

Black Alley -

A Slut wife's Revenge Tale v3

By Kyng Kooba



Illustrated by: Fobbs



She had spent the biggest part of the afternoon getting ready for her big night out. A night that she would never forget. She hadn't done anything like THIS before. Indeed the woman looking back at her in the mirror was distance from the respectable and upmarket lady that spent her days showing foreign businessmen company hospitality. Kathy's hands were trembling as she lit a cigarette and let the events of the last 24 hours run through her mind.

Folding her arms across her chest the wedding photo on the dresser top caught her eye. Paul. The no-good husband she was going to get back at. The cigarette made her feel calmer and she considered her plan. Kathy was getting fucked tonight and somehow Paul would know about it.



Without a word she took the wedding photo and laid it face down. Somehow her mother's warning that Paul was a lady's man rung in her head. Had she not seen this coming? They had never had kids. Maybe it would have been better if they had. Provided some support may be or a connection between them? Anyway, this would be the last thing he'd expect of her.



After correcting her makeup one more time Kathy took a last stand in the mirror. Somehow the face of Paul's younger, teenage mistress came back at her through the glass. Blue eyes and long blonde hair. An 18 year old body that was tight and slim. Kathy too looked after her figure and had a great body. A wonder any man would cheat on her. Her legs were smooth and shapely with rounded, toned thighs. Lifted on a pair of tall black, high-heel shoes. While her firm, full breasts remained as eye-catching as ever with round, flat nipples that showing very slightly through the thin material of her dress. It was an outfit bought for the occasion. Certain to attract all the wrong kinds of attention. She couldn't go out like this could she? What if anyone she knew saw her? With steely resolve Kathy put out the cigarette. No, Paul was going to pay.



The horn of the taxi broke her momentary daze and with a deep breath Kathy collected her coat and went downstairs. She was ready. Leaving the lights in the hall on she cast a last, lonely look into the house and shut the door behind her.

Just into town please.



Where too lady?

The driver asked as she got in. He was an Indian man of mid forties.

Outside it was almost dark. The biting cold blowing right through her coat and meeting her skin full on Kathy stumbled back, shivering, gritting her teeth and making for the taxi.



As they drove she thought of her husband and his new whore. It just didn't seem right and feeling guilt Kathy took her mobile from her handbag and checked for messages. There were none. Why would there be? Clearly her husband didn't care what she did. If he could fuck around then so could she! She only hoped she was as good at cheating.



Heavy growth around his chin. Moving the rear view mirror until it gave him a satisfactory view of his fare. Kathy pushed back her hair and looked up. The driver's eyes were smug and liked what they saw.

Clearing her head Kathy held back the tears once more, choosing instead to follow the young people through the dirty cab window. Dressed up in their finest as they made their way into town.



She knew it wouldn't be hard for her. A good looking woman always got what she wanted in this town. Particularly one with her tits on full show and a wedding ring on her finger.

Putting her phone away Kathy checked once again the £500 she had taken from the safe.



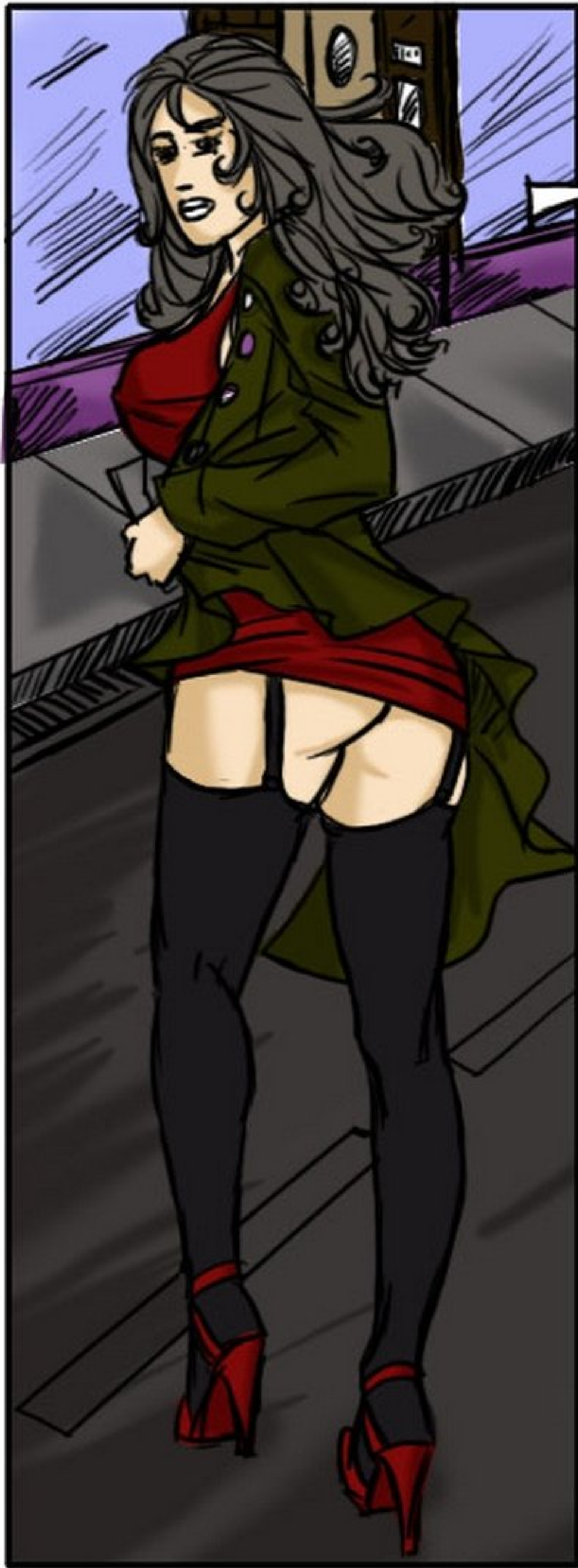
The crisp excessive notes stashed in her purse.



The drivers, smug eyes remained fixed on her cleavage. Clearly he felt he could look where he wanted. It was time to get started.



The sound of town at night was something Kathy was unused too. Paul didn't take her out as often as he once did. Then he had a new plaything to entertain him.



After paying the driver she huddled her coat around her body and realised she had no real idea where to start. It was still early for the clubs and pubs to be in full swing. Thankfully few had queues and crossing the road she headed towards the nearest and most safe looking place.



Pounding throbs of music came from within. She remembered her teenage days when she and friends used to go out together. Happy, carefree, dancing around their handbags. Rain was falling lightly in a faint drizzle and Kathy was glad to get under cover. The doormen both grinned as she approached, her high heels tapping on the pavement. Flashing a curt smile they opened the door and in she went.



A short time later Kathy was sitting by a polished wooden table at the rear of a lively bar. Her fourth Bacardi and Coke stood in front of her and she was feeling comfortable with herself. In fact, maybe it was the alcohol but she was enjoying being there. The dance music became oddly soothing over time. Reminding her again of how long it had been since Paul had taken her out anywhere. How could she have become so out of touch? She was still a young woman. The bar was around half full and looking around she was one of the only single people there



A group of women, probably an office party where having a celebration of some kind. Girls dressed in skimpy clothes and enjoying the attention being lavished on them by a horny eyed group of young men in their early twenties. Kathy lit a cigarette, wondering if her husband had any hint what she was planning. Probably not and deep down she wondered if even now, she would be able to go through with it. If she was going to do this she needed to act and began wishing she had sat at the bar. A shriek from the office party made her jump. Her heart pounding. She had to act. She had too.

With a deep breath Kathy checked her watch and slid off her coat. Feeling exposed but pleasurably so as she folded it beside her. She lit a cigarette and crossed her legs, feeling the fabric slide up her thighs another inch. It was quite exciting to be dressed in public like a whore.



Almost immediately one of the young men noticed and pointed her out to his friends. Kathy looked away, feeling like a piece of meat but enjoying the sudden attention as the fingers jabbed and the eyes leered.

The first to make eye contact was around 25 by Kathy's guess. Standing out from the rest of his group he was well built, muscular and wearing a tight shirt that showed it off. Kathy liked that. Confi-

As she reached for her drink her hand was trembling again. Nervously she re-crossed her legs, closed her eyes and tried to focus.

She was not wearing any underwear and that alone reminded her of what her mother used to warn about certain types of women. The attention from the young men grew. Mainly because it was clear this single, lone female was seemingly eager to show off her body.

He was full of it, even letting his eyes drop willingly to her cleavage as he held her eye. Letting her know just how interested he was

If only Paul could see her now. She smiled as his eyes fell again. A sudden wave of satisfaction in that she still easily pull a young stud.





Eventually the young man came walking over. Egged on by his friends.

Can I buy you a drink.

Sure

You look like you could use some company tonight.

Are you always this forward with women?

I'm sure I am.



Nerves seeming to evaporate as her cold determination took over. She would make Paul pay all right. There was no doubt about it and if the confident young man kept this up he would be getting lucky in no time.



Kathy flirted as best she could. A little drunkenly as the man sat beside her.

She wasn't used to the drink and he took every opportunity to look down her dress and beneath the table to her legs at regular intervals.

Soon the young lad, whose name was Mark asked her to join his friends at the bigger table. Laughing and eager to go along Kathy agreed. She wanted to be one of the crowd.



Her legs wobbled as she stood, laughing and spilling her drink as Mark led her over.

Horny, intoxicated looks from the group. All eyeing the very short dress as the sexy woman in front of them crossed her long legs and downed another B&C.



In no time Kathy was asked for a kiss. She agreed. Pleased as the man assuredly put a hand on her neat waist and delivered it with style.

You have a place near here?

he whispered under the noise of the bar.

Wouldn't you rather take me home with you tonight?

she replied. Worried that Paul may come home and disturb them. She couldn't be sure he would stay away all night.

'I promise it'll be worth your while'.

Another followed. More urgent. Almost without knowing Kathy was kissing him hard. Her arms around his neck.

As if to pressure him Kathy began discreetly rubbing her hand against the bulge in the young mans trousers.





It was raining harder by then. The bar had closed and people were drifting home. Once outside he was all over her. Though by now our heroine was well in the mood. Kathy turned discreetly away from the crowd of people leaving. She stood with her hands on her hips. Smiling as she let him fondle her tits through her dress.



His car was across the road. She felt a surge of satisfaction and surprise as he led her to the Porsche.

'It's brand new'

He boasted seeing how impressed she was with the sports-car. With a smile, Kathy slid into the leather seat. Crossing her smooth legs as the man got in beside her.

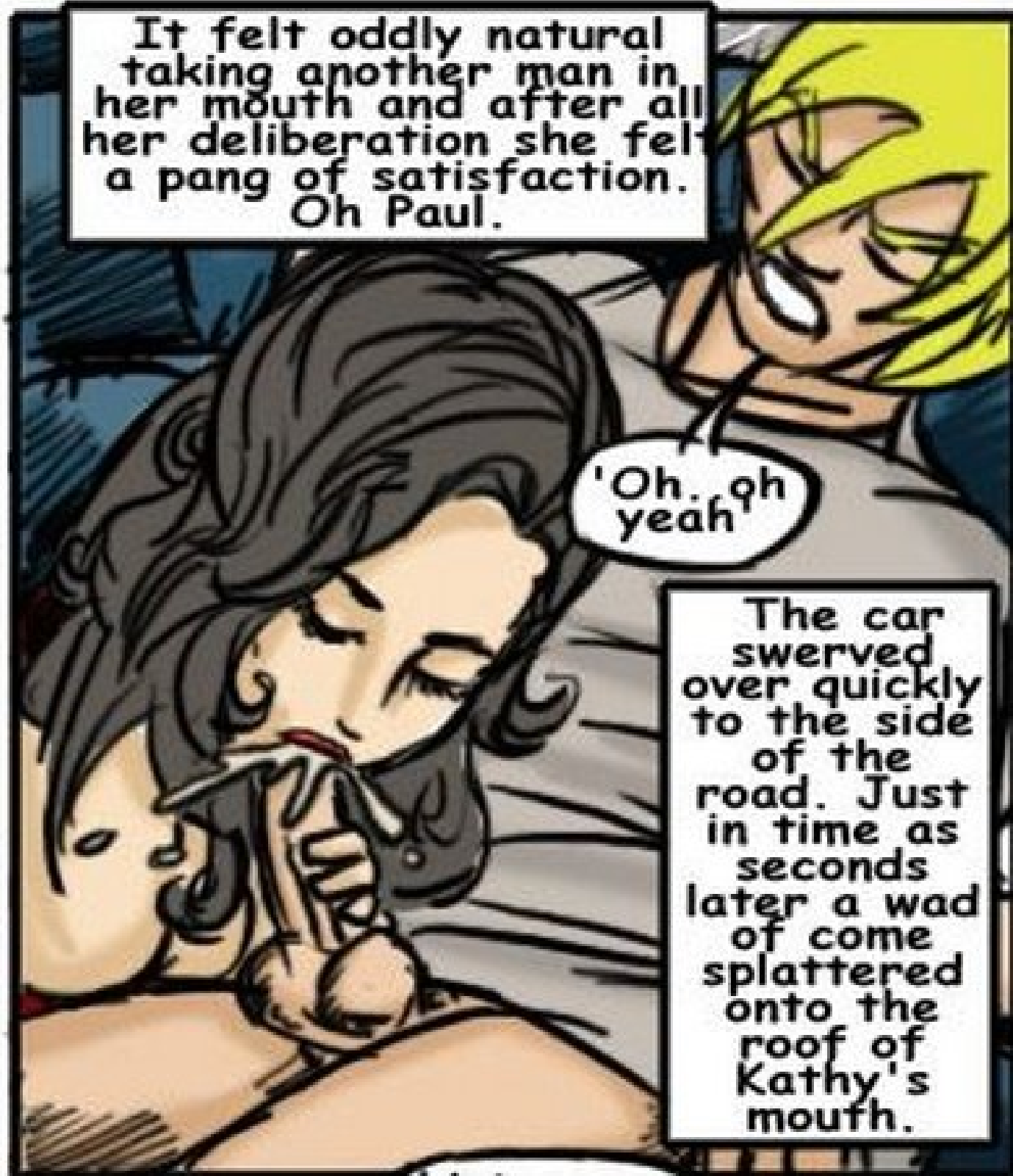


'I can't wait to see your place'

She said seductively and reaching out to touch his shoulder. The man glanced at her. Awkwardly for the first time. Then shaking his head.



Mark grinned from ear to ear as Kathy's head bobbed in his lap. She had been sucking his dick from almost the moment they had set off.



It felt oddly natural taking another man in her mouth and after all her deliberation she felt a pang of satisfaction. Oh Paul.

'Oh, oh yeah'

The car swerved over quickly to the side of the road. Just in time as seconds later a wad of come splattered onto the roof of Kathy's mouth.



She waited until he had finished then turned, opened the car door and spat onto the street. When she turned back Mark wasn't grinning in the way she had hoped.



Listen, we can't go to my place.

What do you mean?

I mean...my fiancée. She's there. I...I don't want any trouble.

The temper that had threatened to boil over all night was at breaking point. This cruel, dismissive news had her wide-eyed



How dare you! Don't you think you should have mentioned it before?

You got your dick sucked first didn't you!

Look. I'll drop you off at a taxi rank'.

A taxi rank



Kathy's voice was raised. Hurt and infuriated. With all the anger she felt at her cheating husband and now this man had seen her as just a quick blow. Well this was one he wasn't going to get. She opened the door and got out. The car engine already revving up at she slammed it behind her. Watching as the car disappeared into the night



Kathy stood watching it for some moments. Her chest pounding. Rising and falling with each angry breath. She was in the middle of a long, deserted street late at night. Litter blew about in the road, piled against the houses. All of which were devoid of lights and boarded up. Checking her watch it was past 1'o clock. All of a sudden she realised she'd left her coat in the mans car. Damn. For the first time that night Kathy felt real anxiety. A sudden gust of icy wind blew harshly between her legs making her totter backwards. In her short dress she knew she stood out like a sore thumb and this certainly wasn't the best part of town for a woman to be out alone. Her diamonds around her neck and over £450 in her purse. He couldn't have left her in a worse place. Kathy cursed. The nearby lamp flickered in response. She could hardly see a thing yet took her mobile phone from her bag. Maybe Michele (a close friend) would come and pick her up? If she was at home.



The batteries to her phone where dead.



The batteries to her phone where dead. Typical. Kathy began walking, her high heels tapping and echoing in the street. There was no one around; not even a passing car that she could flag down. Feeling the failure of the night thus far she strode purposefully for ten minutes or so, breasts proudly bobbing in her sodden dress in the hope of finding a Taxi rank. In no time she was frozen, shivering and growing more and more afraid. Even the thought of calling her husband and the humiliation of having Paul come for her was there. That would mean a cruel defeat and she knew it. If only she could find a phone.



HEY LADY!

came the shout. Cutting through the night air the voice was heavy and greased with a thick, foreign accent. Kathy did not look at first. She froze on the spot.



There on the corner to the side of her were two figures. One taller than the other but obviously both male. Shrouded in the darkness and wrapped up in thick coats. They where both looking right at her, silhouetted against the skyline.



WHOO HOO
HEY BABE

Mmm that's a
fine white ass
baby

She didn't wait. Turning her back on the men she started walking, head down. The tapping of her high heels on the wet pavement becoming faster and faster, stumbling as she gasped. Behind her the catcalls came. Growing nearer all the time.

In her time Kathy had taken plenty of such banter. Though none had ever scared her as much. Perhaps it was the loneliness she felt or the desolation of the streets. Maybe even the tone or the rough edge to the men's accents. Kathy's heart fluttered as she strode on, stumbling on the cracked pavement. What a night this was turning into. She hardly dared look back as she was sure the men were following her. Panic. As she glanced over her shoulder she caught sight of the two men. They where indeed behind her but walking slowly. Knowing she couldn't get away. She was almost running. Considering abandoning her high heels as they 'tap, tapped' pathetically on the cold floor. Her whole body throbbing as she waited for a hand touching her shoulder.



Hey lady

came the voice.

No so fast huh? We jus wna talk to

Kathy stiffened as she herd it and felt a chill run down her spine. She carried on.

Hey... no so fast huh?'

he repeated. African, maybe Jamaican. His voice betrayed how out of breath he sounded himself. Obviously not very fit. Suddenly Kathy realised the truth. She couldn't possibly hope to outrun them. Besides where was she going? She stopped.



Taking several deep breaths before turning looking back. At first she couldn't see anyone; no two men and for some moments she stood, breathing heavily and looking around the deserted street. They couldn't have just vanished

Who... who's there!



she called out sounding more confident that she felt. For a moment there was no reply. Kathy squeezed her hands together. Then across the road were a broken down shop front stood, a face came from the dark.

We no hurt you lady

it grinned. There came a laugh.

Come over here. We jus' wan' talk and av' a look at you'.

The accent was definitely Jamaican. Kathy and Paul had taken a holiday there shortly after their engagement. Suddenly as if on cue the rain started again, falling onto her bare shoulders.

'Don't be scared'

'That it baby... lets have a look at you...'

'Can you help me?' Kathy shivered. 'I just need to find a phone'

'It warm in here. We have a fire goin'

the voice was smooth. There was something in it that Kathy trusted. She had too.

It was so quiet. Completely dark and deserted.

Slowly she stepped up the curb. Walking up to the dark shop front. Taking a deep breath she stepped into the shadows.

Kathy looked up at the dark sky. The raindrops felt cold as they hit her, running down the back of her dress and legs. She bit her lip and swallowed hard, hands making fists as she walked very slowly across the street towards the shop front.

Dat wasn't so hard was it now?'

the man asked as casually as anything. There was more to it than that. Kathy saw him grin and cast a look over her body. Running his tongue over his lips as his gaze hung on her breasts. Somehow, somehow she enjoyed it. Just for a second.

The men exchanged a look. The heat from the fire began to meet her skin at last.

Look Do you think you could show me where I can get a taxi. Or where there's a phone'

Come closer to the fire' he said. 'Den we can ave' a look at you'

Kathy swallowed dryly. The alcohol was still in her system, maybe effecting her judgement.



You
always
talk so
lady?

We no
gonna
hurt
you'..

Relaxing
his look.
Running
his eyes
up and
down her
body.

As the two
dark men
watched she
moved
towards the
flames.
Appreciative
of the heat
as they
admired her.
It made her
feel wrong
somehow.
Deliciously
wrong.

Just....

She began.
Cut off
again as the
man raised
his finger to
a silencing
point.



..she
realised
her dress
was prac-
tically see
through.

Kathy
shifte
d on
her
high
heels
then
looking
down
at
hersel
f for
the
first
time
in
the
light
of the
fire..



The
firm
shape of
her
breasts
pushing
through
the wet
fabric,
outlining
the
round
flat
shape of
her
nipples.
Gasping
in sur-
prise
she
folded
her
arms
over her
ample
chest.
The men
grinned
to each
other.



For a few moments no-one spoke and Kathy's mind spun her many directions, unknowing of how far this bizarre night may still take her.

That man no good fo' ye' husband

It took a moment for her to realise he meant the man from the bar. Mark. They must have seen the incident at the car which meant they had been following her a while.

He wasn't my husband ...

she replied. Opposite her the man smiled broadly and winked at his friend.



Yo husband let you go out dressed like dis? Dat your wedding ring no? Don't lie to me baby'

Now why don't you tell us yo' name baby'

'Kathy' came her soft answer.

Kathy looked down at the band of gold around her finger and back to the eager black face staring back at her. He gave her a knowing look and several of his teeth were gold. He was at least ten years older than her and his maturity showed. Kathy looked at him then to the younger silent man and nodded in defeat.



'Ray' replied the man, 'and this is Danny. You mus' wan to get back at him bad. Yo' husband?'

Again, his eyes fell from her face to her neck where the row of diamonds sparkled.



Kathy swallowed and suddenly she realised that 'this was it! A opportunity to get back at her cheating hubby. She looked at Ray then Danny, two unfortunate but very handsome men. Everyone knew how black males were supposedly 'better equipped' than their white counterparts. Paul would be horrified.

This whole situation was getting to her. Her pulse still racing and she couldn't believe two homeless black men were turning her on. Being alone with these total strangers was just so raw and emotional.



She knew what Paul said about black immigrants. How they contributed nothing and took everything. Kathy let her arms slip down and this time allowed both men a good look which they gladly took.



Ray stepped forward. His hands in his pockets. He kept his grin, running his up and down Kathy's body. Like he couldn't get enough.

'See' he said scratching his chin. Me and Danny were thinking...

Yes?

Maybe that we could give you what he in da' car couldn't?

Kathy clasped her hands. Her eyes moving between the two horny black men. It couldn't be a coincidence. It couldn't. She felt sure they weren't going to force her into anything. The way they both looked at her.



Everything was too much. Reached behind her neck she unclipped the gems and held them out.

'Here, you have them'

Ray glanced at Danny. In surprise more than anything. Then took the jewels and slipped them into his pocket. A long smile spread on his face





'I... I have some cash'

she continued, reaching into her purse. She realised her hands were trembling as she took out the money.



'Dats real kind Kathy'

Ray said. He took the money without question.

'You a real nice, wealthy, white lady huh?'

A sudden wind made her shiver.



'You got anyfin' else belong to him?'

It was obvious even now that that both these men could give her exactly what she wanted. Kathy felt herself go dizzy.



'There is one other thing'

As the words left her lips Ray moved closer. It was dark but she saw him step towards her. Even letting herself sigh with anticipation as his hand touched her breast.

His hold was firm, eager and he squeezed. Her heart racing Kathy turned to face him. Ray accepting the invitation and moving quickly to feel her other breast.

His black hand touched and rubbed, feeling her nipples and switching between them. Part of it was the cold and the thrill of what she was doing. All this was so unreal.

She looked up to see the young man Danny smiling. He hadn't said a word. Didn't need to.



Kathy felt herself returning it. It was uncontrollable and she felt Ray's hand slide over her ass and neatly under the hem of her dress. She was going to get fucked by both these men. She knew it now and the most amazing part was that she wanted them too. As if finalising the unspoken deal Danny appeared beside her.

He was equal in height and despite the dark Kathy could feel how young and strong he was. His hand brushed her inside thigh, fingers tracing up and down against her skin. Caressing. So hard and rough. As he touched her Kathy gasped out loud. Ray was still moving between her breasts but Danny hand was more steady. Roaming over her belly, ass and hips. It was all too much.

He was big and erect, pulsing in her hand. Easily 8" of thick black cock. She had never held such a powerful dick before in her life and for a moment she was overcome.



Kathy ran her fingers up and down the length enjoying how it reacted to her graceful touch.

'Yea baby' 'Lets see how well a nice married lady sucks dick yea?'



Kathy squatted down on the floor. Her high heels scratching against the dirt as she unzipped Ray's flies.

Breathlessly, energetically, she reached in, found the hard of Ray's cock and pulled him out.

Inches from her face and standing up to attention. She felt so excited.



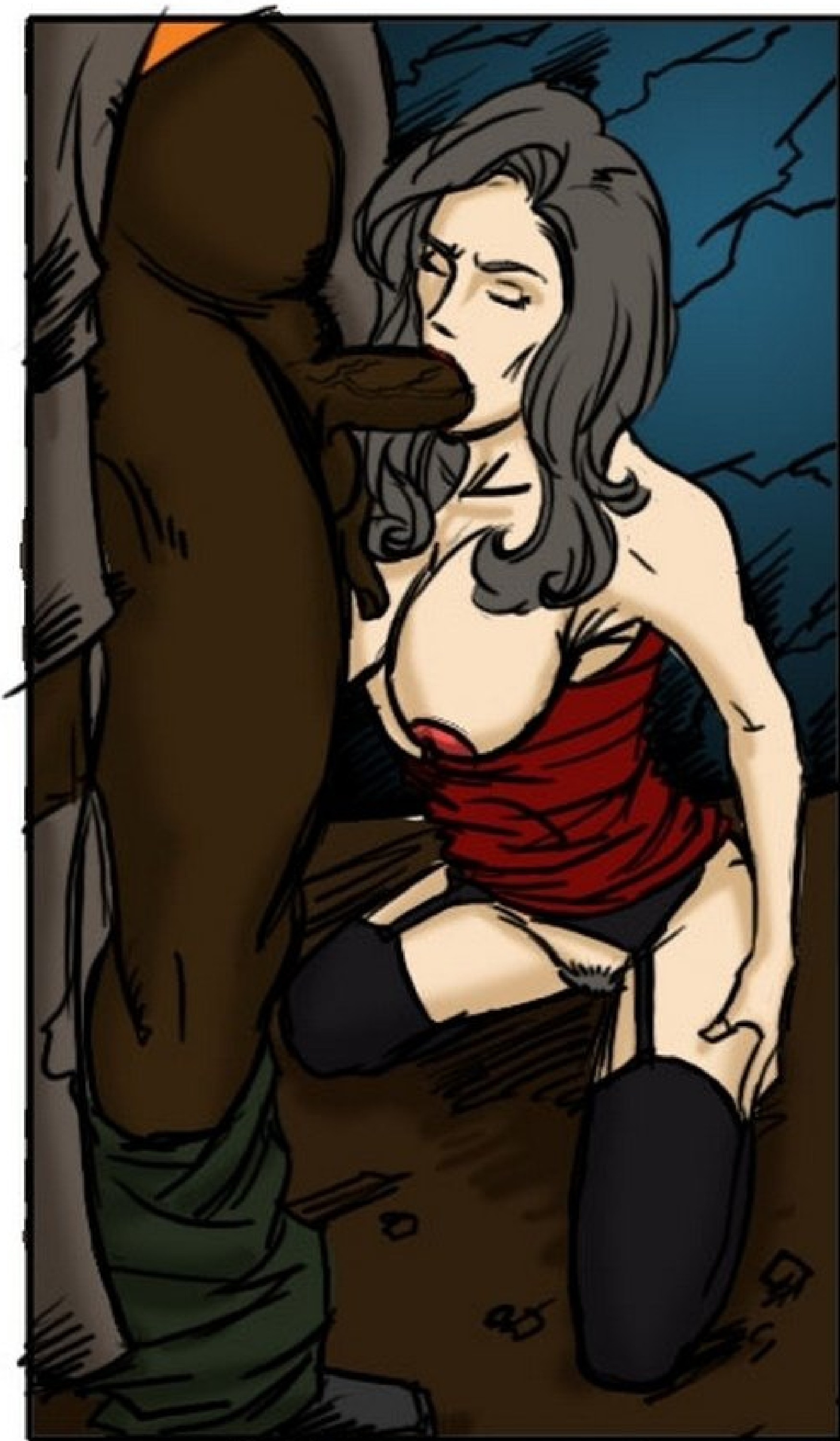
Ray stiffened as she rolled her mouth down over him. Gently taking him in, feeling him tense then slid back.

The man gasped as she bobbed her head.



'Oh...oh yea...shit das good baby'.

Her mouth rolling and chewing the head of his cock as he gasped in satisfaction.



Rays hand reached down. Fondling Kathy's tits as she blew him. This was going to make some story, though she could never tell her friends about it. Not even Sandra. She wouldn't understand. The man had her around the head. Fucking her mouth as she sucked.



'Yea suck dat you bitch... yea' Ray gasped.

Rays hand reached down. FonHis enormous cock meeting the back of her tight throat and bringing tears to her eyes. Her hair jerking as he pumped his dick in and out. Treating her like a true white whore. Kathy coughed, spittle dripping from her chin and running down his black length.

'Damn baby,
You sure you
never suck a
black man's
cock before?'

Kathy
shook her
head and
smiled. It
was true.

His voice was tense
and she recognised
the change in tone.
Stepping after him
tentatively, wary
of the bricks and
debris on the
ground. A cold lash
of rain blew from
the street making
her glad she was at
least indoors.
Kathy shuddered
and folded her
arms over herself.

'C'mon
I
gotta
fuck
you'.

Her lips felt warm
and throbbed, the
taste of Ray still in
her mouth. As she
followed him back
into the building
she knew there was
no turning back.
This was it. A
second light sud-
denly appeared in
the corner and
Kathy turned to
see Danny holding a
lamp. Beside her
Ray was grinning.
In the new light he
was older than
first thought,
perhaps mid
forties. Narrow
build with his big
black dick hanging
out of his trousers.
He had a light in
his eyes as they
ran over her body.
Enjoying the atten-
tion and need of
his look Kathy out
her hands on her
hips.



Man, you
some hot
white
woman,
Kathy!

he said with a
drawn out sigh.

I'm
gonna
fuck you
first ok,
'Loosen
ya up
fo'
Danny'

The
young
man
smiled
and
Kathy
threw
him a
casual
glance.
Seeing
her reac-
tion Ray
laughed
out loud.

'Oh
yeph.
He's a
real big
dick,
'Show
her
man'

Despite
the lamp it
was still
dark.
Water was
dripping
from the
ceiling and
looking
around it
was clear
that this
was where
both men
where
squatting.
On the
floor was a
pile on
boxes and
papers and
along the
wall a
settee
with some
of the
springs
bursting
out.

Kathy watched, trying to
control herself as Danny
unzipped his pants. She felt
her mouth almost drop as he
pulled himself out.

Even in the dark, Danny was
clearly huge. Hanging, thick and
black out in front of her. The head
a bulbous round tip. She looked at
it and thought of Paul. Had she
forgotten her husband. When she
snapped back Ray was touching her
shoulder. Both men looked ready
and where waiting for her to take
her dress off.

Kathy smiled and slid the garment effortlessly down over her arms. Peeling it off her breasts and down to her waist. Putting her hands on her hips the outfit slid to the floor.

The pile of boxes felt damp beneath her but supportive. Kathy opened her legs as Ray quickly let his pants fall down, grimacing as he climbed onto her.

Both men's eyes were below neck level. Getting an eyeful. Their look made Kathy quiver. She was naked now, except for the high heels.

Danny leant against the wall, grinning and watching.

Missing with his first thrust Ray paused and found the spot on his second. Kathy felt a sudden sensation of panic, holding this stranger around the waist. She felt her pussy part and the hard fullness of Ray's cock penetrate her.

With a happy grunt he forced his cock into her body. He was big and Kathy started to stretch immediately, feeling the force of his impatient cock spread her. Gasping, her fingers now tight on the boxes he working his dick up inside with gentle shunts.

The tightness had him gasping too but Kathy was gushing all over him. She rested a hand on his back, struggling not to spill out in a wave of sobs and groans. The big black cock drew back and drove upwards, fucking her into the boxes. Shutting her eyes tight

she gasped out at last as Rays dick pulled back then drove in. Again and again as it drilled her. Deep down she couldn't believe this was happening but Ray felt so big. So long and deep and her body so full.

'Damn yea'

'Ohh... yes... oh my God!'

In no time he was bounding up and down furiously between her legs. His urgency bringing tears to her eyes. It had been a long time since she had

'Damn she tight man.
'Fuck yea..'



Kathy gripped the box's beneath her, her ass being thrust against them on his impatient strokes.

Ray added breathlessly, bringing his hips back and forth. His hot breath met her face on each thrust, fast and aggressive. It was obvious that he was out of shape. Kathy could hardly believe it as she came, her body jerking inside and soaking the homeless black man's big dick. She hadn't had an orgasm for nearly a year and now the pressure of his balls pressing and swinging between her legs was too much.

'Shit'

'Don't stop'



she willed, coming again, her voice a dull soft croak. Ray lifted himself to his arms, his hand on her shoulder. Firm and tight to keep her still as he pounded her to a finish.

'Yea...yea...
fucking white
ho....fuck...'

Kathy's eyes, watered, fluttering over his shoulder to where the silhouette of Danny stood watching. She felt so full. So very full of hard black cock.

'Shit
I'm gonna
cum...
Oh
yeah...'

Kathy's breasts bounced and slapped together as she got it. So very wet. With a series of gasps Ray lurched forward his dick stiffening in her cunt and his leathery balls tightening in a series of spasms.





It seemed to take forever but she didn't mind. Kathy was breathless after such a superior fucking. Gently, he tugged himself free and got too his feet.

Taking a moment Kathy opened her eyes, her chest fluttering. Was she really doing this? Feeling stretched and warm between her legs she slowly her eyes moved to where Danny stood.



Gasping, still trembling from her last orgasm. The sticky warm feeling inside her a reminder of what Ray had just put there. Danny's cock was already hard and the look of youthful eagerness in his eyes.

'So. Ok
for dis
Kathy?'

'Yes,
yes'

'Be careful
wi' her man.
She tight'

Kathy ran her tongue over her lips and reached up to trace a line along Danny's arm. He showed more conviction, roughly pinning her legs apart. Kathy sighed. She liked confidence after all and now she was quite helpless beneath him.

The helmet of his cock tracing a line along her soaked pussy crack. Again she grimaced as he pushed, forcing her apart. Though this time it was far more of a squeeze.

Kathy's mouth fell open as his cock pressed slowly into her. It was painful but the feeling of him pushing up between her legs had her coming again in seconds.

She heard him gasp. The young man fucked her slowly. He felt huge, his strong arms behind her knees. The shoes that had cost £200 hanging in the air and jerking back on each thrust. She was going to come again. The depth of him was staggering. The stiffness of his dick routing her belly.

There was admiration. Appreciation of a beautiful woman in his face. He speeded on, feeling her loosening around him with each stroke. Kathy's eyes tuned upward as she reached her third orgasm.

'No..
dont
stop'

'Yes...
oh yes'

Feeling his heavy balls sliding back and squashing against her. Again and again. She could hardly feel her legs as Ray expertly manoeuvring her wedding ring from his finger. Examining it briefly and slipping it into his pocket.

Kathy was helpless. Though she wouldn't have stopped him. Even as he rifled through her handbag. It didn't matter. Danny's face hung over her. His strong hips thrusting on.

'Hey Kathy' 'Think it's a bit late for these no?' 'Hey man, how' it feel fuckin' yo' first white bitch?

'Oh fuck me... fuck me..'

'Gonna cum'

Danny gasped reaching up and fondling her beautiful tits. Kathy felt his big cock stiffen in her pussy. The warm rush as he was coming inside her.

It felt hot. Warm in her cunt as he delivered the last few strokes. The young man gave her breasts a feel as he stood. Gently tugging his slippery cock from her body.

Kathy reached down to touch herself. Her finger greasy and wet. He had left a hole in her. His cum slowly running back down her. She had never felt anything like it.

Almost dazed she sat up onto her elbows. Ray appeared over her. Without a word he pushed his cock in. After Danny it didn't feel anywhere near as big and Kathy smiled as she began jerking back on Rays fast strokes. Perhaps it was the feeling of being used. Like a whore that Kathy enjoyed.

'That's it, yeah'

'Turn on yo knees bitch'

Kathy knew better than to argue.

Grinning although his gaze was tinged with aggression. He hadn't come but the wetness on his dick showed even in the dark of the shop. The sweat on his forehead. Kathy didn't resist. He pushed in and out effortlessly.

Slowly, gently she rolled and did as she was told. Looking into the damp boxes as Ray's hand touched her ass, 'Yeah.. he groaned sliding himself up from behind. In and out he fucked.



Kathy's breasts moving with him. Shifting her knees wider she felt his balls smacking and slapping against her. Ray didn't finish. He pulled out letting his young friend take the brunette from behind



'Yeah she like dat black dick man'.



Kathy grit her teeth listening to Ray's taunts. Danny's big cock squeezing up from behind. Occasional and desperate groans erupting from her mouth.



Later. Satisfied. The men tucked themselves away as Kathy put on her dress. She felt weak. Almost doubled over from Danny's size.



Together the men led her up the road, legs feeling numb now they were together again. A taxi rank was indeed nearby and as they walked Kathy told them about her husband.

On the way they passed a cash-point and before parting company she stopped and withdrew as much as she could, handing it to the two men.

She knew that there was no turning back. The door was open now and the married white slut in her was going to need regular black cock.



'Now baby'

where Ray's last words.

'You gonna call us?'

'Yes'

she replied. Feeling good about herself as the man returned her mobile with a grin.

Kathy sat in the Taxi on the way home. She felt wonderful and a little sad. Sad that she'd never been so perfectly fucked before, in the way Danny and Ray had that night. Her mind wandered as the car sped the streets, wishing that she'd invited them both back with her.



There would have been several things at the house they could have had and several things they could have given her. Well, she would have to wait for that last part. Her life was really going to change now for the better.

THE END