

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Whenever pressed for details (and I was loose enough to relate the stories), I would recall some more of the sisters' games they loved to play with their black male lovers. It wasn't enough that the two women were beautiful young blondes who had incredible bodies, cute faces to match, and loved to fuck around with and without their husbands. No, these two young women had developed a sense of adventure that led them to a need for a constant stream of sex.

The taboo of having sex with someone other than a spouse was like a dependency on a drug that required bigger and stranger doses to satisfy the hunger. It started with my sister-in-law, Jodi, who got her first taste of adventure when she got me to take her to the store to pick out a new dildo, and wound up selecting a nicely formed, soft surgical rubber black model. The thrill of imagining a black cock in her pussy led her to venturing out and seducing a black member of the local gym where she worked. She couldn't contain her excitement of breaching the taboo, and pressed her sister into trying it. My wife soon developed the same inner excitement, and the two femmes began building a herd of black studs, personally chosen to be the biggest and best. A husband's first reaction to his golden haired housewife having a propensity for black cock usually borders on a near death experience. To see both his wife and her sister with the same addiction, well, that's a totally different reality.

The two girls liked their black meat; that was for sure. They often had their men over to fuck them, either at Jodi's house, or even in my own bed as the occasion arose, and they even had the balls to introduce me to their lovers. It wasn't out of spite, mind you, but out of a desire to gain full permission to pursue the hobby they loved.

The two sisters actively sponsored many of the swing parties, most of them involving their "inner core" of women members, and quite often held at one of the member's homes during a weekday afternoon. The girls liked to organize their private parties around some theme, and liked the freedom to be as wild as they wished. They held no secrets about the afternoon get-togethers that they held once or twice a week. They just wanted, "...the opportunity to invite who they wanted, and to have the freedom to get fucked as they wanted." It was all very innocent and serious at the same time, for they were convinced that they were doing nothing wrong, and they felt that it enhanced their marriages by giving them that freedom. Consequently, my wife almost always told me of her misadventures, and didn't attempt to hide her participation in the events. For them, it was all done for pure fun, physical and mental. If either one had a rape fantasy, it was for the excitement and not the pain. They took their fun seriously and with all out enthusiasm. It was a part of life that would only stay a few years, and they were bound and determined to milk it for all it was worth.

I remember the time when my out-of-town work actually sent me home early on a Thursday to do some business in my hometown. It was a week that I wasn't expected to be home at all, since I had just left the previous Sunday for another two-week stint on the road. I thought I would surprise my wife, Jessica, having finished my work in the morning, and I arrived home shortly after twelve noon. I didn't notice my sister-in-law's car parked down the street, so when I entered the house, I really got a surprise. I entered quietly, thinking about my surprise, and heard feminine voices coming from the master bedroom. Quietly sneaking down the hall, I peeked through the partially opened bedroom door, and watched as Jessica, Jodi and two other girl friends were putting the finishing touches on themselves, getting ready for one of their afternoon parties with their studs. It seems as if my house was volunteered for that week's fuck fest.

The girls occasionally started out totally nude, but preferred to start their sessions dressed in some incredibly sexy outfit that they took pride in fashioning themselves. Both Jessica and Jodi were excellent seamstresses, and competed in making incredibly small pieces of cloth into something wearable. I had to admit, the outfits they concocted were really something to behold, and never failed to turn me on. My wife's outfit was a skin colored nylon cat suit, that she made from sheer

nylon stocking material. The material stretched to every curve in her body, and had numerous oval shaped openings down each side and throughout. Some lace was strategically positioned in patterns from her ankles to her neckline, only this time it was carefully placed not to cover her tits and pussy, but to surround them. The transparent nylon stretched around her nipples, and clung to every slight fold of her slit and clit. She looked virtually nude atop her four-inch heels, and erotically accessible to those places that stood out so invitingly.

One of their friends had made a harem outfit of white sheer veil material made up of two separate pieces. Each piece (about four inches wide) was identical, intended for right and left sides of her body. They started by being tied once at each ankle, run up the inside of each leg and through a gold ring just below her cunt. One piece went to her back, the other to her front, up over her shoulder, and fastened to the other piece with Velcro about midway down her body. The effect was that one piece ran up the crack of her ass, over the shoulder and covered one breast, while the other ran up her front side, over the other breast. While the thin transparent material did little to hide her tits, the only way she could conceal her cunt was to keep the material bunched between closed legs. Or, at a whim, she could move to expose her bald pussy at will. At any rate, the flowing material up her crack, leaving her backside totally exposed, accentuated her asscheeks. The other girl was not quite as inventive, and chose to purchase her outfit from a sex shop, but still didn't disappoint. It was a typical open bra arrangement with pull away, or open crotch, but couldn't hold a candle to the looks of my wife and her sister.

Jodi's outfit was really not an outfit at all. It started with a single spaghetti-strap strip of chiffon material that she wrapped around the back of her neck, and then down the front over her tits where it widened to about four inches to cover her globes. The material then narrowed again; so she could tuck the two strands through her clit ring, and let it just hang over her bare pussy. From the back, she was totally nude, and from the front, she was only barely covered in strategic areas. Together with her long golden blond hair, she was the picture of a virgin innocence.

I slowly backed away from the door, not wanting to be seen, and returned to the family room where trays of snacks were set up, along with a cooler of chilled wine and assorted drinks. Pillows and mattresses were placed around the room, covered with silky sheets. Music was playing, and the incense was emitting a pleasant fragrance. I felt that I had wandered into a bordello as I decided to go back out and ring the doorbell.

You can imagine the look on Jessica's face as she swung the door open, expecting someone else. I tried to look surprised to match her expression as she backed away from the door, and the other girls came prancing down the hall. Jodi smirked, and Jessica did her best to take my presence in stride, and said, "Wow! What a surprise! Well, you're just in time for the party. Anyway, there are some people I always wanted you to meet." This statement seemed a little odd, for I knew all the women there, but as she looked past me, I suddenly realized that someone was approaching from behind me. I turned to see four very healthy looking black men turn to walk up my driveway, actually carrying flowers. Jessica pulled me into the house and rushed me to the kitchen, while her sister simultaneously said, "I'll play hostess for a few minutes, then it's your party."

After a quick explanation of my trip, Jessica hurried her lecture. "Look," she began in hushed tone, "it's great that you got to come home early, but we're having a party here today, and I'm hosting it for the girls. You know very well what goes on, and I'm not about to disappoint everyone and embarrass myself in the process. So, I guess your surprise has turned into my surprise." She cocked her hip and held her hands up in a helpless gesture and sexy pose, waiting for a response. My eyes traced her figure from platinum blond hair cut in a perfect bob style, perfectly made up face, down her sexy well exposed body to her white four inch heels. To say she was fuckable was a gross understatement, and my mind raced with images of how she would be taken that afternoon.

This was the time in our relationship when I had tried just about everything I could imagine to reconcile what was happening in our lives. I had gone from shocked to angry to trying to “fix” the situation, all to no avail. I realized several things by now. One was the fact that I wasn’t going to stop my wife’s antics. She was intent on living out her fantasies whether or not I was there to participate. Of course, I did have the choice of leaving her, but, alas, there was one big problem. I was in love with the bitch! However, there was one thing I hadn’t tried, cooperation. I had never actually been totally supportive of her actions, and it dawned on me that the tack just might give me some say in the matter, at least some degree of control. But, is that what I really wanted? It was worth investigating, and, in an instant, I formulated my new plan of surprise. I would agree to everything, support her black sexing, and everything else imaginable. What could I lose?

“I... I had no idea,” I stammered in a fashion befitting the situation. Then, figuring on a good offense, I blurted out, “No problem, Sweetheart. I’ve always wanted to meet your black lovers. They must be such gentlemen to bring flowers too. I assume you’re the candy?” We both stared into each other’s eyes for a few seconds, trying to see an opening, but then, at the same time, we both burst out laughing. It was obvious from her wide smile and relaxed posture that I had actually totally defused the situation, and made her believe that I was now accepting of her behavior. She was actually happy with me! So, taking me in hand, she kissed me and said, “C’mon, baby, there’re some people I want you to meet!” And I followed as she sauntered into the family room.

Jessica sprang into the room, jumping off the single step, giddy with delight at the thought that I was giving in to her way of thinking. The girls had already offered drinks to everyone, had just finished modeling themselves for the men, and were cuddling up with black arms around their white, semi-nude bodies. As Jess’s nearly naked body entered, all the men’s eyes focused on her great figure before noticing me right behind. Surprise was not the word, perhaps shock would be better as they all straightened up with a guilty “caught with a hand in the cookie jar” look.

“Hi, I’m Jessica’s husband,” I offered with full confidence as I approached the first man to shake his hand. Jessica broke in with an attempted introduction, “Sweetheart, this is one of my lovers, Jerry.” I thought to myself, “Hmmm, Jerry with the sweaty palms. I think I have the upper hand here.” She continued to introduce her friends, “and these are my... our... other lovers,” and each cordially took my hand in disbelief as I welcomed them to my home. Introductions were done in a matter of seconds, and I noticed Jessica leading the girls in smiles, as they stood relieved at my cheery attitude, and tried to look natural.

My strategy was working, and I definitely had my wife wrapped around my finger at this moment by my enthusiasm. I didn’t let the advantage slip as I turned to Jerry, Wyan, Mike and Buzz (as he was known), “So, fellas, Jess and Jodi have told me about being serviced by you guys while I was away. Do you get over here often?” I took a drink from one of the girls and began sipping as I listened.

“You’re kidding, right?” said Jerry.

“No, no! I really am Jessica’s better half... and, that makes me Jodi’s brother in law. And, I really am interested in meeting you guys and getting some first hand feedback about how it feels to fuck a another man’s wife... and, in your case, especially if it’s a white housewife.” I was pushing it, and I immediately sensed my mistake.

“Look, I, uh... we didn’t mean to... I mean, we didn’t expect... we thought that.”

“Really, guys,” I softened my approach and put a hand on his shoulder, “this is the first time I’ve had a chance to meet my wife’s playmates. And, so, I want you to know that I’m okay with this, so relax. Did I say something wrong?” I was still in control.

“No. Actually, it’s me that’s off guard, here. You know, I guess the girls were right.”

“How’s that?”

“They always told us that their mates were cool.” Jerry smiled big, and shook my hand genuinely this time. I returned the smile, knowing that I was about to watch my wife get fucked by this guy, but also knowing that I had more to gain by enjoying it than fighting it. Besides, these guys weren’t small. The conversation relaxed, and the girls went back to stroking their playmates egos and bodies. Even Jessica came up to Jerry while we were talking, and cradled under his big black arm, and guiding his hand to her tit, which he took the opportunity to massage in front of me.

The more I talked with Jerry and his friends, the more relaxed I became. I realized that these guys didn’t fit my image of the black street gang, but were more gentlemen than anything else. They were very concerned with my comfort level, and that alone was enough to change my offense into acceptance. I was finding myself relieved that these men were actually human, and were only interested in good dirty fun, but not necessarily at my expense.

After about twenty minutes, the doorbell rang, and Jess trotted off to usher in five more studs to the party. I loved watching her form, as she looked for all the world to be naked while her bouncing walk jiggled her boobs, and her blond bob hairdo cropped perfectly around her face. The scene was pretty much the same... my semi-nude wife making the introductions, and the new comers feeling uneasy with the husband who was about to witness them filling his pet with black jism. The first group cut the ice by ensuring that everything was cool, and that I was looking forward to seeing my wife in action. As the party got going, the men’s clothing started coming off bit by bit. I was impressed by Jess and Jodi’s choice in black men. I had been told that they were very selective, but now I knew what they meant. Both sisters once told me, “We don’t want to screw brown men, we want to fuck BLACK men with BLACK cocks.” Every man the girls had invited had dark to exceptionally black skin, and their cocks?

I couldn’t believe the jet-black slabs of tube steak that was swaying between their legs and slowing rising to attention. These things were huge - there wasn’t a one short of ten inches at the very least! Jessica was so proud of her selections, and so excited about me being there, that she made a point of “showing me her men” by getting going from man to man, introducing me to their cocks. She was a vibrant little girl showing off her new dolls as she would wrap her small white hand around the base of a big dick and pump it half way to erection. Another she would suck for a few strokes to make her cheeks bulge, and flick her tongue in his cockhead before presenting the size to me as if it was her trophy. As she proceeded around the room, she would talk to me about each one, totally innocently saying things like, “...and this is Buzz. His poker is really thick and I get off on the way it stretches me wide. He fucks me about once a week... then there’s Wyan,” and she would move to show me the size of his balls and bat. I think that my wife was especially fond of balls, because she believed that the larger the man’s balls, the larger the load he could shoot. She loved to massage those black testicles like they belonged to her. Meanwhile, Jodi and the other girls were getting off on the brashness of Jessica telling her husband of her preferences in black meat, and started the orgy while watching her in action.

Jessica was really working it, a leg up on the coffee table gave a great view of her pussy through the nylon, a bend over at the waist to loosen some guy’s belt made her straight legs and straining muscles beg to be stroked, and no chance to cop a feel was missed as I watched her hand slip into the crotches of pants that were falling to the floor. Jodi wasn’t losing a beat either. Her one- strap girl outfit was being invaded with and without invitation as her nipples were pinched, breasts squeezed and pussylips kissed while she lifted a leg to the arm of the sofa.

The women got the party going by starting some music, and, one by one, they got up to strip. Jodi danced first, turning it into a lap dance for two of the men, and ended up nude in their laps. My wife was next, gyrating to the music and slowly peeling the cat suit from her shoulders and down her body. She paused to suck her own tits, then fed them to a couple of men waiting to taste her milk. Unlike the typical strip club, she stripped totally nude, then continued her lap dance with her face in the men's crotch. Again, unlike the local clubs her action didn't stop until she was holding a big black prick in her mouth, and the other man next to her was inserting his finger in her sopping wet pussy. The other girls followed.

Jessica was not only relieved, I think she actually wanted to put on a good show for me, since I was so much at ease with her antics. She arranged for one of her girl friends to make sure that I was getting just as naked as her black studs. So the girl took advantage of stripping me to my hardon, then dragging me by the prick over to where she could suck a white one and a black one at the same time. Of course, by this time everyone was getting naked, and the fancy costumes that the girls wore did their magic with snaps and rips of Velcro before being thrown to the corners of the room. Soon there were four nude women in heels, nine black men with raging boners, and one white husband about to watch his wife, her sister and white housewife friends get fucked all afternoon.

And fuck they did. I think I viewed about every position imaginable as stiff black cocks penetrated the milky white bodies of the housewife whores. Actually, they couldn't be called whores, because they didn't get paid. In fact, they gave it away religiously and enthusiastically as I was witnessing. The girls always had more men than women, and usually arranged to have more than a two to one ratio, and today barely met that criteria. The object was for each of the girls to be able to have two guys at once if they so desired, and to assure that they would get fucked at least four or more time during the afternoon (counting on each man cumming twice). So there I sat, prick in hand, gawking at my wife and her sister impale themselves on big black cocks, and getting injected with black baby sperm in every hole.

Jessica was so thrilled at my attitude, that she made sure I had a good view of her penetrations. She even called to me to watch as she first sucked one guy to hardness, then turned to face me as he sat on the couch, straddle his legs with hers wide to the sides, and lower herself onto his pole as she guided it into her asshole.

My cute blonde housewife was now bouncing up and down on a huge black penis stuck up her ass, her gaping bald pussy opening and closing as she rose and fell. As another dark body approached her, I heard her cry, "Stuff my cunt. Stuff my cunt and ass at the same time." And the man obliged by kneeling between his friend's legs and sliding his black boner into my wife's baby hole. Two huge pieces of black meat were about to explode inside her as they continued stroking in and out with their massive tools. Then, suddenly, all three seemed to shudder simultaneously, and she was filled with gobs of hot semen as the cocks buried themselves and spurt their cream as far as they could up her ass and womb.

I noticed that Jessica wasn't the only girl getting fucked. Jodi was getting reamed front and back, face fucked and butt fucked at the same time, while the other girls rimmed a man's asshole in front, and enjoyed a stuffing from behind. It was quite an orgy. Hot sex was everywhere, and the guys lived up to their label of studs as they went from one white girl to the next, keeping each filled with black meat and semen. The guys would occasionally come over and talk with me, saying how much they liked to fuck my wife, but always making sure that I was still okay with it all. One thing I enjoyed watching was when either Jess or her sister would nurse one of the gents. Both of them continued lactating after their pregnancies, and enjoyed the fact that their tits were fuller than normal and that they easily produced milk on demand. They would straddle a guy and squeeze their tits while rubbing the nipples between the men's sucking lips.

Soon he would be rewarded with streams of warm breast milk shooting from their nipples straight into an open mouth. The girls really liked feeding the men this way, and readily got off on having their breasts milked for a crowd of people. They liked it so much, in fact, that they would always go braless in easily accessible tops so they could nurse their escorts in public, or brazenly fill their drink glasses in a restaurant when on one of their dates.

In fact, it was some time after this that I was out to an elegant evening dinner with my wife, her sister, and four of their black male friends. We were having a group meal before we returned to Jodi's house where I was going to photograph the gents fucking my wife and sister. The men were there to interview the sisters about the club activities, and how they could structure something similar in their hometowns. Then wanted to take home some material to create a brochure for their club, and maybe even start a web page. Anyway, there we were in a perfectly ritzy restaurant, with each of the women flanked by blacks. I sat between two of the men at the large round table, so it was white black, white black all around. The sisters were dressed in their usual sexy fashion, and both were wearing identical chiffon cocktail dresses that were backless. The single strip of semi transparent cloth in front wrapped around the neck, and covered each breast individually as they plunged to the waist where the two sides blended into the skirt section.

Going braless, the girls' tits bounced enticingly as they walked, and showed a lot of nipple as it stretched over their white globes. While having drinks before dinner, everyone was getting rather loose and getting off at the way everyone in the restaurant was staring at the interracial mix. The conversation got around to some of the club's activities, and when asked about what the women liked to do to be wild and different, my wife looked at her sister and replied, "Well, we make one helluva good White Russian." When asked what was so special, Jodi said they would demonstrate, and ordered Stoli on the rocks for everyone. When served, the men complained that White Russian contained cream, to which my wife replied, "Oh, but that's what makes ours so special. We use milk." And she proceeded to pull one side of her dress aside, exposing her tit, and she began squeezing until her breast milk began to flow. She milked herself into the glasses of vodka one by one, and passed it down the table. Her sister did the same until we all had the JandJ (Jessica and Jodi) version of a White Russian.

The lights in the restaurant were very low, with table candles doing most of the lighting, but still, several patrons noticed and were too sophisticated to cause a scene. When their boobs were emptied, the sisters slipped their tits back inside their dresses, and continued enjoying the drinks and conversation of the evening. I don't remember whether I drank my wife or my sister-in-law that evening, but at least I was included. Jessica said that a White Russian was okay, but she preferred a Kalua and cream, and said that she would show us how to make that later. I always loved breast milk after that!

Getting back to my wife's party, the afternoon was fading, everyone was full of food, drink and sperm (in the girls' cases). The men were lounging around naked, with equally nude women in their laps or cuddled by their sides. The two girl friends said they had to leave for home and get dinner ready for their families, while Jodi said that she and Jess had better get ready too. I assumed them meant their own homes, but I was surprised when Jessica motioned for me to follow her and Jodi into the bedroom while their guests got dressed. Jodi started the shower for a quick rinse off, while I sat on the bed with Jessica standing before me, her pussy oozing black semen right there in front of my face.

"I really am happy that you enjoyed this afternoon, love, but there's more, and I hope you understand. Your trip home is kind of in the middle of our plans for the next three days. You see, Jodi and I (Jodi was now standing next to Jess while the shower warmed up)... well, we arranged to go with Jerry for the next few days to help him with his project. That is, if he would take us, and he said

yes.”

“What do you mean take you, and what project?”

“You know, be his women, his two white cunts, his housewife slaves to keep around his place or wherever he wants. We do this occasionally, and you just happened to walk in on the week we had it planned. And, oh, his project... well, you see, Jerry is a professional photographer who mostly does advertisement work like layouts for special sales, catalogs, and even head shots for aspiring models and talent agencies. He says that’s all well and good, but it doesn’t make the big money, and so, he supplements his income with a little private photography of sexy scenes for some magazines.”

“Excuse me? Sexy scenes? Am I getting the drift that he’s into some porno production?” I asked.

“Well, now that you mention it, yes,” replied Jess.

I continued, “And, you... no, don’t tell me, you help him with the modeling?”

My wife was getting that pouty look on her face, rather sheepishly looking downward like a little girl caught with her panties down. At that point, Jodi piped up with her usual blunt explanation, “Look, Jerry shoots a little porn on the side, and he specializes in interracial sex. Is that plain enough?”

“Go on,” I added.

“And, we happen to be his bread and butter subjects. More accurately, we’re his prime material. Frankly, he’s produced several magazines that feature YOUR wife and HER sister being fucked by black men, sucking black cock, and generally performing anything else he wants us to do.” Sometimes Jodi just gets into the mood of being blatant, and the words just spill out of her before she realizes the effect they could have.

“But, I haven’t seen anything like that around here.”

“Maybe it’s because you just haven’t looked. It’s in all the adult stores, glossy, black and white, and in living color!”

Jess had moved over to the nightstand, pulled out several copies of full color magazines, and handed them to me shyly. As I picked them up, the first magazine’s cover was a full-page color photo of my wife’s face, covered in cum as she held a huge black cock on her cheek. Her mouth was half open, and a pool of white jizm could be seen inside, ready to be swallowed as she looked into the camera with her baby blues. As I continued to flip the pages, more photos revealed my pert blonde wife in different positions, having black cocks inserted into her body. Anal insertions, combination anal and pussy, pussy while sucking, anal while sucking, anal and pussy while sucking, and even one where she was being fucked in the ass, fucked in her cunt, and face fucked while she held huge slabs of black meat in each hand to the side all at the same time. They were all there in a special edition of what was titled Interracial Goo. That was the front half of the magazine, and the last half consisted of a series of cum shots from the men she was servicing. The final photo showed her virtually covered in sticky white goo, smiling as she lay at the feet of her lovers.

The second magazine was devoted to my sister-in-law, showing her in similar shots, position and sequence of events. Her magazine was entitled Black Cream White Dream, and ended in a nice spread shot of her pussy covered in literally gobs of semen. The only differences I could see in the two documents was that one girl had short platinum blonde hair, and the other had long golden blonde hair. The quality of photography was really quite good, and in the short time I took to review the rags, my cock had sprung to life, thinking of my wife and her sister while all this was being shot.

Of course, it didn't help that the two sisters were sitting on either side of me, rubbing their tits on my arms as they looked over my shoulder at the pictures and reminisced about certain poses. "See this one?" said my wife, "I really got off being fucked by that guy. He was pushing hard on my cervix and finally got his cock into my uterus."

"Yeah," Jodi interjected, "and I remember that you came like gangbusters when he shot his load inside you. You understand, we're supposed to let the camera catch the cum, not keep it inside."

The two sat there while I perused the pages, talking and pointing as I flipped through to the end. Jessica was the first to ask, "Well, what do you think? They're really well done, and you can't believe the amount of feedback we've gotten since these were published! I think we're getting to be some kind of stars or something."

"Published? Already?" I asked.

"Not only published, but sold out, and clamoring for more!" Jodi exclaimed. "Imagine, right now there are probably fifty thousand men out there that have emptied their balls over my pictures alone. Oh, sorry Sis, and another fifty thousand squirts over yours too."

"So am I to just sit here and take the fact that my demure wife and her sister are now porn stars on the printed page? And one's that specialize in black sexing? At least tell me that you got something out of this!"

Jessica jumped in, "Of course we got something out of it. About thirty or forty orgasms apiece shooting the pictures!" She and Jodi giggled, but then Jodi elbowed Jess. "But besides the fun, we got these!" she said as both girls put a leg up onto the bed, one on either side of me, and pointed to their bald pussies. "If you remember, Honey, we never got a bill for all my hair removal. Jerry took care of it all."

"Jerry paid for both of you?" I asked in amazement.

"Not only paid, but escorted us to each and every visit while the procedure was being done. It must have cost him about three grand apiece, but look at the results, soft and smooth as a newborn. Besides, it was fun acting like a black man's white hooker when he took us for the procedures. We wore practically nothing, and did we get stared at or what? Actually," she giggled, "When you think about it, we were his hookers, weren't we?"

Of course she was right. There is something special about a smooth slit that I just can't resist. I loved the way she looked, and could almost cream every time I saw her flaunting her hairless treasure for some stranger. She always twisted things into her being right. Both she and her sister stood there with their perfectly smooth and hairless cunts inches from my face as I could smell their sex and see the excess sperm that had been deposited just minutes ago seeping from their slits. I wondered if it was a good trade, and thought of what he might do next.

"Oh, and if you're wondering if this was worth the trade, we're pretty sure that he made off like a bandit. But, on the other hand, we got what we wanted, maybe more, because now he wants us to do a series of shoots. Jerry says that there are piles of money in interracial sex shots, especially if they're done with young looking blonde women. Besides, he also says we can have anything we want in return, especially if we get kinky with some of the work. Any suggestions?" Jess teased while squeezing her tits, and I knew then that the girls were probably conspiring for some boob alterations.

The looks on their faces was that of little girl excitement, and their smiles and perkiness said to me

that they figured I would be receptive to finding out about this too. What could I say? I stammered an “aw shit” response under my breath, but I was cut short by Jodi. “We could call you sometime... no, better yet, why don’t you ask Jerry if you can visit us while we’re with him this weekend? I’m sure it would be fine, since you two hit it off so well.” Again, what could I say? And, so, the deal was done, and the two covered me with kisses and playful fondling, wife and sister in law alike, teaming up to stroke my cock as each took turns giving me a much wanted blow job.

I didn’t wait for them as they both piled into the shower together, and I left to go back to the guests. I dressed with the others, and I got to know Jerry and his intentions a little better. He mentioned to me that the two sisters had done this a number of times, and he was only too pleased to comply. They put him in complete charge, but expected constant attention in return. That is, “They expected to be surprised by new ideas for getting them fucked or for whoring them out,” he said matter-of-factly as we sat talking. Only the four original men remained, with the others having left as soon as they dressed, thanking me for a wonderful afternoon, and promising to repeat the favor. It wasn’t more than fifteen minutes before the two blondes were entering the room.

“Here we are!” they said with excitement, bubbly and all smiles. Well, not all smiles... they were wearing their white “fuck me” heels, but nothing more. Two fresh clean nude bodies complete with bald pussies and bouncing tits circled around us, coming to a halt in front of the five men in the room. “Well, what do you want us to wear this time? We have our shorts, short skirts, cocktail dresses, sun dresses, lingerie, an assortment of our own creations... you name it.” The girls laid out the collection of sexy clothing, while the men started selecting and pawing through the piles. Meanwhile, Jessica and Jodi were giving me excited glances and shifting from right to left leg, stretching their near perfect figures to entice the men. Jodi whispered to me, “Did you arrange it with him?”

“Damn! I forgot to ask,” I whispered back. She took the cue, smiled at me, then pushed Jerry back on the couch and plunked her naked self in his lap with arms around his neck. “Jerry, darling, I’ve got a suggestion for you. Why don’t you invite my brother in law over to your place to get in on some of the action?”

Jerry’s smile widened, “Of course! You will be my guest, won’t you? The invitation is open... anytime.” He beamed at his inventiveness, and Jessica didn’t wait for me to answer.

“Good! It’s settled, then. You come over to join us. Stick will give you directions.”

“Stick?”

“Oh, sorry. That’s Jerry’s name among his friends. Very appropriate don’t you think?” she said seductively as she squeezed his cock through his pants.

“Thanks, Stick.” I replied, laughing with the rest of them. “I think I’ll take you up on that.”

“OK, but for now these ladies are mine, and I’m getting first crack at their cracks.” The girls giggled at the term, and pressed on for a choice of clothing.

“Sheeit! I can never make up my mind. Just take it all guys, and we’ll figure it out later.” The men scooped up the apparel, placing it into the duffle they brought with them.

“But, what about right now? We just happen to be naked.” Jessica asked.

“Right now, my bald pussy friends, I would like to see you in white stockings.” So, the two pulled out pairs of white control top nylons, seductively put them on, and replaced their heels. “OK, what next,”

Jodi continued. "I don't see any reason to wear more than your shoes. Don't you guys agree?" said Jerry. A resounding agreement came from the other three, and my wife and her sister stood shocked (as they liked to be), realizing that their trip to Stick's place would be a nude one. I thought his suggestion was very fitting given the intent of the arrangements, so I offered my support, to which I got a high five from each of the black studs.

The sisters wanted to be fucked and used, so they were going to start by displaying themselves as these black men's toys as they made for the front door. Jessica (always thinking) stopped quickly and turned. "Can you do us a favor?" she asked of me. "Get the video camera and go down the street." I didn't need another hint as I grabbed the camera that had been used to record the afternoon party, and I headed to my car. I drove to a spot with a clear view of Jerry's car and the house, and started the camera running as four black men and two blond nude housewives exited my home. I always liked the look of white nylons, as it made the legs of the women stand out in muscular contrast to their escorts, and gave the mental impression that the wearer was virginal. My wife, with her platinum blond bob hairdo, lightly tanned skin, and four-inch heels, was walking naked (except for her white nylons) between two very black men. And her sister followed, with flowing long blond hair, the same four-inch heels and equally nude between her black escorts. The girls were really working it too, for they walked that bouncy kind of walk that women do when they want their tits to jiggle and bounce, and that they did. Two beautiful creamy mounds of flesh shook provocatively, making sure that they moved up and down, side to side. It was part of their act, and as long as they were doing it, they wanted to make sure that anyone seeing them would have no doubt that they were a black man's white whore. The two girls were drunk with excitement, and I could see that they were giving everything to the experience.

Stick had this in mind when he arrived earlier, and purposely parked about two doors away. The party walked down the driveway and proceeded down the sidewalk. The shot I was getting was superb, and couldn't have turned out better when two cars slowed to watch the parade. The occupants of the first car were new neighbors who nearly took out their own mailbox, and the other car was a couple being escorted around the neighborhood by a real estate sales woman. I got a perfect shot of snapping necks and gawking mouths with the zoom lens, which also showed the semi-naked procession in the background. Both cars slowed to a crawl to watch as the completely nude blonde sisters were ushered into the black men's car and slowly driven away for three days of black sexing.

I don't know exactly how it happened, but I realized that my fear and shock of knowing that my wife would seek out black men to fuck her was a thing of the past. I had realized that there was nothing I could do to change the situation, and that she was going to pursue her fantasy with or without me. The bigger problem I faced was adjusting to the fact that neither my wife nor her sister would use any form of birth control. They insisted that the thrill of the chance of being inseminated by a black man was the ultimate kicker, and this happened to be their fertile time of the month. Just before I left the bedroom, Jessica had whispered that they were "looking forward to being impregnated by Jerry and his friends. I just love the feeling of being filled with hot sperm directly from their black balls." She said this staring into my eyes, her face only inches from mine, breathing hard, and waiting for my reaction. Once again, I snapped back with a curt answer saying that it wasn't my belly that would be swelling with a black baby. She just laughed saying, "I really think you're beginning to get into this. Good for you! Besides, you already know we'll get Ron to deep fuck us and bump it out of there anyway."

Yeah, I knew. Ron and his fourteen-inch donkey dick had penetrated both girls' cervixes on a regular basis, and was their trick to naturally aborting. I mused to myself that it's not every man who would encourage his fair haired housewife to get her cervix fucked by a fourteen inch black cock, but, then again, it was the only practical and sane solution.

I sat there working the camera as my nude wife and sister-in-law paraded down my street. Just before they entered the car, I zoomed in for a last shot on the nakedness of my family sluts. They bent way over for the camera while slowly getting into the car, and it was clear to see that both their bald pussies were dripping once again.

I watched as Jerry's car pulled away, carrying my wife and her sister off to their planned weekend of playing slave girls for their black lovers, and posing for a new series of slick interracial porn magazines. Not only had it been incredibly erotic to see Jessica and Jodi, two beautiful blond girls being escorted down my neighborhood street by four black men, but for them to be virtually nude, dressed only in white four inch heels and white nylons was really mind blowing. It was only a few seconds before I realized that I had not gotten directions to Jerry's place, so I threw my car into drive, shook off my daze, and raced after the dark BMW. Luckily, traffic allowed me to catch up and follow them to one of the city's urban renewal sections.

The brownstone three story building was in the center of the block that had been completely renovated for exclusive businesses and luxury living. The BMW pulled into a private garage, and the party began filing out and around to the front of the building. The girls were kept nude during the trip, and attracted as much attention as any blonde housewife would in a mostly black neighborhood, but were well protected, and in the safety of their four escorts. After all, they were there to have sex with black men, so covering up was of little importance, just safety. They entered the front and disappeared behind the closed door. After a few minutes of noticing lights getting turned on, the windows to the third story balcony opened, where I could see Jessica looking out. She found my car, smiled, blew me a kiss, and waved as she slipped back to the interior. They didn't make much effort to close the drapes, and from my vantage point, I could see the two blond figures making themselves at home, and stepping behind the bar to fix drinks for their private party.

Soft jazz started to drift from the apartment, and the sisters started stripping the clothes from the men. Soon the picture of two naked white housewives being lovingly pawed by four nude black men was clearly visible. Just before I decided to leave, Jodi dropped to her knees to mouthing the stiff rod of one of the men. Jessica wasn't far behind as I saw her first straining up to kiss her lover while stretching his long cock with her small white hand, then, sinking slowly, she joined her sister in sucking off the first of a long list of black pricks that were lined up for the weekend. As I drove away, both girls raised their hands to wave (they must have been told by their host that I was leaving), neither one missing a stroke from the big black dicks shoved in their mouths. I mused on the way home that neither Jessica nor Jodi ever drank very much liquor, thereby keeping their wits about them when having sex. Jess once confided that they both preferred to have all their senses about them when getting fucked, and only drank to take the edge off. I wasn't that proud. I knew that I would be downing a few at home, thinking of my wife and her sister as they satisfied their lust for black meat, and the fact that both were just about to get their first good drink of the weekend.

The sisters were insatiable and had an energy level that would put a professional athlete to shame. Their lust for sex seemed only interrupted by their need for food and drink, and occasionally to recharge with a few hours of sleep. Even their bodily functions didn't slow them down, for they sometimes invited some of their kinkier companions to watch as their little pee holes splashed golden liquid into the toilet. Not something I especially enjoyed, but they got to spread themselves in exhibition for their black friends to examine their most private of all parts, and that just turned them on all the more.

My wife and her sister made dinner for their host and his friends, all the while remaining nude and available for their every sexual whim. They fucked throughout the evening into the wee hours of the morning, having removed the only clothes they wore halfway during the evening. When they awoke, they were lying naked in bed sandwiched between black bodies, ready for a new day of playing their

“get me pregnant if you can” games. The girls would always schedule something like this during their fertile time of the month, since the adrenaline would be driving them wild.

As morning broke, the two white slaves set about doing their chores for their black master, by starting with breakfast, attending him in the shower, cleaning the house, and, of course, seeing that he had his choice of white snatch for his morning fuck. My wife and her sister always enjoyed showering with their lovers for a couple of reasons. The first was obvious, as they got to clean the orifices that they would be touching and even mouthing. The second reason was that they had one silly fetish for their men to be cleanly shaven. Not their faces, but their cocks and balls. The girls thrilled at the chore of lathering up their black lover’s tools and gently taking a safety razor the stiffening dicks and swaying ball sacks. In the end, they voided the men of any hair that would interfere with blowjobs, and they claimed that it felt so much sexier to feel a smooth shiny black snake against their equally bald pussies. I have to admit that the few times I watched my wife leisurely lying back while sipping a drink, with her legs spread wide to the side, and having a big black prick slowly slide in and out of her stretching cunt was a beautiful turn-on. She had such a way with casual sex that she could carry on a conversation with her lover while she enjoyed a long slow screw.

Jerry’s guests were treated with the same respect, and each sister got filled with hot creamy sperm from at least two men. Jess and Jodi made perfect white surrogate housewives for the black men as they went about making the morning meal in the nude. A complete breakfast was served, and each man was offered milk for his coffee, which the girls squirted from their nipples directly into the cups. Refills were self serve, and they offered their breasts to the men who squeezed the tender white flesh until it produced the desired white fluid. The girls were really having a good time being used by their black masters, and playing the game of obedient white slaves.

Jerry’s friends left after breakfast, leaving him alone with his harem, and getting on with the day’s chores for his slaves. Actually, chores isn’t quite the right word for it. Fortune had it that he was a professional photographer who mostly did layouts for newspaper ads and magazines. However, he also had contacts that would pay him for good quality porn photos whenever he could come up with new material, and had mentioned it once to Jodi and Jess who jumped at the chance for a bit of notoriety. The girls had actually been turned on enough by the idea, that they arranged for part of this weekend to include a real top notch photo session of them being black sexed. Having relatively good business sense, Jerry got the notion of making a little money on the side, by selling the opportunity for his business associates to have their picture taken with a white woman. The equipment was top notch, and the lighting was everything needed for the best quality results. Working alone and owning the building, he had the advantage of being able to lock the front door and allow his subjects to roam freely throughout, and in any state of dress that suited the job. Of course, my wife and her sister roamed nude, since it was what good sex slaves should do, and it just plain was exciting to both them and Jerry’s guests.

Shortly after breakfast, I got a call from Jodi, who asked if I could run by her house and pick up Nubi, her dog (pronounced noo-bee). I asked once why the name Nubi, to which she replied, “Oh, it’s short for Nubian.” She proceeded to lecture me on the derivation of the word, “You know, like in Nubia, the country in Africa. The term Nubian slave referred to black slaves, and Nubi being black, well.”

The studio consisted of almost the entire second floor, and several different settings for photo shoots. A small office to the side had an open staircase on the outside leading to its top. Up top was a loft area filled with props, racks of clothes, and even a bed. But the most obvious of things on the entire floor was the activity going on in the central portion. Continuous pops of light came in rapid fire as Jerry caught the action of my wife and two black men. She was moving from pose to pose as

Jerry talked to them constantly. "Okay, now, work it, work it! C'mon baby, use that body. Wiggle that ass. Yeah that's it! Good tongue action... oooh, yeah let's see that cockhead licked. Yeah, baby, now hold that one. Good." My blond headed wife and her sister had really done themselves up nicely, and their hair was perfect, and their makeup was just right to exude that soft innocence.

Jessica was in the middle of two black men, slowly moving from one sex position to another, and pausing to get the best angle for the camera. She was on her knees, thrusting her ass up to meet the monster cock in her pussy, and had her mouth and tiny hands around a big black pole in front of her face. Everything was going in slow motion as she moved, not caring so much about getting fucked as she was about getting the best photos of her penetrations. I stood silently to watch the show as the camera popped its light to catch the cock just before insertion, then as it was entering her white slit, followed at rapid succession as the massive piece of black meat invaded my wife's cunt until two black balls were resting on her pussylips. The shaft impaling her was every bit a foot long, and the intensely black pole stretched her vaginal opening on every slow stroke. The cock in her mouth was an even match for the one in her cunt, making it difficult for her to engulf the entire thing, but not impossible. She is a master in sausage swallowing, and takes pride in lodging huge black pricks in her throat while looking up in her lover's eyes with her baby blues. Her neatly cropped platinum bob framed her soft face and blue eyes as her cheeks bulged with black meat. Not missing a trick, ample opportunity was taken to suck the man's ball sack, and to mouth each globe individually. As this was being done, she raised one leg for the camera to get a good clear shot of the black dong fucking her bald pussy. Occasionally, she would stop, redirect the action, then continue with the action.

The whole scene was moving in slow motion as I watched by wife fucking and sucking these two incredibly black men's pricks. My innocent white housewife and her two dark skinned lovers were performing in the middle of a large light blue sheet of material that had been rolled down from the ceiling and across the padded floor. Jerry was moving around them like a referee at a wrestling match, but was tethered to the cable connecting the camera to the power source. Jessica was being captured on several hundred frames of film as she moved in a smooth free flowing dream of pure taboo sex.

Stick (Jerry) was bolstering his collection of photos depicting white women having sex with black men, and had invited the two male models to take turns fucking the sisters while he photographed. At no cost to the starving artist models, they jumped at the chance to pork the blondes, and help their friend out in the process. After all, he might very well throw extra work their way in the future, and this wasn't exactly heavy duty work.

I didn't notice Jodi until she was next to me once again, and accompanied by the man I had met at the door when I arrived. As the action was driving to the exciting climax, we continued to watch Jessica's performance, and sip on drinks that she had prepared as part of her duties. The shoot was literally coming to an end, and Jerry was directing the final shots. "Now, why don't we get a good facial first, followed by a pool of cum on your back, Sweetie."

Jess broke off to say, "I like the facial, but the cum on my back doesn't tell a strong enough story."

"Okay, we'll work with it, but for now let's get that prick to explode in your face."

"In my mouth, you mean," she giggled, and began by licking from the man's asshole, up around his nut sack, and on to completely cover his huge black shaft that she continued to pump with her hand. By the time she reached the bulbous head, the man was ready to explode, so Jess tipped her head back, opened her mouth wide, stuck out her tongue as far as possible, and gazed up with those bright blue eyes. She kept pumping the huge tool, giving the appearance that the white girl was feeding herself from the fountain of black seed. Within seconds, gobs of thick hot semen were

spewing from the black rod, and the camera snapped like a machine gun catching the white ropes as they flew through the air to my wife's pretty face. I must say that the man had both excellent aim and a plentiful supply, for the first gusher splashed evenly from her upper lip, across her nose, and puddled in one eye. The following spurts landed perfectly on her waiting tongue, creating a pool of hot spunk ready for her to swallow. She held the pose like a trooper while the black sausage emptied its contents on her face. A final broad smile was all the still camera had left to capture, and she finally savored the hot cum before swallowing her prize.

Jess was laughing almost uncontrollably at the facial she just received. Her laugh was so infectious that I joined her along with the others. She was laughing so hard that she was half choking in the process, but that made her image all the more exciting and innocent. In between gasps for air, Jess blurted, "Good God, Sammy! How long have you been saving up? Or, better yet, where have you been all my life?" It seemed my whole body relaxed when I saw her enjoying her cum bath, and I watched as this pretty blonde girl sat nude, cross legged in front of this huge black cock swinging in her face. Her sweaty tits, bald snatch, and bright blue eyes were framed in her blonde hair. I also mused that this was my wife who was acting so freely wanton in front of me and her sister, not a care in the world, and also wondered how many men would be jacking off to her pictures.

Jessica stopped only briefly to wipe the cum from her eye with her finger, licked its dripping contents, then said, "Let's get the next one shooting directly into my pussy. I'll hold it open while he jacks off into me." She immediately spun around on her back, rolled up onto her shoulders, and reached with both hands to open her pussy and provide a nice gaping hole. She kept falling forward, so I retrieved a bean bag chair, and stuffed it under her back to prop her up so she could relax and concentrate on holding her pussy open.

"Ooh! Thanks, love. I didn't even know you were here. Enjoying yourself?" she said beaming from ear to cum soaked ear.

"Immensely," I retorted as I smiled and moved back allowing the action to continue.

Jerry stepped up close to the action, and we all followed to watch. The man yanked on his massive tool until his nuts contracted and he announced his impending climax. As my wife looked up from her contorted position, she pulled on her pussylips, opening the entrance to her womb. The camera again picked up its pace to rapid fire, and caught the streams of semen as they burst forth from the big black prick and flew directly into Jessica's vagina. She had been reamed enough that her hole was a clear open shot, and the man proceeded to empty his balls into her awaiting orifice. The hot white goo was injected into my wife's gaping pussy with some pretty strong shots, and she moaned aloud as she felt its heat inside her body. Pulse after pulse, jet after jet of sticky thick cum blasted her between the legs, and soon came to overflow her cavern.

"Now, push it in me!" she gasped her last command, and the huge black penis was plunged into her small white body, forcing much of the cum into her uterus and the rest forced out around the crammed opening. My wife closed her eyes and groaned at the sensation of feeling the warm black baby seed being forced into her egg chamber, and the man held the base of his cock so its stiffness would make a formidable piston. It was fairly obvious to me that Jessica climaxed easily while being pumped, but saved her multiple orgasms for later. Her soft white skin against his dark black body was truly a magnificent ending to which we all applauded, while Jodi gasped as she continued to finger her clit.

"Whew! Well, that got ME hot," said Jodi to no one in particular.

"Good," answered Jerry, "Let's all take a break while I reload and get set up for the next session."

Dwayne, are you ready?"

Dwayne, the man I had met at the door, was more than willing as Jodi had already helped him with his hardon, and I suddenly noticed that I was the only clothed person in the room. Jodi observed, "Uh, Bro? Why don't you get a little more comfortable and GET NAKED!" She almost shouted the last command as if in jest, but it had the desired effect as I sheepishly slipped off my things and flung them to some unknown location in the room. So what if my eight white inches was the smallest in the room. It didn't stop me from springing a hardon at the sight of my two relatives getting porked by these black guys.

My wife's two lovers lifted her from the floor, and she came over to me after accepting a drink from Jodi, her eyes noticing my erection. "Sorry, sweetheart... but, you'll have to take care of yourself this trip. We promised ourselves to Jerry, and it's sort of a repayment for services. well, anyway, it's for something else." Then her face brightened, "But I've got an idea, why don't you jack off into one of the glasses and save it up. I'll drink it for you later, and I'm sure everyone would like to see that, especially if I get other contributions!" She shook her blonde head up and down excitedly, extracting an affirmation from me, and before I knew it, I had once again given her unspoken consent to enjoy herself by turning me on through her orgy participation. I thought to myself, "How does she do that?!"

Jodi couldn't contain herself, and insisted that it was her turn for some black sexing. Dwayne was her man, and she led him over to the center area, swinging her white ass sexily all the way. Jessica smirked while she took a drink, and looked to see my reaction. "Someday I'm going to fuck that little bitch!" I retorted.

"Yeah, and I'll lick your balls and both your assholes while you do it!" Jessica threw back at me defiantly. We both got a good laugh, but kept focused on her sister who sunk to her knees, threw back her long blond hair, and clasped her small white hands around the huge slab of black meat staring her in the face. Jodi was an expert at sucking cock, and she especially enjoyed making as big a show of it as possible by starting at the very bottom of the man's ball sack and working her way up. She never failed to have a stiff cock to suck by the time she reached the top, and this time she was rewarded with a large bulbous head ready to bulge her cheeks. Her creamy skin was in stark contrast to the shining dick as her small tongue snaked its way up the jet black tube, covering it in saliva and flicking the rather large pee hole at the end. Before she knew it, the camera was flashing once again as Jerry was back at it, recording the actions of the white slut housewife and her black lover.

Even though Jessica had been freshly fucked, and her cunt was still oozing black seed, she never lost interest in watching her sister get laid. In fact, she seemed fascinated with every drip of precum that Jodi managed to extract, and had soon nuzzled herself across the laps of the black studs she had just fucked. My wife's pearl white body lounged nude, pressing against the black men's skin, as all three sat on the sofa sipping drinks as if watching TV. The men were leisurely pawing at Jess's body parts as she soaked up the attention and looking up into their eyes on occasion. I just sat back in my overstuffed chair, and jacked off at the whole scene as expected.

Jodi was always really good at posing with a monster black dick in her mouth. In contrast to her sister's short bob style hair and platinum coloring, Jodi's hair was a light golden blond, straight, and reached to the small of her back. Combined with bangs, her blue eyes created the perfect picture of child rape as she knelt before this big black man and sucked his penis. Several shots stopped with a black ball in her mouth, then tongue rapped around the shaft, followed by several close ups of that same delicate tongue invading the hole that spewed forth the man's pee and cum. I think a great deal of the overall effect came from her eyes which she used to peer innocently up toward the

camera lens as if it was the man looking down.

Jodi's favorite among the shots of her giving head were those with the big pole in her mouth. She considered herself an expert at throating a cock, and Jessica seconded the opinion of her sister. Jodi first stretched her mouth wide to accept as much of the black meat as possible, then grabbed Dwayne's asscheeks, which she pulled toward her face. The insertion bulged her cheeks, and the picture of little white girl innocence was really quite beautiful as she knelt with long flowing blond hair, and sucking on this black man's donkey size prick.

Jessica leaned forward with interest for she knew what her sister was going to do next. Jodi lay on her back on several overstuffed pillows to bring her head up to crotch height on Dwayne. She then thrust her breasts up and laid her head way back to accept his cock as he approached her from the top. Jodi slurped in the massive black tool, placed her hands once again on his ass cheeks, and pulled his cock down her throat. This was the part that Jessica liked to watch, for her sister was literally forcing herself to be throat fucked, deep throat fucked! The thick piece of cock was slowly disappearing on every stroke, and with seeming ease, was sliding its entire 11 inches down her gullet. The huge snake had inserted its entire length, and the set of peach sized black balls came to rest on Jodi's small turned up nose. She held the pose for several seconds, allowing Jerry to snap several good shots, then repeated the maneuver over and over. I noticed Jessica leaning up on one elbow, holding a drink in her left hand, and intently watching the display. I also noticed that she had her left leg lifted up by one of the black men who was leisurely sliding his stiff black tool into her pussy. She kept watching her sister, sipping her drink, while casually getting fucked on the couch in the process. I thought to myself, "Well, I guess this is what they came for," and I didn't know how right I was.

"Oh, yeah, Sis! Suck that thing," Jessica encouraged as Jodi complied with frenzied pride.

As much of a stud that Dwayne was, he was no match for Jodi's ministrations, and he yelled some obscenity as he literally exploded down her throat. Jodi took advantage of his mistake, and held him buried to full length as he shot his sperm directly into her belly. The camera couldn't adequately capture how her throat bulged on each pulse, but we all could see her muscles expand when the jets of cum spewed into her. With no chance to swallow, she just accepted the injections of the hot semen, and only after four or five hard spurts did she back off to allow some of the spunk to puddle in her mouth. Her expertise was known only to a few, but was a truly extraordinary and amazing treat to watch. Jodi gasped for air as the black meat was extracted from her lips, and one cough allowed a spittle of cum to escape her lips. All four black men were in awe, and I could only see through my own climactic haze as my wife climaxed, getting her second injection of black seed in her pussy since I had arrived. I caught my ejaculation in my glass, and Jessica caught the ejaculate of the man fucking her in her cunt. I think she was having a better time than I was through this whole time, but that was the intention anyway.

Jodi made every bit as beautiful a picture as her sister, sitting up with her long blond hair, holding the big black cock by the base, and cleaning it with her tongue. This the camera was able to catch, and she worked it well. However, she was terribly disappointed with the fact that she was working herself up to orgasm, but didn't have the chance to cum. I think both Jess and I could tell by her jittery movements that she needed release, and in a hurry. The girls wanted the weekend to be full of black sexing, orgasms, and men who would take them at will at any time. Of course they had no reason to doubt this arrangement because of their very good looks and the taboo nature of their offering. Seldom does a beautiful white woman give herself freely to a black man, but two blond sisters giving themselves freely to any group of black men for as much as they want... well, that is a virtual guarantee of a constant stream of intercourse. One other thing that I knew about both sisters was that they were multi-orgasmic. I first discovered this in my wife when I wondered what would

happen if I got right back on her clit after a few seconds following an orgasm. The results were astounding as she climaxed rapidly, then again and again, until she had experienced seven in a row. That night I also found that once she started, she could be held at a constant level of excitement until daybreak, experiencing continual orgasms throughout the night.

That night of discovery was surprising to Jessica as well, for she then realized why she sometimes felt empty after sex. She simply needed more sex, and wasn't ready to stop at one climax. It wasn't long before she confided in me that her sister had laughed at her when she shared the story, wondering why it took her this long to find out. "You've got to be kidding!" Jodi said to Jess. "You mean to tell me you didn't know? Well listen up, we are the same in more ways than you can imagine. The blessing of multiple orgasms runs in the family, and the curse is that it drives us to a far greater level of satisfaction than the normal woman. Hell, the girls in my 'inner circle' are almost all multi-orgasmic. That's why they're so active in the club. We're like Olympic stars when it comes to cumming, girl. That's the beauty of our lot in life." And I knew this to be true, since neither girl was ever satisfied with just one climax, just one man, just one load of sperm. Their need was constant, and their ability to outpace a group was legendary. Unfortunately, their frustrations could match their stamina, and right now, Jodi was almost shaking with sexual frenzy.

Jessica recognized her sister's need, and offered. "Catch you later," whispered my wife as she turned and continued her procession to where her sister was standing. Jodi had her feet spread about shoulder width, hands on her hips, making quite a pretty picture of this blond surfer girl. Her long blond hair, bald pussy, and perky tits accentuated her youthful look in the studio lighting, and the one true lucky dog in the place was making his way to his goddess/mistress. Nubi immediately went to work on Jodi's hairless pussy, diving right in as she stroked his black head. The sisters worked as a team on the large dog, Jodi holding him behind the ears while his oversized tongue worked its way feverishly in and out of her slit and over her clit.

She fucked the black tool as best she could. The sight of Jodi being stuck on her dog's cock provided ample stimulus to the man inside my wife's mouth, and it wasn't but a few minutes of intense sucking before he was shaking and gushing his cum into her throat. Jess loved the taste of semen, especially if it was hot and fresh, and even more so if it came directly from a pair of pulsating black balls. My wife sucked the cock in her mouth until its load was fully deposited inside her. She swallowed almost all of the man's cum, but deftly reserved a small sample, allowing it to flow out and around his black shaft and drip down onto her chin and tits. The act provided just that extra touch of lewdness, and Jess loved playing the perfect actress.

As I lay on the floor, slowly waking to the late summer breeze flowing through the open window, my eyes became mesmerized by the leaves on the cottonwood tree fluttering against the clear blue sky. What had I become by letting myself get wrapped up in such depravity? What made me accept my wife's behavior in the first place, and what led me even try to live a life where I was just along for the ride? The answer was really quite simple, and I remember what a wise man once told me, "Always remember, a stiff cock has no conscience!" It was painfully obvious that I wrongfully went along with a scheme to drag me into a life of sexual perversion because of my own desire for physical pleasure.

While it was true that my wife exposed me to her secret lifestyle by letting me walk in on her when she was being screwed by my best friend, it was also true that the mere sight turned me on, not to mention that his wife was pressing her bare body against mine from behind, and reaching around to make sure I was enjoying the scene. For some inexplicable reason, in a split second I decided that I could either stop all this before it started and never be entertained by that experience again in my life, or I could see just how far this would go, and how much I could control the situation. What I didn't realize at the time was that Jessica had no intention of letting me "control" anything, and this

was just her way of introducing me to her new way of life. It was under that false pretext that I allowed myself to be suckered into living out every man's fantasy, especially after sixteen years of marriage, and try out this perverted death wish to the extent that I got off on the experience. Jessica played into my hands like putty, only it was she that was making putty out of me, and it was definitely she who was in control of our new life. By the time I realized that I should exercise some restraint, it was too late, and I was just as involved, guilty, and part of this whole mess as anybody. I had no room for complaint, and I was always one step behind my wife and her sister in this spiral of debauchery. Just when I tried to pull back the reins on the swinging, I found out about her addiction to black sexing. When I tried to understand and handle that, I was shown her video with the horses. Now the world was spinning with play slavery, dogs, and having fun making porn material.

Could I ever escape? Could I slow it down? What was it that I thought I could do, and how to do it? Or was it that deep down I was still curious about the adventure..

I was fading in and out of sleep when my eyes opened next to the sight of two breasts dangling above my face. "Hi, Honey. How're you feeling?" asked Jessica as her blond head smiled down into mine.

"Sleepy," I whispered, "Sleepy, and exhausted from tension. I really didn't expect to see what I did. It seems that this whole experience has been in a dream world, and I'm going to wake up soon."

"Of course your going to wake up, but it's not a dream world. Well, I guess I really can't say that either. This really is kind of a dream for Jodi and me, living out the fantasy and all. I hope you're feeling okay. You were the last person I expected to have here while we were doing one of our fantasy weekends."

"C'mon," I asked, "what do you really mean 'one' of your weekends? You don't do this every weekend do you?"

"Every weekend? Well, no... during our periods Jodi and I are pretty much inactive, but otherwise." Her voice trailed off to a world where she must have been either remembering or fantasizing about other adventures of which I knew nothing. I could tell that this might very well just be the tip of the iceberg if I had the guts to ask, so I let the inquiry drop until I could sort it out later in my own mind.

"So, what's in store for you girls next?" I asked, changing the subject.

She sat up cross-legged on the floor next to me. I wondered to myself as I glanced at her bald pussy, "doesn't that thing ever dry up?" Her slit was glistening with moisture as she rolled her eyes as if wondering what Jerry had in store for them.

"Actually, we don't know. Jerry alluded to some sort of party or something for some special guests. We both told him that was fine as long as he got us fucked, and he said that it was guaranteed. In fact, he said he had some surprise for us later. Don't you love surprises?"

"Oh yeah, as long as they don't involve anything that can hurt you," was my concerned response.

"There again, love, hurt is relative. If you mean a little game playing, well, that can be naughty and nice. If you mean really getting permanently damaged, that I'll have to agree with you on that one. Just to put your mind at ease, and I know you're probably worrying about disease and AIDS and all that stuff, well, Jodi met this guy at the gym who is a lab technician for the blood bank, and he's worked for years on taking and screening samples for all sorts of communicable diseases. The best part about it, of course, is that he's a pretty good looking black man, and Jodi let him take some

personal samples of his own.”

“And I suppose you, too.”

“All right, me too. He does have a helluva dick... and that’s what keeps him on OUR staff, so to speak. We have a great arrangement that couldn’t be better if we tried. He screens everyone in the club for a nominal fee, paid for out of club funds, and he gets all the white pussy he wants in return. You can imagine that he’s been a pretty steady fuck for Jodi and I, but like I said, he really does have a great cock.”

I retorted, “Tell me Jess, just what makes a cock great in your opinion anyway?”

“Oh, lot’s of things... size for one thing. A long cock is great because it can slide through my cervix into my uterus. Then, when it squirts, I can feel all that gushy white sperm filling me up and covering my little eggs. The thickness can be important, the way it spreads my lips and makes me feel particularly stuffed. The size of the head can either be trouble or fun. A big knob feels really good inside my pussy when it bumps against my cervix, but it can be hell up my ass. And you know how much I like a good anal reaming. A good set of balls is best, fun to suck on, and fun to feel slapping against me while a guy has his cock buried inside. Now, if you combine all those features with some horsepower in the prostrate department, then there is where you’ll find a solid squirter. There’s nothing like a good hard pulsating stream of semen flowing from a man’s prick into my cunt and up against my uterus. Nothing like the feeling. I guess that’s why I particularly get off on the horses with their hard jets of cum and volume. Oh, yes, did I mention volume? Let’s face it, every man dumps a good load on the first try, but after that, the amount of cum diminishes, so I guess that’s part of the reason we like multiple partners. You know, give the guys time to recoup, and give some fresh stud a chance to empty his balls inside us with a full load. Finally, if you take all those features and stick them on the front of a good looking, very black man, well, now that’s what makes a great cock in my opinion. Any questions?”

“No, no. Thanks for the lecture. I guess I asked for that.”

“Please don’t get me wrong. Your cock is nice too... especially up my ass. But, let’s face it, it’s not monstrous, and it’s especially not black, and that’s the taboo that’s winding these sisters’ clock lately,” she answered, trying to assure me that I was still very much okay and fun for any woman. I think that I let my feelings show a little too much, and she became a bit frustrated, but to my advantage. “Okay, okay, I can see a bit of jealousy behind that attitude, but that’s okay too. I like a bit of jealousy, so I’m going to see if I can do you a favor. After all, you’ve been quite a sport so far, and we don’t want you to cave in if something wild should happen, so let me see what I can arrange.”

“What do you mean... arrange?” I inquired.

“Oh, let’s just say that it’ll be my surprise gift to you.” And with that, she broke off the conversation and strutted her naked self off to another part of the floor. Some minutes later I could see her on the phone, glancing back in my direction and smiling a devilish grin.

Meanwhile back in the main stage area, bodies were beginning to rustle and awaken from the tangle of black and white sleep. Jodi was up and stretching, poking at the men to roust them from their sleep. Jessica saw Jodi standing, and motioned from the glass windowed office to join her for a moment. The two girls conversed, both shaking their head, then seemingly satisfied with their decision, emerged to join us men. The white skinned nymphs mingled among their black skinned play masters, and went around tickling their balls to get them back in the right mood.

"No problem, boss," was the girl's answer as Jodi

The men sitting around watching were all jacking off like crazy, and were about to pop their corks when Jess remembered, "No, wait! All of you guys cum in the glass." And she motioned to where I was sitting and the glass that contained two of my loads, and one from one of the guys. The three men emptied their balls into the glass, making a total of five loads of semen. Jessica smacked her lips, promising to make it a good show when the time came.

"Her name is Mia," Jodi instructed. Then Jess approached and tossed a garment at me saying, "Here, tell her she's to wear this."

"What's the story?" I asked.

Jess answered, "Mia is a relatively new member of the club, and it's time for her to get a little more involved. She wants to see some more of the unusual side of swinging, and she may even be "inner circle" material, but first she has to prove herself like we all did. Jodi and I thought this would be a good starting point, and, I think you'll like her. You pulled a surprise on me, but the surprise really turned out to be on you, and you've been a pretty good sport. Actually, I didn't expect you to be ready for something like this, so I've just been keeping it to myself while you were away, telling you only bits and pieces. At any rate, you shouldn't be alone, and that's why we figured this would be good for both Mia and you at the same time. How about it? She will be my... uh, our gift to you."

"Okay. Whatever." I said.

"And remember, she is to wear this and heels only. Nothing else. Absolutely nothing else. Do you understand?"

I nodded my affirmation and started on my way. I had a suspicion that I was about to be the escort of a new member's requisite nude stroll down a public street. Well, at least semi-nude. I remembered that one thing each inner circle member of the club must do is to walk completely naked in public at least once a year, and record the occasion for the club library. That way the membership could tell if someone was getting burned out, and it helped to verify current limits. Each new member was required to walk semi-naked at first to get the body rush and confidence that she can do it, but thereafter, all nude walks are completely nude. I wondered what Mia looked like as I left my wife and her sister behind. They were gathered around Jerry on the light table, pouring over the shots of their sexual encounters that he just developed. Picking out the best shots was fun for the sisters, and I could hear them very seriously discussing such things as which way the cum was dripping, expressions on their faces as they were being fucked, ass shots, contrast, gang bangs, and plans for the future. uu I headed straight home to shower and change. I figured that something casual, but respectable and easily removable would be right for a party if it was to be anything like the swing parties I had attended with my wife in the past. When I was finished, I headed right over to Mia's house and was taken aback when I found it located in a rather upscale neighborhood. My second shock came when she answered the door, and I found myself staring at one of the most beautiful petite women I have ever seen. Standing about 5' 2" and weighing a generous 105 lbs. soaking wet, her jet black hair framed a cream skinned complexion that housed two absolutely piercing green eyes. Mia was cute by any standards, wearing her hair in bangs and straight half way down her back. Her figure was slim, with breasts that were so perfect that I was torn between thinking they were artificial and fantasizing that they were real.

She invited me into the living room where another surprise awaited. Her husband, Roger, was sitting with their two children watching TV, and jumped up to be introduced. He wasn't a very big man, less than my size, and was excitedly curious about Mia's new adventure and their next step in club

ranking. Knowing quite well what was expected of them as members, they just didn't expect a surprise call to duty for Mia so soon, so Roger explained to me that he was to baby-sit the kids while his wife was away. One side of me wanted to scream at him, telling them to stop now while they could still get out, but another side of me told me to shut up, the side that said I wanted to fuck this man's wife, and that I would definitely get my chance.

The kids weren't too young to know what we were discussing, so I took some depraved pleasure in giving Mia instructions in front of her husband. I gave her the garment that Jessica had made, repeating the instructions for her to wear only heels with the outfit and nothing more. She disappeared into the master bedroom to change while Roger and I talked a little more about the club and the activities they could look forward to enjoying. He said that he felt extremely fortunate to have a girl who would go along with a few of his fantasies, and related that he was looking forward to another party like the one that they had with Jodi and her husband. I filed that comment away in the back of my mind, since I knew that Jodi's husband never participated in her activities, and, in fact, led a very separate life. This would have to be clarified with Mia later.

I could see that the more graphic I was in describing the various situations and games to be played, the more heated he became. His breathing was becoming noticeably labored when I devilishly painted a detailed picture of how he would be seeing, even helping, his wife get fucked repeatedly by throngs of other men. About the time I thought that he was about to pull his dong out right in front of the kids and start jerking off, Mia reentered the room.

Words can not describe the picture of pure sex this lady exuded as she stood before us visibly excited about her pending exposure. Starting at her white three and a half inch heels, her shapely legs were fully exposed up to just short of her crotch. The dress she was given to wear was made of pink Lycra polyester material that was semi transparent. A mock turtleneck held the top in place, as the dress was completely backless, plunging low enough to expose the crack of her ass. The front molded around every curve of her breasts and muscular tummy, while the sides were held together only with a loose open string arrangement that left a two inch wide gap, giving complete visibility to the fact that she was... wearing panties? "Wait! Hold it right there. What did I tell you?" I asked.

"To wear this dress," she pouted, worried by my reaction to what she thought was an incredibly sexy appearance.

"No, I told you to wear that and nothing else. Isn't that right?" My voice was raising in command of the charged up girl.

"Well, yes, but surely you don't expect."

"Expect what?" I interrupted. "Expect you to comply? Of course I did. Now, strip those panties right here, right now!" Her family had stopped watching the TV because of my loud tone, and she proceeded to reach into the panty straps, pull them down, and let them fall to the floor. Now, standing naked from the waist down in front of the kids, one other thing was obvious, and this time it was I who was shocked. It's a common practice for the women in the club to shave their pussies, and Mia had complied nicely by having a smooth bald snatch. Her pussylips were the puffy variety, but what was most impressive was the size of her clit, which was the size of my little finger. I had always read about women like this, and had always wanted to meet one. Wow! This was incredible! It actually looked like a small penis dangling in the open, and when I touched it, it sprang to life along with a copious amount of pussy juice. This girl was obviously hot to trot, and I knew that I was going to be the jockey. I couldn't believe my good luck, and in one heartbeat forgave everything I had thought about my wife's black sexing. I actually started to feel loved by Jessica in my own selfish way, since Jess had thought of me and my physical needs, and fantasized that I would actually enjoy

the rest of the weekend fucking this nymph while watching my wife and her sister get stuffed with all the black cock and cum they could handle.

I stood back to look once again at the creature that would submit to having every imaginable form of intercourse with me, not to mention blowjobs. The semi-sheer material bulged like a second skin around her perfect breasts, conforming nicely to her erect nipples, and clung to the curves in her belly and hips. What I especially liked was the fact that this girl's vaginal area was so well outlined that her pouty lips and stiff clit were clearly visible to anyone close, but the dress suggested cover from a distance. Her black hair hung straight down her exposed back, and she was virtually nude when observed from close up. I took her hand, and, as I led her to the front door, she turned to her husband and kids telling them that she would return sometime the next day, as far as she knew.

"Wait!" her husband said, as we were about to leave. "What's going to happen... I mean, will she be."

"Oh she'll be okay," I offered as I realized his meek position in this relationship. "In fact, she'll be very fine indeed." My brazenness arose to a level that even excited me, as I realized that this was my chance to throw a little shock factor into the situation. I looked him straight in the eye and said, "Mia here will be fucked well. I'll see to that, since I'm her escort for the weekend. She'll come back with her pussy full of sperm, my sperm, and maybe some others'. I haven't decided yet, but I assure you, your wife will be well fucked, her pussy, her ass, her mouth. Okay Rog?"

"Okay." came the soft reply.

I turned to watch Mia's reaction and noticed her wide eyes, labored breathing and wet inner thighs. I was in love, but at the moment I was more in lust than anything else, and turned her out the door to her awaiting exposure. The car was deliberately parked on the next block, and the early evening light this summer day lit our way along the neighborhood that was alive with kids playing and the occasional man, woman or couple working in the yard before supper. To raise the level a little, I took Mia's hand in mine, knowing that some of the people would recognize her and wonder who she was with. The fact that she was walking virtually naked with a man other than her husband would almost destroy any reputation she enjoyed as a good mother of two, but more important, it would cross a bridge that signaled that there would be no going back.

There was no doubt as to the affect that this stroll had on the neighbors, and Mia did herself proud by strutting her stuff in front of them all. One man who was mowing his lawn stopped to acknowledge her by saying hello, but it was amusingly obvious that his eyes were glued to her body. Mia's nipples stiffened at the attention, and she stood straight up as she walked by, causing her breasts to press against the thin material even more. Her tits jiggled and bounced as freely as if she wore nothing at all, and the giving material left absolutely nothing to the imagination. As we finally reached my car, I took advantage of the couple that stood watching the procession, and, before opening the passenger side door, I took her in my arms, raised her lips to mine and kissed her in full view of the stunned neighbors. Stunned, indeed, because my hand slipped to the crack of her ass, and her dress rode up her hips to fully expose her butt. We both were locked in a passionate kiss that I was soaking in and she was pouring forth. The shivers in her body told me that she climaxed from feeling my body pressed against hers, and from the excitement of being the slut she always dreamt of being. Juice was streaming down her legs as I opened the car door, and watched the short dress that couldn't possibly cover her snatch when she seated herself. I smirked proudly as I walked around the car, entered, and drove slowly away with my personal housewife whore.

"Not bad for the first time," I offered as we drove slowly down the block. I noticed her green eyes were half closed and crazed from the excitement. She looked over with a new inquisitive look that told me she didn't expect the feeling to be so intense, that she was losing self control, and that she

definitely liked what was happening to her.

It is a concept that escapes most people as they ponder just why the magic or excitement goes out of any relationship. I know, it took me long enough to realize the true meaning of newness. People become complacent in their dealings with others, whether it's because they lose interest, or they care too much. Yes, I learned that caring too much for a person's feelings made me try to outguess their reactions, constantly trying to please them, and often times failing. Knowing someone too well can actually cause a person to become bored with knowing how their partner will react, and it's for that reason that they fail to be spontaneous and creative in love making. Dealing with a loss of interest is one thing, but dealing with over caring can be just as dangerous.

So it was that I came to know the secret of what drives most people to try swinging in the first place. The secret is the unknown. Looking at some one, not knowing if they have the same wicked feelings as you, then bursting forth without control into wild sexual frenzy with a stranger. This was the feeling that was boiling up inside Mia at this very moment. Her blatant nastiness, her wickedness, her slutty behavior in front of a total stranger who vowed in front of her family to fuck her. At that moment I knew that Mia wanted me to dominate her, tell her what to do, how to act. She wanted me to debase her, defile her, and to force into acts that she never dreamed of doing. She wanted this because I had no history with her, or her with me, and she could play the part of any person in her wildest fantasies for me. Now was her chance to lose all control for once and she only wanted the excuse to comply. She didn't want the opportunity to slip through her fingers. If she liked what she felt because of it, she could do it again and again as a new person with a new reputation. If she rejected ever doing this in the first place, she would never know anything about these things, and she could only guess as to what it would be like. She could never go back once she rejected the chance. Her fire would forever die, and adventure would no longer exist. She awaited her guide to take her on that adventure, into new lands of fulfillment and opportunity for passion. One lifetime, one chance, that was her choice. She had gone this far and her body spoke to her of promised flames, explosions that she only tasted and fantasized about. She was definitely ready, and I had the fortune to both understand where she was on her journey, and to also be her guide, her mentor, her master.

I didn't know this girl from any other. I had no vested interest in her well being, and therefore I could consider her a mere fuck toy. That was the beauty of the strangeness. I didn't know her limits, but, then again, what did it matter? I wasn't supposed to care. She didn't expect it of me, and I wasn't going to spoil the chance to take her and treat her like the slut she wanted to be. I didn't have to worry about pinching her nipples when I wanted. I didn't have to be concerned if my cock or any other guy's cock hit the back of her pussy. It wasn't important if it hurt if I was so lucky that she had a short cunt and my cock penetrated her cervix. I was going to fuck this girl, and she was going to like it. No, wait, it didn't matter if she liked it or not. It was for my pleasure, not hers. She was my gift, my fuck toy. At least that's what I kept telling myself. It was funny, but I had to loosen up as much as she did if this was going to work. So, I took a deep breath and put up the image of the all-knowing, experienced swinger that I was ironically forced to be.

"He doesn't know, does he?" I asked in a cool manner.

"Who? What?"

"Roger. He doesn't know how involved you are, does he?"

Mia looked at me with surprise, and sheepishly answered, "How do you know?"

"Call it a hunch. And the fact that he mentioned the party you two attended. First of all, Jodi doesn't

swing with her husband, so whoever fucked you was just one of the club members. Second, Jodi and Jessica don't start the inner circle process with any member unless that person is pretty well into the scene, and is quite active in their afternoon sessions. Don't tell me. I'd say you're a regular at most of the girl's parties, and have expressed an interest in some of the kinkier stuff the sisters have teased you with. Am I right?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"You guess so?"

"Okay, okay. You're right. Roger thinks this is all brand new, and it's part of some sort of swingers tradition or something. Your wife and her sister have actually gotten me pretty involved, and I guess you might say I've already screwed my share of men behind Rog's back. But I did involve him in the one party. I figured if I fed him just enough bait, he would go along with the idea, and I could do about anything I wanted, as long as he got to attend a party every now and then. It's not that I don't want him involved. In fact, I love to have him around while I'm being screwed, mostly for the thrill of seeing his reaction to me being so nasty. It's just that I don't want him to know everything. That way there's a sense of control."

I laughed and muttered, "Typical! So, tell me, how much do the girls have you doing? Details, now! Be explicit."

Mia started getting excited again, and subconsciously started fingering her exposed clit as she spoke, "Well, let's see. The usual afternoon parties. We occasionally go out teasing in some pretty sexy clothes. I... I've had my first gang bang, I guess you could call it. Oh, it was just three guys, but it was terrific. They got me going so much, I kept screaming for more until they just wore out. I guess that's when Jodi decided I might be acceptable to her inner circle."

"White, black or mixed?" I asked, knowing what this weekend held in store.

"What?"

"Were you banged by white guys, or did you go all the way to black?"

"Oh. They were white. Black's one thing I haven't tried. Although, Jessica, I'm sorry, your wife has shown me some videos of her and her sister doing some black men, and wow, did I ever get turned on. Maybe I'll get up the guts to try it sometime. What do you think of them fucking black guys like they do? Do you think I should try it?"

"Let's just say that I could learn to like it given the right circumstances." I laughed to myself, again thinking of where I was taking Mia, and that she was the sole reason that I was going to enjoy it. I imagined myself on top of Mia, face to face, with my dick buried in her obviously tight little cunt, and looking up to watch my wife and her sister humping a thick black cock. My prick was pressing hard against my jeans as I continued, "So give me some details about you and the club. How did you get involved, and what do you know about the inner circle?"

Mia went on, "Well, I first met Jodi at the gym. After having a couple of kids, I felt like I was getting out of shape, and decided to do something about it. At the beginning it was the usual treadmill workout, then the occasional swim. That's when I met Jodi. I saw her talking to a few of the guys as she was life guarding, but what caught my eye was the fact that her wet swimsuit was clinging to her body and the white material was clearly showing her nipples. Naturally, I looked at the guys' crotches, and noticed some incredible hardons as they were staring her down. As I casually swam by, I got a closer look at Jodi's suit, and saw that the wet material not only clung to her tits, but the

folds of her pussylips and clit were clearly visible as well. She just stood there about three feet from these guys' faces, casually carrying on a teasing conversation, full knowing that she was displaying her body. As I swam by, both the guys and she turned to watch me doing the back stroke and I noticed her wink at me and nod an approving look. Actually, their staring made me horny as hell, and later in the locker room, Jodi introduced herself commenting on my good shape and the way the men looked at me. She was really quite forward and blatant with her descriptions right off the bat, but it attracted me. Well, right then and there we struck up a friendship based on the common interest of our effect on the guys. I guess that I kind of got a body rush listening to Jodi's description of cocks hardening because of the way I looked, but what told me there was something more to this was when I watched Jodi strip in front of me. As she peeled off her suit, I noticed that she had removed all the lining material in the bra and crotch area. She purposely made it so her nipples would show and her cuntlips would fold around the Lycra, outlining the details of her pussy. And what a pussy! Bald and smooth as a baby girl's, and pouty just like mine. Jeez! That was a turn on, and I was curious as hell. So, when she invited me to her house for a drink, I was drawn like a moth to the proverbial flame."

"Well, I have to admit. You definitely are no slouch when it comes to the body department."

Mia actually blushed and went on, "Maybe not, but, all housewives begin to worry, and I was no exception. I guess that the fact that I was married young and had little experience with other men got me wondering about where my life was going. Besides, still being relatively young, my libido is really pretty strong, and tending kids all day just doesn't cut it, if you know what I mean. I had to admit, I was curious about those cocks. I wanted to see more of them, and, in a way that warmed my skin, I wanted them to see more of me."

"Trust me, I know." My voice must have trailed off, me thinking of my own situation with Jessica, and knowing that it must have been the same for her. "But, keep going, then what?"

"Well, at Jodi's place, she offered me a glass of wine, and we sat and talked. She was really quite open, and I really liked having a friend near my own age that I could open up to. One of the first things she did when she got home was change into a chemise, saying that she really couldn't stand wearing clothes around the house. She made me feel so comfortable and relaxed. We talked about my feelings and shared secrets. She even told me that she had an open marriage and she was free to experiment. When I probed about what she meant, she described the little things like dressing to tease in the gym and at the malls. Instead of being shocked, I got more interested, and started talking about my feelings. About how horny I was feeling, and about how much I had been fantasizing in my own mind about things like other men. Then, she really surprised me."

"Don't tell me the album, right?"

"How'd you guess?"

"Call it another hunch," I mused.

"Anyway, I guess she felt like she could trust me, and asked just how uninhibited I thought I would like to be if I really had the chance. I answered that sometime I felt that I could or would try just about anything once, to which she responded by pouring another glass of wine, sitting next to me on the sofa, and asking if I would like to see some pictures of her boyfriends. Of course, I was curious, and the wine was getting to me, and she felt so close and warm sitting next to me that I said yes. She pulled the album from the coffee table in front of us, gave it to me, and leaned back with her glass of wine while I opened the cover. At first the pictures were of some really nice looking guys, the kind that would turn my head. As I flipped the pages, their clothes started coming off until they were

stark naked with good shots of some major schlongs. The next pages were of Jodi in a similar sequence of shots, ending with her as naked as the men were. What I didn't expect were the pictures that followed. Jodi and her male friends together in various poses, naked, kissing, hugging and groping at each other. I was both shocked and incredibly turned on by the photos, and couldn't help myself from asking where she came up with these men, where she found someone to pose with her like that."

"And that's when she invited you to come along and find out. Right?"

"Right. Hey, if you already know this story, why are you asking?" she asked.

"Your hand."

"My hand?" she jerked her fingers away from her pussy.

"Oh, don't stop. In fact, the other half of the reason is your other hand," and I took her left hand and pressed it to my jeans, showing her the effect her story was having on me as well. She immediately grinned, went back to fingering herself, and continued her story with the revelation that this was just part of the process of getting in the mood, and teasing her creative juices. Mia relaxed, smiled, and unzipped my pants to extract my cock before continuing her story. As my now raging boner sprang from my loose pants, her small hand enveloped the shaft and she began slowly stroking as she spoke. Knowing that I probably couldn't contain myself while driving, and being fairly close to our destination, I decided to pull into one of the city's major parks. We continued our conversation in the car with me fingering Mia's clit, her stroking my cock, and the occasional weekend athlete jogging by in full view of our ministrations. I really didn't care if anyone saw us, and actually looked forward to someone's reaction when they noticed. Was I becoming an exhibitionist like these women? The thought intrigued me.

"Well, anyway, like I was saying, Jodi invited me over for an adventure the next day. I was so excited at her instructions to go home, shave my pussy completely smooth, and abstain from any sex that evening that I just about died. When I showed up the next day, you'd think that I had just consumed three double shot espressos from the way I was wired. I guess I played right into Jodi's hands, as she greeted me at the door in an outfit that I thought was barely legal. She told me that we were going out for the day, and the idea was to be as daring as possible. She said that it was a game, and that I would be surprised how far women could go in public before someone got put off. Jodi gave me an outfit to wear that was identical to hers, except for color. Her powder blue and my white togs consisted of a jogging bra sans padding or liner, and a pair of Lycra knit exercise shorts, again without liners. The top conformed to our breasts so well, that every curve of our tits were plain as day, and our nipples were clearly detailed, especially as stiff as they were. The shorts were like a second skin, running up the crack of our ass, and the seamless front looked like it was sprayed onto our pussylips. My clit was like it was sculpted in porcelain, with each curve surrounded in minute detail under the thin material. You can see that as big as it is, I felt like I was sporting a miniature hardon. Our asscheeks showed no trace of panties, and jiggled along with my free swaying tits as I walked. Bobby sox and jogging shoes, along with a thin sweater draped over the shoulder and loosely tied in front topped off the athletic image."

"Jodi deemed my hair to be just right, long and straight down my back, but she fixed hers in a pony tail that pointed high from nearly the top of her head. I couldn't believe that she wanted me to go out in this outfit that is until Jessica showed up. That's when I first met your wife, and realized that this was for real. Jess was dressed in her own concoction of athletic shirt that had a bottom hem hanging just below her breast line, and a tennis skirt obviously meant to be worn with frilly panties for those times that the wind blew, or when an athletic move made the material ride up. However,

Jessica was not wearing panties, and the skirt was short enough to show some cheek. The bottom of her tits peeked from beneath her thin top that also showed her nipples. Of course, she wore the same shoes as we did, but her hair was in her classic bob style. A fishnet open front sweater left nothing to the imagination. So it was that we three vixens sallied forth into the world, seeking attention. My shorts were already so wet that the soaked spot only served to make my bald pussy more visible, and when I looked in the mirror, I suddenly realized how explicit my protruding clit was in its erect state. I was hot, and was looking forward to getting hotter in the strength of my experienced company."

I asked, "Mia, why do you think Jodi and Jess like doing these things? I mean, don't they think it's really out of their league to be running around like that, tempting fate at getting arrested for exposure?"

"Funny thing about it is that I asked them the same question just before we went out the door, and I got a very direct answer. Jodi looked at her sister, and they both turned to face me. 'Look at me,' Jodi said, 'Look at us both, and look at yourself. Now, we know damned well that these bodies are hot. In fact, we look good! But, we also know that this shape won't last forever, and once it's gone, it's gone. Oh, yeah, we can work at keeping in shape, but our bodies, our fire, our ages... they're all here and now. In a few years it won't be the same. I for one don't want to wake up some morning years from now and realize what could have been, what I missed out on. I don't want to lose that forever before I get my fill.' Jodi was very convincing and dead serious. She went on, 'Men play games, sports, and athletics because they dream of impressing the girls. They dream of being the super hero, or the James Bond, so they push it in hopes of sweeping some young innocent off her feet. Well, girls do the same things, only they don't flex their muscles, they flex their femininity. They shave their legs, wear high heels, and low cut dresses that accentuate their breasts. They play on their sexuality in hopes of sweeping unsuspecting guys off their high horses.' Then she cocked her hip and said, 'So, what's it going to be? You have the equipment. Are you satisfied being told who you are and what you can do all your life, or do you want to find out just how easy it is to control the men instead of the other way around? Want to play?' That cord struck home, and being the adventurous type, I wondered what it would be like to have that kind of control over men."

"Excuse me if that doesn't surprise me. Everyone wants to live some erotic tale of their own, and you certainly do have the equipment like Jodi said." I rolled her clit between my fingers as I spoke, and she melted, closing her eyes for a second at the pleasure. "Go on about your foray with the girls."

"We drove to the mall, and walked the concourse for awhile, picking out our victims and strategizing. I have to admit that planning our devilry was about as exciting as doing it. It seemed like foreplay as we waved our bodies up and down past the stores, commenting on the possibilities, then taking a break at the sidewalk caf, where we sat observing the patrons coming and going. We sipped some iced tea and talked about how sexy we felt, and especially how daring Jessica looked, sitting there with her legs crossed, making the hem of her skirt show an unbelievable amount of leg, and occasionally flapping up in the breeze clear to her waste on the side. These girls obviously knew what they were doing, and knew how to do it, because they next asked if I was ready for part two."

"Here I thought that we had just about done all we could," continued Mia, "but was I ever in for a shocker. The sisters guided me down the mall to an electronics store, where we previously spotted a number of good looking sales reps. Jodi told me to watch her eyes and expression closely to "learn the tease." We were quite a site, strolling into the place, and we pretty much had our pick of the gents when some hunk asking if we needed assistance approached Jodi. She turned and looked him completely up and down before holding his stare and saying that we wanted to look at some custom units. The guy fumbled as he escorted us to the store's sound room, where the special stereo equipment was kept for acoustically correct listening. We were asked if we had any particular

interests, to which Jodi and Jess replied that their interests were varied, and that they were interested to know if his equipment was built strong enough to handle the soft tones as well as the pounding forces of a good sweaty beat. Jodi said this using her best sexy voice, and in such a way that left the poor guy speechless. Before he could speak, Jodi asked about whether a particular pair of floor speakers had an impedance control on the back. As the man sank to his knees looking at the back of the speaker, we moved closer to where, when he turned back to talk, his face was almost in our neatly outlined crotches. His stare at our pussies was so obvious that it took a full couple of seconds before he looked up only to find our hard nipples under our tops. He fumbled with an answer, flushed at being caught, and then Jessica asked if the speakers were compatible for surround sound. As she asked, she raised her arms, pointing to the rear corners of the room to indicate other speaker locations, and when she did so, her top raised to almost fully expose the bottom of her breasts. From where he was kneeling on the floor, the man had an excellent view of her bare skin as one of her nipples slipped below the hem of her top. The fish net sweater gave only the impression of cover, and her nipple was briefly exposed to his gaze which was like that of a kitten intently watching a piece of string. He mentioned that they were indeed compatible, and went on to offer that he could offer a free in-home demonstration and design of a custom system if so desired. Jodi asked Jessica if that Friday would be acceptable, and Jess, in turn, asked me if I was willing to undergo a few hours of demonstration on that day. All eyes turned to me, the man's continuously going back and forth between my snatch and breasts, and I found myself agreeing to Friday just before noon."

"So that was it?" I asked.

"Oh, far from over. We left that store in a sweat, my heart pounding, wondering what I just arranged for myself. Jodi and Jessica congratulated me on my performance saying, 'See how easy that was? That could be your first victory.' I was totally flushed at what I had just done, but I was keyed up and in a daze. Of course, the sisters weren't about to let this opportunity pass, so off to the shoe store we went. We went to a shoe section of an exclusive department store, really shopping for men more than for shoes. We spotted our next victim, and Jodi told me to play along. The suave man asked if we needed help, and Jodi said that both she and I were interested in thong heels. After picking out several pair, we seated ourselves as the man helped us with the shoes. We knew that he had a perfect close up of our outlined pussies, and we played to his enjoyment as we shifted positions, giving the material between our legs ample opportunity to shift over the folds of our lips and my extra large clit. Man, was I getting hot! There I was purposely showing a total stranger my vagina like he was giving me a pelvic exam, innocently making off that I was interested in the fit of the shoes. We got all the attention we wanted, and could see the man getting a real boner, when Jessica asked to see a particularly high pair of heels. Before he returned with the shoes, Jess told me to pay attention to her polished routine. When the man returned with the strap heels, Jessica attempted to strap the shoes on herself as he watched. You could tell his interest at her extremely short skirt riding up the side, but she was expert at not letting him see between her legs. She then got up and walked to the floor mirror about six feet away. It was one of those angled mirrors that let the person wearing the shoes get a better view, but she knew that it also afforded the salesman a good view as well. "I just don't know. They seem a bit... exposing, don't you think?" she said, emphasizing the word "exposing," as she spread her legs about shoulder width apart. You could almost see the man sweat as his eyes were glued to the reflection of Jessica's exposed pussy in the mirror. She knew damned well that he was staring directly at her bald snatch, so she just stood their swing her hips slightly without destroying the position. After about one full minute, she came back, sat down and complained about one of the straps. The man offered to help adjust the thing, and she made her final move by lifting her leg up to the stool on which he was sitting, only this time, she made sure that he had an unobstructed view of her moist slit. She watched, as he couldn't contain his stare, then, when he looked up realizing he had been caught, she smiled down saying that she would take the shoes,

and would wear them out. We all giggled as we left the store, the salesman with a raging hardon, and me with a feeling of pure power like I hadn't felt before. I liked what I was feeling."

I was feeling the affect of the story myself, and was dripping precum as I continued to rub her wet clit. Man that clit was stiff, and I felt almost as if I was masturbating a small penis, only this was no she-male. She was all girl and the story of her seduction by my wife and her sister was just too much to stop now. I pressed for more details. "You must have been one hot bitch by then," I said, sensing that language that she didn't hear at home excited her.

"No shit, I was hot." Right on! She was really getting into the story and loosening up. She continued with some excitement now, "But it didn't stop there," she said with enthusiasm. "I was dripping when we left that store and took a break at the pub near the mall entrance. The girls ushered me over to the bar, where we took up residence on some rather high barstools. Jessica looked fabulous in her high heels and short skirt, and after our drinks arrived, we turned to notice that a group of four men two white and two black had slithered over to the table next to us. The view must have been something else for the group. Jodi and I with lycra shorts that fit right up the crack of our ass, and your wife with a skirt that didn't quite cover her ass. The men were obviously confused at what they were seeing, and finally, one made a comment on the fine decor of the place, asking our opinions. Jodi turned to face them, approving of their perception in decorating, and asked me if I agreed. I took the lead, and turned to face the men like Jodi. Without even thinking, I noticed that I had positioned myself like Jodi, heels on the barstool rung, making a perfect display of my pussy under the thin veneer. I was getting hooked on the rush, realizing that I could expose myself to men who would drool over my body. Within a few silly comments, I, in turn, passed the baton by asking if Jessica was in agreement of our taste. Well, you could have written a book about the expressions on the men when your wife sat up straight and slowly turned to face our party. She looked me straight in the eye to see my face when she positioned her legs the same as ours. I couldn't help myself as I stared straight at her bald cunt, airing itself on the edge of the stool. From the seats at the table below, I knew, and she knew that the men were getting something they hadn't bargained for. Not only was her pussy visible as she swung her strong muscled legs open and closed casually, but her tits could also be seen from the underside, pushing the flimsy top out in front. Jessica knew exactly what the men were seeing, and she turned slightly to make sure each man had a chance at the show. We continued our conversations through our drinks, and asked for the men's business cards before slipping off the stools. Jodi and I didn't have to drive the material in our shorts any further up our moist slits to make our exposure complete, but Jessica put on the grand finale as she deliberately slipped from her seat slowly so her skirt rode up to briefly expose her bare bottom. The fact that she wasn't wearing panties was blatant as hell, and we heard a collective sigh at the sight. The men were business types, out for a late lunch, and were employed in commercial sales of computer equipment. Jodi and Jess asked if they could contact them for technical advice, to which the guys fell all over themselves in offering their personal service. We all mentioned that we would be sure to use their services in the near future."

"You mean to tell me that my wife, I mean, I believe it of her sister, but, my wife."

"Yup! Your wife, Jessica, made sure that she was free to procure their services, and gave them a sample of what to expect. Now that's what I call power. She was so cool and collected as these guys nearly overturned their table getting up in politeness when we left. Jess and Jodi were cool, but I was getting hot as a machine gun. They knew I couldn't last, so they asked me what I thought so far. I could hardly talk, and my drenched crotch made it apparent that I was ready for something more than just waving it around. The sisters conferred with each other, then asked if I knew now where this was leading. If I hadn't before, I realized now that they didn't do this only to go home and take a cold shower. So I asked what I could expect if I wanted to go farther. "Nothing short of heaven on earth," was their answer as they told me that they had one more stop on the way home. I couldn't

believe that they expected me to accompany them into the bookstore, the kind that sold adult movies and sex toys. My embarrassment was shooting through the roof as us three foxy ladies stroll into the adult store. I felt my skin go alternately hot and cold as the girls escorted me past the rubber cocks and implements. They made a show to stop and ask me my opinion of several of the life like surgical rubber penises and handed me each one to consider. I caught my breath several times, surprised at how real these things felt, and imagining those monster dicks penetrating my now flooded cunt. "I think she likes this one," Jodi said as they both selected a thick brown model with balls attached. They made me carry the twelve- inch dick through the store past the magazines and movies as we browsed. I was in a daze, wanting to hide what I was carrying, but, at the same time, fascinated at the variety of sexual delights displayed for our pleasure. Every imaginable act, thought and perversion was on display, and my eyes were soaking it all in.

By the time we reached the checkout, I hadn't even noticed that they had each picked up a magazine for themselves, and asked if I would be so kind as to pay for them too, since they had left their purses in the car. As I stood before the raised counter, I handed the clerk my purchase, and he asked if there would be anything else. I was so transfixed at mentally helping him hurry the item into a bag that I almost forgot about the magazines, and turned to take them from the sisters and pass them to the clerk. As I passed them to the man and he looked at the covers, I noticed him glancing from the magazines to the girls behind me. I looked to see what the problem was, and I noticed each magazine's front cover had the clear picture of the two girls standing behind me, their faces splattered in gobs of white sticky cum, and a black cock dripping the rest onto their faces. These were those glossy specialty magazines that were filled with only shots of women being fucked in every hole, and of them sucking monster black cocks until they came in their mouths and pussies. Jessica and Jodi were smirking behind me, fully realizing that the man would notice that they were the featured starlets. They were watching both the man's reaction and mine as I was caught in between. Their enjoyment at my realization was broken when I asked the attendant if he was finished with the literature, to which he told me the total. Well, of course I didn't have enough cash, so I had to use my credit card. I was further embarrassed, since now the man knew my name and asked for my ID, further gaining access to my address. Jessica spoke up say that I also wanted to open an account for movies, so run the card for five movie rentals."

"We went back to Jodi's place, with me now being on record with an account at the local adult book store! I thought, my God, what have I done, but when we got in the house and relaxed with one glass of wine down and next being poured, the magazines had already been taken out of the bag and passed around. I was mortified, but uncontrollably interested in the images before me. I had no idea that the girls I had befriended were also modeling for porn material. However, the wine and the excitement of the day easily overcame the forbidden acts that I had just done, and I found that the three of us were soon stripped naked in the heat of the afternoon, lying on Jodi's bed, reading sex magazines, and talking girl talk of the day's experiences. I thought to myself, I love my new friends."

"And, did you?" I asked full knowing the answer. Mia didn't miss a beat when she told me of her first lesbian experience. She related how they just started stroking her skin and talking of their adventures. Of how they showed themselves off to these men, and how wet they had gotten. She closed her eyes and shuddered in climax as she told me of the first time any female had sucked her clit, and the first time she had ever put her own mouth to another woman's pussylips and let her tongue explore the gentle folds and taste of her partner. Mia said that the feeling of freedom and the friends were something she had longed for, and that she melted under the touch, soft sounds of female voices, and the incredible excitement of venturing into the land of the taboo. This was a girl that was ripe for picking, and my wife and her sister were the master gardeners. I could tell that the memory of that day was the moment she both accepted, and was accepted into a way of life that would change her forever. The only thing I could do now was to enjoy it with her, and that I did, for I

got a thrill out of watching the man and woman slowly jogging toward us, and almost tripping over their own feet when they passed by and saw me fingering Mia as she stroked my cock.

Even though I was growing attached to this black haired vixen in my car, the realization that we were strangers lent a level of excitement to the situation that few people enjoy. I was the escort for a lovely new member of my sister-in-law's swing club, and was about to bring her to a weekend party where my wife and her sister were getting their fill of sex with black men. The only saving grace in this whole situation was my enthusiastic response of approval when I walked in on their plans unannounced. Jessica, my wife, took that as a license to fuck, and she and her sister, Jodi, were now returning the favor by giving me free reign over their newest female conquest. Mia wasn't only a looker; she was the nearest thing to a fantasy girl that existed in my mind.

What was really boggling my mind was the realization of how Jodi's club worked. Whenever a new member was assigned an escort, that escort became the new member's "club mate." That meant that the new member was attached to the escort as a swinging partner, and often-attended parties and events together instead of with their own mates. This made the act of infidelity even more exciting because the pair were still exploring each other while they explored new sexual horizons. Mia was mine, and I would take her wherever I wanted and treat her as my toy as I saw fit. Today my intentions were to please myself at her expense, to use her as medicine against my aching soul. But, as most terminal patients often do, the only respect I had for the cure was the relief it would give me. Little did I know just how good a friend, sole mate, and confidant she would become as I watched my wife sink deeper into the depths of sexual depravity along with her sister.

Her DD-cup breast heaved against the ultra thin material of her excuse for a dress, as we sped along toward the downtown apartment where Jessica and Jodi were playing slave girls. Mia's semi-nude walk wasn't over, since she had yet to walk from my car to the brownstone building. I parked the better part of a block away, and opened her door just as the streetlights were beginning to jump to life on the street. Her dress did little to hide her nudity as she strolled at my side down the street of the mostly black neighborhood.

We passed a driveway where four black youths were playing a game of two on two, and we immediately had our way blocked by the young men who took their time to get in Mia's face as they took in the sight of her body. Mia was flushed at being so exposed at such close range. She could do nothing to hide her nudity, and merely stood there while the boys had their fill.

"I think you be in the wrong 'hood," one of them finally spoke.

"Oh, we're in the right place. You're just blocking our way." I said calmly in response.

"And, what if we don't move? What if we want to borrow your chick for awhile?"

I looked around and noticed that we were next to a building that was being renovated, and had quite a bit of construction material lying around. "Well, in the first place, if you push it, I would be happy to remove you from the path." Yes, I knew something that he didn't know. "Second," and here is where I got a brilliant idea, "if you want to use my friend here, you'll have to win her fair and square. Let's call it a game of one on one." I was looking up at the man who was much taller, and my suggestion must have seemed utterly foolish.

"What?" the stunned youth said.

"You heard me. That is, unless you're afraid." Now, this really got his goat, as I knew it would, and he took the bait.

"Listen you piece of white..."

I stopped him in mid sentence, "Okay, then, you be here tomorrow evening, try to wash before then... and bring your friends. Oh, and one more thing, bring cash."

"Why?"

"'Cause you smell, and you're gonna lose!" I said matter-of-factly as I took Mia by the arm and we pushed past the small group. Mia couldn't believe my attitude and said that she was sure that I had just escorted her into her first rape. I assured her that I knew what I was doing, and took pleasure in the fact that her nipples had grown as hard as rocks at the treatment.

"You liked that, didn't you?" I asked staring at her boobs.

"I liked being stared at," she admitted. As we walked briskly, now, her heels clicking loudly on the pavement, she straightened her back proudly, and confessed, "You know, I think I could try going all the way. I mean, I think it would be a turn on to go completely nude." She turned to watch my expression, asking silently if I would do it for her, be there to make her do it.

I looked her up and down saying, "I never thought that dress really fit you anyway."

While we were walking, I noticed a blonde head briefly appear in the balcony window of the second floor of Jerry's place, and when we reached his building after being followed by slowing cars, we were immediately buzzed through the front door. We ascended the stairs to the studio level, and peeked inside to find only Jerry busily hanging negatives.

"Oh, hi!" he shouted as he noticed our presence. "Just finishing up on some of the day's shoot. Got some pretty good stuff here. Man, your woman is one hot bitch. She has definitely got the talent to show me the Money!" I laughed at the pun. "Come here and look." He handed me a magnifying glass to study some of the negatives on the light board, as he turned to look at Mia.

"Sorry. Mia, Meet Jerry... Jerry, Mia" I introduced as I took the glass and turned to the pictures. I noticed he approved of Mia's lack of dress, and she stood there in her best little girl pose, taking pleasure in his attention to her bareness. What was really turning Mia's crank was the fact that this was the first encounter she had with being mostly nude in the company of a black man. They began exchanging small talk in that "come on" sort of way when your eyes want to say, 'man, I'd like to fuck your brains out,' or on the other hand, 'jeez, I'd like to feel you inside of me.'

The pictures were professional all right. Every possible pose and combination was right before my eyes, as I took in the details of vaginal penetrations, anal insertions, face fucking and multiple partners. All were clear and sharp, and all involved my wife and her sister with their black partners. I was getting a massive hardon gazing at the images, and found myself absentmindedly rubbing myself through my pants. Thinking to myself that I had someone to do that for me, I called Mia over, and instructed her to take care of my problem as she shared in the pictures before us. She stood at my side, massaging my tool through my pants as she gasped at the photos. She couldn't believe the graphic clarity of her friends in those poses.

"My God! Those are beautiful! I mean, they're stunning, er...."

"They're fucking hot, you mean."

"Yeah. That's what I meant to say." She stammered and rubbed me harder as her breathing got heavier and her nipples stiffened once again.

I put the eyeglass down, turned her around, and brazenly felt her pussy. It was soaked and ready to be fucked. I decided to cut the paper work short and get on to where the action was, so I asked Jerry where Jodi and Jessica were. He said that they were in his third floor apartment, getting things ready for a get together of some of his friends for the evening. Mia and I left him to finish up printing some of the better shots, and made our way up the stairs. Being the gentleman that I was, I let Mia go in front. The view of her naked slit and ass added fuel to my already boiling caldron of cum, and I knew I wouldn't last long before she would be skewered on the end of my prick, and I would be pumping her with my semen.

I hadn't been in Jerry's private quarters earlier in the day, so I didn't know what to expect. The decor changed from business blas, to ultra modern as we ascended the stairs, and the landing on the third floor completed the transition complete with plastered walls, sharp one piece entry door, and thick padded carpeting. "Leave your shoes and sox at the door!" came the shout of instructions from my wife as she heard us approaching.

As we entered, we immediately saw the two sisters busily working away on preparations for the evening. As we both removed our shoes, the shock of the room set in. Almost the entire third floor consisted of a great room where most of Jerry's living was done, with the obligatory kitchen and bathroom set to the back. What was so startling was the radical decor. Just about everything in the place was white, or ivory. If there was an accent piece for contrast, it was in black. The floor covering was off white, and was padded with a conservative three inches thick padding under a mix of plushes. Only a single meandering path through the center of the room was done in relatively standard padded plush, allowing one to walk with shoes only if absolutely necessary. A highly polished wood floor about ten by ten feet was the only hard surface in the entire room, enough space for the impromptu dance. Indirect lights and accent lights provided the glow of diffusion throughout the room. Several of Jerry's photo works adorned the walls (today's featured subjects were none other than Jessica and Jodi). Walls that had no bottoms, or corners, for they molded in smooth transition curves to the floor, ceiling, and around the room. The fact that the room had no furniture (except for a bar) totally escaped my notice at first, but then hit me like I was in some sort of Woody Allen movie.

Mountains of shapes, curves, slopes and caves replaced normal furniture. The solid geometry of the heavily padded mounds could be sat upon, lounged on, slept on, bolstered, changed or otherwise enjoyed as the imagination allowed. It was like living on a cloud, or, rather, in a cloud, and the mood was further molded by music emitted from unknown sources hidden within the stuffing of the room. The alternately gently and steeply sloping ramp up to a loft looked much like a mini ski slope, and the ceiling was painted with pastels of light that changed the mood of the natural sky images to match any desired time of day. Sunsets, mornings, day or night could be programmed at will.

Mia and I stood gawking at the incredible sight before our eyes, not noticing Jodi and Jessica smirking at our expressions as they placed several trays of hors d'oeuvres on small stable hillocks in the landscape, apparently a unique form of cocktail table. The two blondes stopped what they were doing, poured two glasses of Chardonnay, and walked across to hand us the drinks like good hostesses.

The sight of my wife and her sister was something to behold, for they fit the part of devilish angels in this ethereal setting. Each girl had completely showered, shaved and otherwise had a remake since I last saw them. Jessica's hair was in an impeccably perfect bob, Jodi's was long, swept back in her trademark ponytail, and both girls' bangs were fresh and light above their blue eyes. Makeup was fresh, not too heavy, and powdery perfect.

"Hi, Mia, glad you could make it. Before you freshen up and change, what do you think?" Jessica said

to us both, motioning to Jodi and herself in the total effect of the room.

Mia and I exchanged looks before turning back to the women for a complete assessment. As usual, the two sisters had outdone themselves. Let's start with my wife, Jessica. As she stood before us barefoot on the floor- cloud, her tiptoe pose accentuated the muscles of her tanned shapely legs. She was wearing an obviously new set of diamond earrings that matched the diamond in the center of the thin black leather choker. A small gold bracelet completed the jewelry, and the set probably provided more cover than the rest of her outfit. Her "dress" and I use that term lightly, was a fitted pure white chemise arrangement with that started with a single one-inch strap over her right shoulder. The material plunged at a steep angle directly down the center of her body, covering her right breast and leaving her left tit completely exposed. The plunge went down to hang well below her left hip, and from above her left knee, the material slashed back up to high on her right hip. The angled hem of the chemise barely covered her bald pussy, giving the impression that she was wearing a wide Miss America banner. The difference was that this banner was made of completely sheer white nylon. As she turned to show us the back, she raised her arms to the side, palms up, and pranced in the thick floor padding making her left boob bounce as she moved up and down. Her entire body could be seen through the thin sheath without any difficulty at all. She was essentially nude though covered in nylon. Her left tit was exposed; her right one was molded, not flattened, by the thin material and clearly visible. The cloth fit tightly to her skin, and her hairless cunt stood out like a smooth leg under a nylon stocking. One thing was for sure, she definitely made herself ready to fuck, and access was not going to be a problem.

As Jessica finished her dance, she gestured with both hands, presenting her sister. Jodi's outfit held a similar appeal. It too was made of white nylon in keeping with the motif. The halter strap circled behind her neck and plunged down the center of her body between her breasts, leaving them both exposed. The material then flared to the sides and hung nearly full length to the floor. Slits on the sides up to her hips complimented the oval open section in the middle that extended to Jodi's matching bald pussy. Although her dress was as sheer as Jessica's, it provided a sensuality that said she was dressed, but naked. Once again, she was very fuckable, and totally accessible.

After Jodi modeled herself, the sisters' playful exuberance was a dichotomy in moods, for there they were, prepared to service a party of strange black men with their bodies, an act normally so taboo that people have been killed for thinking of it, but one for which they lovingly prepared. Like twin nymphs, the two blond housewives twirled to the beat of the music, showing us their prepared bodies. As they turned, their feet kept time to the thump vibrating the room. Boom, boom, boom. step, step, step. The dance had the desired affect of transmitting the motion to their upper bodies, and their tits bounced, jiggled, and swayed freely, indicating their readiness for sexual perversion.

The exhibit was cut short by a ring at the front door, whereupon Jessica took Mia and rushed her off to the loft for a fitting of her own erotic dress. Jodi and I stood transfixed, staring wantonly at each other until we heard the approach of Jerry and his first guest. Leaving their shoes at the front door (a custom rack was provided for guests), they entered the room with eyes transfixed on Jodi's semi naked state. A brief introduction with requests for drinks brought an immediate response from the slave, Jodi, as she rushed to accommodate their desires. Within minutes, more guests, buddies of Jerry, began arriving with gifts of wine and fancy liquors. To their credit, the sisters had one hard and fast rule, no drugs. Anything else, but no drugs.

Jerry left to change clothes, leaving me with Jodi and five large, clean and muscular black men. About the time the last arrived, Jessica made her entrance with Mia at her side. Her flair for the dramatic was always present, and her grab for attention was a sexual offense that destroyed almost all men's defenses. In she skipped, swaying her hips seductively and bouncing her tit to show off the

entertainment to be enjoyed at the men's leisure. Jessica had dressed Mia in another unique outfit of her own creation. My wife was familiar with the all white theme, so all her selections were done in that color, and in sheer nylon. Mia's dress started out as an extremely short cocktail shift that barely extended to below her pussy. At a point below her navel, the material extended up in a narrow three-inch band over her shoulder and down her back. She had the option of choosing which tit to cover with the band, but if she tried to stretch it to cover both, the hem of the dress would ride up to well above her crotch. None of it really mattered, since the sheerness of the nylon provided full view of either breast and her shaved cunt that separated her legs as she stood before us.

My wife joined right in the party, sauntering up to the men, two of whom she knew and the rest meeting their acquaintance. Mia stepped forward to stand by me, looking in my eyes for a reaction. I smiled and told her I was looking forward to exploring her body, and felt her hand, which was moist with sweat. I noticed that the rest of her was flushed and hot, since she was not used to the company of black men, especially when she was naked and they were all staring. By contrast, my wife and her sister were mingling like hired whores. White innocence among black masters, proudly displaying their bodies and working it for full effect.

"This is not what I expected," Mia whispered in my ear. "Do Jess and Jodi expect me to party with these guys? I mean, I've never made it with a black man before, and to have six of them here at once, well, you know."

"Know what?"

"If I was going to try it, I kind of wanted to do it in private."

"It's not your party, it's theirs. Neither one of us was supposed to be here, especially me, but since I spoiled their privacy, they decided to reward my good sportsmanship by giving you to me so that I wouldn't go without while they were being screwed. It's also their way of throwing you into the pool. Sink or swim, so to speak. Either you get into the club's inner circle, or you can be satisfied with the normal parties and social gatherings. You want my opinion? I think you should relax. I think you should let your body go, and I think you should start getting in the mood to fuck me." Her eyes glowed at that last statement, and I could immediately tell that this was the kind of girl who not only liked sex, she liked having someone take control of her sex life. Her body relaxed and snuggled, bare breasted at my side.

The men, I found out, were acquaintances of Jerry, one being a professional actor, and four business contacts. The businessmen were special guests that he had invited with the promise of special gifts to them, gifts in the form of my wife and her sister who willingly set up the weekend so they could play the part. Chosen carefully so as not to offend them with a dirty bar scene, he knew them well enough to play to their wild side while keeping everything confidential, high class and discreet. It certainly helped that none of them knew each other well, and were told in advance to respect everyone's anonymity, and for that reason, introductions were made using only first names. Jerry knew that the girls preferred darker skinned black men, and catered to their wishes whenever possible, and the men here tonight were very black indeed. After all, Jerry pampered his bread and butter girls, and took great pains to make them happy. Where else would he find two white housewives, sisters no less, so willing to be party pussies for his camera and profit? He either couldn't quite grasp, or accept, that it was to their delight.

Chandler was the man that provided Jodi and Jessica with their opportunity for fame by publishing their photos in the glossy porn magazines. He had a keen interest in the women, and wanted to meet the two who gave him such success and recent volumes of wealth. Lamont (Chandler's major financial partner) wanted to "interview" the new talent for possible referral to another one of his

business associates who made custom content videos for an exclusive clientele. Lee was the actor, sometimes used in the videos, who came along to pass judgment on the possibilities of using the girls. Strange as it may seem, not all pretty women actually make good fucks on screen. Denzel, a local restaurateur, liked to use Jerry's work in all his advertising (and Jerry enjoyed the free meals). Finally, Datron, his buddy, and owner of a local gym, would ensure him not only free gym membership, but access to the private office on the other side of the one way mirror into the woman's locker room for perusing new model material. He had heard about Jodi's success in recruiting new girls for her swinger's club from the clientele of the gym where she worked as a lifeguard, and he figured he could utilize her talents in much the same way at his place. Oddly enough, the men spoke quite freely about their association with Stick (Jerry), but were hesitant about my presence.

After some apparent discomfort, one of the men spoke to Jerry as he looked at me, "I don't see no reason to have this white boy here while we're enjoying your arrangements." Then he turned and spoke directly to me, "Don't you feel a little 'unsafe' being here? Why, you're almost as small as these two blonde housewives. I hope we don't mistake you for one of them." All the men laughed, including myself as I put on a good show. The man's arrogance was really annoying, since all my other wife's black studs seemed pleasant enough. As everyone waited in silence for my answer, Jessica looked at me, nodded knowingly, and left the room to retrieve something like... a chair. She brushed her nude body past the men, and retrieved a wooden bow-backed chair from the kitchen, the kind you would find in a caf,. She placed the lone chair in the middle of the dance floor, and, as she backed away, she smiled at me and at the men saying, "Oh, I have a feeling my husband is quite comfortable wherever he goes."

There wasn't more than five seconds for her bombshell to take effect before I smiled back at the man, turned, and sunk my fist straight through the seat of the chair, smashing the wood in several pieces. "She's right, you know," I followed as I retrieved my arm from the splintered piece of furniture. "I was just hoping you wouldn't mind me enjoying the show my wife and her sister were going to put on for my friends," I said calmly as I extended my hand to shake his. As he reached for my hand, he looked at it as if expecting to grasp some piece of tenderized meat, but was greeted instead by my usual firm handshake. The look on his speechless face was something to behold, and I once again gave silent thanks to the training that afforded me my black belt. The man's face began grinning, warming to my smile, then beamed with excitement as he said, "Wife? Sisters? Sheeeit! I knew this was going to be good, but, well... welcome to the hood, Bro!"

There was no doubt of my acceptance as the small group began trading confidences with me, seeing as I was lending them my wife to fuck. I also assumed that if I made any attempt to destroy that confidence, they had the muscle to return the favor. Anyway, these guys were extremely polite, and, again, so impressed with my open confident attitude, that I too relaxed.

"Oh, and one other thing," Jessica said to the group. "Mia is our gift to my husband for being such a good sport. She's his to enjoy while you're enjoying us. Fair enough? Besides, I see no reason to have to share all this wonderful talent with anyone but my sister." And she rubbed one of the men's cock through his pants as she referred to talent, at the same time wrapping her other arm around his waist and snuggling her nylon covered breast against him. The man grinned, reached around her shoulder and pulled her close. His left had moved down to her exposed left breast, which he took fondled and began massaging like a loaf of bread. My wife made every attempt to make his reach easier, and moaned with pleasure as the massive paw enveloped her well-rounded, but demure breast meat.

The mood immediately relaxed, and the music took over any awkward moments. The next hour was spent in finding out more about each other on a social basis, just like any normal cocktail party

where couples mingled, traded stories, ate lightly and laughed at each other's jokes. The only differences were that the women were white, mostly naked, and playing grab ass with the men who were black as the ace of spades. I could see that my wife and her sister really enjoyed the attention they got from such an environment. Blonde housewives offering themselves to the black men, having their tits squeezed, nipples pinched and rolled, and opening their legs so their cunts could be fingered at will. I had to admit that the lighting was perfect, the temperature just right, food superb, and the music pulsed an exotic erotic theme. Even Mia was getting into the scene as she too began to mingle and took pleasure in showing off her body that was heretofore untouched by black hands. I could see that she was testing her own waters, as her movements became increasingly bold. Watching Jodi and Jessica work their bodies for the black men especially turned her on. Not at all ashamed of their nudity, the two blondes took advantage of the taboo shamefulness and played up every opportunity to get a body rush from the shock of forbidding acts.

They pushed the conversation whenever a chance arose, like the time that one guy by the name of Datron said, "You're not wearing a whole helluva lot for a pretty little white girl," to which Jodi responded smiling, "Why, thank you, we hoped that you wouldn't be disappointed." The sisters were masters of seduction, and knew just when to use girlish charm over slutty brashness. It was quite entertaining, watching my wife and Jodi use their coy, teenage voices for the men. Their body language, expressions, eye contact and touching all began as sweet angelic young things. Jodi would say in a soft feminine voice, "We were both looking forward to being with you tonight, and were wondering about what you would enjoy the most."

Datron said, "I think you know what we fantasize about. How's about you girls? What do you like to do?"

Jodi postured in a shy calm manner, and spoke slowly and softly while holding her drink in one hand and circling a nipple with the finger of her other hand, "We like the to experience life. Jerry has taken good care of us, and we want to return the favor. Besides, a good body rush is something that never gets old. I guess you might call us just a couple of horny housewives out for adventure. We are your small, petite white girls looking for a strong black body to master us. I know what you would like to do to my sister and me, and we want to make you happy. We want to get a hold of strong hard black meat, Datron. We want you to watch while I give a little lick on your big black cum filled balls. They are cum filled, aren't they?"

"Right about now you could say that they're overflowing," he said trying to be macho, but sweating under Jodi's feminine talk.

"Good, because Jessica and I just love the taste of cum. And, we love the warm feel of it when it pumps directly from a solid pair of hot balls." Jodi was looking directly into the man's eyes and was speaking so calmly and nicely as she turned to make sure that the others in the gathering could hear.

The guy pushed back, "Damn, woman! You're hurting my virgin ears; we're decent fellows, here. Sounds like you're expecting some kind of orgy or gang bang or something."

My wife, standing in the same group looked him in the eye and calmly replied in her own little girl sexy voice, "Mmmmm... an orgy sounds yummy! Then again, a good gang fuck sounds nice too. Gee, it's kinda hard to decide. Would I be too greedy if I wanted to try both?" and held his stare until he broke into a broad grin. Then Jess turned to politely address Jerry, "Jerry, one of our guests says he's decent. I thought you were going to invite horny guys, not decent ones." Jerry returned in his best smooth and melodic voice, "Oh, pay no attention to him, he's probably used to sloppy seconds or thirds... or, for that matter, fourths, fifths." Everyone got a good laugh at the Datron's expense, and

my wife went over to him, put her arm around his waste and reached up on her tip toes to kiss him. "Don't worry, baby," she whispered, "you can squirt your seed into me as many times as you want, whenever you want, and in whatever hole you want." Her words were spoken so sweetly, so softly, and so openly that it made her sound incredibly sexy. While they were kissing, he massaged her free breast and rolled her nipple between his fingers.

"Oh, I didn't know you were thirsty. Here, let me help," she quipped as she took his wineglass, stood back and started squeezing her own tit. Under her expert manipulation, breast milk began flowing from her nipple, and while the black men watched, she expressed streams of warm baby milk into his glass and handed it back to him. His big black lips savored the mixture, then covered my wife's small pink ones as he French kissed her in thanks for her precious fluid. The other guys liking what they saw, asked Jodi if she could do the same, to which she replied of course. This was one of the sisters' best party tricks, as they enjoyed keeping themselves lactating for just such occasions. Quite often I would come home to find Jessica's boobs swollen and full of milk, and she would beg me to suck them to relieve the pressure. I even had the pleasure of doing the same for Jodi on one occasion, having just finished draining Jessica seconds before. Ah, the sweet memories of being sandwiched between the two naked sisters, both fondling my prick while I feasted heartily on their titty juice. My wife was so thoughtful in sharing.

Their milk supply seemed endless, and soon the two sisters were putting on a show of milking their white globes for the horny blacks, filling their glasses with streams of their milk. They were really quite good at this little trick, sometimes being able to shoot two or three small streams from each nipple. Besides being fun to watch, the milk was actually very tasty, and was either good straight, or mixed with whatever was handy at the time. More than the fact that it was warm and fresh, it was the sheer delight of seeing it produced that made it taste so erotic. One other thing about breast milk is the sheer volume that one woman can produce. It seemed as if they had an endless supply, and, as far as the sisters were concerned, that provided two important benefits. First, their swollen tits gave them a fuller shape, and second, they made a game of finding someone to milk them on a consistent basis. As they repeatedly filled the glasses, the girls mocked the six men saying that they hoped that the streams of milky stuff the men would provide would be a lot thicker and full of baby seed.

"Stand back, girls, we've got all the seed you need. Full, thick, hot and black!" Lee quipped.

"Stand back, guys," Jessica mocked back, "we've got all the pussy you can handle. White, tight, willing and unprotected!" Again she held the stare of the man making the boast, and again her bombshell gave her a verbal victory. What she really wanted, however, was an oral victory, and I could tell that she was laying the groundwork before she would be laid to ground.

Jodi and Jessica were having quite a time keeping up with the men's demands for breast milk, and finally gave up on trying to fill their glasses. They switched to aiming their streams directly into the guys' mouths, making a game of seeing if they could hit their open mouths. Jessica had run out of milk in her left tit and pulled her right one from beneath the thin veil. It slipped easily to the side and out into full view for squeezing. Laughing and cavorting, the duo had the men kneeling in front of them with mouths gaping like birds in a nest. They were laughing so hard, that very little of the liquid actually hit its mark, and most went to soaking the faces and clothes of the girls' targets.

Mia and I had our own pre-sexual games well in hand. My hand, that is, for as we mingled, I couldn't keep myself from squeezing her almost perfect breasts as I watched my wife and her sister play with the men that would soon be fucking them. Games, playing like kids, playing with the fire of sex, that's what this was all about. I'll be the first to admit that the sight of the two blondes in foreplay with the black men gave me a hardon that couldn't wait for Mia's pussy. I could tell that the feeling

was mutual from the dripping cunt at my side and the rock hard nipples between my fingers.

They were playing, and I could see why it was fun for them. I could also see why they liked this place. It was an adult amusement park of gadgets, toys, and creative moods that Jerry went to great lengths and expense to provide for his own pleasure. The high ceiling, painted like a sky, was changing from evening to night from the lighting effects. Music was changing too, as the almost imperceptible increase in beat and volume was raising the mood of the guests and the entire party. This place was amazing! I had no doubt that if he wanted it to thunder and lightning, Jerry could simply command the change and it would be done. It certainly worked on the women's attitudes, and I guess that the end justified the means, and expense.

Jerry approached me with a remote control unit that seemingly had exhausted the civilized world's supply of buttons, and said, "let's crank this party up a notch." He aimed the remote at a wall panel, and the music broke into a jazz beat that shook the room. The lights took on a rhythm of their own, and swung to the heavy boom of the base. Colors everywhere were playing with our heads and beckoning us to go wild. Any woman worth her salt couldn't resist the urge to dance at that point, and these girls were no exception. The wineglasses went down, and the femmes grabbed the first available partner to start their gyrations. Soon the dance floor was writhing with bodies, ten in all, which included Mia and me. I was thoroughly enjoying watching Mia's body as she moved with the beat, tits swaying freely now, and lost in new world of sensual anticipation. Her mood had definitely changed, and I was the recipient of some pretty heavy come-ons.

As I was losing control, I looked around to see one of the sexiest scenes imaginable. My wife and her sister were really working it for the men. Asses were being wagged, and tits flopped and bobbed to the beat. Dirty dancing was the order of the night, and black men really know how to dirty dance. I wondered where in the world my wife learned to dance like that, humping a man's extended leg, her dress riding high up to her waist, and her bald pussy spreading lubrication on a pant leg. Jodi was following suit as she humped one leg in front, moved her ass against a man behind her, and wrapped her hands around the neck of the man in back. His hands, in turn were kneading her tits, squeezing and mashing to the rhythm.

I looked back to see Jessica undoing the pants of the man whose leg she was humping, as the other men began unzipping and removing their clothes. As I moved to the beat, I felt a pair of hands go to work on my pants. Mia was all over me, tearing at my clothes, straining to get her hands around my cock. I soon saw my pants flying across the room while my hard cock began slapping my stomach. Next came my shirt, and I was left standing naked before my black haired princess. She didn't hesitate as she quickly stripped out of her outfit to join me in total nudity. The music changed once more, and a slow sensual torch song hit the air. I grabbed Mia, pulled her close, and, for the first time, felt her warmth, her smoothness, and her soft skin against mine. She put her head back to look up at me with her incredible green eyes, and I could swear I could smell her sweat words as she mouthed, "Let's get comfortable!"

"Where? Wait! The loft," I suggested. We took off climbing the hills of white fluff. No ladders, no stairs, only a white slope of deep foam rubber padding, covered by a thick bed comforter, which was the full width of the room. It was like walking in a sea of lemon meringue, as up to the loft we went where sleeping arrangements were spread out in what appeared to be a free formed bed that was roughly ten feet in diameter. Large overstuffed feather pillows were strewn about, leaving us to choose one if we wished. However, the entire loft was one giant white pad, and it was very difficult to tell the limits of the bed. Perhaps the bed had no limits; just those defined by the size of the decorative comforter. Someone could hold an entire party up here alone, and would never have to use the lower level. The loft was complete with a control panel of some sort near what I would assume was the head of the bed. Again, everything was padded, which told me that there must be a

lot of flopping around that takes place up here, and no one wants to bump their head.

We were like kids climbing the hill outside our house. The subtle differences were that Mia and I were fully adult and totally nude. I followed her lead, sniffing the scented trail until my prey fell onto her back, legs spread, and waiting for the attack. I was soon upon her with my full weight, landing square between her legs and pressing her into the room sized feather bed. The look in her eyes was pure fire and the heat of her body flared up when combined with mine. Her stare made my prick immediately spring to hardness, and she slipped her hand down to grasp my tool and guide it into her dripping slit. I plunged full length without hesitation, searching for the answer to my questions. Her cunt felt as if she was squeezing my cock with her hand. The small tight orifice could only be penetrated because of her lubrication, and I split the small lips with pleasure as I felt my member surrounded by its heat. Mia closed her eyes, moaned loudly, and raised her knees up and out to the sides when I plunged. This is what she was waiting for, what she desired in her secret life, and the relief that was so critical in her life.

To my delight, she had one other feature that, to me, made her the perfect lay. Her vaginal tract was extremely short, and my eight inches stopped cold against the end with six inches inserted. Mia gasped, her eyes widened like a wild woman, and she stared up into my face with parted lips. Although I could definitely fall in love with this woman, I reminded myself that love was off limits, but lust was definitely the order of the day. Lust, as defined by Jodi, had no limits of pain or pleasure, and the limits of lust existed only in one's mind. Mia's limits had not yet been reached, and I was reading her mind. I continued to suck on one of her tits as I plunged in and out of her baby hole, enjoying her heat and animal passion.

I knew that the best was yet to come, and I positioned myself kneeling above her, arms under her legs, and bumping my cock against her cervix. I rubbed and rubbed the entrance to her womb with every stroke until I could feel the tight knot begin to open. Like a tight sphincter it seemed to yield to ever increasing pressure until I thought she was ready. Her wild bucking told me that she wanted something more, something even she couldn't define, so I gave her the definition. With hard steady pressure, I forced the head of my cock past the point of no return and penetrated her cervix. Mia screamed at the top of her lungs, but I paid no attention to anyone hearing, since I knew that Jessica and Jodi would know what I had done. Once the head was through, I thrust full length into her body until my balls were resting on her asshole, and my cockhead was well within her uterus. I stopped and held myself in that position, letting Mia get the full realization of what she was feeling. Although she almost past out at the experience, she came alive and screamed, "fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," over and over.

She grabbed my ass and pulled me into her with such force that we were fused together at the crotch. I could feel her large clit against my pubic bone, and I knew she was getting violated inside and out. She was out of control in lust for sex, my sex, my seed, and she seemed to suck it out of me with her cunt. Holding me tight, she wouldn't let me withdraw from her uterus, and so I took rapid short strokes, backing up just short of my head slipping from her cervix. It was far too much for either of us to take as we tried desperately to prolong the feeling, but to no avail. Mia seemed to scream her whisper in my ear, "fuck my white womb... cum in me... make a baby in me... make me pregnan... ughhh!" And her voice trailed off as he shook in violent answer to my streams of semen. I could feel the pulses of sperm I sent into her womb, hot and thick, as my balls emptied directly into her reproductive chamber. Her spasms of delight matched my throbbing prick, and I could tell her pleasure was a newfound intensity that she never experienced before. I broke her cervical cherry, my seed was inside her, and I knew that from then on, her feelings for sex would be changed forever. I held myself buried to full length as long as I could, and it was only when my cock's stiffness subsided that it's head slipped back through the ultimate pleasure hole to rest in her chamber of normal love.

Such was our passion, that the whole act couldn't have taken more than fifteen minutes. Penned up lust always takes its toll by speeding up animalistic lust, and so it was with us. We had opened both our floodgates together, and as we regained our composure and looked into each other's eyes, we realized that we had found a new passion for life and a new partner for that passion. Partners that had been assigned now had been fused in a different way, and no matter who would invade Mia's inner chamber from now on, it would be me that could only rekindle the feelings of virgin lust for that last inner frontier. There was an unspoken bond that neither one of us tried to broach with words, so we just lay there in naked embrace, gazing into each other's minds.

Our reverie was brought back to reality by the sounds of action down below, and Mia got a wicked smile on her face saying, "C'mon. I want to watch." So we broke our sweaty bodies apart, and crawled to the edge of the loft to see what was going on.

While we were committing adultery in the loft, my wife and her sister had been promoting their own acts of depravity. Both sisters had managed to strip the men, and had, in turn, been stripped themselves. They continued to dance, their clothes tossed far off to the side of the room, black and white bodies gyrating like keys on a piano. The beat of the music had risen once again to a hot jazz beat, and lights were flashing in rhythm. The sisters had once again taken up the practice of "dirty dancing," and were in much the same positions that I saw them last. My wife was straddling the leg of the man she had been dry humping, and continued to rub her bald pussy lips over the man's legs. Only this time she was hanging on to the man's cock like a saddle horn, pumping it with her small white hands as they bumped to the music. From behind, two large black bodies were crowding her, slapping her skin with their stiffening pricks. Jessica had a broad smile on her face from ear to ear, laughing at the treatment the guys were administering.

Jodi had her own set of admirers in very much the same position as her sister, only she was grasping the pricks of the two men to her side as they shook her breasts with their large black hands. The man at her front was doing the limbo between her legs that she tried to keep as wide as possible. When he got close enough, he slapped Jodi's bare cunt with his stiff cock, side to side, then directly on her clit. This is what the girls loved, and they kept dancing, prick teasing, and working themselves and the men to a fever pitch before having serious sex.

Mia and I lay on the edge of the loft, no more than fifteen feet away from the writhing throng, and feeling the heat that was building in their loins. Even though we had just had violent intercourse, we rolled to the side to gain better access to each other's genitals to continue the stroking. As many times as I witnessed them in action, I will never get over these white girls contrasted so willingly and sexy with their black lovers. I wondered which were the slaves and which were the masters, for although the girls wanted to be dominated, their ways with the men showed their mastery of taking them just where they wanted, and when they wanted them. We could physically feel the heat in the loft, evidenced by the shining sweat of the white and black skin as it slithered together in one slippery mass. The sweat was pouring off the men as well as the girls, and they rubbed together, comingling their fluids in one sexy scene.

Jodi was the first to break the pattern when the man in front stopped slapping her cuntlips with his prick, and slipped the sweaty member inside her well lubricated love tunnel. "Whew!" she yelped as the black meat spread her white pussylips, and he continued to limbo closer as she helped by thrusting her naked pubis toward him. The man knew how to dance, and soon was laying back folded onto his legs, and Jodi was holding onto the black handles to each side as she bounced up and down on the black meat. With tits jiggling freely, she raised and lowered with animal speed as she fucked the black stick beneath her. Raising high, her body slammed down on the rod, forcing it to extreme depths inside her. She was waiting to be filled, and was talking to the man below, "fill me, fill me with your cum. Pump me with seed, and empty your black balls." Her words were too much, and she

flung back her head allowing her blond tresses to cascade straight from her head to her ass, as she closed her eyes feeling the hot semen pump into her. The streams of white man milk shot into her with a release that had been building the entire evening. Fresh hot sperm, full of black babies flooded her channel and filled her with needed life. They both shuddered their climax, then fell back to the safety of the padded perimeter of the dance floor.

"Just look at those cocks!" Mia exclaimed excitedly in my ear. "My God, they're huge!" And they, in fact, were. Jerry and the men he had selected for the girls' slave sexing were as black as spades, and came equipped with some mighty impressive equipment, all between 10-12 inches long in the prick department. All of them lived up quite well to the myth of the huge black cock, and all had heavy ball sacks to match. Jerry knew that the women didn't like overweight lovers (although if it came to choosing between weight vs. lack of nooky, sex always won out), and his selection of men to fuck the white angels nicely fit the description of athletic builds. They complained that, although they didn't mind pleasing the non-athletic types orally or anally, their petite figures had a hard time handling the weight of a heavy man lying on top of them.

Mia's eyes were fixed on the action as she mumbled comments about the black bodies. I personally had no frame of reference for likes or dislikes, except that I preferred having my wife fucked by a relatively well built black with a long tool, rather than one of average build and mildly brown skin. I figured that as long as she was into getting her white pussy filled with black meat, it might as well be real black to gain the fullest effect of contrast. Most of all, I learned that she should also be penetrated by the longest she could find, so that they would poke through her cervix into her uterus and disturb anything that was beginning to grow there. This was somewhat of a double edge sword, and was a delicate balance of playing with fire. Jessica was going to fuck black cock and that was that, but at the same time she refused to protect herself from getting pregnant. If she were fucked through her cervix by a long cock, she would have sperm deposited directly on her fertile eggs, ensuring pregnancy. If she continued getting fucked through her cervix, it would act like an intrauterine device causing her to abort or not retain a child. Thus, she would play with getting pregnant, which would force her to keep going in order to stop it. Consequently, I had little choice but to encourage Jessica to get deep fucked at least two or three times a month.

I had to admit, as long as blacks were screwing them, at least they had a friend in Jerry who was selective. Not one of the men was over weight, and all had those tight buns that women drool over. It may be that Jimmy the Greek made a public faux pas when he stated that blacks were bred to have strong legs and arms for working the fields, but his point was well made, and for whatever reason there was behind it, the result was the same. The sisters told me that the harder the muscles in a man's ass, the harder the thrusts. The combination of features that made them suited to physical labor also appealed to a white woman's sense of being mastered by a large strong black male. And the same features that gave them muscle in their bodies, extended between their legs to supply them with hunks of meat that swung like grotesque tubes of stiffening flesh from their crotch. Now, you put all those features together on shining sweaty black skin, and that's what we were looking at below. The two blondes had an appreciation for the black male art form, and allowed themselves to be drawn into the contrasting blend of white women and black masters.

Jodi had opened her eyes and noticed us watching. She smiled and turned to accept a cock in her mouth and settle into a long slow blowjob. However, it was the smile, wink, and shimmy I got from Jessica as she caught my glance that held my next attention. While her sister was getting screwed only feet away, my wife had laid back on the opposite side of the dance circle, and was having her pussy eaten by Datron, the gym owner. He was kneeling between her wide spread legs, laving her juicy cunt as she held two black pricks at her side. Each of the men was mashing one of her white breasts, as she enjoyed the attention from the men and the show her sister had just performed. What really caught my attention was when Mia gasped and pointed to the schlong dangling from between

Datron's legs. His prick was the second largest I have seen on a man. Only the sisters' stud, Ron, and his 14 inches was bigger, but this must have been a good twelve if it was an inch. And, it was growing stiffer as his tongue action picked up. I used to swear that Ron was myth until I saw Jessica take his full length into her womb, and now I was about to witness another massive insertion.

Jessica had winked at us after watching Jodi, and now turned her attention to her own show. Closing her eyes in concentration, she picked up the pace of jacking off the cocks in her hands, and raised her knees to afford Datron a better lick. His large mouth almost entirely covered her hairless cunt, and I could imagine his large tongue probing her inner vaginal walls. I knew that a man sucking her tiny knob easily brought her to climax, and she shook in violent completion of her first journey up and over that hill. I told Mia, as Jess squeezed the man's head between her convulsing legs, that I also knew that Jess was multi-orgasmic, heavily multi-orgasmic. There were times when I counted up to seven successive climaxes in a row before she had to take a break, and for that reason I knew that she wasn't nearly finished, but, rather, just getting warmed up.

It was time for Datron's payback, and Jessica bent over to take his massive prick to her mouth as he leaned back. With two small white hands, she raised the jet-black snake to her pink lips. It only took the touch of her hand to make him rock hard, and, with one hand she held the steely black rod to her face and kissed the bulbous head, flicking her tongue into his pee slit. Her other hand took hold of his massive black ball sack, and lovingly massaged the two peach sized globes. As she coaxed the warm cum filled balls, she continued to insert her small wet tongue into his slit, tasting the precum that flowed from the end. The man's frenzy was taken a step further when she allowed her pink lips to encircle the head, sucking him inside her mouth. I knew how she would be running her tongue under his shaft, across the sensitive gland that would cause him to cum. I also knew that she would welcome him deep into her throat, holding off on breathing as he penetrated down her esophagus. Mia and I both watched in amazement as my wife plunged his massive cock full length into her throat, and held her chin against his balls. The small blonde head of this housewife being stuffed by the black meat of a large man was an incredible sight. Her white skinned body, glistening with sweat sat before the dark statue nude and impaled as she was force-fed the man's pee stick. As we marveled at the performance, Mia stoked my hardon, and I fingered her hard wet clit, proving that human passion went beyond the bounds of self-control.

Jessica finally broke her suction grip, and fell back onto the cushions, satisfied that Datron was ready to fuck her. Spreading wide for the insertion, she lifted her legs providing a good clear and hairless target for the donkey size dick. Datron needed no invitation; in fact, nothing could keep him from driving full length into my wife's white cunt, spreading her pussylips with his dark member. She was so wet that it only took two or three strokes for him to bottom out. As she looked up with her blue eyes, she knew that he was in for a surprise, since he had only buried nine inches into her. As he pushed, she could feel the huge smooth prick head against her cervical opening, and prepared to be fully invaded. Datron showed disappointment at bottoming out with three inches left to go, but was astounded when she kept thrusting. Jess locked her legs over the powerful black ass muscles and kept pulling on his asscheeks with both hands. Unbelieving, Datron kept thrusting his huge bat into her tiny slit at her insistence. Then, without warning, she closed her eyes, threw back her blonde head and yelled, "fuck me, fuck me, fuck me you black bastard!" At the same time, she thrust up hard with her pelvis, pulled back with both hands, and forced his massive black tool through her cervix and into her uterus. Datron grunted with true animal instinct, reacting to a feeling of incredible tightness surrounding his baby maker. He was now inside, buried to the hilt, black balls resting against her asshole, and making short rapid thrusts as his entire twelve inches stretched my wife's baby cavity.

"Pump me... pump me with seed. Fuck my white pussy... empty your balls over my eggs. C'mon, fill me with cream and make me pregnant, you son-of-a-bitch!" Jessica was screaming uncontrollably as

this black man was fucking her unmercifully. A stranger, intent on impregnating her, was ravaging her small white housewife body that had mothered three children. Her white breasts were heaving with stiff nipples under the shadow of her dark skinned stud, platinum blonde locks and creamy white skin straining to be the picture of indecency and sloppy whorish lust. My wife kept bucking against the black invader until he stiffened, and we could see his big balls swell to stretch the skin of his ball sack. One final plunge and the balls began pumping their precious potent sperm into my wife, flooding her with life giving baby seed, black baby juice not meant for this small white body. Pulse after pulse of hot cream flowed into her uterus, filling it with fresh semen. She could feel the heat of the fluid as it hit against the walls of her inner chamber, covering her eggs. Jessica moaned with the realization that there wasn't a chance in hell that she wasn't once again pregnant. Only this time it was with a strange black baby, small and just forming as it was. This made her wild with lust, wild with animalistic passion, and wild to be seen as the slut she was in front of so many observers.

Datron collapsed on her small figure, keeping himself buried deep within her slit as they both came crashing back to earth. Mia was pumping furiously on my cock, which was ready to explode, having just shuddered herself in another climax while watching Jessica's rape scene. I rolled on top of Mia, high onto her breasts, and fed my cock to her mouth. Taking my own prick, I ordered her to open up, and I proceeded to give her a taste of my own cum. I spurt directly into her open mouth, pumping my cock furiously, forcing as much sperm onto her tongue as possible. It was a fantastic climax, brought on by the sight of my wife being black sexed not ten feet from me, and I felt as if my prostate would explode as the seed pumped from my balls into Mia's mouth.

As my climax subsided and I opened my eyes, the first thing I saw was Jodi and Jessica looking up to the loft along with the six black men, watching as I emptied my prick, kneeling over Mia's face. The black and white group all smiled and voiced words of satisfaction that their performance yielded such results. Jess was leaning back on her elbows with Datron, still imbedded in her snatch, turning to see. Jodi was leaning back, drink in one hand and cock in the other enjoying my reaction, and the remaining men were massaging both Jess and Jodi's tits in anticipation of taking their turns with the housewives. All seemed pleased that Mia and I were getting off on their sexual cavorting, and they turned back to get on with the orgy, feeling that at least one of the white women's husbands was pleased with the way they were being fucked.

I suppose that most men are curious about almost every fetish at one time or another, but women, on the other hand tend to develop their own small list of favorites and stick with them for quite awhile. Jodi and Jessica had fetishes for the unusual, bizarre, exciting and the taboo. Luckily, they weren't attracted to the smelly, addictive, permanently disfiguring, or painful (although a little pain at the right moment could be useful). The sisters were a team, a polished set of nymphomaniacs that created their own unique worlds of events and practices that shocked the most liberal voyeur. But, that is exactly the reaction they were seeking. They achieved personal victories in their lives by being the best at the things that people loved to watch or think about, but would never seek out themselves. However, the girls had amazing success in introducing many of their friends and acquaintances to practicing much of what they felt was forbidden.

What made their acts even more shocking was who these two were. Two young housewives, good looking blonde sisters that would turn any man's head, with figures that were slim, trim and borderline perfect. Who would believe that they liked to fuck and suck horses, dogs and other animals? Who could guess that these mothers exposed themselves in public (actually legal in their state), and held afternoon parties at home where they invited men to have sex with them and their closest friends? What would their parents say if they knew that they had a fetish for black cock, and that they loved to drink and be covered in hot semen, cold semen, any semen?

The strangeness of this reality had real bite, because these women were not whores, just sluts. Not

the trashy slut one would imagine, but they were innocent looking, soft spoken, intelligent women who were masters at turning the tables to suit their pleasure. They were masters in manipulating people, husbands, other wives, and their lovers. They allowed themselves to be mastered through enticement. They played with pregnancy and forbidden taboos for their enjoyment, and they did everything to its fullest extent. It was the contrast that got them off. The contrast of their appearances, their stations in life, and their images compared to the impacts of being found out, of being seen, and even of having intercourse with black men.

The two girls manipulated their lives, their families, friends, and the members of their sex club to perfection. Everyone knew these things were forbidden, but were involved in such a way that the attraction was overwhelming and seemed justified by the girls' innocence. They mixed the couples in their club by assigning husbands to different wives as swing partners, and, in some cases, they gave a wife to a favored member as their piece of property to develop or destroy sexually. Such was their gift of Mia to me. The young dark haired housewife, coaxed into infidelity by the sisters, was excited about her new lifestyle, and couldn't wait to experience more. The hair color of my life's sex partner went from blonde to black at my wife's bequest as a reward for offering my approval of her black sexing. And Mia? She was happy to finally put her blossoming sexuality into practice.

My balls ached with pleasure having just emptied them into Mia's mouth. I really didn't care what my wife and her sister were thinking during that momentary pause between fucks, but obviously they were pleased with their handy work. Now they could relax and get back to the sexing they had arranged for themselves before my untimely interruption. Two down and four to go in the first round, and girls were just warming up.

Jessica rolled off the cock in her pussy and grabbed a nearby face towel that was strategically available, having been stuffed between the huge cushions of the room. She wiped the dripping semen from her slit, and invited, "Okay, boys, who's next?" She turned to the man on her right saying, "C'mon, boy. You want some white girl?" She specifically used the term "boy," and said in a mocking way, knowing that the black man wouldn't like being called boy. Her sister, Jodi joined her in repeating the insult, "Yeah, boy. Come and get it." They both knew that, although it wasn't taken seriously, the men would tend to pound them even harder for their indiscretion.

The mood was playful. "Hey, boy! Get yo black dick ova hea!" mocked Jessica. "Oooweeee, child. I is goin' to fuck yo little white ass, so get it ova hea so this boy kin pork his little white bitch!" was the answer as the man dangled his black meat over her white body. The man turned her around so she was on her hands and knees, and he approached her from behind. Rubbing his schlong through her slit to juice it up, he then plunged into her cunt, stretching her little white lips wide to the side. My wife moaned her pleasure and closed her eyes as she easily took the massive cock deep inside. The first cock had already loosened her, and her cervix was dilated to allow easier penetration. The man thrust forward, and she thrust back, wiggling her small ass as if to work more of his meat inside her. Jess was expert in working a huge cock into her cunt, and especially liked the thick ones, since as she put it, "stretch me so wide and fill me up like I'm having a baby." The third man in the trio worked his way around to her front, and lay down offering his black meat to her face. Jess's blonde head immediately went to work on his dick, and soon she was being impaled by black meat both front and back. She always said that she loved double and triple penetrations, and I pretty much figured she must have been in heaven about now. There was always one subtle little thing that my wife did that only Jodi and I could recognize. She would slow her thrusts and ease onto the cock that was fucking her to seat it against her cervical opening. Then, with a characteristic flip of her pelvis, she would pop the cock head through her cervix and into her uterus. The men being surprised by the action, and realizing what they had just done, would get incredibly hard, and their prick would swell, tightening the grip from her cervical ring. So it was that the flip of the ass came, and I knew that she had a black man's cockhead hovering over her fertile eggs as it was oozing precum.

Jodi didn't wait to watch her sister, but dug right into her own two unsatisfied customers after wiping down her sopping cunt. "Hop on, boys. Okay, how do you want me?" she said as she took her turn with the blacks. Seeing Jessica get a double, the men on Jodi decided that they wanted to double fuck her too, so they had her start on her hands and knees as one of them inserted himself into her pussy and pumped away. After several minutes, the man pulled out, holding himself tight by the base of his cock. As Jodi sucked on the cock of the man in front of her, the man behind her began penetrating her asshole. With the aid of some spit and her relaxing, he managed to insert the bulbous head through her sphincter, and finally up her ass. She knelt hopelessly impaled in her ass on a frantically plunging black dong that could care less about her safety. But Jodi was a pro, and she took the massive tool to the hilt, stretching her tiny pink hole to accommodate the thick black meat. The man thrust until his balls slapped against her pussylips and clit, which excited her even more. Then, reaching around her front, he grabbed hold of her breasts, hung on, and rolled onto his back with his cock still up Jodi's butt. The second man didn't need coaching, and he approached her waiting red pussy with black rod in hand. Within seconds, Jodi had two massive black cocks inside her belly, probing from front and back, filling her with dark male flesh. The heat from their bodies mingled into a sweaty mass, and Jodi performed her own matching pussy dance by flicking her pelvis down with all her weight. The prick in her cunt popped through her cervix and entered her womb, burying itself up to the balls that now slapped against the balls of the man below. Fully filled, Jodi leaned back using her arms to support her and let the two black bucks fuck her to their hearts' content. Her long blonde hair hung straight from her head across the dark face of the man screwing her ass, and its scent only drove him to push harder into the little woman.

The sisters were enjoying their simultaneous intercourse as the beat of the music drove their passions. This is what they had come for. This was their game, their slave game. To be used like whores, to be fucked like sluts, to be used by huge black masters as small white woman slaves. To please their masters in any way they wanted, without regard to themselves, their safety, or the possibility of pregnancy. Indeed, the mere thought of an accident like that drove the sisters to frenzied whirlwinds of sexual turmoil. Such was their passion that they lost themselves in the moment, and threw all sense of control away. "Fuck me. Fuck me, you black bastards!" Jodi yelled. "Stretch my cunt! Plow my white ass, homeboy!" she prayed without sense or respect. She was tossing her head from side to side, waving her long blond hair wildly as she drove them on to fuck her harder.

My wife was no stranger to her own loss of self-control, and shouted instructions of, "Oh, yeah, baby. Push your black meat in me. Slowly, slowly. Yeah, that's it. Feel my tight little collar. Aren't those black balls ready to pump me? Don't you want to fill me up? C'mon, you black fucker. Pump this white girl! Stretch my pussy, honey. You want to put a baby in me? You're right there, baby. All you need to do is empty your balls. Those big hard black balls. Are they full? Are they full of hot sperm for me? Get your hose to flush me out, baby." Jessica kept it up, pushing the men to fuck her hard in both her face and cunt. I had never hear words like that coming out of her mouth, but I had to admit that it was mind blowing to hear her talk like that. It was her secret life that I was listening to, the secret Jessica that she only showed in her wildest moments.

As the two blondes fucked on, Mia and I watched in amazement. She with a constant flood of lubrication, and I with what seemed like a permanent hardon, kept our eyes glued to the action no more than twelve feet away. The man fucking my wife's face was getting impatient by her constant jabbering, and pulled her head down on his cock. She willingly allowed the black meat to penetrate her throat, and soon she was skewered front and with black cock. The two sisters were quite a sight, bobbing up, down and around on their loving invaders. Their tits bounced in whatever direction they could before being captured and squeezed by some big black mitt of a hand.

The girls were really in seventh heaven, being the center of so much male attention and they fucked

on with a steady rhythm as if they were dancing to the music. I couldn't keep my cock from standing on end, and Mia must have thought that I was the stud of studs, thinking to herself, "no wonder this guy is in Jodi's inner circle. He's a machine!" Machine, indeed, I have no idea why I was turned on so much by a scene that should have turned me off. However, there I was, boner in Mia's hand, with balls aching to produce sperm in overtime mode. When I looked down at Mia's body, I found that I wasn't the only one who was hard. Her nipples were like the ends of a cue stick, and her clit was putting on its best female version of a hardon. The little knob was protruding like a champ, ready to be sucked to another climax that Mia had discovered she could have one after another.

Back and forth, in and out, the blonde housewives were indeed getting fucked and fucked hard. The men had also lost control, and were pounding them for all they were worth. "Watch," Mia said excitedly, "watch their balls. They'll pull up tight when they cum." And she was right, it didn't take long for the girls to get their fill of hot sperm. Four sets of black balls contracted and started spewing hot semen from black body to white body. When the girls felt the streams of heat, they too were engulfed in a huge climax, realizing that they were being filled. The steady streams of warm semen flooded the girls' wombs, dropping gob after gob of seed over their eggs. Pulse after pulse, the thick white fluid was sprayed into their bodies as the men grabbed the girls' breasts, asses, or anything they could get their hands on.

"Drink this bitch!" the man yelled as he took my wife by her hair and pulled her head over his cock. He buried himself up to his balls, holding her nose up against his pubic bone, resting her chin on his throbbing ball sack. His massive cock had stiffened and plunged straight down her throat, cutting off her air, and spewing forth its red hot body fluid into her belly. Jessica held her breath and allowed the spunk to flow, feeling the bulging head spread her throat muscles as the black man's jism squirted out his cockhead deep into her mouth. Filled from the front and filled from the back, my wife was now truly the men's cum receptacle.

Only a few feet away, Jodi was getting filled with her own loads of white stuff. Her uterus was getting splashed with baby seed from the huge black dick in her pussy, while the massive throbbing piece of meat swelled and stretched her asshole from behind. Exhausted, she could no longer support her weight, and her entire body fell onto the impaling spears. As her weight forced the black meat deep inside her, the tools continued to spurt their life giving fluid into her young white flesh. She was stretched wide, front and back, helpless to extract the large penetrating penises from her holes. She could only shudder in climax, and feel herself take on the extra fluids. Within seconds, she was once again filled with sperm, and glowed with the realization and excitement of possible pregnancy.

What a wonderfully erotic sight of watching the two sisters getting fucked by black men, writhing about in true animal lust, then coming back to earth as their bodies slid together in a mass of sweat. The two blondes were really getting their wish, and the black men were really enjoying a unique gift. A gift they wouldn't soon forget from the girls, and their good friend Jerry. The room was again visible, and my concentration relaxed now that I knew my wife and her sister were full of black cum. The satisfied looks on their faces told me they were really happy, and their weekend was living up to expectations.

"Oh, yeah!" Chandler yelled out loud, bellowing like a bull moose, full of pride and satisfaction. Both girls smiled and cooed in the limelight of the moment. The entire throng stretched in pleasure.

"Hey, bro! I just fucked your wife," said Chandler in a relaxed tone of voice, as he looked up to the loft at Mia and me.

"I can see that. And a fine job you did too!" I answered. He nodded his acclamation, and I saluted

him.

“Whew! Anyone besides me care for a drink?” asked Jodi. Everyone voiced their agreement, and Jerry “commanded” his slaves to fetch a round for everyone. The blond femmes leaped up with surprising energy after having just been ravaged, and made their way over to the wet bar. With tits jiggling as they walked, I realized that the dance floor had disappeared, and thick cushy white padding to match the rest of the room covered the area. The girls looked as if they were walking over a huge mattress.

Jerry’s innovation in decor included a remote controlled dance floor that slid under the other padding in the room, while other padding followed and replaced it as it moved. The motion was so slow, that one could be standing on the floor and not notice its movement. By the time the first round of fucking was done, the entire area was replaced with heavy padding, making the entire room virtually one wall to wall bed. The humps and hills were still there providing contours in which people sat, reclined, or got into any position they wished. As it was, everyone was lounging in some valley of padding, resting their backs so they could enjoy their drinks. When the girls returned, they carried one drink in each hand, and headed back to the bar as each was passed out. Another push of a button, and Jerry grinned at the men’s reactions when compartments, which were buried in the deep cushions, flipped open to reveal cup holders and small polished wood trays.

The girls came back with the other drinks, and motioned to me to help myself at the bar. I knew that the blondes wanted Mia and I to be observers, not their main focus, and they wished to keep themselves for the exclusive use of Jerry’s guests. So, down the hill of pillowy stuffing I rolled, followed by a nude Mia, and headed to the bar. I made the drinks tall so they would last awhile, and stood around making idle chatter with the group.

Six black men and two blonde housewives, all nude and freshly fucked, were sitting around enjoying the company. The girls nestled in between the men, making quite the Oreo cookie scene, and fondled their lovers’ cocks in one hand, while sipping their drinks with the other. The men took similar advantage of the nudes by wrapping a free arm around their shoulders and playing with their breasts and nipples while they talked. Me? I have to admit that we did just about the same thing, only we were both white, but enjoying our newness.

“You girls are really quite good. I was hoping that you would live up to your pictures,” said Chandler, who published their photo work.

“Thanks. I hope we do live up to them. After all, we enjoy making them, and it isn’t really as much of a job for us as a recreation,” said Jessica nodding to Jodi.

Lamont chimed in, “I definitely can see that my money is going to good use. Uh, Chandler, I’m willing to go along with your suggestion now that I can see the material. Can I?” And Chandler nodded his approval to Lamont, then smiled down at Jodi, massaging her big plump tit.

“Okay. As you know, Chandler and I took a chance on Jerry’s suggestion to produce you girls’ porn magazines. We weren’t quite sure why this would be any different from any other, but when we saw the material and Jerry’s talent, we knew we were safe. Well, we were not only safe, but we hit the proverbial jackpot, giving rise to the thought that we might be able to turn this into something better. Better for you, and better for us.”

“Thanks for your vote of confidence, but what could be better?” Jessica inquired.

“Videos! What you probably don’t know is that I also finance a line of adult videos that cater to a more select crowd. The company is small, but I demand quality, and, so, the actors, camera work,

settings, subject matter, and everything else must be of the highest standards. No one wants a garage film. The sure thing is to do it right, and use the right stuff. Chandler and I think that you girls have the right stuff. At least we've decided to offer you the opportunity."

"Are you talking about actually fucking in a studio? Like in the big time?"

"Yes to both questions, but with some small differences. We want you to do special material, a series around the antics of two white sisters that like screwing black men."

"No problem there!" Jodi chimed.

"Then, well, we heard that you two might have some special talents. Those we'll tape on a more private basis, and the distribution would be limited."

"Like in animals I presume," my wife added.

"Exactly. Not only that, but we have some special customers that will pay dearly to have themselves filmed while they participated in some very special parties much like the one we have here. You know, the high roller black man who always wanted to see himself with a white woman. Maybe foreigners. Think you could handle it?"

"Big bucks, special tips, notoriety, who knows? It's kind of up to you how far you want to publicize your activities, and how good you are. That's why we brought along Lee. He's what you might call one of our bread and butter men, being in a number of our best sellers. Lee, what do you think so far?"

"So far, so good. I'm impressed, and I think if we made these two off like the Double Mint Twins, they'd be a big hit with the fetish crowd. I mean, I got MY rocks off!" Lee spoke as he leisurely stroked his cock with one hand.

Jodi pointed to him saying, "You just came in my ass didn't you?"

"Actually, no. I just came in your sister's pussy, and what a tight fit that was! Right through her cervix!"

"Hey, you ain't felt nothin' yet. Two can play at that game."

"Girls, girls, come now! Let's not fight over who's the best. We want you to think about working for us. How about sleeping on it?" Chandler offered.

"We'll do better than that," said Jessica, "We'll suck on it!" My wife chugged the last of her drink, put her glass in one of the holders, and leaned over in Lee's lap to take his hardening black tool in her mouth. At the same time, she lifted her left leg to expose her bald leaking pussy as an invitation to anyone else who cared to start another round. Jodi took the cue and offered, "She's right, boys. The night is young and we have a lot to chew on, so get those cocks up. Hey! I'm not being fucked! What does a girl have to do to get fucked around here?"

The group of six immediately set upon the two sisters. Their mouths were filled with black meat, their pussies were probed with black fingers that were replaced with black cocks, and their assholes received equal opportunity as the girls set off to please their masters. I refilled our glasses, and took my stiff flopping prick through the interracial scene, herding Mia back to the loft for a better view and some comfort of our own.

“What did they mean, animals?” Mia inquired when we settled in the loft.

“Oh, that’s just another part of the inner circle. Didn’t Jodi or Jess tell you about that?”

“About what? I don’t know what you mean.”

Oh, great, I thought to myself. I’m supposed to be the weird one and suggest animal training? But then I realized. I was put in charge of this girl, and it’s up to me to “train” her as I see fit. To bring her along as the mood strikes me. I was feeling the power... and the mood.

I looked Mia straight in big green eyes as she took a drink and said, “I can’t wait for the first time you do a horse or a dog. Of course we’ll start with the dog, but the horse is what I want to see you do.”

She almost sprayed her drink at me in surprise, choking out a whispered, “What!?”

“Animals,” I said nonchalantly. “That’s part of the inner circle activity you’ve committed to. You’ll really like it. Anyway, I’m sure your husband will like it. I know I’m looking forward to watching you.”

“You’ve got to be kidding.” Mia was flushed with the idea. Her breathing was definitely labored, and her breasts were heaving their stiff nipples, betraying her true feelings of lust. Then she stammered, “What, what’s it like?”

Now, I knew she was in my grasp, so I went for the full Monty. “What’s it like? Hmmm. Okay, imagine yourself with a group of people who own dogs, big dogs, big male dogs. Imagine that those are horniest sons of bitches on the block, and the women are stroking the dogs’ dicks until they’re standing out like hunks of red meat nine inches long and shiny. Now imagine putting your mouth close to the dog prick, then opening and slowly sucking it inside until it’s stretching your cheeks. Imagine further that the people around you are watching and encouraging you to ‘suck that dog dick’ as you put on a show. Then imagine you positioning yourself on your hands and knees so the horny beast can hump you from behind. Once he’s inserted his animal dong in your dripping pussy, he’ll start humping you fast. Real fast. Then there’s the knot, the swelling at the base of his cock that’s about the size of a tennis ball, and it’s stuck inside you, filling you up like never before. The dog continues to pump, and you feel every hard thrust, because a dog’s cock has a bone inside that keeps him stiff, and doesn’t go flaccid like a man can. The he comes. He swells just like a man, and he empties his balls into your cunt. Loads of hot animal semen explode against your vaginal walls, and you’re now impregnated by a dog that can’t pull loose until his knot goes down. Now, imagine that, you naked, having just been fucked by a huge dog, while everyone around you nude watches and beat himself or herself off to your performance. I’ll bet you’ll make a darling little dog fucker.” I added the last dig to make her feel more like a slut.

Mia’s eyes glazed, staring into space as all she could say was, “My God, you can’t be serious!”

“Serious? That’s only the first part. My favorite is going to be a trip to the stud farm.” Mia gasped and I continued as I noticed her fingering herself unconsciously, “Oh, yes, we just call it The Farm. That’s where you get to experience the biggest cocks you’ll ever have up your cunt. The girls have a very good friend who has horses at stud, and she regularly “milks” the beasts to keep them interested and able to perform on her command.”

Mia was getting excited now, and shifted her position straight up and encouraged me to go on. I took that as a positive indication of interest, and sallied forth. “Mia, let me ask you a question. Do like cum?”

"Well, yeah," she said without much hesitation.

"I mean, do you really, really like cum? Do you like the taste, the feel, the texture, the warmth?"

"Yeah, all of that. Why?"

"Then get ready for more cum than you ever imagined." I paused to let the statement sink in, turning for a moment to watch my wife and her sister. Both Jessica and Jodi had finished with giving the first men blow jobs, and were just choking down the loads of sperm, lapping up the over run slop, as they each continued to get fucked by men spooning them and holding their leg in the air to expose them. My wife noticed us watching, sat up on the cock lodged in her gash and leaned over to say something to Jodi. Her sister smiled in agreement, then both girls turned, kneeling up with their backs to the men, and their legs wrapped to each side. They made sure that they turned square on to Mia and me, giving us a clear wide spread view if their hairless pussies being stretched by the black poles impaling them.

"Like what you see, Sweetheart?" Jessica moaned to me. "I know how you like it when you can see my cunt split open by a big thick black cock." She was teasing, and the sisters played the game as each one alternately said something about how they were getting stuffed. "You like my cunt too?" Jodi exclaimed. "God, this feels good! You can't imagine how full I feel. Look at our clits, honey. They must be standing out like lampposts. Rub my clit, baby," Jess begged the man who was underneath her. "Watch how wide I get, darling. Doesn't that give you ideas about a black baby coming out of my belly? Oh, but it feels so good having it go in first!"

The sight of my wife and sister-in-law splayed apart with black dicks in their cunts was an incredibly sexy sight. Any man seeing the same thing would have creamed in his pants, but seeing as I had no pants on, I settled for my seemingly permanent boner. Deciding what the hell, I voiced back words of encouragement.

"Show us your cunt, honey. Spread those legs... oh yeah, look at that pussy. Fuck my wife, fuck her sister, gents. That's it girls, stretch those lips. My God, darling, you look wonderful being stuffed like that. Is he past your cervix? Is he in your uterus? How does it feel, love? Go, guys! Fuck 'em hard, fuck the shit out of 'em - hurt and leave 'em sore, knowing they've fucked a REAL man for a change!" Pounding my own pud in front of them, I could see that my words had their affect, and the blacks bucked harder, splitting the housewives even wider.

The two blondes sat splayed wide, showing us their hairless bodies and smooth cunts, as they were wedged open on the intensely black pricks. The meat glistened from their cunt juice as the thick rods slid in and out of their small bodies. The girls pumped up and down, wiggling their asses in a frenzied attempt to please their masters and bring them to blasting climaxes. The men were driven nuts, and drove their tools as far up the girls' snatches as they could, hoping to penetrate their cervixes and splash their uterus's with life giving black seed. That's what the girls wanted, to be treated like whores, like slaves, to be impregnated with black baby sperm. They could no more control their own climaxes than those of the men below could. They were glad they had switched groups of blacks, and they each were now servicing a fresh set of balls. At least fresh to their bodies. The men were groping at their bodies, almost tearing at their breasts, ripping at their nipples, making them wince in a mix of intense pleasure and pain. Bouncing wildly, now, the thrusts to their cunts became more rapid, and the huge black mitts on their tits froze, holding tightly as the semen began to flow. Pumping hard, the blacks hosed the girls' baby chutes with thick hot sperm. Jet after jet squirted forcefully as their balls tightened and emptied into two white uteruses. Flowing directly on their eggs, the hot sperm flushed into them, filling them with gobs of cream to mix with their own juices. The couples shuddered in simultaneous climax, each satisfied that they were filling a need,

the men's lust to impregnate a white woman, and the girls need to satisfy their masters. We sat watching as the members swelling and bulging just below the white skin of their bellies enlarged, spewing forth their semen, then subsided inside my wife and her sister. The two opened their eyes, turning first to each other and then to us, flashing a broad smile of ritualistic hedonism as they displayed the results of their work. Very little cum, if any, dripped from their pussies, and I knew that it was being held deep inside their wombs... the place where babies were made.

"Oh, yeah! What a show! Give us some more. You're not done yet are you? Let's see all those blonde holes get filled," I encouraged as Mia and I clapped our approval.

Jodi and her sister continued to smile as they moaned, rolling off their impaling black rods, and positioned themselves on hands and knees. Burying their faces in the massive cushions, they reached back and spread their ass cheeks. Jess spoke first, "Any one ready for some tight white ass?" Jodi echoed, "Come and get it boys. Can you say Tight Fit?" No further invitation was needed as two more blacks thrust their cock meat up girls' poop chutes. Slight streams of previous fuck juice provided the lubrication as the monsters slid into their tight orifices. It always amazed me how Jessica could take a cock up her ass, and I'll never forget the time when my bride took a hold of my cock and thrust it up her bunghole. Here I thought it was I who was begging (typical male reaction), when all along she had been getting reamed out by someone else, stretching her ass, and making her quite the ass fucker.

As we sat back to enjoy the butt fuck show, Mia took a hold of my arm, brushed it with her breast and nipple saying, "Tell me more. Tell me more about the horses." I smiled, sat back, and took charge.

"First I want a blow job, my little bitch," and I pulled her raven-haired head down to my hard prick, and plunged into her sweat hot mouth.

My strategy seemed to be working, and things were going a bit more smoothly now that I was encouraging rather than trying to restrict. It wasn't perfect, but at least I wasn't boiling over with anger or frustration. Jessica and Jodi reacted to my encouragement with their own sense of fairness, and assigned one of their new recruits to me as my trainee. Mia was doing an excellent job, not only from the standpoint of her natural good looks, but also showed incredible promise do to her enthusiasm. Mia's curiosity and eagerness for learning more of her own sexuality made her a perfect enigma in my life. I think the sisters knew this would happen, and took advantage of the situation. Now I was faced with either going back to my old resistant ways, or going on to discover new and exciting sexual horizons with me as captain of the ship. I imagined Mia as the first member of my crew, maybe even first mate, and it was up to us to recruit and train the rest of the crew. The thought that I was able to mold the lot any way I wished had a lustful appeal, and, for the moment, I was caught up in the feeling of power.

The feeling of power, that which had been so illusive until now, was not only within my grasp, but was handed to me as a gift to play with and try out like a new toy. In brief moments of realization, I began to understand the attraction of sexual power. The light bulb came on in my head, and I realized that it was the same feeling of power that the sisters described having over their black lovers. To hold some one in such intimate control, to entice their lives such that they followed like puppies, that was the feeling, the excitement, the ever changing face of human sexuality.

I ran my fingers through Mia's long silky raven colored hair as she lovingly sucked on my cock. She followed instructions well, moving her tongue from the bottom of my ball sack to the tip of my cockhead. Holding the base of my rod firmly, she made love to my rigid gland, stopping to mouth my balls, and letting her saliva generously coat the shaft as she plunged it full length down her throat. It

was apparent that her husband, Roger, must not be as well endowed as I, as she choked occasionally, and apologized saying she was just learning to handle something of size. She got an A for effort and her intense urgency to perfect her deep throat technique. My eyes alternated between her big green eyes staring up at mine with a mouthful of cock and the sight of my wife and sister-in-law getting their asses reamed with huge black cock meat. I watched the two blonde sisters as they wiggled their stretched assholes back onto the impaling rods, slapping themselves against the solid cum filled balls of the men behind them. The incredible scene of these white girls submitting so willingly to their masters, giving them their asses to be fucked, was more than my balls could stand. Within minutes I hardened and began spewing cum into Mia's mouth and down her throat. Being my "possession," I grabbed her head and thrust my cock into her throat to ensure that she felt it swell and pulse as the jets of semen were deposited within her. I basked in the glorious feeling of fucking her face in the final moment of ejaculation, that feeling of mastery and power. I shoved my prick between her lips until my testicles rested against her chin, then pumped my sperm into her head and onto her taste buds. Knowing that she couldn't breathe, I held her mouth firm against my belly while she willingly submitted like the slut that she wanted to become. Then, when the pulses subsided, I withdrew, allowing her to take in air through her nose while my stiffness waned.

The two sisters were, at the same time, finishing up their performances, and each received a generous load of cum in their ass. I know how stiff my cock gets when I cum, and I could feel for their ass buds when the black men expanded them at the moment of ejaculation. The thrusts in their poop chutes became easier as the cum slime lubricated the passage, and the glistening black rods were coated with a mixture of cum and anal cavity juice as they popped free. Jessica dutifully wiped her stud's cock with a small towel, but Jodi went to work on hers by cleaning him with her mouth. The disgusting act of consuming the mixture that coated his cock was lovingly pursued by the white slave to the enjoyment of all who watched.

"Good show, you two. Jess, I love to see you getting your ass stretched like that, honey. Keep that nasty shit up and you'll never lack for some one wanting to fuck you." My encouragement surprised even me, but the reaction from Jess was worth my incidental slip of attitude. She grinned widely, apparently pleased with my reaction. In fact, she was so delighted that she ran up the hill of cushions to where I was lounging. She stared into my eyes for a few moments, silent, looking for some clue to why I was so changed, then took my face in her hands and kissed me.

"Thanks, love," was all she said, and she leaned back allowing her nude body to roll down the cushions. She landed in one of the men's laps, then looking up, offered, "By my count, one of you gents didn't get a second shot. Now, who gets to breed me again?"

Denzel grinned from his reclining position where he was jacking off and said, "You better hurry and get your baby maker over here 'cause I'm about ready to pop!"

Jessica rolled over to where he was, and straddled him while guiding his meat into her pussy. Her small white cuntlips spread willingly as she sank on to the foot long dick. She then leaned forward to offer her tits to suck on, so the man could extract some milk from the top end while he was filling her with cream from the bottom. Jess loved to have her nipples sucked while she was being fucked, and she helped by pressing her breasts together so her lover could have a choice of nipples. She also squeezed her tits to express the flow of milk, which caused Denzel to have breast milk squirted on his face while he was sucking on the other nipple. It was a game for Jessica, and she relished the feeling of having a big black prick stuff her while a large black mouth covered her breast meat.

Jodi raced to keep up with her sister, and finished giving a tongue bath to the cock that filled her asshole. She was immediately set upon by Lee, who proclaimed his curiosity about Jodi's ass, so her asshole was impaled for the second straight time. Lee moaned in pleasure as he felt her tightness,

and took long easy strokes in and out of Jodi's bunghole. The penetration was made easier by the cum that remained inside, and the lubrication it provided was just right to allow full insertion of his stiff cock. Jodi, like her sister, had a fondness for ass fucking, and she rode the black meat like she couldn't get enough, swinging her long blonde hair from side to side as she bumped backwards, forcing as much cock as she could inside her asshole.

I guess that the two men fucking the sisters were so turned on from the show, that they lasted no longer than five or ten minutes before tensing and shooting their loads. Jessica got a good full measure of seed in her uterus, while Jodi had another gob implanted in her ass. The two blondes worked the black meat, extracting every drop of precious cum for their bodies. They kept talking in loving terms to their blacks, calling them baby, honey, big man, and other pet names as they offered their white bodies up for defiling. Each sister now had six full loads of cum from their guests somewhere in their bodies, and each man had emptied his black balls twice.

"Drinks anyone?" Jessica asked as she sprung up, inviting Jodi to join her in her duties. I felt like I was between periods of a hockey game, only I didn't know how many periods were intended to be played. Complaining was not in my game plan, since I had cum three times so far that evening, and into my beautiful raven haired vixen to boot. I wasn't bothered in the least seeing my wife getting fucked by a team of well hung black men, and quite frankly, I didn't give a damn. In fact, I rather enjoyed seeing her stretched and filled with strange black cock and semen. I enjoyed watching her and her sister prance around nude with bouncing tits for the pleasure of their black masters. I enjoyed seeing Mia get so excited by the scene that her enthusiasm in fucking or sucking me was increased ten fold.

The sisters performed their naked maid duties with flair as the men basked in the afterglow of a good fuck. Cum dripped from the girls' pussies as they passed out the drinks, and they occasionally would rub the white goo into their skin rather than let it get on the cushions. Jerry instructed the team, "Make sure you take care of our white bro and sista in the peanut gallery, too." I love his attention to detail. This time, both girls climbed the mountain to the loft and served us as guests. Mia and I were pleased that we were so well thought of, after all, who else would share, no, urge such a good looking white housewife to fuck the brains out of a gang of black studs?

Our intermission was spent like any other swinging cocktail party, only this was strictly interracial. The men supplied the black cocks, and the sisters provided the white tail. Everyone lounged nude, drank, ate, and carried on casual conversation in what was an ethereal environment. The low lights made everyone appear as if we were lying on clouds. The temperature was just right for nudity, and we didn't lack for anything.

"Hey," I said, gathering the attention of the girls, "are you enjoying your weekend?"

"You bet, honey! Are you enjoying yours?" asked Jessica.

"The weekend isn't over yet, and so far it's looking pretty good!"

"Whew! That's the spirit. And, you're right, not even the night's over yet!" was the response from Jodi.

As my wife and sister-in-law cuddled up to their black men, teasing them with idle chatter and allowing themselves to be prodded with black fingers, I turned to Mia and picked up our conversation where we left off. We lay side by side with legs crossing my left over her right, and in a perfect position to watch the action below and allow me access to her pussy with my left hand. I relish fondling a girl's clit while telling her sexy stories, and have found that there is a direct

connection between their heads and their pussies. The trick is to use the right pressure, at the right time, after the right mood has been established. I figured this would be easy as I began talking.

“So, what makes you so curious about.”

“Horses?”

“Wow, you were really turned on about that huh?”

“Well, yeah. I mean, I am a little curious.”

“Why? Why does it fascinate you? Don’t you think it’s a might bizarre?”

“I, uh, I guess it’s because when I lie here thinking about what it’s like getting fucked by black meat, I wonder what it would be like to have an even bigger piece of meat to play with. I mean, a white girl getting fucked by a black cock is taboo enough, but what if that girl liked black dick? And what if that was the biggest black dick she could handle? And what if that huge black dick was attached to balls that sprayed gobs and gobs of cum, not just your every day big load, but really poured the stuff out?”

“Whew!” I stammered, “You do have an imagination! Fortunately, you’re on the right track, and your fantasies are more real than you think. But, you haven’t even had your first black, much less anything bigger.”

Mia’s eyes riveted on the group of men as she spoke, “Well, you’re right, but, like you said, the weekend ain’t over yet.” She licked her lips without thinking, her body tensing at the pleasure she received when I started my quest on her clit. Like the line in the movie, “Let your mind go, and your body will follow.”

“You’ve got a long way to go with your initiation, starting tonight. But let me give you a teaser about your animal fantasy. Close your eyes and follow along. Imagine yourself preparing for the wildest day of your life. You’re mind is driving your entire body to lust of having sex with horses, and your husband is going to witness you stepping over the line into the animal kingdom. I can pretty much guarantee that Jodi will play some games with you that day to heighten your experience, but I’ll leave that for a surprise. Let’s just say that during your stay at the farm, you won’t wear much. Being exposed, you’ll feel sexier, and you’ll have easier access to the horses and them to you.

I suspect that your introduction will be hosted by Traci, the owner, and Jess and Jodi will be there for moral support. I can’t say for sure what their plans will be, but they’ll start you off by letting you feel one of the horse’s cocks grow in your hands as you stroke it. The feel will be pretty much the same as handling a man’s cock, but the size and shape is what’s important here. Instead of measuring in inches, you can almost measure in feet depending on the horse. The skin is smooth and silky as it’s unsheathed, and the head is usually in the shape of a slightly flared horn, sort of like an elephant’s trunk. The cockhead is rather large, but it’s that way to accommodate the volume of semen. We’ll get to that in a minute, but you can imagine that with balls the size of small grapefruit, the amount of cum produced is enormous.

The girls will probably have the horse get a good whiff of your pussy, which should be quite wet by then, and will have you stroke the animal’s cock until it’s at full length. Then they’ll position you so you’re using both hands and jacking the beast off toward your face or upper body. They may instruct you suck on the horse dick and taste the precum, and they may even have you open up to let the monster ejaculate in your mouth. Either way, when the horse starts flipping its tail up and down, get ready for the stream. The animal will burst forth in about six or seven strong gushes of hot cum that

will fly across the room if you don't catch it on yourself. The force of the pulses will be about like having a Super Soaker pointed at you, except that you'll be soaked in fresh hot sperm that is very much like a man's. Depending on the horse, and the man you're comparing him with, the taste may be very similar, so you can dream of having huge amounts of potent seed poured all over your body, covering your hair, mouth and face in a wonderful life giving slime. Of course, the whole event will be taped, and the farm hands preparing the horses will be there to watch along with other invited curiosity seekers. Jodi always insists on never losing the opportunity to record a girls first time with a horse."

Mia had her eyes closed and was moaning as she imagined her experience. I knew enough to back off on my clit rubbing at certain intervals, building her excitement, then letting her back down before the next buildup. I was tinkering, making her ready for one huge explosive climax. My wife and her sister had entered what I called their casual sex mode. It's the time of a fuck party when each man has emptied his nuts about twice, and settles into a more casual approach to intercourse, rather than the feeding frenzy that goes on at first. Casual, but still active, the girls were riding another black cock, straddling their partner as they rocked up and down on the meat impaling them. As they did so, they even joked with the man fucking them, or someone close by as if they were cooking or something. I had absolutely no doubt that they were cooking!

I continued with my story, "Now, after you've jacked off the horse and had your taste of cum, you'll probably assist one of the women in positioning themselves under an animal for direct intercourse. You need to learn this, because the kick from a horse can be dangerous, not to mention what would happen if the animal fell. Once the horse's penis is inserted, the girl won't want to turn over the reins to you, so you'll have to wait until she's been blasted. Then it will be your turn to get into position. Let's just say that it would be advised for you to have been loosened up before trying this. Something large, something long, anything that would stretch your pussy should be used to get you loose. As you lie on your back, one of the sisters will help you take the horse's meat and rub it up and down your slit. You can get the feel of the cockhead before it penetrates, and once that is done, it will be time for the biggest insertion of your life. You'll feel like you're being split as the massive cock stretches your cuntlips. It will be the closest thing to having a baby that you can imagine, but this time the seed will be going in. Take as much as you can; hopefully, you will have learned to take a cock through your cervix by then. You won't have enough experience to let the horse thrust into you, so you'll have to rock back and forth when he pushes. Everyone in the room will be watching you get fucked by the biggest black cock you will ever have, and it won't be long before the horse's balls will tighten and empty into you. At first, you'll feel the streams of hot precum dripping into your insides. Then, just like you saw before, the horse's tail will begin to twitch as he begins his powerful orgasm. Massive jets of hot thick semen will burst from his cockhead, and you'll be flooded with cum. The force of the blasts is what will surprise you the most. It will feel like your very inner soul is being tickled as the strong jets hit every corner of your womb. Even your cervical opening won't be able to block the force of the stream, and you'll endure six, seven, maybe eight strong pulses of sperm as they flood your body. That's when you will know that you've just become one of the dirtiest spectacles imaginable to your audience, especially if some are curious sophisticated females. You'll lie there dripping fresh sperm from your hole, as your cunt is filled to overflowing from the amount of semen. The girls assisting you will try to catch or scoop up as much of the fluid as possible, and redistribute the cum over all your body parts. In the end, you'll emerge as a cum filled, cum covered slut that is completely sexually satisfied, albeit for the viewing pleasure of the invited guests."

As I was nearing the end to my description of her ordeal, I hastened the motion of my fingers on her clit. Moments after I finished, Mia shook violently in her most shattering climax of the day. She must have been imagining herself being fucked by a horse while on display for a group of strangers. My

intuition told me that her future definitely held a visit to the farm, but also told me that she would require some loosening before the event. It didn't take a brain surgeon to figure out that her conditioning would have to come from some heavily-hung customers, and the most readily available large cocks resided in the sisters' harem of black men. The only question was, when would Mia begin her black sexing.

Mia closed her eyes in sheer exhaustion after climaxing, and drifted off to a sound sleep that was probably filled of all kinds of nasty dreams. As she was doing so, I looked up just in time to see my wife buckle under her own climax as she rode her black cock stallion over the brink. She often came in reaction to being filled with cum, and the man below her was pulsing his sperm deep in her belly. Jodi was also shuddering from her own climax in reaction to having her ass filled for the second time in a row. I watched for a while, as the drink my wife served me was extremely strong, and was getting the best of me. In faded scenes, the two blonde nymphs continued to play with their masters' cocks, but in a more leisurely fashion. The last I heard was something in their conversation about the real possibilities of making videos for profit. Both Jodi and my wife were lying across the laps of one black who was either fingering their cunt or stuffing it with his black meat, while at the same time they leisurely sucked on the cock of the man in who's lap their head landed. After more turns at having their bodies filled and splashed with sperm, the men started fading. The girls had virtually all their available holes filled with copious amounts of black semen, and were almost assured of being impregnated. The final comment was someone saying, "How many can we take? Well, personally I counted something like 128 loads in one night, but I'm sure if we tried together we could." It never registered whether that was Jodi's voice or Jessica's.

Mornings are always bad for me, especially when I keep waking up in the middle of the night. Maybe it was the strange surroundings, but it probably was due to the noise being made by either my wife or her sister when one of their black lovers wanted a little nooky. Sometime during the night Mia and I managed to pull some covers over our naked bodies and fell asleep in the comfort of the massively padded loft. The others carried on all night, sleeping for short stretches in between fucking the two blondes.

I awoke to the sound of morning music, the smell of fresh coffee and frying bacon, and the all too familiar sound of someone having intercourse. As I rolled over, I noticed Mia lying on her stomach, her chin on her hands, and watching Jodi getting a morning fuck by one of the blacks. I joined her watching the action, and after a few minutes, Jessica entered the room carrying a tray of coffee cups and fresh brew. She was still nude, of course, and her serving duties seemed efficiently mixed with sensuality as her tits bounced and jiggled. Making a round trip back to the kitchen, she next brought a full tray of assorted breakfast meats, scrambled eggs and pastries. Jessica almost paid no attention to her sister getting laid, and went about inviting everyone to help themselves to the food. She indeed was being the proper slave, helping the men satisfy their hunger.

"I wonder how this coffee would taste with a little bit of milk?" inquired Lee.

"Hold on, one milk coming up," responded Jess, as she immediately began massaging her breasts to produce some milk for the man's coffee. Aiming directly into his cup, she expressed several good streams of her fluid before asking if anyone else would like to try some. She went from man to man, milking her own tits for each as she leaned her nude body over their cups to take dead aim.

Jodi and Denzel finished up with a big load being deposited in Jodi's pussy, and Denzel's balls emptied for the umpteenth time. They both joined the others in breakfast as did Mia and I, who rolled down the soft mountain to the main level. Jodi and my wife took turns at replenishing the food trays, serving the men like good slaves. Of course, Mia couldn't stand to be waited on by another female, and eventually joined in the serving duties. Jodi supplemented the supply of breast milk, as

she and Jess took turns for the men. Mia wasn't lucky enough to be lactating at the time, but the girls assured her that, if she were interested, they would see to it that their doctor friend would give her hormone injections to start the process. Mia hesitated, but eagerly agreed when the men encouraged her by saying that they would love to suck on her titties.

Feeling quite comfortable by now, Mia teased, "If you get to suck on these, then what do I get to suck on?"

All six black men, and their one white bro (me), all looked at each other, and in one unanimous response, we took our cocks in hand and said, "These!" It was really quite comical in that our response seemed orchestrated in one chorus. Funny or not, Mia smiled her cutest smile, and looked at me shyly and suggestively. It was obvious that she wanted me to be the one that would dictate when she would have her first black sexing, but, the truth is, I was way ahead of her.

"Well I for one would like to shower down. Anyone care to join me? Might I suggest everyone?" Jessica said, as she looked us all over.

"Good idea," said Jodi, "I'll start the showers." Off she pranced, tits jiggling as she hopped into the tunnel entrance to the orgy room and disappeared. Jessica and Mia immediately began cleaning up, while the men spent a few minutes reflecting on how good the girls were, and speculating on how to use their services in the future.

"Showers, gentlemen?" asked Jessica as she and Mia came back, and she led the way with seven dangling dicks in hot pursuit. Jerry's mastery of architectural design was matched only by his ability to afford the appointments. Apparently, he had been left a substantial sum of money from his parents, which he in turn invested wisely. He preferred living for the present, and created his castle to cater to his wildest imagination. It seemed that photography was not his only talent, which is partly why the girls liked being in his harem. We all emerged in a large dressing room that was adjacent to the private master bedroom, and beyond which was the shower room. The walk through shower stall was a full six by eight feet, containing four showerheads. Although it was designed for four individuals, the nine of us crowded in and took liberties in soaping each other up. The girls washed their hair while the men ran their black hands over their bodies, lingering at their bald pussies that the women made extra available. Then it was the men's turn as the white girls lavished their attention on washing the black men's bodies, lingering over their huge black logs, and making sure that their balls and assholes received special attention. Within minutes, every man there, including myself, had a hardon from the soapy stroking they received. I was not left out, as Jodi made a special effort to clean her bother in law in the same manner as I watched my wife and Mia in action. There is something terribly erotic about wet skin, especially when the skin is white female and black male. Glistening bodies mingled and slithered together in a sensuous dance of tantalizing promises. The housewives made every effort to assure the men that they were available for any sexual service they desired. The girls' small hands seemed tiny when wrapped around the thick black meat, and they made sure to wash their partners black skin by rubbing their white tits over them while fingering the peach sized black balls.

"This way, gentlemen," said Jessica as she broke away and led one man by the hand through the other shower entrance. We walked through a grotto like passage, complete with simulated lava rock and jungle plants, and emerged into what Jerry called the Lagoon Room. It was a room covered in rocks and plants that surrounded a free form hot tub that had a capacity of about twenty. It was unique in that it looked like a large fiberglass swimming pool. There was a dark glass wall that divided the pool in half, one side being outdoors on the huge patio that looked out over the city. The glass was mirrored so no one could see in, but was only darkened on the inside, which allowed us to look out on the sunny day.

Feeling a chill from the shower, we all sank into the steaming water, and took our seats in the enclosed half of the pool. The water temperature was a blissful 101 degrees, and added to the relaxation we felt when the sisters teamed in opening the adjacent bar, and mixing up Bloody Mary's for everyone. Again, the combination of surreal environment and the commingling of black and white bodies provided a sensual excitement that was the intended theme.

The two sisters curled up between the men, and Mia sat between Lamont and me. We sat talking as if we were in a community swimming pool, only the conversation streamed back to Jessica and Jodi's potential in videos. Chandler and Lamont heaped their praise on the girls' talent for posing in still shots, and eventually got around to talking about the possibilities of making a few films. Prodded further by the girls, the men went on to say that they wanted to focus on the white girl, black man theme, but they also were looking for something unique. Some story line that was shocking and forbidden should be the angle. They said that one unique angle was that Jessica and Jodi were real life sisters, not to mention that they were good looking blondes, and married. If they could play that up, then any other ideas would have just that much more impact.

"If we did try making some videos for you, where would we be doing it?" asked Jodi.

"Well, most of my production has been split between Las Vegas and Southern California. At least that's where all my equipment is, not to mention my source of personnel," offered Chandler.

"Actually, I have quite a collection of amateur videos on club members," Jodi offered. "Whether they know it or not, I keep a video log on everything that happens in my house, and I've recorded every member on tape."

"Really! I'd love to see some of the subject matter," Lamont chimed. "Tell me, what do you mean by whether they know it or not?"

"Well, one entire wall panel of our great room is mirrored. It actually makes for a lot of fun because guests get a kick out of watching themselves having sex. But, the secret is that the mirrors are one way, and the room on the other side holds quite an extensive video camera setup. Usually, I have two cameras going at the same time at different angles. That way I get just about everyone. Then I edit the film with the best clips."

Jodi looked at Mia who was sitting in stark realization that she already was recorded on tape having sex with many more people than her husband knew about. "That's right, Mia, everything you've done so far is archived just in case you decide to go south on us. No offense, but call it an insurance policy. No one will see them unless you want them to if you remain discreet about the club."

"You mean, everything? All the afternoon parties, the gang bang, everything?" asked Mia in half shock and half excitement. As she spoke I noticed that her left hand was stroking my cock under the water, but both her arms were making the same motion. Lamont, on her other side, grinned and gave me a wink. "Yup! I have everything, even my sister's gang bang. Isn't that right, Jess?"

"Uh huh. Only I didn't know who was behind the camera at the time."

"Who was behind the camera?" asked Lee.

Jessica's eyes immediately went to mine as she nodded in my direction. Not only did Mia have both hands busy, but I noticed that sometime during the conversation, my wife had moved to where she was sitting on Datron's lap. He held his drink in one hand, and was holding onto Jess's right breast with the other, gently massaging the white meat and casually tweaking her nipple.

"My husband shot the film while my black lovers shot me full of juice," responded Jessica. "My helpful sister set it up. However, at that time he didn't know of our taste for black cock, and he had no idea that I was so involved. There I was, playing up to the mirrors, knowing that Jodi probably had the cameras on automatic, thoroughly getting into a black gang bang while my unsuspecting hubby jacked off behind the scenes." We all listened intently to her story, and I could see that her body was slowly moving up and down as she spoke. Datron had sunk down a little, resting his head on the edge of the tub. Jessica's breasts rose and fell in and out of the warm water as she continued telling her short version of breaking the news of her black sexing exploits to me. As she described the action, her body motion became more obvious, as did Mia's stroking of one black and one white cock. To help her along, I reached between her legs to finger her clit, only to find I had been beaten to the punch. Lamont had her pussy firmly in hand and was working her up to an impromptu climax.

It was as if Jessica was bringing herself off as she rocked up and down on the massive wet log that was lodged in her cunt. However, she continued her story, relating explicit details of single, double, and even triple penetration scenes. "Now that I think of it," she said, "I guess I was rather hyped up when I got to Jodi's place. I remember walking in holding onto one of the black dicks that met me at the door, and asking who was going to breed me first. I wasn't disappointed, seeing as all the guys had their shot at breeding me that night. Actually, each one bred my cunt more than once. Man, was I full of sperm!" I think it was the description of Ron's fourteen-incher fucking her through her cervix and cumming in her uterus that brought her to climax. She closed her eyes as she always does when she is getting injected with seed, and everyone enjoyed watching as her pussy was filled with the white creamy stuff. I just about spewed forth myself, watching my wife get fucked by a hunk of black meat, but Lamont was the first to let go with an audible groan to my right.

"Dammit, Lamont, we can't take you anywhere! Jerry doesn't swim in our toilet, so why do you cum in his pool?" joked Chandler.

I could see where this was going, and before Lamont could answer, I stood up in the thigh deep water showing my boner in the grasp of Mia's hand. "Apparently you liked that story," I said to Mia as I grabbed her hair and brought her lips to my cock. Holding her head with both hands, I began face fucking my new charge in front of my freshly porked wife, her sister and the other black men. "It appears, ladies and gentlemen, that the time has come for Mia to expand her horizons. Don't you think?" I asked her as she sucked my cock. Her only answer was a muffled noise and shake of her head. "Let's see now, which one of you gents would be so kind as to take my partner's black cherry?" Mia moaned and sucked even harder as she heard me arranging her first black fuck experience.

"She does look awfully talented," said Denzel.

"And she does have a nice tight ass," Lee chimed in. Jerry leaned over and whispered something in Jessica's ear. Her eyes got real big, as did her grin, and she turned to relay the message to her sister. The two seemed almost overly excited as they exchanged plans.

"Maybe we could get her first black gang bang on tape for her hubby to watch," offered Chandler.

"God, yes!" yelled Mia as she broke free from my dick. "I don't care who gets me first, just breed me! Record it if you want, let's just get the party going!" she said in a frenzied voice. Her defenses were broken and she was now begging to have her pussy stretched by black meat.

"C'mon, Jerry, let's get set up," Jodi said as she began making her way out of the pool. I think that the sisters were only waiting to see when Mia would break, and break she did.

"You guys go ahead and get ready. Mia has some unfinished business here, and I'll bring her when she gets done." I pulled her head back to my stiff rod, and renewed her face fuck in earnest this time. It seemed that her enthusiasm was even higher, realizing what was about to happen to her, so she sucked me like she was trying to remove the proverbial chrome off the bumper hitch. I didn't disappoint her, and shoved my eight inches as far into her throat as possible. Thrusting like a mad man, I slapped my balls against her chin until my cock swelled and flooded her mouth with semen. Three good spurts were all I could manage, but it was enough to give her a good taste as she continued to suck me dry. She didn't stop until I went limp, ensuring that she got every drop. Smacking her lips and grinning widely, she splashed water on her face, then stood up saying, "Okay! I'm ready to get laid! Which way to the ballroom?" We laughed at her newfound energy, and exited the way we came in.

Jodi intercepted us in the dressing room, and rerouted Mia to the bedroom for preparation while she shoed me into the orgy chamber. My wife was there busily cleaning and making preparations in the nude, while the men dressed back into their street clothes. I was instructed to retrieve the video camera from my car. When I returned, Jerry was already setting up a second camera. "We don't want to miss any of the action... on or off the screen," he grinned as he positioned my camera at right angles to the first. Jessica had gone to join the other girls, and it was just me and the black men left in the room.

"Bet you thought I was just into stills, huh? Actually, Jodi has me do a lot of the video taping of their parties too. There's a special script for white women having their first black gang bang." Jerry outlined the script for the men and me as he worked. "Gentlemen, you're in for a real treat. Okay, here's the scene. We will be sitting around having a drink, fully clothed... oh, all except you of course." He gestured to me as he continued, "We'll be sitting here like we're hot stuff, when Jodi and Jessica," and so he described our parts in the play. I was to man one of the cameras (since, of course, I was white and not part of the program), and Jerry would man the other, except for the introductions which he would do. I took my position behind the camera, got the settings perfect, and stood ready. Jerry said that although we would be capturing the action on film, we would pause occasionally to get the scene just right. After all, this was for posterity... and for Mia to show family and friends.

"Whoa! Wait a minute. Ah, actually, you might want to strip before we start," Jerry advised. "Just relax. Once the action begins we don't want you to be fidgeting with a hardon while you're trying to steady a camera." So off went the clothes, and I felt truly naked in the presence of six clothed black men. However, all that left my mind when Jodi called out that they were ready. "Okay. Roll the video," said Jerry, and my camera whirred to life.

The three vixens strolled into the room with Jodi in the lead, followed by Mia and Jessica in order. The girls were dressed to kill in their best orgy outfits. Jodi was in a sheer harem girl outfit, my wife sported the sheer short dress with one bare breast, and Mia wore the number she wore earlier, only this time she wore panties. The three sat together opposite of Jerry to whom Mia was introduced by Jodi. From there, Jerry took the reigns and began Mia's interview as the two blondes flanked her.

"So, Mia, we have some very special plans for you this afternoon, but first, I'd like to introduce you to the camera, and ask you a few questions." Jerry went through a series of questions in which Mia gave her name, described her husband, family, age, and other pertinent facts. Then came the spicier part when Jerry asked why she was there, and Mia explained in her own words that she was interested in black sexing. My wife helped out for the camera by volunteering that she and Jodi were there to introduce her to this new facet of swinging, and that this would be her first experience.

"How do you feel about that. I mean, this being your first time and all, we want to know what you

expect," said Jerry in a calm voice.

"How do I feel? Well, I never really thought about black men before. I mean, that was always something that was taboo, especially for a white girl, but I got interested after seeing Jess and Jodi here doing it."

"Doing what? C'mon now, if your interested in getting fucked, you should say so," Jerry advised.

Sheepishly, Mia responded, knowing this was being taped, "Okay then, you're right. After watching my two mentors getting fucked by their black lovers, I just couldn't get my mind off of wondering how it would feel. I mean, the contrast, the taboo, the fact that I'm fucking other men is wild enough, but to get even wilder."

"And, so you want to have your first black experience," Jerry pondered out loud. "Well we've got some pretty talented black meat assembled her for you, but first you'll have to set the mood, turn on the room so to speak, so let's start by seeing what you can do for us. Ladies, if you'll mingle with us here, let's have Mia start with a little dance."

Jerry started the music while Jessica and Jodi took their places between two men on the ends as they sat in anticipation of Mia's performance. Jerry and I filmed and Mia began dancing to the sounds of Magic Man by Heart. She had been prompted what to do by the sisters, and proceeded to perform like a professional as she did a five man lap dance. Mia didn't miss a beat as she slowly removed her top, letting her perfect globes dangle free. We captured the scene of this young white housewife stripping for the assembled black men. As she danced, the sisters did their own thing by removing their own garbs, and snuggling up to the fully dressed black patrons. Slowly, Mia removed her dress until she was dancing for the group in only panties and heels. She offered a taste of tit to the available black lips as she teased each man in turn. As she teased, the blonde sisters rubbed the crotches of the men next to them, eventually unzipping their pants, and dragging out some pretty hefty dark meat. Mia turned, bent at the waist, and inserted her thumbs in her panties. She seductively thrust her hips as she pulled down the only remaining piece of cover, and then continued her dance nude for her black audience. Turning to the cameras, she took pleasure in accentuating her cleanly shaven pussy. Her routine included raising one leg to rest it at the side of her viewer's heads, giving them a good shot of her dripping snatch. Each man inserted a finger into the sopping cunt as she moaned her pleasure. "He's a magic man, momma, he's got the magic hands." were the words to the song as jet black fingers disappeared into her pink lips that she made available for their pleasure.

As the song ended, and the music shifted to a jazz beat, Mia was beckoned to join my wife who was tightly grasping a long black cock by its base.

"Time to have a taste," Jessica instructed, and Mia took to the cue by kneeling in submission before the exposed black. She removed his trousers to get better access, then proceeded to giving the man her first black blowjob. Mia was truly turned on as she attacked her duty with relish. Licking his balls, then the shaft, she focused on the bulbous head before she opened and swallowed the massive rod for the camera. Her delicate white skin bobbed up and down as she tried desperately to force as much of the man's tool down her throat. A few minutes on this one, and she moved on to the next who was already stripped at the hands of Jodi as she fed Mia the giant fuck tool. Mia attacked it like a lollie-pop, and did a right proper job of hardening his prick. She took her time in working the knob and entire shaft, making a good show of handling the rock hard gland and draping ball sack.

The sisters did a little directing of the action to ensure that Mia's personal video lived up to the image of white girl/ black man forbidden territory. They wanted her to have a special record of a

classy gang bang with all the trimmings, not just a run of the mill home video of the normal slam bam action. As instructed, the third man was treated to prime back door treatment, as Mia turned him around, and thrust her tongue into his black asshole. As she probed his anal cavity, she stroked his cock meat until it dripped precum into her free hand. The previously timid white housewife was eagerly eating out the asses of five black men for the video, recording her dirty acts for anyone who might get access to the tape. The man couldn't hold off, and announced that he was going to cum. Mia was instructed to lie on her back and open her mouth as the man straddled her chest. It took both her small white hands, pumping the big black tool to bring him to climax. Her expert manipulations produced a huge gusher of semen that she aimed directly onto her tongue, over her nose and generally flooding around her open mouth. I zoomed in to capture the streams of sperm as the black cock spewed forth its gobs of cum. When a nice pool of jism had collected on Mia's tongue, she held it for a moment in display for the camera, then curled her tongue inside to swallow the prize. After she did, she proceeded to use the cock to smear the remaining semen over her face, into her eyes and up to her hair. Almost without warning, a big hand took hold of her hair and pulled her head backwards. "Open up," came the command from the next man who was frantically jerking his rod. Mia complied, and was soon rewarded with another hot load of fresh white cream, as it plopped over her delicate facial features and, again, into her awaiting mouth. This time I panned back to capture the scene of the white girl kneeling in position as the big buck pumped his sperm over her face. The two sisters were pleased with their new inner circle member, and it showed on their faces as they exchanged approving smiles.

With fresh cum glistening on her soft face, Mia asked, "Isn't it time for a little variety?"

"Not yet," answered Jodi, "That's only two loads in your face, and we should really have three or four before we switch."

Mia didn't hesitate, and went right to work on the next man who offered her his throbbing black dick. We filmed every angle of her next two blowjobs, and caught the details of each pulse of semen as the men covered her face and hair with the white stuff. Jodi wanted as much spunk as possible to show on Mia's face, so the next two rounds had the men squirting on her feminine facial features to cover her eyes and nose. Now this was a shot she could be proud of in her private video. The scene ended with Mia scraping the sperm from her face with her finger, and feeding it to herself.

"Okay, that's enough for now," said my wife as she gave the signal to cut the cameras. "Time to get this lady laid. Mia, hop on over to the sacrificial altar."

Jessica and Jodi guided Mia to a part of the cushioned room that seemed to be four-foot diameter circular part of the padding. It had something that looked like grooves where her arms and legs fit perfectly, her arms up to her sides, and her legs nicely spread as if she were in stirrups in a doctor's office. As she fitted her legs in the grooves, her tight bald pussy became nicely exposed, and her puffy cuntlips parted slightly like an invitation for invasion. The cameras started rolling again at Mia's instruction to let her fucking begin.

Jessica announced, "Lee, would you like to do the honors, since you're the only one that hasn't had a little cream pie?" Jessica turned to one of the cameras to talk to the viewer, "Now you see Mia as an innocent white housewife, but believe me, her flavor is sweet black cherry. Anyone hungry?" She smiled as she turned to watch the deflowering of the Mia's interracial cherry.

Lee positioned himself kneeling at the entrance to Mia's pink chamber. Her pussy was slightly parted, and was glistening profusely with feminine wetness. Jodi knelt at Mia's head, spreading her knees to the side and literally rubbing her hairless cunt on Mia's head as she stroked her shoulders and tits. My wife knelt to Mia's side, and held Lee's massive black meat in her small white hand. Jess

slapped Mia's cunt several times with the instrument, then guided the bulbous head to its target. My wife held the black cock as it slowly slipped inside the white girl, then withdrew to show itself covered in slime. Then again it disappeared in Mia's slit, this time up to the balls as the no longer virgin girl moaned with pleasure. Lee held Mia's knees to the side as he started to pump her body with his tool. We were getting superb shots of Mia's cunt getting stretched to the limits by the thick meat, and her moans of pleasure clearly showed that she was enjoying her role as a white slut. Her protruding clit stood out like a stiff little finger in her bald baby snatch, and was pushed around by Lee's massive tool while he pounded her pubic bone. The pain she was feeling was no match for the pleasure of being totally stuffed with black meat. She took it all, thrusting up to meet his downward strokes, shoving as much of the dark gland into her womb as possible.

"Fuck me, fuck me you black bastard," were the cries Mia emitted as she was pounded. The sisters chimed in with instructions of, "That's it, fuck the bitch! Ooh, yeah, push it deeper. Make sure she feels her cervix stretch."

My wife made sure that the camera caught her words, as she spoke, "Are your balls ready? Are they full of all that good baby making sperm? C'mon, work it up. Build up that load and squirt it deep inside her. Give her all the hot black baby seed you have!" I couldn't believe the way she was talking, but I realized that she was the expert. It was she and her sister that wanted to come here to spend the weekend getting black sexed, so who better than she to verbalize for the video?

When Lee couldn't hold off any longer, his big balls contracted, and he shoved his cock in as far as it could go. It had to be splitting Mia's cervical opening as he began to buck in climax. As Mia felt the hot black sperm flood her cavity, she cried out in her own climax, shuttering wildly and pulling on Lee's black ass with both hands. "Fill me, fill me... yeah, that's it, ooh, I can feel its heat. Fill me up!" she cried as he pumped his seed into her body. I couldn't tell which was hotter, my video camera, or me, as I got an incredible close up of Mia's vaginal area as it was stretched with pulsating black meat. She was no longer a white meat virgin, and was, at least temporarily, the freshest new member into Jodi's inner circle of black sexing. While it had started out as a close knit group of housewives interested in some of the more unusual aspects of swinging, it had developed into more of a fetish group for white women who wanted to be degraded by, and stuffed with black cock.

As the group's newest crony, Mia lay in a dream world, on her back, legs spread, and pussy stretched as the sperm poured into her womb. She had done it. She had been fucked by a black man, and it was only the beginning. Now that she was initiated, her moans of uncertainty changed to those of desire, of wanting to be taken and defiled. Her hands stroked the black skinned back that hovered over her small white body, wandering over glistening shoulders, down the sides and exploring the muscular butt that drove the seed deep inside her.

My wife motioned to Jerry and I to cut filming, so the cameras were turned off as we regrouped for the next scene. The two sisters applauded the action and congratulated Mia and her stud on the performance. Mia lay there with a smile, happily conversing with the two blondes, and basking in the kudos heaped upon her by the black entourage. She carried on her casual conversation as she lay with legs splayed to her sides, still impaled on the black snake that pulsed occasionally in her cunt. It all seemed as normal as dining out, but Mia seemed to relish the trophy between her legs, not wanting to let it slip from her pussy as she gloated in excitement. I had to admit, it was quite an exhibition, and I felt proud, in a sordid way, to be part of this girl's initiation. As taboo as it was, it was done tastefully, and with as much feeling as the moment deserved. After all, a white woman's black cherry is only lost once, and to record it for posterity is an opportunity only a handful of women will ever experience. Best of all, the experience was far from over.

I couldn't quite make up my mind if we were in the "salad years" of swinging, or diving right into the

main course, but one thing was for sure, I was still in the discovery stage with sights, sounds and feelings coursing through my veins. That wasn't the only thing coursing through my body at the moment, as my blood was doing a good job of keeping my dick at attention, and my balls were working over time producing sperm. Disturbing as it might seem, watching my petite blonde wife and her equally demure blonde sister cavorting nude with a gang of black men created new and exciting feelings that continually stretched the boundaries of moral behavior, not to mention my wife's pussy. Jodi, her sister, was the first to discover a fetish for contrasting sex, and soon shared the experience with my wife, Jessica. Immediately, a new bond was formed, not only in black sexing, but a bond that would take them both to the edge in their sexual adventures. At present, Jess was all smiles, willing to share her adventures with me. More than that, she was thrilled when I walked in on their private weekend and gave my blessing when I discovered their plans. She had been sure that I would object, so she and Jodi kept those activities pretty much to themselves until now, out of sight and out of mind. However, having turned the tables on her, she now wanted to make quite a show of it, and performed not only for her own benefit and that of her secret lovers, but for my benefit as well.

"Well? What do you think so far?" asked Jess as she curled up beside me, with perfect hair, perfect makeup, and stark naked.

"Think? You expect me to think? My God, this whole weekend has been a cross between a Steven King novel and something out of the Arabian Nights! Is this typical? I mean, do you two do this often?" I remained calm as my words flowed smoothly, but my heart was pounding and my cock was better than semi rigid.

"Typical? Well, it isn't often when we get to break in a new member on one of our weekends, but all and all, yeah, this is pretty typical. Jodi and I figure that as long as the taboo is being broken, we might as well get the body rush that goes along with it and push the envelope a little." As she spoke she leaned back on the pillow- scape, and crossed her legs Indian fashion exposing her pussy. While sipping on a bloody Mary, she fingered her bald wet slit and continued, "Jodi and I like to get the most out of an experience like this, since it's really an unusual turn on for both us and our lovers. We try to plan these weekends about once every two months, which gives us time to recoup between sessions, but sometimes we slip and might go more often."

"Aren't you afraid that one of these guys is going to get a little rough with one of you, or something might go wrong?"

"Oh, yeah, that could happen, but it's not likely. Between Jodi and I, we have enough black friends that if anyone got a little pushy, number one, their supply of white pussy would be cut off, and, number two, their bros would make it very very clear that that's not all that might get cut off. So, incidences are rare if non- existent, and we have yet to encounter any one who would jeopardize the chance to knock up a white girl."

"You're really not serious about getting knocked up this weekend are you?" I asked as calmly as I could muster.

"Serious?" Jessica asked with a surprise look on her face. "Hey, Sis, come here." Jodi stood and wiggled her equally nude body over to where we were reclining and settled her warm nakedness on my other side.

"Oooo!" Jodi exclaimed as she pranced in and took my semi hard cock in hand. "Looks like we have a fan!" Her hard nipples raked my arm, and her smooth leg swung over mine as she started to fondle my dick in front of her sister.

Jessica only smiled with approval, saying, "Your brother in law just doubted if I... we were serious about getting knocked up this weekend. How should we put this?"

Jodi smiled and spoke softly in her typical little girl voice, "My sweet swinging brother in law... of course we're serious. Heck, what's a girl to do when it's that time of the month when her eggs drop and that special fire is burning around inside? I know that you know about this, but I can see that you somehow don't really want to believe it. Well, I guess that's okay, but don't be surprised if something should go wrong."

"What do you mean, go wrong?"

"Oh jeez! You know, go wrong... one of us can't abort." (Now, for those readers that haven't had the pleasure of reading the Sisters series, the two sisters got involved in playing their "pregnant" game where they would never use birth control. Because of their heavy activity during their fertile period, they would often fuck away with wild abandon, ending up getting pregnant as a result. The real game was to abort before going more than a month. They discovered what they considered a foolproof method that involved heavy duty fucking of their black friend, Ron. He was more of a tool than a play toy, in that he possessed a cock that was a full fourteen inches in length with a girth of nearly eight inches at normal erection. I don't think the girls ever measured him when he was super excited, but I have every reason to believe that he exceeded those dimensions when full inserted and swelling to an intense climax. The sisters would ride Ron for days, impaling themselves to full length on his enormous cock, forcing the bulbous cockhead through their cervix. The effect (they told me) was the same as the old Arab trick of inserting a prune pit or fig into the uterus of a camel to keep it from conceiving. Thus was born the concept of the intrauterine device, only the girls used the idea post conception, cleaning out their wombs with blasts of more semen and a large fleshy black object. It actually worked, and saved my marriage when I learned from Jodi that Jessica had been aborting by using the technique successfully for almost a year. Ron and I eventually became friends, and I see to it that he continues to enjoy fucking my wife whenever she wants or needs it - kind of an odd relationship.)

Her words hit like a slap in the face, and I just knew that the girls could see my flushed face. The problem was, I then realized why they called it a dick. I was betrayed by my own cock, which was now hard at the thought of one of these women actually carrying a black baby. The idea made me look upon my wife from a different view, one that was more distant, like I was looking at a very good friend instead of a soul mate, and the thought chilled me.

At least the sisters were kind enough to think of my feelings by giving me Mia. The thought her snapped me out of my momentary lapse, and I looked over to see her sucking off one of the men in earnest this time, waiting to enjoy what was left of his semen. "Ha!" I said to my familial nymphs, "Fertile or not, I think you might have a less than productive time of it this month, seeing that your new charge is draining the resources." I was proud of my discovery, and relaxed a little, allowing Jodi's manipulations to sooth my aching member.

The girls both looked over and shouted encouragement like, "Go girl! Eat that sperm!" Their words fanned the flames of the moment and seemed so dirty, yet appropriate for the scene. They giggled as they spoke, thoroughly enjoying how Mia was taking to the action.

Jodi held the base of my stiff rod with one hand, and motioned for her sister to do her thing. Without hesitation, Jessica, yes, my own wife this time, swung between my legs and began giving me the best blowjob she could.

"Jerry! Would you come here for a minute?" Jodi directed as Jerry approached us. "Jerry, we wanted

to know if you arranged for our treat.”

He smiled one of those Cheshire cat grins, and said, “You girls always want everything, don’t you? Well, it just so happens that Daytron and Denzel managed a double dose this time so you won’t be disappointed.” He was seemingly proud of the accomplishment, and Jessica moaned with a mouth full of my cock when she heard and continued to suck.

I looked at Jodi and Jerry, innocently asking, “Dose of what?”

Jodi knelt up with her back straight next to me. Her legs were parted, displaying her bald pussy that she fingered as she smiled with delight and explained, “Heavy cummers! We call them our heavy cummers, since they’re so very young. Jerry manages to get Datron and Denzel to invite some of the local round ball teams they sponsor in the neighborhood league to come over to fuck our brains out as a special reward for their performance.” My wife moaned loudly now, as she listened to Jodi give the details. “The guys on the teams are all in their low twenties, some a might younger, and all are at their peak of perfection so to speak. Besides being fully developed and hung like race horses, these young guys cum in buckets! I swear that their balls work overtime producing baby seed, and the volume of white goo they pump into us could fill a mason jar. Drained resources? Let’s just say that by the time we get home, our little wombs will be carrying so much spunk, that our eggs will need snorkels to breath. Chance of getting knocked up? About 100 percent, and the boys usually can’t wait to get their big black weenies into our tight white cunts. Especially blonde headed, bald cunts!” She mussed the hair on her head with one hand as she teased her clit with the other and laughed.

Jessica was doing a fine job on my dick, sucking for all the semen that was left. She raised her ass as she got on her knees, and slapped her asscheeks, pointing to her hole and indicating that she wanted some black meat inside her. Jerry needed no further invitation, and took up position behind my wife, slapping her ass with his dick as he approached. Jodi helped her sister by spreading Jess’s her asscheeks for easier entry, and Jerry easily slid his ebony baby squirter inside my wife. There I was, having my dick sucked by my wife while she was being porked by a black man. Jerry banged her hard, forcing more of my cock down her throat on every stroke until it felt like our cocks would meet somewhere inside. Her blond head was impaled up to my white balls against her nose, and her pussy was split up to the set of black balls banging against her clit. No sense in kidding myself, the black cock was full imbedded through her cervix, and was about to explode into her uterus. The mere thought, combined with Jodi looking on with lust in her eyes, made me explode down Jessica’s throat, cumming like I imagined one of her young studs would later that day. At nearly the same time my wife shuddered in her own climax at the feel of being inseminated with black baby seed from behind. Her womb was filled with Jerry’s hot semen, as the spunk lubricated her inside as preparation for further action.

Jerry slowly withdrew from my wife’s pussy when he slapped her ass relatively hard, leaving a red had print. Surprisingly, she winced, but then smiled a seductive smirk as Jerry exclaimed, “There! That’s one baby in the womb.” The girls were definitely hot and were looking forward to that special feeling of being impregnated. We all collapsed just as the door bell rang, and one of the men wrapped a towel around himself before going to greet the new guests.

“Hi, boys!” was the universal greeting as the group of six young blacks entered the room. Some of them had been there before, and answered my wife and her sister with casual and polite (but excited) hellos. They knew what was in store for them, and respected the treat that was theirs if they performed well on the court. Two of the group were new to this form of reward, and almost dropped their loads at seeing two blonde white housewives standing there nude in front of them. Their friends chuckled at their reactions, and muttered a faint, “The pain is definitely worth the gain!”

Wouldn't you say, Bro?" All nodded in agreement, unable to remove their eyes from the two bald pussies in front of them.

One of the youths who had been there before said to Jodi, "We did as you asked us the last time we were here, and we brought you two a present." The man produced two champagne glasses, tightly covered with plastic wrap, and each containing a full measure of cum that the group had collected three days ago. He explained that it was as fresh as they could make it before their game, so they got together on Thursday to collect the batch. That gave them Friday and Saturday to save up, both for the game and the girls. Both Jodi and Jessica were ecstatic, and took their glasses, carefully removing the cover. In ritual demonstration for the new boys (and for Mia), the sisters took their first sip of semen from the glasses, toasting a successful and cum filled fuck session. Mia blushed at the thought of the girls drinking the cum, but the act had a definite effect as six new cocks sprang to full mast.

It took only moments for the youths to get undressed, as the girls busied themselves fetching drinks and party food like good little white slaves. When all was ready, one of the young men asked about Mia, who was huddled against me watching the action. Jessica explained that she had just had her first black sexing, and was having her inaugural video made to record the occasion. As she spoke, her eyes lit up, and she conferred with Jodi for a moment in private. The two naked nymphs then announced that this was perfect for continuing Mia's video, and they wanted the first round to be dedicated to her. That is, if the boys didn't mind.

One look at Mia was all it took, as she stood, turned, and displayed her nakedness for the black gathering. She was instantly swooped up, led to the center of the room, and laid on her back. "Whoa! Not so fast," remarked Jodi. "This scene is still being choreographed, so let's have a little cooperation." You'd think that a petite white girl standing butt naked in a crowd of horny black men would have little to say, but her confidence over rode any complaints. The cameras were soon buzzing again, and Jerry and I were recording Mia, kneeling in the middle of six naked black youths as she sucked on one of the massive tools. The object was to demonstrate for the camera the amount of cum each one was about to pour into her, and we weren't disappointed when the first gusher splashed into her mouth and was quickly redirected to a glass. The spurts just kept cumming, as the black balls tightened and squirted the precious baby fluid into the vessel. Nearly five ounces later, the pulses subsided, and I stood totally shocked and amazed at the amount. Both Jodi and Jessica came into the camera view, joining their new sister in sex. Jessica looked into the camera lens, pointed at the cum filled glass, and said, "What you see is the typical load that our sister, Mia, is about to have pumped into her." She tuned to Jodi for a second as if to gain agreement, then said, "That makes about a quart of baby seed... black baby seed that's about to invade her womb. Mmmmm... Mia, you ready?" Mia didn't say a word, but sinking back into the pillowed ocean, she raised the glass of semen to her lips and toasted the two blondes before drinking half the contents. She spread her legs to wide open revealing a tight bald pussy to the camera, and curled a finger at the next youth who approached her with a raging hardon.

Mia drank the remaining cum as the youth pounded her pussy with a black rod the size of a zucchini. Her cunt lips were stretched wider than ever, and her prominent clit was rubbed to perfection as the oily rod slithered in and out. She pulled on the black asscheeks pummeling her, coaxing the white sperm from the black body. She was rewarded in short order when the youth stabbed forward, buried his cock full length into her small opening and tightened his balls. Mia's eyes bulged with surprise as the cockhead split her cervical opening and forced its way inside. With no other room to penetrate, the black knob could only go into her womb, and the head swelled while the hot semen pumped into her belly.

"That's a good three ounces of black seed in her uterus, wouldn't you say?" Jodi said to my wife who

shook her head in agreement. The blondes had busied themselves stoking the new material, getting it ready for Mia's gang bang. The contrast in white and black was incredible as the dark skinned men hovered over the small white women. After the first was through emptying into Mia, the second cock was quickly introduced into her body being guided by my wife. She held the thick piece of meat as the youth pushed forward. The fact that virtually no semen escaped Mia's cunt made it obvious that she was holding the contents deep in her womb, and not her vagina. Nevertheless, the black rod slipped easily into her chamber, and pumped away at the inexperienced white flesh. Mia was long gone, and the sisters nodded their approval knowing that she was being filled with copious amounts of baby seed.

Mia was fucked repeatedly as the sisters counted the fresh loads being injected into her. Each time one was finished they would total the load inside, until they finally reached their predicted 15 ounces in Mia's womb. Mia had been fucked once by each young black, five times in all, and each had squeezed the contents of their black balls into her baby chamber. By the time the last was finished, her cunt was dripping its contents, unable to hold the volume of sperm. Of course, the sisters didn't waste the opportunity to catch as much of the semen in Mia's glass, and offered her the prize as the entire group crowded around to watch her consume the contents.

Jess and Jodi wanted to make Mia's tape complete, and orchestrated a double and triple penetration. The double had Mia impaled on a thick black member up her asshole, while she leaned back supporting herself with her arms, legs spread, and penetrated in her cunt by another piece of dark meat. It was all she could do to support herself, and the sisters took turns holding her up so she could be fucked properly for the cameras. After being filled in both orifices, Mia then straddled perhaps the largest cock there with her cunt, and leaned forward to accept another huge black pole in her ass. When filled to the balls with cock, she then went to work sucking on a third black stick that was fed to her by my wife. She cut quite a figure as she rode the meat and sucked the cum laden fuck stick to climax. All three sets of balls emptied into the white girl's body, filling her ass, her womb, and her throat with black seed. Mia finally collapsed in a heap of black skin, sweaty and smeared with semen. She was happy and well fucked.

The taping finished with the three nymphs sitting with legs straddling each others, blondes on the outside and Mia in the middle, and surrounded by eleven naked black men. The men were standing, lying or sitting about as they ran their hands over the white skinned housewives, pulling freely at their tits, and shoving their fingers into the women's sloppy wet pussies at will. With gaping hairless pussies proudly displayed for the camera, the girls toasted the men and the camera as Jodi said, "Here's to the beginning of a beautiful black relationship!" Glasses raised, the men drank champagne, and the women drank cum.

"Whew! That was quite a session," Jodi exclaimed as she and Jess set about to refresh drinks and replenish the snack trays. Jerry and I headed for the second floor video equipment, where we made a fast copy of both tapes. We spent no more than twenty or thirty minutes in his studio, and while the tapes were copying, Jerry suggested that I browse through some large special portfolios that he had on the layout table. As I opened the large books, I was greeted by photos of my wife and Jodi that were taken for the slick magazines. There was a veritable history of their porno posing, complete with out takes and even blooper shots. However, most of the material was professionally produced hard core porno. There were shots of both girls in virtually every position imaginable, and almost every combination conceivable. Titles like Cum Queens, Black Seed Suckers, White Bitch Sluts, Horny White Housewives, and Slaves for Black Cock adorned almost every page of the portfolio. Pictures explicitly showed every detail of Jessica and Jodi stuffed with black meat both in their pussies and assholes. I was amazed at some of the scenes that showed them rolled back on their shoulders with their cunts in the air, and close-ups of their gaping cunt holes and asses after being stretched open. Some shots clearly showed teams of black men holding the girl's legs apart while

other men squirted cum directly into their wide open cunts and asses. Streams of semen were captured on film as the thick ropes of cum dropped directly into the girls' cavernous openings. The one thing that was common throughout the pictures was the pervasive smile on each of the girls' faces. Both Jodi and Jessica were quite the obedient, if not enthusiastic, slaves to the master injecting them.

"Your wife and her sister have taken many a black man's load to make these shots. You should be proud of their performance. I've never seen anyone take to filming this stuff with such enthusiasm," Jerry said as he looked over my shoulder. "As a matter of fact, there have been times that I could hardly keep up with their requests to do another session. But, as I figure it, it's good to keep the two a little on the deprived side. That way, when they do come here for their prepping sessions as they call them, they're all fired up and ready to fuck anything in sight."

"Yeah, I can see what you mean," I answered nonchalantly. "Tell me, does this stuff really sell?"

"Devoured is more like it. I can't produce enough, and my buyers are constantly asking for more. Oddly enough, it's all virtually the same, only different themes and poses. The customer likes them, the sisters like making them, and I like the profits. They're currently the hottest ticket item in this part of the country."

"Any chance I can get a copy of this material?"

"My man, I will see to it personally that you have a custom portfolio all your own. Not only that, I can see that you get a copy of anything I take in the future. After all, you don't get much out of this but the eroticism. Right?"

"Right," I replied, "By the way, what do the girls get out of this? If you don't mind my asking."

"The girls wanted to do it on a whim, but I couldn't let it go at just that, so I give them rewards that they groove on. I know you like their slick pussies. That was compliments of the house, the latest laser treatment guaranteed never to show another hair. Next comes a little surprise cosmetic surgery in the breast enhancement department. Just a little, though, I wouldn't want to destroy their pert little white girl tits. Then there's the occasional piece of jewelry that always keeps them happy, but most of all, the girls love the cum. Tons of it, quarts, gallons, even I can't believe the fetish they have for sperm, but I guess you know all about that from Jodi's video of her cum party."

"Yeah, that was the second video she showed me. The first was my wife's black gang bang which was the shocker that threw my whole world into a tail spin."

"I hear you, my man. The idea of a black man fucking a white woman, especially a blonde white housewife, is just as much a taboo and turn on for a black man as it is a white. I'm just lucky that the two chose me to record it all. Fame, fortune, and sex all rolled into one surprise package," Jerry said with excitement.

"Any other surprise engagements I should know about?" I asked.

"Well, since you ask, I guess there's no harm in sharing some of the ideas that we've talked about."

"Like what?"

Jerry confided, "Well, for one thing, Jessica, your wife, wants to have a cum party of her own, and she wants me to film it. Only thing different is that she wants it to be a mostly black on white party scene. That's not going to be easy, since she wants to have more than her sister, and there aren't

that many black swingers in the area. We may have to import some from other cities. The main thing is that we want everyone checked out and clean for that one. Then there's the problem with where to film it. We'll need a fairly big place, with room for a staging area, equipment, food, and lots of people. Then there's the horses. We'll have to pre-arrange that, and have cooperation from their friend, Traci and her husband. That's important. Jessica did say that she love's her horse semen, and she wants lots of horse sperm to drink and pour over her."

"Shocking as Jodi's video was, I'd like to see this one. Call it some weird sense of vengeance or something," I replied.

"Gotcha, but don't count on it any time soon. I think the girls have some plans for something called their Submission Game." said Jerry.

"Do me a favor. If you plan anything out of the ordinary, let me in on it. Okay?"

"Done," was the last word spoken before I took the tape copies and left to go back upstairs.

Mia was left alone to recoup and lounge in the laps of her gang bang team. By the time we returned to the party room, both blondes were going for their first filling at the cocks of their "heavy cummers." Jodi was on her hands and knees taking a big chocolate rod up her ass, while my wife was enjoying one of those double penetrations, getting reamed in her asshole and cunt at the same time. I told Mia to get ready to leave for home, so she went to get somewhat cleaned up. As for me, I just sat back and jacked off one more time to the scene of my wife and her sister getting fucked hard and fast by a most enthusiastic team of black youths.

By the time Mia returned, I had taken advantage of the moment's heat to dump my load into my sister-in-law's mouth as my wife watched. Of course, at virtually the same time, both Jodi and my wife had explosive climaxes of their own as they were injected with black men's sperm. Injections that provided them with the volume of hot fresh semen that they so hungrily sought, and that would inseminate them with interracial babies.

I found my clothes, and while dressing, asked Jerry if he knew about the boys down the street who were playing basketball when we arrived. "Oh, that group. Sure... they're regulars in the 'hood. They're not bad types, drug free, attend school, and generally try to act like big shots once in awhile. Why do you ask?"

"No reason," I replied, "we just had an encounter on the way in, and I was thinking of taking them down a notch on the way home."

"By all means, my man. It would do them good," Jerry answered. "It's too bad you have to go. I actually grew kind of fond of the 'ol white bro, and I really wanted you to see how we go about doin' your lady. You sure that you can't stay and watch us impregnate her?"

"Thanks, but no thanks. I've got a plane to catch. Someone's got to earn a living around here. After all, I want to make sure that Jess is fed well so she can play again. Besides, you can send me a tape and some magazines."

"You got it, although I wouldn't worry about your blondes getting fed." Jerry laughed at his own joke, as we observed that the sisters had switched to blowjobs, sucking down black meat with a vengeance as they were face fucked by the men holding their blond hair for leverage.

Mia stood at my side, dressed in high heeled thongs and dangling ear rings. I turned to her asking, "Where's your dress?"

She looked half dazed and half defiant as she said, "I've decided not to wear one. If Jess and Jodi can parade in public nude, then so can I. After all, I am a new member of the inner circle, am I not?" I smiled and agreed that the time had come to throw away all the ties and just go for it. Happily and a little nervous at her own attitude, Mia straightened her back and stood defiantly armed with her new found sexuality. She was definitely not the same woman I brought in, but I was sure that she would be fun on the way out.

The three of us watched the two blondes have their throats blasted with fresh loads of hot cum from the black dicks in their mouths, and they sucked until every last drop had been emptied from the dangling ball sacks feeding them. Jodi sat back and fetched her drink for a breather, but Jessica got up, wiping some ropes of cum from her chin and came over to talk to me before it left.

"Uh, got milk?" I asked, pointing to the white sting of spunk on Jessica's upper lip.

"Oh, thanks," she said as she wiped her mouth with a finger, then licked her finger clean. "Are you taking off?"

"Yeah, gotta catch a plane and all. Say, I really want to thank you for letting me participate. It's wasn't something that I expected."

"You expected?" laughed my wife. "It was the last thing on my mind for sure. Actually, it was you who through me off."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

Jessica's pressed her nude sweaty and cum covered body up against my arm as she spoke, "Well, first of all, I didn't expect you home at all, but, second, I didn't expect you to go along with this. I mean, Jodi and I were keeping this out of sight and out of mind, and planned our pregging at times when you wouldn't see and get so upset. But, when you gave your okay, well, the whole world sort of turned around. I thought it was exciting before, but having you here watching, and having the guys know they were fucking your wife in front of you made this one helluva turn on!" Jessica, looked me straight in the eyes, paused for an instant, and said, "I want to do this again... with you there. I like showing you how wonderfully slutty we can be. I really want you to get off on watching me getting fucked by black dick. What do you say?" Her breathing was heavy just describing her debauchery.

"On two conditions," I stammered.

"Name it."

"First, I get to have total control over Mia's breaking in. Anything I say goes, and I get to use her any way I want."

"Done, but remember, she's here and you're not. She can't go for more than two days without being porked," she said.

"I know, and I've got plans. You girls take care of the home front, and I'll issue special instructions from my end. Just keep me informed, and keep her satisfied."

"It's a deal. And second?"

"And second, I want to fuck your sister while you and your lovers watch." Now it was I who was breathing hard, and I could tell that my wife was breathing just as hard. I looked at her nakedness, and lusted over her smooth nude body. Her tits stood firm and perky, with nipples that were hard as

rocks. I could tell that the suggestion turned her on, because her nipples always hardened when she was excited.

Jess hesitated, stared me down, and answered, "Done! I've always wondered when you were going to want to do that. But like I said before, only if I can lick your assholes while my lover is doing me at the same time."

"Then, I wouldn't miss it for the world." Jessica gave me a good feel of her tender breast meat as she reached up to kiss me, and she smiled a triumphant smile that I knew would mean trouble. What did I just commit to anyway? She always seemed to get in the last word.

"Are you sure you won't come back and watch some more? After all, the second team hasn't even shown up yet, and their balls are sure to be full to the brim with nice hot black baby juice. It ought to be quite a scene with about twenty horn black fuck sticks ravaging two blonde housewives until we can't stand. Don't you want to see this little white cunt get stretched by a long thick black cock? Don't you want to see me get impregnated with quarts of fresh hot cum, baby?" Jessica was teasing now, as she gave me her best little girl pouty look, and swayed side to side as she pooched her nude hips forward and spread her pussylips with her fingers to show me her protruding clit.

"Sorry, Honey, I'll have to catch the movie on home video," I retorted, kicking myself for not just taking another week's vacation to enjoy this. "Just one more favor, and I can't believe I'm telling you this. Don't forget to have Ron come over and poke you clean will you?"

"Done again! I can't believe you said that either, but don't worry, your little white housewife will make sure that she gets that beautiful fourteen inches all the way into her uterus. There won't be anything there once he gets flooding me. Besides, if that doesn't work, Jodi and I can always count on the horses for insurance."

Jessica's last words before we left the room were, "Just think about Jodi and I spending the next day or so here, getting our little white asses and cunts fucked with black meat. Keep the thought that by the next time we talk, I'll be filled with sperm and a little black baby. All the fun is in getting pregnant, right?" She didn't wait for an answer, but turned and skipped back to where a huge black cock was waiting to inject her. We weren't even out the door when I looked back to see my wife on her back, legs high in the air and wide to the side, and a long thick black prick sliding in and out of her bald cunt. She was actually holding her own legs open while the dark log stretched her tender white flesh. It's length alone told me that Jess was having her uterus reamed, and was too far gone to notice my departure. Jodi was in the same position, but winked and waved goodbye before turning back to her black lover, pulling on his black asscheeks and driving his thick meat further into her womb.

My mind was racing as I led Mia down the stairs of the brown stone building. It was some time around 7p, and while the sun was just setting, cars were beginning to turn on their headlights. I carried Mia's gang bang tape in the duffle full of Jessica and Jodi's clothes. The girls asked if I would take it home for them, explaining that they wouldn't be wearing anything anyway, and they didn't need any clothing for the trip home. As we approached the front door, my racing mind snapped back to reality when I remembered the nude girl I was escorting. Mia had been thoroughly fucked, and was dripping cum from her bald pussy. Nevertheless, she insisted that she was ready for a completely nude walk this time, and she wanted it on her way home.

She looked stunning as we stepped into the street. Her long black hair flowed sexily down her back, and her strong straight legs held her posture perfect as she strode triumphantly on her high heels. Mia's bright green eyes flashed her excitement as I walked on the street side of the naked vixen.

Down the block she walked, spun up in excitement about anyone seeing her totally nude in public. It was her dare, and after being porked all afternoon by multiple blacks, she felt ready for anything.

Anything came out of nowhere as the four youths from the day before took my challenge seriously, and were waiting at the court when we passed by. Their eyes nearly shot out of their heads, and their young minds were stricken with shock as Mia stood naked in front of them.

"Holy Shit!" one of the youths blabbed at the sight. "Fuck almighty! When you come to the 'hood, you come in style!"

Before I could say anything, Mia snapped back, "Like what you see, boys? Let's see if you've got the balls to measure up!" Mia's words took me by surprise as she stood defiantly displaying herself to the strangers on the street. Perhaps she was guessing my plan; I seriously doubted it, but I didn't hesitate to put my plan in motion.

I knew the black would be totally intimidated by my subtle language, so I enjoyed toying with them as I laid out the plan. "Okay, kids," the term kids really got them going, "did you bring your cash?" The youths raced to produce evidence of their folding money, and I laughed at their inexperience with challenges.

"Okay, here's the deal. You think your such hot shit, so I'll make you a challenge on your own turf. Pick out your best player, and I'll go one on one with him." That brought a laugh as a tall buck stepped forward. The gang was salivating at such an easy take.

I continued by walking over and picking up flat cinder blocks from the construction site that I saw the day before, "Here's the game. You start shooting ten feet from the basket. You sink a ball, and I break a cinder block with my hand. You take a full pace back and take another shot. Then, I add one cinder block to my previous number and break the stack. We keep going until you miss. Then, you lose!"

"Ha! And what if you don't break the stack?"

"Then I lose. Simple?" The group really got into the action now, and I knew I had them suckered.

"Easy pickins," said the tall one. "Now, what are we shootin' for?"

I fired back, "Are you brainless, or just black? The stakes are standing in front of you. If you win, then all of you get into my van and have a crack at this lady's crack. All of you get to fuck her!" Mia smiled at the thought and flashed her eyes to echo her willingness.

"All right!" they all murmured except one who remarked, "Yeah, and what if you win? What would you get?"

"I guess you are brain dead! If I win, then I get to fuck each one of you! Simple?"

The group laughed lightly at the thought, sizing me up, sizing up the pile of cinder blocks, and finally pushing back for the challenge to begin. The one youth who asked about me winning looked nervous when he said to the tall one, "Okay, Bro, you miss any of these, and you're dog meat!"

We began the game as Mia slipped beside the remaining three youths who seemed more nervous at the prospect of losing than from standing next to a nude white woman in public. My challenger easily sank his first shot, and I easily broke my first brick. The game was on. Shots were fired paces were taken, blocks were stacked and stacks crumbled. When we got to the fifth round, I knew that

the tall black, having a longer stride, was now shooting from about 25 feet out. Bang... drop! The ball hit the rim and bounced back through the net. A sigh of relief came from Mia's entourage as I cracked down on the stack of five cinder blocks, crumbling them in a heap.

"You boys going to explain this to the construction company tomorrow?" I teased.

"Shut up!" came the nervous reply. The sixth shot hit the back rim, bounced high and made it through. I lined up on the stack of six, and drove through, much to the disappointment of the group. The seventh shot was taken with sweaty palms, heavy concentration and from thirty one feet. Bang, bang... miss!

"Shit!"

"Ha! You lose," I said matter-of-factly.

"Not until you break seven cinder blocks at once!" said the tall shooter angrily.

"No sweat," I said as I stacked the bricks, took careful aim, wound up.. then relaxed and said to Mia, "Are you sure you're not nervous?" I was really savoring the moment.

"Why no, love. Either way I get to watch these animals in action," she teased further as she swung her hips and rubbed her tit along one of the youth's arms.

"Go ahead and try, white boy," came the nervous but defiant tort.

"Okay" I turned, lined up and smashed clear through the entire stack, not taking any chances of failure. It was close, but I knew my best ever was nine, and the chance of a street player making nine out of nine, and the last from 38 feet was practically nil.

"Like I said before... you lose," I said calmly as the color faded from the black skinned gang. They froze in their places, thinking the worst, and promising in their minds to kill their friend. "You boys ready? I'll take my friend here first. After all, he's your best. Isn't that what you said?"

I escorted my naked Mia to the van and opened the door to the back. Then I ushered by black challenger into the same compartment and told the rest to stay outside until I was through with him. When he hesitated, I offered to break his beak next, then spread the story around the neighborhood. He slowly entered the van, and I followed him shutting the door behind us.

Once inside, I told Mia to lie back on the padded interior, and told Amos to remove his clothes. Every stitch he removed in pain.

"First the hundred bucks. Fork over." I commanded as he reluctantly handed over his savings.

"What now," he asked.

"Now, your going to get fucked. I want you to know that I just hustled you out of a hundred bucks. Next, I'm going to sit here and jack off on your black ass while I watch you getting fucked. Mia, you ready?"

"Am I ever!" she exclaimed as the idea sunk in, and she realized that I was going to fuck every one of the youths by taking their money, and she was going to fuck them by, well, fucking them.

I sat back, unzipped, and started yanking my prick as Mia dove head first into the black crotch in front of her. She sucked like a Banshee until I thought he was going to explode. "Let's make a little

noise, here," I commanded, "I want to make sure the other hear your pain!" The black laughed at his predicament, and yelped like he was getting reamed by my white dick. He realized that paying a hundred bucks for his first piece of white pussy just might be worth the price as he pounded away at Mia's cunt. The van was rocking, he was whelping, and his ass was driving home a load of young black spunk into the white woman below. He drove and held himself buried to the balls as he emptied into Mia's womb. She was draining her very own "heavy cummer" that she seduced all on her own. Mia was ecstatic at the thought, and humped the black stick to ensure she got every drop. As the man blew his wad, I did the same, making sure that I came on his back just above his black ass. My white sperm made it appear that I had my jollies at his expense.

When the first set of black balls had emptied into Mia, and the youth dropped back onto the van floor, I opened the door and threw out his clothes. Beckoning to the next in line, the first stud exited saying, "get ready to get fucked, Bro. That was so good, that I think I'm addicted to white meat!" As he turned around, he showed the glob of white cum dripping into the crack of his ass. The others looked at their friend wondering about his sanity, and he looked back at me, winking as he searched for his clothes. I knew he wasn't about to blow the secret of getting fucked, and I dragged my next victim into my chamber.

The next three went pretty much the same as the first, and I think I came two or three more times on their asses before I just couldn't produce any more. One by one, each of the street crew got fucked as promised, and each left the van happy. Mia was filled to the brim with loads of hot black baby seed, and was proud to have taken their long pieces of black meat as far into her small cunt as possible. I knew for a fact that, having a shallow pussy, their black meat would have pressed at the door of her cervix, if not burst through. Mia told me that she was sure she had been fucked through her cervix, and that she was carrying all she could hold in her uterus. She lay back on the cushions, and propped her ass up so the cum would stay inside until she got home. As a final gesture, I threw open the van doors so that the crew could come together.

As I counted my stash, I said, "Well, did we learn something today?"

"No shit!" was the universal answer from the happy group. "We never knew we could get fucked by a honky and be satisfied at the same time." We all laughed. Introductions were made, and, as Mia propped herself up on her elbows, she asked for a number where she could contact them. When the blacks showed amazement at her request, Mia merely responded, "Hey, I think we should become better acquainted. Do you boys think you could save up some of that baby juice for a repeat performance?"

"Are you kidding? Where do we sign up?" I took out a piece of paper and got their names and numbers. When they looked inquisitively at me, I anticipated their question and said, "No, you won't have to bring cash next time. This is strictly a personal arrangement. That is, if you can be trusted, because if I ever hear of any."

"Don't worry, Bro. We won't shit in our own bed," answered one of the team.

"Good, because I've got some friends that I want to show you off to, if not share you with. Before we leave, I have a special request," said Mia as she curled her finger at the shooter. She dragged him back into the van and slammed the door. I knew that Mia was taking the first step at building her own stable, young as it may be, but at least she was contributing to the club's list. Minutes later, he emerged, zipping his pants and Mia waving goodbye. As we drove off, I turned and asked Mia what that was all about. She got up, crawled into the front seat crossing her legs tightly, and turned to face me.

"I just wanted to collect some jewelry for Jeff to see, so let's hurry home before this drips off. Mia had thick ropes of cum streaming from her hair down every angle of her face. She dare not smear the look, but explained, as she leaned her head back to keep the jism from running, that she knew she could extract a healthy second load, and she wanted her husband to have no doubts that her wife had a good time fucking strangers.

It was almost 8:30p as we approached Mia's neighborhood. Her session with the blacks in the van didn't last long, since a young cock has no conscience, and usually can't hold its cum for more than a few minutes. I asked Mia, "How are you going to handle Roger? I mean, you've come a long way this weekend, and your lives won't ever be the same."

"I know, that is, you're right about not being the same. My husband? I've got the feeling that I just raced light years ahead of him in the swinging scene. I thought that I would just carry him along and let him in on the action bit by bit, but this is different. I feel charged up, not really tired. I almost feel ready to go back to Jerry's place right now, except that my family needs me."

"I think your family needs you to be honest with them. Look, Mia, you're a dynamic girl and I love fucking you."

"Thanks. I like fucking you, too!" she interrupted.

"...but, now it's different. You'll have to decide which road to take from now on. You have a choice to lead this experience, or sit back and let it develop slowly. Remember, it's a complete lifestyle change," I advised her not really convinced of which way she was leaning.

"Actually," she started, "I've made up my mind. After today, I just know I couldn't go back to being a soccer mom. I'm going to try a new side and be more open with Roger starting now. Jess and Jodi told me about an approach they used successfully, shock treatment."

"Yeah, I know. That's what they used on me. I'll tell you about it some time."

"So then you know how it goes. I'm going to go home and let Roger see what I look like, then I'm going to let it develop from there. He needs to know what's in store for us."

"You know that it will affect your whole family, don't you?" I asked.

"Probably, but that's what a marriage is all about... sharing the truth. I can't live half a life, one for Roger and my family, and the other half for myself and inner feelings. I want to live! Will you help me?"

"Okay. If that's what you want, I guess I'm committed, which is more than I can say for my wife. Just follow along with my lead. If you go against me, then you'll never see me or the club again. Do you understand?"

"Agreed," was all she said. I watched as her smooth skin was chilled from the night air blowing through the car, and I wasn't sure whether her hard nipples were the result of our talk, or the temperature. I decided it couldn't possibly be the temperature as we passed the bank sign that registered 80 degrees.

Mia's final challenge was the walk to her front door. "No, don't park too close. I want to savor the feeling," she said to my amazement. So I parked about half a block away, choosing to reign her enthusiasm just in case the neighbors got a glimpse. After all, the game was to go nude in public, not to destroy her life, and the nude walks were usually done in some location where the women would

not likely be recognized. I was quite surprised when my wife and her sister walked naked with their black escort in our own neighborhood. But, I figured that we didn't have all that great a relationship with any of them anyway, and the sisters probably didn't care if half the area propositioned them on the sly. It was just another body rush for them.

Night had fallen, but the streetlights lit up the neighborhood as I stepped around to the passenger side to open Mia's door. She stepped right out onto the sidewalk, and stood there as I retrieved the video tape. I made no effort to silence the car door as it slammed shut, and I turned to escort Mia, totally naked except for shoes, half a block to her house. Her heels clicked along the pavement, but she stood straight and proudly jiggled her breasts as she walked. Cum streamed down her inner thighs as well as her face and glistened in the light. She held my hand all the way, not flinching as one of her neighbors from three doors away who had just finished turning off his sprinklers, turned to face us as we walked by. His look of shock froze him in his tracks as Mia merely nodded a hello, and continued her nude stroll down the street without a look back.

We made it to her front door, and stood there in the porch light as we waited for the door to be opened. After about a minute, the door swung open, and Roger stood there in more shock than the neighbor. Mia walked right in to the great room where her ten and twelve year old were watching television. Roger quickly closed the door and raced behind his wife who was being greeted by two stunned youngsters. Their mom had just walked in without clothes, and was standing in front of them nude. Not only nude, but she was dripping some white fluid from her bald pussy, and the same stuff seemed to be in her hair and running down her chin to her boobs.

"Hi, honey! Hi, kids! Did you have a good weekend?" she asked like everything was normal. Her ten year old boy just stared, and the twelve year old girl stood in shock asking, "What happened to you, mom?"

"I'll get something for you to put on," stammered Roger.

"No thanks. Mia is just fine the way she is," I interrupted. "In fact, from now on, she's not going to need much to wear most of the time. Just a little something when you two go out. Maybe not even that, but surely she wants to be naked here at home."

"But, but." Roger was muttering, not knowing if he should shit or go blind. "Is that what I think it is?" he said as he sheepishly pointed to the cum dripping from her.

"Mom!" her daughter insisted, "What's going on?"

"Roger, sit down," Mia said in a positive tone. "I want to tell you about a decision I've made. Yes, Roger, it's cum. Do you know what cum is, kids?"

"Mia! Stop that!" shouted Roger, trying to silence her.

"Roger, sit down," I said in a calm voice. "Your wife has been fucked, and she wants to tell you about it. Actually, it sounds to me like she wants to tell the whole family."

"That's right everyone. From now on there are no secrets." Mia scraped some of the cum rope that was by this time pretty well gone from her face, and combined it with a larger glob of spunk she wiped from her cunt. "This is cum, and, to say the least, I'm quite full of it. Kids, cum is what a man squirts out of his balls when he fucks a woman. Do you know what fuck means?" The kids shook their heads sheepishly, and Roger just sat flushed at what was unfolding.

Mia stood nude in front of her family, and explained to her children what fucking was, and to

Roger's amazement, they all sat glued to her fascinating story. "So, mommy was having sex, or getting fucked this weekend, and this is all the baby juice that I brought home. In fact, that's what your dad and I have been doing the last few weeks when we go out. We go to parties where we make love to other guests, and have sex all we want. It really feels good, and I want you to know that we are happy. The only thing is that you can't tell your friends. Is that absolutely clear?" The kids nodded agreement, as they tried to soak in the new information. "Okay, now to bed with you while I talk with your father. Oh, and one more thing, a new rule is that no one has to wear clothes in the house any more if you don't want to. Okay?"

"All right!" was the enthusiastic response as both kids ran up to their bedrooms to discuss the new rules.

"Mia, I can't believe this is happening. It's one thing to swing once in awhile, but to do this." Roger didn't know where to start, and I could feel for him.

I knew that Roger wasn't a total wimp, but he didn't cut a very macho figure either. I stepped in and spoke with a commanding voice, "Okay, time for some ground rules. Roger, do you want to be involved in this, or do you want to have your wife fuck around on you behind your back? Choose!"

"Well, yes, I mean, no, I mean.. I don't want her fuck behind my back, and, yes, I want to join in," he stammered as expected.

"Good. Then the first thing you need to understand is that this is not a kid's game. In other words, don't involve them. When your kids are old enough to know better then you can involve them, but until that time, keep it at an arm length. Is that understood?" Having been quite stern about this, the couple both answered yes.

"Next, Mia belongs to me as far as sex is concerned. I tell her what to do, what to wear, who to fuck and where to go. You'll be taken care of and will get to participate in almost everything. Is that understood?"

"Yeah," came a soft response from Roger.

I continued, "Now, Mia, undress your husband, and show him what you've got for him." Mia took instruction well, and helped Roger out of his clothes, tossing them into a corner behind the couch. She next pushed him backwards, and straddled his lap. As she did, her shaved cunny opened wide, and she guided his hand to scoop up the cum that was escaping. While he was scooping, she fed him one of her tits which was encrusted with semen, and made him suck and lick her nipple. When he had a handful of spunk, she leaned back and brought his hand to his mouth, making him eat what he gathered. Mia continued to catch the leaking sperm and feed it to her husband, until the supply had tapered off.

Seizing the moment, I started in, "Are we ready for some entertainment? This is a tape of some thing that's going to be big part of your lives, Roger." I slipped the tape in the VCR, and pressed play. In a daze of excitement, both Roger and Mia turned to watch the video of Mia's black gang bang orgy. Roger nearly jumped out of his skin, and the red flush on both their bodies told me that she didn't expect me to show the video, and that Roger was in shock. In fact, Roger was so much in shock that his cock sprang to life and was poking at Mia with a vengeance. As the tape showed Mia getting her face spattered with her first load from the black cock, I continued laying out the plan for them.

"Let's begin with a few rules that are not be broken. If they are, all action with the club will cease, and these tapes will be used to ensure your silence. First, Mia will no longer be on any form of birth control. She will be meeting Ron, an alternate form of birth control. If an unavoidable pregnancy

occurs, it will be your responsibility. Second, Roger, you will arrange for both you and Mia to have the hair removed from your genitals permanently. I suggest laser treatment, and this is to be done in the next two weeks. Third, Mia will come and visit me in Las Vegas once a month for a four-day weekend at your expense. While there, she will be fucked as I see fit, primarily by me, but also my friends. For travel clothes, see Jodi or Jessica. They'll fix you up. Oh, and by the way, while we're on the subject of clothes, Mia is right. This house is now declared clothes free, which means, all family members will remain nude while at home. This means at all times, including any time family, friends, or even strangers come knocking. You'll just have to explain your new lifestyle to them. Fourth, every two months, you two will introduce a new couple to the lifestyle. Most important, Mia, is that I want you to ask Jodi or Jessica to assign Roger to a female member of the club. That should be quite interesting. Fifth, there will be some body jewelry that I'll want for Mia, but she'll have to earn it by having a few photos done. Jerry will help with that, and I'll arrange for the installation during her trips to see me. And last, for now, Mia will be taking some hormone shots that will make her cervix dilate a little, but will make her start lactating. Roger, you will help by sucking her tits mornings and evenings until she develops a good steady supply of milk. Is all that understood?"

Both Roger and Mia nodded, their heads swimming with the implications of my instructions, and half crazed by the sexual tension in the room.

"Good. Oh, I almost forgot. Roger, your wife will be entertaining some of her new stable from time to time, so get used to explaining to the neighbors why black men are showing up at your door, and get used to her going off nude with them from time to time." I knew this would get them. "That will ensure that she's ready for some real stable mates."

Mia couldn't contain herself any more, blurting, "Honey, I want you to eat me." And, she pulled her husband down between her legs as she fell back onto the couch. She held his head, and forcibly rubbed his nose in her wet cunt while his tongue busily lapped the semen from her body. Her pussylips were swollen, but her clit was sticking up like the champ that it was. As he ate, Mia continued, "I hope it tastes good to you, because I really enjoyed getting my pussy filled. In fact, my pussy isn't the only thing that I got filled. I managed to get my womb filled too. You can't believe the amount of sperm I have inside, and from now on I intend to keep it filled." Roger just moaned as he continued to slurp.

As Roger ate, they both watched the video, Mia reliving her earlier experiences and Roger seeing his wife gang fucked by a group of black men. The screen showed Mia getting blasted with load after load of semen that was deposited in her cunt. Roger, realizing that all the semen he was eating was from those black fuckers, moaned in resignation while Mia held him by the ears and fed him the stale sperm. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed that we were not alone, and decided to make a show of it. I instructed the couple to get into a sixty-nine, and Mia turned around, and took Roger's stiff prick into her mouth. In seconds she was rewarded with the biggest load she had gotten from her husband in weeks. It flooded her mouth at about the same time she closed her eyes in ecstasy from her own tumble down the climax mountain. As the feeling hit her, she squeezed and unloaded a stream of spunk into Roger's mouth, which he eagerly ate as some ran down his cheeks.

I sat with my own cum covered cock, having jacked off in the chair watching the action. Mia was already learning, as she got up, knelt between my legs, and dutifully began lapping up my sperm. When finished, she stood up and stretched her nakedness in front of Roger and me.

"Well, how do you like it so far, Roger?" I asked.

He was more relaxed now, and answered, "So far, so good. It's worth a shot, and I can say that the video got is really getting me going. Mia, is that really you?"

Before she could answer, I piped up, "Of course it's her, and she enjoyed every minute of it."

"Yes, those are some of my new friends, dear. And, yes, they'll be coming to our house on a regular basis," responded Mia in a motherly tone. "Oh, and Roger, we have a new account at the adult book store. There are a few things I want to pick up. That is, if it's all right with my new master."

"We'll work with that idea. Mia, I think one of your first projects is going to be seducing a new female member of the club. Let's say, Roger's boss's wife? I figure it would make one hell of a video. Don't you think?"

I left their house, and was busy making plans for Mia's visit to my place in a few weeks. I had been part and parcel in creating a new monster like my wife had become. As the current master of a strange girl, Jessica and Jodi had guessed that I would rise to the occasion and fall into their sexual trap. Their mastery at understanding the human libido had worked again, and I became a willing victim to their sordid manipulations. I knew in the back of my mind that it wouldn't be long before Mia embraced the lifestyle of black sexing, and wouldn't hesitate to involve her family if that's what it took to keep her new found fetish. The strange thing was that it wasn't forced, it was chosen. It wasn't a compulsive behavior, it was fun, enjoyable, and offered her a new exciting outlook on life. So exciting, in fact, that she would want to share it with others in different ways. Share it with her husband, her kids, her mother, her own sister, her in-laws? For now, she was mine to control and to mold either into a hopeless, dirty slut, or a fun and happy slut. The choice was mine, and I can tell you that I'll take a fun loving slut any day.

The only question remaining was how far would I take her. She was mine to mold, to build, or destroy. Even impregnate as I saw fit.

The End