

Naive Newlywed - I (m/f, i/r, n/c)

by
Black Demon

If you find sexually explicit reading offensive please leave now. We do not
condone
trying any of the stories with in, and we are not responsible for what you
may do.

You must be 18 or 21 in some states to view this material, if you are not
please turn
and go now. If you can't agree to these terms please leave now. Enjoy the
story.

Bubba Grimes liked his new power in his recent promotion to the home
office. It also made him the head man over a staff of nearly two hundred.
Bubba had risen up the ranks due his minority status and his unscrupulous
nature. Now he could look down at all the white boys below him.

One of the best paying positions for the female clerical staff was as an
administrative assistant to the home office managers. The very best job of
all was to be the assistant of the top manager for that assistant would be
making double the salary to a junior manager. In this case, the top
manager's position was being held by the devious Bubba Grimes. To obtain
the job, an interview with the top manager was one of the requirements and
it was left to the manager's discretion who he chose as his personal assistant.
The company of course had its minimum requirements set on such things as
the ability to take dictation, typing, etc. However, Bubba Grimes had
additional requirements in his selections. Those being that his assistants be
young, beautiful, white and most importantly married.

Once a month he had to attend the meeting that the directors held for their top managers. Each month the meeting was held at a different branch and this meant staying overnight whenever the meeting was held out of town. It also meant that his personal assistant had to accompany him and had to stay at a hotel overnight.

It soon was a recognized thing and talk in the company. This head manager named Bubba Grimes always took his assistant with him. That this top manager took an assistant from the secretarial pool to the meetings with him. It became talk that this black manager's selection, besides being efficient in all the company's required areas, she also had to be young - beautiful - married - and most of all 'white'.

It soon became common talk among the elite of the secretarial pool that the girl Grimes selected to take as his secretary to the distant meetings was expected to share his bed at the hotel. So far he had been to five such meetings, selecting a different girl on each occasion, with three of the girls having been given a promotion and a very substantial raise on their return to their own offices. The two others had returned early and never got a chance to work for top managers again but they would not say anything for fear of losing their jobs. So it was reasonable to assume just what Bubba Grimes required of his 'personal' assistant.

The devious head manager was looking forward to the upcoming meeting with anticipation. One beautiful secretary had captured his attention. The assistant for this next trip, was the lovely Laura Weiland. She was a pretty little thing, just twenty-three and with the company for only six months. What appealed to the lustful mind of Bubba Grimes most of all was the fact that, only a couple of weeks ago, she had returned to the office after her honeymoon.

When he had called her to his private office and told her she was the selected assistant for the Chicago meeting, she gave some excuses of not being able to go. She obviously knew from her peers just what her duties included towards her boss on these out of town meetings. Knowing that this

beauty was a young newlywed, Bubba expected her to put up many excuses. On the hint that she would never last long with the company, coupled with the fact that her husband's company folded during their honeymoon, she reluctantly agreed to accompany him to Chicago as his personal secretary. Laura knew what she was being selected for but the consequences of losing her job, with her husband searching for work, was too much for her to refuse. Her husband was already so stressed that she couldn't add to it.

The room was booked at a small hotel not far from the office where the meeting was being held. Bubba knew the owner of this hotel and got the room with the hidden video cameras. This film would assure his future access into this beauty's tight panties, plus the money such a video would bring. Bubba puffed happily on his cigar as he watched the very pretty but nervous Laura undress for him. When she was down to her lacy black bra and matching panties he was envious of that young husband of hers but smiled thinking of the shock her husband would have knowing his newlywed wife was about to share her delicate charms for a nigger.

"You're beautiful, Laura," he muttered, as he took long drags on the cigar, "A very lovely newlywed. How long have you been with the firm, my dear?" "Just six months, Mr. Grimes," she replied. "I recently got promoted to the secretarial pool for the executives. And for the last two weeks I have been away ... on my honeymoon." she stammered. "So you have Mrs. Weiland" he chuckled "And now you are back from your honeymoon Mrs. Weiland!" Bubba loved to taunt the innocent beauty, enjoying her obvious embarrassment. "I'm anxious to see you without those pretty panties, Mrs. Weiland! A beautiful newlywed about to bare her charms to another man! What would your loving husband say if he could see you now?"

He liked embarrassing pretty young wives in this way. With her eyes glued to his bulging cock, he slowly undid the zipper to fly. He saw her eyes widen and heard her gasp when his long thick cock came into view. He saw that she was mesmerized by his twitching cock, knowing she was mentally comparing it with her husband's. But it would not be but a few moments

before she would be able to compare it physically. Bubba's cock twitched knowing the difference would be as clear as 'black and white'.

Of course Bubba had to promise the newlywed that he would put on an infernal rubber coat. He knew the lovely Laura would absolutely refuse to come on the trip without such a guarantee. Of course, he knew she could not afford to get impregnated by another man, especially a black one at that. But Bubba would prepare a special surprise for the pretty newlywed. He'd made sure the condoms were deliberately punctured with holes large enough to let his thick goo ooze into her unprotected womb.

He took her in his arms. She smelled so sweet, her body so soft and innocent, shuddering at his touch. Bubba was pleasantly surprised that she did not move away at all as he embraced her petite body, as he cupped her tight asscheeks and caressed her soft pink nipples. Laura was trembling but forced herself to submit to this devious man, knowing that losing her job would be devastating with her husband out of work. Bubba wondered what this young newlywed had told her husband of the assignment but knew she would not dare divulge anything like this.

While he kissed her soft lips, he fingered her soft pink nipples, which soon began hardening and growing. Laura kept her eyes closed but couldn't suppress her moans from the unwanted stimulation. As he kissed her deeply, his black cock was hot and heavy. He grasped her soft pretty hand to put it on his pulsing cock, letting her compare it to her new husband's. In no time the lacy black panties dropped to her ankles. In another few moments, the young newlywed was lying naked on the bed with her black boss anxious to mount her.

But all things had to come to a halt when Laura kept a sturdy grip on his pulsing black cock, panting "Pleaseplease, Mr. Grimes, youyou promised!" Bubba reluctantly stopped and reached over to get a condom which he had promised to wear. He saw her sigh with relief as he rolled the white condom, with a red tip, over his oozing cockhead. He wanted to laugh knowing that the punctured condom would not prevent his

potent juice from fertilizing her womb. He guided his cock her moist cunt lips, pushing his rubber-coated prick into that hot tight sexy gash.

He drew his mouth away from hers in a low voice, he asked, "How long has it been since you made love to your husband, Mrs. Wieland? Have you experienced many men other than your husband? Here, put your hand and feel what I've got for you, sweetie!" With than, Bubba drew her soft petite hand down to his throbbing cock.

Panting for breath, Laura replied "Itit's beenabout a week, Mr. Grimes! Mymy husband's been too upset after losing his job! NoImyI've only been with my husband! Oh, pleaseplease be gentle! Youyou're so much bigger than my husband! II'm so a-a-afraid!"

Bubba chuckled as it was rather bizarre and very stimulating to have this pretty newlywed calling him "Mister", with his thick cockhead now splitting her wide open. "And how many times has your husband done this to you since the honeymoon, Mrs. Weiland?" he chuckled, adding emphasis to Mrs. for this newlywed, giving a twitch of his throbbing cock as he taunted her.

Laura blushed in embarrassment, wondering how she could willingly and take another man's cock. And yet to talk about lovemaking with her husband so soon after her wedding. "Only oncejust once! He's been too distracted on losing his job!" she groaned. "Hehe's so worried and too stressed for lovemaking!"

Bubba nearly laughed at the young fool of a husband. It was less than a month since their honeymoon and the pretty young bride was being deprived of sex. Well, he'd see to it that she would look forward to more 'business' trips in the future. It was little wonder she was so hot once he got his hands on her and in desperate need for some lovemaking, even if it was a lover other than her husband. Even if that lover was, middle-aged, black and her boss.

He eased himself over on top of her, driving his black cock hard and as deep as possible, right to her womb. Bubba watched her face contort from the pain caused by his monstrous cock but also the pleasure it brought her. This innocent wife was going to be taught what a real fucking was all about. He could feel her tight cunt gripping and clamping to his cock like a glove. He heard her moan loudly and it was obvious she was loving it. Bubba got his feet to the wooden bed frame to use the bed itself for more leverage . . . he wanted to feed into her every inch of cock he had. To make sure he gave her more than her husband, Bubba reared back and slammed forward with all his might. Over and over he withdrew and slammed ahead.

"Ohhhhhoh, Mr. Grimesohhhhh, stopppp! Stopit hurtssssssit hurts so baddddd! Owwwwohhhh, youyou're too bigggggggg! Oh, Godoh, Godstop!" Laura screamed as her boss slammed into her time and again.

He saw the young wife's eyes glaze with ecstasy as orgasm after orgasm overtook her petite body. Nothing could be a more enjoyable than to watch this very pretty young wife face contort in passion as he gave her a sample of black cock. He loved seeing her reactions to this first fucking with a man other than her husband, a black man at that. It was just unbelievable to think that less than a month ago, she had just returned from her honeymoon!

Throughout the night, the hotel bed continued to creak under the constant stress. No sleep would be obtained on this evening. Bubba was glad that he had brought an entire box of his specially prepared rubbers. When he tried to enter the young wife without the darn rubber, she had put up such a fight. Bubba chuckled when she pleaded "Pleaseplease Mr. Grimes, you must put a condom on! II must be true to my husband!" As if she was being faithful by letting another man fuck her with a rubber on. This young bitch had some logic in thinking she wasn't being unfaithful. Thus, Bubba only smiled each time as he twitched his oozing cock to force the thick cum into the rubber tip, forcing it through the porous holes.

Grimes had a suspicion that Laura Weiland would have stayed another night with him in Chicago. But the train reservations were set ahead of time and he had other commitments. It was an added bonus for him to find Laura's young husband waiting for her at the station when they got back to Minneapolis. He watched the young happy couple kissing and embracing, the husband giving a passionate kiss on his wife's sweet creamy lips.

Bubba smiled wondering if the unsuspecting husband would kiss his beautiful wife so passionately, or at all, if he knew that just before the train pulled into the station, his lovely wife was on her knees being fed a pint of creamy hot nigger cum. Bubba's foot long cock had erupted deep down her spasming throat and he pulled out to paint her soft lips with glossy cream. He had ordered to lick her lips and to kiss her husband when she greeted him. The young husband would be shocked if he felt up his lovely wife, that his private possession was coated by another man's potent cream.

He watched them lightly kissing as they headed to the parking lot. Looking at the young couple, Bubba laughed aloud, chuckling to himself 'Recently back from their honeymoon and the naïve little bitch has already sampled another man's prick!' Indeed, the lovely Laura Wieland sampled something far bigger than on her honeymoon, a black one that was twice hubby's size in length and thickness.

Was the beautiful Mrs. Laura Wieland on the pill? Bubba smiled as it was quite doubtful, especially with the fuss she put up insisting he wear a fucking condom each time. Well, if she wasn't, she was likely to find herself with a puffy belly in a month or so. He had planned well, having poked holes in the entire box of condoms ahead of time. He loved to see the young beauty's tummy swell with his black offspring for he had bred her well. He'd enjoy seeing her reaction when she discovered she was pregnant. And young Mr. Weiland would find himself the father of a baby - one that was obviously not fathered by him - especially with the baby's dark complexion and kinky black hair.

That evening, Laura was quite surprised that her husband leaned over to kiss her in bed, his hand caressing her breast. She had hoped that he would be too stressed over his job and not think of lovemaking on this night. But she could not find it in herself to refuse him, especially if he was getting over his stress and needed some relief. When he pulled up her nightgown and began suckling on her nipple, she gasped loudly. Her gasp was not one of pleasure, but one of pain, being so tender and raw from the constant mouthing by Mr. Grimes.

When her husband mounted her and inserted himself into her, fear ran through her body as she could barely feel his pathetically small penis. Afraid that he would discover that she was far wider than normal, that she had let another man possess her, she quickly wrapped her legs around his waist to squeeze him to her. With her husband never experiencing such a reaction from her, it sent him right over the edge as he quickly unleashed his pent up jizz.

With her husband sound asleep just moments after her rolled off her body, Laura felt a twinge between her thighs, thinking back to the business trip and the numerous orgasms that had rocked her body. Here, in her own bed with her husband, she had not gotten even close to feeling anything with him spurting so quickly. Letting a hand move up to caress her breast, while the other moved to rub the itch between her thighs, she closed her eyes and thought back to the night before.

End of Story.

Naïve Newlywed – II (m/f, i/r, n/c)

by

Black Demon

Standard Disclaimer!

This is a fictional story intended for Adults only!

Mr. Marcus Mosley, enjoyed his management job at the large insurance company. Being head of the MIS department was a delight, for many beautiful young women worked in his department. Or he saw to it that only young beautiful women were hired to fill any openings, young beautiful white women to be exact.

One beauty really caught his attention. Beautiful ivory white skin, about 27 years of age with light brown hair, 5'5", blue eyes and light brown hair. He loved the way she dressed for work, miniskirt suits with 3" heels. How he desired to get into the sweet panties of Ms. Kathleen O'Doherty. But the fear of sexual harassment was always a deterrent factor. He looked at the invitation he recently received from this lovely employee, inviting him to her wedding in two months, wishing he could be the lucky groom to bed her.

A month later, a discovery had been made that funds had been diverted from the company into a foreign account. A thorough investigation was done and it had stemmed from the password of the lovely Kathleen O'Doherty. But Marcus knew the innocent and naïve young beauty would never be involved in this type of embezzlement. A confession was finally obtained from a mid-level supervisor who had knowledge of all the employees' passwords. Unfortunately for Kathleen, her password had been the one used to divert the funds.

When Kathleen was called into see Mr. Mosley, she became so frightened when the scheme was revealed to her. She was so thankful that Mr. Mosley believed in her and reassured her that the culprit had been uncovered and her password was used, without her knowledge, to divert the funds. When she saw the evidence that had been produced, she knew she could have been dragged through the entire mess had Mr. Mosley allowed it to happen. Still, the criminal investigation continued but Kathleen was

reassured she would not be brought into the mess nor would any other employees know it was her password used.

But Kathleen was too naïve and trusting of her devious boss. Since she had started in this department, she felt Mr. Mosley's eyes on her as if he was stripping her clothing off her body. But he had never touched her in any inappropriate way and was always courteous to her. She shivered at the thought of Mr. Mosley ever touching her, touching her with his pudgy black hands. She could never stand to have any black man touch her milk-white body. Nearing 60, Mr. Mosley was far from handsome, graying hair, about her height and over 250 lbs.

When the wedding date came, Marcus Mosley's long thick cock grew as never before when he saw the bride in her long white wedding gown and bridal veil. 'My God, I've just got to get into that sweet little bitch!' he commented to himself. He had to move closer to the pew, to keep his throbbing cock from tenting his trousers. His mind raced, determined to somehow get into that sweet beauty. He stared at the lovely bride as the priest concluded the wedding vows. 'I'm going to get into your sweet panties soon, Mrs. Kathleen Booker, very soon!' he whispered to himself.

At the reception, following the lovely dinner, the young bride accepted the request for a dance from her boss. After all he had done for her in protecting her in the scandal, she couldn't refuse his request for a dance. However, following the dance with her boss, the lovely bride choked back tears. She left the dance floor and went immediately to the restroom.

As soon as Kathleen returned to the reception room, her boss stepped up to again dance with the beautiful young bride. "Does the pretty bride have something for me?" he asked. Kathleen flushed with embarrassment and fearfully nodded, tears in her eyes, as her boss held her tightly closed fist. She had just returned from the restroom, where she had slipped off her lacy white panties, now crumpled up in her fist, just as her boss had ordered.

During the first dance, Kathleen was shocked into realization of the devious intentions of her boss. Either do as he asked or the evidence would be made public and she would be dragged through the mud. Even though he knew she was innocent he would not tell the police that. With the evidence of her password being involved, Mr. Mosley threatened her with using it to shame and humiliate her in public. Unless she did exactly as he demanded, she would be implicated, the shame and humiliation would devastate her parents and husband.

As they danced in the darkest corner of the room, Mr. Mosley instructed her to use one hand to unzip his pants and to play with his stiff cock. Kathleen forced herself to obey. Mr. Mosley's cock sprung out of his pants. As soon as he felt her soft dainty hand on his hot cock, he knew he wouldn't be able to back much longer. "Wrap your panties around my cock, or I'll starch your wedding dress for you". Kathleen quickly obeyed, not wanting Mr. Mosley to cum all over her. A dozen strokes and Mr. Mosley came in the virgin bride's panties, saturating it, with the some of the wet slime soiling Kathleen's dainty gloved hand.

Kathleen cringed with disgust. She used the dry portion of the panties to wipe off the gooey spunk and held it in her dainty gloved fingers. Mr. Mosley took the saturated panties and dabbed her sweet lips with the slimy contents. Now lick your slimy panties, as he held it balled up to her lips like a hanky. Kathleen cringed but obeyed, tasting Mr. Mosley's salty spend. Tears began to flow from the despicable deed of sucking her boss's cum from her own panties - on her wedding night!

Just before the dance ended, Mr. Mosley has his head next to Kathleen and gives her instructions. "Everyone on the bridal table is mingling with the guests. Go and sit down at the end of the bridal table and look up as you talk to me there. With the table cloth shielding you, I want you to slip these cummy panties" he instructed. As the dance was about to end, Mr. Mosley advised "I want you to dance with your husband right after you slip it on!" "No, please, I can'tplease don't make me do this!" she pleaded feeling too soiled to dance with her husband.

Fearfully Kathleen obeyed. Despite her plight, Kathleen still looked ravishing. Her husband was only too happy to get to dance with his wife. He found the same corner as Mr. Mosley had danced with her. Kathleen's husband nuzzled at her ear, kissed her creamy lips and then playfully ground his groin into her crotch area. Kathleen shivered. She was dancing closely with her husband with her panties soaked full of her boss's gooey cum. To make it worst, her husband's close dancing served to spread the goo even more. Kathleen tearfully looked across the room, seeing her boss grinning at her with his hand at his prick. Kathleen felt totally humiliated.

Mr. Mosley learned where the honeymoon would be. He managed to dance with the bride once more. Kathleen trembled in fear as she danced with this horrid beast who had a hold on her. Yet she forced herself to smile and appear as if she was enjoying herself. Mr. Mosley whispered her of his plan to visit the bride on her honeymoon. Tears welled in her eyes realizing she could not disobey in any way or object to her boss's commands. "I'm going to fuck the hell out of you on your honeymoon bed and fuck a black baby into your belly. When I visit you, I want you to put this wedding gown on!" he crowed.

Naturally Kathleen's honeymoon night did not excite her as expected, not after having touched that filthy monster cock of her devious boss. She had been looking forward to becoming a woman for a long time. Looking forward to her husband to deflower her precious cherry. Now all she could think about was the huge monster black cock that would soon be seeking her husband's private jewel. Her deflowering by her husband only brought thoughts as to how it would have been if the black had deflowered her, especially seeing that her husband's tool was a mere toy next to what she had in her hand earlier.

Kathleen prayed that her black boss was not serious at showing up at her honeymoon. She did not want to be unfaithful to her husband, much less with a pudgy black man like her boss. Tears welled in her eyes thinking back to the despicable act on the dance floor where she could not help

herself in jacking off the huge black cock and sucking the nigger cum off her soiled panties. Her husband use a safety condom for each lovemaking, for the young couple had earlier decided to use precautions, not wanting to start a family too soon after the wedding.

At brunch on the second day of her honeymoon, Kathleen fearfully looked around. Her fears were well founded for in the far corner smiled her devious boss, in a far corner table. Her husband was to play a round of golf with his buddies, who were to drive down for the round of golf. After the meal, the unsuspecting young husband left his bride to fend for her self. While the bridegroom was out on the golf course, Mr. Mosley would be in the bridal suite trying his best to stroke a hole in one in the bridegroom's private course. The bride's boss would only be using the one shaft that he possessed, a long bare black shaft!

Kathleen slowly made her way back to the bridal suite, knowing Mr. Mosley was a short distance behind. As she put the key in the door, she shivered in fear as Mr. Mosley's pudgy black body hovered over her. As they entered, Mr. Mosley quickly stripped flexing his old pudgy body and especially he 12" muscle between his legs. Kathleen was in tears and pleading "No, please leave me alone. I don't want to be unfaithful to my husband." Mr. Mosley merely grinned. Mr. Mosley reached out and easily ripped away Kathleen's blouse and shorts. She was stripped to her bra and panties before her old black boss.

Then her blackmailing boss sat on the sofa "You know how I want to see the bride dressed, don't you?" Tears flowed down Kathleen's eyes as she opened the garment bag that contained her wedding gown. Her boss sat with a wide grin on his face as the bride slowly got into her wedding gown, white heels, and her bridal veil.

"You didn't have dessert with your meal" snickered her boss. "Get down on your knees for some rich almond pudding bitch" he commanded. Kathleen couldn't help but to obey with tears streaming down her lily-white face. "Please! I've never done this before, not even for my husband!" she

begged. She closed her eyes as the black snake approached. "Open your eyes bitch. I want to see your eyes when you choke on this monster". Kathleen was forced to obey. Her pink lips are glossed by the leaking jism. Kathleen tries to stop the rape of her mouth by pushing her hands against the black thighs but tearfully opened her dainty mouth to admit the seething black snake, as it slithered beneath the bridal veil.

Kathleen choked on the black whopper and her eyes rolled back as she squirmed trying to dislodge the huge cock. She was dizzy from the lack of air, unable to breathe with the air passages blocked by the 12" cock stuffed all the way down her virgin throat. Soon she was fed a rare dosage of nigger cum, a river of cum overflowing her pink lips and flowing over her dainty white hand. A river of the slimy goo flowed over her fingers, totally covering her once sparkling diamond and shiny wedding ring. The symbol of her recent marriage vows now drenched in a thick coat of slime. "Now lick your diamond and wedding ring, suck my cum off!" came the order. Kathleen shivered at the degrading act Mr. Marcus was demanding of her.

Mr. Mosley roared laughing as the young bride on the floor, in her wedding gown, gagging from the load he shot down her gullet and mouth. Cum oozed from her nostrils as the cum was forced up with no where to go when she was choking on the black cock, matting the white bridal veil to the bride's face.

Mr. Mosley picked up the curled-up bride, fully dressed in her wedding gown, and merely dumped her on the middle of her honeymoon bed. He reached under the long white wedding gown and slowly drew down the tiny wisp of lacy protection. Grasping Kathleen by the ankles and pointing trim white heels to the ceiling, Mr. Mosley kneeled between the sobbing bride's trim white legs and shuffled up to her precious treasure. He had his long black snake nuzzling in her soft red bush. "Oh, pleaseplease, Mr. Mosleyplease put on one of my husband's condomspleaseI'm not on the pillplease, you'll get me pregnantplease!" she pleaded.

Then the devious boss mercilessly speared half of his monster snake into the unprepared bride. "Aieeeeeeeeeee" screamed the tender young bride. Her tender, recently deflowered pussy was never stretched this wide. Her husband's 6" cock had only gotten this far fully extended but this black rapist's cock was twice as long and twice as round. Mr. Mosley reared back and hammer away. "Aieeeeeeeeeeeeeeenoooostop, please, you'rehurttttttingggggg me!" pleaded the young bride. Fully in, Mr. Mosley lifted Kathleen's head so she could see the full length of the 12" cock slowly withdrawing and plundering her tight pussy. Her husband would never satisfy her as this thick black cock. While her newlywed husband was out on the golf course, the bride's black boss stroked a hole in one with his long black driver.

Twice Kathleen reached an unwanted orgasm as her boss slowly humped away. Kathleen's ankles had been released and now encircled Mr. Mosley's pumping black ass, trying to draw in his pumping black cock to its fullest. Suddenly the boss began to jackhammer the young bride, his cockhead expanding even more. Kathleen's mind reeled, realizing she was about to receive the baby-making sperm of her old black boss. "No, pull it outpleasenoyou'll get me pregnant!" she pleaded, trying desperately to push her boss off. But the devious old boss merely snickered, staying fully buried in the snug warm pussy of the white bride. "I'm going to fill you with black baby juice. What's hubby going to say when you give him a black baby bitch?" Mr. Mosley bellowed as his cock exploded. Kathleen struggled desperately as she was filled to the brim with the thick hot goo. It felt so hot and potent to Kathleen, the first load of raw slimy cum to soil her delicate body. Black baby-making cum!

Mr. Mosley let his massive cock deflate in the defeated young white bride. He finally withdrew his still massive cock. Looking down at the humiliated young wife, Mr. Mosley's cock twitched to new life. He grabbed Kathleen's ankles and removed her trim white heels, then the dainty white feet were wrapped around his slimy black snake. Such a beautiful sight and exquisite feeling of fucking the bride's tender white soles. Placing one foot over the other, his 12" cock acted as a ruler to match its length. Through

tearful eyes, Kathleen realized that having just taken the black cock, her foot was only half its length. Mr. Mosley quick came at this delightful act, coating Kathleen's feet with a thick layer of goo.

The rape did not end until the lusty boss deflowered the young bride's virgin white ass. Mr. Mosley did not last too long, getting too excited hearing Kathleen's plea for mercy and screams of pain as he plundered her tight asshole. The ultimate feeling of power was derived from hearing the pleas of young white wives and their screams, as he thrust his 12" black cock into their bodies.

Kathleen was left to tidy up the room before her hubby returned. She was in a panic to see her boss go into the bathroom before leaving, taking with him her small bag that had her spermicide and douche. Even though her husband had always used a condom, Kathleen douched as an added precaution. Now she had no way to rid her body of all the baby-making jism in her cum choked pussy. She would have to go through the agony of worrying over the next few weeks as to whether the black seed would take root. If she did get pregnant, it would no doubt be the result of the black shaft that had plundered her tender pussy. Condoms were her only means for protection for she was allergic to the pill.

The remainder of the honeymoon left Kathleen in disappointment. Her husband could not come near to bringing his bride to an orgasm. It was no wonder, as he could not compare to the length of black cock that his bride recently sampled. Plus the worry in Kathleen's mind as to whether her black boss had knocked her up with his potent and plentiful seed. She feared what lay ahead for Mr. Mosley told her he would soon be visiting her in the couple's new home. He told her of his desire to breed her on her marriage bed that she shared only with her husband. She knew she was powerless to resist the sexual demands and desires of her devious black boss. She dreaded the humiliation and embarrassment should anyone find out of her being soiled by a nigger, knowing also that her loving husband would divorce her. More so if she gave birth to a black baby.

End of Story.

Naïve Newlywed – III (m/f, i/r, n/c)

By

Black Demon

Standard Disclaimer!

This is a fictional story intended for Adults only!

Blonde and beautiful Wanda Tillman had recently married her husband Ray and they were just starting out together. Determined to buy a home as soon as possible, Ray was working two jobs and along with taking a night class. Wanda only had two classes to complete to finish her degree, with both classes in the morning. She wanted to do her part too with the finances and decided she should get a job as well, though Ray told her it was not necessary. But with her husband always working or at class, she was bored and thought a job would help fill the void along with helping out.

The next day, after her she was done with classes, Wanda paid a visit to the local shopping mall and bought a couple of nice dresses to wear for job interviews. As the clothing she had were mainly for college, she felt that a more business type attire would be appropriate. She found a nice beige outfit and the other in a peach color. To match the outfits, she felt that she needed to purchase a pair heels and made her way to the nearby shoe store. Thus she thought she'd wear the beige outfit and find the shoes to match.

Davis Wells, the manager of the posh shoe store always kept an eye for beautiful women sexy legs and feet. At forty-two years of age, managing this upscale shoe store that was owned by his uncle, Davis enjoyed the job as

his uncle didn't put any pressure on him. Had it not been for his uncle, he knew that with his looks, he'd have a tough time getting a janitor's position.

Far from having a handsome face, Davis Wells had also let his weight get away from him. At his near 400 lbs and his round figure, his uncle called him the 'Blimp'. He had always had a weight problem, and in high school his friends teasingly called him the 'black doughboy'. He now spent all the time at the store, not for the purpose of making a sale but because he always had a thing for the sexy White women who patronized his store. But none of these uppity White bitches ever showed any interest in him. Perhaps it was because he was just too fat, ugly, and Black.

Whenever one looked to be entering the store, he'd tell the clerk on duty to straighten out the back and he'd handle the customer. When Davis saw Wanda walking towards the store, he eyed the young beauty, noting that she was as trim and sexy as any he'd ever seen. He accurately guessed the blonde beauty to be about 21 years of age, about 5'3" and about 115 lbs. As she was about to enter, he sent the clerk to stock the shelves, then greeted Wanda with his most disarming smile.

As Davis extended his hand out to greet her, shaking her lovely manicured hand, he detected a twinge of revulsion as he shook her hand. He smiled at her, cock twitching in his pants as her revulsion of him just made him all the more anxious to possess her. Her hand felt so warm and soft, causing his cock to give a mighty twitch as he wished her hand closed upon his manhood, wondering if her manicured fingers would be able to encircle him.

Inquiring who he could assist her, Wanda naively confessed that she'd just bought the dress she was wearing and was looking for a pair of heels to match. She also opened the bag containing the peach outfit which she indicated the beige heels would be appropriate with.

Davis smiled and assured her he had just the thing and went into the storage room. He returned with several pairs of the sexiest 3-inch heels he

had in stock. He then took his time measuring each lovely foot, enjoying the thrill that stirred in his cock as he of help her into each pair of shoes. His cock twitched as he watched her walk around in them, then he had her sit so he could check the fit.

He was really turned on by this young wife, spotting the diamond ring and wedding band on her finger, as she seemed so incredibly innocent and naïve. Davis purposely lifted each foot a bit higher than necessary and spread her legs just a bit further apart than necessary to afford himself a tantalizing view up her beige skirt to the crotch of her lace panties. He kept her engaged in conversation the whole time so she not suspect his true intentions and that he was taking advantage of her.

Naively, Wanda mentioned her situation with Ray and her plans to look for a job to fill the void and to help out financially. When the manager asked if they had any children, she unthinkingly confessed that she and her husband wanted to start a family. She told him they were trying but even if and when they were blessed with finally conceiving their first baby she would still work for at least six months or so before the baby was born.

“Well, if you’re interested, there’s an opening at this store. I was just in the process of getting the ad out in the classifieds!” Davis lied. When the beauty thanked him but admitted she had no experience at all as a shoe salesperson, he reassured her she already had lots of experience as a customer which was the main aspect needed for the job. He advised her that it would be no problem at all to teach her the ropes and to train her as a salesperson. Knowing her situation, he told he be flexible and schedule her from noon to 5 p.m.

Wanda was thrilled to discover she had found a job even before she had officially started looking. If she knew what her new boss had in mind for her, however, she would've have been thrilled at all. She was surprised that it was really a serious offer as the manager went to the register area to bring out an application for her to complete. Although this fat black man

repulsed her, the offer of a job had her excited at the prospects of earning some money.

Davis made sure the beautiful young wife filled out the job application right then and there, not wanting to give her a chance to change her mind. The young wife giggled and told him that she wouldn't even tell her husband about her new job for awhile, then surprise him with it after she'd deposited a few paychecks into their meager savings account. This revelation made the prospect of defiling the naive young wife even more attractive to him, thinking that perhaps he could use the fact she was keeping her new job a secret from her husband to his advantage.

"I can't believe everything is working out so perfectly! With the flexible hours you mentioned, everything should fit right in!" Wanda exclaimed. Looking at her name on the application form, Davis looked back up and smiled "I'm going to enjoy having you here! I'm very flexible! I'm sure everything will fit right in perfectly!" Behind that big grin of his, his mind was racing 'Oh, yeah, you sweet little bitch! Everything will fit right in perfectly, especially my big black cock that's throbbing in my pants right now! But that's one thing that's not gonna be very flexible when I shove up your tight little snatch!'

Needless to say, Davis was thrilled to have Wanda working for him, but it'd be more thrilling to have her literally working and squirming under him. He had convinced her it would help market their glamour line of high heels if she wore them each time she worked and thus told her there was no charge for the pair of shoes she was going to buy. He told her she'd get several other pairs once she started as it'd be part of her incentive on the job. Regardless of whether it'd promote any sales, Davis knew he'd never get tired of ogling her sexy white legs.

As he trained Wanda during her first week on the job, Davis inquired if she was hoping for a baby boy or girl when she did get pregnant. "It'd be nice to have a baby boy first but so long as the baby was normal and healthy, I'd be happy with a girl also! I'm been so anxious to start a family!" Davis

then told her that he had four boys and had hoped for more but his wife talked him into getting a vasectomy done.

Indeed, Davis did have four boys but all were produced out of wedlock when he was a teenager. He then had managed to bed the teenage girls that he hung around with. At that time he weighed only 250 lbs and wasn't as repulsive as he was now. Of course the gals that he managed to have sex with were no great shakes, with all of them being 200 lb bruisers themselves. He lied about being married, as no woman wanted him for her mate. As for having a vasectomy, it was far from the truth as he would never let anyone near his manhood with a knife. He sure as hell was as potent as could be.

For Wanda's second week at the store, Davis had advised her that she could try on various styles that would be in an advertisement to run on the local televisions and in newsprint. He told her to wait till the photographer came as it'd be a complete film of her trying it on to walking about in them. As Jim, a fag photographer friend of his, had always bugged him on doing a photo shoot at the shoe store, it would be perfect with Wanda modeling several pair of heels. Jim needed to build his business and getting the shoe store as an account would definitely lead to getting other merchants in the mall to view his work.

Before the photo shoot was to begin, Davis had a talk with his friend, telling what photos he wanted and if it worked out he'd go to all the other merchants in the mall and give a plug for his photography business. Knowing what was at stake, Jim put every effort into the shoot. He was able to work the shoot in such a way as to get Wanda to unwittingly reveal a bit more leg than she realized for several of the photos. As he arranged her skirt and legs for a shot, he managed to sneak a few upskirt shots of her pantied crotch.

Davis had hoped to use the snapshots to blackmail the young wife. As Jim handed him the photos after the shoot, he wondered if the photos taken would be adequate for him to pull off his scam. Although they were

tantalizing photos, he wasn't sure they were quite incriminating enough to blackmail her with. Then he listened intently as Jim came up with an idea. Jim told him that he had a tranquilizer drug that would put her out quickly and keep her out for hours. Thus they agreed to set up a second photo shoot to put the plan into action.

Two days later, Wanda happened to mention that her husband was going out of town for the weekend. With that knowledge in hand, Davis mentioned that the photographer had just called and needed to redo a certain shot which would take about an hour. He then asked Wanda if she would be willing to work till closing that night and then after closing the needed photos could be taken, of course he added the fact that she'd be paid at the overtime rate, which easily cinched her consent.

With business slow for a period, they chatted a bit about married life. "I guess I'm just a bit nervous with Ray going away on business for the first time since we got married. But I really think he's anxious to get out and relax a bit, I think I wore him out a bit in trying to start our family!" she giggled. Davis laughed along and thought 'Oh, baby, what you need is some good ole black baby juice if hubby can't do the trick. Yeah, baby, my black balls are churning up the thick jism for you right now!'

Jim showed up just before the store's closing on that Friday evening and handed the excited Davis the potent tranquilizers. Once closing time came, Davis went to the front of the store to pull down the iron gate that would prevent anyone from seeing into the store. Meanwhile, Jim began setting up the additional lighting for the photo shoot. Then Davis went into the storage room to get some cokes from the small refrigerator.

Wanda was glad the shift was over, happy to be getting paid overtime but she was tired from the longer than usual hours. Finally she got to rest a bit and sat in the soft comfortable chair meant for customers as she sipped upon the can of coke. Little did she suspect the additional contents contained in the can she was drinking from. Her thoughts went to her husband, wishing he did not have to go on the trip and leave her all alone.

As the shoot began, Wanda went through the normal poses as the photographer began taking the shots. About fifteen minutes into the shoot, Wanda started feeling woozy and perspiring a bit. The photographer suggested she sit down and rest for a moment, telling her that it was probably the heat of the additional lighting that was causing her to feel dizzy. He told to just relax and once she was feeling better then the photo shoot could resume.

Having difficulty focusing, Wanda put her head back and closed her eyes. She was thankful her boss was so understanding when she told him she didn't think she could continue with the photo shoot, as her body felt so funny. She felt her boss's pudgy hands grasp her hand and pat her, reassuring her that it was okay, that he would drive her home. Her boss told her he'd drive her home in her car and that Jim could follow to give him a ride back.

Davis glanced at his gay friend who gave him the signal that the innocent young wife was all his. Touching her soft manicured hand, his cock gave a twitch as he caressed her. Seeing her eyes glassy, his top hand lifted her up from his other hand. A moment later, he laid her hand back down again and patted the top of her hand. "Can you hear me, Wanda? Squeeze my arm with your hand if you can hear me?" he quietly asked. He knew she was not totally out yet, feeling her hand squeeze him in response to his question. He smiled knowing it wouldn't be much longer, gritting his teeth tightly, stifling a groan as her manicured fingers gripped him tightly. He wondered if she would grip him so tightly if she realized it was not his arm that she was gripping but instead his thick black cock.

When the grip on his cock loosened, Davis gave the drugged wife the same instructions but there was no reaction. He knew that Wanda was now under the influence of the potent tranquilizer. He pushed forward, enjoying the feel of her warm soft hand on his pulsing black cock. He had to stop, taking several deep breaths, in fearing of not being able to withstand the

pleasure and unleash his load prematurely. He looked up to see his friend focusing his camera and gave a wide grin as the flash went off.

Drawing up a low stool that the sales clerk used to assist customers, it was the right height for Davis to sit upon as he got into position. His cock twitched in excitement as he ran his hands up the soft thighs of the unconscious beauty. Flashes continued in this special x-rated photo shoot, capturing the large black hands disappearing under the peach skirt that Wanda had worn on this day. A flash of the camera caught the pair of lacy peach panties being drawn down over the widespread thighs.

The photo shoot was to capture Wanda's sexy legs adorned by the new line of heels and this was definitely being accomplished. With her beige heels on, the shot was perfect and the color scheme ideal. The lacy peach panties stretched across the top of her beige heels blended well together. Many more shots would be taken to show the large black hands slowly pulling the peach panties of the beige heels.

Now instead of the photo shoot showing how sexy the new heels appeared on Wanda, it changed to the heels being removed from the sexy legs and feet of the beauty. Then the repulsive black face of the lusty manager began to pay homage to the sexy feet, first burying his face into the soft soles and then licking every inch of Wanda's sexy feet.

Next Davis pushed the peach skirt up to bunch above the unconscious beauty's hips, putting her trim white legs over his shoulders, then bent forward to suck at the sweet honeypot. Then Davis heard his friend tell him to stay in that position as he arranged the next shot, a position that Davis thoroughly enjoyed as he dipped his tongue into the now slick slit.

Jim, a perfectionist in his work in photography, moved about to arrange and capture the perfect shot that the manager wanted. With the young wife limp from the drug, he lifted her arms and placed them atop of the manager's head. Then he curled her trim fingers together to make it appear that she had a firm grip in the manager's kinky black hair. He then

tilted her head back and opened her mouth to give the appearance that she was arching up in the throes of ecstasy. With the manager posing with his long tongue extended, tip delving into the pink slit, the perfect shots were taken.

Sitting up again, Davis brought his stool closer so it was flush against the chair in which the young wife was slumped in. With her legs against him and sexy feet next to his face, she shuffled forward till his cock was sliding up and down along her slick womanhood. He wanted to rape the beauty hard, shoving his cock into violently but that would be too risky for now. He did not want her to know that she had been taken advantage of in her drugged state, not right now anyway. Slowly he worked his cock up and down, pushing forward till finally his cock gained entrance into the slick channel.

Turning his head from side to side to feast on the beauty's sexy feet, Davis humped the unconscious young wife with deliberate short strokes. When he got six inches in, he desperately held himself back from slamming the remaining four inches into her. But at that point, he was hitting virgin territory and couldn't make further headway without shoving it in with some force. Grasping the trim hips, he began to speed up the fuck, but not letting his cock any deeper. Then his body shuddered, his cock buried the six inches as he let his potent cum flow into the raped beauty.

Slowly the dwindling cock flopped out of the raped young wife with a 'plop', followed by a flow of white cream. Davis eased the sexy legs down from his shoulders and eased them to the floor, leaving them widespread so photos could be taken with cum drooling from her raped slit. Davis looked up at Jay and invited him "C'mon, Jim, have a piece of this little bitch! Once you get your cock into a tender piece like this, no guy will turn you on again!" He laughed as his gay friend gave a look of disgust at the thought of making it with a woman, no matter how beautiful she was.

With the employee's parking located immediately behind each store, it would be easy to get the unconscious beauty into her car. Checking

outside the backdoor to the store before making a move, Jim had Wanda's car door opened as Davis carried her out. Then Davis started up her car and had Jim follow them to her rental home. During the week he had chatted with Wanda and inquired exactly where she lived with her husband. Planning ahead, he had checked the exact address on the job application and had gone out the day before to find it.

Once they arrived at Wanda's home, they set her on her bed, they undressed her and put her sexiest negligee onto her. Jim was careful to pose the young wife in each photo to clearly show that Wanda was in her privacy of her own bedroom. The photos would clearly depict Wanda in her own bed, wearing her sexy lace negligee and having sex with her Black boss.

Davis anxiously took his position on the bed with her, with Jim adjusting her hands and head positions before the fucked commenced. Once he unloaded his potent cum, they had Wanda widespread on her bed to film her cunt oozing out its goodies. Then they added a few poses with his cock in her mouth for good measure. Before leaving, they cleaned her up, re-dressed her in the clothes she'd worn to work that day and left her to sleep it off.

The next morning Davis phoned Wanda, rousing her from her drug-induced haze and inquired as to whether she was okay. Wanda couldn't remember a thing. She asked how she'd gotten home and he reassured her she had complained she was too woozy to drive herself home and had asked him to drive her. He explained that he'd driven her home, helped her into the house, that she'd thanked and assured him she would be okay. But he was still worried and decided to call just to make sure she felt okay.

Even though Wanda was shocked that she couldn't remember any of this, what he boss said had made sense to her. She remembered feeling woozy and must've made it to bed and then passed out, still fully dressed. She felt she must be coming down with the flu as her head ached somewhat along with her body muscles. She breathed a sigh of relief knowing that she had the weekend to recuperate.

Davis had been thorough and careful, making sure not to penetrate the young innocent wife so her pussy didn't feel stretched and sore from the rape. Then he'd been careful to clean most of his spunk out of her before leaving the Tillman home, leaving Wanda none the wiser. He snickered at his accomplishment, wondering if he had just helped the newlyweds in starting their family.

On her next day at work, the lovely young wife thanked him for looking after her the previous night, apologizing for having passed out like she did. Davis simply reassured her that he was just glad he could have been there for her and glad she was feeling better. He was careful not to tip his hand to the unsuspecting wife but he couldn't stop thinking about what he'd done to her. He thought of those incriminating photos and how it'd come in handy soon, provided Jim's work was done right. His cock twitched as he wondered whether or not he'd been successful in knocking her up.

When Jim wandered into the shoe store with the photos, Davis excused himself and went back into his office to examine Jim's handiwork. The photos were perfect! No one would ever believe that the innocent young wife hadn't been a willing participant in that little fuckfest.

In that next week, Davis saw a beautiful chick talking and laughing with Wanda. He eyed the sexy gal with long red hair flowing down to her shoulders and milky white skin. This would be the exact type of beauty that he himself would handle but of course in this situation all he could do was look and drool. As Wanda assisted the beauty with a pair of the new line of heels, he purposely dropped his pen and bent over in hopes of getting a glimpse up her short skirt.

When the sale was about to be rung up, Wanda stepped over to where her boss was and asked if the employee discount could be used for her sister-in-law. Davis smiled at his good fortune, saying of course she could do so and stepped over to greet husband's beautiful sister. Out of courtesy, Wanda introduced Davis to her sister-in-law, Debbie Tillman. Davis put on all the

charm possible, telling her that if Wanda was not working should she stop in that he'd see that she got the discount applied to any purchase.

In chatting with Wanda as he trained her, Davis learned her husband loved to golf and did so every Sunday. He also learned that Wanda would go to the 9 a.m. church service at the nearby church, then spend the day at home cleaning the house and doing the laundry. This was all the information he needed as he anxiously planned on his next visit to the Tillman's home. 'Oh, baby, just wait till Sunday morning comes around! You'll definitely will be saying your prayers when I shove my cock all the way in this time!' he mused.

Early Sunday morning Wanda had just completed dressing and about to leave for church when the doorbell rang. Opening the door, she was shocked to see her boss standing there with an ear-to-ear grin. "H...Hi! Wh.....what brings you here on a Sunday?" she asked with an obvious puzzled look. "II'm just on my way out to church!" she added.

"Oh, that can wait! What I have to show is quite important!" he advised as he brazenly walked into the house like he owned the place. He handed her an envelope and instructed her to open it up as he sat down on her living room couch. "It's excellent results from our little photo shoot. I'm sure you'd love showing them to your husband!" he added, smiling as he watched the beautiful young wife open up the envelope.

"Ohhhn...noooonoooooh, my Godnooooooooo!" came the anguished gasp of horror as Wanda gazed upon the obscene photographs. "Youyouyou drugged meyouyou raped me!" she sobbed. "Howhow could you do something so filthy to me!" she cried, her knees shaking and wobbling from the trauma as she sank to her knees onto the carpeted floor.

"II don't have much moneyhowhow much?" she sobbed hysterically in panic. She tried unsuccessfully blink back the tears, sob again as she looked down to see the photograph that depicted her

throwing back her head in ecstasy as she grasp her evil's boss's head into her womanhood. The earlier mention of her husband seeing the photos sent a shiver throughout her body, the photos would actually deceive anyone looking at them "Oh, pleasepleaseyouyou can't show these to my husband! Pleasepleaseyou'll destroy our marriage!"

Getting up from the couch, Davis towered over the cowering young wife. She looked so lovely in the navy blue outfit that she had just purchased at the mall along with the white heels that she had 'earned' from the photo shoot. Now in exchange for not giving a set of prints to her loving husband, Davis was going to make the little bitch 'earn' it. He reached down to grab the prints from the sobbing beauty, arranged the photos and laid them onto the coffee table.

"Don't you worry about money, Mrs. Tillman! I don't want your money! You can bet your sweet little ass on that, Mrs. Tillman!" he laughed. "You dumb fucking bitch! There was no fucking job opening when you came in! The only opening I was thinking about was the one between your sweet little legs, bitch! See that top picture? Well, if you want this to be our little secret, you're gonna have to do what the picture shows!"

Wanda had been staring up at her evil boss, hoping for some mercy, trying desperately to find a way out. She gazed down to the picture that was on top of the stack and a shudder went through her body. 'Oh, God! I can't do anything so filthy! Not when I even refused to do such a thing for Ray! Oh, God, how can I put his filthy penis into my mouth!' she shuddered at the horrid thought and at the sound of a zipper opening.

Looking up to the direction of the sound of the zipper, Wanda gasped as she observed the throbbing black shaft before her being handled by her evil boss. Her blimp of a boss had dropped his pants and jockeys down to his ankles creating the most grotesque sight she had ever seen. She felt sick to her stomach, her body shuddering in total disgust as the fat blob shuffled his way while shucking himself. She couldn't take her eyes off the largest penis she had ever seen, so much longer and thicker than Ray's. The black

cockhead was now shiny as the shucking hand spread its leaking foam about. She looked up pleading for mercy.

“Well, what’s it gonna be, bitch? Want hubby to see you sucking a nigger’s cock? Now its time for a little blowjob, Mrs. Tillman!” Davis ordered, stepping forward to paint her soft lips with a glossy sheen. “Open those sweet little lips of yours, sweetie! Time your ya to get a taste of some good ole black meat!” he laughed, watching look of horror on the young wife’s face.

Nauseated, Wanda fought the urge to throw up as she shivered in disgust. She closed her eyes tightly, not wanting to see the filthy object that was not prodding at her lips. At the thought of her husband seeing those horrible pictures, she forced her lips to part. Once the slick cockhead was forced between her tight lips, Wanda gave a thought of clamping her teeth down hard and biting his member off. But she was so afraid and forced her lips to part further and admit the foul tasting penis.

Davis knew he would not last long for just the look of fear and humiliation on the young wife’s face had his nuts churn. Wrapping his thick fingers into her silky blonde hair, he thrust forward with his weight, the thick length of his cock was pushed deep into her tight gullet. He smiled as the young wife’s eyes widened in fear, eyes rolling and her face reddening from the lack of oxygen. Then he started to give her a face fuck she’d never forget.

With the struggling young wife pushing at his hips, trying to dislodge his invading cock from mouth, Davis couldn’t believe the thrill it was to force this bitch to suck him off. Suddenly, he knew it wasn’t going to last much long and pulled the beautiful blonde face into his crotch. He groaned “Ahhhhh, babyahhhhhh, GodI’m cumingggggggggggg! Ah, yeaheat it all babygobble up my nigger cum!”

Wanda shuddered, her stomach churning as the thick black cock exploded deep in throat. There was no place for the spurting filth to go with

it buried so deep down her throat, as she felt the hot slime slithering its way down into her stomach. She was about to pass out from the lack of oxygen when finally her tormentor withdrew till only the cockhead remained in her mouth, allowing her to breathe again. As she gasped for air, spurts of thick cum began to fill her mouth to the brim. She tried to pull her mouth off the spurting cock, wanting desperately to spit out the slime in her mouth but it was swallow or drown in the filth.

Instead of the innocent young wife attending the church service where she would be kneeling for communion, she was instead getting quite a different kind of communion. Finally, Davis pulled his dwindling cock from the sobbing beauty, exiting with a loud 'pop'. He laughed as he watched the lovely wife quickly get up on wobbly legs, a hand over her mouth and the other clutching her stomach as she staggered to the nearby bathroom. "What's the matter? The protein's good for you, Mrs. Tillman?" he laughed, watching her enter the bathroom and slamming the door shut.

Stripping off his pants, Davis wandered down the hall and into the master bedroom. He saw her lace negligee lying on the bed, the same one that she had on in the photo shoot. Taking it with him, he went back to the bathroom. Turning the doorknob, he wasn't surprised to find it locked, knowing the bitch was praying he would leave. Davis laughed as he heard the gagging and coughing coming from behind the bathroom door, picturing the distressed beauty leaning over the toilet trying desperately to upchuck his thick cum.

Panting as she leaned over the toilet, her stomach churned from the slimy goo and began to make its way back up her throat. Then her body shook as she began choking and gagging up the filth, spitting the slime into the toilet. Finally it was over, her forehead now dripping with perspiration from the ordeal, she prayed her evil boss had already left her home. 'Oh, God, how could I do such a filthy thing? But I just couldn't let Ray see those awful photos!' she pondered.

Then she was startled by the knock on the door and then she heard her evil boss tell her “Are you feeling okay, Mrs. Tillman? Guess my protein was too rich for you, huh? Well, I’ll just be waiting for you in the bed you share with Mr. Tillman! Oh, this is how I’d like to see you next, Mrs. Tillman! If you don’t come out in five minutes, I’ll just have to mail the rest of the photographs to Mr. Tillman! I’ll just leave your negligee hanging on the doorknob here!” She looked down to the floor and closed her eyes as to what she saw. It was a photograph of her dressed in her white negligee, laying upon the fat naked body of her boss, with the knob of the thick cockhead enveloped by her tight slit.

Hearing the heavy footsteps lumber down the hallway, Wanda sobbed as she leaned over the basin to wash her mouth of the awful taste. She pondered as to what to do but realized she had not option at all. She just couldn’t let Ray see those awful photos of her, knowing it would end their marriage. She wondered if her evil boss actually intended on making her take his filthy cock into her, thinking perhaps that he was already spent after shooting off already. She told herself that in all probability he would not be able to get it up again, just like Ray once he had expended himself. Nervously she unlocked the door and reached out to retrieve her sexy negligee, then shut the door and locked it again.

Just as it neared the end of five minutes, Davis heard the opening of the bathroom door, as he continued stroking his long hard cock. He chuckled to himself as he heard the sniffing and sobbing of the young wife as she made her way to the master bedroom. ‘Ah, baby, you’re fucking gonna scream when give it to you this time! If I didn’t knock ya up already, this is it!’ he chuckled to himself, smiling as the young beauty peered into her bedroom. “C’mon on in to your bedroom, sweetie! Make believe you’re gonna climb onto the bed with your hubby!” he laughed, bringing an anguished sob from the defiled young wife.

Wanda sobbed as she gazed upon the repulsive black bulk laying upon the bed that she and Ray shared together. ‘Oh, God, the fat pig is playing with himself! How can I let him put that filthy thing into me?’ she sobbed

to herself. Then the thought of a condom flashed through her mind and she quickly opened a dresser drawer to obtain one. She remembered him telling her he had a vasectomy and relieved that she could not be impregnated by him, yet she could not have him soiling her with his filthy penis nor have his nigger cum shooting into her.

Davis knew what she was up to when he saw her obtain the foil packet and tore it open, but he was going to give her grief about it. "What the fuck is that, bitch? Told ya I got snipped and can't produce no kids! Just don't want no nigger cum in ya, is that it, bitch? " he challenged.

"Oh, pleasepleaseits not thatpleaseonlyonly my husband" Wanda sobbed and wept. She couldn't have him inside her without the protection of the condom, did not want him soiling her with his filthy nigger cum, but now she was so afraid to offend him further. "PleasepleaseI beg youplease!" she sobbed.

"Okayokay, bitch! Quit your whining and put the fucking thing on!" Davis growled purposely to have her think she won out and was in some control. "Okay, bitchjust like in the picture!" he ordered.

Having felt that she was in some control of the situation, Wanda eagerly tore open the packet and retrieved the protective condom. To put it on, she was forced to handle the waving and throbbing black shaft. As she was rolling and pulling the protective covering onto the thick shaft, she couldn't help but to compare it with Ray's, noting how much longer and thicker it was.

Once the long black cock was sheathed in its protective gear, Wanda couldn't help but to admire it, yet wondering how such a manly cock could be put onto such a big repulsive pig like Davis. She willed her mind to sacrifice herself for the sake of her marriage. With her eyes closed, hand on the sheathed cock, she shuffled up to place her slick slit above the coated weapon. She pictured that it was in fact Ray that she was going to make love

to, a position they had never engaged in as Ray always took her in the missionary position.

With the large hands on her hips pulling her downward, Wanda panted, trying to picture her husband in her mind. 'Yes, Ray, yesput it in me, Rayohhhhhh, yes, Ray!' she moaned to herself as she was being impaled by the thick shaft. As her slick juices began to flow, the thick rubber coated shaft began to sink deeper and deeper into her, about to enter depths never before reached. "Oh, Rayoh, honeyoh, it hurtstoo deepits too deep!" she groaned in pain.

Davis was amazed at what was taking place, watching the little beauty space herself out in thinking it was actually her husband that she was fucking. He laughed to himself and chuckled 'What a dumb fucking bitch!' He wondered just how far he could let it play along, having her think it was her husband actually fucking her. 'What the hell!' he thought, then yelled out "Oh, honey, spread for your hubby! Spread it wide open! Hubby's gonna shove it deeper! Hubby's gonna nail ya good!"

Juices flowing, Wanda began to drop herself down harder and harder onto the pleasure giving shaft. She had successfully blocked out the horror taking place and instead had pictured her loving husband making love to her. "Ohhhh, Rayyesyes, Rayshove it deeperfuck me deeperoh, Ray, yesssss!" she chanted as the thick cock began to penetrate her deeper than ever before. She wanted Ray as deep into her as possible, lifting herself till only an inch remained, she plunged herself down onto the stiff shaft "Oh, GoddddddddddRayyyyyyyyyyy!" she screamed as she felt the tearing of her tender tissues, unbelieving how the thick cock was fully buried deep into her belly.

Eyes tightly closed, head swaying from side to side, the once innocent young wife was thrusting herself up and down onto the thick cock. All the while she kept chanting "Oh, Rayyesyesoh, yes, Ray!" As she raised herself up, with only an inch of the pleasure shaft within her,

strong hands were on her hips prevent her from sliding down. "Oh, RayRaylet goI need itI need it so bad!" she panted out.

Davis was not believing what was happening, couldn't believe the little bitch was oblivious to what was actually happening. But he certainly wasn't going to stop the beautiful bitch at this point. "Take it off for me, honey! Let your hubby spurt it deep into you! Let it cream in you!" he advised, trying to disguise his gruff voice. To his amazement, gritting his teeth, he kept totally still as the manicured fingers reached between them and began to unroll the protective sheath.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" Wanda shuddered as she lifted herself off the thick cock and quickly slid off the protective condom. "Ahhhhhhhhhyessssssss!" she groaned as she quickly recaptured the now bare cock and slid herself down onto it. "Oh, yesoh, Rayyesfuck mefuck menail meshoot it in meoh, Raygive me your babyknock me up!" she chanted as she began to ride up and down the long shaft.

Thick fingers rubbing at her clit as she rode up and down the slippery shaft, Wanda gasped "Ohhhh, honey, yesohhh, yesI feel it throbbingoh, yessssssssssssssshoot it in me!" Her mind was totally blank, body shivering in a mind-shattering orgasm as she felt the hot warmth spread throughout her womb, sending a soothing calm throughout her body.

Minutes later, panting in sheer exhaustion, Wanda exclaimed "Oh, Rayoh, honeythat was so fantasticthe best ever! Oh, Rayso bigyou're so bigoh, honeyI love you so much!" Then she lifted her head up from his belly and opened her eyes "Oh, God! Noooooooooooooh, Godnooooooooooooo!" she sobbed as she realized who she was actually with. The thick shaft within her that had given her so much pleasure gave a sudden twitch that sent into sobs and she began to weep in shame.

It was mid-afternoon before Wanda's ordeal ended. She lay upon the bed that she shared with her loving husband, curled up in the fetal position with another man's spunk dribbling out of her, potent nigger's spunk. 'Thank God the filthy bastard had a vasectomy! As least I can't get knocked up by that bastard!' she thought.

Wanda thought back to the horrible events of the day, remembering how she had unconsciously reacted when she had spaced herself out, picturing that it was Ray fucking her. But why did she have to respond the way she did in her last ordeal just before the bastard departed. She looked down at the photo that depicted the manner in which she was defiled, only this time the fat bastard had put all the weight upon her and his full length into her. That particular photo depicted her with her bent in two, feet up on those broad black shoulder as the bastard sucked her toes and his cock slicing between her tight slit. Bent in two, with nearly 400 lbs upon her, she was unable to breathe and thought she was dying when the cock exploded deep within her. 'Oh, why did I have to respond in the way I did? Why did I yell out from him to 'fuck' me, to shoot his nigger cum in me?' she sobbed.

Dreading going in to work each day, Wanda forced her self to do so in fear that the incriminating photos would be sent to Ray. She dreaded the last hour of work, knowing her true duties then had to be performed. When she left work each day to go home to her husband, it was always with a mouthful or cunt full of nigger cum.

Two months later, after a week of getting up nauseous, a home testing kit revealed that she was finally in the family way. She was so happy and couldn't wait to give Ray the good news. She smiled to herself that with her belly soon to swell up, it may provide her escape from the clutches of her deviant boss. 'Surely he won't want to fuck me in that condition!' she thought to herself.

One day in her fifth month of pregnancy, Wanda was getting a bit flustered with an elderly woman who could not find a pair of shoes to fit her. Having already tried on four different styles, she now wanted to try on a

couple more. To make matters worst, her sister-in-law had dropped by to shop at the store. She had seen Debbie wave to her and then shivered when she heard her boss say "Oh, don't worry Wanda, I'll wait on Debbie personally!" She could only watch as Debbie looked at a line of heels and sit down with Davis anxiously bending down to take her size, watching intently as she could see that her devious boss was trying to get a glimpse up her skirt.

"I'm only too happy to assist you, Debbie. Don't worry, I'll see that Wanda gets the credit for the sale and also you'll be getting her employee discount!" Davis advised. He had walked with her and showed her the new line of heels and asked if there was any special occasion that she needed it for.

"Oh, yes, I'm so excited! I'm getting married in June and just came from the bridal shop at the end of the mall. So I'm looking for a pair of heels for my wedding!" Debbie replied. She was too excited in her state of mind to notice the lingering touch of the black manager nor the peeks he was sneaking up her dress.

With Wanda tied up at the other end of the store, Davis got to chat and learn a lot of this young beauty, inquiring what occupation she was in and a bit about the upcoming wedding. What he learned had put his devious mind into motion.

Innocently, Debbie relayed that she was about to graduate from the state university in a few weeks. "I've lined up a job when the new school year starts in September. I just hope I can find a summer job till then!" she advised.

"Well, Debbie, would you be interested in a summer job here? Wanda recently told me she'd have to take off as she was having trouble being on her feet all day in her condition. Appears the doctor wants her to get more rest with the baby coming." Davis asked the now excited young bride-to-be.

Once the elderly woman was gone without making a purchase, Wanda rushed over to the checkout counter where her boss and Debbie were standing. Just as she got there, Davis smiled and told her "Guess what, Wanda? Since you'll be taking off for your maternity, I've just found your replacement that I'm sure will be able to take over all your functions!" Wanda was speechless, wanting to warn her sister-in-law but what could she say without revealing her own shameful secret. She knew her evil boss was not referring to the sales job functions, not with his fat paw grabbing her ass at the very moment.

"Here's your white heels for your wedding Debbie! It's on the store, as I mentioned, since you've agreed to do the photo shoot on your first week. Having a beautiful girl like you in her bridal gown will be an excellent ad to run for the store's promotion. You'll be paid extra \$200 for the photo shoot since we won't need to hire a model nor rent a wedding gown. Wanda did a couple photo shoots that turned out perfectly. I'm sure yours will turn out perfectly too!" Davis told the excited beauty.

Wanda bit her lip in horror, learning now just how devious the son-of-a-bitch really was. The bastard was intending to rape her innocent young sister-in-law when she modeled her bridal gown. Debbie would certainly not be the innocent young bride when she walked down the aisle, not after the black bastard had his way with her. She shuddered as she pictured the grotesque black pig lifting Debbie's wedding gown up and could just hear his grunts when his fat body shook as it spewed its filth into her innocent body.

End of Story.