



White Wife's Black Summer

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Lisa Langston reclined on her cushioned lounge chair, the sun bathing her in a golden glow that shimmered across her exquisite form. The 32-year-old private Christian school teacher sighed with relief—another year done. “Class dismissed,” she sighed, savoring the freedom of summer vacation, her fair skin beginning its summer journey toward a golden bronze. Her breasts, full and voluptuous, swelled against her turquoise bikini top, the thin fabric clinging to their generous curves, her nipples pressing firmly through the tight blue-green material. Her waist dipped into a delicate hourglass, flaring into wide, womanly hips, her rear end a firm, rounded masterpiece

that filled her bikini bottom to perfection, the scant fabric nearly disappearing between the crack between her cheeks. Her legs, long and toned from yoga and jogging, glistened with sweat that caught the light, and her honey-blonde hair tumbled in thick, lustrous waves over her shoulders, framing a face that turned men's heads—high cheekbones, full lips, and wide hazel eyes hidden behind dark sunglasses. Her husband, Mark, was away again, his endless business trips part of his grind for a promotion that would let them move to a better neighborhood and start a family. Left alone in their modest home, her body ached with loneliness for his loving touch.

She adjusted her sunglasses, relishing the heat seeping into her pores, when a shadow suddenly blocked out the sun. Startled, Lisa looked up, her breath catching as a giant black man towered over her—tall, broad-shouldered, his frame packed with muscle that rippled beneath a tight white tee shirt, his dominant presence intimidating. “Lookin’ good, Mrs. L,” he said, smirking, his dark eyes sweeping her bikini-clad body. Her nipples stiffened embarrassingly under his gaze, poking against the fabric.

“Malik?” she gasped, staring in disbelief. He was far different from the scrawny 13-year-old who’d pestered her relentlessly in their small neighborhood before his parents’ divorce took him away with his mom.

“Yeah, it’s been a minute Mrs. L.”

“You’ve changed,” she said, raising her sunglasses, eyes sweeping the muscular torso prominently displayed by the white tee. His face was harder too with a prominent jawline and a militant looking flat top.

“You haven’t,” his eyes traveled down her near naked figure. “Just finished a stint in the Marines. Spendin’ the summer with my dad,” he explained, his tone casual but his stare predatory.



She sat up, reaching for her towel. “Good seeing you again,” she managed, flustered.

“Great seein’ you, Mrs. L,” he replied, his eyes lingering on her breasts as she wrapped the towel around her figure before moving up to the small silver cross on her chest and finally staring her straight in her eyes.

She broke contact, muttered a quick goodbye and hurried inside, the glass door sliding shut with soft thud, her pulse hammering. Malik’s dad, Jamar Jackson, stared at her the same way—those dark, sunken eyes glinting with a lusty, predatory edge that made her skin crawl. Gray hair framed his bald pate, thick sideburns curling down his weathered face, and though he was powerfully built, his husky frame

carried a protruding belly that strained against his shirt. After his wife had left, that look had gotten worse, sharper, like he was trying to see through her clothes, his crooked sneer giving her the feeling that he both wanted and hated her. It felt invasive, creepy, a silent threat that had her avoiding the man whenever possible.

Luckily, Jamar worked as a garbage man and wasn't home on weekdays, giving her privacy to sunbathe in the only sunny spot of her yard which was unfortunately visible from his rundown trailer next door. But now, with Malik back, that privacy felt threatened. "There goes my summer tan," she mumbled.



That night, the house was quiet except for the hum of the air conditioning. Lisa sprawled across her king-sized bed, naked except for her wedding ring and the cross around her neck, waiting for the air conditioning to cool the room, her body a masterpiece—breasts sagging slightly to her sides under their lush weight, nipples stiffening as the air cooled, the flat plane of her stomach leading to neatly trimmed wisps of golden curls between her thighs. She missed Mark desperately—the rough scrape of his stubble, the heat of his skin, the way he'd fill her. Her fingers brushed her clit, stoking her arousal, but it wasn't enough. She reached for her dildo, kept under her pillow when Mark was gone, hidden in a drawer when he was home to protect his ego. Lonely desperation had driven her to buy it—an 8-inch, flesh-colored simulacrum, three inches longer and far thicker than Mark's modest skinny penis. It stretched her in ways he never could, delivering a guilty satisfaction that rarely came with Mark's penis. She parted her

legs, her pussy slick with need, and slid it inside, moaning as it pressed every nerve. "God, I

wish this was real,” she whispered, hips rocking as she fucked herself, one hand pinching a nipple until it throbbed. The orgasm hit fast and fierce, her vaginal muscles clenching the toy as she shuddered, but the hollow ache lingered.

She rinsed her dildo off in the sink and wiped it dry before slipping it back beneath Mark’s vacant pillow for tomorrow night’s session. She felt guilty using it almost nightly, but the orgasms felt good and they gave her a good night’s sleep.



The next morning, Lisa tended her yard, the sun warming her bare shoulders. Her cropped tank top stretched obscenely tight across her chest, breasts spilling over the neckline, nipples stark against the white cotton. Her denim shorts hugged her ass, the lower cheeks peeking out as she bent forward. Sweat trickled down her cleavage, her hair tied back in a ponytail. Yanking weeds, she froze—a crushed daffodil lay beneath her bedroom window, a shoe print pressed into the soil, and the siding plastered with dried semen, thick and crusted, streaking down in heavy ropes. “My God,” she gasped, trembling. Her brain raced through suspects in the neighborhood—Old Man Carter was a bit of a lecher, the teenage Miller kids were neighborhood hooligans, and Jenkins several houses down was a drug addict and on the sexual offender register though classified as low-risk. Then it hit her: this hadn’t started until Malik came back, and the footprint’s size suggested a very large man. The

sheer volume of cum only deepened her suspicion—it had to be him and he’d been doing it for awhile. Her stomach twisted with dread and a darker stirring as she hosed it clean, the image of an unseen stranger jerking off while watching her burned into her brain.

After a shower to clean the sweat and dirt off, she walked naked into her room, staring out the window. She liked the curtains open—her yard backed onto forest, with the Jacksons’ trailer out

of sight of her bathroom window. She closed the thin curtains, unhappy, and opted for housework instead of sunbathing since Malik's car was parked in the driveway. Hopefully, he'd get a job and not be home all summer. She cursed under her breath, fearing his predatory stares would ruin her tan.

That night, unease turned to restless heat. Naked on her bed in the dark, she couldn't get the image of Malik staring at her through the window, his penis in his hand, as big as her dildo, jerking it off, cumming all over her siding while she was cumming all over her dildo. Lisa squirmed on the bed as her arousal grew. No doubt she was the masturbatory fantasy of a lot of men, but none had ever done it while staring at her. Lisa dressed like a nun for school and conservatively when out in public. She only wore her bikini in private when her neighbors weren't around. Why being watched was making her so horny, confused her.

She got off the bed and peeked out the window—nothing. She opened the curtains wider, lifted the window slightly, and flipped on the light. After a quick shower, she returned, dropping her towel to stand nude facing the window, hefting her DD breasts as if examining them, putting on a show, heart racing at the thought of him watching again. There was probably no one there, but maybe there was? Her vagina gushed. Sliding onto the bed, she spread her legs, a voyeur would have a view right up her thighs. Reaching for her dildo, she brought the head down between her legs before plunging it in, moaning, "Oh fuck me," working the shaft hard, one hand squeezing her breast so that her nipples tip bulged out. Is he out there? She wondered, her brain picturing the large black man jerking off while watching, the thrill pushing her over the edge with her largest orgasm yet. "FUCK!" she cried, climaxing, legs splayed toward the window. She thought she heard a grunt through the open window over her own cries of pleasure, but wasn't sure. A shadow moved—or didn't—as she turned off the light.

Morning revealed fresh semen, dried, with wet globs and voluminous, pooling at the foundation. She stared at the mess with disbelief. "Jesus," she murmured, "he came that much from one go?" Her vagina throbbed with dark curiosity as she hosed her siding clean again. Later, seeing no cars at the Jacksons', she oiled up in her bikini, put her hair back in a scrunchie, and laid down on her cot, dozing off with erotic dreams—kneeling in her bedroom, sucking her husband's prick, now as big as her dildo, eyes flickering to the window and wondering if she were being watched. Waking horny, she stretched languorously, happy she'd gotten some sun, and then she saw Malik's car had returned. Sure enough, she caught his gaze over the fence, leaning casually, one hand out of sight, making her wonder what he was doing with it.

Lisa sighed. She needed to put an end to this right away. "Malik, can I speak with you?" she called, wrapping the towel around her torso. "Come on over for a minute."

The fence was mostly built to mark the boundary in their tight-knit neighborhood. Malik walked over from the Jacksons' lot. "You need me for something, Mrs. L?" he asked, grinning.

"Come inside for a moment," she replied, holding the door for him.

He lumbered into her kitchen, his size overwhelming—broad shoulders, thick arms, smirking down at her, so different from the skinny kid who'd been eye-level with her breasts the last time he'd been in her house, asking for cookies.

Lisa stepped back to give him room, and when she turned, he was towering over her. "I was wondering when you were gonna invite me over." His hands seized her hips, yanking her against him, his bulge pressing into her belly as he bent down, broad lips inches from hers.

Lisa pushed back against a chest as hard as a brick wall to get away from those broad, ugly Negroid lips. "What the hell are you doing?" He released her, and she stepped away, adjusting the towel around her body, her chest heaving, her pulse racing so fast she could feel its beat in her ears.

"You don't wanna fuck?" he asked, seemingly genuinely surprised.

"God, no, Malik. I'm a married woman, for Christ's sake."

"Then what do you want?"

"It's about you watching me," she said firmly, adopting her authoritative teacher voice.

"Hard not to in that bikini, Mrs. L. Thought you were flaunting that hot body of yours in front of me to get some dark meat."

"No!" She stared at him, surprised by his audacity. Who talks like that? "That's not... not that at all." He was making her flustered. Take back control, she willed. You're in charge here. "I know you watched me through the window last night while I was playing with..." She stopped.

Malik shook his head, brow furrowed, and raised his shoulders.

"I saw your footprint and... other evidence under my bedroom window."

"Don't know what you're talking about," he rumbled.

"Your DNA's all over my siding. This is serious, Malik. I'm trying to give you a chance here. If I catch you again, I'll call the police and have you charged with invasion of privacy and trespassing."

"No police, Mrs. L, I'm already on probation. The judge was an ex-Marine and went easy on me, provided I stayed out of trouble."

"Just stay off my property, and we're good."

"It won't happen again, Mrs. L."

“Good. And no staring while I sunbathe.”

“That’s your fault for looking so good, Mrs. L.” He grabbed the hem of her towel and pulled.

She gasped, covering her nipples, squeezing her breasts against her chest. “Stay there,” she ordered, taking a step back.

“Damn, you’re fine,” he said, eyes sweeping her bikini-clad body. “No way any man could not stare at that.”

“Give it back,” she snapped, snatching it out of the air when he tossed it to her. “Get out before I call the cops!”

“Fine,” he raised his hands in surrender. Malik turned to leave and paused in the doorway. “One question though, why such a small dildo?”

“Small? It’s 8 inches—bigger than Mark’s.”

“Damn, Mr. L’s got a tiny dick.”

“I suppose yours is bigger?” she asked, regretting the question as soon as it passed her lips.

“Twelve inches of black meat.”

“Bullshit. Nobody’s that big.”

“Want proof?” His hands moved down to his shorts, her eyes following.

“No! I want you out.”



“Cause you know it’s true, you know I’m twice the man your husband is.”

“You’re not even half the man my husband is. Real men don’t behave like this.”

“If I’m lying, I’ll leave you alone all summer. You won’t even see me.”

“You promise to leave me alone?” she asked, staring at his bulge. He grabbed and squeezed it. It did look like Malik was rather well-endowed, but twelve inches... no way.

“But if it’s true, you gotta let me watch while you use that dildo.”

“No. I couldn’t... That’s not appropriate,” she said, her hand coming up to her chest to fiddle with the cross around her neck.

“You afraid of finding out the truth, Mrs. L?” he asked, unbuttoning his shorts. “Didn’t Jesus say, the truth shall set you free? If I’m lying, you’ve got nothing to worry about.”

“Fine. Show me.”

Malik grinned triumphantly. He unzipped, her eyes watching his hand reach into his pants, pulling out a thick, ebony slab of meat—9 or 10 inches soft, veined, the fat head peeking from the foreskin. He stared at her, watching her reaction, her bright green-brown eyes widening in disbelief. “It’s big,” she hissed, “but not a foot.”

“It ain’t hard yet, Mrs. L. Drop the towel, let me see you.”

Her hands trembled, pulling the knot between her breasts. The towel fell. His cock swelled and rose, foreskin sliding back as he tugged it, swelling past 12 inches, veins pulsing, precum pooling at the tip before dripping.

“Holy shit!” she gasped, covering her breasts, embarrassed by how firm her nipples had suddenly become. The website where she’d purchased her dildo had featured larger black ones, including a foot long model listed as “the #1 Bestseller”, but she had assumed those were gag gifts. “I don’t believe...” Lisa couldn’t take her eyes off the black monster.

“Convinced?”

She nodded, still shocked by what she was seeing. Malik had released his cock and it stuck out of his crotch, bobbing slightly. At first, she’d found the foreskin made it look hideous, but with the skin pulled back under the crowned head, his giant phallus was a work of art.

“Never seen a black one before?” he asked, knowingly.

“No,” she whispered. She’d been with two men, Mark for a dozen years now and her high school boyfriend whose penis was longer than Mark’s but rather thin. She’d barely noticed the difference. Malik was bigger than both combined.

“Drop your arms. Show me those tits.”

“Fine,” she said, lowering her arms, flushing slightly at how prominent her nipples were poking through her bikini top. He stepped closer, hands rising toward her breasts. “No touching,” she warned, stepping back from his groping hands. “Let’s get this over with.”

“Lead on,” said Malik, his giant frame looming over her.

Lisa led him down the hallway. She felt him grab her ponytail, pulling her back. His fingers pulled the string behind her neck, then slid down and pulled the string at her back. He released her ponytail, pulling her scrunchie off with it.

Lisa stumbled forward, her freed golden blonde hair cascading down her shoulders, while grabbing her loosened bikini top and holding it against her breasts as the strings hung futilely down. His hands grabbed her hips, presumably to stop her from falling forward, but when he let go, her bikini bottom fell uselessly to her feet. “No touching!” she protested.

SMACK!

His palm stung her ass. Lisa jumped in surprise. “Ain’t got all day,” he nodded toward her room.

In her bedroom, Lisa turned to face Malik and let the bikini top fall, her naked body a vision—breasts heaving, vagina glistening beneath the thin strip of golden pubes. His shirt was in the hallway, and his shorts were a few steps behind him. He was as nude as she was, his gigantic cock sticking out before him, bobbing in anticipation. Malik wasn’t a handsome man, but she couldn’t help being impressed by his physique, honed to perfection by the corps, a torso that looked like it should have a massive black phallus projecting from its crotch. She glanced down at it, gulping. “You can watch this once, but no touching. Then you leave me alone. Promise?”

Malik nodded. He spat in his hand and started coating his thick, dark shaft, stroking it slowly as he stared at her. “Gonna enjoy this,” he smirked.

Lisa climbed onto her bed and lay down, head propped up on her pillow. She spread her legs open, bending her knees. Malik stood at the bed’s foot, stroking his cock, towering right between her spread legs. She realized her husband hadn’t even had this good a view of her, but it was only a few feet closer than what he’d seen staring through the window.



She stared at his hand stroking his black penis as her hand slid blindly under her husband’s pillow, quickly finding the dildo. She brought her toy down between her legs. It slid in easily she was so wet, moaning as it stretched her. Lisa worked it in and out, slowly pushing it in

and almost pulling it out. She stared at the massive, muscular black man, his hand gliding slowly up and down his girthy shaft. Malik wasn't in any hurry to cum. Her eyes flickered down under his cock—two huge balls the size of small apples jutted out between his thighs. No wonder there was so much semen under her window, she thought, staring at the huge balls. He was going to cum all over her, and there was little she could do about it.

“Tell me when you're close,” he growled.

“Almost there,” she moaned, her hips writhing around the plastic shaft, lifting off the bed, raising her pussy towards the tip of the real thing. The situation was bringing her to orgasm faster than usual. “I'm close,” she gasped, feeling what promised to be a large orgasm, a really large orgasm building in her womb. “Oh god,” she gasped, feeling the dam about to burst. “Here it cums...”

Malik leaned down, snatching the dildo out of her pussy, and she squealed a loud, “NO!” The building orgasm began to fade, leaving her frustrated.

Kneeling on the bed between her legs, his large black hand made her dildo look small as he guided the head back between her pussy lips. Lisa gasped as he pushed the dildo back inside her. He took over, fucking her with it, working it in and out with a speed that quickly had her back on the brink of an orgasm. Her hips leapt off the mattress into the thrusts of her dildo. With her hands free, she quickly brought them up to her straining nipples, pinching and tugging them to help get her off, her eyes glued to his bobbing black penis. He leaned over her, hand on her knee. She could feel his twelve-inch black shaft sliding along her calf. “Tell me again,” he ordered.

“I'm close!” she cried. He yanked it out, her hips bucking into the retreating dildo as Malik tossed it halfway across her room. “Put it in!” she begged in desperation as her pending orgasm began to fade again. Malik cupped his mighty arms under her knees and raised her hips off the bed, guiding her pussy toward the huge head of his black cock. It pressed against her pussy lips, spreading them open, the fat tip hot and slick with precum. “We can't...” she moaned, adjusting her hips, desperate to get him inside her despite her protests. “My husband...”



“Ain’t takin’ care of this white pussy,” he grunted, pulling her legs so that her pussy sank around his cock, the thick shaft pushing deeper than her husband could, then as deep as her dildo, the extra girth expanding her vagina out more than ever. “This white pussy was built for a big black cock,” he sneered.

“No.” she moaned, lifting into his thrusts.

“You’ll see,” he said, thrusting slow and deep, his veined length scraping her walls, her juices coating his shaft as he filled her.

Malik pulled back, thrust again, his cock head pushing into new territory, awakening dormant nerve endings. “FUCK!” she squealed in delight as the pending orgasm began to grow, her pussy clenching around him. “Fuck me,” she begged, giving in. He slammed deep, 12 inches splitting her, heavy black balls slapping the back of her thighs with a wet *thwack*. Lisa winced at the sudden pain of it all, her tight walls stretched to their limit. He pulled back, thrusting again and again, each stroke a relentless invasion, the pain fading into a throbbing pleasure as her pussy adjusted to his size. By the third thrust, Malik’s cock was the center of the universe, the source of all pleasure.

“YES!” she screamed as the dam finally broke and she came—came hard, harder than she’d ever had, her pussy spasming, gushing around his shaft.

“That’s it, Mrs. L, cum all over that black meat. Mr. L ever make you cum like that?”

“No. No, never. Keep fucking me,” she begged, her voice raw. “More.”

“Who’s the real man now, slut?” He worked his cock faster, hips pistoning, the bed creaking under his power. “Answer me!”

Lisa’s body was out of control, writhing on the bed in lust. “You are, Malik.” She stared at him in awe, shocked that he could maintain such a pace.

“Tell me you love my black cock.” Sweat beaded on his black skin, the strain on his face making him even uglier.

“I love your black cock,” she told him, staring at him in awe as she was about to have another orgasm. The contrast between their skin colors was one of the sexiest things she’d ever seen—way hotter than sleeping with Mark and way better.

“I’m turning you out for the black man, Mrs. L,” he grunted. “This white pussy’s black owned now.”

“Fuck, I’m cumming again!” she wailed, her cunt clamping down, milking his shaft as waves of pleasure crashed through her.

“You hooked on black dick now, Mrs. L.” He thrust faster, his balls slapping louder. Her small silver cross leaped off her chest. “Damn, that tight pussy is milkin’ me good. Gonna nut in this white pussy,” he snarled.

“Oh fuck, yes... I mean, no, not in me!” she gasped, trying to catch her breath, torn between desire for his seed and guilt at the final betrayal of her marriage vows.

“Too late, slut. Gonna put a black baby in that belly.” Malik pushed deep and held his cock, groaning as he erupted, hot, thick cum blasting her womb, pulse after pulse flooding her depths with his fertile seed. Her third climax erupted right on the heels of the second, her pussy squeezing tightly around his shaft, muscles contracting inward, desperately milking it for every drop of his sperm.

“No,” she moaned as Malik pulled out, and she was filled with a sense of emptiness. His soaked cock flew up, a large wad of semen splattering on her chest, engulfing her silver cross with his seed, more spraying her belly and tits with large strands, splatters, and droplets of his thick white cum, painting her skin in obscene ropes. She lay aghast, trembling, but more satisfied than she’d ever been before.

Malik squeezed upward along his shaft and spat out several more teaspoons' worth of semen onto her golden-blond bush. He slapped his limp monster down on her crotch a few times, the wet *thud* echoing, before climbing off the bed and heading toward her bathroom. He was gone a minute or two before she heard the sound of urine striking her toilet bowl.

Lisa lay there in shock. His semen poured from her pussy, a warm river trickling down her ass, pooling on her bedspread. Her womb felt bloated, and for some reason, her fingers were rubbing his semen into her skin like it was protein-rich lotion.

Malik returned from the bathroom, holding her pills. "You on the pill? Why not cum inside you?"

"It felt like betraying my vows," she confessed, sitting up, semen sliding down her tits, her guilt heavy.



He tossed the pills on the floor by her dildo and stepped in front of her. Her eyes stared directly at the thick black cock dangling between his legs. He grabbed the base, slapping her in the forehead with his floppy cock. "Clean it off, white girl." She obeyed, more to stop him from hitting her with it than out of any

desire to suck the black man's dick. She stretched her mouth wide, gagging around the head, choking as it pushed into her throat, then taking six inches, the musky taste of cum and her juices filling her senses. "Suck that big black dick, Mrs. L," he said, grabbing her head and helping guide her up and down his shaft. "Show me how much you love it."

"Mmmppphhh!" she grunted, staring at his pubes each time his cock thrust down her throat, her lips stretched tight around his girth.

"Mr. L know what a great cocksucker his wife is?" he asked, groaning. "You're good, but you're gonna take more next time. Practice on the dildo." Malik stopped guiding her head, his grip tightening. He held her head still while he began fucking her mouth, his cock swelling again, veins pulsing against her tongue. Her eyes rolled up in her head as the huge black dick erupted,

semen flowing down her throat, filling her mouth as he pulled back, the rich taste surprising her—not at all unpleasant.

“Clean up,” he said, stepping back.

Lisa showered, scrubbing the runny and dried semen off her tits and belly. More of his seed was on her face where he’d dribbled down her chin. She washed, lathering up her breasts and letting the water run over her, cleansing her body. Lisa brushed her teeth, conflict raging in her brain as she was torn between wanting to tell Malik this was a one-time thing and the possibilities of having his black cock ready and available all summer long just a yard away in their little neighborhood.

Lisa made up her mind. She had a robe in the bathroom. She put it on, tightening the belt. She hoped he’d be gone, but she returned to find him on her bed. “Malik,” she said, sitting on the edge of the bed. “That shouldn’t have happened.” Malik remained silent. “I love Mark. I’m not a cheater... I...”

Malik grabbed her wrist. “You white bitches are all alike.” He pulled her arm over to his crotch and placed her hand on the flaccid shaft. “You pretend you don’t want it.” Her hand closed around him, and she felt it swell, growing in her hand. “But once you get a taste of dark meat, you’ll get a craving for it.” She raised his shaft, her hand stroking him, pulling back on the foreskin, watching his purple-black glans emerge. “You’re never gonna want white meat again.”

“I still don’t believe how big it is.” She wanted it. Her womb ached to have him inside her again.



“Whatcha gonna do, white girl? Let it go or put that black cock where it belongs.”

“Oh God,” she moaned, fighting her lust for it. “Just one more time.”

Lisa climbed on the bed and straddled him, holding his shaft up as she guided him between her legs, putting his black cock where it belonged. She sank, her pussy stretching wide, more easily this time, the thick head parting her lips, sliding deep until his balls pressed against her ass. She rode him, leaning forward, her robe open, her breasts sliding up and down Malik’s face, her nipples brushing his lips.

“Love these big white titties,” he grunted, grabbing and squeezing the end of one of her tits, guiding her swollen nipple between his lips. He sucked hard, teeth grazing the sensitive bud, making her scream and cream all over his cock, her juices soaking his shaft.

Lisa slowed, her strength leaving her. Malik helped, grabbing her hips and raising her up and down his shaft while thrusting his cock deep in her pussy, each stroke a wet, rhythmic slap. “Gonna nut, Mrs. L. Where do you want it?”

“I want it in me. Cum deep in me,” she begged, the thrill of being seeded by him again renewing her strength, and she bounced faster in his lap, her tits jiggling wildly. He grabbed her hips and pulled her down into his lap, thrusting his cock up and holding it buried as his cum exploded in her womb again, a hot flood that triggered her climax. Lisa screamed, cumming hard around his cock, her pussy sucking up every drop of his semen.

He lowered his hips to the bed, bringing her back down in his lap. She leaned on his chest, staring at her white hands on his dark black skin while she caught her breath. “I changed my mind,” she gasped. “I want to fuck you all summer.”

“Now that’s what I’m talkin’ about, Mrs. L,” he said. He slapped her ass. “Now get up and make me something to eat.”

“Want a grilled cheese?” she asked, sitting up and pulling the robe up her shoulders. She tightened the belt, hiding her body.

“Sure,” he said, tugging the belt and ripping the robe open. “But make it naked.”

Lisa nodded and let the robe slip off her back. She sat staring at him for a minute, then suddenly leaned down and kissed him on the lips. “Thank you,” she whispered, sitting back up. She raised herself off his cock, the limp beast falling onto his stomach, a gush of his cum spilling from her pussy. Lisa got off the bed and went to the bathroom to clean up again.

When she walked back into her bedroom, Malik was gone. Nude, she walked down the hall. He was sitting on the couch, nude, fat black cock dangling down over the cushion, watching her TV, one big muscular arm thrown around the back. She brought him one of Mark’s beers before entering the kitchen and making them both a couple of grilled cheeses.

She brought him another beer and a plate with his sandwich, snuggling next to him. He lowered the arm around the couch down her back, reaching around and placing his hand over her tit, squeezing one possessively. His hand was huge, covering more of her white tit flesh than her bikini cup had.

She finished her sandwich, placing her hand in his lap and pulling his cock up. She squeezed and tugged on it, feeling it swell. “Damn, Malik, how many times can you get this thing up?”

“It’s been a minute since I had any white pussy.”

“Was she as hot as me?” asked Lisa, sitting up. She scooted back and knelt on the couch, leaning down over his lap.



“Fuck no, Mrs. L,” he grunted as her lips embraced his cock head. “You’re one in a million.”

Lisa moaned, liking that. She bobbed her head in his lap, sucking the girthy cock as deep as she could, her tongue swirling around the head, tasting his precum. She was going to take his advice and practice with the dildo. By the end of the summer, she wanted to be able to take the whole thing down her throat.

His hand smacked her ass. “Bedroom,” he ordered.

She sat up and led him by his cock back to her bedroom. “Get on all fours,” he said.

Lisa released his cock and climbed on the bed, bracing herself as the weight of her large breasts pulled down. She watched him retrieve her dildo off the floor and move behind her. Doggy-style, he fucked her through her first orgasm, the dildo resting on her back. He grabbed it while she was still cumming and pressed the tip against her anus. She jerked forward as her anus stretched open, the tight ring burning as he worked the dildo deeper, fucking her in the ass

with it. The kinky double stimulation triggered something inside her, and she began cumming—one orgasm after another—screaming, “Fuck, yes!” as her body shook, her arms giving out and her head falling to the mattress with her ass stuck up, his cock slamming her pussy, the dildo stretching her ass wide.



He fucked her relentlessly, her cunt gripping him, wet and loud. “Who owns this white pussy?” he asked, his thrusts brutal.

“You do, Malik,” she moaned, unable to deny it.

“Gonna fuck you every day.” Malik pushed deep, his cock spraying load after load of semen once more into her womb, the hot jets filling her as she shuddered. Hours ago she’d been a faithful Christian school teacher. Now she was hooked on Malik’s black dick.

It was going to be a good summer.

Days Later

Lisa was sunbathing on her stomach, lying on a blanket. She felt a tug on the strings of her bikini. Malik joined her, his muscular frame towering as he shed his clothes, his 12-inch cock already hardening. She rolled over and spread her legs as he knelt between them, plunging into

her soaked pussy with a single thrust, the thick shaft stretching her wide, his balls slapping her ass. Her tits bounced wildly, sweat dripping from her nipples as he fucked her hard, the blanket rough against her back, his cock head battering her womb. "Love these big white titties bouncing for their black master," he grunted, his hands gripping her hips, driving deeper until she screamed, her climax soaking the fabric beneath them, her pussy pulsing around him. The heat amplified every sensation, their bodies slick and primal under the relentless sun.



Another day, in her bed, Malik pounded her from behind, her legs spread wide, her pussy slick around his girth. Outside, Mark mowed the lawn, his head visible outside the bedroom window occasionally as he passed, the drone of the mower masking her screams as Malik's cock filled her, the veins scraping her walls with each brutal thrust, his balls smacking her clit. She clawed at the sheets, her ass high, sweat pouring down her spine as he gripped her hips, slamming into her with a rhythm that left her breathless. "Love this black owned white pussy," he growled, his thrusts relentless. "Better than your husband's little white dick, right?" She nodded, lost in ecstasy, her body wholly surrendered to him as another orgasm ripped through her, her juices dripping down her thighs. Malik snuck out the front door when the mower shut off in the backyard. Her unsuspecting husband didn't ask why she was showering in the afternoon, but decided to join her as the last of Malik's semen was disappearing down the drain.



In Malik's garage, she was on all fours on the greasy concrete, her ass high, her breasts dangling as he fucked her doggy-style. Mark called her name from their yard, "Lisa?" scratching his head, oblivious as Malik's cock plowed her, each thrust a wet, brutal slap that echoed off the walls, his thick shaft stretching her pussy to its limits. Mark walked out on the street to see if she was on one of her runs, shrugging when he didn't see her and heading back inside.

"Do that thing again," she begged, her voice raw with need.

He smirked, sliding his thumb into her ass, pressing deep until she gasped, the sudden intrusion sending her reeling, her anus clenching around his digit as he fucked her harder. Her pussy clenched as she came hard, a gush of fluid soaking the floor.

On another night, Mark was home, and they lay in bed, his modest 5-inch cock struggling to satisfy her stretched pussy. He thrust mechanically, his penis slipping out again and again, his breath quick but uninspired, and Lisa faked a moan to stroke his ego, her mind drifting to Malik's girth. It was over in minutes, Mark rolling off with a satisfied grunt, leaving her aching and unfulfilled, his spent seed coating the outside of her pussy lips. He brought up the subject of her going off birth control again—he'd been bringing it up a lot lately, dreaming of a family in a nicer neighborhood. He promised his promotion was coming, less travel, he'd be home to help raise their child. Later, pulling weeds, she noticed another thick load of semen crusted under her window, fresh and copious. Malik should've saved that for me, she thought annoyed, her pussy

throbbing with frustration, the contrast between her husband's inadequacy and Malik's potency stark in her mind.

That evening, in a silk robe, she kissed Mark goodbye at the door, his car disappearing down the road. Malik watched from across the street, and she opened her robe, letting it fall, her naked body bared with the front door wide open. He stormed in, pinning her front to the wall, his cock splitting her pussy open as she gasped, the thick head stretching her wide, his shaft sliding deep in one brutal thrust. "Been craving some black meat, huh, white slut?" he snarled, thrusting hard, her tits flattening against the plaster, nipples scraping the wall as he pounded her, his balls slapping her thighs. Her juices ran down her legs, her moans echoing as he fucked her relentlessly, each stroke a wet squelch.

"You should have saved that load for me," she panted.

"What load?" he grunted.

"The one you blew watching me and Mark the other night."

"I've saved all my loads for you, slut."

"Liar! If you never watched me, how'd you know I had a dildo?"

Malik threw his head back and laughed. "All you white bitches have a dildo 'cause your men don't do it for you."



The night before Malik left for the fall, they were back in her bed, his final claim on her body. He fucked her doggy-style, her ass high, her pussy dripping as he pounded her with savage intensity, his cock stretching her wide, veins pulsing against her walls. “Stick the dildo back in my ass,” she begged, craving that overwhelming fullness.

“I got a better idea,” he growled, pulling out of her cunt. He pressed the fat, slick head of his 12-inch cock against her tight rosebud, her juices easing the way. She gasped as he pushed, the thick shaft stretching her anus painfully wide as he sank in inch by inch, her sphincter gripping him tight.

Her rectum burned as he thrust deeper, half his length buried before she wailed, “Oh God, it’s too big!” He didn’t stop, working it all in, his balls slapping her pussy as he fucked her ass raw, her body shaking with each brutal stroke, the tight channel stretched to its limit.

“Take this black cock in your white ass, bitch,” he snarled, and she came hard, her pussy gushing, spraying his balls with her cum. He fucked her ass, mercilessly her screams filling the room as he flooded her bowels with cum, pulling out to spray the rest across her back in thick, hot ropes.

The next day, Lisa pattered around the yard, the summer heat fading as she pulled weeds. Under her window, she spotted more semen, thick and crusted, a fresh load she hadn’t noticed

before. How long has that been there? She wondered, her pussy twitching at the thought of Malik's relentless lust. When did he even find the time to sneak back to watch me?



A few days later, Lisa sank into a depressive haze, missing Malik's dominant presence in her life., Her 8-inch dildo and birth control pills went in the wastebasket. Mark wanted to start a family, and Lisa thought raising a child might take her mind off missing Malik's cock—and help them settle into the better life Mark's promotion promised. They'd made love last night, their first time trying to get pregnant, Mark not even realizing his penis had slipped out between her legs, spending his seed on her thighs. He'd kissed her belly, hoping he'd planted a baby in her.

Off the pill, her hormones raged. She ordered a 12-inch black vibrating dildo, the #1 bestseller, its veined surface and size mimicking Malik though its head was circumcised. Sprawled on her bed, she plunged it in, vibrations driving her wild. It wasn't as good as the real thing, but it was close. It would keep her sane. A desperately needed orgasm was building...

DING DONG!

Lisa growled with frustration but didn't move.

DING DONG!

DING DONG!

“Fuck!” she yelled in frustration as she pulled her new black toy from her soaked pussy. “This had better be good,” she muttered.

She was tying the belt on her robe as she opened the door. Jamar Jackson stood there, smelling of garbage, mid-fifties, gray hair glinting, muscular but with a protruding beer belly, eyes predatory, staring at her in triumph. “I want what my son was getting,” he growled, stepping inside and shutting the door.

“I don’t know what you mean,” she stammered, clutching her robe.

He pulled out his phone, showing a video—Malik fucking her ass doggy-style, her screams of ecstasy clear, filmed through her window that final night. Lisa gasped in horror. Jamar flipped the screen to the next video, her and Mark the last time he was here. “Been watching you for a long time, Langston,” said Jamar. “I’ve got dozens of these.”

“Don’t tell Mark,” she begged, her voice breaking.

“Give me what I want you privileged bitch, and we’re good,” he said, his voice a gravelly promise. “Kneel.”

Lisa’s pussy throbbed, craving what Mr. Jackson was offering despite her revulsion for the old man. She dropped to her knees, hands trembling as she unzipped him, bile rising in her throat as she pulled out his black cock. Her hazel eyes lit up—13 inches, longer, thicker than Malik’s, a dark, veined monster, the swollen head glistening without a foreskin under it. His black balls were even bigger than his son’s. Her mouth watered, her pussy ached for it, her fertile womb ached with need for his seed.

Lisa leaned forward, staring up at the older black man as she kissed the head of his cock to show her respect for it, her hand pulling the belt on her robe, before she shrugged it off her back

He stared down at her with a lustful contempt as his eyes took in her nude body. “Suck it, slut.”

And she did.



THE END