

Black Stallion

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Published on Lush Stories on 15 Dec 2009

Veronica Divine Takes The Right Kind Of Ride

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I was club hopping, in the hopes that I might be able to hop some guy's club. The club would have to be a biggie, no simple night-stick or tonfa. I needed a massive weapon, that held authority and was wielded with skill. In short, I wanted a weapon of mass distraction, to distract me from Black's massive weapon. My pussy throbbed as I looked at myself in the mirror. If there is one thing on this earth that I can sell, it's sex, and the way I was looking there would be a bull market rush for my tits. They were just popping out of this little blue number I have with sequins, and slits that go higher than is legal in this state. I accept that there is a natural order to sex. I hold dominance over most men and women because of my rack. Its size denotes power, and I wield that power to get what I want, when I want. Black's cock showed me where the power chain ends, and now I want only one thing and I get it never. Damn him from his tasty testicles to his delectable dick. So I bounced from club to club, (literally, thanks to the elasticity of my bra strap) and watched crotches. I had just about given up for the night, seeing nothing more than a light snack in anyone's pants, and found myself dancing to burn off steam. At one point, I danced into someone tall, dark, and handsome. "May I buy you a drink?" He asked after the song had ended. "May I drink what you buy me?" I shot back. He smiled, and led me gently by an elbow over to the bar. As I sipped my Slow Screw Against The Wall, I made small talk that I hoped would lead to something big? "Is it true what they say about black people?" I asked. He looked stung. "And what is it they say about black people?" His voice held tension. "That your skin has slightly darker pigment than that of white people." I said calmly with a sip. He let out a relieved laugh. "Oh thank god, I thought you were gonna be some racist bitch, erm, no offense." "None taken. I'm an equal opportunity kind of girl. If you're packing a serious enough rod, I'm serious about you, and I don't care about the color." He raised an eyebrow. "Really?" There was something hiding behind that smile, and I had my guesses as to what. "Wanna go back to my place?" He asked. I just let the hunger in my eyes speak for me. *** His place was a little apartment on the east side. The second we were in the door I had him by the collar and we were kissing. My lips devoured his, firmly nibbling and sucking all over his mouth. His tongue was a treat. My hands groped down to his pants, and I was not disappointed at what I felt. His jumbo junk was heavy and seriously taxing the fabric of his jeans. I began to unbutton his fly, but his hands on my shoulders steadied me. "You don't get a thing till I get some pussy in my face." He pushed me back against his bed. He unceremoniously

pulled up my dress and pushed me back; I fell prone on the sheets. Then his face was gone between my thighs, and I mewled in ecstasy at the feel of his tight dark curls grazing the insides of them. He lapped at my clit slowly, dragging his hot tongue across my little button to let me feel every moment of pleasure, then began to speed up. Thick fingers jammed into my dripping snatch, curling to work my G-spot slowly while his tongue worked my clitty quickly. This was a man who clearly liked the taste of cunt, and he made it abundantly clear by lapping up my juices with his hot tongue. I writhed and moaned on the bed, thrashing beneath his lapping lash. My tits bounced so much that the left one popped from my bra and dress and jiggled with abandon. Then his lips were on my clit, sucking on it hard, pulling the hard little nub of flesh into his magnificent maw. I came hard, suddenly flooding his face with sweet succulence, letting him taste the definition with a woman as I moaned and cried. It had been so long since I'd been serviced by a man, eaten out even(!), that I'd forgotten what it was like. I felt in control as I clamped my thighs around his head, coming hard and enjoying the sensation of his tight dark curls on the insides of my thighs. I pushed him up and gasped, kissing briefly at his glazed face before turning my attention to his bulging jeans. Something was in there. Something big, manly, and ready to ravage. I could have cum from looking. I opened my package like a little girl at Christmas, only this girl had received a giant present from a sinful Santa. It flopped out with supreme indifference to gravity and reason. If cocks came in single and double-barreled sizes, then this was easily a cannon that dwarfed them all. Drool poured from my mouth so fast that it looked more like I had been eating cunt than him. "Holy shit!" I swore with religious reverence. Then I added, "Can...I...Measure?" I wasn't making the Brit mistake again! And those balls! I had finally found Black's match in the testicle department, black mangos dangled down, clearly coursing with thick virile spunk, just waiting to be tasted. "You're getting a blowjob!" I proclaimed, grabbing him by the shoulders and spinning him onto the bed, taking my rightful place on my knees before his obelisk. For a rare change, I started with the head, puckering up and making out with his flared fuck-stick. My huge lips engulfed half his head, the red contrasting with the dark plumb color to make a beautiful combination. A steady stream of precum poured into me, so much so that I found myself making an occasional hearty gulp to empty my mouth. His sperm, incidentally was sweet. I took pulls on his prong like a desperate whore, admiring the shine I was giving his glans and head. I nibbled around the flared head, watching his facial expression change with each part. Circumnavigating his glans was quite an effort, and his thickness puffed out to spread my fingertips from meeting as he hardened. To give my horse-hung date a special treat, I let some jizz dribble from my mouth, pooling in my lower lip, and finally cascading water-fall like into the expanse of my cleavage. Smiling wickedly I licked my lips, and lifted the vast expanses of titflesh to my face, cleaning his cum from my own tits, until both were shining from my efforts. "Your huge balls are heavy." I helpfully informed my stud as I hefted his weighty sac. "But I can make them heavier..." With a grin I took a massive, long slurp off of his massive long dong. I put my head low and brought myself before his smooth dangling balls, puckering my lips and reversing suction to blow a huge wad of hot precum all over his balls. His whole cock throbbed at the sight of my slathering his balls with my lips, smearing cum and making his nuts nasty. I pulled back from his massive black balls a moment, just to let him catch his breath. "I'm

Veronica Divine. I'm every man with a big cock's greatest dream, and every spineless, tiny-dicked wimp's downfall. Would you like me to wrap my dick-sucking lips around your huge balls? Hm?" I cocked my head at him, waiting for a reply. He weakly nodded, putty in my hands. Rock hard huge putty, but putty all the same. And then I made those nuts my own, bouncing them from my palm to my mouth, kissing, slurping, sucking, licking, and letting them know they'd better be prepared to produce a huge load of cum for my lusty lips. Finally, reluctantly, I tore my mouth from his bulging, ball-bag, and slid my tits up around him. He let out a roar as I began to titfuck him, slowly then fast. I didn't keep my pace at all even, but instead manipulated each huge mammary around his shaft in alternating bounces, letting the soft flesh and cool alternate on his tremendous prick. And his prick was not idle. It quivered and wobbled with lust in the warmth of my deep cleavage, frothing forth gouts of running precum, coating and glazing both my giant tits and its own giant shaft. Too mouth-watering to ignore, I bent my head and lapped at the whole mess, re-painting my lips and tongue with tasty teste tonic. His cum was an aphrodisiac for me, and I could feel the flavor cause my already over-producing pussy to pour out more juice. It was a good thing too, I'd need. "May I?" I asked, reaching to the side and pulling my trusty tape measure from my purse. "Please, baby, with a cock-sucking mouth like that, I'd give you the keys to my car!" I took out my tape measure and pressed it up against the top-side of his cock, unrolling it slowly, my eyes growing wider at each passing inch... "3... 9... 12... HOLY FUCK! Fourteen fucking inches! What a cunt-stretcher!" I shoved him onto his back, hard, leaping into a slight split over his man-meat. I pressed a hand to his chest and gave him a slutty smile as I slowly descended onto the awe-inspiring organ, biting my lower lip as the thickness spread my netherlips. Gradually I sank more and more of him into me, not believing the sensation that shot from my pussy to my... ..tits I grabbed them, squeezing my own nipples as I lower down, feeling the completion of a circuit of pleasure. I was coming. I had only a few inches of this fucker in me and I was coming, my pussy spilling a huge load of hot sauce onto his hot cock. An orgasm an inch wracked me as I sunk myself to eleven inches of cock, quite forgetting who I was and what my name was by the time I'd reached that point. I looked down at the nearly full foot of cock inside me and then remembered everything: I was Veronica Divine, and this was my life. What a good life it was. I grinned to myself as I began to bounce up and down on my big boy's big cock, filling myself with him again and again, slowly working more into me as I rocked and writhed on him. My tits bounced high as his hips thrust into me, my lips puckered and pouted, lewd moans of my lust spilling out as the pace increased. "God...Your...Cock....Is...HUUUGE!" I gasped as I came for the umpteenth time. Suddenly his hands on my hips stopped me, and he rolled over, twisting me into a new position. He was fucking down into me, letting the bed absorb the impact of his incredibly potent thrusts. I twisted my hands in the sheets as he tangled one hand between my tits. As he force-fed my pussy even a few more inches of cock, his hand occasionally gave a sharp spank to my ass. Just to make sure I wasn't having TOO much fun, I guess. What I did have was orgasms. Holy crap did I have orgasms. Fourteen inches of incredible thick cock were clearly more than my body was ready for, and it responded by being swept over the top time and time again. I came when he stood, and pulled my hips back into a proper doggie. I came when flipped me over and tucked my knees into his chest. I

came hard when he stood up, carrying me on his hips, and slammed into me against a wall. It was then that he really kicked it into gear, giving my pussy such a savage and reckless pounding that I thought my trimmed bush would catch fire. It was on this orgasm that I begged him: "Please stud, unload your huge balls on my face! I need it! Please!" He was eager to do so, first sliding me off his meat and throwing me onto the bed, then closing to shining cock to my upturned face. I grabbed his pole and twisted my hands up and down it, all the while watching his swinging sauce-sacs, waiting for the tightening that would signal my dinner. He came so hard, my head snapped back from the splatting spray of jizz. I licked his tasty, virile, spunk from my lips as he unloaded jet after jet into my face. I aimed him at my tits and let him paint those; men always seem to love that. He was no different as his endless torrent of juice sprayed onto my big boobs. Finally it ended in a trickle, and I was no longer holding a hard cock. Of course, soft at nine inches, it was still incredible to behold. I licked him clean, then slurped the cum from my lips and tits. "Well stud," I sighed, "I guess this is goodnight." "Wait baby," He looked hurt, poor thing, "You can stay!" I gave him a look, honestly thinking of letting this wonderful, sensitive, caring lover have me over the harsh creature waiting for my report. "Oh darling..." I was going to say yes. But then it flashed through my mind. The sixteen inches. The very reason for my living day to day, and the only thing that could ever give me real pleasure. "...I'm sorry, but...once you go Black, you can't ever go back." I left a very confused young man's apartment, and made for Aaron's house to receive my punishment.