

The Black Breeders Club

It was my dad who first told me about the club. I was 22 at the time, fresh out of college, and had just married my sweetheart of six years, Trish. Trish and I had met when I was just 16 and she was merely 14. I fell in love with her the very first time I saw her, and that was of course when she and her family first moved to our city, and more important, across the street from our house. I can still recollect how I stared at her from my upstairs bedroom window back then, watching her like a hawk, as she and her family scurried about across the street, carrying boxes, clothing, and other household items into their new residence. I met her personally three days later, as she was walking home from school, and I was jogging. We hit it off immediately, and were boyfriend-girlfriend almost from that very first day we first spoke to one another.

We weren't sexually intimate though until our honeymoon, some six years later, believe it or not. Trish wanted to wait, so she always pointed out to me repeatedly when I became overheated (as she put it) and tried to do a little more than petting, kissing and a little harmless dry humping. I was so madly in love with her, and still am, I should add, that I always stopped when she told me to, fearful that if I didn't, she might break off with me, and I certainly did not wish to chance THAT possibly happening. Besides, I deeply respected her, and I knew one day we would marry and I would at last get into those sweet panties of hers that I sometimes managed to get a glimpse of when we were making out.

So, when the big day arrived and we were married at old St. Anne's church, nobody was more pleased and proud as I was that day! No one was hornier either, I felt sure! I couldn't wait for our honeymoon to begin, and we had two glorious weeks to look forward to in sunny Hawaii. But in all candor, the honeymoon turned out to be a disaster sex-wise. It wasn't Trish's fault, I knew, but mine! The whole problem, you see, was my cock. I am not all that well endowed, I have to admit, and I just wasn't able to get Trish off, so to speak, when we made love. Us having sexual intercourse was not much of a thrill for my new beautiful blond blue eyed petite 5' 1" bride, I soon found out.

Oh, I could manage to make her orgasm with my tongue, I quickly learned, but not even close with my small 5" dick. I don't recall now just how many times we fucked on our honeymoon, but I do remember that none of those fucks produced anything but boredom for my pretty and sexy young 20 year old new wife. To make matters worse, Trish badly wanted children, and so did I, and we had talked about having at least three kids ever since we were both teenagers and just going steady. Trish even had names picked out for them. Finally, knowing that my fucking her was so tedious and unrewarding for Trish, by the second week of our Hawaiian honeymoon, I wasn't even trying to put my small cock inside her any longer. I just used my tongue on her plush blond haired covered pussy, let her climax as much as she was able to with me servicing her that way, and let it go at that. Later on, I would sneak into the bathroom and jerk myself off. Like I said, it proved to be a disastrous honeymoon for us both.

So, when my dad telephoned me about a week after Trish and I had returned from our honeymoon, and told me he needed to talk with me, I wondered if just maybe it had something to do with my failure to please Trish sexually. You see, my dad - well, both my parents actually - had always been very close to Trish since she and I started going together as teenagers. Trish and my folks spent a lot of time

together, especially when I was gone away out of state to attend college for four years, and I knew Trish's parents and mine were close also.

In addition, what made me think that perhaps dad wanted to discuss my shortcomings in the marital bed was because she and my parents had spent almost the entire day together the day before while I was at work. The day dad called was a Saturday, and I was off, so when dad called, I told him I'd be right over. Trish was shopping at the mall, and I left a note for her informing her of where I would be, in case she returned before I did.

When I arrived at my parents house that Saturday morning, dad was waiting for me, sipping a cup of coffee, at their kitchen table. He invited me to have some coffee with him, then told me my mother was out back, working in her garden. I sat across from dad, and he began, almost reluctantly, to spill forth a story that had my head spinning. First off, it took him quite some time to get to the heart of it. My dad has never been known as a great spokesman, and in fact, like myself, has always been an introvert, and somewhat quiet, passive and subdued. My mom has always been the leader of the family, and I think anyone and everyone who knew us, was well aware of that fact. My dad was nervous, I could tell, so I just let him take his good old time, and waited it out patiently until he got to where he was going. It finally came.

He began by telling me that my pretty blond wife Trish had indeed discussed sexual matters when she visited them the previous day, and more to the point, she had discussed in detail my failures to satisfy her in bed. I blushed somewhat when dad told me that, but he seemed not to notice, and went on. He informed me that he wasn't at all too surprised by Trish's revelations concerning my inadequacies sexually because, as he quickly indicated to me, he too was the same way, and said he had been for some years now. I was a bit startled by that announcement, and wondered if he too, like me, had been resigned to a marital life of just eating pussy, but put THAT thought out of my mind almost at once due to the fact that he had obviously sired two children, first my lovely sister Carolyn, some two years my senior, and then myself. Maybe HIS failures occurred after that, I pondered?

Dad then went on and told me that Trish had complained to him and my mom yesterday that my dick was way too small to be anything of worth to her, and also that I didn't know how to use it anyway. Again, my face reddened, but dad just continued on. It was about at this point that my mom came in from the back yard, poured herself a cup of coffee, gave me an affectionate hug around the neck, and sat down at the table with me and dad. I felt rather embarrassed, having mom there, in light of the subject matter being discussed by dad, but didn't know how to ask that she leave, so I said nothing about her presence as dad continued to talk.

"We kind of figured you had a small dick, Bobby, " dad said with a sigh. "Your mom and me of course haven't seen it in years, since you were a very small boy, but I can still recall how very little it was then. We knew, even back then, that you would probably never be able to please any woman with it. Right, lovey?" he looked at my mother. I was now really turning red !

"That's right, son, " she said softly. "I imagine it hasn't grown all that much either since then, has it?"

Doesn't sound like it from what your poor little wife told us yesterday, Robert." She always calls me Robert when talking about anything she terms as serious. I wasn't sure what to say, so I said nothing, and took another sip of my coffee.

"Let's see it, Robert, " mom spoke out.

"What?!" I proclaimed. "Mom, you can't be serious?"

"Oh, but I am, son," she assured me. "C'mon, take it out. Stand up and let's see just what we're dealing with here."

I started protesting, but it did no good. I had never ever won an argument with my mother, and I wasn't going to win this one either. She threatened me with a "good sound spanking" if I didn't get up from my chair by the time she counted to three, and I knew she meant it, so I was up at the count of two, and standing before her like a schoolboy instead of her 22 year married son. I fumbled awkwardly with the zipper on the fly of my jeans, and finally got it down. Then, I extracted my small cock, which now, due to my embarrassing situation, was shriveled up more than usual. Mom pushed my hand away from my dick and took hold of it with her own hand. She peered very closely at it, and dad was looking at it now closely also.

"My God, it IS tiny, " mom stated, shaking her head in a negative manner, "That poor girl. Your cock is worthless, son," she added, "and I am sure no reproduction seed of value will ever come from it either." Again, she shook her head sideways. "It's even smaller than your dad's," she quipped, "isn't it, dear?" she looked over at my dad.

"It certainly appears so, " dad uttered, confirming mom's statement. He too was shaking his head, as if ashamed at what he'd seen.

Mom gave my small dick a good squeeze, then told me to put it away. I did so quickly, re-zipped my fly, and sat back down at the table. "Well, Trish didn't lie about that pathetic cock of yours, Robert, " Mom added. "It certainly looks like the club is about the only way to save your marriage to that wonderful poor girl, and get you two some babies in the process. Don't you agree, Donald?" she looked at my dad again.

"Yes, sure looks that way," dad replied. "The club seems like the only way."

The CLUB, I pondered? WHAT club? What on earth were they referring to? I didn't have to wait long to find out. Both mom and dad began telling me, almost at once, about a special club, as they called it, about 20 miles out of town on old highway 17, that took care of women, mostly married women like

Trish, whose husbands were less endowed than average. Mom pointed out that all the men there were "very virile" and quite "well hung" she smiled. I was speechless! Was mom, and dad too, actually suggesting that MY sweet and wonderful wife, who I loved more than life itself, go to this ... this CLUB, and get sexed by someone other than her husband, ME?! They were indeed! And they made no bones about it. Just when the shock of this had started to settle in my brain a little, they then gave me another stunner! Mom said all the men there were BLACK guys! And dad tossed in, much to my amazement, that my own sister has been going there for a while now.

"Carolyn goes there?" I asked with confusion. "My SISTER Carolyn?"

"Yes, son, " mom told me. "You see, Robert , just like you, I'm afraid her husband Phil hasn't got much between his legs either. Such a shame too. He's such a nice young man. At any rate, when she told us about two months ago that she and Phil were having sexual problems, and that she had been unable to get pregnant by him, we sat them both down, right here in this kitchen, in fact, and had a long talk with them. Carolyn really loves Phil, but she was bent on leaving him, Robert, if she didn't get some sexual satisfaction soon, and a baby in her belly."

I was in shock again. I couldn't believe what I was hearing! My own pretty sweet sister Carolyn was apparently being fucked by other men, and BLACK men at that! And, if that wasn't bizarre enough, my own brother-in-law was obviously in approval of it!

"You .. you mentioned a .. a baby?" I inquired, surprised I could even speak.

"Yes, son, " dad responded this time. "We've taken her to the club several times these past two months, but only once was she ovulating, so we don't yet if she caught or not. But she will be ovulating again this weekend, she says, so we'll take her back, just to be sure."

"And .. and, Phil?" I wanted to know, "he goes along with this? With Carolyn trying to .. to have a .. black baby?!"

"Oh, yes, " mom said grinning. "At first he was hurt, you know. And of course he felt humiliated. But he soon got over it. Quite nicely too, I should point out. Now Phil can't wait for those nights that Carolyn goes and gets herself black sexed. He , at first, couldn't bring himself to go with us, but that all changed once he realized how wonderfully Carolyn was being taken care of at the club, and now he goes with us, and is usually right up against the glass watching, along with the other cuckold husbands, isn't he, dear?" she asked my father for verification again. I then asked about what on earth "cuckold" meant, and dad explained it to me in full detail. He told me how he too was a cuckold husband, and of course my brother-in-law Phil was now one also. I just sat there in sheer shock as dad went on and on.

"I know we've never been totally honest with you, Bobby," dad said weakly, "but the time for that is

past. Your marriage is at stake here, son, and neither your mother or me want to see it severed, especially when it can be saved so easily. It isn't easy being as frank and candid as we are being with you now, Bobby, but we felt we just had to if you and Trish are going to survive this marriage."

"That's right. Robert," my mother said. "You have only been married a few short weeks. Why, it would look terrible if you two split up, now wouldn't it? What would everyone think, for God's sake?"

She had a solid point there. Besides, I loved Trish with all my heart and soul. I definitely did not want to lose her, not ever! While dad was telling me still more shocking news about the club, things like what takes place there, what is expected of the cuckold husbands, their white sex starved wives, and a lot more, dad excused himself and left the kitchen. He returned just as mom hit me with another bombshell. It was about me and Carolyn. She told me that dad wasn't really our biological father. I almost fell off of my chair! She went on to explain that actually my grand-father, my dad's father, now deceased, impregnated her both times years ago. HE was the REAL father of both myself and my sister, she informed me. I didn't know what to say! So much was happening, and all in such a short period of time! Mom went on to say that dad's cock, small like mine, was almost useless, so he agreed early on in their marriage to let her get serviced by his father. My grand-dad, a pretty wild and good looking man, who had passed away some four years ago of cancer, had a fairly good sized cock, she said, and his seed was also quite potent, mom explained.

"I don't mean to be so blunt, Robert," mom sort of apologized for her vivid and stunning recitation so far, "but I truly don't think anything but frankness will do in these matters." Then she elaborated even more, "Your grandfather Steven had a really marvelous fuck tool," she said, her eyes seemingly locked into fond remembrance, "and he could fuck like a bull. I don't know why your father here turned out so wimpy, and with such a small cock too, but nature plays strange tricks, as we all know." She sighed after saying that. "Anyway, son, He was your real father, and a fine man he was too, as you well know." I nodded my head in agreement. Granddad Steve was really a pretty nice guy, as I so easily could recollect.

"Does Carolyn know this? I asked.

"Oh, yes, of course," mom informed me. "We broke the news to her when we talked with her and Phil about the club two months ago. She accepted it, and in fact seemed happy about it. I can't blame her. What child wouldn't want a REAL man for their father rather than a wimp like your dad. No offense, dear," she said to dad, as she patted his hand with her own.

"None taken, honey," dad replied. He smiled slightly, knowing full well, I suppose, that mom was right.

"Your father became a cuckold shortly after our marriage, Robert," mom continued, "but we always hid it from you and your sister. Now, thank goodness, we won't have to do that anymore, and that will

so nice and so refreshing, won't it, dear?" Again, she looked at dad.

"Yes, I believe it will," he agreed, obviously knowing his place well by now!

"So, dear boy," mom said to me, "your father is a cuckold, your brother-in-law Phillip is one, and very soon you shall be, too. That is, if you wish to stay married to Trish, and I assume you do, yes?"

"Uh, .. yes, yes, of course I do, mom, " I answered. "I love her with all my heart. I have since I was 16, you know that."

"Yes, dear, I am sure you do, " she smiled. "It won't be all that bad, really. And I guarantee you will notice the change in your pretty wife immediately. She will be far happier, more bubbly, and you will reap the benefits of course of her new outgoing and happy disposition."

"Well, ... that would be nice, I have to admit, " I replied candidly. "Trish has been like , well, like she's having a bad case of PMS ever since we left on our honeymoon trip."

Mom and dad both laughed a little. "I'm sure she is acting poorly," mom said. "but is it any wonder, Robert? One only has to look at that pathetic little weenie of yours to understand WHY . Once she gets some good strong black cock meat in her pretty little cunt, I am positive all that will change for the better. You'll see a complete turn around, son, I assure you."

I guess I should have been shocked by mom's choice of language, but by that time I was immune and almost numb from everything that had transpired so far.

"But... but, mom" I whined, " I.. I don't think I want Trish having sex with any other guys, especially BLACK guys."

"Nonsense, Robert, " mom interjected. "You're not prejudiced, are you? we certainly didn't raise you that way."

"No, mom, I'm not prejudiced at all, " I told her truthfully. " I .. I just, ... I don't know. I just feel ashamed I guess that I can't please my own wife, and that she has to get sex somewhere else."

"That's understandable, Robert," mom said softly. "But I honestly believe that when you see how happy

she will be, you will
be so pleased for her that your jubilation will exceed any shame and humiliation you feel."

I just nodded dumbly. I didn't really know what else to do, and really could not think straight enough to say anything intelligent at the moment. Dad had been holding something in his hand when he came back into the kitchen a short time ago, and now he removed it from his lap and showed it to me. It was some sort of a booklet.

"Read this, Robert, " it was mom who spoke. "You will learn a lot from it. Your dad and I have to go across town, but we'll be back in less than an hour. That will give you plenty of time to read this booklet, and give some thought to all we have talked about. We will have lunch together when we get back"

Then she gave me a peck like kiss on the cheek, and a few minutes later she and dad were gone out the door. I looked at the booklet. The cover page was in bold red, black and white colors, and read "BLACK BREEDERS CLUB" across the top of the page in bright red coloring. A naked black man, very handsome and with a body like a dark god, was on the cover. On her knees in front of him, also naked, was a very beautiful white woman, perhaps 25 years of age or thereabouts. She had hold of his cock, which was the largest cock I had ever seen I my life, and was about to insert it in to her mouth. He was smiling broadly, his ivory teeth flashing, as he looked down at her. Her left hand was holding the thick powerful cock meat and you could plainly see a brilliant shiny wedding band on her ring finger. Other black men were in the background, but too far back to see clearly.

I opened the cover page and read on. It took me only a short while, maybe 30 minutes or less, to read the booklets contents in their entirety. There were many more pictures inside the booklet, some in color and some too in black and white, all depicting interracial sex between black men and white women. There were even some testimonials from both white wives and their cuckold husbands, all had just initials, no names, inscribed at the end of their individual little stories, and all praising the club of course. The booklet told of how the club had been formed, some ten years ago, apparently by a black military man who was highly sexed and wanted to impregnate willing white housewives. It told how word had quickly spread throughout the state, and that how now there were more than 60 black men, all virile and potent, between the ages of 18 and 50, servicing white housewives, and impregnating them with their black baby juice all across our state. I had no idea so many white women wanted black lovers, or even black fathers for their babies, and I was amazed at the figures the booklet boasted. Apparently, over 6,000 pregnancies were attributed to date so far in the 10 years since the breeders club began to the various black studs who were on duty there. It also went on to show some of the babies pictures, and of course some of the white wives holding their newborns ever so proudly, some too with the cuckold husbands standing alongside their white wives and even a few with the black men who had impregnated them too.

There were two entire pages devoted to the cuckold husbands, and laying out in no uncertain terms the rules of the club as it pertained to them. I read this part very carefully. It seemed there was a special room where the cuckolds could watch through a ceiling to floor glass opening as to what was taking place in the club. The room , it read, had dimmed lighting and was spacious, in order to accommodate

up to 100 cuckolds at a time. It even had a bar and lounge chairs, I suppose just in case a husband didn't wish to watch what was taking place in the main area. The door was kept locked though at all times, the page read, stating that admittance was by pass only, and such a pass was issued when a cuckold brought his wife to the club for black sexing and/or breeding purposes. It said the club was open from noon every day until 5 a.m., and that reservations were not necessary, but encouraged IF a white couple wanted something out of the ordinary, like a birthday type gangbang for the wife or something extraordinary that might require advance planning.

My head was reeling trying to absorb all this new information. It was about five minutes later that my parents returned. They were both eager to know if I had read the entire booklet.

"Yes," I told them. "But has Trish seen this booklet?"

"Yes, she has, Robert," my mom answered. "We showed it to her yesterday, and she was quite excited by it, you ought to know."

"She seemed quite impressed too by the sizes of those black cocks in the photos," dad added, slightly smiling. I just sighed.

"Oh, she certainly was," my mother said. "She can't wait to go to the club, Robert. She wanted to tell you all about it herself, but we talked it over, and decided it would be better if you heard it from us first, since we know far more about it than she does. She wouldn't maybe be able to answer questions you might have, like we can. By the way, dear, DO you have questions, now that you've read the booklet? Your dad and I would be happy to answer them for you, if you do."

"Well, yeah, mom, I suppose I do have a few," I told her. "I'm kind of curious about the whole thing, I guess. What's with this cuckold room, first of all?"

"Oh, that's a very nice room, son," mom replied. "It's very large and very comfortable. I've been in it myself a few times, even though it's primarily for the hubbies. It has big glass windows on all four sides, Robert, from the floor all the way to the ceiling, so any cuckold husband can look out and view the activities taking place in all the main areas at any time. The cuckold room itself is kept rather dim, so that it is easier for the hubbies to see outside of it. It is very nicely furnished, and even has a cocktail bar. By the way, no one can see IN it, but the cuckolds can of course see OUT. There is a \$50 fee each time a cuckold attends the club with his wife, but no charge at all if the wife goes on her own to the club for sexing. If a cuckold accompanies his wife, and I am sure YOU will want to, just like Phil now does, he pays the fee in cash at the door. He is then escorted by a black attendant to the cuckold changing room and must change into a cuckold robe and slippers. No other clothing is permitted. They of course have lockers there, and you lock your clothing and valuables in them and you can carry your locker key in your robe pocket. You then are escorted to the

cuckold room itself, where you are locked in. There is a speaker in there, and the sounds are piped into the cuckold room from the main areas where all the sexing occurs. So, you can see and HEAR what is going on in the main sex areas."

"And," my dad now spoke up, "if you want drinks or snacks while in the cuckold room, son, you simply show them your locker key at the bar and they will tab it up and you can pay your tab on your way out. There are also a few phones in the room, in case you need to make a call while there. And of course there is a large rest room also"

"Tell him about the towels, dear," mom said to dad.

"Oh, of course, " dad said, smiling at me, "there are towels all throughout the room, son."

"Towels?" I inquired. "What for?" Both my parents laughed.

"For jerking off, Bobby," dad said matter-of-factly. "Most all of the cuckolds, myself included, get very horny in that room. You will want to relieve yourself, to be sure. And when you do, son, be sure to use a towel to climax in, then wipe yourself clean, and toss it in one of the many towel disposal tubs they have in there. The management gets very angry if they find cum stains anywhere in that room, Bobby", he warned me. "If they do find you have cum anywhere but on a towel, or maybe in another's mouth or ass, and they know who did it, that cuckold is brought out to the main area and whipped by one of the black attendants. I have seen it happen a couple of times, son, and it's not a pretty sight."

"You .. you go there a lot, dad?" I asked.

"Fairly often," he told me. "As a true cuckold, son, I enjoy watching your mother being sexed by black cocks. When we first started going, almost nine years ago, we were sort of hopeful she would catch and become pregnant again, but unfortunately it never happened. But we both enjoy the sexing she gets there, so we still go as often as we can."

The picture now in my mind of my still attractive 45 year old mother being fucked by one of those sturdy black men I had seen in that booklet caused my little cock to get hard in my pants. I was glad I was sitting down!

"Have you watched CAROLYN being black sexed too?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, son, I have, and so of course has your mother, " dad told me honestly. "Your sister looks quite

sexy too with a big black cock in her pretty cunt or mouth, I might add. Phil and me jacked each other off the last time we went. Your mother and Carolyn were getting it at both ends, side by side, and we had a perfect view of it from the cuckold room. It was very heated and exciting for both your brother-in-law and me to see our two spouses alongside one another, with both their mouths and cunts stuffed with big black cock meat. We couldn't help but grab each other's dicks and wank as we viewed it. By the way, son, for a very reasonable fee, a cuckold can also arrange to have his wife cam-corded while she's being sexed up. You might want to bear that in mind. Your mother and me have several tapes of her being black sexed, taken over the years, and Phil says he is going to have Carolyn cam-corded this coming weekend."

Damn, my cock was harder than it had ever been hearing all this, and I had no idea as to WHY?! But I knew I would really love to see some of those tapes my dad just informed me about.

"Can... can I see one of the tapes?" I asked nervously.

"Sure, Robert," my mom cut in. "Why don't you go in the family room, dear, with your dad, and he'll set one up for you in the VCR while I prepare lunch."

"Good idea," dad said. "Let's go, Bobby. This will give you a look too at some parts of the club."

Less than five minutes later I was sitting in my parents family room watching a videotape of my lovely mother sucking an oversized black cock while another black man felt up her big tits. My cock wanted to explode, and I am sure dad knew it!

"She looks great, son, doesn't she?" dad asked me.

I didn't bother to answer. My eyes were fixed on the screen as the black cock in mom's stretched out pussy was pumping her more rapidly now. I presumed he was about to cum, and I was right. I watched as he climaxed inside my beautiful raven haired mother, while his friend continued squeezing her supple titties. A short time later he withdrew his spent cock from her fuck hole and offered it to her mouth. Mom sucked on it greedily. A few seconds later I saw dad come into view, wearing what was obviously one of those cuckold robes he had told me about. Dad shucked off the robe, and literally dove between mom's parted thighs, and she pulled his head to her sloppy cunt region. He then began the task of licking and sucking mom's ravished, freshly fucked pussy like a wild man.

"That's always the best part for me," dad spoke out, as I continued to view the action on the television screen in front of us. "You see, Bobby, a cuckold is allowed to come out of the cuckold room IF the black stud or studs that have just sexed his wife feel she was a worthy fuck. Then, and only then, is the cuckold allowed out of the room and granted the honor of licking their fuck seed from her cunt, or even

her ass, if she has been corn-holed. You mom is a pretty good lay, most of the blacks there say, so I get to do clean up on her a lot."

Again, I didn't say anything. I was now watching mom suck and lick the ass of the black guy who had just fucked her while her tits were still being fondled by his pal, and dad was still busily sucking away noisily at her hairy snatch. Mom had the black guy's butt widely parted with her tiny hands, and her lovely face was buried in between his ass cheeks. A short time later I saw dad rise, but only to his knees, and he thanked politely the two black men who had used mom sexually.

"I'm glad you're watching this particular tape, son." dad told me. "If you ever get the privilege to come out of the cuckold room to perform a clean up on Trish, remember to be sure to thank the black stud or studs who just sexed her, and be sure also to always do that while on your knees, okay?"

I nodded to dad that I understood. He went on to inform me that the penalty for NOT thanking them properly would no doubt result in a lashing with either a cane or whip. The tape ended a short time later with my mother being ass fucked by the black men who had previously been playing with her tits. Dad did not get to perform clean up duties, I took note, this time. I asked him why not, and he told me the black guy had not felt mom was a good enough fuck with a cock in her asshole.

"You can't please everyone, son," dad said with a sigh.

Just then mom called us in to the kitchen for lunch. She wanted to know how I liked the tape, and I blushed beet red. Both her and dad laughed. After lunch, I went home, and Trish was waiting for me anxiously. We talked for over two hours, and in the end I agreed to become her cuckold husband. I knew I had no other choice if I wanted to keep her as my wife, and I of course did. That following Saturday afternoon, I accompanied Trish, along with my mom, dad, sister and brother-in-law, to the Black Breeders Club. After paying the entrance fees, dad, Phil and I were escorted to the cuckold changing room, while our wives were taken to their changing rooms. Once inside the cuckold room itself, I was astonished to find so many other men there. They were all friendly and open, and dad and Phil introduced me to some of the other cuckolds there that they knew. Everyone was pleasant and warm, and I felt at ease amongst them quickly. There wasn't much going on in the main sex area at that time, and I assumed it was because it was still afternoon.

Dad had told me that things didn't usually get rolling until evening. I asked them then why there were so many cuckolds here, but only a few wives being serviced in the main sex areas. He explained that many of the wives like to take advantage of the sauna and whirlpool facilities the club has in another area, and that the sauna and whirlpool area was for the wives only.

"Your mom, sister and Trish are probably in there now, along with other wives, " dad said. "Don't worry, things will get going soon, you'll see, son," he added.

I spent the next half hour or so nursing a scotch and soda that I had obtained at the bar, and talking with two new cuckolds that dad had introduced me to. One of them, a nice looking guy named Jim, told me he was 32, and that he and his wife had been coming to the club for over four years now. He told me in a proud tone how his wife Connie had already given birth to two mixed colored babies, a boy and a girl, and how she was hoping now for a third. He said his wife was ovulating currently, and that was why they came today, in hopes she might catch and become pregnant again. The second man, Alan, was about 40 or so. He too was hoping, he informed me, that his wife Susan would catch this weekend. He said they were both anxious to have her black bred. He said they had been coming here for a year now, and today was kind of special, he added, because they had brought their 14 year old daughter to the club for some black sexing, and also in the hopes that their daughter too might get knocked up this weekend. He said their daughter was still a virgin, so the club had waived his usual \$50 fee today in exchange for the pleasure of black sexing a virgin teenage girl. Just then I heard my dad's voice calling me to the far corner of the room.

"Come look, Bobby!" dad said excitedly. "Your Trish is getting her very first black cock, and, damn, it's a beauty too!" I got up and headed quickly to where dad was standing. My brother-in-law Phil was right beside him.

I looked out the glass wall and indeed dad was correct. I could clearly see my young 20 year old gorgeous blond wife on her knees, wearing only the new saucy bright red garter belt and garters, and white silk stockings and red pumps she had bought only yesterday, solely for this occasion, down on her stocking clad knees sucking avidly at a black cock that was being fed to her by a very dark brother of perhaps 25 or so. He had one hand on his hip and the other at the back of my wife's blond head, and he was telling her in no uncertain terms just how he wanted his cock sucked by her. All of us in the cuckold room could hear what he was saying to Trish via the speaker in the room.

"Suck it, you white bitch," the black stud said to my Trish, "suck it good, and use that nice pink tongue on the head, slut," he added.

I wish he wasn't talking so lewdly to Trish, but at the same time my cock got erect inside my robe, and I knew I liked what I was seeing and also hearing from out in the main sex area.

"That's it, you filthy white whore," my wife's new black lover told her gruffly. "That's the way I want it sucked! Now, get it ALL in your slutty mouth, white bitch, and if you suck it real good, I'll let you swallow my cum. Otherwise, cunt, it goes on your face, understood?"

I saw Trish desperately trying to engulf still more of the black stud's huge cock meat in the confines of her sexy mouth, and I could see now that her cheeks were bulging. How she managed to get all of it in her mouth was beyond my comprehension, but she did, and her stud lover seemed pleased with her efforts too. I watched with bated breath as my young wife sucked her very first black prick.

"She looks great with that black cock in her mouth, doesn't she, son?", dad whispered to me. I just nodded and kept my eyes fixed on the scene outside the glass wall. My new friend Jim came over, drink in hand, and stood on the other side of me.

"Your wife's a natural cocksucker for black meat, I can tell," he said softly. "She ever suck YOU off like that?" he asked. I nodded my head sideways, negatively. Hell, Trish had never sucked my cock at all! But I didn't tell my new cuckold friend that fact.

"I didn't think so, " he said. "Oh, oh, looks like he's gonna' shoot off!"

He was right about that. The black stud locked his hands to the back of Trish's head and held her in place as he spurted his cum load in her mouth. I watched in awe as she gulped it down. Only a few trickles ran down her chin when she was done. He then rubbed his spent thick cock meat all over her face, and instructed her to clean off the head of his dick, then do his balls. She obeyed his instructions quickly, her small white hands cupping what she could of his big ebony nut sac as she drooled over it with her lips and tongue. When she was done, he told her she had done a good job, then he walked away from her. A few seconds later another black approached her, this one much taller and much older, and told her to lay on her back and spread her legs. My wife did as he said, and I watched with growing excitement as this new black stud began to play with my wife's tits and French kiss her mouth ever so passionately.

He had Trish groaning and panting like I myself had never seen or heard her do previously. It wasn't long before he was rubbing her cunt, inserting fingers in and out of it, and I could see Trish's sensual ass bouncing about now as he fingered her skillfully, still planting open mouth soul kisses on her mouth. I could see their pink tongues washing over one another as he finger fucked her madly now and caressed her tits with lust. A few moments later he was between her parted legs, and I distinctly heard Trish cry out loudly as his mammoth cock began to work its way up her cunt. She was gasping and mewling now, her white hands clutching at her new lover's ass cheeks, obviously trying to get him inside her as soon as possible.

Then I watched with a wide open mouth as he began to expertly pump in and out of her. She tried to get her tiny legs around his backside but he was bucking so wildly that she was not able to succeed at this. Her legs were up in air, flaying about, as this older stud fucked away at my petite wife's cunt hole.

"Move your white ass, whore, " he screamed at her. "Show me how much you wants my black cock, bitch." Trish groaned at his words, then began moving her ass hotly.

"That's better, baby, " her black fucker said. "You wants my black cock, don't you, bitch slut? You wants my black baby juice in that white womb of yours too, don't you, honey?"

My wife blew my mind completely when I heard her reply to him!

"Yes, aaghhh, YES, " she cried out. "I ... ooohh, aahhh, I .. I want your black cock! I want your baby juice too agagahhh, PLEASE,... please make ... a .. baby in me!"

"You bets I will, you filthy white slut," he told her. "Here comes my baby juice now, bitch, right up your pretty white fuck hole!"

Trish too was cumming, I could tell, and cum she did. She had two rapid fire orgasms while her black fucker emptied his potent sperm up her twat. She was mewling and groaning like a wounded whore as he deposited his black baby juice deep inside her. When he pulled out, I wondered if I would be called for clean up duties, but I wasn't. Instead, the black man who had just finished fucking her, got up and left, and seconds later Trish was helped to her feet by two other black men.

"They're taking her to the shower room," dad told me. "They'll clean her up there, Bobby, then bring her out again for more sexing. And since it's her first time here, Bobby, every black stud in the club will want to have a go at her."

My brother-in-law then caught sight of Carolyn coming into view, and he nudged dad. Dad looked over to his left, and I did also. There, beyond the glass wall, some twenty feet away from our view, was my shapely and pretty sister. She was wearing a white garter belt, matching white nylon mesh stockings, white garters, and white pumps. There was a young black man at her side with his arm around her waist. He was buck naked, black as coal, and hung like a mule. For the first time in my life, I got to see my comely older sister's tits and bush. My balls were already aching, and this scene only intensified the agony between my legs. Dad, Phil and I all watched silently as Carolyn's black stud laid her down on one of the many stylish mattresses that were available in the sex area. Then he got alongside her, and soon they were kissing and fondling one another like lost lovers. I also noticed another black, a younger guy, near where my sister and her black stud were making out so heatedly. This guy had a camcorder and was videotaping everything that was taking place on that mattress.

"I told you Phil was going to have her videotaped this weekend, " dad said excitedly. "By the way, Bobby, the stud with your sister is Jake. He's known as Jake the Snake here at the club because of his cock size."

I had no trouble seeing why he'd gotten that appropriate nickname, as I watched my sexy sister run both her hands up and down his lengthy dark shaft. Dad then showed me how to work the speakers. I hadn't noticed until now that there were SEVERAL speakers in the cuckold room, and almost spaced evenly, about two feet apart, from one another. Dad hurriedly explained to me that each speaker represented a certain mattress area, so he turned on the volume now on speaker 6, which coordinated with the area Carolyn and Jake were in. All three of us looked out in wonderment as Jake now climbed atop my

sister and began to penetrate her slick love hole. Her legs were stretched to their limit apart from one another as she accepted his massive black fuck tool up inside her. She screamed loudly when it was finally all in her, and locked her legs around his backside. We watched as Jake plowed her pussy furiously, his heavy black balls slapping with gust against the whiteness of her pretty ass. Phil, I could see, was jacking his cock now, and I was able to see it wasn't much bigger than my own. Dad held a towel out in front of Phil as we continued to observe my obviously wanton sister take her sexing from her black lover.

Jake was biting on her tits now, and calling her filthy, degrading names as his cock moved in and out of her pussy like a well oiled piston. Carolyn was crying out with what seemed to be a combination of passion and pain, "Ohhh, god ... agghhhh, " we could hear her voice. "Fuck me. Fuck my white slutty cunt, my darling ... fuck it HARD, agghhhh.. " my sister pleaded. "Make a baby in me, please, lover... agghhhh, god, it HURTS so much your cock is so BIG, .. agghh."

"Damn right it is, bitch slut, " Jake grunted, "and you gonna' take it all, you white tramp, ain't cha?"

"Yes, yes ... darling, aagghhh... " Carolyn was sobbing now, I could see. "I...I want it all, baby..... Please fuck me harder. Hurt me more ... I don't care .. I .. I just want your wonderful cock to fuck me forever .. aagghhh.... I .. I'm going to cum again aagghhhh, oh shit, I love you, Jake .. please never stop .. fucking me ..."

My sister had two more very loud orgasms before Jake began pumping his rich fuck seed up her cunt.

"I hope this load knocks you up, you filthy white pig, " Jake exclaimed as his balls contracted and his potent sperm went swimming up Carolyn's well fucked cunt.

"So .. so, do I, darling ... aagghhhh..." my well fucked sister told him. "I want your baby growing inside me sooo ... agaghhh ... much ..."

It was when my sister said that to Jake that I noticed poor Phil shooting his own load of cum in the towel dad was holding in front of him. He was breathing very hard too as he squirted in the towel. Dad wiped Phil's dick with the towel and tossed into the nearby container.

"Damn, Phil, " dad told him, 'if Carolyn doesn't get pregnant with that load that Jake just gave her, I doubt she ever will."

"I think she will, " Phil replied, his breathing back to almost normal once again. "God, he sure gave it to her good, didn't he?"

Before either dad or I could answer him, we all heard Phil being paged to mattress area 6, where his just thoroughly fucked wife and her black lover were waiting for him. Phil raced out of the room, as soon as the door was unlocked by the attendant. Dad and I watched as Phil performed clean up duties, dropping first to his knees and taking Jake's now spent fuck tool in his mouth, washing it of Jake's and his wife's mixed fuck juices. Jake, with hands on hips, told Phil to clean it good or he would personally whip his white ass, as Carolyn lay back on the mattress she had just been fucked on and watched with apparent glee at her white cuckold husband sucking on the spent prick of her black stud lover. A slight smile was on her pretty face as she watched her wimpy husband clean the slime from Jake's prick with his mouth.

"That's good enough, white boy," Jake said after a few minutes. "Now crawl back behind me and do my ass, shit head. There's a lot of sweat back there, and you best be sure to get it all, understood?"

"Yes, sir," we heard Phil reply, and he crawled on his knees behind Jake and began licking away dutifully at Jake's anal region. When Jake felt he had done sufficiently back there, he ordered my brother-in-law to get down and suck the mess between Carolyn's outstretched legs. Jake told Phil to be very careful not to suck at his wife's pussy while he cleaned her.

"Just lick it, boy, " Jake instructed Phil. " I don't want you maybe sucking out any of that baby making juice I just shot up in your white slut's pussy hole, I wants the bitch to have my baby, so you jus' clean up the tramp's thighs and lick , don' suck, my cum thas' around her slutty cunt hairs, got it, shit face?"

"Yes, sir," Phil said again, and went about doing as Jake had commanded of him.

While dad and I watched breathlessly. Carolyn chided Phil too, much to Jake's liking, by degrading him even further, "Lick me up good, Phil, " Carolyn barked out. "Lick a real man's cum from your horny black loving wife, darling. Show me how much you like being a worthless cuckold and cum eater." Phil swooned as he heard what his wife said to him, and Jake chuckled. "Eat my black lover's cum from me, Phil. He has probably put a baby inside me, you know? Isn't that wonderful, honey? Just think, soon you can tell all your friends at work how your slutty wife got knocked up by a black man, and they can ridicule you, and laugh at you for the cum eating cuckold you are, my love. Won't that be nice, darling?"

"Mmm, yes, .. Darling, " Phil muttered, as he lapped away between her legs.

Both Jake and Carolyn laughed loudly at Phil's humiliation. I wondered if Trish would soon be talking like that to me, too.

"Christ, Bobby, " dad said with excitement, "look, there's your mother."

I looked away from where Phil was licking the slime fluids from my sister, to where dad's finger was pointing. Sure enough, over by area 9, was my own beautiful mother, wearing nothing at all, and sucking on a big black prick.

I looked urgently over to the area dad was indicating, and there beyond the glass wall separating us cuckolds from the main sexing area was the most fascinating sight I had ever beheld. It was even more stirring to me than when I had viewed my dazzling wife Trish being sexed, just a few minutes ago. This was my own mother, looking quite radiant, yet obviously submissive, as she knelt before a tall, muscular black stud, and paid homage to his oversized prick with her mouth. Mom, in complete naked glory, and in humble servitude to a well hung dark stud. I was unable to pull my eyes away from the scene of mom sucking and slurping away at that mammoth ebony fuck pole. Her lily white hands servicing her stud's balls, fondling them with sheer lust, as she sought to pleasure his cock with her slutty outstretched mouth. Dad's eyes too were fixed in wonder of this breathtaking phenomenon. Unlike dad, I had never before seen mom naked, much less sucking a cock, and I felt dad could sense how moved I was by this indecent act that mom was performing just beyond our glass enclosure. My puny cock was stiff as could be, and I looked down to my left for just a second and could see that dad's too was erect, even throbbing slightly now.

"Suck it slower, your old white tramp," dad and I heard mom's lover instruct her. "I likes it better when ya' does me slow, bitch," the black man added. Mom's mouth then commenced to move slower across the stud's shaft and he seemed pleased, for he smiled and let up his former tight grip on mom's head.

"Christ," dad whispered to me huskily, "she's really loving that cock, son, isn't she?"

"It sure looks that way, dad," I sighed, my own breath was short now.

I couldn't believe how good mom looked naked, and how sexy she looked too with a nice big black prick in her sultry mouth. Dad's hand reached down and took hold of my cock, and I twitched when he did so, but I didn't pull away. I realized how caught up we both were by the sensual act going on between mom and her black lover, so I offered no resistance when he began squeezing and jerking on my inferior sized dick. A moment later we heard the black man bellowing at mom.

:I'm cummin', you slut ... ohhh, sheeet, .. take it all, you white slut .!!" he shouted. Then he erupted. I could see his healthy big balls clenching ,and his ass cheeks too, as he began filling my mother's wanton mouth with his fuck seed. His hands locked her head in place as he sent stream after stream of his rich and potent spunk down mom's gulping throat. Dad jacked faster on my cock now, and I was fearful I might spill my own cum if he didn't halt his pumping, so I took hold of his hand and he stopped quickly.

"I don't want to cum just yet, dad," I told him with panting breath.

"Sorry, Bobby," he said in a hoarse voice, "I guess I got carried away."

We watched silently then as mom's black lover yanked his cock out of her mouth and used her face as a towel, smearing the head of his now spent fuck tool across mom's chin, nose, and cheeks. She offered no resistance to this crude act, and waited patiently on her knees as the stud wiped his shaft on her lovely face.

"You suck good, bitch, " he told her.

"Thank you for allowing me to suck your magnificent cock," mom replied, a smile on her cum drenched lips now, apparently grateful for the black guy's compliment of her cock sucking prowess. He then moved away from the area.

I shifted my eyes to where my brother-in-law Phil was now receiving a lashing with a small brown leather whip from a short, stocky black man. I pointed towards that area and nudged dad. Dad looked that way.

"Oh, oh", dad said with a gasp, "looks like Phillip forgot to thank someone for fucking Carolyn."

I recalled the rule dad had told me about. If you were called out to lick the cum load from your wife's pussy or asshole, you had to be sure afterwards to thank the black stud who had fucked her, and also thank him for allowing you the honor of licking up his spent seed from her too. Apparently, my cuckold brother-in-law, probably due to his excited state, had failed to do this! I clicked on the speaker for that area now, and dad and I could hear Phil's howling screams as the black man dealt stinging blows to Phil's backside. My sister Carolyn was still laying on the mattress, and smiling broadly, as she watched her wimpy husband get beaten to a pulp by her most recent black lover. Phil was on his hands and knees, his ass raised upwards, and I could see bright red stripes on his otherwise pale white ass where the whip had connected with the flesh there. There were even a few markings on Phil's thighs. I counted six more brutal lashes before the whipping ceased. Phil was then made to kneel before his wife's lover, kiss the whip, then thank the black stud for his painful beating. He was then permitted to rise and leave the area. Dad and I both watched as Phil stumbled his way back to the cuckold room, rubbing his freshly whipped ass and thighs with both hands, along the way. A few seconds later we heard the cuckold room door being unlocked, and Phil shamefully entered. I felt sorry for him, but dad didn't.

"You had that coming, Phillip," dad barked at him. "You know better than that by now."

Phil just hung his head downward, still rubbing his ass and thighs with his hands, and didn't say anything as he moved alongside us. Now the three of us turned our attention back to where mom was just being nicely mounted by a young black youth of perhaps 17 or so. He wasted little time shoving his

thick prick up mom's cunt hole, and we all watched breathlessly as mom wrapped her tawny legs around his backside. Her arms then went about his neck, and the boy covered her lips with his own, their tongues flying in and out of one another's mouths, as they began to fuck in earnest.

"Damn, he's really plowing her good!" my dad stammered, his hand now squeezing tightly on his own cock. "God, I love seeing her get it like that," he moaned.

I clicked on the speaker for mom's area and turned off the other one. The distinct sounds of the black youth's balls banging forcefully against mom's heavenly ass could be clearly heard, and my cock was bouncing inside my cuckold robe, stiff as it could be, as I viewed the crude, but exquisite, fucking of my mother by a teen age black boy.

"Like it, bitch?" the boy asked mom, breathing hard. "Ya' likes my black snake up that sloppy old white pussy of yers?" "Oh .. god, yeeesssss ..!" I heard mom cry out, as her hips gyrated and churned still faster in tempo to the boy's raging thrusts. ".. pl .. please don't .. eve.. ever stop..fucking .. meeeeeee.." she shrieked..

Her young fucker laughed. Then he planted still another very wet kiss on my mother's wide open mouth. I could see her pink tongue racing out to greet his, and dad was moaning now as he was about to shoot off his load. Phillip grabbed a towel and held it out for dad so he could cum in it. Just after dad shot off in the towel, the black teenager shot off in mom. Mom was quivering and shaking as the boy pumped his lusty fuck seed up my mother's cunt with very strong thrusts near the end. The teen kissed mom again, and played a while with her plush tits, before dismounting her. He then laid next to her and summoned one of the attendants. A brief moment later the door to our room was unlocked and the attendant told dad he was to go to the mattress mom and her teen age lover were at for clean up duty. Dad smiled proudly, started to go towards the door, then quickly turned around.

"Bobby," dad smiled at me, "how would YOU like to go instead of me?"

"Wha .. what?" I asked, surprised at dad's question.

"I know you'd like to, son," dad said. "I could see how turned on you got watching your mother out there. Be honest now, Bobby. Wouldn't YOU like to suck up that tasty black cum from your slutty mother's whorish cunt?"

"One of you cuckolds better get out there," the attendant snapped, obviously losing his patience, "and NOW! Or there's going to be hell to pay."

"Do it, son, " dad said urgently. "Go!" And I did.

When mom saw ME approaching her mattress, she was startled, I could tell. But she also looked pleased, I was quick to note. The young black boy who had just so blissfully fucked her seemed perplexed upon seeing someone my age.

"Sheeit, bitch," he said to mom. "is dis' yo' husban'? He kinda' young, ain't he?"

"No, Leroy," mom told him, "he's my son."

"Well, I'll be dipped in shit," Leroy grinned. "You fuckin' white folks are kinky as all hell."

"Hi .. mom, " I said, somewhat embarrassed. "dad .. uh, .. couldn't make it .. so he sent .. uh, me. Is that okay?"

"Yes, Bobby," Mom replied softly. "Do you know what to do?"

"Uh, .. I think so, mom, " I said awkwardly. I then got down on my knees between my mother's parted legs, looked over at the teen age black boy, and said submissively to him, "Thank you, sir, for fucking my slutty mother so expertly, and thank you too for the honor of letting me lap up what I can of your superior black fuck seed from her sloppy white cunt."

The youth chuckled loudly. "God damn, white boy, " he said. "you sure got da' rules down pat. Go to it, asshole. Lick up my spunk all you can from yo' mommy's fresh fucked cunt. Yo' don' have to go easy wid' her neither, boy, 'cause she ain't here for breedin', jus' fuckin', so be sure yo' gets all yo' can. Now get down there, shit head, and clean up da' mess."

I lowered my head, and for the first time ever tasted the damp, juicy sloppiness of my own mother's cunt. It was sheer heaven for me, in spite of all the cum. I lapped away at it eagerly and with love, licking and sucking, while my mother moaned and swooned. I was pleasing her, I knew, from the sounds that emitted from her, and this spurred me on to lick and suck her messy fuck hole with even more lust. Out of the corner of my eyes I could see shadows, and I also heard voices. It seems that Leroy, mom's teen fucker, had coaxed passers-by to stop and watch, explaining to them that this was a SON cunt lapping a MOTHER of his virile black fuck juice. Mom enjoyed two splendid and shattering orgasms by the time I had completed my task of cleansing Leroy's seed from her well fucked pussy, and when I was at last allowed to rise from her pubic area, I could see four men and three women along side the mattress on both sides. They had witnessed the incestuous clean up chore I had just done on mom. They all clapped their hands together, and one woman, a willowy blond of about 40, told mom that HER son also sucks HER cunt when she is fucked at home by black men. I looked to Leroy again, not knowing whether I was also supposed to thank him once more, but figuring I should do so anyway. I certainly didn't want to wind up like Phillip had just a short time ago!

"Thank you again, " I said humbly to mom's young black fucker, "for allowing me the honor and privilege of sucking your divine cum from my whore mother's cunt."

Again, the people standing alongside the mattress clapped loudly.

"You is welcome, white boy, " Leroy said. "But you ain't done yet." He pointed down towards his spent black prick. I immediately understood, and I crouched over and took the monstrous ebony tool in my mouth, sucking and licking it, and tasting his and mom's mixed fuck juices on it as I cleansed it. When Leroy was satisfied with my efforts, he pushed me away, and I was escorted back to the cuckold room where dad was waiting for me. He had another hard-on, I could see.

"Damn, Bobby, " dad said excitedly, upon my return, "I got hard again just watching you eat your mother's cum filled slutty cunt and her fucker's cock. Great job!"

I was so turned on by then, that I could wait no longer to empty my tiny balls of their load. I snagged a towel and shot off in it after only five pumps. I wiped my cock, threw the towel in the nearest bin, and wandered across the room to where my brother-in-law Phil was down on his knees giving a blow job to another cuckold. The cuckold Phil was sucking off was staring with glossy eyes out the glass window as Phil sucked him off. As I got closer I recognized the cuckold as being the man I had spoken with earlier that day, the one who had brought both his wife and 14 year old virgin daughter to the club for breeding purposes. Looking out the glass, I could see the two members of his family, mother and teen aged daughter, side by side, but on separate mattresses, having their cunts pounded by black cock meat. The mattress the cuckold's daughter was on was spotted with blood., and it was obvious this had occurred when she lost her virginity. They were both being fucked quite ruthlessly, and a small crowd was standing alongside both mattresses, palpably due to the fact a 14 year old white virgin was being deflowered there. My cuckold friend was beside himself with lust and submissive joy as he stared at the area where his cock loving wife and now deflowered young daughter were being fucked unmercifully by their well hung lovers.

"Your daughter looks great with a black cock up her twat," I said to him.

He groaned. "Oh, yeah .. I know .," he responded, breathlessly.

"I hope that black fucker knocks her up, " I remarked.

"Oh, god, me too!" he was quick to answer, his hips now bucking a bit, as he face fucked my kneeling brother-in-law's mouth.

"From the looks of it, " I told him, "it would appear your slutty little daughter is going to be as much a

whore for black cock as your wife, huh? I think the bitch is cumming now, in fact." And I was right. The young white slut heaved upwards, her hips rotating madly, as she let out a shriek while her black fucked pumped her tight cunt even harder. Then he too shot off deep inside the 14 year old's fuck hole, giving the girl her very first load of black baby making juice.

"Ohhhhhh, shit!" her poor wimpy father cried out. "He's knocking her up!"

Then he too exploded with a load of his own, down the throat of my cuckold brother-in-law, who gulped hastily to get it all in his belly. I reached down and gave the guy's nuts a hard squeeze as he filled Phil's mouth with his cum juice. A few fleeting moments later the cuckold was called out to the sexing area, and Phil and I watched with joy as the man had to suck and clean his wife's and his daughter's cunts with his mouth. But of course he was only allowed to lick, not suck, since both of those whores were here for breeding.

As day turned to evening, and evening to night, I watched my lovely slutty wife, mother and sister get black sexed in just about every way possible. Mom was even gangbanged, as was Carolyn, and my own wife Trish sucked four very long black pricks, one after the other, on her knees, while my sister got ass fucked by the club's owner, then his son. Mom was pissed on by five black men in a special area, so we in the cuckold room were unable to actually see that, but she told us all about it, and in exciting detail too, on the ride home that night. All of us could smell the piss on her that hadn't apparently been completely washed away prior to us leaving the club that night.

Well, all this took place eight years ago, I should point out. Dad and mom are still together, and happy as can be. Mom now has a few black lovers that service her slutty cunt and asshole at home while dad is at work, and she sometimes phones me and has me come over to suck the spunk from her asshole and cunt afterwards, which I have grown now to love doing for her. My sister Carolyn and Phil are still married, and they now have four black bastard children, two boys and two girls, ages 7, 5, 3 and 1. Phillip supports them all of course, and is supportive of his wife's love for black cocks, even now hosting dinner parties and serving as a maid when black men come to his home for these dinner parties, and to sex Carolyn too, naturally.

Me? Well, my pretty wife Trish got knocked up that very first night we went to the club. Nine months later she gave birth to twins, one boy and one girl, and I was the laughing stock of the neighborhood when she brought home her two newborn black bastards. She left me for a black man she met about 7 years ago at the club, and they now live in another state. I've become rather successful in business ventures since then though, so I am ready to get married again, I think. I just placed an ad, in fact, on one of those internet personals sites. It reads: "Cuckold wimp white guy, not bad looking, well off financially, seeks marriage to a pretty white woman who loves black cocks. Willing to be your cuckold, slave and full time maid, as well as husband and financial supporter of all black babies you may have."

Who knows, maybe I'll get some replies, huh? I hope so!