# Blondie and the Black Knight

## By sprite

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I'd been spending a lot of time in the Twomps, lately. Yeah, eastside Oaktown, where a white girllike me really had no business being. Only, I was cool, 'cause I knew Twiman, and he made sure everybody knew it. Not that I was one of his girls, and I sure as hell wasn't one of his gangers. You see, growing up off International, I'd spent more time couch surfing than I had at home. Me and my dad just didn't get on, more like he didn't give a shit where his youngest was. You might say the neighborhood raised me and Twiman, well, his family still lived in my hood. In fact, his little brother, Jay Cee, was my best friend.

So, long story short, that stretch between 20 th and 29 th ? The one we affectionately named the Murder Dubs? Fish out of water as I was, I felt safe. A little about me? Not much you need to know. Twi called me Blondie for a good reason. Sixteen year old girl, white as white can be, dirty blonde hair, blue green eyes, still looking more like a kid than most of the kids my age. I'd always been small, a curse, seeing as how my dad and my brothers all topped six foot. Hardly seemed fair, but you play what you're given, and I found a way to make it work. You see, in my hood, if you wanted to make it, you had to have a gimmick. You could be the toughest mother fucker on the block or you could be the king of hoops or you could be man everyone gets their dope from. Me? I made damn well sure everyone looked after me. Little sister, that was my thing, tagging around behind Jay Cee or Macencheeze or some of the other guys, finding ways to be needed, to be liked, making sure that they kept a look out for me, you know? Found out my size could work to my advantage, too, me in my red high tops pushing off down the cracked sidewalk on my board, kick it with my Winnie-the-Pooh back back filled to bursting with enough dope to get me a life sentence in Juvie, looking like any other kid running down to the 7-11 for bubble gum. Pretty soon, the guys I should have been scared shitless of? Yeah, you guessed it, they all got kind of fond of me. Started calling me Little Sister. Didn't hurt that I'd found I had a talent giving head, either. Got to the point I didn't even need to do those runs anymore to keep me in good graces. Still, they gave me a rush, so what the hell.

So, we're up above a furniture store, you know the kind? So cheap and ugly they probably didn't need

the wrought iron bars blocking the windows. It's a converted loft made into a club house. Some arcade games, old school pinball machines, a bar, couches, a couple of tables, a fridge, that kind of thing. Oh, and the scent of cannabis wafting through and yeah, Twiman and his posse. He wasn't a bad guy. Could be a little mean, but the street does that to you. Should mention I'd had a thing for him for about a year now. School girl crush, I guess you could call it. Outside the sound of cars, the boom of the bass almost shaking the window, the sound of the street just background noise I've learned to tune out. Like having the TV on in the background, you know? Loud voices, just the usual trash talk, nothing that made my 'spider-sense' tingle. Funny, but you just don't think about how violence could erupt at any moment. It's a part of life. That said, you are in tune, you just feel it when it begins to escalate, and when that happens you hit the floor and hope it passes you on by. Yeah, this is my city, my lover, my best friend, my abusive boyfriend, all wrapped in one. Never knowing if I'm going to get the kiss of a fist or the brush of lips, or perhaps both in one brutal package. Oaktown, baby.

I'm sitting there at the bar, sucking on a strawberry milkshake that I'd got from Crap in the Box, only half paying attention to the usual bullshit that's bouncing around me. You know how guys can talk, right? Bitch this, ho that, booty calls… you know, machismo shit, all loud so it can be heard over the beat of Zion I that spills from a boom box on the floor.

It's summer, and it's fucking hot. ACs going, but damn, like it makes a difference with the asphalt melting just outside. Got the lights low. Funny, it makes the sheen of sweat more noticeable. One thing about black guys? The heat just makes them more beautiful, and Twiman was gorgeous to begin with. Ran in his genes, I suppose. His little bro was like that too, same as his dad, or at least the photos I'd seen of Mr. Potts. Like too many of the dads in my hood, he'd moved on long before his kids had grown, leaving Mrs. Potts to work too many hours trying to put food on the table, getting old before her time. That's why Twiman did what he did. Trying to be the man of house. Not an easy thing when you're a punk ass kid. Now, though, that kid had grown up hard into a fine looking specimen of a man.

"Hey yo, Blondie."

I looked up, giving the bar a kick with the toe of my converse sneakers, my gaze drifting up to meet those dark brown eyes framed by thick lashes. Like I'd said, he was handsome, his skin so black it was almost blue, shining like a dark angel under the bare electric bulb.

I grunted, acknowledging I was listening, unwilling to stop sucking down my shake, trying to cool off, watching as he looked me up and down, checking me out, something he'd never done before. I felt a thrill go through me, some of it fear, some of it something else. After all, like I said, I'd had a bit of a crush on him for ever since I was old enough to thinking of guys that way. Not that I'd ever thought about doing anything about it. Ok, that's a lie. Lying in bed at night, I'd pictured him, more than once,

looming over me, slipping under the cover, his big hands all over my tits, his meaty cock thrusting into my wet and willing pussy… I'd finger myself, sweat coating my body in my sweltering 8x8 bedroom until I lay damp and exhausted with a satisfied little smile on my face. Even had a few marathon sessions like that. Yeah, I'd thought about it…

"You looking fine lately, girl, sucking on that straw like you know whatcha doing."

I felt a blush creep up into my cheeks. Besides my sneakers, I had on a pair of short shorts and a halter. That's it. Only way to keep cool during the blistering month of august. I could feel them clinging to me, too, damp with perspiration.

"Got something else you can suck on."

Laughter. I noticed that some of the guys were watching, realized that I was the only girl in the room, something I hadn't really worried about until now. Not that I was worried, but still…

Then, he did something I'd seen him do more than once, usually with his latest booty call. He turned his hand into a gun, a pair of impossibly long, dark fingers making up the barrel, his thumb cocked back. Just held it there, pointing it at me, a cocky smile on his face, like it was all a joke, a dare. I swallowed, setting my cup on one bare thigh, the chill against my warm flesh making me shiver, keeping my face neutral wondering if he was just fucking with me or if this was going somewhere. Not exactly my idea of romance. I mean, the place was kind of ghetto, and there sure as hell wasn't candles and lace curtains in the windows. Not exactly private either.

One of the things you learn early, or at least I did. You get this look down by the time you're ten. Sort of a cold eyed, 'I don't give a fuck, cause I ain't got nothing to lose here' look. Never show fear. Not that I was exactly scared, but yeah, I could feel the adrenaline rushing through me at the thought of what could happen here. Lifting my shake, I took the straw between my lips once more, my cheeks dimpling as I took a long drag of strawberry goodness before saying anything.

"I'm good, Twi. Thanks."

I waited, part of me wanting his eye lid to droop, his lazy wink saying that he was just fucking with me, part of me wanting… I'm not sure what. Ok, that's a lie. My cunt and my brain were having a conversation, and it was getting kind of heated. That's when he kind of shuffled forward and pressed his fingers against my cool, sticky sweet lips, his smile kind of too bright, his eyes too much pupil. I hadn't really been paying attention before, but now, it all made sense. He was high as a kite, and I'm not talking weed here. Looking up at his face, I could see the insides of his nostrils; they looked like powered donuts. Still, he was gentle, prying my lips open, pushing his fingers into my mouth,

watching me expectantly until I started sucking on them, putting my tongue to work as our gazes fastened. My heart began to pound like a drum as I sucked on his ebony digits, lips parting to form a circle, mouth filled with saliva, taking them in like I would a cock. Like I said, even at sixteen, I knew what pleased a man.

“You want to party with the Twi, white girl?”

Yeah, it wasn’t romantic, but at least he asked. I mean, come on, the guy outweighed me by over a hundred pounds, all of it muscle. Did I mention he spent a lot of time in the gym? He had the body of a weightlifter, the grace of a boxer, and the animal aggression of a survivor in this fucked up city that we called home sweet home, so yeah, he didn’t need to ask, but deep down, there was a decent guy in there. I just nodded my head and kept sucking, my heart drowning out the thump of the bass drum. Slipping from the stool, I let him take the lead, my shake forgotten as I wrapped my hands around his thick wrist, fingers slipping under the band of his ‘previously owned’ gold Rolex, his free hand resting on my head like it was a basketball, pushing me down until I was on my knees, my head tilted up, not once letting his fingers slip from my suddenly eager mouth.

“You gonna give that piece of white trash the bizness?”

“Shut the fuck up, asshole and apologize to the lady.”

“Shit. Yeah, it’s cool, Twi. Just wondering if the rest of us get some after you done with her is all.”

I felt his hand tighten on my head, almost possessively, his eyes focused on my face as I let go of his wrist and pushed my hands up under his silver and black, fumbling at his zipper, eager to keep his attention on me. So yeah, all those stories about black cock? Not saying they’re all true, but in Twi’s case, it was. Motherfucker sort of pushed itself out of his pants like a lazy puppy, thick and meaty and not even fully erect yet. I mean, Jesus Christ, it was gonna be more of a hand job than a blow job…

I got lost in it, we both did. It didn’t matter how filthy the dark green carpeting was, or the less then gentlemanly comments coming from the peanut gallery. All that mattered was his beautiful black cock, running my small pink tongue over the thick, swollen head, coating it with saliva so that it slid between my cool lips, and into my strawberry ice cream mouth.

He let out a grunt of pleasure, his hand clenching and unclenching in my hair, his hips jutting forward as I took him into my mouth. I could feel him swelling up inside, stretching my lips, my teeth just brushing along his dark flesh. He let go of my head, just long enough to push his low slung jeans and boxers down around his muscular thighs, just long enough to pulls his jersey off over his head, before resting his hand on my again, while my slutty little teenage mouth took him in.

“That’s it, Blondie. Yeah, you like that black cock, don’t you?”

My mouth full, I simply lifted my eyes, nodding, my gaze wandering up his lean, hard body. His abs were something from an ad, the six pack perfect except for the five inch knife scar that slanted diagonally across his ebony flesh. His chest was magnificent, although it, too, showed the ravages of war in the inner city, the pucker of a bullet hole marring his shoulder. I shuddered, recalling the crack of the gun and the way he’d jerked. I’d been in the back seat when it had happened, fooling around with my boyfriend at the time, my panties down around my ankles, his cock pumping in and out of my tight cunt, cumming in tandem with the crack of the pistol….

I pushed that shit from my mind, concentrating on giving the best blow job of my life, relaxing my throat, making sure his meaty cock was nice and slick as I teased his balls with my fingers, cupping them, stroking them, the taste of his precum exciting my taste buds. I loved this feeling, feeling like I was the dirtiest girl in the world, giving head in the middle of the room, all eyes on me, knowing they all wanted a piece of my ass. Maybe they’d get some too. Oh, I’d put up a fight, it was kind of expected, but the thought of four or five guys filling my pussy with hot cum sort of had me in a state of heat. Reaching down between my legs I started rubbing my cunt thought my cotton shorts, moaning softly, Twi’s hard cock in my mouth. It must have felt good to him, I felt him tense, then relax as he fed me a little more.

“What’s a matter girl, too big for you?”

I pulled my head back until his swollen head rested against my lips, a cock-eyed smile on my glistening lips.

“Yeah, kind of.”

I started kissing it, teasing his pee hole with the tip of my tongue, stroking along the glistening length with my one hand, teasing myself through my shorts with the other, my panties slowly becoming soaked with sweat and pussy.

“What about that cunt of yours, Blondie? Bet you’re good and tight, baby. You want to feel what it’s like to be fucked by a black man? Not one of those small dicked Mexican boys you been hanging out with. You want that, baby?”

I felt myself blushing. Strange how giving guys blow jobs didn’t really mean anything. I mean, it was fun, it was sexy, but it wasn’t intimate, not like fucking. Thing was, most of the guys I’d let fuck me were either brown or white. Not a lot of black cock had gone up my snatch, and what had, had been

boy cock. Twiman wasn’t no boy. We were talking full ass grown up man here.

I licked my lips, rocking back, my ass on my heels, what I hoped was a full on porn smile on my face, hoping I didn’t sound stupid…

“You gonna talk, or you gonna fuck this tight little white pussy, Twi?”

And just like that, it was on. He grabbed hold of my wrists, pulling me roughly to my feet like I didn’t weigh a thing. I caught glimpse of his chocolate colored eyes, full of animal lust, shining like some big jungle cat. Yeah, concrete jungle. That’s what this city is, after all, just a fucking jungle. I felt a savage rush of adrenaline flushing through me as he lifted me, his huge hands on my waist, trapping me against him, his mouth smashing into mine. It wasn’t a kiss. It was an explosion of unquenched lust and desire, mine as overpowering as his. Maybe it was the heat, or maybe it was that we were both animals, and the cage doors had just been thrown open. It didn’t matter. I wanted him. *Needed* him. Not to make love to me, but to *fuck* me.

There were no words. There was no need for them. I found myself with my legs wrapped around his waist, arms behind his thick neck, humping him, his hand gripping my ass as he moved across the floor, dumping me on top of one of the pinball machines.

“Girl, you know you want this.”

I answered with a groan as he tore my shorts and panties off in one motion, buttons flying everywhere. The top of the table felt cool against my skin. I found myself looking up at the flashing scoreboard, the image of an armored knight, his lance at the ready, his horse rearing beneath him looking down at me.

“Gonna fuck that sweet little pussy of yours, baby.”

“Yeah, baby?.”

He laughed, pulling my shorts off over my converse high tops while I struggled out of my top, baring my embarrassingly small tits. Since I could remember I’d been jealous of the black girls in my neighborhood, their big round titties, their full asses. White girl like me wasn’t much to look at. Too small, too thin. Right now, though, the way Twiman was looking at me? I felt like the sexiest bitch in all of East Oakland.

He didn’t even hesitate, pushing his cock into my eager cunt in one smooth move, my ass on the edge of the pinball table. He grabbed my ankles, holding my legs up, spreading them as he speared

my dripping wet pussy, lust and coke fueling him as he sank his ebony cock into me, over and over, sweat covering his nakedness, the ink of his tattoos blending into his skin as I writhed around on the glass like a bitch cat in heat, grinding myself against him as he fucked me, barely aware of the catcalls from behind him.

“Fucking tight little bitch.” He grunted, dropping his hands to my hips, my ankles resting on his shoulders, leaving me wide open for his assault. He dug his fingers into my flesh, using the leverage to sink his pulsing cock deeper and deeper, until it hurt, but god, what a glorious hurt. I’d never been fucked like this in my life. There was nothing sweet or shy about it. It was brutal, leaving me breathless, and I loved it. I could feel his vein sliding inside my tight little hole, feel his head pushing my canal open, his pubic bone slamming into my swollen clit as he slammed into me, harder and harder until suddenly, he let out this huge grown and exploded inside of me, filling my pussy with a flood of his cum. Even then, he didn’t stop. While ropes of cum dripped out of my grasping cunt, he kept at it, my slick hole an easy target, my head bouncing against the machine, gripping the sides with my claws as I fucked him back until, finally, I cried out, my own orgasm tearing through me like a an eruption, thrashing as waves of pleasure tore through me, leaving me breathless and limp, and satisfied…

“Yo, Twi, you going to share that pussy?”

In the heat of the moment, I’d forgotten our audience, Curtis, Blue, and Lonnie all stood by, eyeing me, hunger in their eyes. Fuck. I looked up at Twi, hoping he’d say something, letting out a breath of relief when he shook his head, sure that he’d tell them to fuck off, instead…

“You wanna party with my boys, baby?”

I should have said no, but what the hell, I was still feeling it, that pussy cat in heat feeling. I think it was as much the scene as anything else, me lying on the pinball table, naked, my cunt leaking jism, four hot black guys leering at me. The thrill of humiliation left me hot and breathless. The thought of being gang banged, something I’d only heard about, lit a fire in my loins. I suddenly longed to lose control, to just let it happen, unable to do anything to stop them from doing whatever they wanted. This was a new feeling, and scary, but fear got quickly pushed aside by lust. Not trusting my voice, I met his coke fueled gaze, sensing that if I’d said ‘no’, that would have been the end of it. It gave me the courage to nod, smiling shyly at him, watching his beautiful smile light up his face, knowing there was no turning back.

“Party time.”

Things happened fast after that. There was no romance, simply four gang bangers giving me what I

craved, satisfying their own urges and mine as well. This was the jungle, where you survived as best you could. We loved, cherished, and took care of each other with a fierceness that no one who wasn't part of it could ever understand. There was tenderness and love, but yeah, anger and fear bred brutal passion as well; violence touched everything here in the hood.

I found myself flat on my belly, my little white girl tits mashed into the glass, calloused hands circling my waist as Blue pushed his cock into my cunt for sloppy seconds, pounding away at my slick hole, my legs trapped between two hundred pound of horny black man and the front of the machine, toes not even touching the floor. It was going to leave bruises, not that I cared. There was no tenderness, just need, and it felt good. I got lost in it, raising up my ass for him, feeling the walls of my pussy being pushed apart as he rammed his monster into me, over and over and over, my hands covering my tits, twisting and pulling at my nipples, teeth sunk into my lip, unable to stop the groan of pure pleasure that spilled from my dirty little cock sucking mouth…

"Fuck, this cunt is tight."

Yeah, when you're just over five foot, unless you been getting regularly fucked for a couple of dozen years, you're going to small, small enough that there was pain as well as pleasure as Blue had his way with me, not that I would have asked him to be gentle. I didn't want to be made love to, I wanted to be fucked like a savage little she-beast. Where that need came from, I don't know, but there was no denying it.

I swore in frustration as he blew his load inside of me, his cum joining Twi's, filling me, leaking all over the glass until my pussy was sliding around in it, my cheek bouncing off on the surface as he pumped what felt like another load inside of me, and then another, the table rattling underneath us.

I didn't even have time to breath before Curtis took me, driving his fingers into my pussy until they were good and slick before pushing them into my back door, my tight, virgin ass.

"Please, no!" I gasped, but it was too late. I screamed, not from fear, but from pain as the virginity of my ass was violated, and then, a numbness spread though my hole, followed by a crazed feeling of pure lust eclipsing what I had felt before. A very small part of my brain recognized the cocaine high. He'd coated his fingers with blow before assaulting me, and god, if felt amazing, putting me right on the brink and keeping me there for what seemed like hours, crying out sharply when his fingers were replaced with a cock that felt massive. I climaxed almost immediately, words spewing from my mouth that would have made a trucker driver wince, my orgasm building and building, rolling over me, leaving me thrashing. I felt someone grab my wrists, holding me down to keep me from hurting myself or falling off the machine… yeah, I was riding the black knight in more ways than one…

“Jesus fucking Chri…”

I felt him tense and then he was shooting hot cum where it have never been before, deep into my bowls until I was sure it filled my belly. I felt the coke pulsing through my blood stream, a welcome feeling, making me feel like I could party all day, all night, unleashing the dirty little cum monster inside of me as I slid off the table, leaking jism out of both my holes, the feel of it running down the insides of my thighs igniting something primal inside of me.

“Shit. Girl gets off on this.”

I didn’t bother with words, my chest heaving, unsteady on my feet, the breeze of the AC teasing over my naked skin as I fell into Twiman’s arms, my hot mouth fastened to his nipple. The sound of his soft groan rolled through me. My arms behind his neck, I lifted myself up on my toes, meeting his mouth with a passionate kiss, my mouth filled with his tongue, muting my groan as he cupped my ass. I felt myself lifted into the air, found myself wrapping my legs around his thighs as he lowered my cum drenched cunt onto his throbbing cock. So effortless, his coke fueled strength letting him treat me like a rag doll. Growling into his mouth, I began lifting my hips, impaling myself over and over on his black monster, eager to feel him inside me again, filling me with hot cum. I felt him harden, imagined I could feel his pulse inside me, my clit being teased by his wiry pubic hair, my sensitive nipples sliding up and down his sweat slick chest.

“Oh, yeah, baby. Hold still.”

The voice was behind me. I didn’t obey, earning me a sharp slap on my ass that only served to excite me further. I gasped as I felt pressure against the star of my ass, my entire body tensing and then relaxing as Lonnie grabbed my waist and sunk his dry cock into my cum soaked ass. I’d never felt so full in my whole fucking life, two of the biggest cocks I could imagine plugging both my holes. I went wild, the coke making me a little crazy with lust, letting them fuck me, or maybe it was just me fucking them. I threw my head back, my eyes wild, as they sandwiched me between them, giving up control, letting them use my cunt and my ass, crying out as pure white hot pleasure built within me until I thought I was going to die unless I found a release, the feel of their cocks inside me at the same time too much to handle…

I’m not sure who came first or how often I came. Grunts of raw pleasure, curses, cries, they all blended together in my head. Cum seemed to fill me, pouring out of me. I found myself on my knees, tasting my own pussy for the first time as I sucked the cum off of Twiman’s prick, jacking him off into my mouth, not even surprised that he was still hard, someone’s hand tangled in my hair, pulling me off his cock, twisting me around, another cock slapping against my cheek, being shoved unceremoniously into my wet and eager mouth until I gagged.

“That’s it, sweet thing, suck it.”

I did my best, eager to please, one hand on his cock, the other between my legs, franticly finger fucking my raw and dripping cunt, my moans vibrating through his flesh until he filled my mouth with his load.

“Swallow it, baby, that’s it.”

I came again, gulping down his milky white cum like a starved animal, grunting as I felt myself being forced to all fours like a bitch dog, someone’s cock in my ass, another pressing against my lips, whimpering as I tried to turn my head.

“No, please, no more.”

“Suck it, bitch!”

I watched, my eyes going wide as Curtis’s hand went back for a blow that never came. Twi was suddenly there, his iron grasp trapping the other man’s wrist with a snarl.

“Don’t even think it. You don’t ever raise your hand to that girl again, you hear?”

My hero stood there like a black knight, magnificent and naked, his cock shining with my our mixed fluids, still semi erect as he gave Curtis a shove, pushing me away from him, his eyes mean as turned his attention behind me, backing Blue away from my sore and tired cunt as well.

“Party time’s over, motherfucker.”

Just like that, it was over. The best fucking of my young life. God, I felt like such a slut. So why was I smiling when Twi helped me to my feet and carried me to another room, setting me down on what I hoped was a clean mattress…

“Jesus Christ, girl.” He exclaimed as did my best to pull him down with me. “You on fire.”

This time, it was less savage. I wouldn’t call it love making, but there was a tenderness to it as he lay on top of me, smothering me with kisses, his hands all over my body, mine all over his. After cumming in me twice, it took him forever to cum again, not that I minded. I liked having him deep inside me like that. Before he was done, I climaxed three more times, each one tearing through me like a tidal wave, pleasure burning me inside and out…

Afterwards, too wired to sleep, we just lay there, tangled up in each other, hearts beating hard, our breath mingled as we kissed, touched, talked, laughed... I'm not sure what happened to the rest of the guys. I was in my own little bubble, a world where nothing beyond the four walls of the make-shift love nest existed, the ugliness of the city forgotten as the sun fell. We fucked all day and all night, the heat making it impossible to sleep, the coke making my nerves taut, his youthful virility making him hard again and again for me. By morning, I was in love, or maybe it was lust…

Like all good things in that hell I called home, it didn't last, but while it did, it was good. I still think of him from time to time, not that night, but the other nights. His easy smile, the way he read hip hop lyrics like they were poetry, his deep voice and deeper laughter, and most of all, his promise that he would always love me. Yeah, this one's for you, Twi, looking down on me from somewhere up in heaven. That's life for you, baby, where the good die young, leaving only memories and a chalk outline on the sidewalk, not even a hundred feet from where he first fucked my brains out. Yeah, Oaktown, baby.