

Japan: Blacked

Chapter 4

While Japan's new laws regarding free use of its women had been on the books for some time now, it was still a large country and news could take a long time to spread. This was most common for those who lived in more remote and less modern regions of the country, including a peaceful mountainside settlement called Kurain Village, also called Medium Valley. Mostly full of women who kept to themselves, in recent years a few young and bright women had made a name for themselves and the village by showcasing a unique talent passed down from generations past. Namely, spirit channeling, which had seen well publicized, if little believed, usage in the years past in an effort to help solve crimes. Their work in modern court cases with centuries old techniques were seen as a positive sign of modernization, at least from some in the village.

But aside from that limited connection to the rest of Japan proper, there was still much about the Village and its inhabitants that could be seen as old-fashioned. In demonstration of this, two sisters from Kurain Village were traveling by train from the village back to the big city. Which sister was more in touch with which aspect of Japan couldn't have been more obvious, even to the most casual onlooker. There were just enough similarities to make it clear they were related, while also abundant proof that these were very different sorts of women.

The eldest sister, Mia Fey, was taller and the more glamorous of the two, with striking brown eyes and long luxurious brown hair. As she moved slightly in the train, adjusting how she was carrying herself, this hair cascaded down her back in chestnut waves that bounced around the small of her back. A tan scarf was elegantly tied around her slender neck, giving her dark professional clothes a timeless look that added to her refined, mature beauty. Her sensible white shoes matched her small white earrings as well, showing that Mia Fey was well put-together, while her body had an obvious sex appeal all its own.

Wrapped in a black skin-tight combination skirt suit, Mia's look further walked the line between professional and inappropriate. Her tapered waist was emphasized by the thin material, her legs on display under her short skirt, which hung several inches above her knees. But perhaps her most mouth-watering feature was Mia's impressive chest, with the front of her suit unzipped so low it displayed her black, faux-leather bra. Between the close fit of the outfit and how firm and high her breasts stood on Mia's chest, it seemed the polished attorney's massive Japanese tits simply couldn't be contained, and any attempt at zipping up further would be impossible.

The final touch to her look was the one thing that she shared in common with her sister, and hearkened back to her origins in Kurain village: a magatama necklace. While Mia's was in blue and on a simple string, her sister's was orange, and formed the end of a chain made of large white orbs that resembled oversized prayer beads.

As they waited for their stop—a good two hours away from their point of origin back at Kurain Village—it was Maya who noticed the two men approaching them in the train. They seemed to be staring at the sisters, which Maya was used to. Her sister was undeniably gorgeous, and Maya herself tended to get more than a few glances as well from men, not just for her looks but also her clothes. Much more traditional than Mia, Maya was wearing a pink kimono, belted by a large red sash, complete with bow. Her thin purple jacket hung off her shoulders, displaying her slim, youthful body. While not as impressive as her sister, Maya also had clearly well-developed curves, and an appealing cute quality to her delicate features, with a small nose, full lips and shining, sparkling blue eyes. These eyes contrasted with her dark, almost blue-black hair which was worn with twin tails dangling in front of her shoulders adorned by purple orbs, as well as a top-knot that would have been in fashion a century ago.

But as they drew closer, it became obvious to Maya that the two men were hardly interested in fashion. She shuffled closer to the taller Mia, her wooden sandals clattering on the floor of the train. It occurred to her that apart from an old man sleeping in the corner, they were alone in this compartment with the men.

“Eh, Mia? I think these two men are staring, right at us. Their faces, it makes them look a little...lewd.”

Maya had heard stories of what certain depraved men liked to do to helpless women on trains, but she had always thought it was just the sort of story they told in Kurain village to demonize city-dwellers.

Beside her, Mia smiled, as though she'd just noticed the men—which couldn't have been possible, given the lack of other passengers and their own rather intimidating size.

“Oh are they? Well, maybe we should say hello. They seem the friendly sort, don't they, and it's not every day you see foreigners in this part of Japan.” Mia's voice was restrained but with an undercurrent of bubbly energy. Like many lawyers with her wealth of experience, Mia could be quite cunning and sly.

“H-hello? Well, I guess that wouldn't be too bad.” Maya whispered, even as the two men approached closer. It was clear now that they had lewd intentions, as they weren't even trying to hide how they were ogling the sisters.

“Well hello there. You two must be from the famous Kurain village. I’m Brett, and this is my friend Darrel.”

Both men were dressed in a business casual sort of way, with gray blazers and slacks paired with brown dress shoes and untucked white shirts. If they hadn’t been so tall-Brett was a head taller than Mia, and Darrel was even taller, though a bit slimmer than the broad-shouldered Brett-Maya might not have found them so intimidating, even if she never had seen a black man in person before. She had to admit, in a strange way they were attractive with big white smiles, strong jaws, and distinguished, close-cropped hair.

Brett continued. “We’ve been in Japan for some time now, but we’ve never made it as *deep* as Kurain village. Clearly it must be a beautiful place, to produce two women like yourself.”

Maya blushed at the attention, while Mia just smirked. As a lawyer herself and a gorgeous piece of ass besides, she knew exactly what these two men were up to, but it was a lot more fun for her to play it cool, especially with her sister getting all embarrassed next to her.

“It’s nice to meet you both. I’m Mia and this is my sister Maya. She just turned eighteen a few weeks ago, isn’t that right?” Mia smiled sweetly at her sister, gently placing a hand on her back and prodding her to stand a little straighter. Maya complied, not quite realizing why as her legs and back straightened out, bringing up her cute face and her modest yet impressive breasts.

“Oh, *hai*. I mean, uh yes. I just turned eighteen.” Said Maya, switching from Japanese to rather smooth English-she always practiced with Mia, though she didn’t have much cause to speak it in the village.

“And you know what that means.” Mia said, running one finger down the middle of her chest, draping it just above the cleft of her impressive valley of cleavage, and toying playfully with her zipper, knowing that both men, but especially Darrel, were staring at her with wide eyes.

“Oh, we certainly do. It’s hard to tell sometimes with you Japanese girls, but it’s certainly nice to hear. Though we would have been happy with just yourself, Mia.” Darrel said, though his eyes hadn’t left Maya’s lithe frame-this news about her age seemed to have only redoubled his focus on her.

Maya raised an eyebrow, even as she brushed as Brett drew closer to her, his body looming over her’s. She blushed as she looked up at him, her blue eyes wet with

moisture and shaking with apprehensiveness, with just a hint of something else there. Something was coming, even if Maya didn't know what it was yet.

"So as she's 18, that means she's subject to the new laws. Trust me, as a lawyer," *and a known sex addict*, Mia thought but didn't add,

"I know all about it. In fact, that's why I picked now as a perfect time to visit my little sister. Trust me, she may be inexperienced, but I know my Maya is a fast learner and once she commits to something, she is determined to see it through."

"Ah, well I've got a thing or two she could learn about, if you know what I mean." Darrel said, with a lack of subtlety that even Maya could see through. The fact that his hand suddenly snaked around her waist and drew her in a little closer sealed the deal, as a small squeak came from Maya's throat. Mia and the two men laughed at this almost childish expression, but Maya's mind was reeling.

"Wait, you don't mean *that*, do you Mia?" Even living in as remote an area as Kurain Village, Maya had heard of the laws she was talking about, but hadn't paid them any thought-there were no men, black or otherwise in Kurain village, and Maya had assumed she would never meet a man until she chose to and not by random chance.

"Of course I do, Maya. You're a grown woman now, and that means certain things. First of all, these fine men are honored guests here in Japan, here to help our country find its proper feet again. Furthermore, there are a few things every good and proper Japanese woman should learn when it comes to treating black men the right way. Don't worry, I'll show you."

Before Maya could ask exactly what her sister meant-though even her relatively sheltered mind could begin to guess- Mia had already taken the lead. She crouched down in front of the two men, reaching out with one hand to slowly stroke at Brett's muscled thighs, her fingernails pressing into the thin material of his slacks. At the same time, she grabbed the hem of Maya's jacket, tugging her little sister down along with her. Maya let out a meek sound of protest, but in seconds her knees collided rather sharply with the train's floor, feeling the vibrations of the rapidly moving railcar and her own pulse quickened in response.

"Oh yes, I can tell you're gonna do just fine for Maya's introduction into womanhood." Mia said. She knew, and had known all along, exactly what these men wanted, and she was more than happy to give it to them. Since the laws had passed, Mia had studied them, not in books or case files, but by actually experiencing them first hand-she'd actually invited a young black tourist to get a temporary job at her law firm specifically so they could have sex together, and it had been a large reason why she'd come to get Maya.

“See, Maya,” Mia went on, taking charge of the encounter not only from her sister but from the men as well, who were more than happy to let the busty Japanese woman fondle their bodies with an obvious sexula hunger shining in her eyes.

“Black men are just naturally superior to other men, maybe not in every way, but in the ways that matter. See, let me show you exactly what I mean.” Mia reached out, deftly grabbing the men’s pants by the crotch, gently massaging them. Mia smirked to herself as she felt each man already growing hard, and Maya gulped beside her, easily able to see clear bulges forming in the man’s pants. Were men’s...penises really supposed to be so large? Maya knew very little, but she knew enough to understand men would want to exaggerate, so surely these men couldn’t be...

“Holy...shit!” Maya said, uncharacteristically cursing as Mia deftly unzipped the men’s pants at once, her hands working in unison with practiced skill and caused their big, fat, *huge* black cocks to suddenly flop into view. As Mia swiftly began to jerk and caress the veiny, girthy shafts, Maya brought her hands up to cover her mouth, shock written very clearly all over her face. Her eyes were wide, pupils contracted to tiny blue pin-pricks as she watched those dicks, so black and wide, thicker than Mia’s own dainty wrists, begin to do the impossible-and swell up even harder and *larger!* Maya had expected a man’s penis to be perhaps a little longer than one of her fingers, and perhaps as thick as two of the same pressed together, but this was...

“Incredible!” Maya gasped, watching as Mia smiled up at the two men, her squatting position growing more lewd as her knees were spread wide, her smooth legs tense as she worked those dicks expertly. Maya watched as they went from an already impressive and shocking length to a size that seemed impossible, each truncheon of cock soon looked to be thirty centimeters larger, maybe even more.

“Now, Maya, just do what I do-though you’ll probably need a bit more practice. Like this...ahhhh~” Mia spread her mouth open wide, her lips soon engulfing Brett’s dicktip in what could only be called a loving, if lewd, embrace. Maya looked up at Darrel as Mia held the man’s enormous cock out for her sister. Maya was barely able to see the man’s face from below that dick, which hung above her face and cast her into shadow, and something about his expression-utterly confident, yet somehow reassuring-spurred her into action.

Maybe it was the sound of Mia sucking on a dick right next to her, the nasty wet *schluurps* and *schloorps* as Mia went deeper on that dick. Maybe it was the realization that she was a woman now, and this was how women were supposed to act, for Maya had always placed tremendous importance in Mia’s behavior, seeing her as a guide. Maybe, when confronted with a big black cock like that, Maya’s brain and her body

really did register what Mia had said-that black dicks really were superior, and she was intensely aroused to give them what they wanted.

Whatever was the cause, her teen body was burning with need and in that moment Maya took her first step into being Mia's equal, leaning forward to begin to pleasure the dick. Her own hand came up to the base of Darrel's thick cock, feeling her fingers struggle and fail to reach all the way around his veiny shaft. Mia and Maya soon found a rhythm of stroking and sucking, with Mia taking short, fast tastes of that cock, bobbing up and down on the head and swirling her agile tongue around Brett's sensitive dicktip. Maya, with all the enthusiasm of youth and none of the experience of age, was soon gagging on Darrel's fat cock, feeling her eyes water.

"Glacch, glaggg, glawwwk!"

This is my role...as a Japanese woman. To submit to this big fat, greasy cock! To pleasure it with my lips and tongue, to feel it hit the back of my throat, oh it's so big it feels like it's stretching my jaw open! But If Mia can do it, I can do it!

"Damn, these are some eager to please sister sluts, huh?" Brett said, moaning as Mia began to work his cock with both hands, bobbing her head up and down faster with her huge tits threatening to fall out of her bra at any moment.

As a pair, the two sisters sucked the big, hard fat black cocks of these total strangers they had just met, knowing it was their place, their duty and responsibility to please their fat cocks. For over fifteen minutes, the Fey sisters threw aside any competition between themselves as sisters, and forgot all about responsibilities they might have to their clan and its noble tradition of spirit channeling, not when their real duty as cock-worshiping Japanese comfort women, to please these black cocks, was so much more important.

Holding hands in a warm embrace while also jacking those cocks off as fast as they could while sucking them, Mia and Maya shared a quick glance at each other. Their faces were red from the effort of sucking those enormous cocks, and their lips were glossy with spit and cloudy bubbles of their own drool, flecked with off-white droplets of musky precome. Mia's lipstick was smudged and out of place, with obvious streaks of it smeared all over Brett's shaft, with one last solid ring placed nearly at the very base of his cock, showcasing Mia's well-earned deepthroat skills.

"There's only one thing left, Maya. Are you ready?" Mia asked, even as she wanked that dick off with almost frantic speed.

Maya, having shrugged out of her jacket and exposing her creamy, nubile body. "Oh yes. So..." She thought for a moment, considering her words carefully which wasn't easy to do as she felt half starved of oxygen after sucking that big dick nearly all the

way down-she'd been able to get about two thirds down, as evidenced by all the drool and spittle on Darrel's cock.

"Please, Darrel, sir...will you to fuck my tight, eighttteen year old virgin Japanese pussy?"

Looking on, Mia had never been more proud of her sister in her life-though she would soon make her even prouder in moments to come.

Barely three minutes later, the old man sleeping in the corner was rudely awoken as he heard the unmistakabl lewd sounds of loud, rough sex. As he watched, shocked, the scene unfolded before his eyes-two beautiful young women were getting absolutely railed by two of the largest, most obscenely hung black men he'd ever seen.

Maya, the petite thing that she was, was being held aloft by Darrel, her arms wrapped around his neck as his huge cock thundered in and out of her tight pussy. The sounds of her first fuck ever filled the train, as Maya's utterly dripping yet still incredibly tight pussy was stretched open wide around Darrel's massive, beer can thick cock. His hips crashed into hers as he rocked her back and forth easily in his grasp, able to hold her up off the floor like she weighed almost nothing at all. With his hands clasped together behind her back, Darrel grunted and groaned in time with his thrusts into Maya's sinfully tight, hot pussy, even as a rapidly growing puddle of her juices filled the floor beneath them.

Whap! Whap! Whap!

Maya could only hold him close, with his arms hooked up under her legs behind her knees. She had never known sex woudl feel so amazing, it felt like every part of her body was on fire at once. Her feet dangled helplessly in the air, her legs already starting to feel numb as she experienced a series of powerful orgasms, her first ever that raced through her mind like lightning. Embarrassing, high pitched gasps and moans left her mouth, as she struggled to focus, barely able to form coherent words. Her tongue stuck out foolishly as she came again, her face contorted in an almost painful expression as all her passion and lust came out in a lewd rant.

"Gyaah! 💖 Ah, ah, yess, yess! This...is amazing! Hnngh...I'm coming, coming, comingggg 💖!"

Darrel picked up the pace, which Maya wouldn't have though possible, and her head hung low as she tried to hug her body even closer to his. Her entire frame jostled as his thrusts frew faster and harder, her *obi* growing loose as her breasts jiggled and bounced inside her tight kimono. Maya's eyes bulged in her head as that cock practically ripped in and out of her pussy, making nasty obscene squelching noises as her dripping juices

were forced out with each thrust, the sheer distance Darrel had driven into her formerly virgin pussy made obvious as her body was held up and down in his grasp, like was on some sordid carnival ride. There was nothing for her to do but hold on and endure the pressure and intense, orgasmic joy that burned through her body, her eyes shaking in her head as she felt those fat balls smack of her distended pussy lips, over and over again.

Oh god, his cock is so big-it feels like he's inside my stomach! If he keeps fucking me this hard, this fast...I'll go crazy~! This...is what it means to be a Japanese comfort woman, to be used by the biggest, fattest cocks in the world...I could get addicted to this!

“Oh gawwd!” She gasped, her toes curling as her legs shook so hard her wooden sandals clattered to the floor below. Maya shook like she was experiencing some kind of seizure as she was lost in the throes of her most powerful climax yet, her pussy absolutely *clenching* around Darrel's fat cock as she was pushed over the edge once more.

“Yes, yes yes, *please* fuck me just like that, right there-it feels so good I'm coming again!! Ah, oh my god...big black cock is the best, truly superior to Japanese men. Hmmm, oh, mmmm~”

Maya's words cut off as Darrel lifted one hand to her pretty pink lips, forcing two fingers inside her drooling mouth. Despite never experiencing anything like this, she knew what to do as if by sheer instinct, sucking those large fingers down to the knuckle, making lewd and submissive sucking noises. She swooned a bit as she realized Darrel was holding her up with one hand, a virile, undeniable expression of strength and sheer masculinity that made Maya feel like the luckiest girl in the world to have found such a hard fucking, big dicked man to be her...mate. Maya hadn't heard the time yet, but she knew she had been well and truly blacked in this moment, and there was no going back.

Nearby, Mia was a clear sign of what Maya's future held in store. Naked save for her tiny black panties that practically flossed between her asscheeks with her clothes in a pool on the floor behind her, Mia was holding onto the train's handrails, with her legs spread wide as Darrel fucked her from behind. Mia's breasts bounced and heaved, two perfectly shaped and impressively large spheres of flesh that clapped on her chest as she grit her teeth, her expression one of obvious joy as she threw her hips back at Brett, feeling his cock punch deep inside her pussy and bounce off of her sensitive cervix, making her gasp. Brett was admiring Mia's ass as he tugged her panties to one side to get better access to that sweet, tight pussy, her hips seeming to explode out behind her

in a display of perfect Japanese booty that he took great pleasure in smacking and slapping, making Mia moan and yelp at his rough treatment.

“Oh that’s it big boy, just like that! Come on, really put your back into it, show me what you want and just *take it!*” Mia was saying, her voice still playful through wracked arousal as she let out sultry pants and moans. Unlike Maya, who was on the verge of losing her mind, Mia’s practiced and well-trained pussy could take a pounding-in truth, she had almost hoped Maya would lose her nerve around the men and give Mia the opportunity to take them both on at once. Ah well, in the city, there were plenty of men to go around. As Mia looked back over her shoulder at Brett, she placed one perfectly manicured finger at her lips, tugging them down playfully as her brown eyes sparkled.

“Oh fuck baby, that tock is absolutely beating my pussy up! Now hurry up and blow your nasty black load inside me, I wanna feel your hot, thick semen absolutely filling me up!”

It was an invitation few could resist, and as a few onlookers entered the train car from both sides, with cameras and phones at the ready, Mia gasped, grasping and squeezing at one of her own fat tits as she received her first of many creampiees that day, coming herself nearly as brainless as Maya behind as the pair got their start on getting passed between each of the two men like the flexible, horny, nubile little Japanese fuckdolls they were.

Elsewhere, a similar scene played out in a Tokyo hotel room, with a few key differences. A group of black men had been summoned by a woman, rather than stumble upon her in question and while few would bother arranging a meeting when they could simply have any woman of age they saw in the streets, they’d been compelled to come. The woman in question, known as Cynthia, was a world famous archeologist, and more importantly, one of the most gorgeous women any of the three men had seen before. Cynthia knew their names and a lot else about them, filed away in her mind, but as she considered them, dressed in street clothes and ranging in age from early twenties to late thirties, she was only concerned with one thing. Also rare, even in this new and wonderful Japan, Cynthia was white, a tourist herself who had come to Japan with the new laws, allegedly on a sight-seeing tour of Japan’s archeological sites, which was just a PR stunt. Cynthia was passionate about two things-history, and cock, and like most explorers only the biggest and the best would do.

“Well then, what are you waiting for? Pants off, now. If you need any inspiration to get excited, trust me I can manage that for you.”

Cynthia was a tall, sexy woman with a lot of attractive qualities, but just as she had a one track mind, the men were interested in only a few things. Cynthia raised her arms

above her head, peeking one golden eye out from behind her blonde hair, which was adorned with a simple black barrette and stretched low behind her like some shimmering, mesmerizing curtain of golden strands that dangled down to her knees. She wore a simple outfit that let her body speak for itself-gray dress pants with wide ankles above her open toed black high heels, and a tight green blouse that was stretched to the seams as she raised her arms.

The buttons audibly strained and Cynthia smirked before she took a deep breath and with several pops, her shirt buttons flew off, bouncing on the floor as her massive, perfect breasts were revealed in all their pale, creamy white perfection. Her nipples were pink and already hard, like little pink erasers in the middle of her wide, puffy areolas, practically begging to be sucked on. Cynthia rarely wore a bra unless she was going for a specific look, and today was no exception, with her jugs hanging high and proud on her chest, large enough to be seen from behind.

As Cynthia displayed her peerless tits, the men were nearly tripping over themselves-literally, in their own desire to disrobe. Tugging down pants and stepping out of them over shoes that they hadn't bothered to take on, Cynthia examined them. Each of them was packing a big, swinging black dick, growing harder by the second as they gazed at the luscious white beauty. But Cynthia had rules about this sort of thing, and her smirk grew as she saw exactly what she was looking for-the oldest man, who was paunchy and wearing cheap clothes with a tacky golden chain and an afro that was already graying had a cock between her legs that even impressed her. It hung low between his legs at first, nearly touching his knees before it rose, growing taller and higher as it grew to its massive, full length-well over a foot long, probably a foot and a half and wider than Cynthia's bicep.

The two other men made small noises of disapproval, but Cynthia flashed them a pitying look. "Oh, don't worry boys, my assistants will make sure you're well taken care of."

Cynthia waved a hand, and a door to the hotel room's second bedroom opened up, revealing two women who rivaled Cynthia in beauty-a purple haired woman in an elegant evening gown, and a slender, leggy blonde with headphones and a daring yellow and black outfit who dripped sex appeal.

"Fantaina, Elesa, take good care of these boys will you. I have some business of my own to attend to."

As they departed, Cynthia locked eyes with the remaining man, an American named Wyatt as the pair of them quickly got undressed, Wyatt tugging off his white v-neck and Cynthia shrugging out of her already unbuttoned shirt (buying a few fresh shirts was nothing compared to how good it felt to remind her sexual partners that her body was

really something else). Cynthia's body was curvy in all the right places, with her hips and ass nearly as impressive as her tits, and the way her body was framed by her hair only made her seem more enticing and larger than life. Her hips swung as she had to rock from side to side to tug her white panties down, tossing the garment aside as her heels clacked lightly on the floor. As she took a step closer to the bed, her hairless pussy mound glistened a bit with a hint of arousal as the pair sized each other up, the room filled with sexual electricity.

Wyatt was nothing special to look at between his paunch and his jewelry-which he still wore even as he got naked-but there was a certain charm in his face that Cynthia took to, and besides, she was really only interested in one thing. His cock looked even larger now that he was completely naked, and she could see he had a dark tuft of pubic hair about the base, and his balls seemed impossibly full, almost spilling out from between his legs onto his thighs.

"I guess you ain't the only one who likes what they see, huh?" Wyatt said, lazily stroking his hard, bulging cock as he drew closer, the head almost flaring out and with a lewd, dark purple color to it. Clearly Cynthia was a woman who liked to be in charge of things, and that was just fine by him-when you had a cock that was closer to twenty inches long than ten, you didn't much feel the need to show off or brag much.

"Oh, definitely. I think it's safe to say you're going to give me quite a match for this evening, Wyatt. Now, here, come a little closer, I think I can guess what you want first."

Cynthia beckoned him with one finger, and slowly sank down to her knees, looking up at Wyatt with a look that was equal parts sultry and obedient. Cynthia was hardly what one would call submissive, but when it came to men who were big enough to meet her standards, she was willing to put in a lot of work. As Wyatt drew closer, Cynthia hefted her tits up, making her intention clear, a message that Wyatt got very quickly. He took one look at the incredibly inviting sight of Cynthia's enormous, creamy breasts, as she hefted them up, as her delicate hands and elegant fingers made their sheer size even more impressive and acted quickly.

As Wyatt thrust his hips forward, sliding his cock in-between Cynthia's tits, he let out a moan, as she pressed her breasts together enveloping his throbbing hard cock in the pillowy softness of her tits. She looked up at him for just a second, smirking with a bit more saucy attitude than her usual cool, reserved expression.

"Ooh, what a hard, sweaty cock you have-it must get quite warm, having to stuff this absolute monster you have in those tight pants. Let me see if I can't work up a bit more of a sweat for you myself, ok?"

Cynthia's attitude only turned Wyatt on more as she began to rock her tits up and down, working her breasts round his cock with practiced skill. Despite the obvious, eager enthusiasm she was putting into wanking his cock with her tits she still played things slightly aloof and Wyatt knew from experience that it took quite a woman to have a cock like this sliding in between their tits, nearly poking an eye out with how long it was, and not get all ditzy about it.

Cynthia's body moved sinuously, her back arching as she bounced her tits faster and faster, sliding one perfect, plush breast up on one side while bringing the other down, and then she quickly switched tactics, pressing them together even tighter in a tight, velvety impressive as she rocked up and down. Her fingers were gripping her breasts ever more firmly as the lewd titfuck went on, leaving tiny little dimples in the enormous round globes. Cynthia looked down, spitting down on that glistening, precome drooling cock in a manner that was at once perfunctory or lewd-this was a woman who knew what she wanted and wasn't ashamed of it at all.

"Fuck, these tits are amazing girl, feels so fucking good." Wyatt moaned, and Cynthia winked up at him-or maybe she blinked, it was hard to tell with her little peekaboo hairstyle-before slowly releasing her breasts.

"Oh, well don't be shy then, Wyatt" She licked her lips slowly, eyeing that cock up like she was a snake-though honestly, Wyatt was the one who was packing an anaconda between his legs.

"Come and get your hands on these, I know you've been dying to, ever since you walked inside the room." Cynthia wasn't shy, and even as she spoke to Wyatt, she flicked her eyes back down from his face to that cock, marveling at the size of it up close, her tongue sticking out to lick at his piss-slit as the cock grew closer to her mouth.

Wyatt took the open invitation and grabbed them, squeezing eagerly, marveling at how they could be firm yet soft at the same time, so big even his large dark-skinned hands couldn't quite cover them. Cynthia began to suck openly at Wyatt's cock as he took more initiative, fucking her tits with a quickly growing frenzy, too turned on to try and act like he wasn't having the time of his life. For minutes, Cynthia slurped her tongue around his foreskin, tasting the flecks of sweat and pre-come he had built up there, feeling a flush settle on her cheeks at the taste, a secret delight of her's was just letting a man rest his fat dicktip in her mouth and suck at it for with a passion. Her cheeks hollowed out as Wyatt's thrusts grew faster, his large, heavy balls beginning to slap off the underside of her tits.

"Now then, time to show you what a girl can do with a piece of meat like this." Cynthia said, popping her lips off of his cock.

In seconds, Wyatt was laying flat on the bed as Cynthia crouched above him, her ass sticking out in his face as Cynthia showed she was more than just a pretty face and a world-class set of tits, as Wyatt thought she might have been the sexiest phat ass white girl he'd ever seen. Her legs were taut and she even kept her heels on as Wyatt pawed and groped at her fat ass, which Cynthia clearly enjoyed from the soft, surprisingly high-pitched moans she let out.

For just a moment, Cynthia paused, taking hold of Wyatt's cock by the base and gently rubbing it against her pussy. She glanced down between her legs-this close, the difference in size was utterly sordid as Wyatt's cocktip seemed larger than one of Cynthia's fists, and the rest of his cock was just as girthy, with a noticeable swell in the middle, with veins that seemed as dense as a pinky finger. Then, with a sudden intake of breath and a swift surge of muscles, Cynthia dropped low, impaling herself on that cock.

"Ah, fuck yeah, that's it!" Cynthia let out in a breathless, husky tone as for a second her mask of composure was gone, smashed to bits by that utterly massive cock. Cynthia was no stranger to fat black cocks, and considered herself a size queen among size queens, but this beast of a dick was still stretching her in a way that felt sinfully lewd, her pussy lips gaping as she felt that cock push deep and deep into her pussy like a plow through earth. Wyatt stirred behind her, letting out a wolf whistle as he admired the sight of Cynthia's shelf of booty swinging up and down.

She sank down slowly on that cock, moving purposefully, her hand on the base moving down to Wyatt's balls and massaging his leathery, dark skin. They were heavy in her hands, each testicle seemingly incredibly warm in her grasp, and making Cynthia bite her lower lip as she thought about what a massive load (or loads, as she knew a man like this could probably go three or four rounds at least) Wyatt had building up in his balls. Once she hit the bottom, feeling her body stretched to the max, Cynthia didn't take a moment to rest. Her thighs were tense as her back arched, sticking her ass out in a way that would make strippers jealous as she worked her ass for Wyatt, drawing her pussy back up his cock with wet, lewd noises until she was nearly all the way off. Then, she began to truly ride that fucking cock, and her asscheeks clapped and bounced as she hilted herself on that dick over and over again.

Wham! Wham! Wham!

"Oh fuck yes just like that. Stir up my insides with that dick Wyatt, I can feel it hitting the back of my goddamn womb." Cynthia hissed, a transformation having taken place once she'd sank onto the entirety of that massive length of cock. Her first orgasm was building already, and Cynthia knew there would many more to come, and her other hands wound up her body, tracing a finger across her trim stomach and then her side

before she began touseling her hair. Her ass ground against Wyatt's pelvis as she sat on that cock

"Fuck yes, just like that, work that cock for me baby, work it for me...oh fuck I'm gonna come!" Cynthia cried out, her body shaking and heaving. Her legs trembled as her head tossed from side to side, and with arm extended high in the air, Cynthia lightly bit her own bicep, muffling her cries as she worked her hips from side to side. Her pussy clenched against Wyatt's cock, pussy lips milking him like the absolute stud he was, and Cynthia swore he was so deep inside her right now that her cervix was squeezing him as well, working him with all the trained whorish skill she'd earned from a life of world-travel and championship-level fucking. Slowly her breath stabilized and her body ceased shaking as she came down from her orgasm, trying to regain some of her former composure.

"Oh Wyatt, you're a lucky boy, and now, why don't you show me what *you* can do you absolute fucking monster. For the next night, I'm all yours, so go ahead, I want you to hold me down and fuck my brains out~."

As the night continued, Cynthia wasn't to be disappointed, though she knew from prior experience her assistants wouldn't be able to 'entertain' their guests for as long as her. Which was a plus as far as Cynthia was concerned...it meant more for her, later.

To Be Continued...