

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Introduction

I could watch the sunrise from here if I wanted. I could go out on the balcony of my bedroom, let the cool morning air hug my naked body, and watch sun rise over the Atlantic Ocean. But instead of watching that beautiful sight from my new beach-front home, I'm watching an exhausted black man sleep in my bed. If I smoked cigarettes, I'd definitely be puffing on one.

Eric is a beautiful sight in his own right. He's tall, muscular, dark-brown, nearly shaven hair on his head, a trimmed landscape of hair around his cock. I eye his manhood while he sleeps, I could stare at his black dick all day. But doing so would only drive me insane with lust and desire for it.

I met him a few weeks ago at the gym. He walked past me, nodding, smiling politely. I did the same. We both embarrassed ourselves when we caught each other checking the other out. We looked over our shoulders. I giggled, he turned away, probably cursing himself.

We spoke the next time I saw him. He was very shy, but friendly. I could tell he wanted our conversation to continue on, but he had no idea how to make that happen. I wondered if he ever spoke to a woman out and about like that. Ultimately, I didn't care. His gorgeous black body, my preference in a man, was all I saw. We exchanged names, then on a whim, before we left the gym for the day, I gave him my number. Eric looked like he didn't know what to do with it! I couldn't help but laugh at this shy, huge, black man feeling awkward after a white woman gave him her number.

I later found out why he was so shy and awkward. It made his overly obvious, poor attempts at flirting on our date, his nervousness shining through at the end, and his stammering and stumbling as I took him to bed that night make sense - he had just turned 18.

It was beautiful. Whispering in his ear to relax as I straddled my naked body on his. Kissing his thick, full lips slowly before sliding his massive cock inside me. Cumming on him almost instantly, while he tenderly held me.

After I climaxed for the very first time on him, we kissed again. There was something magical about this guy, this high school student. I couldn't put my finger on it, but suffice to say we had sex as much as we could over the next few weeks.

He snuck out after going to bed to meet up with me. I fucked him hard in the school's parking lot, before class. And now last night; he told his parents he was staying at a classmate's house, lying so he could spend the night with me.

We went on and on and on. This machine, this 18-year-old black kid, made love to me like he's known me forever. It was so beautiful. It's like we fit perfectly - his cock in my pussy, my body in his arms.

His cock twitched. I wonder what he's dreaming about? I smile and step outside to the balcony, the cool morning air hugging me. What a night we had. What life I've had. Maybe I was made for him. I've never felt this way before.

I sit and watch the sun rise, running my hands through my wild, red hair. I chuckle, thinking about all the black men I've been with, none have been like Eric.

As the years have flown by, all those men seem to have prepared me for this young man sleeping in my bed. I've never been with a white man; all have been black. They all worshiped my body, just like

I did theirs – it's as though I was practicing for Eric.

Did I love him? I've loved many black men, but never been "in love" with them. Maybe I am now.

I needed to get away, to think about things. Since I love traveling, I decided to take a road trip. I've taken many in my life, but this would be to think about giving my life to this young black man. That's more than just my breasts, my pussy, my body, but my life. I had to think about seriously committing to someone, and in my late 30s, maybe even marriage. Would it be with Eric? Would he go to college? Would he give up everything for me? Would I let this perfect feeling toward a perfect black man go?

There was so much to think about. A two-week road trip would help.

Another factor pushing me to travel was a death of another black man. He was my favorite. Old Man Hoover, I called him. Not that death is ever convenient, besides for someone in constant agony, but traveling to that southern Florida trailer park to pay my respects to his family gave me a specific destination.

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- 1 -

I have secrets. We all do. A few of them, only those close to me know; a couple, only I know. Eric is the type of guy, 18 or not, I could tell everything to.

I pulled my Glock 17 9mm handgun out of my top draw. Put a clip in and turned off the safety. "I'm ready," I told my sister Bella.

"For what? A road trip or assassination mission?" she joked. She was naked, like me, lying in Eric's arms.

"No silly. I take my friend along in case anyone tries any funny business," I told her.

"I thought that's what you wanted?"

"Well, non-sexual, funny business."

I put the gun in my purse and take stock of everything. "Ok, bikinis, money, phone, makeup, a couple of dresses, my gun, purse, and Eric's balls are empty. I think I'm good to go."

"Yes. When his nuts refill, I'll be here to drain them!" Bella kissed Eric's cheek, running her hands over his chest.

Her and I are very close. Bella agreed to make sure Eric was taken care of while I was gone. I wondered if the fact I needed Eric to be properly serviced throughout the day, was a sign I truly loved him, trusting my sister to be a substitute, or if I really loved black cock. I think it's a bit of both.

"You sure you don't want a ride?" Bella asked, watching me pull on a simple sundress, no underwear.

"Nope. I'm hitchhiking the entire way."

I went over to Eric to kiss him goodbye. A simple kiss on the lips escalates into more. Our tongues

get involved, our mouths close on top of one another's, his hands groped my chest. I want to throw this dress off and fuck his brains out.

"Mmm, yeah, there we go," Bella watched us make out.

"She'll take care of you, baby," I ended the kiss, wiping my mouth, adjusting my dress.

"Yeah, I'll miss you though," Eric said.

"I'll miss you too. See you two in a couple weeks," I sighed and left. They waved goodbye when I looked over my shoulder, Bella running her hands over Eric's naked perfection.

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One secret, that only I and Bella know, is my sexuality. I came up with a term for it. While technically I'm bi-sexual, I drill down further to be more specific. The term I came up with is Afrosexual. It probably already exists, but I don't care.

I'm an Afrosexual. I define it as only being sexually attracted to those of African descent; black men being number one. I like women too, of any race, but black men are what do it the most for me.

I walked along a few miles, making my way to the interstate. From there it was a few minutes when a trucker picked me up.

"Hi!" I cheerily said, smiling widely at the black driver.

"You need a lift?"

"Please."

"Get on up in here," he motioned.

"Thank you so much," I adjusted my dress and sat up front with him. "Wow, never been in one of these before."

"Heh, yeah. Where you headed? I'm going to Miami," the driver said, glancing over my body.

"Me too. But not yet. I'm planning on doing some camping. Can you drop off at Brunswick?" I asked.

"Yes ma'am," the middle-aged black man said.

As soon as I started becoming sexually attracted to people, it was black guys that I'd look at. When I daydreamed of my wedding, the groom was black. When I thought about going to the prom, my date was black. When I thought about sex, or losing my virginity, the guy was black. Every sexual thought or fantasy with a male, he was black.

At the mall with friends, they'd giggle if cute boys would walk by us. I only did if the boys were black. Going back further, in middle school, I had "boyfriend" of sorts, nothing real, he was black. We'd share lunch, we even held hands. I thought it was incredible. The others picked on me, I didn't understand why at the time. I'd learn why as I got older.

In high school, I got my real first boyfriend. I lost my virginity to him. His name was Reymond and he was probably the nerdiest kid in school. When I was picked on by my friends, I thought at first it was because of that. He was tall, lanky, glasses, but excelled at math, helping me out immensely. Sure there were jocks that were much hotter, but Reymond was sweet.

My friends picked on me because he was black. A couple of them stopped being my friends altogether. Reymond and I ignored them. We kept studying, kept fucking, and kept cumming.

He moved away with his family in the summer. Our last night together was a marathon 69 session, followed by hours of sex on my bedroom floor. I didn't want my parents to hear the bed banging against the wall. Just before dawn, I snuck him out, and said goodbye. It'd be a few years before I saw him again.

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"Thank you again for taking me down here," I told the driver. He handed me some candy from the gas station he stopped at, halfway to Brunswick.

"No problem. You like chocolate?" he asked, nodding to the candy.

"Heh, I love chocolate," I answered, his eyes widening, his mouth dropping when I pulled my dress off over my head. I sat there smiling at him.

"Uh, I'm a little ahead of schedule," he looked over his shoulder to the back cab compartment. "You wanna?"

"I do."

I straddled him back there, kissing him, feeling his erection get bigger and bigger against my pussy. Mmm, I loved it.

A moment later, I fished that big dick out, and was on my knees sucking all over it.

I wondered if people could see the cab of his huge truck rocking to and fro in the parking lot of the gas station. I was riding his cock so hard and fast, he lost track of time.

"Shit, girl, I gotta get back on the road," he grabbed my waist, stopping my bouncing.

"Wait, I want you to cum though."

"Well get back on your knees and suck that dick, then."

A couple minutes later, he filled my mouth. I swallowed several large gulps of semen.

I laughed when he rushed to the front cab, cock still dripping cum and hastily put his seat belt on. I wiped my mouth and joined him. I put my belt on and remained nude.

School started up again soon and with it, my second boyfriend. He was a year older than me, a football star, and reminded me a little of Eric. He was ripped, built, huge. I still missed Reymond, but Marquis quickly made me forget.

I feel hard in love with him. I went everywhere with him. Football games, practices, the mall, everywhere. I was the only white girl at his family functions. I was his girl and he kept me in constant orgasmic bliss.

Summer was spent mostly sneaking over to his house for sex. When school started back up, he'd pick up each morning I'd suck his cock in his car until it was time to go to class. I accompanied him to two proms. Each one ending in an all-night fuck fest. We'd roll around, telling each other how much we loved one another, then climax together.

When he dumped me, my heart felt like it shriveled up and blew away like powder in the wind. I was beyond crushed. He told me he was going to college and wanted to be single.

When I started my senior year of high school, I discovered I had no friends; no white ones at least. The white girls looked at me with disgust, the white guys ignored me. The black girls were almost downright aggressive with me. I learned a lot my first couple weeks back at school.

I couldn't help what I was, what I craved and preferred. I hadn't even come up with the Afrosexual term yet.

Stereotypes are based in reality. Was I a stereotype? A stereotypical white trash, slut that sleeps around with all the black guys? I didn't feel like that. Yes, I was only attracted to blacks, but only had sex with two by that point. Both were my boyfriends; the second I was madly in love with.

At this point I got angry. I was miserable, heartbroken, people thought I was something I didn't think I was. If that's all they saw in me, in my teenage immaturity, I decided to play the part.

I started with the football team first, having sex with Marquis' old teammates. By the time Halloween approached, I was done with them, and was having my first gang bang at a party. There was about 20 or so that fucked me that night. I was getting tossed around from black guy to black guy. Some of them went to my school, some didn't.

I saw a few classmates roll their eyes and leave, after watching my naked body getting taken by several black men at once. That'd give them something to talk about come Monday.

By the end of the first semester, I finished having sex with the basketball team - all the black ones of course. I never once let myself feel love for any of them. I didn't want to get hurt again. I didn't want another Marguis to happen. So I fucked them all instead. I didn't want to get hurt and I didn't want to hurt them - making them and myself cum was my only goal.

Spring break arrived, I was exhausted. However, I was busy. I was driving down to Miami to check out the University there. It was for a tour to see if I'd be interested in going.

My parents were busy and told me to go alone. They said I was an adult and needed to handle things on my own.

I was ok with that, thinking I'd meet some black college students while there. I didn't. The orientation and tour was informational, helpful, but not exciting. It all seemed standard, normal.

On the way back home, the next day, was when I met the man who recently died. He's a man that had the best black cock I've ever had.

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"Alright, here you go," the driver pulled to a stop, letting me out. I put my dress on and thanked.

"You sure you don't want anything else?" I asked.

"Sweetie, you've made me late!" he smiled. "I gotta get going."

"Alright, thank you so much," I hopped out of the cab and started walking. I never got his name.

I walked a few miles to my destination - Jekyll Island. I was going to do some camping.

I rented a small tent from the site's general store and headed on. The cashier gave me a funny look. I get those a lot. I guess he wondered what I was doing there all by myself, in a pretty sundress, with only a purse. I smiled and waved bye to him.

I set up camp near the back of the campground, next to someone else. They weren't there, but I could see smoke billowing up from their fire.

After my tent was set up, I got on a bikini, and went hunting - for a few things.

The beach was gorgeous. I walked for a couple hours, standing by the trees, walking along the water, exploring really. There were muddy creeks that flowed into the ocean. I looked around, watching birds scoop down and get fish. I felt at peace.

I thought of Eric back home, assuming my sister was tending to him like I asked. He's so sweet. He was accepted to a college a few hours away. I was hoping he'd go, but wondered if he'd drop out to stay with me. Part of me wanted him to, but that would be a huge mistake. Sitting on the sand, digging my toes in, I thought how fun it'd be to visit him, his friends seeing an older, late 30s woman in his bed.

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On my drive back home from the college tour in Miami, my mind pretty much made up that's where I wanted to attend, my parent's car broke down. It was a couple hours north of Miami in a swampy, middle of nowhere, area.

I didn't know what to do. This was the late 90s, cell phones existed, but not everyone and their grandma had one.

I needed to find a payphone. I was getting hot in the midday sun. I couldn't sit there in the car and cook. I had to call my parents, then get it towed somewhere. I got out and walked on the quiet back road. I was stopped a few minutes later.

"Miss? You ok, honey?" a black man rolled down his window.

"Yeah, my car broke down back there. Looking for a payphone," I answered.

The older black man looked to be in his 60s, smiled at me, "I'll give you a ride. Can you trust an old, ugly black man?"

I laughed, "You're not ugly!"

"I'm old though."

"Well, sorta."

"Old enough to be your grandpa. Hop in, I'll help get that car towed and fixed for free."

"Free?"

"Yes Miss, you'll be back on the road by this evening. My name's Hoover."

"Hoover? Like the vacuum cleaner?" I joked.

"Hey, you got that right!"

"I'm Bea. Nice to meet you."

We approached trailer park where Hoover lived, he spoke in hushed tones when we got out. "Now listen, one of my sons will tow your car and fix you up."

He leaned in close, gently grabbing my arm, "I don't want you to be afraid."

"Afraid?" I became afraid when he said that.

"What you gon' see here. It's all consensual. It's all requested. It's all good. You can ignore it and head on into the trailer there and wait for your car, or you can join in on the fun. It's up to you, Miss."

"Um, ok," I was confused.

"Follow me. Feel free to head to that trailer, if you want. No one is forcing you to do anything. You hear me?"

"Sure," I shrugged, having no idea what he was talking about.

I found out a moment later. Fear faded, replaced with curiosity then joy at the sight 40 feet away from me.

My mouth dropped as I watched three white women, in their 30s and 40s, naked around a fire getting fucked by a group of black men. One was tied to a tree, getting take from behind. Another on her back on a bench, a black man on top. The third squatting up and down on a cock, while jacking off two others.

I took a step forward, Hoover stopped me. "Hey now, listen, they came and visited us on their own. They show up every once in a while for a good time. You don't have to participate."

I kept walking toward the group. Hoover tried to stop me. "If you feel you too young for this, head on back, turn away."

I kept walking, he kept blabbing on and on. "Ain't nothing illegal here, other than nudity outside a house. There's a pretty little white cop that doesn't give us any trouble. These women asked us to do this."

"Hoover," I turned to face him, glaring at him. "I want every single one of you to fuck me."

He paused, eyes darting left and right, he cleared his throat, "Ok Miss, right this way."

There I was, 18 years old, Spring Break of my final year of high school in my second gang bang.

It was a blur, a total blur of sex, sweat, and semen. I came and came and came with around 30 or so black men that lived in that trailer park. When one was done, I'd beg for more.



"Harder!" I'd yell.

I had a cock in each hand, in each hole, my face eventually covered in cum.

I was soaking wet with sweat caused by the humidity during the day, then the hot bonfire that night. The sweat rinsed cum off me.

They tied me to a tree. They whipped me with belts. Later they penetrated me anally.

I realized then, this was going to be my life - constant sex with black men.

After midnight, having forgotten to call my parents, I limped to Hoover's trailer. When I entered it, I fell to my knees, partly exhausted, but partly weakened by the longest, most beautiful black cock I'd ever seen.

Hoover was naked, in bed, casually jacking off. "Been waitin' for you. Come on over here and get this dick, Miss."

I crawled to him, my mouth and pussy salivating. I climbed onto his fold-out couch, grabbed that old black dick, and fucking worshipped it.

I orgasmed several times just by licking and sucking all over it. It was so long, so gorgeous.

When that thing entered me, I shook and spasmed. It was the best cock I'd ever had and would remain so for many, many years.

Hoover grabbed my tits and sucked like an angry, starving baby. There was no milk to get, but he could've sucked them dry if there was.

I did my best to ride him, but couldn't fit his entire length in. Luckily, my asshole had been broken in earlier. That long dick slid right in all the way. I felt like he was in my belly. I watched him rub my breasts and tummy while I sat on him, his cock in my ass all the way.

"Glad you having a good time. We love to have fun here," Hoover said. I could feel his cock twitching in my stomach.

"I want to come back. I want to visit again. I'm going to the University of Miami this Fall. I want to visit you."

"Well by all means, if that's what you want, then come on by," Hoover smiled.

I grabbed his face kissing him as hard as I could.

We had anal sex for another hour or so, Hoover filling my belly with cum. I fell asleep in his arms.

A few hours later, Hoover got out of bed, waking me up in the process. I watched the older man leave the trailer. I went after him, grabbing his hand, walking with him to the bonfire.

It was only he and I out. He stoked the flames, piling more wood. We sat there holding hands, naked, warmed by the fire.

"I love it here. I'm so glad you found me," I told him.

"Ain't nothing, just helping you out."

"How long have you lived here?"

"My whole live. My Daddy and Grandpappy owned some land by the swamp. I got it and help set up this trailer park."

"And the women?" I kissed his shoulder.

"By accident. Started by helping a nice white lady out, long, long ago with a flat tire. Probably well before you were born. Don't know what it was. Maybe she was unhappy in her marriage, maybe she just wanted to experiment, but she came back here and undressed for me. I was a young man, I was nervous, but I took care of her flat tire and her later that day. Word must've spread. Over the years we've had good handful of white women stop by for a weekend here and there."

I smiled and stood in front of him, he patted my tummy, squeezed a big tit, and I straddled him. He guided his cock in me, I kissed him, and we had slow, love-making sex.

That early morning by the bonfire, 18 years old, driving back from Miami on Spring Break, Hoover mated with me. I became pregnant with his child.

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The wonderful ocean breezed on Jekyll Island, kissed my skin. I felt like masturbating to be honest. I thought doing so later that night in my tent.

I left many things at home on this hitchhiking trip. Would I manipulate people to get what I need? A ride, food, fire? Not entirely. I didn't see it as manipulation. I saw it as making a friend.

I was alone on the beach. I felt like going nude, but decided against it. Mainly because I saw someone and his dog in the distance. As I walked closer, I saw a black man fishing in a creek. He pulled out a net with crab in it.

"Hi!" I startled him.

"Ma'am," he nodded.

"Catching some dinner?"

"Yeah, but you ain't seen anything. I'm not supposed to be doing this. But I love crabbing. This'll cook real good too," he said. His dog walked over to me, sniffing me.

"Get! Leave her alone," he snapped at the dog.

"No, it's fine," I smiled. "How does it work?" I pointed to the net.

"Well, come on over and I'll show you. Gotta keep it quiet, I could get fined for doing this," he said. I smiled and crossed over to him.

He was older than Hoover when I first met him. Probably late 60s. His hair was white, he had a big belly. He didn't seem put off by a younger white woman in a skimpy bikini talking to him. I didn't see a ring on his finger when he was showing me the net, explaining how to cast it. He gave me a detailed lesson. He stood behind me, putting my arms into position, and helped me cast the net. I smiled and clapped when it landed successfully near where he advised.

He introduced himself as Willie. He looked exactly like a Willie – seemed like a perfect name for an old, black man, fishing near the beach.

I told him I was hitchhiking to southern Florida, mentioning an old friend passed away. He questioned if it was safe for me to hitchhike. I told him I had a special friend along with me and I knew how to fire it. He understood, saying it was good that a pretty white lady protect herself. I laughed and patted his arm.

We walked back to the campground together, chatting the entire way.

“Well that’s you huh?” he asked, watching me walk to my tent, right next to his campsite.

“Yep,” I beamed.

“Well, I tell you what, come on over and I’ll cook up some of this fish and crab for you. Sound good?”

“Sounds wonderful, Willie.”

I had a secret, I was knocked up. I remember being scared to tell anyone.

I was at the mall one day, looking at prom dresses, wishing I was going. No one asked me. All the black students at school used me for sex. But for some reason, no one asked me yet. Maybe they got tired of me. I didn’t know.

I walked along and felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see a familiar face, however, the rest of him was quite different. It Reymond. He was still tall, but not skinny and lanky. He filled out. He was big and muscular. He didn’t wear glasses anymore. I did a double take.

“Reymond?”

“Hey, Bea.”

My mouth dropped, I gave him a hug. “How are you?”

“Good, good. Been awhile.”

“Yeah it has. So good to see you. Gosh, you’ve changed.”

“Thanks. You too,” he looked at my chest. “I got contacts.”

“Yeah,” I smiled.

“You shopping for prom dresses?”

“Oh, nah, I don’t think I’m going.”

“Ah, sorry to hear that. I think my school’s prom is the same weekend as yours.”

“Probably. Anyway, you all set for college?” I asked, changing the subject.

“Yeah. Got accepted to University of Miami,” He replied.

“Really? No way! I’m going there too!”

"Huh, that's cool, Bea. Now we'll know someone on campus."

"Yes!"

I smiled at him, touching his arm, I couldn't believe how hot he'd gotten.

A few minutes later, I found myself in the men's bathroom, sitting on a toilet, hastily unzipping Reymond's shorts. He was leaning over, kissing me.

I pulled his dark skinned cock out. "Oh fuck," I whispered before devouring it.

"Mmm, Bea," he ran his hands through my hair.

I got his dick sufficiently coated in spit and stood. "I don't to be anyone's girlfriend," I told him. "I just wanna fuck, ok?"

"I got it," he said, pulling my t-shirt off. I removed my shorts and panties, and hopped in his arms.

"You can take care of me in college, and I'll take care of you. No serious relationship. Sex buddies," I said, the heartbreak Marquis caused still stung a bit.

"Yes," he winced with pleasure, his cock sliding in all the way. He grabbed my ass, and bounced me.

"Ah fuck!" I cried out in the bathroom.

"Will you go to the Prom with me?" I asked, while bouncing.

"Mine is the same night, I got a date. But for you, for this pussy, I'd cancel on her," He said.

"Ah yes!" I threw my head back, holding on to the bathroom stall walls for support.

"Reymond, stop, wait," I said.

"Huh?"

I told him a secret. One that only I knew. "I'm pregnant."

"What? Like just now? I didn't even -"

"No, not just now," I laughed. "I got pregnant over Spring Break. My parents are going to freak out."

"Oh," he held me, taking in the secret I shared. "Guess I won't need to use condoms with you," he gave a half smile.

I laughed and kissed him. "Guess not."

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"Mmm, yummy!" I finished up the last piece of crab Willie shucked for me. I sat next to him on a log near the campfire.

"Glad you like it. You just get here? It's a two night minimum," he said.

"Yep. What about you?"

"Same here. I'll leave the day after tomorrow. Where you say you headed next?"

"I'll stop in Jacksonville."

"Ah. Right over the border. I can take you there," Willie offered.

"You sure? I don't want you to go out of your way."

"I don't mind. Something to do, you know?"

"Yeah," I rested my head on his shoulder.

"Nice out tonight, not too hot," he noticed.

"Mmhmm. Well, Willie, um -"

"You headed to bed?"

"Sort of. I was thinking of something else you could do."

"Oh yeah? What's that," he stoked the fire.

I stood up, removed my bikini top, then my bottoms. I smiled at him, watching him look me over. He grinned, laughing a bit. "That huh?"

"You got it! I'll be in your tent," I said, scratching his dog's head when I walked by.

A moment later, he entered the tent, undoing his belt. I held out my arms, smiling at him. He climbed on top of me.

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Reymond and I went to the prom. We stayed a little while, danced some, but left early so we could fuck. His parents were at some event really late, so we went to his house a few school districts over.

A few weeks later at graduation, I participated in my third gang bang. It was in the boys' restroom. It wasn't amazing. Some of the black jocks lured me in there, by flashing me a cock. I figured why not. I'd probably never see these guys again.

It was about 10 of them. "White slut," they'd call me after filling my throat, pussy, or ass with cum. They left me alone, I put my graduation robes back on, washed my face and left. I flipped the bird to the school in the back of my parent's car when they weren't looking.

Speaking of my parents, they made me give the baby up for adoption. I told them over the summer. I could've argued with them, saying it was ironic they sent me to Miami by myself to deal with college business, yet they are forcing me to give up a child and not raise it like an adult.

I agreed with them though. I didn't deserve a baby.

At college Reymond and I had sex three times a day. I abandoned my dorm, staying with him and his roommate. We did it in the morning, in the shower before class. We met up during the afternoon for sex. Then at night, we did it after studying, until we were tired.

His roommate, a nice white guy, must've been jealous. He always blushed around me.

When Reymond was busy, there were a few other guys I'd rotate. They didn't mind having sex with a pregnant white girl.

I had the baby just before Thanksgiving Break. It came a little early. I couldn't look at the child. I closed my eyes, tears streaming, and they took him or her away. I knew the child would be better off.

During my second semester of Freshman year, Reymond and I worked out together. He helped me shed some baby weight.

It was around this time, he started getting busier with other students. There were several white girls he rotated. One of the was a professor. I think she was married. I walked in on her riding Reymond in his dorm room. I apologized and backed out. I ran into another black student I'd fuck before when Reymond was occupied. I told him Reymond was busy again. He agreed to fill in once more and took me to the shower.

I didn't go home for Spring Break. I went to see Hoover. He remembered me. I stayed an entire week there. I was naked the whole time. Cum was splattering on my chest, tummy, back, face on the hour all day and night. I slept with Hoover when I finally tired.

The week ended, I went back to college. I was in Reymond's shower, washing off the dried cum. Reymond joined me. But he wasn't alone. The college professor was with him. She smiled and said hello. I watched her get in, kissing and licking all over Reymond. I smiled and joined in.

Sophomore, Junior, and Senior year Spring Breaks were spent with Hoover inside me.

Throughout college, Reymond and I slept together quite a bit. However, as time progressed the professor was around more and more.

In my Senior year I developed a stable of several dozen freshman. They were my backups. I taught those guys a lot. There were quite a few three ways with them. By the time I graduated college, they were white women pleasers for sure.

Before graduation, all of them, fucked me in one night. It was my fourth and largest gang bang yet.

As the sun rose, I limped back to my and Reymond's dorm. I was dripping semen, from my pussy, chin, hands, everywhere. My dress was tattered and torn.

Reymond and his college professor lover were in the shower. "Oh, hi," I mumbled upon throwing back the shower curtain.

"Wow, looks like you've had quite a night," Reymond joked.

"Yeah."

"We were just getting out. Oh and guess what. We're getting married. She left her husband," Reymond said.

"That's, great," I said in daze. I pushed by him. I fell asleep in the shower.

College ended. Reymond and I lost contact. Last I heard he and his older, white wife, were still together. I was disappointed in Reymond when all that went down. I didn't like the fact she left her

husband. It was yet another reason I only had sex buddies – less drama, less pain, more fun.

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I was in Willie's arms, rubbing his big belly, watching the campfire flicker and go out. He fucked me really good. Of course every single black man I've been with has. I kissed his cheek, Willie snoring lightly. I put on my sandals and walked around outside naked.

The cool night air felt wonderful. My nipples were hard, my clit still tingling from several hours of sex with Willie. I thought of Eric, filling me with cum, holding me.

I walked over to the shower facility, not caring if anyone saw me naked. The campground wasn't too crowded anyway, plus it was very late.

I showered, pleasuring myself to Eric. When the orgasm came over me, I moaned loudly, and whispered, "I love you."

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The next day, Willie cooked me breakfast. I skinny dipped in the ocean while he crabbed nearby.

The night we had dinner by the campfire. He couldn't help but laughed as I was still naked.

"You gonna get in more trouble than me from crabbing if you get caught walking around like that," he joked.

"Maybe, so," I smiled at him.

"Alright, here you go," he handed his dog a morsel.

"You want something else?" he asked the German Shepherd. "Alright, hang on, girl."

I watched Willie whip out his erect cock. My eyes widened seeing the dog hungrily lick his shaft. "One sec, girl," Willie stood, removing his pants.

His dog was licking his nutsack and shaft, in a similar manner to how I've done many times before.

"Our little secret?" he asked.

"Absolutely," I said. I crawled over to him, watching her lick all over his big, juicy cockhead.

"Go on now, get some too, girl," he spanked my ass.

I became an animal, a dog in heat, like the German Shepherd. Perhaps the love of black cock transcends species.

I licked him just like she did, my tongue lapping at his balls, his shaft, occasionally meeting hers.

Willie grunted and blew his load for us. She and I licked his erupting tip, consuming as much sperm as we could.

"Ugh, good girls, good girls," Willie patted out backs.

Willie stood up, grabbed his pants and headed to the tent. His dog was licking my face, my mouth, her tongue going in between my lips to search for every last drop. I opened my mouth letting her get in there for more.

The dog finished up, all the semen licked up, and walk into Willie's tent. I wiped my mouth, smiled and looked up to the stars.

I moved to LA after college, getting a job at a marketing company. I quickly, like my first day, became involved sexually with the man that hired me.

Jerome was his name. He'd fuck me in his office sometimes. We'd take lunch together, having sex in his car. After work, we'd meet up for drinks, and he'd spend the night at my apartment or I'd stay at his.

Sleeping with Jerome for a few months introduced me to the hip-hop world. Most of the company's clients were hip-hop or rap record labels.

I attended events with Jerome. He'd introduce me to several rappers. Sure, I'd flirt, give them my number, but usually I'd end up riding Jerome's black cock later than night.

All except one. His name was "Big Rascal." Obviously that wasn't his real name. I never learned of his real name. Either way, he called me a few nights after an event Jerome and I attended.

I met up with the rapper a couple nights later for drinks. We talked, I went back to his place, and we fucked.

He was good, real good. He knew how to work a white pussy. I slept with him for about a year.

He'd share me, after I swallowed his jizz, with six or seven of his boys. They take turns with me one at a time. I swallowed them all.

I'd attend all his shows. I'd be waiting for him backstage for sex.

The night before a pivotal conversation with Big Rascal, one that changed my life. I was in, yet another gang bang - my fifth one.

Big Rascal was having a party after the release of his newest album. I wasn't the only white girl there. Several others were sucking cock on a couch, or a chair. It was great. I felt I was at home.

Big Rascal fucked me pretty hard outside the penthouse suite, overlooking Los Angeles.

When he nugged on my face, he slapped my ass, and told me to go shower.

When I got out of the shower, a towel wrapped around me. I counted all seven of Big Rascal's entourage, along with additional dozen party guests. I smiled and dropped the towel.

It was long, orgasm and cum-filled night.

The next evening, I was on top of Big Rascal in his huge bed. He was rubbing his hands all over my tits. We were chatting a bit.

"Girl, you got the best pussy I've ever had. You feel me?"

"Thank you, baby," I said, rubbing his abs.

"That's why think I want to let you go. I think you are destined for greatness. You feel me?"

"Huh?" I didn't feel him. I didn't what he was talking about.

"I know a guy. He can help you," the rapper told me.

"Help me with what, baby?"

"You're special. You know it. You know what you good at. You good at workin' black dick. You feel me?"

"Well, yeah, but -"

"This guy can help you reach your maximum potential. I want you to talk to him. I want you to hear him out. I want you to keep an open mind. You feel me?" he asked yet again.

"I, I guess," I shrugged. He reached over to the bedside table. I saw his Glock 9mm in the drawer. Very much like the one with me on my hitchhiking journey.

Big Rascal pulled out a card, handing it to me. "Killa' D?" I read the name. "He a rapper like you?"

"Not a rapper. He's in a different industry - one that you'd be perfect for. I want you to call him. I already told him about you. I told him how good you take black dick. How good you work it. Call him, and don't be afraid. His name says 'Killa' but he wouldn't hurt a fly. You feel me?"

I got off Big Rascal, his cock slurping out of my cunt. I stood at his window overlooking the LA skyline. It was beautiful out there. I miss living there. I wondered what Killa' D was all about. I figured he ran a strip club, or an escort service. I shrugged and figured I'd give him a call at least.

Big Rascal, came up behind me, grabbing my breasts. I reached around for his cock, arched my back and slid it into me.

"Mmm, so good," I moaned, leaning my head back on his shoulder. I smiled as he kissed my neck. "You feel me?" I asked.

He slowly slid his cock in and out, knowing deep down, in his heart, it'd be the last time he had me. "I feel you," he whispered.

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- 7 -

The next night, after calling Killa' D, he gave me an address to meet. It just so happened to be a strip club.

"Great," I thought. "Maybe I could strip on the weekends."

Killa' D was quite a specimen, not someone that matched his moniker. He was dressed in a suit and tie, had a gold watch, rings, necklace. He looked and smelled wealthy. There was a trimmed beard his face. I assumed he went to the barber weekly or even more. I was a little shy at first. My figured he was a high-end pimp.

He shook my hand, telling me it was a pleasure meeting me. Then we got right to it.

"My friend, Big Rascal, told me about you. He and I go back a long time. Back when we were in the hood, working to get out. I trust him very much."

I nodded, looking around the room. It wasn't crowded, a few black men here and there, with white strippers giving lap dances.

"He told me you really know how to work a black dick. He said you use that pussy, them titties, that ass, and that mouth of yours expertly on a dick," Killa D explained.

"Uh, well, I don't know about that I just like --"

"Black men. I understand," He reached to his pocket taking out a business card. "Let me ease your mind a bit. I'm not a pimp. I'm not asking you to be a stripper, though if you wanted to, you could go up there and dance - the manager wouldn't mind. I'm not asking you to be an escort. Look at my company's name. Recognize it?"

I took the card, reading the name. "White Vixen?" I said aloud. "No, I don't know what that is," I handed the card back to him, he held up his palm, declining it.

"It's an interracial pornographic production company," he answered. "Big Rascal said you'd be a perfect fit."

"Uh, excuse me? What?"

"That's right. Interracial porn. I started the company a decade ago. It's one of the highest grossing porn distributors in the world - specifically, like I said, interracial porn. He told me you could be my next big star," Killa D said.

"I don't know about that. I mean," I looked around the room and leaned in closer. "I sleep and have slept with a lot of black guys, but filming porn, that's different."

"I understand. That's why it's a lot to consider. You'd have to think of a stage name. You'd have to get tested regularly - which my company enforces and pays for. Then of course, there's the secret. You probably couldn't tell your family, your friends and neighbors. There's stereotypes that go along with it."

"Stereotypes," I repeated, thinking back to high school.

"My thoughts are, if you enjoy something, if you love it, AND you can get paid for doing it, that's win-win right there," Killa' D explained.

I nodded, looking to his card.

"Now then, you love black men, you love black dick, when not get paid to express that love to others?" he asked.

I bit my bottom lip. A stripper around my age came over to say hello to Killa D.

"Hey baby," he put his arm around her, prompting her to sit on his lap. "You busy tonight?"

"Yeah," she circled played with his tie.

"Who you with tonight?"

"Rob," she frowned.

"Don't be sad, girl. He loves your pussy too. You can get with me tomorrow," Killa' D kissed her cheek.

She smiled and got off his lap, making her way across the room.

"That's Sandee. She ain't, from what I've been told, as good as you are with black dick. So what do you say?"

"Can I at least think about it?"

"Please do."

"Alright," I looked to his card again, reading his name. "Why do they call you Killa' D?"

He smiled at me and extended his hand.

\*\*\*\*

"Ah fuck! Yes! Yes!," I was screaming later that night, on top of Killa' D, fucking the shit out of him.

"Ohhhh, shit," I collapsed on top of his sexy, muscular body. "Mmm fuck."

"My boy was right," Killa' D put his arm around me, rubbing my sweaty back. "Perfect for black men."

He put me to sleep. I fell asleep on him in his fancy Beverly Hills home. It was the first time sex made me fall asleep. Sure I'd eventually go to bed after long nights, but this, the act itself, was so good, I was out cold in minutes.

The next morning, he cooked me breakfast. We laid out by the pool, me jacking his cock while we discussed his plans for me. I didn't bring a bathing suit, so I was naked.

Killa' D said he'd act as my agent, getting me roles, finding other performers to work with. He even suggested I could strip or escort if I wanted to on the side; like other porn stars he managed. He said I could bring in a lot of money escorting various professional athletes around - then sleeping with them of course.

I told him I'd never watched porn before. There was no need, since I was almost constantly having sex. He told me not to worry, he'd help.

I stayed with him the rest of the day, all night, and on into the next afternoon. We fucked pretty much the whole time. It was Sunday afternoon when I left. I had to work the next day. He said take a week to think about it and that he'd call me the following Friday night.

I learned that Killa' D was short for Killer Dick.

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Willie gave me a ride not just to Jacksonville, but all the way to the beach hotel I booked. It was right off the A1A. I had a nice five-day beach visit before me.

I sucked his cock the entire way. When we arrived I finished him off, swallowing his load, said goodbye and hopped out of his pickup truck.

I checked into my room, put on a bikini and went to the beach. I walked a long way, thinking of Eric mostly, daydreaming about one day taking trips like this with him, fucking the entire time.

I stopped and ate an early dinner at a beachside café, then headed back to the room. My plans for the evening was to go to a club, find a black guy, and bring him back to my room for the night - something I've done many times.

A call to my sister, Bella, changed that.

I put on a tiny, yellow dress, my tits practically hanging out. Right before I went out I decided to call and check on her and Eric.

"Hello?" she answered, her mouth sounded full of something.

"Bella?"

I heard a popping sound, followed by an "ahh."

"Hey, what's up?" she asked me, followed by resumed slurping sounds.

"Nothing much, just getting ready to go out for the night."

"Ooh fun," Bella said. "You'll be pleased to know Eric here is in very good hands," she said, more slurping sounds.

"Good. You're sucking his dick, aren't you?"

"Oh I've been slobbering all over this thing for most of the day. He's watching a movie," Bella said. I heard her moaning as she sucked.

"Glad you're helping me out," I rolled my eyes.

I heard Bella breathe deeply into the phone, "Oh fuck, I love this thing." More sucking sounds.

"Can I talk to him please?"

"Sure, sure. Hey where are you?"

"Just got to Jacksonville today. Can I speak to him now?"

Bella resumed sucking all over it. "I love black dick," I heard her say as the phone traveled to Eric.

"Bea," he answered.

"Hey baby! I miss you," I said.

"I miss you too. Real bad. Ah shit, get that dick," Eric told Bella.

"She's taking care of you?"

"Yep, but I gotta tell you. As good as her head-game is, as good as her pussy is – I need yours, I need you," Eric told me.

"Oh, Eric. I can't wait to get back home. We'll talk more about you and I when I get there. I'm really thinking about us on this trip."

"Good, cuz I need you in my life," Eric said. We chatted another minute, then hung up.

I needed him too. I missed him so much. I felt certain he was the man I was to commit to.

I was so horny, I wanted him badly. I wanted to be naked with him, fucking for days. There was a knock at my door.

"Hi," I answered it. The young, black employee nodded, handing me clean towels. "Oh, thanks," and closed the door.

"Wait!" I said, opening the door. "Hey."

"Ma'am?" he turned around, a few feet from the door. He was wearing a name tag on his vest. "Dayron" it read.

"Yes, hi. This will sound weird, but what time do you get off this evening?"

"Um, 10pm."

"An hour. Ok. Totally say no if you want, but when you get off work can you come by?"

"What for?" he asked.

I pulled my yellow dress apart, revealing my breasts to him.

"Uhhh," he stared at them. "Uh sure, yeah, ok."

"Great! See you then, Dayron," I smiled and closed the door. I immediately removed my dress. I didn't feel like going out anymore.

I was a pornstar for seven, long years.

Killa' D gave me the week to think about it. I showed up at his house on Wednesday with my answer. I stood there, ringing his door, butt naked.

"Bea," he grinned, a drink in his hand. "Come in."

He put his drink down and started undressing. "Got an answer for me?"

"Will you look out for me, will you take care of me?" I asked.

"Of course."

"Then my answer is yes," I told him.

"Good," Killa D scooped me up and took me to his bed, giving me some killer dick.

I turned in a two week notice the next day. Jerome bent me over his desk and fucked me one last time. He told me I didn't have to come back and that sex was all I was good for anyway. I agreed with him 100%.

That night back at Killa' D's, we talked about my new career. He asked if I wanted to start small, do a few scenes here and there. He asked if I wanted to do anal only. Or if I was into BDSM. I said no to all of that.

I told him I want my first scene to be ambitious, insane, and really make a mark – a gang bang.

"I can arrange that," he said. We had sex every day for the next couple weeks while he set things up.

I went by the name Bianca. My first film, a gang bang called, "Bianca Gets Blacked" featured 100 black men. The shoot lasted all day. I was thoroughly exhausted. That night I took a long, hot bath with Killa' D.

I felt at home doing porn – like it was my destiny. It wasn't always easy, the hours could be rough, the positions weren't always comfortable, but I loved it. I saw a lot of stereotypes come and go. These were girls with drug problems, daddy issues, abusive pasts, and so on. I didn't have any of those problems. I genuinely love sex with blacks and I got paid to do it.

I did several volumes of film series. It was here I used the term Afrosexual to describe myself. White Vixens marketed me as such too.

Every day, all day, was sex on film. At night it was sex with Killa' D and several different male performers I befriended.

I striped and escorted too. I was making tons of money. I also kept this life a secret.

I went home for Christmas when I was 24. Bella was 20. On one of those nights, I woke up past midnight. I heard some noises coming from the kitchen. I snuck down there, tip-toeing, to see what it was.

I saw Bella being double-teamed by two black men in the kitchen. She was covering her mouth to keep quiet.

My oldest sister married a black man. She gained a stepson. He and I had sex on occasion.

All the women in my family, except perhaps for my mother, loved black cock. Still, though, I couldn't bring myself to tell them of my job. They all thought I still worked at a marketing company.

I hardly ever got home much in my 20s. Filming, stripping, escorting, fucking was an everyday, no weekends, no breaks, thing.

When Bella finished college, she moved to LA and stayed with me. I was 26 and had my own house, not far from Killa' D. I can't recall how many times I was tempted to bring her into the porn industry, especially after seeing how ravenous she was with black men.

I'd come home from filming and she'd be riding a black guy on the couch, not stopping to say hi or anything.

I didn't tell her about my job, I couldn't. It was consuming me. I feared it'd do the same to her.

Sometimes, if I wasn't escorting, Bella and I would go clubbing. We'd find a couple black men and

take them home. We'd ride them together.

Sometimes alcohol was involved. Sometimes the men would pass out. Sometimes Bella and I would still be horny. As a result, more secrets that only she and I know were created with each other. Secret nights of passion and love developed between sisters. Perhaps fitting for another story.

I was tested once a week. I was safe. But I was very, very tired.

On my 28 birthday, I worked a bachelor party. I stripped, danced, and flirted with the black men there. It led to a small gang bang of 10.

I got home the next morning and passed out. Bella was asleep in her bed with a black she met somewhere. I wanted to sleep for days but couldn't. I have to be at the studio soon.

White Vixens started shooting girl-on-girl stuff too. I was chosen for it and added that to my job description. Pussy and black cock was all I did for the last two years of my career. By the time I was 30, I needed something different.

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This 20-year-old hotel employee, Dayron, really gave it to me good. He stayed the night with me and because he didn't have work the next day, he stayed all day and another night. He got up the next morning, got dressed for the first time since arriving to my room, and went to work. I went to the beach again. That night Dayron came by at 10pm, when he got off, and stayed once more. He repeated this again, staying in bed with me, endlessly fucking me. Then I had to leave.

I put my bikini back on, grabbed my bag and started walking southbound on the A1A with my thumb out.

Did working in the porn industry burn me out? I think it did. It was nonstop. If I wasn't filming all day, I was escorting and stripping at night. The only vacations, if I could even call it that, were two brothers, buying me for a week over the years. They took me to various tropical resorts. We had sex the whole time, it was great, but again it wasn't a real vacation. I wanted to go someplace where I wasn't paid to fuck. Much like this hitchhiking trip. If I have sex along the way, great, but I'm not working.

I walked a few hours along the beach highway. I heard a car, rap music blaring, roll up behind me, honking the horn.

I turned around and waved. A younger black guy, looked out the window. "Hey yo! Girl you need a ride?"

I laughed internally. "Hi. Yes I do."

"Aight, get in. Where you going?"

"South. Couple hours north of Miami," I told him.

"Damn, yo, that's a long way. Shit. You paying?"

"I can pay for gas," I smiled. I really hoped I wouldn't have to use my Glock.

He shrugged. "Can you pay with something else?" he looked at my boobs.

I nodded, pulling my bikini top aside.

"You read my mother fuckin' mind, bitch. Get in," he said.

I forgot about my gun, and got in.

"Yo, my name's Andre," he shook my head.

"I'm Bea. Thanks for the ride."

"Uh huh. You gonna get to work?" he immediately went for his cock, pulling it out.

"Wow. Sure thing, here's the address," he punched it into his GPS, turned up the rap music, and I went to work sucking that black dick of his.

It took me back to all the parties Killa' D would throw. I'd be fucking him and all his boys. Even Big Rascal and his posse showed up. I'd be bouncing on his dick, while his latest single was blasting through the speakers.

Those were fun times during my porn career, but it was constant. There was no break, no reprieve, constant work.

When I told Killa' D I wanted to retire, he was saddened, but understood. He offered more money, a new car, everything. I had my legs wrapped around him while he slammed his cock into me, telling me what he'd give me to make me stay. Cars, money, clothes, jewelry, all of it wouldn't keep me on. He even offered himself, saying he'd give up all the other white women he slept with in favor of only me.

I said no thanks.

"Negotiations" lasted several days in his bed. My final answer was still no.

At this point, I was 30 years old, Bella had since moved out, living in a nice apartment a few miles away, and I just retired from the porn industry.

There as only one thing I needed to do.

I flew to Florida and lived with Old Man Hoover for the summer.

He was getting on up in years, but I cared for him and everyone else. I never left the trailer park. I was basically a nudist.

I made love to the father of my child every day. He never knew he got me pregnant 12 years earlier.

That time with Hoover made me think of things. I thought about what to do with my life. Could I live a normal life? Could I settle down and get married? Maybe even have a child the right way? I had no idea. But I needed and wanted to try.

I flew back to LA at the end of the summer. I made fun of myself, thinking my colon was stretched out inside me thanks to Hoover's long cock. All that anal sex with him, mmm, it was so amazing.

I had choices to make. I decided to do something that was selfish, horrible, and very poorly thought



out.

I got married.

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"Ah fuck, yeah, baby. You workin' that dick good!" my newest driver, Andre, told me. "I'll drive yo sexy ass anywhere you want."

We were about an hour north of the trailer park. I was naked in the passenger side of Andre's car. I felt so sexy sucking his dick with all that rap music in the background.

Andre pulled into a gas station. "You gonna give me that pussy when we arrive right?"

I turned down the music. "I'll give you this pussy right here, right now."

"Oh shit," he said. "Speaking of which, I need to take one. I'll be right back, bitch."

I laughed, quickly put on my bikini and got out of the car.

"What you doin'?" he asked, a few moments later. I was waiting by the bathroom door behind the gas station. He arrived with the key.

"I told you, right here, right now," I smiled.

"I know, but I gotta -"

"Take a shit. No pun intended, but I don't give a shit," I said.

"It's going to get stank in there," he warned.

I removed my bikini. "I don't give a fuck!"

"Fine. Get on in there. Crazy-ass bitch" Andre unlocked and held the door open for me.

That young, black thug must've felt like a king. He was sitting on a toilet, relaxing, doing his business, while a white woman sucked his cock.

I straddled him next, sitting on his cock while several turds dropped in the toilet. I ignored the smell and used my body for what it does best; giving pleasure to black men.

He sucked my titties while finishing up.

When he was done, I got off him, he wiped, then he turned me around and fucked me over the toilet. We were in there so long an employee had to come check on us.

Andre opened the door, holding his pants up, handing the key to the employee. I was topless, in the process of putting my bikini top back on.

"Hello," I said, walking by the employee.

"My boys will never believe this," Andre said, starting his car, turning the rap music back up.

I put my seatbelt on then put my hand on his thigh as he drove off.

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I met Simon at the gym. I was new there. After returning to LA from my summer with Hoover, I changed a lot of things, simple things. New gym, new friends, and very soon after meeting Simon, new home.

Simone was tall, not body builder muscular, but very toned, and of course, black.

He introduced himself to me. We talked, he gave me his number, and the next night he took me to dinner. I learned he was a doctor

I didn't sleep with him after the first date. I told myself to wait a bit. He was very smart, very hot; I wanted to make a good impression. I didn't want him to think I was a slut. I never told him about my porn career.

I lasted until the third day before I undressed in front of him. He smiled, scooped me up, and took me to bed.

I came hard and fast on him. It'd been around three weeks since I returned from Hoover's. I had no sex in that timeframe. I was very pent up.

He was holding me, playing with me hair, later on. "Have you ever been with a black man, Bea?"

I lied. I looked to his face, running my thumb across his lips and shook my head.

Simon smiled, "You very skilled at, well, everything."

I couldn't tell him. I didn't want to scare him away.

It was hot and heavy for several months. It moved incredibly fast. Simon seemed ok with this, letting me move in with him after only three months of dating.

At the six-month mark, he finished eating out my pussy and climbed on top of me, sliding his cock where his tongue was.

"Bea, will you marry me?" Simon asked.

I answered without thinking.

Six months later, we were naked, rolling around on a moonlit beach in Jamaica. Simon sat up, holding me, kissing my breasts, my neck, my mouth, his cock in deep, while gently waves landed against us. We had a wonderful honeymoon.

One month later, he filled for annulment and kicked me out of his house.

And that was that. That was that. He found out from a friend I did porn. I'm guessing they recognized me. Simon went berserk, calling me a liar, a whore. I sat on the bed, crying, agreeing with him.

I was too afraid to disclose my past with him. I wanted to move on from it. I realize I should have been up front with him as it could've caused a lot of pain, time, heartache to be avoided. Yes, he would've dumped me before it got serious, but at least we wouldn't have gotten married.

I moved in with Bella temporarily. I didn't tell her the reason for the annulment. She consoled me,

but I knew what I really needed. Within a couple hours I booked her and myself a flight to Florida. I took her to meet Hoover. She left a week later, limping and smiling, kissing everyone there goodbye. I stayed for the rest of the summer.

When I returned, I got a job working at an art gallery. I moved out of Bea's to my own place, and focused on myself for the first time in a long time. There were no gang bangs, no random hook ups every night - just me, relaxing, spending time with Bella, and making new, non-porn industry, friends.

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- 10 -

Andre dropped me off at the entrance of Hoover's trailer park. I kissed him goodbye. As he sped off, I removed my bikini and walked naked inside.

There were a group of men in the center of the park. One of them was Hoover's son - a few years older than me. He greeted me, the sight of a naked white woman had no effect on them. It was something they saw often.

"He's in here," his soon motioned me to follow. I took his arm, walking by a few other white women, scattered about, nude, come to pay their respects.

"We couldn't afford a proper funeral. We got him in his trailer, a real nice coffin. That's about all we could afford," his son informed me. I felt so bad for them.

We entered the trailer and there he was, lying still in his casket. As I approached him, I struggled to suppress laughter.

"Um, what's that?" I pointed to Hoover's crotch. I knew what it was, but I could barely contain myself.

"The old man passed away doing what he does best, what his life purpose was - pleasing a white woman," his son told me.

Hoover's erection was bulging out his slacks, laying against his tummy.

"But, um, that?" I pointed to it.

"Heh, yeah," his son nodded. "Thing must've been filled with blood when he passed, heart stopped beating, blood stopped moving around - it stayed right there. They embalmed him and here it is, still hard."

I stopped smiling. "Always ready to please a white lady," I said.

"Yup. Probably at the pearly gates with that thing out and ready to go," his son chuckled.

"May I have a moment alone?" I asked.

"Sure, Bea, we'll be right outside," his son left.

I straightened out Hoover's shirt, adjusted the collar. I thought about the good times the father of my child and I experienced - the Spring Breaks and summers of sex. I whispered a thank you for all the joy he gave me, for allowing me to give birth to a child and give the child to a deserving and

loving family.

I moaned when my hand met his erection. It was hard as a rock. I wanted to say goodbye to not just Hoover, but the instrument of so much pleasure.

I unbuttoned and unzipped his slacks, I pulled up his shirt, and there it was. Hoover's long, straight cock, lay still against him.

I leaned down and placed a kiss on the tip. It was cold as I expected. I kissed it again. The kisses became sensual licks along the shaft. My fingers found my clit, rubbing it while kissed and licked Hoover's cock - one last time. I thought about climbing on top of him and making love to his body, cumming all over his big cock as a final send off. There was movement and talking right outside the trailer. I zipped up his pants, and tucked him back in, my saliva coating his dick.

I exited the trailer and found Hoover's son. We had sex for the rest of the day and on into the night.

Several other white women arrived. It led to an orgy which lasted a few days. The other women left, leaving me alone with them all. The orgy then of course became a gang bang.

All hours of the night, day, I was fucked by those men - just like when I was 18 and there for the first time. It was bittersweet, the second best black cock I've had, right behind Eric, wasn't there. We all felt his absence. None of them could get as deep inside my colon as Hoover. It was still incredible.

A few days later, I put on my bikini. Hoover's son offered to take me to Miami. I'd stay there, relax, visit friends, then prepare to head home to Eric. There we would talk about everything.

Before Hoover's son left, I wired \$100,000 to his bank account. In the bank parking lot, in his car, he thanked me with his cock. I didn't know if it was enough, but I had plenty in savings from my porn career. They could use the money to bury Hoover, maybe fix up the park if need be, get new vehicles, whatever they wanted.

He left and I hit the beach for a little while before checking into the hotel I reserved.

The next day, I did more of the same; laying out, tanning, swimming. I visited a friend in the area, we went out to dinner and so on. It was all very tame compared to the previous stops on my trip.

I called to check on Eric. He really, really missed me. He said he couldn't wait for me to return. I joked with him, saying he only missed my pussy, he got quiet saying that wasn't it.

I knew what he meant. I felt the words on the tip of my tongue, but I didn't say them. Not yet. I was scared, I needed to think. If I was going to enter a serious committed relationship, much less with an 18-year-old, soulmate or not, I had to do it right.

My last night in Miami I decided to go out. I went to night club, in my same yellow dress, tits practically popping out, with the intention of having some drinks, dancing and that's about it. I had no intention of finding someone for sex.

I found someone alright. Someone I hadn't seen since college, 14 years ago. I ran into Reymond.

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- 11 -

He wasn't alone. He was with his wife, the same college professor, that left her husband for

Reymond. She was certainly older, probably pushing 50. But she and him were out there practically dry humping on the dance floor.

Then there was Reymond. Wow, he looked more muscular and better than ever. I stood watching him with his wife, my mouth hung open. Damn, he looked good.

The song ended, they stopped dancing, they walked right by me. I was still dazed by seeing him. I snapped out of it, turned around and tapped on the shoulder.

He didn't recognize me at first. Maybe it was the lighting, my hair, I don't know. "Reymond," I smiled at him.

He smiled back, and erupted in laughter. He hugged me, he and his wife leading me away from the crowd.

"Bea!" he hugged me again. "What are you doing here?"

"Well, I'm just in town, and was bored at my hotel so I came here. Then I saw you!"

"I know! Gosh, look at you!" he beamed.

"Look at you!" I swatted his huge arm. His wife was so very lucky to have a sexy, big black man. I did, for a short while - Simon, but that didn't last.

My mind drifted to Eric next. Perhaps I did have a sexy, big black man all to myself. I simply needed to commit and make it official.

The three of us talked on and on for a couple hours. Reymond never left Miami after college. He and his wife married a year after graduating. I told him I was in LA for a long time and recently moved to Charleston, South Carolina of all places. I told him an older sister has a house there by the beach and invited all of us. I couldn't say no.

I told him I paid my respects to a friend that passed away and was hitchhiking down to do so. He scolded me, saying it was dangerous. We joked about me popping a cap in someone's ass if they tried to hurt me.

Near the end of the evening, his wife leaned over to whisper something to him. "You sure?" Reymond asked her. She nodded and smiled at me.

"Alright," Reymond shrugged. "Bea, she's going to head home. You got any plans? We can go catch up."

"Catch up?" I asked. "I thought we were."

I felt a hand on my on forearm. His wife was staring into my eyes giving me a look as if to say "catch up means something else."

"Um, uh, well, I don't know."

"Bea, if's fine," Reymond leaned over. "We're swingers."

I smiled nervously at her. "Um, alright!"

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"Swingers, huh?" I exited my hotel room, stepping out onto the balcony high up, giving Reymond a glass of champagne I ordered from room service.

"Yes ma'am," He sipped the glass.

"How long?"

"A few years. We've met many wonderful friends. I love her with all my heart, if she meets a nice guy and wants to have fun, she can. If I run into an old friend from high school and college, and I want to have fun, then I can."

I laughed. "You sure she doesn't mind?"

"She doesn't. We were at the club looking for couples or new friends anyway. We were getting ready to leave when you tapped my shoulder."

"I see," I sipped my wine. "it's a very large shoulder, too," I placed my glass down, feeling his huge muscular shoulder over his shirt.

"Thanks."

"I remember when you were a scrawny teenager, you just kept getting bigger and bigger it seems."

"Well, the gym and lots of protein helped," he laughed. "So LA huh?"

"Yep, I worked in marketing," I told the truth, tempted to tell Reymond about my porn career. "Got married, didn't work out."

"Aww, sorry to hear that."

"It's fine. You're still with your wife. So that's good," I said.

"Yeah. It's been difficult at times. Not because of the swinging. I really regret how it happened, but I feel like when two soulmates meet, no matter the circumstance, they'll be together."

"Soulmates," I thought of Eric.

"The good thing is that her ex-husband, moved on, remarried, had kids. Around ten years ago, I found him. I apologized to him," Reymond told me.

"Really? He beat you up? Not that he could, you're massive."

"Nope, no violence. I apologized, told him straight up it was wrong, and I was sorry. By that point he already remarried. He wasn't warm, he didn't shake my hand, but said thanks, it is what it is, that's how fate works sometimes."

"Wow, that was really mature of you."

"Thank you. "You got a new man?" he asked.

"Sort of."

"Heh, sort of?"

"We aren't official. He's young. 18."

"Black?"

"Yep."

"An older, sexy, cougar preying on young black men," he joked.

"I didn't prey on him. I met him and something clicked."

"Maybe he's your soulmate."

"I'm not sure. I've been thinking about it, trying to figure out if we should be official and committed. I don't want to screw things up."

Reymond looked into my eyes, his thumb caressed my cheek, "Still so very beautiful. Mmm, he'd be a lucky young man if you were his."

"Reymond," I blushed.

He tipped my chin and slowly kissed my lips.

"Are you sure your wife is ok with this?" I licked at his full lips.

"Mhmm," he kissed me again, his mouth closing over mine.

I untucked his nice shirt, worked the buttons, and ran my hands over his abs while we kissed.

"Inside," he said.

At the foot of the bed, I watched him slowly remove his shirt, revealing his sexy, dark body. I slowly pulled my dress away from my breasts, sliding it downward. I stepped forward, running a hand over his chest, while the other worked his belt and pants.

"Still never been with a white man? After all these years?" he asked.

"Never," I said. I'm an Afrosexual after all.

Stepping out of his pants, his cock as big as ever, I guided him his back on the bed. I kissed and licked my way up his body. My mouth started at his thighs, then his glorious cock, I licked and kissed his abs, his chest, my breasts sliding across his perfect black body. My mouth found his, his cock found my pussy and we got it on.

Slow, steamy, ongoing sex was had with Reymond - nearly 20 years after our senior prom.

It all moved in slow motion. My moans were longer, his cock slid in and out of me in slow motion, his hand going to my breast, taking it to his mouth all moving so slowly and sensually.

On my back he licked his way down to my pussy. I arched my back, tweaking my nipples when his tongue entered me, gathering up my fluids to taste. Oh fuck, my body turned to liquid.

He gripped my hair from behind me, his cock landing against my g-spot every two seconds. If he made love to his wife like this, she was so incredibly lucky.

Hours later, his hand on my tummy, his cock in deep, my hand raking his abs as he came inside me. He fell on top of me, kissing me so slowly and sensually.

"Your wife," I said, catching my breath. "So very lucky."

"Your man, or sort of man, he's lucky too."

I was asleep in Reymond's arm a little later.

The next morning in the shower, he was holding my tits, kissing my neck while pushing his cock in deep.

"Get home safe. It was great seeing you," he said, hugging me goodbye. I checked out of the hotel and Reymond's wife picked us up. She took me to a car rental place. I didn't want to hitchhike home, I wanted to drive there so I could get to Eric faster.

I was there in my other dress, a simple white one, making out with her husband, Reymond. When our steamy kiss ended, I grabbed and kissed her softly on the lips. "Thank you," I told her for allowing a wonderful reunion with my old lover.

I got in my rental car, waved goodbye to Reymond, his arm around his wife and I drove home.

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- 12 -

I lived in Tampa a bit before moving to Charleston. I loved the idea of me and my sisters living together in a huge beach house.

Of course, meeting Eric made things even better.

I called Bella when I pulled into the subdivision. She and Eric were at the beach. She told me to come get him, she'd have him ready for me.

I got out of my car and sprinted toward the ocean.

Bella and Eric were standing the water. She was in front of him, her arm moving back and forth, presumably jacking him off.

I ran into the water, my dress still on. "Out the way, bitch!" I pushed my sister away and jumped in Eric's arms, kissing him like crazy.

"Hey! Fuck you, bitch!" Bella called out to me.

Eric hoisted me up and threw me over his shoulder, carrying me toward the house. I blew a smiling Bella a kiss.

We fucked in the doorway, we fucked in the living room, on the couch, on the floor, we fucked on the dining room table, we fucked while going up the stairs, finally, we fucked on and on and on in my bed.

We forgot to eat dinner. He missed several calls from his parents. I nearly passed out from climaxing so much. When he had to pee, he scooped me up, took me to the shower, slid his cock out of me and peed all over me. I turned the shower on, got back in his arms, and we kept fucking.

He called his parents back, telling them he was fine, that he lost track of time playing video games at a friend's. He told them he was invited to stay the night, they said that was fine. We kept on fucking.

Night fell, hours past, midnight arrived, the moon made its way across the sky. We kept fucking.

Dawn arrived. We climaxed in each other's arms. I rolled off him, a soaking wet, sweaty mess, unable to speak or move.

He had a tiny amount of strength left. Just enough to tell me something. In a quiet whisper in my ear Eric said, "I love you."

I could've cried, but was too exhausted. I used the last bit of energy in me to smile and close my eyes.

Here I am, the next day. Eric went home, hung out with his parents after a few hour nap, yadda yadda yadda, he snuck back over here last night.

We didn't have sex all night. We couldn't; too sore and tired from the previous night. We took our time, took it slow, licked everywhere, every inch of one another, and we talked. We talked a lot.

Naked, in his arms, I told him I loved him too. I told him about high school, college, Hoover, having a child, moving to LA. I told him all about my hitchhiking trip. Then I told him I was a porn star for seven, long years. He laughed, saying that was awesome.

"No wonder, you so good working my dick, girl!" He laughed and squeezed me tight. I thought it was because he was a young, 18-year-old, that thought the idea of being with a former porn star was cool. Either way, he was fine with it.

I told him almost all of my secrets. Except one, the one only Bella and I share. Maybe in due time, in the midst of a passionate threeway perhaps, her and I worshipping his body, it'd slip out. Maybe he'd be able to figure out that her and I are very close indeed.

Then we got serious. I told him I loved him again. He said he considered not going to college, just moving in with me. I advised against that, saying I'd visit him often. We talked about our feelings, how we felt a soulmate connection.

Losing my virginity to Reymond, Marquis being my high school sweetheart and dumping me, meeting Hoover and the entire trailer park - none were as good as Eric.

My first boss, Jerome, in LA, Big Rascal and all his boys, all the pro athletes I escorted and of course, Killa' D and the countless porn stars I worked with - none were as great as Eric.

Even my ex-husband Simon, along with the recent sexual encounters. Camping with Willie, the five-day Dayron fuck fest in Jacksonville, big dick thug, Andre - none were as perfect as Eric.

I'm sitting on top of Eric now, tickling him awake. He opens his eyes and smiles at me. I lean down, lovingly looking to his face, my breasts mashing against his chest. It's the face of a man I'm in love with, who I want to be with, who I want to belong to, hopefully forever.

I notice his ears are the same shape as mine. His eyes look a little like mine too. His chin and jawline

look like something I've seen before – perhaps on an Uncle long ago.

I kiss his lips. Is he my long lost child I gave up for adoption? Am I his mother? Did I just so happen to move here, meet him, and become romantically involved with the grown child Hoover gave me at age 18?

I am 36 now, 18 years older than Eric. I giggle, kissing his lips over and over. He sits up, kissing me harder, holding me.

If Eric is my son, I don't care.

The End