

Jack And The Home Invasion

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Buck stepped out of the trees into the field. Behind him, the searchlights of the prison two miles away would could be seen passing back and forth against the clouded sky. He fondled the revolver in his pocket, a pistol he stole off of the guard he had to kill in order to escape. He breathed hard, having run through the woods to this field. In the middle of the field was small farm house.

Looking it at, he stripped off his orange jumpsuit and stood in his underwear at the edge of the forest. He was a strapping black man. His muscles grew over two years lifting weights in the prison yard. The exercise was paying off now. He was making good time. He guessed it wouldn't be until morning bed check when he was found to be missing. He needed someplace to hideout until the heat was down. The farm house looked like a perfect place.

He buried his prison jumpsuit in a pile of leaves and approached the house cautiously, using the shadows and darkness to hide. There was light coming from the windows so he knew there was someone home. He didn't see that as a problem, in fact, he hoped for it. He knew the gun in his hand would keep people in line.

Peeking through a window, he saw the family watching the television. He could see a teenager, father, and mother sitting on a couch. They were munching on popcorn and dressed ready for bed. A night of watching movies before bed. They were all white. Perfect! Time to introduce them to some black "culture."

He watched at the window for a bit to verify the three were the only ones in the house. After about ten minutes, he decided that they were. Besides, he was getting cold. It was time to go inside and get warm.

He went around to the kitchen door on the side of the house and found it unlocked. He slipped inside quietly and found himself in the dark kitchen. From the living room, he heard the movie that was playing and the family laughing with each other. The house had a fresh popped popcorn scent. In the prison, they would have a weekly movie nights with popcorn but it never smelled as good as this popcorn.

He tiptoed to the entrance to the living room and listened for a minute. Then he simply stepped into the room, pointing the gun at the father, a dark haired bearded man of about forty five. The family jumped at the sight of the intruder, switching off the television as he did.

"What are you doing in here?" the father said, standing up.

"Sit the fuck back down old man," Buck said, "Or I'll blow your brains out."

He sat down, staring at the gun pointed at him.

"That's good." Buck sat down on the coffee table in front of them.

"Okay. Listen. I need to hideout here until the fuzz calms down. Sorry for the intrusion but that's the luck of the Irish, eh?"

They all listened. The teenager was a boy of about fourteen with dark hair like his father. His mother, who held her son in her hands while Buck talked, was a nice looking blonde woman of about forty years old.

“What’s your name, Boy?” Buck asked the teenager.

“Jack,”

“Nice to meet you, Jack. What’s your name, Bitch?”

Jack’s mother balked at the curse at her and shook her head. Buck responded by pointing the gun at her son.

“Name?”

“Caroline,” she quietly said, barely able to speak.

“Good. So, Dad? What’s your name?”

“Frank.”

“Nice to meet all of you. Really. I’m Buck and as you’ve probably guessed, I’ve escaped from the prison down the road. Is there anyone else in the house?”

Frank answered, “No.”

“Expecting anyone anytime soon?”

“No.”

“Good. Now listen. I’m going to be here for a while. We can make the best of this. But in order to do that, I need you to obey my every command the moment I utter it. Do you understand?”

No one moved.

“Do. You. Understand?”

They all three nodded their heads in affirmative.

“Good.”

Buck stood up. The three couldn’t help but notice the huge bulge in their abductor’s boxer briefs. It stood in the center of their view as he stood there. Caroline was sure she had never seen a cock that could fill a man’s underwear so fully. She imagined an anaconda between his legs and her panties suddenly became moist. She blushed at the thought she could be aroused by their abductor. She quickly put it out of her mind.

He ordered them to stand up. At first, they didn’t move. Then he sighed and pointed the gun at Frank’s forehead. They instantly began to stand up. He took them into the kitchen and while they stood and watched Buck searched the kitchen drawers. He found a long knife which he took. In the last drawer he looked next to the stove he found what he was looking for, a roll of duct tape.

“Excellent,” he said. For some reason, every home had a roll of duct tape in the kitchen.

He had Jack and Frank carry two kitchen chairs into the living room.

“Sit,” he told Caroline, pointing at the couch. She did as she was told and sat down.

He turned to Jack and his father.

“Strip down, Boys.”

“What?” Jack exclaimed, “No.”

Buck put the gun down on the coffee table and sat down next to Jack’s mother. He put the knife against her throat.

“Do it.”

Jack and Frank looked at each other and Frank nodded his head, weakly, resigned to his fate. They began to remove their clothes until they were in their underwear, Jack in his white briefs, his father in light blue boxers. They stood an awkward moment, bare chested and exposed.

Buck stood up. “Underwear, too. I want you totally nude.”

Reluctantly, they dropped their last piece of clothing, Caroline in tears and exposed their penises to the black man invading their home. Jack’s was an average size, about six inches and thin. At its base was growing tufts of hair but the rest of his body was smooth and bare. His father, on the other hand, was covered in dark hair with a slightly larger penis than his son’s.

Buck sat them down in the chairs from the kitchen and used the duct tape to secure them to the chairs. Before they knew it, their legs, arms and torso was secured to the chairs so they couldn’t move. They trembled in fear, breathing heavy.

“What are you going to do?” Caroline asked.

“Oh not much,” Buck answered as he put tape over Jack’s mouth to keep him from talking. He did the same to Frank. He then took Caroline to the bedroom and began looking through their dresser drawers while she stood in the middle of the room shivering with fear, her arms crossed across her breasts.

“Ah. That’s what I’m talking about,” Buck said, turning from the dresser holding a silk red number that Frank brought her for Valentine’s Day. “Put this one on. It’s sexy.”

“No,”

Buck stepped close to her, so close she could smell his breath on her turned cheek.

“Do it,” he whispered, passing the knife blade along her buttocks, “Or I’ll cut off your son’s balls.”

She knew he was serious and began to walk to the adjoining bathroom to change. As she reached the door, she said, “I’ll change in private. You won’t get a thrill out of watching me change.”

As she was changing, Buck looked through the other dresser, Frank’s apparently. He came away with a pair of tight blue brief underwear Frank would wear sometimes for his wife. He put it on and it didn’t contain any of his monster cock. His balls spilled out of the corners of the leg holes, his dark hairy pubes stuck out of the top. He chuckled as he looked at himself in the mirror.

Frank and Jack were strapped to their chairs, worry filled their heads. What was this black intruder doing to their wife and mother in that bedroom? Their minds came up with horrible scenarios.

When Caroline and Buck came out, they sat down on the couch. Caroline looked scared but unharmed. Buck put his arm around her shoulders like they were on a date, turning the television on with the remote in his other hand.

They sat there for some time in silence watching television. Buck had been in prison for going on three years and this was the first time he'd been able to watch a high definition television in a long time. So, they watched a movie as it ran on cable.

About half way through the movie, Buck leaned over and kissed Caroline. She resisted at first but then let him kiss her, for fear of what this black man would do to her family, she convinced herself but deep down, she had wanted to kiss him since she first saw the size of the bulge in his prison issue underwear.

After they spent several minutes necking and kissing like teenagers on the sofa, her husband and son watching with wide eyes as they were strapped naked to their kitchen chairs, Buck separated from her. Caroline was breathing heavy with arousal. He turned off the television and stood up, grabbing the knife off the coffee table.

"Up," he said. Caroline did as she was told, mesmerized by Buck now. She stood up. He reached forward with his knife and slashed twice at her shoulders. She jumped at that but the straps on her red silk lingerie cut off and the whole ensemble collapsed on the floor around her feet. Her first instinct was to cover her breasts with her arms but as soon as she moved, Buck made a sound that made her drop her arms back to her sides.

Buck looked over her body, enjoying the view. She wasn't a classic supermodel beauty. She was a bit overweight to many, fleshy fat around the midsection, hips, buttocks, and breasts. Her pale skin soft and smooth. Buck dropped the briefs he was wearing, revealing his massive cock. It was hardening from the view of her naked body, the first woman he had seen in three years.

Caroline gasped as the dark shaft appeared. It was by far the largest she'd ever seen. It was at least a foot long and as big as her wrist around. Large and veiny, it grew hard, bouncing up and down and throbbing until it pointed straight at her. The balls underneath the cock itself had to be as big as tennis balls, hanging low in a brown hairy sack.

"What a beauty," Buck said, "Frank, you are a lucky man to have such a beautiful creature to fuck every night."

Frank was weeping, tears going down his face. He struggled against his restraints but to no avail. His cock too was rising in jerky fits to hardness. Jack's cock was already rock hard, pointing at the ceiling. He stared at his mother and black stranger with wide fascinated eyes.

"Lay down on the floor."

Caroline did as she was told, perhaps too eagerly. She shook with fear, or was it excitement. It was always a bit of a fantasy for her to be raped by a stranger. Of course, nothing brutal but something always sexy and hot. It would turn her on almost every time she had the fantasy. Now, part of her was frightened about what was to come. She knew the reality would be vastly different from her fantasies. Another part of her was horny at the thought she might actually realize her secret fantasy.

She laid down on her back, her knees up but closed, her legs facing her tied husband and child. Her ample breasts, very easily double Ds, rolled onto her sides. She turned her head to her left side, trying not to look at Buck.

Buck approached her feet, coming between her and her tied up family. His cock jutting out in front of him, swaying back and forth, a dousing rod looking for the water of her pussy.

“Spread ‘em,” he said.

She shook her head, “No. I’m going to let you rape me. Not in front of my husband and son. That thing would kill me. It’s so large. It’s a monster.”

Buck laughed at the comment then moved next to Jack. He put the knife to his groin.

“I said, open your legs, Cunt! Or I’ll cut off little Jack’s cock!”

Tears burst from her eyes as she opened her legs to reveal a dark haired pussy mound and a pair of fleshy lips. Buck looked down her body, appreciating her cunt, the hills and valleys of her belly, her melon breasts. God, he almost shot off right then. He hadn’t seen a naked women in a long time, especially a white one.

He went down on his knees and crawled in between her legs. She shivered, rolling her head to left on the carpet, closing her eyes tight waiting for the initial penetration. Instead, she felt a light, soft, moist feeling on her pussy lips. The feeling wasn’t what she was expecting. She thought it was going to be the painful thrusting of a monster cock, a cock only found on elephants and black men. But instead, this feeling was a good one, a pleasurable one. He was licking her pussy, tasting her juices.

She let out a moan, her mouth opening wide to take in breath that caught in her throat.

The sound of his sucking and licking filled the room and entered the ears of her husband and son, both with hard-ons the size of skyscrapers in their laps. The scent of Caroline’s sex wafted into the air and filled their nostrils. Her moans got louder. Her hips humping up into Buck’s working mouth.

For someone who had been in prison so long, he certainly knew cunnilingus. It was like riding a bike for him. Once he got into a rhythm he could work any woman into a frenzy. And he was certainly doing that to his white suburban housewife.

She began panting, her thighs squeezing Buck’s head. She was trembling but this time it was certainly passion and not fear. Sweat appeared on her skin and glistened in the light. Then she cried out, bucking her hips up violently.

“Oh god!” she screamed, “NO! NO!”

She flailed about, trying to push Buck off of her. She could feel her orgasm building and as much as she wanted the big cum she didn’t want to do it during a rape by a virtual stranger, especially with her restrained husband and son watching. She pushed her hips up, her tits rolling around on her chest. She grimaced, her eyes shut tight, gritting her teeth. Buck rode the ride with her and held on. No matter what she did she couldn’t get him off of her.

“OH SHIT!” she cried out, “I don’t want to CUUUUMMMM!”

As soon as she said the word “cum” a long, guttural moan came from her throat and the word droned out in a long sound. Her face turned deep red, a reaction Frank knew meant she was cumming hard. Buck chuckled into her crotch, still licking and sucking at her clit. He could feel her vagina pulsating juices into his mouth.

Frank cried out into his duct tape gag, thrashing in the chair but still unable to get free. Jack began to cry, tears flowing down his face, his chest convulsing.

Caroline’s orgasm, the best she had in quite a long time, began to subside. Her hips collapsed onto the shag carpeting, her thighs relaxing. She was breathing heavy, trying to catch some air and get her heart to settle down. Her chest raised up and down, making her breasts roll and heave.

Buck sat up on his knees and pointed his log of a cock at her cunt opening.

“I think you’re ready now,” he said and then plunged forward.

Caroline’s eyes shot open and she let out a scream at the invasion. His cock slid into the tight opening, inch by inch in a slow, determined push. The pain of such a huge organ stretching her insides and opening her vagina was great. She felt like a virgin again, taking a cock for the first time in the back seat of her father’s car.

Frank screamed into his duct tape gag. It was muffled but it was clearly a loud “NO!” at the penetration of his wife.

She gasped, struggling for air. She cried out again, unintelligible words.

“OH SHIT! It’s too big! Take it out! TAKE IT OUT!!”

But Buck didn’t take it out of her. He was enjoying her tight moistness too much now. He plunged with more urgency now. Then he hit bottom, his balls bouncing off her buttocks. He stopped any motion, not just get her used to him but to get his cock used to a pussy after a couple of years of getting used to convict ass.

They lay there on the floor for a moment, breathing heavy, getting a feel for each other. Caroline was certain that the mushroom head of the black man’s cock was smack dab in the middle of her uterus.

Then Buck began to slowly begin the in and out motion of a good fuck, sliding the full length of his cock out until just the head was just inside her pussy lips. Then he would push forward, slowly, steadily back into the soft, warm confines of her cunt.

Frank and Jack watched the black man’s muscular butt rise and fall as he raped her. They could see his balls slapping against her upturned buttocks.

Her legs came up and circled Buck’s waist, locking at the ankles. Buck began to speed up his thrusts and Caroline groaned. Buck felt her pussy clamp hard on his tool and groaned himself at the feeling.

“Oh, yea, Baby,” he said, “You’re diggin’ it now, ain’t ya?”

She moaned again, as another orgasm, the third so far, flowed through her. She could only nod her head in affirmative. Buck chuckled and continued to plow into her pussy which flowed with clear, slippery juices.

Then Jack let out a loud moan into his gag. It was muffled but loud enough that everyone else could hear it and turned to look. Even Buck stopped pumping her pussy to see why he was moaning. His mom looked over the big black man's shoulder to her son, concerned.

Jack tipped his head back, his eyes shut tight and gritted his teeth. His cock jumped in his lap and white semen shot into the air. Watching the action on the floor set off him off. Globes of cum splattered on his chest. His young cock recoiling after each shot.

In no time, his chest, stomach, pubic mound glistened like lotion on his smooth skin. His mother watched in fascination as her son came all over himself without even having to touch himself. Buck laughed.

"Good job, Boy! I told you we'd have some fun! We're just getting started."

He pulled out of Caroline and sat up, his brown shaft shined from her juices. Caroline moaned with disappointment.

Buck laid onto his back between the two chairs with Frank and Jack still taped to them. Caroline knew what he wanted. She mounted him and inserted his long cock back into her pussy. Where it belonged, she thought. Now it wasn't rape they were doing. This was fucking. She wanted it as much as Buck did.

She sunk down on him, letting out a long moan. Then she began riding him like a horse, bouncing up and down on his foot long, her eyes closed in concentration. Buck reached his large hands up to her jiggling breasts and kneaded them, pinching her nipples and pulling them out from her breast, letting them snap back like rubber bands onto her tits.

Caroline reached up, in the heat of the moment, and grabbed Frank's hard cock. He jumped at the touch but then settled in when she started stroking his cock in rhythm to her bouncing on the convict's dick. She moaned out another loud guttural moan.

"OH GOD!"

"That's it, Baby. Ride that cock."

Caroline reached her other hand up and wrapped her fingers around her son's cock, now slimey from his cum but still hard, like only a teenager's cock can be after a good ejaculation. He let out a gasp into his gag and then a groan deep in his throat when she started jerking it at the same rhythm as she was jerking his father's.

Sweet appeared on all of their bodies now, droplets dripped off of her tits onto Buck's chest. Their speed increased to a frantic blur. The sound of slapping bodies, the moist squishing sound of wet orifices and fleshy poles, the moans and groans of pleasure from everyone now. Tears were gone, fears were gone. Just the pleasure remained.

Buck slapped Caroline's buttocks making them ripple in waves. She let out a yelp from the stinging. Pink welts appeared on her ass cheeks.

Then she was cumming again. She stopped rising and falling on Buck's cock and settled to sit on his groin. She bowed her head and arched her back. Her grip on her husband and son tightened as she cried out. Buck felt her pussy gush and a clear juice shot out from her pussy in splashes onto his pubic mound.

“Oh Fuck!” She cried out.

He entire body trembled as she went through her sixth orgasm of the night.

“Oh yea,” Buck said, “You ARE really diggin’ it now! You got your black cock fever on, dontcha?”

Caroline dropped down and engulfed his lips in a passionate kiss, their tongues dueling, tasting each other. Then they parted.

“You aren’t leaving here anytime soon, Honey,” she whispered to him.

Then she lifted back up and went back to her regular up and down rhythm on top of him. She gripped her son and husband’s cocks again and started to stroke them again, this time with urgency. She wanted, no needed, all of her men to come off.

She could tell just by the feel of him that Frank was about to shoot off. She looked into his eyes as she bounced. She knew that look in his eyes. He was aroused something fierce.

They locked eye contact and she felt his shaft jerk and pulsate in her fist. White cum shot into the air about a foot and fell back down on his chest. Frank groaned and humped his hips up into her jerking hand. More shots flew into the air, covering his stomach and pubic hair. His pubic mound became a matted mess.

She smiled as she rubbed her hand in the pool of semen on his stomach like it was a lotion to help ease chaffing. Then she turned to her son and stroked up and down his sticky shaft in a blur of motion.

“Come on, Jack,” she said, “Come for Mommy.”

As she bounced on Buck’s cock, taking it fully now, she worked hard to get her son to ejaculate again in her hand. He was sure he would do it. He moaned a muffled moan.

And then he too was cumming. His semen was thicker this time, whiter than the first time he came. It shot one shot into the air a few inches which landed like a rope across his stomach but the rest just oozed from his piss hole and drained down his shaft and over her fingers.

“That’s it, Baby. Good job, Jack.”

Coraline put her hands, now that they were free onto Buck’s chest, smearing semen on his breasts, to leverage her humping actions. Her hips moved at a fast pace now, smooth pale butt-cheeks jiggling with the frantic motion.

“You’re turn, Big Boy,” she said, “Time for that big cock of yours to shoot its load. You’ve waited for years to shoot into a woman. This has to be better than all the man asses you must have fucked in prison. Right?”

Buck spanked her jiggling ass cheeks hard. Coralina let out a yelp of pain and surprise. A red welt appeared on the soft white cheeks. He grabbed her by the hips to stop her motion. She looked at him with a questioning look.

“Bitch, you thinking of your puny white boys who fuck you. You’re fucking a black man now. We don’t shoot off in a couple of minutes. We last hours before we give up our seed.”

He sat up, wrapping his arms around her torso, both breathing heavy. He could feel her breasts smooshed into his chest, her nipples hard as rocks. He put his feet flat on the floor and in a deft move jumped to his feet, taking her with him, still impaled on his black shaft. He stood there for a second, getting his balance while she wrapped her legs around him, locking her ankles on his muscular buttocks, and locked her fingers together behind his neck.

As Jack and Frank, spent from their own orgasms but eyes large with lustful passionate, watched, Buck walked the two of them to the center of the room. Each bump of his hips made her bounce on his cock. Her head was buried in his shoulder and she moaned as they moved.

Buck grabbed both of her smooth round butt cheeks in his large dark brown hands and rose her up. His cock pulled out of her stretched pussy and then let go, dropping her back onto it. She let out a cry.

“Oh shit!”

Then they were back into a rhythm again. Her whole body slid up and down against him while she held on for dear life. The tree branch of his cock cleaved up her vagina and into her womb. He turned profile to the her son and husband so he could see him fucking her while standing, something he was sure they were too weak to do.

“See that boys? I’m given her the best ride of her life. Something neither of you would be able to give her. She’s going to be craving black cock from now on, guys. Ain’t that right, Bitch?”

Coraline was cumming hard then, she had lost count how many times it had happened since Buck first entered her, but she managed to nod her head against his chest.

“What was that, Cunt? I didn’t hear you.”

“Oh my god, yes! I love your black cock! I’m never going to fuck anything else!”

Franks cried out into his gag and tears fell down his face.

Jack watched in amazement his mother and this black convict fuck while standing. She held onto this tree of a man like a monkey. She bounced up and down against him. Jack never thought this type of position was even possible.

The two were slapping against each other now, pelvis hitting pelvis. The smacking sound filled the room along with the squishing of Coraline’s cunt as his rock hard penis invaded her over and over.

“Oh FUCK! I’m cumming again! I can’t stop cumming! Keep fucking me!”

Her body jerked and trembled once again as she clung to her new lover. She grunted and Buck felt her spray his groin again. He laughed. He loved it when he brought a woman off and he hadn’t been able to do it in so long.

“Yea, Bitch! Take it!”

As Caroline calmed down from her orgasm even as her body was getting ready to ramp up for another one, her ankles came apart and she couldn’t hold onto him anymore. Buck slowly lowered himself back to the floor and laid her down on her back, never pulling out of her during the whole action. He fucked her on the floor then, pounding her with a quick jabbing moves. He laid down on top of her, and their

lips met. Their tongues flicked against each other, their mouths opening and closing as they kissed. His butt rose and fell, flexed and unflexed, with each thrust deep into her body. Her fleshy hips jiggled in waves. Her breasts smooshed tight against his muscle chest.

Buck broke the kiss momentarily and looked behind him, never breaking his fuck rhythm. He felt Coraline's pussy squeeze his cock and knew she was cumming again. He looked at Jack and Frank sitting there strapped into their chairs watching the two on the floor. Miraculously, for white boys, they were both sporting hard ons again. He was sure they were rather painful now.

He turned back to his milf lover and whispered into her ear.

"How about we let your husband and son free? Do you think they would cause me any problems now?"

She could only shake her head.

Buck slid out of her and immediately she regretted saying no to his question. She felt suddenly empty and alone. Tears welled up in her eyes as Buck got up and grabbed the knife from the coffee table where it had sat all this time. He walked over to the two in the chairs.

"Is that right, Frank? Will you cause any problems if I let you go?"

He shook his head.

"And young Jack, how about you? You a trouble maker?"

He shook his head too.

Using the knife, Buck cut all the duct tape off the chairs and before they knew it, Frank and his son were free. They both stood up, stretched, their small cocks sticking out in front of them. Buck ripped the tape off their mouths and threw them in balls in the corner of the room. They both breathed a sigh of relief in unison. Caroline thought it was cut how closely they imitated one another.

They stood there for a minute in silence, as if to ask Buck, what was next.

"Well, well. Looks like we have a couple of good ole fashion hard-ons. Stand right here, Boys. I've got an idea I think you'll like."

He called Caroline over to them. She turned over and shimmied to them on her hands and knees. Her breasts hung low and swayed back and forth with her motion. This alone got Jack even more aroused. He was coming to be a breast man and he was finding his mother had the best, of the few he'd seen.

"That's it, Honey. Come over here like the dog you are."

When she got to the three, she looked up at her new master with eyes like puppy dogs asking what he wanted her to do.

"Suck off you son, Bitch! He deserves it after what they've been through. Don't you think so?"

She hesitated, then said, "Yes."

She leaned forward and engulfed the head of her son's cock with her mouth. Jack moaned at the warm, moist feeling on his dick. She rose off his cock and licked it up the vein on the underside to the head, flicking her tongue on the head. The hard member bounced to her flicks.

“Oh shit,” her son moan.

She began bobbing her head up and down his shaft, adding a little suction as she moved her mouth up to the head. Frank watched his wife suck off his son and knew the incredible feelings he was experiencing. Frank loved his wife’s cock-sucking expertise. She was a natural, he thought but if he ever knew how she came about that skill, by giving fellatio to hundreds of guys, practically every guy she met, during her college days, he might not be as thrilled. Still, he could imagine very well his son’s feelings at that moment.

Then he felt the same feelings on himself. He groaned and looked down to find Buck’s mouth on his cock much like Caroline’s was on Jack’s. He licked and sucked as well as Caroline. Frank moaned, tilting his head back to enjoy the feelings the convict was giving him.

The room became filled with the moans of the two white boys and the squishing sound of wet lips smacking against smooth flesh.

“God that feels good,” Frank said.

Buck sucked off the top of Frank’s cockhead and said, “Yea. The guys in Cellblock C say I’m the best suck they’ve ever had.”

Then he went back to work bobbing his head up and down his cock. The small size of the cock, compared to the ones he was used to in the cellblock, made it easy for him to deep throat him, burying his nose in Frank’s pubic hair and then pulling back up with just a little suction, then diving back down.

Jack on the edge already, even after cumming twice already. The whole night’s events were beyond anything he ever imagined while jerking himself off in his room every night. The third erection of the night was a painful one, straining for release. He began humping his hips at his mom’s mouth. Caroline realized he was close, felt the hardness of his cock become even harder, and held her head still. She closed her eyes tight, letting Jack fuck her mouth at his own rhythm.

Then he was cumming. His body bolted against her face and his cock began jerking and bucking in her throat. Warm cum shot like a shotgun down her throat and she gagged a little but quickly got her composure again. He shot load after load, round after round, into her mouth and down her throat. She swallowed as much as she could but the semen overflowed her mouth. He was just producing too much of it to handle. Long drops of the gooeey stuff roped down from the corners of her mouth in long strands.

“Oh FUCK!” cried Jack, “Oh Jesus!”

Meanwhile, as soon as Frank saw his son buck and tremble, he knew he was cumming in his wife’s mouth. Already on the edge of the cliff before he was even cut free from the chairs, Frank shuddered and his cock pulsed in Buck’s mouth. Buck moaned as the cum flowed in, blasting against the inside of his cheeks, making them balloon out like Dizzy Gelipsie.

“Holy Christ! Me too!” he cried out.

After father and son had finished emptying their loads together, Caroline and Buck pulled back, still swallowing the sticky cum.

“Mmm. Delicious,” Buck said, “Ain’t that right, Bitch?”

Caroline nodded, her mouth still filled with semen, cum strands hanging from her chin and down between her breasts. Both Jack and Frank stood on obviously wobbly legs. They looked about to collapse. Buck had them lay on the floor (he still needed to keep an eye on them) to sleep and he took Caroline to the sofa.

He laid her on her back and plunged his monster cock back into her. She moaned and sighed at the same time. This was what she wanted. Buck began to fuck in and out of her at a quick rate.

For the next three hours, they fucked everywhere they could while her husband and son slept soundly on the floor on the living room. Caroline lost track of all the times he made her cum. In many ways, she was constantly orgasming all night and never had an unaroused moment.

He fucked her from behind against the kitchen counter. She rode him as he laid on his back on the coffee table. He pounded her from the side on the floor and then against in spooning position back on the couch. She rode him as he sat in one of the kitchen chairs to which Franks and Jack had been duct taped. She sprayed more of her clear fluids on him on that one. They took showers together and fucked then too with her palms on the cool tile and him plowing against her from behind. The water hitting their overheated bodies made the experience feel much better.

As he promised, hours passed before he was ready to shoot his load. They were in Caroline and Frank's marriage bed, a place where two days before Frank had fucked Caroline in such a wonderful way that she never thought it could get better. And then Buck came into their lives. Caroline was on her back, her legs once again around Buck's waist, ankles interlocked. They were kissing as his hips pistoned into and out of her body.

She moaned. That's all her speech was anymore, one long moan. He grunted and she could tell he was about to cum. Finally, he was about to cum. The sweat covered their bodies making them glisten in the candle light that Caroline had lit before they got back to fucking.

In the open doorway appeared Frank and Jack. They had awakened to hear the two making love in the bedroom and came up to watch.

Buck's fucking became frantic, a blur of motion. He got up on his toes and straightened his legs to get a good angle on her soaking pussy entrance. He used his whole body to rise his whole cock out of her vagina until just the bulbous head was left just inside her pussy lips. Then he would crash down on her pelvis, thrusting every inch of his massive member fully into her. She grunted at every thrust.

"Oh my god!" She cried out, "You're going to make me your WHORE!"

She could feel his cock get even harder, getting ready to eject his pent up cum. She could feel her pussy begin to convulse around his tightly held dick. He pounded and pounded. Grunting with every thrust just as Caroline was.

Jack and Frank stepped into the room, jerking on their hard cocks. They approached the bed on either side. Jack on the left and Frank on the right. They masturbated their dicks while they watched the large black man fuck their wife and mother. Caroline saw them through thinly closed eye lids.

"Oh shit, " this time it was Buck crying out, "Here cums, Bitch!"

"Oh yea! Yea! Give it to me! Fill me up!"

He let out a long, guttural moan and she felt his large cock buck and jerk inside of her. She was filled with a warm feeling in the pit of her stomach. She cried out, wailing really. Her orgasm, the last of the night, hit her. Her whole body trembled and shivered.

Buck's lips came down on Caroline's moaning mouth and they kissed while he shot load after load of black sperm inside of her womb. She could feel the shaft flex in waves starting at the base of his cock and travelling up the shaft to the head and then shooting what felt like a shotgun blast into her. He came and came, never seeming to stop and driving her own orgasm higher and higher with each pulsating ejaculation inside her.

Jack and Frank found themselves cumming quickly as well. Jack stepped one leg onto the bed and pointed his cock at his mother's face. He shot a long ropey strand against her cheek. She turned her head away from him in surprise. The cum on her cheek then began to drip down to her chin. He shot a couple more, his thighs trembling, his hand flying up and down his cock. One splatted against her left breast and then the other hit her neck. The rest of his cum dribbled out of his shaft onto his slowing fist.

Frank stepped up to the bed as well when he shot his load. He was aiming to add semen to Caroline's face but his shot wasn't as strong as a fifteen years old's and he missed her skin all together. He deposited a load as a rope of milky white on their red silk bedsheets. The rest of his cum oozed out of his cockhead and dripped slowly down his shaft into his matted pubic hair.

Jack and Frank had finished their orgasms before Buck had even met the halfway point. He was still shooting shot after shot after shot into Caroline. His eyes closed tight as he felt the warm feeling wash over him. His semen filled Caroline to the brim and began to flow out from between the tight seal around her pussy lips. It was kicked into a froth from Buck's continual pounding. Caroline moaned and moaned.

"Oh God! There's SO much! It's so hot!" she cried out, the cum dripping from her face.

And yet, he was still cumming. Caroline was sure there was so much that her belly must be extended like she was pregnant. Then she hoped that she would be. Buck thrust one last time into her, buried in her to the hilt, their matted pubic hair mixed together like Velcro. His hips jerked a couple times in an attempt to get his cock even further into her. His cock throbbed and jumped inside of her and she could feel it. With a cock this size, it would be hard not to feel every inch, every movement, every vein and bump inside her tight pussy.

Then Buck grunted one last time, straining with his pelvis pressed against hers, and dropped down on top of her. She hugged him tight with both her legs and her arms.

"That's it." She said softly, "That's it."

All four of them were breathing heavy, their hearts pounding. Buck lifted himself up with his arms and kissed Caroline again. Then the four looked at each other and began to laugh.

The next morning, only a couple of hours after they had finished their sexcapade, as expected the police showed up at their door. Buck hid in the basement and the family did their part to convince the authorities he wasn't there. Caroline explained her dishevelment to just having sex with her husband mere minutes before they came to the door. It worked like a charm. They left feeling like Buck wasn't in the house.

After they left, of course, they started another round of fucking and sucking. Two days later, when Buck left. They all felt satisfied and euphoric. Buck left a happy family who were ready to fuck at a moment's notice but left them saddened. There was an emptiness in their souls when he was gone. He left with a backpack full of supplies and some money the family was happy to give him. And then he was never seen again.

Two weeks later, Caroline discovered she was pregnant. She was elated. Nine months later, she gave birth to a beautiful baby boy with milk chocolate brown skin. The nurses all joked that her new black son's penis was bigger than any of the other babies they had ever seen. She simply smiled while the baby latched onto her tit and began to feed. Inside, she couldn't wait until he was a teenager.