

# ***R-E-S-P-E-C-T!***

Written By **Melissa Miranti**

Concept by **Devin Dickie**

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**\*\*\*DEVIN DICKIE NOTE\*\*\***

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# ***R-E-S-P-E-C-T!***

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“I hate my fudging job,” Tiffany said, nearly melting as she came in the door. It was times like these she was almost frustrated enough to curse. Almost.

“What happened?” Kelley asked from the next room.

Tiffany dragged herself to her feet, going into the living room to see Kelley sitting there, a small stack of old comics in front of him, with one open to a specific page. He was scrolling on his

phone, obviously looking for something, so he didn't bother looking up to see her enter. Tiffany flopped herself onto a chair across the room, her long black hair falling across her face as if trying to annoy her further.

"You know how the colleges are going to re-open soon, but it's still warm? My boss wanted us to put together these big displays out front of the store so he could, like, see how they looked," Tiffany said. "Then he told us to put it together in all these different ways, and at the end of the day, he just fudging told us to pack it all up and put it away!"

"I never liked your boss," Kelley said. "I don't think he knows how to really run a business, he just doesn't have the right background for it."

Tiffany knew what Kelley meant by that, but she didn't reply to it, since her own background was similar. Public school, working-class, had to struggle to make ends meet. She looked up at the ceiling. "Ugh, I just don't know what to do. I can't just quit my job."

"Is this a problem that can wait?" Kelley asked.

"No," Tiffany said.

She was feeling frustrated enough right now that she didn't really care about whatever weird little thing Kelley was doing. He always had some little "project" on the side, and none of these projects ever seemed to really matter, at least in Tiffany's mind. They mattered a lot to Kelley, even though they always seemed to consist of tracking one obscure character or another through a ton of different comic books, poring through backgrounds for them, and then arguing with people online about the characters. Tiffany

knew the character would still be in that panel in ten minutes' time, but in the same ten minutes she might be completely melted down.

It hadn't been just about the display they were putting together over and over again. It had to do with the way that her boss had stood there, leering at Tiffany's ass whenever she had to bend over and readjust something. It was the way that he made comments about her "personal time" and that "marriage doesn't have to mean the death of adventure." It was when he pretended to simply be walking by her rather than copping a feel. Tiffany had a fantasy of getting Kelley to go down there and beat the guy up, but she knew that wouldn't happen. Kelley wasn't that kind of husband.

"Okay, fine," Kelley said, putting his phone down carefully and looking at Tiffany. "You can't stand your job. Neither of us can stand your boss. So, quit it."

"I can't just quit my job," Tiffany said. "I need the money."

"No, you don't. We're married now, remember? You don't have to worry about money," Kelley said.

It was one of the reasons why Tiffany had married Kelley, though neither of them said a word about it. To acknowledge that their marriage was in part fueled by the money that Kelley brought to the table through his family connections and his business was taboo. Tiffany didn't want to seem like a gold-digging whore, and Kelley didn't want to seem more pathetic than his hobbies already made him look. The rest of the world, however, felt free to comment on the particulars of their marriage,

since they saw the couple and drew their own conclusions from the physical disparity between the two.

Tiffany was more attractive than Kelley. To hear some say it, they were on such different levels of attractiveness that they were practically different species. Tiffany was of an average height, maybe a little tall for a woman, but her curves drew eyes to her everywhere she went, and the contrast between her straight black hair and her pale skin and blue eyes kept those eyes on her. Kelley, on the other hand was a hair shorter than her, and while he had blue eyes that Tiffany really did like, his slender body was not her favorite in bed, nor was it very popular. Still, the two of them got along well enough together, and Tiffany felt like she could settle for this, especially with the financial security Kelley brought to the table. Tiffany's mother had taught her that no man was going to have everything, so look out for the man who was missing something you didn't care much about.

"I don't want to just be your...housewife," Tiffany said. "I have a little more pride than that."

"What's wrong with being a housewife? Lots of women like being housewives," Kelley said.

"It's like, not for me. I want to go somewhere else every day and feel like I'm doing something. If I'm here all the time I'd feel like I was trapped," Tiffany said.

"But you're not trapped. You could go out anywhere you want," Kelley replied.

"It's not for me, okay? I want to work so I don't feel like a complete moocher."

Understanding finally crossed Kelley's face. "Ahh, I see. You could come work at one of my hot dog shops. The one over by the university is going to need some help soon, and I think one of the shift managers is stealing money from me. You'd be helping out a lot if you went to work there."

"What else would I do? I can't be like, scoping things out all the time," Tiffany asked. She liked the idea but only if she didn't have to be the one working on frying up too many things. Her first job, when she was in high school, had her frying a lot, and she didn't want to return to doing that. She had gotten too many little burns the first time around.

"I think the best way to keep an eye on everyone is to stay with the cash. You'll be cashier. Besides, a pretty face up front always helps drive business, you know?" Kelley said.

Tiffany thought it over for a moment. "Okay, I'll do it. Can I start next week?"

"You can start or stop whenever you want," Kelley said. "You're the owner's wife, remember?"

"That's right, I'm your wife," Tiffany said, thinking about exactly how she was going to tell her old boss that she was done working for him. Would an email do it, or should she do something that showed how she felt, with confetti and rattlesnakes?

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Even in the middle of summer, the early-morning breeze off the ocean made the air a little chilly and wet. Tiffany knew the temperature would come right up, but it was still annoying for her to deal with the humiliating uniform she had to wear. Kelley had

gotten it for her within a couple days of her agreeing to join, and Tiffany was almost certain that he had gotten the wrong size on purpose. There was a choice between shorts and a skirt, and Tiffany had chosen the shorts. They one day wished they could reach down to the middle of the thick thighs they were constricting, but they weren't nearly as bad as the skirt, which almost invited hands to sneak up it.

Her top was also too tight, constricting right down to her skin level. Any bra she wore underneath would be immediately visible. But Tiffany had to wear something, since she felt her breasts were too big to go without support for an entire workday. She had split the difference and wore an unwired sports bra, hoping that it would hold her in place enough for the day. Maybe there was a larger size of uniform she could get when the little store opened up.

But the worst part of the uniform was the design. Tiffany had never really noticed the effect on the occasions that Kelley wore his company shirt. There was a hot dog laid vertically in the middle of the yellow-and-red striped fabric, and on Kelley, it looked normal. On Tiffany, the hot dog went right between her breasts, making it seem as if she was giving it a titfuck. There was no way she could get a different uniform from this design. It was the only design that was approved.

“Hey, you're Tiffany Russo, right?” A man asked as she approached the store. She recognized him from the employee profile Kelley had shared with her. His name was Ramon Cray, the shift-manager that Kelley suspected of stealing. Tiffany was at once intimidated and charmed by him. His skin was dark and



clear of any blemish, an impressive accomplishment given his workplace, and he was thickly built, like he wouldn't be taken down by a truck. He might not have been the tallest of men, but he was still a good six inches over Tiffany's height. His smile was broad and genuine, and he offered his hand to her to shake.

Tiffany took it, shaking it lightly. "Ramon?"

"That's me! Glad you could help. We like to get some kids in from the college to work here, but there's always a few weeks around the end of the summer season and the start of classes when these kids have too much on their plates for a job," Ramon said. "But you're the boss's wife, so you can stay as long as you like."

Hearing her husband described as "the boss" was funny to Tiffany, and she let out a little laugh. Ramon looked at her but shook it off.

"Let's get this place open. Are you comfortable with following instructions?" Ramon asked.

"I'm not a rich bitch, I grew up working for a living. It's a job, I'll do it," Tiffany said.

"My mistake. I'll show you what needs to be done," Ramon said, putting his hand on her shoulder. Tiffany flinched a little at the touch, and Ramon took his hand away as soon as he saw.

The store was small, with only a couple of tables at the front, and most of the place given over to the kitchen and storage areas in the back. Because of how small it was, the area just behind the counter was comfortable for one, but close quarters for two. Tiffany and Ramon spent the next hour getting everything fired up, in some cases literally. He showed her the basics of the cash

register, and how much went in it at the beginning of each day, something that Tiffany paid particular attention to. Putting orders in their POS system was easy, even if Tiffany did want to take a moment afterwards to scrub the screen free of grease. Ramon laughed at her but helped anyway.

The first customers of the were a small family looking around at the school their son would be going to in the fall. Ramon walked Tiffany through the purchase, and then he hurried to the back to get their order ready while Tiffany tried putting in experimental orders and walking back to see how the machine spit out the receipts. Satisfied that she knew how to put in orders, Tiffany settled in for a shift.

Eventually the other two workers showed up, both late. One was a young Hispanic man named Miguel who didn't seem to speak anything beyond the most basic English, but he was nice enough, and the other was a young white man by the name of Corey who alternately stared at his feet or her tits when introduced to Tiffany. They both worked in the back and didn't seem like they had the means or the guile to steal anything more than a few fries from Kelley's company. The work ramped up after they arrived, and though the day was a long one, it was somewhat fun for Tiffany to do something different with her time.

When Tiffany got home, she was happy despite all the younger, college-bound customers staring at her body all day. She could have thought about them when alone in the shower with her fingers, but what she found herself thinking about was Ramon's soft, heavy hand on her shoulder. It wasn't right to feel this way, especially about a man of his...background – that was what she

had always been raised to think. A woman like her belonged with a man like Kelley, not Ramon.

It didn't matter what she had been taught. All that mattered in the shower, alone, was what she felt. And she felt good.

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As the week went on, Tiffany got to know some of the other workers at the hot dog stand. There was a young woman named Ashley that she liked a lot. Ashley was the most notable among all the workers, since the rest were all male and tended to work in the back. Ashley did everything she could to stay out of the kitchen and up front, to the point where Tiffany shared some of the work she had to do with Ashley. Tiffany put the orders in and took the money, while Ashley handed out the orders and cleaned the tables, and the two of them got to talking like they were the best of friends.

“You're really the owner's wife? Landing a hottie like you really takes a lot of money, huh?” Ashley asked.

“That's...that's not why we got married,” Tiffany said. “Who asks a question like that? I haven't even known you for two days!”

“Come on, I've seen him. Don't act like you're into that guy for his body. He's scrawny, and I bet he's got one of those little whiteboy dicks,” Ashley said.

“No...” Tiffany said, blushing.

“Oh my god, it's true! He's got a little tiny whiteboy dick!” Ashley said, prompting Tiffany to put her hands over Ashley's mouth. A customer sitting in the corner looked at them like they were crazy.

“Okay, okay, just shut up, keep it quiet!” Tiffany hissed. “I’ll only talk about it if you stay quiet.”

Ashley nodded, and Tiffany took her hands away.

“So how small is it?” Ashley asked, her voice now a conspiratorial whisper. She held up her index and middle fingers together. “Like this?”

“Um...” Tiffany took Ashley’s hand and put it below the counter so the customer couldn’t see. She pushed Ashley’s fingers gently back into her hand and pulled Ashley’s pinky out instead.

“No fucking way. You’ve got to be shitting me!” Ashley said.

“I’m not, um, messing with you!” Tiffany said, trying to edit out the curse words. “It’s like that, I guess. I don’t know, I’ve never been with anyone else. You’re supposed to be a virgin until marriage.”

Ashley burst out laughing. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t laugh...I just can’t help it! It’s too pure!”

“Too pure? Aren’t girls supposed to be pure?” Tiffany asked.

“Fuck no! You can do whatever and whoever you like, whenever you like,” Ashley said. “Just look at you, you could go out and ho around whenever you want to, and guys would be falling all over themselves just to touch you.”

“I know guys like me, but...” Tiffany couldn’t quite wrap her head around it. What did Ashley mean when she said Tiffany was too pure? Tiffany grew up somewhat religious, and though its importance had faded from her and her family’s lives, a lot of the values remained ingrained in her. Sex was something that was supposed to make a woman dirty and wrong if it was done outside of the bounds of marriage, that much she knew. Masturbation she

had only just recently become okay with, after the needs of her body became too great to ignore after marriage.

“But...you’re married?” Ashley said.

“Yeah, I’m married.”

“So, cheat. You deserve way more than that little whiteboy pinky pencil. Like, look at Ramon. Now that’s what a real man looks like. He’s big, he’s strong, and he’s got a real man’s cock, not that limp little nothing your husband’s got,” Ashley said, looking to the back where Ramon was.

He happened to look up, catching Ashley and Tiffany looking at him. He winked, and Ashley blew a kiss. Tiffany felt a little shiver of excitement crawl along her spine.

“See, you’re blushing!” Ashley said, poking Tiffany’s cheek.

“Shut up, I’m not,” Tiffany said, turning away. “How do you even know how big his, um, thing is?”

“We fuck sometimes out back, or in the bathroom,” Ashley said. She was as casual as she could be about it, and Tiffany had to contain her surprise. “Even before that I knew how big he was. Pretty much every black guy is gonna be bigger than every white guy. Besides, all you have to do is look at their bulges. Big bulge, probably a big dick. Or he’s got big balls so he can dump a lot of cum in you.”

Tiffany tried to put it all together in her head. She knew dicks were usually bigger than Kelley’s. She knew there was a stereotype about black men. And she knew that it felt better when she fingered herself than when Kelley had sex with her. Still, the idea of being unfaithful to her husband was far, far too much to fathom. Even if it was with Ramon. Ashley hadn’t suggested that

Tiffany fuck him, nobody had, yet that was where her mind went. Her effort of resisting temptation wasn't helped by her now knowing that he was hiding a monster in his pants.

That evening as Tiffany joined Kelley on the couch for some TV, they watched wrestling, the thing that had brought them together as a couple. She liked wrestling and had ever since she was a little girl. The dramatic storylines, the strength of the participants, the crazy names and costumes, they enthused together about it all. It didn't matter to either of them that it was all fake – so were the shows on other channels. Those shows didn't have the courage to be as grandiose and stupid as most wrestling storylines were. It was because they knew it was fake and because they knew it was poorly acted that they could take so much enjoyment in it. They didn't have to suspend disbelief so much as do away with it altogether, and in doing so they didn't run the risk of being let down.

And yet Tiffany was barely paying attention to most of it. She kept thinking about what Ashley had said about men's bulges. She watched the men on screen in their tight clothing, her eyes locked onto their crotches, trying to judge them for herself. In time, she found she could see certain things she hadn't quite noticed before, like outlines of cocks against the fabric. There were moments when she hit the pause button, ostensibly to talk about what was going on, but it was also so she could really focus on the bulge that the wrestler was showing off.

Her eyes wandered over to Kelley's pants, looking at what he had on. Oftentimes Kelley liked to walk around their house with little more than underwear on, and Tiffany started to wonder why

he was so proud of his body. They watched a lot of wrestling together, so couldn't he see that his body simply didn't measure up to their bodies? His underwear was loose against him, practically hiding any trace of genitals that he possessed. As she kept looking at him, and looking at the screen, her thoughts kept turning over in her head, wondering more and more why Kelley was so confident.

"I see you," Kelley said. "You want this, don't you?"

He thrust his hips upwards, as if to mime fucking Tiffany. The effect was like watching a neutered dog hump a pillow, sad and unsexy, given Tiffany's state of mind. Yet she understood what he was going for, and her affection had not dried up yet for Kelley. She reached over, putting her hand on his crotch. Perhaps if she tried it out once more, then she could be happy with what she had. Despite everything Ashley had said to her, Tiffany's mind had not changed entirely. Marriage was a commitment, and Tiffany had to give Kelley more chances.

"I knew you did," Kelley said, getting up and standing over Tiffany. "Come on, let's go to the bedroom."

"Wait..." Tiffany said. "Let's do it here."

Kelley wasn't about to argue with Tiffany. Before today, she had been almost insistent on limiting their sexual activity to the bedroom, as that was where she had been taught good people have sex. Now her eyes were opening to other things. If Ashley could have sex with Ramon at their place of work, then Tiffany could do it in her own living room.

Tiffany got up and took off the pajamas that she had changed into at the end of the day, discarding the light flannel. There was

no bra underneath, just a pair of plain white panties. Almost instantly, Kelley was on top of her on the couch, pressing his body into hers, his hands on her breasts like he owned them. Tiffany's body responded to him, making her nipples hard, and her skin flush with sensitivity. She let out a little sigh, and Kelley took her arousal as reason to continue. He continued to play with her large breasts with one hand, sucking on her nipples, while his other went down to her panties and pulled them away from her body.

Tiffany didn't look at Kelley's penis when he took it out. She didn't want to look at it. Ashley's words rang in her mind, calling it a "little tiny whiteboy dick" loud and clear, and Tiffany knew it was true. Tiffany spread her legs and held them up, and when Kelley slipped himself inside her, she barely felt a thing. He rubbed against her, and she felt more from his pubic bone rubbing against her clit than she did from his dick inside her. In fact, she wasn't even sure it was inside her, so little did she feel him against her.

Her eyes found themselves drawn to the program on screen. There was a hulk of a man standing there in spandex underwear and a shirt that he was partway through ripping to shreds. From what Tiffany could see, his package was huge, making her mind race at how he would look even when he was soft. That man could easily outdo Kelley's dick, and when he got hard, Tiffany couldn't even imagine what that would feel like. Her fingers were the biggest things she had ever put inside her, so a cock like that would be quite the workout.

And yet Tiffany felt guilty when she looked at the man. He was huge, muscular, he had a nice cock, and he was black. He



looked like Ramon. He might have as big a cock as Ramon had. Her mind kept changing the man to Ramon, and then she kept imagining Ramon on top of her like this, stretching out her tight little pink pussy more than it had ever been stretched before. She would surely feel a lot more with Ramon inside her than she did right now.

“I’m gonna cum!” Kelley said, bringing Tiffany back to reality.

“Give it to me, as hard as you can!” Tiffany said, wanting to give him the chance.

To his credit, Kelley tried fucking her harder. He moved his hips quickly, even though he couldn’t pull very far out due to his lack of length, resulting in something of a hummingbird movement. Tiffany couldn’t help but think about how strong another man would be, how hard he would drive into her, how she’d be forced to cry out when her body was pressed underneath his. Kelley pushed himself as hard as he could against her, shooting his cum between the lips of her pussy. Warm cum flowed around her labia, briefly making Tiffany feel good. It was about all she got from sex with Kelley.

Tiffany made her exit not long after that, going to the shower to clean up and finish herself off. Again, she couldn’t resist the urge to touch herself, only this time she didn’t feel bad indulging her fantasies of Ramon and other men with huge cocks. Her fingers pounded into her pussy as hard as she dared to go, and she even used three fingers to see what it was like. The experience almost made Tiffany want to give in and buy a huge dildo to use on herself.

The fact that in her mind the dildo would be black, and so were all the men in her fantasies –none of it really bothered her anymore. She had seen and felt what the problem with Kelley was, and she wouldn't be going back to his little white dick, not until she had felt what a big black cock could give her. She drove her fingers deeper into her pussy, stifling her moans with her other arm. Would Ramon pin her down? Would he press her against the wall and take her from behind? Kelley had never taken her from behind. He was far too small for that to be an option. Was there some other position he would want from her?

Tiffany pressed her breasts against the shower wall, taking her fingers out and reinserting them from behind. She put her other hand in front, rubbing her clit, getting close to orgasm faster than she thought possible. It only took a few moments of fantasizing about a big black man's strong, muscular arms holding her in place and taking her to make her cum. She bit her lip, trying not to scream, lest she indicate to Kelley what she was doing. Her legs were shaking, and barely held her up through her whole orgasm. Maybe that's what such strong arms were for, to hold your girl up while you made her cum in seconds. Kelley had never made her cum. He didn't have strong arms. He didn't have a big cock. Other, darker-skinned men had those things.

When Tiffany joined Kelley in bed that night, she knew that a fire had been started within her. She would use this fire as a torch to explore her newfound fantasies.

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Over the next couple weeks, Tiffany and Ashley got to know each other a bit better, and Tiffany worked on getting the courage

to ask her more about all the men she had sex with. There were a few times when Ashley took a “break” at the same time as Ramon did, but Tiffany didn’t have the courage to look in the back of the shop to see if they were meeting there. There was a huge difference between doing what she normally did in her life and what she fantasized about doing. When she went home and touched herself each night, she regretted not going to see what was happening.

The school semester started up, and with it, the waves of young students who didn’t know how to feed themselves, and the students who simply liked the food that the shop served. The most common groups that came in were the sports teams, and they ate a lot of food. There was some kind of deal under the table about providing food to the teams when they came in with the coaches. Kelley had let Tiffany know about it, so she didn’t count the orders they placed in the till.

Tiffany couldn’t help but stare at all the student athletes. They were so young, so strong, and so good-looking, and she marveled in their bodies. They couldn’t help themselves either when they were in the shop, just like many young men, and they returned the looks at Tiffany’s body when she rang them up. Some of them wouldn’t even look her in the eye, instead taking in the sight of her curves as if they were going blind and they wanted their last sight to be a good one. She even caught them making crude comments or jokes about her once or twice in earshot, about how they’d fuck her, which position, which hole they wanted to use, whether they’d degrade her and slap her tits around, or whether they wanted her to have a good time of it too.

A few asked her out on dates or for hookups, but Tiffany turned them down. She might be thinking about cheating on her husband, even planning on it at times, but she could still use him as an excuse not to fuck other people when she didn't want to. Besides, she was wary of going through all the effort of hooking up with a young man only to find out he had a tiny whiteboy dick as well. No, if she was going to cheat, it was going to be with a man who had a big cock.

Ashley, by comparison, seemed to be in her element around the young men. She flirted with them, talked with them about the sports they played, and gathered up a few phone numbers on little scraps of notebook paper or napkins. Sometimes the student athletes were bold enough to grab her ass, and Ashley usually rewarded their boldness with a smile, enjoying the attention. After each one, she showed Tiffany how easy it was to get young cock, if only she had the courage to try it.

“Look at this, from that table over there. Three of them wanted to get with me. You really need to be more brave,” Ashley said, getting behind the counter again. She got into the position she so enjoyed hanging out in, her arms on the counter, tits pressed together, her cleavage practically popping out of her shirt. From behind, all the other staff could see her bent over, long, tanned legs crossed seductively. Tiffany always felt particularly awkward when Ashley stood like that.

“Bravery isn't my problem,” Tiffany said.

“Yes, it is. You have to take life by the horns and be horny,” Ashley said, wiggling her hips. “How else are you going to get away from that little whiteboy dick? You have to fuck one of these

students, since you're not taking my invitations to come out back and fuck Ramon."

"Your...what do you mean, 'invitations?'" Tiffany asked, perhaps a little too loudly.

Ashley laughed. "I meant what I said, and I said what I meant. You could fuck Ramon one hundred percent."

Juvenile rhyme aside, Tiffany didn't know what to think. "Aren't you and he together?"

"We're not exclusive, so you can take him for a ride anytime," Ashley said. "I was just hoping to be there when you did it. That's fine, you can do it whenever and wherever you like, he's open to the idea, and he can go all day and all night."

"I'm not...sure," Tiffany said. She was torn. She knew she had to keep an eye on him, since Kelley thought that he might be stealing, but it had been weeks and Tiffany hadn't seen a thing. The prospect of fulfilling her fantasy was an attractive one, and this news about him being able to go all day and all night was welcome. Not once had Kelley ever fucked her long enough for her to get close to an orgasm. Not that he could, since he was so small and barely did anything else to make her aroused. And Kelley would only ever go for once in a night. It was why Tiffany got the habit of taking a shower afterwards.

"I see the problem. You want him to take the lead. I get it, lots of girls are shy like that, and sometimes it can be really cute to get with a guy who's shy like that." Ashley said.

"No, no—oh!" Tiffany said, but Ashley slapped her ass, making her yelp. Students' eyes were drawn to the pair, some of them laughing about it.

“It’s okay! Don’t you worry about a thing,” Ashley said, sauntering away into the back.

Tiffany was forced to stay at the counter and contend with the second wave of students coming by and ordering food. Ashley was back to help several minutes later, but they were too busy to talk much more. Tiffany doubted she could get Ashley to stop whatever plan she had in motion. While Tiffany worked, she thought about it. It wouldn’t be the worst thing to let it happen, would it? Some plan designed to get her to have sex with Ramon would require her consent, and if she didn’t want to, she could just refuse when the time came.

Over the remaining hours of her shift, Tiffany felt more nervous than she had ever felt. Every time she saw Ramon, she thought about what kind of plan might have been enacted. Her stomach fluttered when he drew near like she was a schoolgirl around her first crush. She was a married, adult woman, and here she was getting butterflies over some guy. He was the wrong color for her, but that was what made it feel even better and more nerve-wracking at the same time. Tiffany was treading over ground that was forbidden to her by the social mores that her family had ingrained into her. And yet forbidden ground was the one place she wanted more than anything to visit.

The shift ended, and Ramon dismissed the other workers, leaving him with just Ashley and Tiffany to help clean up and close up. While Tiffany wiped down her counter, she heard footsteps behind her.

“Um...” Tiffany said, nervous about whatever Ashley was going to say to her. She wanted to turn Ashley’s offer down, just

put it off for a day, maybe two, after Tiffany could go home and get more courage for the act.

“Yes?” Ramon asked. Tiffany jumped in surprise, and she felt Ramon’s hand on her shoulder. “Don’t worry, it’s okay. Just me.”

Tiffany didn’t flinch away from his touch this time. “I was just expecting Ashley.”

“Don’t worry about her,” Ramon said. He was close behind her. There was no other place to be in the tiny front counter area.

“Don’t worry about her, don’t worry about you, is there anything else I shouldn’t worry about?” Tiffany asked, turning her head to look back at him.

Ramon’s hand moved to the small of her back. “Don’t worry about your husband.”

He kissed her. His kiss was insistent; he wouldn’t be denied the chance to do this with her, even if it was here and now. The store wasn’t even properly closed up, the shutter wasn’t drawn over the windows, and there had been barely any time to clean, but all those concerns were melting away as Tiffany felt Ramon’s lips on her own.

Tiffany let him turn her body to face him fully, and that was when she felt his other hand on her chest. He touched her gently, lifting and squeezing her breast in a way that Tiffany had never felt before. Kelley was always so uncontrolled with her. The way Kelley used his hands was like he didn’t know what he was doing, or he didn’t know how much strength he was supposed to use. Ramon was completely the opposite. He knew his own body, and he knew what to do with it to make Tiffany’s body feel as good as possible.

He broke off the kiss. Tiffany was about to speak when her words were cut off again, this time by a moan of pleasure. Ramon moved to Tiffany's neck, kissing her there, making her skin flush with excitement. Her arms had been at her sides, but now she knew she needed to reciprocate these touches she was getting. She needed to feel what his body was like. Touching the man that was forbidden to her was so much easier when he touched her first.

Wrapping her arms around his body, she felt his tall, broad form. It was like he was made of rock, but in a different way than Tiffany was used to. Ramon's body was hard not due to bones sticking out at awkward places, but rather due to the muscles that he worked hard to get and maintain. He had so much more strength than Kelley, and he knew how to use it. Tiffany wanted so badly to feel some of that strength now.

"Please...whatever you want..." Tiffany breathed, her voice low and breathy with arousal.

"I know," Ramon said.

His hand went under Tiffany's uniform, reaching upwards, pulling the thin fabric along with it. Ordinarily Tiffany might have worried about losing her top in such a place, but she didn't care in the least. She wanted Ramon to see her and touch her, and if this was the place it was going to happen, then so be it. All of her objections and nerves had melted away with that first kiss, and now she was left only with need, burning white-hot inside her.

Ramon pulled on Tiffany's bra, the material giving way against his strength. It was an old bra, and Tiffany had been meaning to get rid of it for a while. Now she didn't have to. She looked down at his dark hands on her pale skin, squeezing both of



her breasts, taking her hard pink nipples between his fingers and pinching them, pressing her tits together to make her cleavage as deep as possible, and doing everything he could to soak in the feeling of this huge, beautiful pair of white tits.

“Natural, perfect,” Ramon said.

“Thank you,” Tiffany replied.

“Don’t thank me yet, you haven’t gotten the best part.”

With that, Ramon took one of his hands away from Tiffany and opened his pants. He was impressive before he did that, but the instant he pulled his underwear down and showed what he was truly working with, Tiffany gasped. She was stunned by the size of the thing. It was thicker than she was expecting, and longer too. Ashley had told her the size of Ramon’s cock, though Tiffany didn’t believe a word Ashley was saying. No man could have a cock that was so much bigger than Kelley’s like that. If there was that much of a difference between the two, then clearly only one of them was a man, and the other was a mere boy.

It was dark along most of his shaft, ending in a dark pink head that looked like it alone would outsize Kelley’s entire dick. Without even thinking about it, Tiffany sank to her knees and opened her mouth. It was like a natural instinct to want to lick, suck, and taste his monster-sized cock, and Tiffany was glad that he let her do it. Her jaw could barely open wide enough to handle him, and she did her best to keep her teeth from scraping against him. Ramon put his hand on her head, running his hand through her long, black hair. He pushed on her head gently with his hand, making her suck him a little deeper.

Tiffany was intoxicated by the feeling of such a huge black cock in her mouth. She had rarely sucked on Kelley before, and he had never hit the back of her throat. Ramon did it so easily, and with so much of his length left that Tiffany wondered what it would take for her to go balls-deep on him. There was no way she could breathe with that monster all the way in her, and yet she knew she wanted to try it someday.

The thought of trying again was another act of rebellion against the life she was now throwing away. She wouldn't just cheat once. She'd cheat over and over, as many times as she liked. But it all started with one, right here, right now.

Tiffany knew she couldn't suck such a huge black cock to completion on her first try, no matter how much her mouth might want to. Her pussy had its needs too, and it demanded her attention. She took her lips off of Ramon's cock, and looked up at him, mouthing words that she knew he would understand, even if she couldn't say them out loud.

"Fuck me."

*That's right, fuck me,* Tiffany thought. Not the act of making love, not sex, but a good hard fuck. For a good Christian girl, to say such a thing was almost as bad as the sin itself. She knew she wanted it anyway. She prepared to lay on the floor, even as disgusting as it was, and Ramon stopped her.

"Grab the counter," Ramon said.

He bent her over the counter, pulling her tiny shorts off of her wide, round ass. She wore white cotton panties, just like she always did. The curves of her body were emphasized by how tightly the panties clung to her, showing that no matter how much

she might try to give off that impression, she was desperate. Tiffany's body was perfect for sex – that was why she had been told to stay away from it, and from men like Ramon. Everyone around her knew what would happen the moment she touched him.

Tiffany felt Ramon's hands on her ass, grabbing her and squeezing quite a bit harder than he had with her tits. He knelt down and spread her cheeks, seeing how her panties had started to let some of her wetness seep through. Sucking his cock had had a powerful effect on Tiffany, and she squirmed when his thumb touched her with a gentle graze.

“Ahh!” Tiffany moaned.

“Give me more, girl, I want to hear you sing,” Ramon said. He pulled her panties down with one swift yank and shoved a finger deep inside her.

Tiffany couldn't help but scream at the sudden entry. It was a scream partly of surprise, partly of pain, but mostly of pleasure. She was met with a chuckle from Ramon. He approved of her song.

Ramon's finger went in deep all at once, and he took his time taking it out, drawing out the wetness from deep within Tiffany. He rubbed his finger mostly clean on her clit, making her moan again, and then he stood up to position himself.

“Get ready. I'm about to give you what your husband never could,” Ramon said.

“Please! Please, take me,” Tiffany said, wiggling her hips. She was trying to make herself more enticing to him. She didn't know

there was no way to accomplish that. Ramon was already going to fuck her, and there was no way she could stop him.

The first touch of his cock was a terrifying experience. He spread Tiffany's labia apart wider than she thought possible just by putting his head against her. When she felt him go deeper, it was like she was being ripped open. He kept going, forcing her to take more cock than she had ever taken in her life to that point. If she put together every time Kelley had fucked her, it was possible that Kelley still couldn't measure up to Ramon across all those times.

Ramon's hands left her hips, and he stepped forward, pressing her body against the counter. One of his hands went to her tits, going across one and grabbing the other. His second hand went to her mouth, and it wasn't until she felt his finger force its way in that she understood what he was doing. He wanted her to lick his finger clean after he had put it inside her. She did it. She couldn't refuse him. The taste of her own arousal on his finger was amazing to her. Tiffany would never have known she tasted so sweet if it hadn't been for him. She sucked greedily on his finger, only stopping when he moved his hand to her neck.

Now that she was pressed against the counter and he had a hold of her, Ramon could push further in. As impossible as it seemed to Tiffany, he still had more length to go before he was fully inside her. He kept pushing, stretching the boundaries of what Tiffany thought was possible for her body. Ramon touched places that Kelley had never touched before, nor had Tiffany in her explorations with her fingers. Their hips touched one another, with Tiffany now entirely filled for the first time in her life.

It was in the moment that his cock was finally all the way inside her that Tiffany know for an absolute certainty that she would never let Kelley inside her again. She would never touch him, never jerk his little whiteboy dick, and never fuck him. She was ruined for him now. She had felt what a real man could feel like inside her. If all black men were like this, then there was nothing more to even think about. She would devote herself fully to black men and leave white men behind forever. Ramon's hand around her neck seemed like the most natural thing in the world to her, and she couldn't imagine replacing it with Kelley's hand.

As if to show her what she would get with her decision, Ramon started to thrust into her. He went slowly at first. Ashley had let him know what Tiffany was working with at home, and how virginal her pussy was when it came to anything beyond the first inch. Though slow, he pushed into her powerfully, pressing her against the counter of their workplace again and again, squishing her thick thighs against the compressed wood.

Tiffany kept her hands on the counter, trying her best to steady herself. There was so much sensation deep inside her. She felt like the pain of being stretched open, especially when Ramon was all the way in, was only heightening the pleasure she got. He was so big that his cock couldn't help but rub against her clit with every movement, and it wasn't long before Tiffany knew an orgasm was coming. She would need to hold steady, lest something happen to her to set her adrift in all the pleasure her body could muster.

"I'm...I'm...!" Tiffany cried out.

Ramon leaned in, pulling her closer to him. He hissed into her ear. “Cum for your big black daddy.”

He let go of her tits and her neck, pushing her down so she laid across the counter. Tiffany’s breasts were big enough that Ramon could see them from behind her, especially when they were pressed down on the counter. With one hand on her back, and the other on her hip, he started fucking her as hard as he could. Dark skin slapped against light, filling the tiny restaurant with the sounds of pure lust. Ramon showed her what a real man with a real cock could do for her, and it tipped her over the edge effortlessly. Tiffany came harder than she ever had in her life, screaming her pleasure into the whole building. Her fingers spread out, her eyes fluttered closed, and her hair flew everywhere. Nothing could compare with how she was feeling when she came for the first time on Ramon’s cock.

He kept up the pace, making Tiffany’s orgasm go on and on for what felt like an eternity. But a human body was not meant for eternity, and Tiffany eventually came down off of her climax. Ramon slowed when he sensed she was coming down but didn’t stop. He was still taking what he wanted from her, and as an experienced man, he knew what to do. He kept himself moving, kept his cock buried deep inside her, and drew out the feelings for her on her first orgasm.

“You cum quickly. That’s good. I like that in a girl,” Ramon said.

“Thank you,” Tiffany said, happy about the praise she was getting. “But what about you, um...daddy?”

It felt so awkward for Tiffany to say it, but she knew she should. Not only was it respect for the man who had made her cum so hard, but it also showed how willing she was to be his girl. Screw her husband, if he didn't like her fucking Ramon, he'd just have to live with that, because there was no way she was going to stop. Ramon's face broadened into a smile. He liked it when she called him that.

"I'm gonna get mine, you'll see," Ramon said. "Call me that again."

"Are you going to, um, finish inside me?" Tiffany asked.

"Yes. You want it, you gotta ask for it."

Tiffany put together what he wanted. She took a deep breath and said the words no good girl like her would say. "Please cum inside me with your big black cock, daddy!"

Ramon took things at his own pace. He went at her hard, pounding into her like she was just a whore to be used and discarded. It was the experience of a lifetime for both of them. Tiffany was getting her first true fucking, and Ramon was getting to cuckold his asshole boss, knowing that he was by far the better man of the two. There was no way Kelley had ever gotten close to making Tiffany ask for it like that. She was so tight and wet, ready to take Ramon's cock after a lifetime of deprivation. If only more white girls like her knew what they were missing.

Her screams and cries made her sound like she was dying, but Ramon didn't stop. He was used to hearing sounds like that from the women he fucked. Whether she was cumming again or not didn't matter. That was her business. Ramon had given her one, and now it was his turn for some fun. He didn't hold back any

longer, forcing himself deep inside her to dump all the cum he could into her tight, pink pussy.

Tiffany couldn't believe how hot it was, nor could she believe how much there was when Ramon finally came inside her. The first pulse had already gotten more cum in her than Kelley could, and he kept going, pulsing and twitching inside her, his cock doing its best to make her feel like she really was his girl.

Ramon didn't pull out of her until he got softer, but Tiffany didn't mind one bit. She also didn't mind smelling like his cum on the way home. If Kelley had any questions, Tiffany didn't feel like she'd have to answer them. After all, he was just her pathetic white husband, and that was nothing in the grand scheme of things. She had a black daddy now. Her mind was occupied with more important things, like when she could bend over and get fucked by him again. Perhaps after her next shift? Perhaps during?

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"You looked like you had a lot of fun," Ashley texted Tiffany the following day.

Tiffany's heart raced when she read the text. "You saw?????"

Waiting for a reply was torturous. "Security camera. I knew u were a slut for BBC."

Tiffany didn't even think about the security cameras in the place. There were two that might have seen her, and one that definitely did. "Please tell me you deleted everything."

"No. I kept it all for u. U'll want to see it for urself."

"You deleted the copy in the computer, right??" Tiffany asked, hand on her chest. She couldn't think of anything worse



than her husband finding out about what she had done through some overlooked clue. Now that the endorphins from fucking Ramon had fully worn off, she had come back to her senses and realized what she had done. Cheating on her husband was expressly forbidden by everything she had ever known, and cheating on him with a bigger, stronger, sexier black man was even more forbidden. The bold attitude she had felt when she first got home was gone, replaced with a creeping dread that she might be caught.

“ok”

Tiffany didn't know what to think of Ashley's response. For the rest of the day, she dwelled on it, hoping that Ashley wouldn't say or do anything foolish. They could talk more when their next shift happened the following morning.

In the meantime, Tiffany oscillated between guilt and overwhelming horniness. She felt horny when she dressed and undressed. She felt guilt when she saw Kelley. She felt horny when she saw a black man on TV or in a video. She felt guilt when she felt Kelley's body pressed against hers in the night. But even when he made an advance on her, she still turned him away. Nothing, not even guilt as powerful as it was, could push her back to letting his tiny thing rub against her. Tiffany knew there were better things and better men that she could be spending her time doing.

Her tempest of feelings reached a peak when Kelley went on another rant about his comic books. Tiffany had heard some of it before, though it was apparently driven by some new change in one property or another.

“You can’t just change Superman to be black, it’s ridiculous!” Kelley said, pacing about the living room with his newest comic book in his hand. “Superman is supposed to be white, that’s what he is! They’re just doing the Marvel thing because they’re so obsessed with keeping up, even though Marvel’s going to collapse any day now!”

“Wasn’t there that black Superman?” Tiffany asked, knowing that she shouldn’t.

“That was Steel, he was a different character. That’s fine, it’s a different guy, whatever. But you have to stand up for what you believe in and who you are, otherwise you’re nothing!” Kelley said.

Tiffany couldn’t help but think about her old job and her old boss. Kelley was fired up about this business with Superman, as much as she’d ever seen him fired up. He was walking around, waving his hands in the air, making all kinds of aggressive gestures and talking about the things he’d do the writers of the comics if he got his hands on them. It was so sad that it was almost funny how unthreatening Kelley looked. The fantasy she had once had of Kelley going in to stand up to her old boss was coming up in her mind, and she laughed aloud at the thought of it, or even better the thought of Kelley going to fight Ramon.

“What’s so funny?” Kelley asked, his anger rounding on Tiffany.

“You!” Tiffany said, giggling. “You’re so angry and you’re storming around but you’re not going to do anything about it! You’re not even going to send an angry email, even though that’s the tiniest thing you could possibly do!”

“That’s...don’t laugh at me,” Kelley said. His voice was smaller in the face of her laughter.

“Why not? Are you going to do something? Go on, send them an email, I’ll watch,” Tiffany said.

There was a moment when Tiffany thought he might actually do something. He could have shouted at her, he could have grabbed his phone to begin writing the email, anything. He could even have ripped her clothes off of her and taken her right there, as her arousal-addled mind half-hoped, but he wouldn’t do something like that. As it turned out, he wouldn’t do any of those things. All Kelley did was drop his comic on the table and walk away, not saying a word to Tiffany in reply.

After that, Tiffany was eager to return to her job. Not only did it mean getting away from the tension at home, it meant her first chance to talk freely with Ashley, and her first chance to see Ramon again. They hadn’t really talked after their encounter, and Tiffany wanted to know what the plan was going forward. Whatever he wanted, she would do it for him, as long as she got that cock again.

“Thinking about doing it again?” Ashley asked. It was the first thing she asked Tiffany the moment she walked in.

“What?” Tiffany said. “I...maybe?”

“Nice, I knew you couldn’t resist. There’s nothing like a real cock to open up your whole world. Sometimes I think if it could just be a bunch of sluts like us and a bunch of guys with big black cocks, then the whole world would be better off.”

Tiffany didn’t know about that, but she couldn’t bring herself to disagree. Ordinarily she would have a problem with being

called a slut. That's not what she was supposed to be. It was, however, what she was now. She just had one question to ask. "When you say, 'a bunch of guys' what do you mean?"

Ashley smiled as widely as she could. "I could tell you...or you could wait and find out."

"Do you mean something like a threesome?" Tiffany asked.

"I could tell you or you could wait and find out," Ashley said. "I promise you'll like it. I promise promise prooomise."

"So, you're not going to tell me?"

"I could—"

"Fine, fine," Tiffany said. She could already feel her body getting excited at the thought of whatever Ashley was thinking of.

"Good!" Ashley said, giving Tiffany a hug. "You'll like it! For real!"

Ashley went out the back of the restaurant, taking her phone with her. It was still early in the day, so Tiffany had little to do besides wait for customers to come in. Ramon came over to see how she was doing.

"How are you?" Ramon asked.

"Hey, I've been waiting for you," Tiffany said. "I'm good, just..."

"You have regrets?" Ramon said.

"Not about what happened, no. Things aren't so great at home," Tiffany said, turning away. "How do you get a guy to stand up for you?"

"Your husband isn't standing up for you? Wait, did you tell him about us?" Ramon asked.

“No, I didn’t say anything to him. I’ve just been rethinking some things about my relationship with him. Even if I said something, I don’t think it would matter. He’d probably just yell a little about it and then sulk a lot and try to make me feel...”

“Like shit?”

“Yeah, like that. But he wouldn’t even try doing something to fight for me. I get the feeling like he doesn’t value me enough to try,” Tiffany said.

“Not all guys are good at fighting. Even if he was good at it, I think I’d win,” Ramon said. He flexed one of his arms, making Tiffany’s insides melt a little at the sight.

“It’s not about physically fighting, it’s about showing a struggle, you know? There are other guys who would at least fight with their words. Not Kelley. He just gets quiet and walks away. He’s...” Tiffany searched for the right word, finally deciding that if there was a decent time to swear this might be it. “He’s such a fucking pussy!”

Ramon laughed. “Some guys are like that.”

“Yeah, and I don’t like it,” Tiffany said, clenching a fist. “Ashley said something about a surprise. Do you know what that means?”

“Ah. You’ll find out,” Ramon said. “Take it from me, you’ll like it.”

“As much as I liked this?” Tiffany asked, getting closer to Ramon and putting her hand on his crotch.

“Almost exactly the same amount,” Ramon said. He stepped forward, pressing Tiffany against the countertop, the exact same one he had bent her over. Tiffany’s heart was almost pounding out

of her chest. “It’s good we have you here. Ashley would get tired doing it all herself, and our other girl moved away a while ago.”

“Other girl? So, this...surprise needs two girls?” Tiffany asked, looking up at Ramon. She had never thought about a threesome in such a real way. The idea seemed fun to her, if forbidden, but she had already been doing so many forbidden things, what was one more? The possibility excited her. Sharing Ramon with Ashley, the both of them getting to enjoy his huge cock, Tiffany could see it in her head.

“Exactly. We like to close the place down for a bit when it happens, roll down the shades, and really go to town,” Ramon said. He groped Tiffany’s breast, and she looked around. There were no customers yet. She badly wanted him to go further, as soon as possible.

“When do you think I’ll be surprised?” Tiffany asked.

“Soon,” Ramon replied. He pinched her nipple through her shirt, and she gasped.

With that, he backed away from her, no doubt seeing the oncoming customers through the window. As the day was sunny, the students didn’t see what was going on before they got in, and by that time Tiffany was alone, if a little breathless and damp between the legs. She took their orders, and soon enough she was busy with the job she had taken up.

More students filtered in, taking up the areas inside and outside, making Tiffany wonder how Ramon was ever going to close the place down. It occurred to her that Ramon closing down the restaurant to “go to town” might be where the shortfall in money that Kelley was talking about was coming from. If it was

enough of a disruption to the business that could easily be misinterpreted as stealing. Tiffany found herself wondering if there was some way, they could cover the shortfall in money, perhaps by holding a few transactions back to cover the time in question, then just play it off as a slow period. Tiffany didn't want Ramon to be fired; otherwise, how would she be able to fuck him again?

The demographics of the customers coming in shifted. The regular students filtered out, and Tiffany recognized a great many of the students coming around. They were all on the football team and had been in before. Ashley returned from whatever she had been doing and took up her spot behind the counter. For the most part, the football players stayed respectful, but a few took long, lingering looks at Tiffany's body. To have so many young black men looking her over would have made her uncomfortable even just a couple weeks prior. Now the effect was a positive one, making her feel like she was sexier and freer than ever before. If she wanted to fuck one of these guys she could, and Kelley wouldn't stop her, even if he could.

"Soooooo, what do you think of them?" Ashley asked, nodding her head in the direction of the students. There were eight of them in all, every one of them huge, black, and full of life.

"The customers?" Tiffany asked.

"Our next conquests," Ashley replied.

Tiffany couldn't believe it. "Wait, what?"

"That's right. Ramon's got a little deal under the table with the coach of the football team. He comes in here with some of his players and gives them a little treat, and we get the money and all

the cock we can handle!” Ashley whispered, as if this was something that was supposed to be kept secret.

Tiffany’s eyes went wide. So, this was the true cause of the income shortfall that Kelley had noticed. An under-the-table transaction between the football team at the local college and Ramon here in the restaurant that closed the store up for hours at a time would mean there was less income for the day, and it would look just like stealing if you only looked at actual income versus expected income. Tiffany had no doubt that Kelley wasn’t looking into it much further than that, or else he might have noticed the lack of receipts for the shortfall days, indicating the dead hours. It was just another way that he failed to stand up or follow through for himself or for Tiffany. He expected her to go in and figure out what was going on in his business instead of being an adult about it.

“That’s right, Tiffany, we get to fuck all these guys! And I can already tell you’re going to love how big they all are,” Ashley said. “You’ll see as soon as the coach comes in.”

Behind them, Ramon had started sending home the cooks, getting them to clean up before they left for the day. Tiffany made a mental note to make sure the cooks got paid for a full day, since it wasn’t their fault that they were being sent home early. The moment the cooks went through the back door, the football coach came in through the front door, and the party was to begin. Ashley went out from behind the counter and into the middle of all the student athletes, getting the room riled up.



“Go on, you’ll do great,” Ramon said, giving Tiffany a little push on her backside. “Just follow Ashley’s lead, and don’t say no to them. But I don’t think you’ll want to.”

“I’ll be okay?” Tiffany asked.

“You will. Coach and I go way back, we can keep these kids in line,” Ramon replied. His hand lingered on Tiffany’s behind. She had switched her uniform over to the same miniskirt that Ashley wore, in an effort to be more appealing to Ramon, and his hand slipped underneath it. She figured that if she looked the part, she could act the part. Now she was finding out more about what the part was. Ramon managed to find the edge of her panties and grabbed it, yanking the pretty pink fabric so hard it shocked Tiffany. “You don’t need that.”

“My...” Tiffany started to object.

“Either you drop them now or they’ll tear right through them,” Ramon said.

“I understand,” Tiffany said, letting her panties slide down her legs until she stepped out of them.

“I’ll keep them safe for you,” Ramon said. “Now get out there.”

Tiffany nodded and followed Ashley into the middle of the room. She stood beside Ashley, looking around, and trying not to shake with excitement and anxiety. There were eight of them. Nine including the coach, and then Ramon would likely want a turn, so ten in all. Tiffany hoped her birth control could stand up to the deluge of cum she would get.

“Hey boys!” Ashley said to a cheer. “This is my new friend Tiffany! She’s a little nervous, since this is her first gangbang, but you’ll show her a good time, won’t you?”

The young men all started chanting the name of their team. “BULLS! BULLS! BULLS!” Tiffany blushed. For the first time, she felt the eyes in the room creeping all over her body, and she loved it.

Ashley stepped behind Tiffany and grabbed Tiffany’s breasts from behind, making Tiffany gasp in surprise. “See these? They’re all natural, and just begging to be groped! Even I want to touch them! Take a look, boys!”

With that, Ashley lifted up Tiffany’s shirt, exposing her tits to everyone. Ashley groped Tiffany, showing off to all the young men in the room exactly what they’d be getting when it came to fucking this new woman. Tiffany wanted to say something about what Ashley was doing, about how it was wrong for two women to touch one another. But if it was wrong, why did she like it so much?

“That’s not all! Take a look under her skirt!” Ashley said, pulling the skimpy excuse for clothing up. “Ooh, no panties! See, that’s how you know she wants to get fucked!”

Tiffany found her voice. “Yes, please! Fuck my married pussy like my husband never could!”

“You heard her, boys!” Ashley said, stepping away from Tiffany. That was the starting signal.

They were on her quickly. Four of them crowded around her, reaching for her body and taking a hold of whatever they could. Hands wrapped around her arms, legs, and neck, making Tiffany

feel like she had been captured. A spike of panic went through her, as her instincts kicked in and she started to struggle against them. She hadn't ever been surrounded like this, and her upbringing had taught her to be afraid in a situation like this. But they were so strong. They held her effortlessly as more of their hands went exploring her body. Her breasts were groped and her nipples pinched, her ass was grabbed and spread wide and so were her labia, showing off the uncontrollable wetness Tiffany felt. She listened to them talk about her like a piece of meat, loving it.

“She’s wet as hell.”

“Damn, I never fucked a white girl before.”

“That’s why you goin’ first.”

“This bitch has the best tits yet, no disrespect to Ashley.”

“Nah you’re cool. I wonder if she takes it in the ass.”

“They all do, white girls can’t get enough of it.”

“For real?”

“For real, you won’t hear her say no.”

As if to ensure she wouldn't, a hand went over Tiffany's mouth. She was nervous and a little scared, but her body was so needy for their black cocks that she would not have said no to anything they wanted. She wanted everything they could give her. It didn't matter that she had never had anything up her ass before. The only thing that might have been in there was Kelley's tiny nub, and even that probably didn't have enough length to get past her thick cheeks. These young men would definitely have more than enough to get inside her. And if they wanted it, they could have her anal virginity.

She felt them moving her and laying her down on one of the tables, facing up. She spread her own legs for them, and they seemed to like it, commenting more about how eager she was.

“She must be hard up at home if this is how she’s acting!”

“Go on, Hakeem, get in her!”

“Yeah, get in her! Fuck this slut like a real Bull!”

The one of the four who looked youngest was undoubtedly Hakeem. He looked like he was 18 or 19, his head shaved to the point where his hair was a coloring on his head. He had his cock out, all nine inches of it, and was getting lined up with Tiffany’s pussy. She caught his eye for just a moment.

“Please!” Tiffany cried out, begging for cock like it was the only thing that could save her life.

Hakeem couldn’t resist. He plunged his cock into her, and Tiffany let out a scream of pure delight. There was barely any pain. She was so wet and ready for it that her pussy only felt pleasure. It was almost as if she had been made just for the purpose of taking a huge black cock. The only thing that kept that from being true was Hakeem’s cock stopping halfway inside her, meeting resistance. He forced himself forward, and Tiffany screamed and moaned, happy to be stretched out again. If only every sensation could be as sweet as first entry, and the stretching out afterwards.

Hakeem entering Tiffany didn’t mean his teammates were idle, not by a long shot. Soon enough, they had gotten their own cocks out, and Tiffany felt her hands being guided to them. To her left and right stood two of the young men, and she relished the chance to touch them as well. Tiffany tried to stroke them, but she

was distracted by Hakeem starting to fuck her. She felt a flash of regret that she wouldn't be giving the two cocks in her hands the treatment they deserved, though that regret was soon followed by the realization that a simple handjob wasn't going to make them cum immediately, like it did with Kelley. They would undoubtedly be able to hold back while there were better offerings on the table.

The fourth man took advantage of the table's shape and size. The tables were small, to fit them into the restaurant properly, so Tiffany's body didn't fit fully onto one. Far from being the wrong size, it was the perfect size for fucking Tiffany not just from one end, but from two. The fourth man was behind Tiffany's head, and he simply laid his cock across her face, letting her look up at him and marvel in how big he was. His body was huge, his muscles were huge, his balls were huge, and so was his cock. Had Tiffany's mouth not already been open, she would have opened it wide for him, begging him to put it in her mouth. She wanted to taste him so badly.

He let her, putting his hand through her long, black hair to guide her to put her head back and let it hang over the edge of the table. His touch was strong, but not cruel, showing her where to move and reminding her that there would be no refusal. Tiffany did as he directed, feeling the head of his cock push into her mouth. Whatever pleasure she would have gotten from simply getting fucked or simply sucking a cock or jerking one off was intensified by the others. They were a multiplicative effect, not an additive one, driving her into the heights of bliss.

Hakeem fucked her hard, gripping her hips to hold her in place. The table shook underneath Tiffany, and such shaking

would have made her breasts bounce around obscenely if not for the hands on them. Tiffany felt their hands on her arms, her legs, her breasts, her neck, and her hips, covering her white skin in black. When Tiffany opened her eyes, all she saw was a pair of huge, black balls dangling before her, and the cock that was being rammed into her mouth. There must be so much cum inside those balls, and in each of the other three young men around her. Ashley had mentioned that young men made far more cum. Tiffany wondered whether she was going to feel it flowing into her pussy first, or if she was going to taste it before that. It might even be Tiffany herself that came first.

She got her answer. Hakeem flooded her pussy with cum, pushing himself as deep as he could go. He groaned loudly as he pressed his cock home. It was a triumphant sound, celebrating his first tight white pussy. Tiffany couldn't believe how much cum she felt like was inside her. It wasn't just Ramon that made her feel good. It wasn't just his skill or his cock or the fact that it was him that had fucked her, since this inexperienced young black man had done exactly the same thing. Hakeem had never fucked a white girl before, but all he needed was to do what came naturally, and it felt better than Tiffany had ever felt from her husband and his tiny whiteboy dick.

No sooner had Hakeem pulled out than the others changed positions. Tiffany's mouth was suddenly empty of cock, and they hauled her to her feet momentarily. Trey, one of the men Tiffany had been jerking off, laid on the table instead of her. His teammates picked up Tiffany with effortless strength, laying her down on top of Trey, face to face with him.

“Please, more!” Tiffany moaned.

“Good girl,” Trey said. He held her hips with one hand and with the other guided his cock deep into her freshly fucked pussy.

“AHHH!” Tiffany screamed. He was the same size as Hakeem, so why did she still feel so stretched out when Trey got inside her? Was it something she would go through every time? Staying nice and tight forever seemed like a wonderful fate for Tiffany to go through.

The man who had stuffed his cock down her throat, a player they only called “Big K” now stood behind her, eyeing her ass. Her spit wasn’t enough, so the coach provided lube to the boys when they inevitably wanted to fuck one of the girl’s asses. He lined himself up, pressing the tip against Tiffany’s virgin asshole.

“You want it?” Big K asked.

“Yes! Take my ass! Take everything!” Tiffany said, not caring if she cursed. If ever there was a time to do it, it was now. “I’m a whore for black cock!”

It was that moment that her husband decided to walk into the restaurant. Ramon hadn’t yet gotten around to closing the shutters over the windows and locking the doors like he normally would when closing the place, so Kelley strolled right in. He stared at Tiffany there on the table, his mouth open, but not a word exiting his lips. Tiffany looked back at him, her eyes wide like a doe caught in the headlights of a car. There was one guy inside her, and another about to be, while the cum of a third dripped out of her, and a fourth was lining up to shove his cock in her mouth.

“What the fuck?!” Kelley finally asked.

“Grab him!” Ramon shouted from across the room, and the football coach sprang into action, taking a hold of Kelley and pinning him against a wall.

“That’s my wife!” Kelley said. “And you animals are just raping her?!”

“Nobody’s raping anybody here,” the coach said. “Just who are you?”

“I’m the owner, and that’s my wife right there in the middle of all you thugs!” Kelley said.

Tiffany hadn’t moved a muscle, and the football players all around her had frozen in place as well, trying to figure out what would happen next. In a way, Tiffany was honored that Kelley was even raising his voice a little in defense of her. But it was too little and far too late for his display to accomplish anything. She wouldn’t be stopped in her quest for more pleasure. Her life had been completely changed by the presence of other men in her life, and her husband couldn’t hope to compete anymore, even if he gave it his best shot.

“You?” The coach looked at Tiffany, and she nodded.

“Yes, me. I don’t care anymore,” Tiffany said, straightening up. She felt something stirring within her, and it wasn’t just Trey’s cock. “You can’t satisfy me. You never have! You think your money is all you need to keep me happy? I need real men! I need to get FUCKED!”

The players around her cheered. Ashley would have joined in on the cheering had she not been busy catching her breath after enthusiastically sucking a cock.



“Tiffany...” Kelley started to say, no longer struggling against the coach’s grasp. The bigger man let him go.

“No, you won’t say anything. Your racist ass is going to sit in one of these chairs and watch me get fucked by every black guy in this place! Even Ramon, the guy you thought was stealing from you? He’s going to fuck me in front of you too! And the coach, if he wants a piece! See this guy right here? He’s Big K! His cock is ten times bigger than yours, and right now it’s going right up my ass! You could never have my ass, you could never even get in with how short you are!”

“Ohhhhh shit,” Big K said. “You never let your husband in here?”

“Hell no! He didn’t even deserve a handjob from me, let alone that! Everyone else here can have me! Fuck me however you want, just make sure my worthless white husband sees it all!” Tiffany said.

She wasn’t surprised in the least when Kelley didn’t even say a word. The coach guided him to one of the awful plastic chairs that the restaurant used, and Kelley sat in it, watching as Big K slid into Tiffany’s asshole, stretching her and stuffing her beyond what she thought was possible. Before taking this job from her husband, Tiffany had only ever taken his tiny white penis in one of her holes. Now she was taking dicks that were far larger, and in both her pussy and ass at the same time.

A fourth athlete named Julius knew what to do next, even if Tiffany didn’t. He grabbed Tiffany’s hair, now a mess, and pulled her so that she could lean down and suck his cock as well. He chose the side of the table closer to Kelley, to better afford the

cuckolded man a view of his wife's struggles to deepthroat a third cock. She managed to do it, her body now completely stuffed to the limit. All at once, they had stuffed every hole of hers so ridiculously far beyond anything Kelley could do that he was speechless, simply watching his wife's pale body get fucked from every angle.

Tiffany took their cocks like she had been doing it for years. It was easy for her to do so when she was so aroused, and it felt like the most natural thing in the world. When she had sex with Kelley, it was awkward and rarely felt any good. Now she wanted him to see as she came from being triple-penetrated. Her heart felt like it was going to beat out of her chest, and her eyes wanted so badly to close, as tears streamed down her face. Her skin was flushed and sweat dripped off her body. Through it all, she made eye contact with Kelley, trying to tell him everything she was thinking with a look.

*Yes, yes, watch me cum, watch me cum! I'm going to cum with all these black men you disdain so much! They're so much better than you in every way! The instant I needed them to, they fought for me. You gave up instantly. You never made me cum even once, and you had so many tries. They're making me cum on their first try! I want them all! I want them all and I want none of you, ever again! I'm a whore for black men, and I'm never going to touch you again!*

Her body was doing so much, it was hard to tell from the outside that she was hitting the biggest climax of her life. From the inside, from what Trey and Big K and Julius could feel, they knew she was having an earth-shattering orgasm. Her eyes rolled

back in her head, breaking contact with Kelley. At a time like this, she didn't need to look at him. All she needed was the sensations from her mouth, pussy, and ass.

Tiffany didn't even look at Kelley after that. She knew he was there, since she knew the door to the restaurant had stayed closed, but there was no reason to look at him. He didn't make any noise. He didn't get up to try and wrestle her away from the black men that surrounded her at all times. Kelley didn't even come over to try and take a turn at fucking her. Any of those options might have bought him back the tiniest bit of respect in her mind. Kelley did none of them. All he did was watch, helplessly. Tiffany didn't care. She entered a world that she never knew was even possible. She lost count of the number of times she was fucked. She lost count of the number of times she came. She didn't even know the names of half the men fucking her, and she had no idea how much cum had been pumped into her or onto her pale, sticky, glowing skin. Tiffany did know that she was in heaven, and she had everyone but her husband to thank for it.

Unbeknownst to Tiffany's arousal-addled mind, Ashley had rearranged the party. As much as Ashley loved having these men cum in her, this was too good an opportunity to pass up. Ashley acted as the fluffer for Tiffany, preparing each man as best as she could before he went to drop another load of cum in or on Tiffany's body. She sucked men to keep them hard, or squeezed her huge, fake breasts together to let them have a titjob, the only thing that Tiffany wasn't able to accomplish for the men due to the sexual geometry involved. All eight players, the coach, and

Ramon took their turn on Ashley, waiting for a spot to open up on Tiffany's body.

Eventually, after the whole team had gone two or three times each, Ramon had one last thing to do. The racist asshole who was ostensibly the boss had to be shown the new way things worked. Grabbing Kelley by the collar of his shirt, Ramon dragged him over to see the drooling, twitching mess of his wife. Ramon had gotten himself relatively close to cumming with the help of Ashley, and when he shoved himself into Tiffany's still tight cunt, he shot his load inside her quickly. Ramon held onto Kelley so he was forced to watch the whole thing.

"This is the only way you get to touch our bitch now," Ramon said. "You can eat her pussy after we've all had our turns. No more."

Ramon shoved Kelley's face between Tiffany's legs. The remnants of well over a dozen shots worth of cum were there, and Kelley was too weak to disobey. He licked up the cum of all ten black men, in the process giving Tiffany more pleasure than he had ever given her before. His skin burned red with humiliation, and the thin fabric of his pants pitched a tiny tent.

"Hey, you boys want to see something funny?" Ashley asked, kneeling down behind Kelley. She reached around him to open his pants.

The laughter that echoed in the room would never leave Kelley's ears. As if solely to compound his humiliation, all it took was the slightest touch of the tip of Ashley's finger to make him spurt his load all over his pants. Even though it was his first orgasm, the amount of his cum couldn't match the amount of one

of the real men's third. There was more cum in a single lick of his tongue than he expelled in his pathetic premature ejaculation. He could have run away and hidden, but he didn't. Kelley didn't have the balls to. All he had was tiny little whiteboy balls, dangling below a tiny whiteboy dick that would never go inside his wife again.

Tiffany, feeling Kelley licking her pussy clean, was completely exhausted, and just as happy as she had ever been. Maybe next time she could invite everyone over to her house and use her marriage bed like it was meant to be used.

The End.