

Wife Pays Cause Hubby Plays

copyright 2003 by Stormbringer

Revised 2009 and 2026

Note: This story takes place in 1996 when daytime talk shows dominated the airwaves.

---

“Fucking black men!”

News story after news story, one black face after another filled the TV screen. Another shooting in the city, another convenience-store robbery caught on camera, another carjacking that left a woman hospitalized. Then came the story of a black woman arrested for leaving her child alone in the house for days while she nearly overdosed. Heather shook her head in disgust. And somehow, she thought bitterly, some of these same people still had the nerve to run for public office. A black man was running for governor, for God’s sake.

Heather didn’t normally watch the news. She found it much too depressing. It was always showing how blacks were dragging this country down. Not that her husband was a saint—he was overly fond of beer and had a gambling problem—but he had never raped or killed anyone. She had made him quit gambling six months ago, but he still drank his beer every night. The six-pack Frank drank nightly no doubt contributed to the disappearance of the six-pack on his stomach over the last five years since they’d graduated high school. His six-pack abdomen had been replaced by a lump of pale, shaking flesh.

Heather was worried that if his paunch kept growing, he might have trouble getting his entire five-inch pussy-pleaser into her. She’d loved his dick back in school and had seen a lot of it then, but for each of the four years they’d been married, she was seeing less and less of it. When she did get some, she was usually left disappointed enough that she had to finish herself off alone in the bathroom. Lately, she felt there was something missing in her sex life.

Heather thought her husband was an idiot. Any man married to a hot bitch like her should be fucking her twice a day. Heather hefted her breasts and winked at herself in the mirror that covered the wall across from the couch. She hadn’t turned the TV channel because she was painting her toes, sitting naked on the couch except for a thong panty. She applied the red polish to the small toe on her left foot just above a silver ring. She put her ankle bracelet back on, then sat back to let the polish dry while more criminals with black faces appeared on the news.

Sick of the news, she found the remote and switched it over to Povich. A fat white woman was sitting in the chair waiting for paternity tests from three different black men. Springer was a little better—two black women screaming at each other over one sleeping with the other's boyfriend.

She sighed, shaking her head. She needed to find a hobby or get a job.

Heather turned to stare at herself some more. What the fuck was wrong with Frank? I was the hottest girl at Nathan Bedford Forrest High, she thought. The nearly nude body reflecting in the mirror belonged to a Frederick's of Hollywood model, a stripper, or a porn star. Long reddish-blond hair covered her head, surrounding bright green eyes and lips painted to match her toenails. Her skin was milky white, smooth, with no blemishes except for the occasional freckle. Large, firm titties topped her chest. They were so perfect, they should have been fake. Her boobs were capped by nipples the color of pink roses and the diameter of fifty-cent pieces. Frank used to joke that they were so pointy, they'd poke his eyes out. Her stomach was flat and surrounded by a thin tapered waist. Her thong was light blue, and with her legs propped up on the coffee table, she could see the outline of her pussy lips through the tight material as well as a little wet dot in the center. Remembering all the fucking she and Frank had done in high school had her feeling a little horny.

No woman should look this good, she thought. Heather's closest friends and rivals in high school were now fat, haggard-looking women with screaming brats sucking on rapidly sagging teats. She kept fit with Tae Bo and step aerobics.

Thinking about Frank and her friends had her amazed that someone's body could change so much between eighteen and twenty-three. No doubt, if Heather had been a mommy, her body would be as fat as her friends', but her husband had a sperm count so low it was nonexistent. Their doctor had been flabbergasted. Frank's semen was practically crystal clear, and until seeing the doctor, Heather hadn't known that semen was supposed to be milky white. Frank's problem had finally been traced back to a bad case of mumps that had infected his testicles as a child. If they were to have children, they'd need to adopt or find a donor, and so the unused room in the trailer sat empty except for trash bags filled with Frank's beer cans.

There was a loud hammering on the door.

Heather jumped, startled. She wiggled her toes and decided the polish was dry. She grabbed a pink crop top and pulled it on over her head until the Playboy bunny was nestled on her chest. Her swollen pointy nipples were clearly visible through the stretched material.

The banging came again. The pounding was so hard, it rattled the trailer.

“Hold your ass. I’m coming,” yelled Heather. She grabbed small pink cotton shorts and pulled them on. Black lettering spelling the word BITCH crossed the two perfect globes of her ass.

Her impatient visitor pounded on the door again.

Heather checked herself out in the mirror. The bottoms of her breasts were visible under the crop top, and the stud in her belly button sparkled. The shorts rode low on her hips, and the straps of her thong were visible crossing each hip. Too damn sexy for visitors, but Heather had never shied away from showing off her body.

“Open up,” yelled the visitor, pounding on the door again.

“Gawd dammit,” growled Heather, finally pulling the door open. “What?” she asked the hard, perfect male chest she was staring at. The chest was encased by a tight white T-shirt. She followed the T-shirt to the arms whose biceps were as big as her thighs and gasped when she saw that her visitor had dark black skin. “What the fuck do you want?”

“Dayumn,” he said, exhaling it into a soft whistle as his dark eyes roamed down her figure. “How’d that worthless husband of yours get a fine piece of ass like you?” said the black man. He was actually handsome with a crew cut and goatee, but looked like a prison thug with tattoos on his arms.

“What do you want?” she asked again, more calmly. Heather was wondering if she could slam the door shut and pull the chain. Would it even keep out a man so big? It was too late, though—the man was already pushing himself inside.

“Where’s Frank? That dick you’re married to owes me money and said he’d pay me back today.”

Heather felt a pit form in her stomach. Frank was gambling again! They were flat broke. To keep from staining her coffee table, the nail polish was sitting on a growing pile of second-notice bills. She’d always known his fondness for sports betting would hurt them in some way. “What are you going to do to him?”

“Kick his white ass if I don’t get my money. Damn!” The black man said the latter because he was taking in Heather’s outfit—or, to be exact, the body under the outfit. “You fine, white girl.” He brazenly swept his eyes over her figure.

“Eyes up here, mister,” she said.

“Frank’s lazy ass is dead meat if I don’t get my money. Worst employee I fucking have.”

“Wait! You’re Samson?” she asked in surprise. This muscular brute was Frank’s construction foreman! Her eyes swept his body. The tight T-shirt hugged his torso, showing off the bulging outline of his abdominals, huge biceps, and broad chest. His jeans hugged thick thighs, and his

crotch was just as bulging as the rest of him. Heather crossed her arms across her chest, embarrassed that his gaze was hardening her nipples.

“Yeah, that’s right,” said the black man. “Now you can pay me or I’ll wait for Frank’s slow ass to get home.” Samson punched one beefy fist into his other palm for emphasis.

“I don’t have any money,” said Heather. She’d spent their last cent on groceries and Frank’s beer. Stupid shithead Frank had not only borrowed money from a black animal, but he’d borrowed it from his big brute of a boss—the man who could leave them even poorer. The man whom Frank constantly complained rode his ass every day, screaming obscenities at him for being lazy and screwing up all the time. “Frank’s probably at the tavern since it’s Friday. Would you like a beer?”

“Yeah.”

Heather walked a few steps into the kitchen. She reached up to get a glass out of the cupboard. As she stretched, her top rode up her breasts until Samson got a good view of her lower nipples. That’s why Heather wore this outfit, but she never expected to be showing off her body to a dangerous black man. She opened the refrigerator for a can of beer. The blast of cold air hit her breasts. Heather felt her nipples swell even more until goose bumps peppered her areola. Samson openly stared at them when she handed him the beer. A bead of sweat on his brow. He refused the glass. “Perhaps there’s some other way we could repay you?” she asked, turning and placing the glass by the sink.

“Bitch,” said Samson, reading the back of her shorts, “you’re the only thing in this shit hole worth anything. If I can’t have you, then I’ll just hafta wait for fat Frank to get home. I should fire his lazy ass.”

“Are you going to hurt my husband?”

“Only if he don’t pay me what he owes me. Then he’s dead meat... Holy fucking Jesus!”

Heather finished pulling the pink top over her head and stepped back. Samson’s large hands had already jumped up, ready to grab her big pale titties.

Sally Jesse and Springer had taught her that black men were sex-starved animals, especially for white women. Though she wasn’t their type. “I know you people prefer fat white women,” she said, standing there bare-chested, “but I hope my body’s acceptable?”

Samson let out a low groan, eyes locked on her full heavy tits, his cock straining against the front of his jeans. More sweat appeared on his brow. “Sure, baby, you’ll do.” He licked his lips, eyes focused on her rock-hard pink nipples.

Heather swallowed. "We don't have any money... but I've been told I'm really skilled with my mouth. If I suck you off, will you promise not to hurt my husband and leave us alone?"

Samson just nodded, still staring with lust at her swollen nipples.

"And you promise not to fire him?" she added quickly.

"Uh, yeah, sure baby... but you gotta do what I tell you."

Heather eyed him suspiciously. "Like what?"

"Like to start," Samson said, voice thick, "I wanna see you out of those shorts."

"Okay," said Heather, "but no touching." She felt a little sick to her stomach at the thought of sucking a black man off, but in her experience the more aroused she made him, the sooner it would all be over with. She turned around and bent down to touch her toes. Her bare breasts were visible between her legs to the black man. The word BITCH was staring at him as she reached up and slowly pulled the legs of her shorts down.

"Your ass is fucking unbelievable," said Samson, grabbing his crotch. "Now lose the thong." He reached out with his free hand and squeezed her ass cheek.

Heather jumped out of his grasp. "Hey! No touching!" She pulled the thong back up.

"No deal. There's gonna be touching. Now come here. NOW!" He sat down on her couch. It was second-hand, old, and bent under his weight.

Shit, she thought. This man wouldn't be so easy to manipulate. He was going to run his dirty black hands all over her body. Heather was breathing heavily as she stepped forward between his thighs. She shivered with disgust as he bent forward and kissed her belly, slipping his tongue around the stud in her bellybutton. He grabbed her hips to hold her still and kissed up her stomach. Heather crinkled her nose in disgust from his wet kisses, but that changed when he reached her breasts. They'd always been overly sensitive. Samson's tongue slid up her lower breast and across her nipple, sending a spasm through her body. The thick tongue came back down, this time circling her nipple before he sucked the entire tip between his lips. Heather sucked her bottom lip into her mouth to keep from crying out in pleasure. A moan did escape her lips as his teeth gently closed on her nipple and nibbled on it. Samson then sucked it like a baby a few times before kissing his way over to her other breast.

This time it was a little different. Samson's mouth still gave her nipple a workout, but now his hands were also on the move. One hand slid along her thigh and between her legs. It moved up to her crotch and reached into her ass, grabbing the thong. Samson slowly pulled the thong down, using his other hand to pull the straps over her hips. His finger hooked the thong, moving down the inside of her ass. The tip of his finger pushed harder against her asshole, making her

jump, but didn't penetrate. Instead, it kept moving down. The tip slid across her pussy lips, which, much to Heather's shame, were very wet, parting easily for his finger.

Samson's finger pushed against the entrance to her pussy but kept going until it was teasing her clit. Heather hadn't been touched like this in a long time, and she was struggling not to enjoy it. Her body was fighting her willpower, and her brain was losing. Her clit was swelling as his wet finger teased around it. His finger then slid between her pussy lips again. Samson suddenly thrust his finger deep in her pussy just as he sucked her left nipple hard between his lips. "Oh, fuck yeah," moaned Heather as she came all over his finger.

Samson was exceptionally skilled with his finger. He didn't stop after giving her one orgasm. He held his finger in deep and started rotating the tip around while continuing to suck on her breast. Samson was a big man, and his finger was nearly the size of Frank's penis. Heather closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensations, even wrapping an arm around his head and holding him against her breast. The black man's free hand came up and squeezed her ass cheek, one finger close to her anus. This time he did push the finger hard against her anus. Heather opened her eyes to protest as his finger pushed in, but found that instead of being unpleasant, she found herself cumming a second time.

Heather's legs went weak as the large orgasm wracked her body. It had been years since she'd cum outside her private sessions, and never twice within minutes of each other, and never one this big. Samson quickly grabbed her waist and lowered her to the ground as she collapsed to her knees between his legs. This wasn't supposed to happen. She wasn't supposed to enjoy it.

The buxom strawberry-blonde rested her head on his knees while she caught her breath. "I'll take that blow job now," he said.

Heather looked up to see that he had helped her by unbuckling his belt and opening his pants. He'd removed his T-shirt, revealing his hard, muscular chest. Samson had the chest of a professional weightlifter, putting Frank to shame even when Frank was in shape back in high school. There was also a curiously large bulge underneath his slacks.

Heather's revulsion was disappearing a little as she reached up for his zipper. Samson may have been black, but he was a handsome, manly man. She felt she needed to repay him for the two orgasms she'd had and make this blow job worth his while. Heather grasped the zipper gingerly and began to pull down. The bulge beneath his pants seemed to swell and give off heat, the added pressure helping push the zipper down. Samson lifted his hips while she helped pull his pants down. She'd never seen another man's penis and was surprisingly a little eager, curious if a black man would be different.

Samson wore tight white underwear that appeared about to burst. It almost looked like he had shoved a big knobby snake in his pants. She could see a serpentine head shifting. Heather found her hands were shaking as she grabbed the rim of his underwear and pulled it out. That was just the opportunity the snake had been looking for, and Samson's cock head shot up not only beyond his underwear but beyond his belly button. Heather stared at Samson's monster penis and kept staring, mouth agape in shock. "Oh my god," she hissed in amazement.

Samson's hand came down and pushed his underwear free of his nut sack, raising his ass so she could slide his underwear down his legs. "Looking at it ain't gonna make it cum, white girl. Put that pretty white mouth to work." Samson raised his cock and bent it down, resting it on the tip of Heather's nose. She went cross-eyed staring down its length.

His voice brought Heather out of her shock. She pulled back and stared at the bobbing black shaft. Samson's shaft must have been thirteen inches long and as thick as a big Mag flashlight. "Fucking liar," she mumbled as she took in his tangerine-sized black balls.

"What?"

"Fucking Frank. He told me he was well-endowed and he's barely five inches."

"Five inches ain't bad for a white boy," chuckled Samson. "But that ain't no little white-boy dick."

"No, it isn't," she said, staring at the thick dark-skinned penis. It was rock hard, crisscrossed with bulging purplish-black veins, and the head was the size of a plum. "No, it isn't," she said again.

"That's a big black cock." He grabbed the base and smacked it against her face several times. "Get to work, white girl." He held his cock bent as Heather began to kiss and lick around the golf-ball-sized head. "It ain't gonna suck itself."

Samson let go of his cock and the shaft sprang up to slap against his belly. Heather reached up and grabbed it, pulling it back toward her mouth. Heather paused, confused. She was acting as if she were eager to suck on this man's big black cock. She pulled her head back and stared at it some more. The swollen head was light brown while the shaft and the rest of Samson's body was dark black. A pulsing blue-black vein ran the length of his shaft, and smaller veins crisscrossed the surface. The black man's big cock started getting closer to her mouth again, and Heather suddenly felt Samson's hand on the back of her head, pulling her forward. She gave in and opened her mouth.

Heather began to enjoy herself almost immediately. She took the head into her mouth and nimbly ran her tongue all around the surface. Her other hand found the shaft and started stroking it. Heather had thought she was skilled, but that was sucking on Frank's prick. Her husband's entire penis had easily fit into her mouth with just the tip teasing her throat. Heather

felt like gagging with just Samson's cock head in her mouth. Sucking Samson was challenging, but she enjoyed challenges.

Heather forced the thick cock into her throat and started bobbing her head. Heather's throat made purring sounds as she took the cock deeper and deeper. "Sounds like the white slut's enjoying her first taste of dark meat," said Samson. Heather gave him a mean look but continued bobbing her head. "Not as easy as fat old Frank, is it? I bet I'm twice as big."

Heather paused for air. Samson was more than twice as big as her husband, and she'd told him Frank was only five inches. He just wanted to hear her say it, but she didn't give him the pleasure. "Just warn me when you're going to cum," she said before returning her mouth to his shaft. The base had grown slick now, and her hand slid more rapidly along it while she'd managed to swallow seven or eight inches. Her free hand hefted and massaged his balls, which were starting to contract. The thick shaft was swelling even thicker. It jerked in her mouth, and Heather felt it pumping semen into her belly. Disgusted, she pulled back as more of the hot fluid shot down her throat.

"I'm gonna nut," groaned Samson, a little too late.

Heather's mouth filled with his hot seed, and the head prevented her from spitting it out, forcing her to swallow. Heather pulled back, freeing the cock from her mouth just as it blew another wad that splattered from her nose to her neck. Heather pulled the spitting head down away from her face, and several more wads covered her tits. Heather moved his cock head around, using it to rub his semen into her skin and nipple. "It is white!" she murmured, a little shocked. Her chin and breasts were covered with milky white sperm, so different from Frank's. It even tasted different—richer, more potent, filled with protein. She'd enjoyed the taste where she found Frank's semen revolting. It was like eggnog compared to skim milk. She licked her lips. "Your jizz tastes good," she said, surprised, licking her lips.

"If you're a good white girl, I might let you suck me again sometime."

"Not in your life," she replied, but found herself tempted. Would practice allow her to swallow the whole thing? "I just did it to pay you back."

"No, you did it so I wouldn't kick your husband's ass. He still owes me my money."

"Oh." Heather hadn't released his shaft. She was still stroking it, awed that sperm would still pour out of the head every time her hand moved forward along the shaft. It had only shrunk an inch or so and was still hard enough to fuck.

"Let me fuck you and we'll call it even."

"No fucking way is that monster going anywhere near my pussy. You're way too big."

"I ain't met no woman yet who couldn't handle my black dick. Now, you said you was broke and didn't have no money. Somebody's gonna pay me back. I'm just trying to do you a favor, see, and you'll be doing Frank a favor too. Now we can try and I'll just push it in a little at a time; see how much you can take and all."

"I'm not sure..." Heather jerked her head back as Samson's cock thrust forward through her hand, starting to swell. No doubt he was getting hard again at the thought of fucking a white girl. Still, his recovery rate was impressive. Frank's dick shrank pretty quickly after cumming.

"Whatever. I need the money more than I need to get laid."

Samson may have needed the money more, but his cock seemed to be more interested in getting laid. If anything, it looked harder now than it had the first time. Heather was curious how much of his big dick she could take. "I guess we could try."

"Okay. First, we should probably make sure you're juiced up." Samson laid down on his back on the carpet. "Come here, baby." Heather made to straddle his waist, but Samson stopped her. "No, no, baby. Lay down across my chest facing the other way." He waited until she had obeyed him, then added, "Now back your pussy into my mouth."

Heather felt her already wet pussy get a little wetter at his words. Frank hadn't gone down on her since their honeymoon, and he'd always been more skilled with his tongue than his penis. Samson grabbed her ass cheeks and spread them wide as she backed into his tongue. When it came, Heather nearly jumped off his chest. Samson missed her pussy entirely, and his tongue licked her anus. She was thankful she'd showered before he arrived. Samson swirled his tongue around her tightly puckered rosebud before moving it down to her labia and sending a shiver of pleasure up her spine. His tongue then slid back up to her ass, then down to her pussy. Heather began liking having her ass licked almost as much as her pussy. Finally, he quit licking up and down and just worked his tongue into the folds of her pussy. Heather found herself humping backward into his rigid tongue. Samson's finger once again pushed into her asshole, and almost immediately she was cumming again. Samson didn't let up while she came; he continued to steadily tongue-fuck her. Heather grasped the big black cock under her nose and started kissing all over it as a way of saying thanks. Minutes after telling Samson "Not in your life," Heather found herself sucking Samson's cock again and another orgasm building. This was incredible. Heather had gone years without an orgasm outside her fingers and was about to have her fourth one in an hour. Soon her cum was pouring down Samson's chin. She took his cock deep down her throat, moaning in gratitude as she started bobbing her head rapidly.

"I think you're ready to go," said Samson, giving her ass a soft smack.

Still a little dazed, Heather pushed herself to her feet. She looked down and saw Samson grab the base of his cock and hold it straight up, wanting her to mount him. "Shit," she said, staring down at the swollen monster. "You got a condom?"

"No, don't use them."

"I don't think Frank's rubbers will fit that thing. I can't risk it."

"You gonna pay me my money then?" Samson growled, running his hands over her breasts as they hovered above him.

"Fuck it." Heather turned around and positioned herself over his cock. "You can't cum in me."

"I'll warn ya, white girl."

She squatted until the head slid between her thighs. "Like you warned me last time? Seriously, warn me before you cum." Heather felt his large cock head press against her labia, pushing it in until her pussy lips parted around it. Her pussy stretched wide open until the head slipped inside. "Jesus, it's big. Just the head is ripping me in two," gasped Heather. "Never had it bareback. Feels different."

"That's bare black, white girl," he said, smirking. Samson brought his hands up to her knees and started rubbing them affectionately. "Tell me something, baby—when you remove a Band-Aid, do you rip it off or do you slowly pull it off?"

"What?" she asked. What the fuck was he talking about? She was trying to fuck him and he was asking her about Band-Aids.

"You heard me. Do you rip off a Band-Aid or do you prolong the pain by slowly pulling it up?"

Heather thought for a moment. "I rip it off, to get the pain over with as quickly as possible."

"Good answer," said Samson, pushing hard against her knees.

Heather felt her legs shoot back. "Noooooo," she cried as his cock impaled her on half the shaft. Samson bucked his hips, and Heather bounced up, almost flying off his cock, but instead slamming down harder onto it. "Too big. Aaargh. FUCK!" Heather bounced up again and came down. Each time forced more cock deep inside her pussy. "No, it's too much. Too big." Her pussy molded itself and stretched around his shaft. She felt filled to capacity but was amazed at every additional inch her pussy took. "Oh god, your cock's so fucking big." Her pussy came down, hitting his crotch. Heather had now taken the entire monster. "Oh fuck, it's big. Oh fuck. Fuck! Fuck me! Oh my god, I love it. Fuck me with that big dick." She started bouncing on his shaft, head thrown back in newfound ecstasy,

"That black cock's a lot better than Frank's dick, ain't it?" Samson bucked his hips hard. She bounced faster.

"God yes," cried Heather, flying upward and having an orgasm as she impaled herself again. "It's never been this good. Won't be able to feel him after this. Fuck me, Samson." Heather flew up and down continuously. "So good, so good." She realized Samson had quit bucking his hips and was lying still, yet she was still riding him. Her legs had taken over doing all the work. His hands were busy pinching her hard nipples, stimulating her further. She was cumming every third bounce or so. Heather could barely concentrate from all the pleasure she was receiving, but still knowing the danger she was in. "Samson," she gasped, "whatever you do, don't cum in my pussy. Most fertile time of the month."

Samson groaned at that, grabbing her waist to hold her still and bucking his hips, thrusting his black cock up into her pussy. "You'd better slow down then."

Heather slowed her pace, and the pleasure was only more intense. She could concentrate on every inch. She arched her back and started squeezing her nipples while sucking her lower lip in. "Sooo big, sooo good," she moaned. His grip on her hips tightened as he started bucking his hips slowly at first. Heather felt a big orgasm growing just as Samson started picking up speed. He leaned up to grab her hips and held her still while bucking his crotch. His cock felt like it was getting even bigger. Samson grunted so loudly it startled her, his bare cock jerking hard as it bottomed out. Her pussy was suddenly soaked. "No," she cried, realizing he was cumming. The jets of semen assaulted her womb, triggering the biggest orgasm of Heather's life. She collapsed onto Samson's chest with his cock still pumping her full of seed. Heather recovered sliding forward until Samson's limp cock plopped out of her pussy, releasing a torrent of semen.

"Asshole, you were supposed to pull out!" she yelled at him in horror. She saw herself on stage, fat, waiting for the paternity test to come back even though she knew it was Samson's. Her eyes flickered down to Montel's big bulge, wondering what his black cock looked like.

"Relax, white girl. I've had a vasectomy," he lied. "We can fuck all you want and you won't get pregnant." Samson decided he wanted to keep this pussy. This hick town wouldn't stand for a married white woman giving birth to a black baby. They'd leave town together just after Heather delivered. Go somewhere he could put lots of babies in her belly.

Heather was feeling a little sad. She almost wished Samson had knocked her up. She was even imagining there was a warm glow coming from her womb as if she had been impregnated. Wow, their baby would be gorgeous. She pictured in her head what their kids would look like.

Heather glanced at the clock. "Shit, we better get dressed. Frank could be home any moment."

Samson wasn't finished. "Not yet." He stood, still half-hard, and pulled her up by the wrist. "Bedroom. Now."

Heather's legs felt weak as he led her down the short hallway of the trailer. The bed was unmade. He pushed her forward onto her hands and knees, then climbed up behind her. The thick head of his cock found her messy, cum-filled entrance and pushed back in with one long stroke.

"Oh fuck—" she moaned, face pressed into the pillow. "How are you still hard?"

Samson started fucking her hard from behind, heavy hands gripping her hips. The wet sound of his cock driving into her filled the small room.

"Frank ever fuck you this good in bed?" he asked, voice low and rough.

Heather bit the pillow. She didn't answer.

SMACK!

His open hand landed hard on her right ass cheek. The sting shot straight to her clit.

"I asked you a question, white girl."

SMACK... SMACK!

She cried out, pushing her ass back into him. The spanking only made her wetter. Her right ass cheek was stinging. "N-no," she gasped. "He doesn't... he can't..."

Samson kept thrusting, steady and deep. "Say it proper. Tell me you like this big black cock better than your husband's little white dick."

Heather shook her head, but another firm spank landed on her untouched cheek.

"Say it."

"Your black cock's better!" she cried out. "It's so much better than Frank's little white dick—oh God, don't stop—"

Samson growled in approval and fucked her harder, the bed frame creaking under them. He spanked her again, then again switching cheeks, each sharp crack making her moan louder.

"Louder. Let me hear how much better black cock is."

"Black cock is better!" Heather sobbed, rocking back to meet every thrust. "Frank's little dick never filled me, never stretched me open like this, never made me cum. It can't. I love your big black cock, Samson." She trembled and came, her pussy squirting out around his shaft, soaking his pubic hair and balls.

“Turned you out, white girl. This body’s black cock only.”

She kept repeating it—“Black cock only.”—the words tumbling out between gasps and moans as he pounded her into a series of orgasms that ran together into one giant cum. Every time she hesitated, he spanked her, and every spank only made her say it more desperately until she knew it was true. Her arms gave out. She dropped to her elbows, ass high, taking every thick inch while she told him over and over how much better he was than her husband.

Samson’s grip on her stinging ass cheek tightened, his thumb pressing into her rosebud, rubbing in tight circles, slowly pushing in and stretching her anus until he buried it up to the knuckle. Heather shattered again, screaming into the mattress as her pussy clamped down around him, having another squirting orgasm that blew her mind.

He slowed but didn’t stop, still sliding in and out of her cum-slick hole, letting her feel every ridge and vein while she trembled through the aftershocks. But just as she thought she was done, Samson buried his mighty black cock, the swollen glans poised on her cervix, and blasted another load of his potent seed into her fertile womb.

Heather raised her head and screamed in pleasure, her pussy squeezing and trying to hold his shaft still as he inseminated her again. Her vaginal muscles milked and squeezed the shaft for every drop as her orgasm came roaring back, squirting out around his dick for a third time.

“My god, Samson,” she said, gasping for breath, her entire body trembling. His cock was still hard and jerking inside her, still cumming. “I’ve never... didn’t know... Your black cock is... so good,” she moaned.

“Told ya, white girl,” he said, spanking her again, but gentler this time, as he slowly pulled his cock out, releasing a flood of semen from her well-fucked pussy.

Heather glanced at the alarm clock beside the bed. “Shit,” she cried, jumping up. “Frank will be home any minute.” Heather’s thighs made squishing sounds as she ran to the bathroom.

Heather took a quick shower, jumping under the water before it had even heated and started trying to remove all the traces of Samson’s seed from her body. She stepped out of the shower, quickly toweling herself dry, hurrying to the bedroom and pulling the messy sheets off the bed, tossing them in the laundry room before running naked out to the living room and dressing in her pink shorts and crop top. Samson was gone, but she heard his voice outside. She opened the trailer door to see the big black man talking to Frank. The two men parted, and Frank approached her. She could smell beer on his breath. “Sam said you paid him back for me,” said Frank, handing her a five dollar bill.

“What’s this?” she asked, staring at the five-dollar bill.

“The money I owed him. I couldn’t buy lunch the other day, so he spotted me five. Last time I borrow money from him—he’s such a jerk about it.”

Heather turned pale looking down at the five. “I’ll be right back, honey.”

“Where you going?”

“Asshole told me you’d borrowed ten.” Heather ran past her husband down the dirt driveway to where Samson was nearing his car. “Come back here, asshole,” yelled Heather. Samson was halfway in his car when she caught up with him. He shut the door and lowered the window.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“Five dollars. I fucked you for five dollars.”

“You’d suck as a hooker.”

“You lied to me.”

“Shit, white girl, I was just standing there all innocent when you pulled your top off. What the hell was I supposed to do?” Samson grinned, sat in his car, and started the engine. He winked at her and put the car in reverse.

“I said come back here, asshole.”

“Huh?”

“Come back here. Same time tomorrow. You’re Frank’s boss—keep him busy and take a long lunch.”

“You sure, white girl?” he asked with a grin. “Hooked on dark meat now?”

“Yeah, I am. I’m gonna want it again. Fuck, I want it now,” she said, her eyes flickering down to his crotch and the long tubular shape beneath his pant leg. It swelled a little under her gaze. “At least with you, I know it’s safe.”

“I’ll be here, keep turning ya out for black dick. Hey, you did all that for five bucks—can I fuck your ass for ten?”

Her eyebrows shot up. She let Frank fuck her ass when she was on her period, but Samson’s huge cock?

“We’ll take it slow, let yo ass adjust. You’ll love it, beg for it in the end.” He snorted at the joke.

“Fine,” she sighed. “You can fuck my ass.”

“See you tomorrow, white girl,” he replied. And the next day, he thought. And the day after that.

“I’ll be waiting.”

“Meet me at the door wearing a bikini with a cold Colt 45 in each hand.”

Heather rolled her eyes but said, “Fine. Just bring that black dick and you can have whatever you want.”

Samson winked again and backed out of the driveway.

Heather sucked her lower lip into her mouth, watching him go.

“Fucking black men,” she muttered.

The End