she felt completely servicing him.

"You love it in your mouth so much... IMAGINE HOW IT WILL FEEL IN YOUR PUSSY!," he said in his deep reverberating voice as she ran out the door on Friday night picturing herself taking Mobutu's big black cock in her tight white pussy.

Stan never knew why he got nothing but TV dinners and pizza that week, nor why she didn't eat much with him, explaining that she wasn't hungry.

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Wendy had a rough night. "Imagine how it will feel in your pussy" echoed through her brain. She tossed and turned in her sleep, alternately riding Mobutu's black cock, being crushed beneath his weight, or kneeling before him being fucked doggy style. He didn't use a condom. She took him bare every time, natural like it should be. The dreams moved to every room of her house. She was on the kitchen table; she was bent over the couch; everywhere she was fucking Mobutu.

Wendy actually had an orgasm in her sleep just dreaming about it. She awoke toward dawn, breathing heavily, her body completely aroused. Her pussy was soaked with arousal and a little sore. In her dream Mobutu had emptied his balls into her willing pussy and it had satisfied her every desire.

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Mobutu woke up and showered. He waited for Stan to leave and killed time by writing more commands on the index cards for Barbie to stare at. He finished and cleaned Barbie off. The doll lay on her back with its legs bent upward. Mobutu had stabbed a hole in the crotch and masturbated on it again, making sure plenty of sperm had poured inside the doll.

He took black Ken and laid it naked on the cot. Then he drew a baby on Barbie's belly and colored it black with the marker before sitting the Barbie astride black Ken.

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Wendy walked out into her yard naked; she no longer even bothered with her bikini. Mobutu was lying naked on her cot, sunning himself. She had just been fantasizing about riding his cock in just that position. Could this strange black man read minds? Did he know how bad she wanted to fuck him?

"I hope you don't mind, Wendy. I saw Stan leave and thought I'd get an early start."

"I don't mind," she answered sheepishly.

"You may suck on my cock."

"Thank you, your highness, but I was wondering if I could try it in my pussy. I know it's too big to fit, but I'd like to try. Please?"

"I have never met a woman who can't handle my cock, though all are nervous at first. You may both fuck and suck me off. The royal family has been bred to orgasm more than ten times a day. We can fuck all day if it pleases you."

He talked like he had been with hundreds of women, the thought of which would have disgusted her if she wasn't so hot for his cock. "It pleases me," she said, dropping between his legs.

Wendy sucked him until his cock was rock-hard and glistening. She was reluctant to remove it from her mouth, her belly growling with hunger, but her pussy craved it more. Wendy stood and straddled the cot. Mobutu held the base of his cock, holding the huge shaft up for her. She gulped. It looked dangerous. "C-co-condom," she stuttered.

"Such things are unnatural."

"Oh god," she moaned, squatting slightly. The bulbous glans pushed on her labia. Her brain calculated how long it had been since her last period. It might be safe, but it was getting close. "P-please, pull out," she begged, squatting a little more, her pussy began opening for the fat head of his black cock."

“No,” he said.

“Fuck,” she moaned in desperation. Mobutu would be the fourth man she had sex with and the first she took bareback. She lowered herself, her vaginal opening spreading wider than ever as the tip of the black man’s cock entered her. “It’s so big.”

“I know.”

“It’s too big,” she moaned.

“YOU WANT MY BIG BLACK COCK!”

Wedny shuddered in lust. “YES!” she moaned, raising and lowering slightly.

“YOU WANT MY SEED!”

“God yes,” she screamed in the backyard. She raised and lowered herself, feeling her pussy stretch and conform around the huge black cock. She felt stuffed full after five inches, the thickness filling her as much as her husband’s entire, much skinnier penis. Her pussy was gripping his shaft tightly, spasming occasionally as it continued to get wet. She was breathing hard when she hit the halfway mark, the pee-slit just teasing areas deep inside her that had previously been untouched. It was starting to feel good—real good. This was everything she’d ever wanted in her life. “Fuck. Fuck me. Fuck me, your highness.”

He grabbed her hips and helped raise and lower her on his mighty shaft. Wendy gasped and moaned, finally sinking down to sit in his lap. Her body shook and trembled as her first orgasm rocked her body and after that orgasm, whatever the consequences, it was worth it.

Wendy sat frozen, sitting in his lap, letting her body get used to him. She looked at Mobutu’s arrogant face, then down his muscular chest. Her pussy was lubricating his shaft, making it easier for her. She hadn’t known she could get this wet. She circled her hips around his cock, feeling his fullness inside her and loving every black inch of it. Mobutu slid his hands down under her firm ass cheeks and began raising and lowering. She couldn’t believe how strong he was as she bounced effortlessly up and down his thick shaft.

Wendy needed to cum and started flexing her legs, pushing back, taking over. He moved his hands to her breasts, squeezing and pinching her hard pink nipples harder than Stan ever had. The orgasm came quickly and was unlike anything she had ever experienced. The one her husband had given her weeks ago was like comparing a firecracker to a stick of dynamite. “OH YESSS,” she screamed, loud enough that her other neighbors might have heard her. The orgasm almost made her pass out. It curled her toes and made her legs go weak—so weak they couldn’t hold her up anymore. She collapsed, impaling herself on Mobutu’s cock. The shock she felt from all the pleasure made her blackout momentarily.

When she recovered, she found she was passionately kissing Mobutu's lips, their tongues teasing each other. She had collapsed forward, her breasts mashing against his muscled chest. Her pussy had contoured itself around his entire cock. She could feel every ridge, vein, and bump. A thick vein ran the length of his shaft, and it pulsed with each beat of his heart. Each pulse sent a spasm of pleasure throughout her body. Her heart was racing and she was filled with a sense of joy. This was where she belonged.

Mobutu cupped her ass with his strong hands and lifted her a little, beginning to buck his hips while kissing her. Wendy arched her back as she came again. She took over, riding him to orgasm after orgasm. They grew stronger when he leaned up and took one of her thick nipples between his lips. Wendy rode him until her leg muscles got sore.

"Do you realize what a great honor you are about to receive?" the black man asked, grunting occasionally.

"I do," she gasped, wanting his seed more than anything, just as the hose in her pussy exploded. His cum was so strong she felt it would throw her off him like she was sitting on a geyser. Her mind was exaggerating, of course, but it still felt powerful as hot black sperm soaked her womb. Wendy came with each wad that shot out of his cock. "Oh Doctor, there's so much, you might have impregnated me." Wendy suddenly gasped as his cock jerked and spat more semen into her womb.

"Would that be such a bad thing?"

"No," she said, slowly passing out on his chest. She came to her senses lying in the grass on her back. Mobutu was still lying on the cot. His cum-crusted cock rested across his thigh, soft but still long and plump. "That was incredible," she said, staring up at him with a look of worship on her face.

"Come clean my cock off," said Mobutu.

Wendy crawled to him and took his dirty cock in her mouth. It quickly turned hard again, and she deep-throated him until he filled her belly with his hot sperm.

He didn't cum ten times like he had bragged he could, but they fucked three more times after she blew him. By the time she went inside before Stan got home, her knees were grass-stained and grass stuck to her sperm-covered body.

Wendy wanted him again on Sunday, but there was no opportunity. By Monday she was so cock-crazy she left work early and was waiting on Dr. Tanaka's steps when he got back from class.

Wendy fucked him in his bed for as long as she dared before Stan got home. She was starting to resent her husband. He was keeping her from Mobutu's cock.

Wednesday night, Wendy woke up from another powerful dream. She was covered in sweat, and now she craved his cock in her ass. Her asshole even stung a little, and she was so sweaty it felt like she had cum in her ass. What was happening to her? First she had sucked him off, then committed adultery; now she wanted him to sodomize her. Wendy played with herself before going back to sleep. This time she used her free hand to stick a finger in her ass. She would let him put his cock anywhere he desired.

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Mobutu made sure plenty of his sperm ran into the new hole he had poked in the doll's ass. He then sat the doll back down in the chair, staring at the paper with the following commands:

\*I am a slut for black cock.  
My body belongs to Mobutu; he is my master.  
He can put his cock anywhere.  
It pleases me to serve him.\*

\*\*\*\*\*

The pain made Wendy happy. Some of the tissue in her ass had ripped, but it meant she was one step closer to getting her ass fucked. Mobutu grunted and pushed the entire head in, stretching her anus out even more. "D-don't waste time, Your Highness," she groaned. "Push it in. I can take it. Let me serve you."

Mobutu pulled back and thrust forward. She took about eight inches before it wedged. Wendy screamed, bucking, trying to get away from his spear, tears rolling down her eyes, as Mobutu kept a firm grip on her waist.

She calmed down after a few minutes but still sobbed. "Do you want me to pull out?" he asked.

"No, Master. I want you to fuck my ass." Wendy didn't know where "Master" had come from, but it was appropriate. Mobutu started to move, starting slow but picking up pace. "Fuck me, Master. Fuck my ass. Give your slut that superior black cock."

Wendy continued to babble the whole time he fucked her. Toward the end it actually started to feel good, and she looked forward to when her ass was permanently stretched out to accommodate him. His cum was like a soothing balm coating her sore insides as it swelled up to fill the vacuum left by his deflating cock.

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"Greetings, Stan. I thought I would pay a neighborly visit."

"That's Mr. Marsh, Your Highness," said Stan sarcastically.

"Of course, Mr. Marsh," said Mobutu, stepping inside.

Wendy walked into the room, and Stan was confused by the way his wife's face lit up when she saw the arrogant black man. "Dr. Tanaka, what a pleasant surprise."

"Is there something going on here that I should know about?" Stan looked at the two, confused and suddenly wondering why he wanted to jerk off watching his wife fuck the big African. His penis was even stirring for the first time in weeks.

"I have come again to offer you ten thousand dollars in exchange for your wife."

"That's it, asshole. Get the fuck out of my house," screamed Stan.

"Honey," interrupted Wendy. "I suggest you accept Dr. Tanaka's offer. It is most generous."

"Huh?" He stared at her dumbfounded.

"Yes, Mr. Marsh. My offer is generous. That kind of money is worth a lot of cattle to the Maasai. I have fucked your wife all week. She is no longer happy with your pathetic white man's penis. She is hooked on African cock and is mine either way."

Stan felt weak and the color drained from his face. Wendy hadn't contradicted the black man. "H-honey, is this true?"

"Yes, Stan. I have sucked, fucked, and taken his superior black cock up my ass. You will never satisfy me now. I'm hooked on his giant black cock. That's all I think about now."

"Think about it, Mr. Marsh. I need to go home and make a quick call. When I come back, I am going to fuck your wife in your marital bed."

This was all too much for Stan. His legs gave out and he fell to the floor with shock. Wendy ran upstairs and he followed. She was actually primping herself. She put on some makeup and brushed her hair before stripping and lying on the bed, posing seductively. He heard Mobutu slam the door as he returned.

"Wendy, I don't want you to do this."

"I have to, Stan. It's what I was born to do."

"If you love me, you'll end this now."

Wendy just smiled sympathetically at him and sat up on the bed as Mobutu entered the bedroom. She thrust her breasts out prominently as if displaying herself for the black man.

Mobutu was already half-naked, like he had started stripping while climbing the stairs. Stan's wife reached up, pulling open his already unbuttoned pants. "Wendy, stop," Stan yelled at her, adding, "Dear God!" as he stared in horror at the black monstrosity in his wife's hand. The black man's cock was huge; he hadn't been lying when he said it was thirteen inches.

Stan was harboring murderous thoughts in his mind. There was a loaded gun in his dresser. He seriously considered getting it and putting a bullet into both of them, but he wasn't really a violent man. Instead, as Wendy wrapped her lips around the black man's cock, Stan's dick got hard.

His penis became uncomfortable and he was forced to remove it, then touch it. Soon he was stroking it as he watched his lovely wife deep-throat the black man's impossibly large cock. He'd been wanting this for a while.

Later, Stan swore his wife jerked her head back from the force of the black man's orgasm. Sperm poured out of her mouth as Mobutu's large load overflowed it. Stan started sobbing as he looked away, finding himself looking at his own cum drying and flaking on his abdomen. His orgasm was pathetic compared to the one the black man had just emptied into Wendy's mouth.

"Look, Master. My husband has his little dick in his hand."

"It is natural for the weaker male to masturbate when the alpha takes his wife." The black man grinned at Stan and moved between Wendy's legs. Soon Wendy was screaming with pleasure and speaking profanity as Mobutu pounded her pussy with his cock. Stan's own dick had never gone down, and he found himself stroking it again, cumming long before the black man. Mobutu was kneeling between Wendy's legs with her legs in his arms. The position provided Stan with a disgusting view of the black cock pistoning in and out of Wendy's pussy.

Stan came a few more times, his penis never deflating. He watched sperm pour out of Wendy's pussy. He watched Mobutu order her onto all fours before the black Maasai fucked her for a while doggy style, then pushed his cock into her ass. Stan couldn't help noticing the ease with which she received it or the expression of adoration on her face as she took him anally.

Mobutu finally left early in the morning, leaving Stan staring at his wife's prone form. Stan went over to the dresser and was reaching for his gun when his legs suddenly turned weak and his erection finally disappeared as he dropped to the floor. He walked on his knees and placed his face in Wendy's sperm-soaked pussy. He began eating her with gusto. The black man's semen was constantly pouring from Wendy's pussy and Stan found himself lapping it up as fast as he could, getting a mouthful when Wendy orgasmed in her sleep.

For the next two weeks, Stan slept on the couch while Mobutu took over his marital bed. When the black man left in the morning, Stan would crawl between his wife's legs and suck Mobutu's sperm out of her pussy. He lied to himself, thinking he was doing this to keep her from getting pregnant, but knowing billions of sperm were assaulting her womb every day. Secretly he was growing to enjoy it. The semen was delicious.

The last time he ate her out, she jumped up with a start and ran to the bathroom, heaving into the toilet. She immediately called Mobutu and ran next door.

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Mobutu escorted the pregnant woman out of the clinic. Wendy was beaming and constantly running her hand across her belly. This was what she wanted—not to be a lawyer, but to bear Mobutu a child, the first of dozens of black babies. “Where are we going?” she asked as they got in the limo.

“To the airport,” Mobutu said to the Kenyan driver. “Call and have the jet readied.”

Many black Africans helped Wendy board the jet, smiling at her. Mobutu turned to the limo driver and said something strange: “I need you to go to my house and burn what you find in the den. Do you understand?”

The driver nodded and bowed. Minutes later the jet took off into the sky, bound for Africa.

The driver decided to stop for lunch before carrying out Mobutu's orders.

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Mobutu, in his haste to get to the clinic, had bumped into the dollhouse and knocked white Ken from its spot between Barbie's legs. Stan's murderous thoughts returned as soon as he saw the limo pull out of Dr. Tanaka's driveway.

Stan was no dummy. He knew his wife was probably pregnant. He grabbed his gun and walked over to Mobutu's house. He planned to wait for the limo to return and then shoot the couple as they entered the house. He smashed the pistol on the glass of the sliding door and unlocked it, walking into the house. His eyes fell on the dollhouse as he passed through the den.

Stan couldn't believe his eyes. The Ken doll lying on the floor, the slutty sayings written on index cards in the rooms, the black Ken lying nearby. He picked up one.

You are a cuck

You get off watching your wife fuck black men.

You enjoy lapping black seed from your wife's pussy.

The sperm-crusted Barbie lying on the bed with holes poked in her crotch and ass. A black baby drawn on her womb. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Stan was a skeptic, barely believing in God, only going to church for Wendy, but this looked for all the world like a set of voodoo dolls. Skeptic that he was, this was easier to believe than Wendy betraying him.

He picked up Ken and examined it, seeing the little hair stuck in glue on the doll's crotch. He pulled it off and immediately felt a strange sense of relief come over him. He picked up Barbie, noticing she had the glued hair also, as well as a black baby drawn on her belly, but he didn't remove her pubic hair.

Stan picked up the black Ken. He was reaching for the hair when instead his hand moved up to the doll's head. With a sudden jerk he turned the head around backward and dropped the doll on the floor.

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It was ruled a freak accident. Guards burst into the private cabin when the white girl screamed. She was kneeling beside Prince Mobutu's prone form. His cock was hard and glistened with her saliva. However, the shaman's head was twisted around at an unnatural angle, his eyes open and sightless. The jet made an emergency landing in the Canary Islands.

The limo driver finally arrived at the house after his long lunch. He walked through the broken sliding glass door and into the den, expecting to find the dollhouse and the strange collection of figures the prince had ordered destroyed. The room was empty. No dolls. No papers. Nothing but scuff marks on the floor where the little house had once sat.

Across the street, Stan Marsh carefully arranged the dollhouse on his living-room table. He placed the Barbie doll in a kneeling position in front of an index card he had written in thick black marker:

You love your husband.  
Return to Stan.

He set the black Ken doll far away from her and left the white Ken standing protectively at her side. Then he waited.

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In Kenya, Wendy stood before the tribal court wearing only a long red Maasai robe. King Usawe sat on a raised wooden throne, his dark eyes fixed on the tall white woman. The charge was clear: she had been alone with Prince Mobutu when the shaman's neck was broken. Death was the expected sentence.

A murmur ran through the gathered warriors as an elderly laibon woman stepped forward, raising a wrinkled hand. "Halt the trial."

The old spiritual leader approached Wendy. Without asking permission she placed her palm flat against her lower belly, closing his eyes. After a long moment she opened them and spoke in a voice that carried across the courtyard.

"She carries a child. The son of Mobutu. The boy will have the power of the laibon—healer and spiritual leader of the people. He will speak words of power and possess the strengths of many animals."

"But she is white?" asked the King, stunned. "She is not of the people."

"The boy will favor the father. He will be very powerful."

Usawe's expression shifted. He stared at Wendy with open lust. "Then it is settled," he declared. "The white woman will remain under my protection."

That night a bath was prepared for her. Naked Maasai women washed her thoroughly, oiled her skin, and led her naked through the corridors of the royal compound to the king's private chambers.

Usawe waited, already nude, his thick royal cock heavy between his thighs. Wendy dropped to her knees without being told. She took the massive black shaft into her mouth, sucking with the same hungry devotion she had once given Mobutu, worshipping the superior cock that now belonged to the king. She licked, stroked, and deep-throated him until he flooded her throat with thick seed.

Later she lay beneath him on the wide bed, legs spread wide as the powerful black man drove into her again and again. Wendy screamed through a massive orgasm, her body convulsing around his thrusting cock—when a sudden, sharp clarity cut through the haze of pleasure.

\*Stan.\*

She needed to return to Stan.

When the king finally collapsed into exhausted sleep beside her, Wendy slipped from the bed. She found a phone and, with shaking hands, called the American consulate in Nairobi.

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Three days later Stan's phone rang. Wendy's voice, thin and distant, came over the line. The State Department was flying her home.

Stan exhaled the breath he felt he had been holding for weeks. That night he carried the entire dollhouse, the dolls, and every scrap of paper out to the fire pit in the backyard. He doused them in lighter fluid and watched the plastic melt and the paper turn to ash.

Wendy was dropped off the following afternoon. The moment she saw him she ran into his arms, sobbing.

"I'm so sorry. I don't know why I did any of it. I couldn't stop myself. All I know is that I love you and I had to come back to you."

Stan held her tightly, then led her inside and quietly explained everything—the dolls, the hair, the voodoo, the control Mobutu had held over both of them.

Wendy listened in silence. When he finished she looked down, cupped her still-flat belly, and whispered, "I'm pregnant, Stan."

"I know," he said gently. "For the people who need to know, we'll say you were kidnapped and assaulted. For everyone else... over time... we'll say you flew to Kenya to adopt a little boy." The thought of raising a superior man's son didn't seem so bad and the way Wendy kept placing her hand over her womb... she was happy.

She raised her eyes to his, shame and something darker swirling in them.

"Stan... nothing's changed. I'm still craving black cock. We can use the dolls, fix things. We can get back to normal."

Stan's face went pale.

"I burned them."

Wendy's voice was soft but certain. "Then I'm going to find black men to satisfy my needs. I can't help it."

"But they won't be like Mobutu, they'll be..."

"Small and weak like you," she said, with no regard for his feelings.

"Yes, normal, like me."

"Unless," she said. "The maasai will need a new laibon. We can host an exchange student."

"Or he could live next door, provided they don't sell the house?" Maybe even several students..."

"We could contact the embassy?" she asked hopefully. "Several students sound interesting."

Stan saw her nipples were hardening at the thought of several Kenyans living next door or with them. Her tongue flickered out, licking her lips.

Stan's penis stirred against his zipper. "As long as I can watch," he said. "And clean you afterwards," he added, licking his own lips.

In the back of his mind he saw the melted black plastic scraps still cooling in the fire pit.

All hope of a normal life was gone forever.

THE END

Author's Note: This is, in my opinion, one of my best stories. I enjoy a good mind-control story, and I'm surprised there aren't more interracial ones.

This story mentions Mama Juju who appears in the story: "Mama Juju and the Black Mamba Man."

The following is the original ending. I changed it because I wanted to make Wendy return pregnant with the implication that her baby is something slightly more than human and his birth will have implications as he grows to adulthood.

Wendy was given the death penalty in Kenya for being alone with Mobutu when he fell and broke his neck, but King Usawe stayed the execution and took the white woman as one of his wives. Mobutu and Wendy's son was given to the tribe to raise as its new shaman. Wendy bore Usawe many children as she and the king's five other wives tried to keep his carnal needs satisfied. She still lives in Kenya.