Danny And The Black Twins

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Danny wanted to make it with a black girl. What he got was twice as good.

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Danny and the Black Twins

It was a beautiful day, the kind of spring weather that made Danny Codwallop horny. He walked quickly through the doors of the Fuggledix Community College, and headed for the central atrium. The administration office was just on the other side of the indoor courtyard, with its tropical trees reaching halfway to the glass roof four stories above, and this was the last week to register for courses. He was taking his lunch break to be here and didn't want to be late back to the office.

He rounded the corner and paused momentarily, blinking. The normally open courtyard was filled with rows of tables covered with a riot of colors and textures: potted plants. The sign on the wall said, "Annual Plant Bizarre," and in smaller letters, "Support the Fuggledix High School Marching Band!" Danny had a weakness for unusual flora; he used to grow orchids at home. Despite his haste, he just had to take a look.

"May I help you?" Danny started, and turned around. The young woman standing behind the table had a broad, friendly smile, twinkling eyes and a melodic voice. She was obviously of high school age, though what grade Danny had no way of telling. She was black -- actually, her skin was a warm, luscious milk-chocolate color, with a hint of cinnamon. Danny had an eye for details like that, as he had used to be a portrait photographer.

"Er...ah, yes. As a matter of fact, I think you can." He automatically gave her his warmest smile as he approached the table. "You have some beautiful plants here. What are your prices?"

She held out her arms, indicating the selection around her, and said, "they go from two dollars to twenty, depending on size, and how nice the pot is. The junior class made all the pots. I'll bet you're looking for something really special, aren't you?" She looked up at him, and if it was possible, her

smile broadened. She had perfect teeth, dancing eyes and smooth skin. Her hair was of moderate length and attractively braided in corn rows. She was wearing makeup, just enough to be noticeable and expertly done. She couldn't have been an inch over five foot two in her sandals.

Danny nodded, as much in appreciation of the young lady as in answer to her question. He could feel his testicles relax and descend. "Yes. Very special. Something unusual that doesn't need much light. I'm living in an apartment right now."

"Come this way!" She walked down several tables to a selection with vine-like stems and large, multi-colored leaves. As she walked, Danny watched her out of the corner of his eye. She was wearing a green, cottony little summer dress, cut to mid-thigh, the front was kind of like overalls, with a bib held up by two straps that went over her shoulders and crossed her bare back. It fit her rather well. She wasn't wearing a bra. The bib was nicely filled out and a hint of cleavage showed above the neckline.

"How about these?" Her enthusiasm was infectious. He looked eagerly at the greenery around her, and his eye was drawn by two identical plants growing out of the same hand-painted red clay pot.

"How about those two? How much?"

The girl cheerfully hopped over behind the one he indicated and bent down to read the small tag. Danny found himself looking straight down the top of her dress, which had fallen open. Her breasts were flawless, round, firm. Like chocolate covered grapefruits or cappuccino Jello molds. He couldn't quite see her nipples, but he could see practically everything else. He couldn't take his eyes off her lovely curves. He wondered what they would feel like in his hands. He wondered if she was sexually active. He wondered what her pussy was like -- what it would taste like. His penis began to swell and stiffen.

She looked up into his eyes, beaming, her breasts still exposed to his gaze, and cheerfully informed him, "It's a Brazilian Lotus vine. Grows in the shade. Nine dollars. Do you like them?"

He gave her another big grin and nodded. "Yes, sweetheart, I love them. They're beautiful." And he looked directly from her eyes down to her breasts. Let her see him staring -- he didn't care!

She stroked a pair of the leaves gently. "Wow. You should feel them! They're so smooth and soft. They're succulents, you know."

His penis twitched and hardened more.

"Yes. I would like very much to feel them... ah, what's your name?"

She stood up, carrying the pot and placing it on the table between them. Her smile was totally endearing. "Sharon. What's yours?"

"I'm Danny." He gave her the first bill he found in his wallet, a twenty.

"Here. Keep the change, Sharon."

"Wow! Thanks!" She gave a big jump of joy, her breasts bouncing visibly under the thin material. He noticed that her nipples were hard. Now why would her nipples suddenly get hard?

"Consider it a tip, Sharon. For a very lovely girl." He could not believe those corny words came out of his mouth. He knew that sounded like a lame come-on and that he was making a jerk of himself. He turned to the side, anxious to put this scene behind him.

"Thank you, mister Danny, you're a very sweet man. I'd like to keep the tip 'cause I missed lunch, but it all has to go to the Marching Band."

Having her respond to his compliment with genuine, puppy-like affection caught him off-guard, and suddenly he wanted to prolong this conversation.

"Uh, Sharon, you haven't had lunch yet? Could I get you some lunch? I'd be happy to. What would you like?"

She gave him her heart-breaking smile and leaned coyly toward him. The dark promise of the chasm between her breasts winked at him. He realized that he was pressing his crotch against the table's edge to suppress his throbbing erection.

"Thanks, but my break is starting soon. Maybe I'll find a friend to eat with, I don't know. If you wanted, we could have lunch together."

His heart was in his throat. Was she flirting with him? He couldn't tell. "You'd like to have lunch with me?"

"Sure. That sounds great." Her smile reappeared in all its glory. "Did you mean here in the cafeteria? Their meatloaf isn't too bad."

Danny swallowed -- this was the fork in the road. "Well, I thought we would drive out to the edge of campus, pick up a sandwich on the way. Have a picnic, sort of... That okay with you?"

She accepted immediately. But she also showed no indication that she understood him to have any sexual intentions. That bothered him. If anything happened with this girl -- and he wasn't sure anything would -- he wanted her cooperation. It had to be with her consent. Trouble was, he realized he couldn't read the intentions of teenaged girls any more.

And he felt funny -- there was a buzzing in his head to match the one in his stomach. He felt sure he had never done this before -- picking up a girl like this! He was actually nervous, like a teenager on a first date. He glanced around to see if anyone was watching. Could they read his intentions?

And what exactly were his intentions? He looked back at Sharon. She was bent over the plant, removing the price tag. He could see down her dress again, only much closer now. Her breasts jiggled ever so slightly as she fretted with the pot. There! He could see her nipples! And his intentions?... his intentions were... to see if... to try... he wanted... he wanted... to have sex with her? His penis twitched again.

"Okay, mister Danny, it's all ready!" Her voice broke him out of his reverie. He picked up the pot, wondering just what the hell he thought he was doing.

"Right. Well... follow me, Sharon. My van is just outside the East entrance." He turned quickly, hoping she wouldn't notice his intentions trying to make a tent out of his trousers.

As graceful as a ponking gazelle (yes, the image of a young gazelle ponking over the savanna flashed through Danny's mind), Sharon leaped over a hedgerow of pots, scooped up her purse, danced between two tables and was at his side in an instant. He made small talk about the beautiful plants on sale and what a great sales person she was, all the time thinking that this venture couldn't possibly go right.

As they neared the double doors near Admin, Sharon skipped away, then whirled around, and with a big grin said (as she was skipping backwards toward the Admin door) that she would meet him outside near the statue in just a minute.

"That tears it," he said under his breath. "Just as well. A man my age has no business trying to shag young pussy like this." He stepped out into the balmy spring breezes, descended the steps to the East patio, with its cast iron statue of Hornsby Fuggledix, founder of the town. According to legend, the pioneer party led by Fuggledix got completely lost and had to dig in here when the winter snowed them in. Several of the men died that winter, but Fuggledix bravely fathered children on all the women so that the new colony could survive.

After a very brief moment, he heard his name called and turned around. His jaw dropped, and he very nearly dropped the Brazilian Lotus vine. He was seeing double. No, his eyes were okay. There were two Sharons. Twins!

"Mister Danny, this is Shiloh, my sister. I hope you don't mind if she comes along. Please say it's okay! Please?"

Bloody hell. What just might have been a really hot flirt session, or maybe even the start of something seriously sexy had degraded to a mere baby-sitting session. Two girls, two chaperones. Right. On top of that, he had been pegged to buy them lunch. He cleared his throat and found his voice.

"Sure, Shiloh! The more the merrier!"

But internally, Danny was disappointed that what had looked like a sexual opportunity had evaporated. On the other side of the coin, he felt relieved as well--the whole seduction thing was a little scary, after all.

In a few moments, they were on their way to Lake Humpit in his van, the potted plant and a sack of food on the floor. As he drove, the girls cooed about what a beautiful van he had, so big and roomy. They cooed about the nice, friendly person he seemed to be, and how generous he was, and how much they liked him. At his request, they told him about themselves: Sharon was a junior at FHS, played flute in the band, loved plants and flowers, loved to swim and ski; Shiloh was also a junior, played clarinet, loved animals, had a cat, enjoyed dancing; they were just two months past their sixteenth birthday.

He pulled the van onto a dirt lane that disappeared behind some trees and shrubs on the bank of the lake, and turned off the motor. It was cool and shady under the trees. There would be no need for air conditioning.

"Sixteen, hunh? You seem to be very mature for girls so young. Do you date?" But in his mind he was thinking about whether or not they were sexually active. He had been at that age--very active. And they were so adorably sexy! With their adorable cheek dimples, their perfect smiles, their full, sensuous lips, their sparkling eyes, their smooth skintones which bespoke creamy milk chocolate.

"Sure! We've been dating a long time. We like boys a lot. They're fun."

"Oh? And what's so fun about them?"

They looked at each other as if reading minds and simultaneously giggled. Sharon cocked her head

to one side. "You know... kissing and stuff like that."

His mouth was getting dry. He picked up the sack and squeezed between the front seats to the bench seat in the middle of the van. "Let's do this like a picnic, shall we? I can let this seat down and we'll have lots of room."

No sooner than he had the seat-back lowered, then they joined him, sprawling eagerly out on the bench. Sharon sat facing him, crossing her legs so that for two seconds he was looking down at her snow-white panties and dreamy chocolate thighs.

"Gosh, mister Danny, this is just like a bed! You could fuck back here if you wanted to!"

Danny felt like he had been hit in the face with a wet chicken. He could feel himself blushing.

Shiloh reached over and punched her sister on the arm. "You doofus, you just said the F-word and we hardly know mister Danny at all. And he was so nice to buy us lunch!" She looked back at him. Her smile put a half-hitch in his heart.

Sharon put her hand over her mouth and giggled. "I'm sorry, mister Danny, that just came out. I didn't mean to talk dirty, only I heard of folks having nice vans like this, and... you know... having sex in 'em. I was just curious if you ever done that in your van, hunh?"

Shiloh looked at her sister in amazement. "Hush, you silly slut! Mister Danny, you'll have to forgive my sister, but she likes to talk dirty sometimes. She didn't have a very good upbringing, you know." She batted her lashes at him to mark the sarcasm.

His mouth was dry. He focused on the bags of food, handing out napkins and drinks. "Well, yeah, I've had sex here before. With my wife." He patted the cushion, fighting to keep a straight face. "Right here, in fact. And I don't mind if you talk dirty. Do you like talking about... sex?"

Shiloh nodded. "She does," pointing with her elbow. "Momma said we should be real careful of men who want us to talk dirty. She says talking sex makes men horny. And that we should never talk sex with strange men, no matter how nice they are."

Sharon turned slightly to rebuff her sister, which took up the slack in her skirt, and bared her panty-clad crotch to his bewildered eyes. "I know mister Danny is a very nice man. Talking about a little sex isn't going to make him crazy or nothing. And he said it was okay. Didn't you mister Danny?" She twisted back to face him, but her panties, if anything were even more exposed.

"Uh, yeah. It's okay."

But in his mind there was a big question. One girl talking like this might be flagging her availability. But two? And sisters? He didn't know what to think about their intentions. Maybe he should steer the conversation away from sex altogether.

He was certainly not clear about his own intentions, however. He found the girls just too incredibly attractive. Sharon and Shiloh were obviously not anything like the inner city waifs he saw on television. Hell, Fuggledix didn't have an inner city, yet alone a ghetto of any description. There was no segregation to speak of, and black residents tended to be just as upscale as the whites. But despite their attractiveness, and the raw erotic power of the fantasy of making it with twins, any hopes he might have had were dashed. If it had been just Sharon, well... maybe it would have worked out. But with two of them together, not a prayer.

"You've got my cheeseburger!" Shiloh's voice broke him from his reverie. They were exchanging sandwiches. Something caught his eye, white ribbons hanging casually out of a purse. Ribbons? Bra straps? He glanced back at Shiloh. He was absolutely sure she had been wearing a bra under her tee shirt when she got into his van. But she wasn't now. Her tee shirt (bearing the logo of the Fuggledix Marching Band) was a snug fit, and contoured around her breasts like a second skin. Or a paint job. God, she had beautiful breasts! Hell, they both did! Duh, they're twins! Hello!

He glanced up to see Shiloh's dancing eyes aimed directly into his. With a sweet smile (that on an older woman would have set his underwear on fire) she said, "Mister Danny, does talking sex really make men horny? I mean, is that all it takes?"

He swallowed hard. She wants to talk about sex? Oh rats, this was either going to be just plain frustrating, or it was going to be one of those cock tease nightmares he had suffered through when he was a teenager, and he couldn't tell which. He wished she would change the subject. He dove into his sandwich and fries, hoping that would take his mind off the twitches in his shorts.

"Uh, sometimes. Sometimes it makes a man horny, but not always. I guess it all depends on who he's talking to."

Shiloh was very animated, bouncing slightly on the cushions, which had set her breasts to bouncing in a very sexy way. She was eating her sandwich and talking at the same time. And every few minutes, he would catch another glimpse of white panties. Sharon, on the other hand, was quietly giving most of her attention to her food, sitting with her legs crossed, blatantly exposing her crotch. Her gorgeous, sexy black crotch. He forced himself to look away.

Shiloh said, "Yeah, I know. Sometimes on a date I'll get to talking about sex with a boy and it'll make him real horny, and then he'll start acting like a jerk. Sometimes, if a boy has been nice to me, I'll let him kiss me or play with my tits. You know what I mean? But if a boy hasn't been nice or if he's been a jerk, then I won't even let him kiss me."

Sharon swallowed a bite of her sandwich, and said, "Shiloh, if the boy is good looking and knows how to play with tits, you'll let him fuck you. I know the way you work. Don't you go pretending to be so goody-goody, miss Shiloh!"

Aha! So they WERE sexually active. Well, at least one of them was. He took a deep breath and got more comfortable on the bench. Coincidently, his new position also gave him a clear view up Sharon's dress to the thin strip of white cotton that separated her smooth, brown thighs, and covered her sexual goodies. If she noticed he was looking, she gave no sign of it. Her panties were so tight over her crotch, that he could see the outlines of her labia as clear as if she were naked. His penis began to swell against his will. He changed the subject.

"Oh, don't be so hard on your sister, Sharon. I remember how scary it was dating at your age. I never knew how far to go, or when to stop. And sometimes it was more fun to have a good conversation and really get to know a girl. You know? I always liked it better when I found a girl to be good friends with. We'd talk about what we wanted to do after getting out of high school, and the places we wanted to visit, and the..."

"Mister Danny, do you like to fuck?"

There was that wet chicken in the face again! This was turning out to be scary as hell. What were these girls up to?

"Oh, I don't know. Yes, I love to fuck, I guess everyone does, but there are other things I like to do, too. Like traveling to other states, and seeing really great works of art. Once I went to the Guggenheim Museum in... in... uh... Yeah, I guess sex is my favorite thing to do. I did an awful lot of sex when I was your age. Sharon... do you like to fuck?"

She looked up him with those beautiful, dark eyes and hid her giggle with a hand. "Momma says I'm not supposed to tell. But I can tell you, cause you're a nice man. I think fuckin's fun. I love to do it. I'd love to do it every day if I could. Especially if the boy had a big dick." And she hid her whole face in her hands and giggled again. Shiloh reached over and hit her sister on the arm.

"Now there you go talking dirty to a man we never met before. That's what you told me not to do."

The two girls scowled at each other for three seconds, then laughed. After a few seconds of poking and tickling each other, the girls calmed down. Sharon's skirt was now rucked around her waist and her panties fully exposed. Shiloh's tee shirt had been pulled down and exposed a good amount of dreamy, creamy chocolate cleavage. And her nipples were hard and extended. Shiloh turned to him, licked her fingers slowly and sensuously.

"Mister Danny, we both like to fuck boys, but I am way more particular than my horny sister. She fucks lots of boys, even scumbags, but I have more self respect than she does. I won't let a guy get into my panties unless he spends a whole lot of money on me. I say a girl can't be too careful, you know? If a guy doesn't think I'm worth spending money on, I don't think he's worth my pussy. And that's a fact."

Sharon turned to her sister and put her fists on her hips. Her knee raised up and Danny was presented with a clear view of the girl's thighs, her buttocks, and her lovely white cotton panties, now pulled tightly across her genitals. The light drew shadows on her panties, clearly outlining her labia, and even her clit. Then he noticed that her panties had a large wet spot right over her pussy!

"You take that back! I do not fuck scumbags! All I do is suck their dicks, and then only if I feel sorry for them! You take that back, you silly slut!"

Danny skooched over and put his hand on Sharon's ankle. The last thing he wanted was the girls to start a fight.

"I'm sure you're both nice girls. And I bet the boys love to have sex with both of you. You're both very pretty. And very sexy. But there's no need to get mad, okay? Shall we have our ice cream now?"

Shiloh gave her sister the tiniest of pushes then turned back to Danny with a heart-wrenchingly lovely smile.

"Really, mister Danny? Do you think I'm sexy? Honest? I mean with you being white and me being black and all. Do you ever get turned on by black girls, hunh?"

And Sharon said, "Yeah, mister Danny, most white boys we know don't think we're sexy. I've never had a white man say he thought I was sexy before. What about me do you think is sexy?"

And Shiloh said, "Yeah, what about us turns you on, mister Danny? Is it because we're black? Do you ever dream about black girls when you jack off?"

Danny had decided that he had had enough of that wet chicken. He didn't know what to say.

"Well, uh... now that I think of it, yes, you both turn me on. A little. Absolutely. In fact, I'm turned on right now by you. I love the color of your skin. I think your... uh... black color... is very lovely. Beautiful. I was wondering if... if I could touch you." He sat up and eased over toward Shiloh.

"Sure! I don't mind at all. I like you a lot, mister Danny. You're a really nice man. How much do I turn you on, hunh? Do I turn you on just a little, or do I make your dick big and hard?" She held her arms out in front of her, as if to invite him to touch them. And yet her face, with its bright, friendly smile, was just as innocent as ever. He touched her arms. He stroked his hands up to her shoulders and down to her elbows. His eyes were glued to her exquisite tits under the thin tee shirt, but he couldn't bring himself to go any further.

Then Sharon skootched closer. She got up on her knees, and in one smooth motion, pulled her sun dress up and over her head and tossed it on the floor. Except for her panties, she was naked. God, her tits were just fuckin' perfect! He couldn't take his eyes off them.

"Mister Danny, do I turn you on? Do you like black boobies?"

She shook her upper torso, causing her breasts to wobble back and forth, and causing his penis to explode to full erection.

"Uh. Fuck. God. Yes, Sharon. You turn me on a lot. I love black boobies. You make my dick real hard."

Danny continued to caress Shiloh's arm, but with his other hand he reached over and pressed his hand against Sharon's breast. She wriggled under his gentle caressing. "You're making me feel good, too, mister Danny. I love you touching me. You can touch me all you want. I don't mind, really. I think you're sexy, mister Danny. I like you looking at my boobies. It makes me all hot and wet between my legs. You know what I mean?"

Yes, he knew what she meant. Omigod! He moved his hand to her leg, and slowly stroked up to her knee, and onto the exposed part of her thigh. She felt so damn good! His penis was throbbing in his pants, desperate to get out. He let his hand continue up her creamy thigh, until he was touching her panties. Sharon grinned and spread her thighs a little wider.

Shiloh casually pulled her tee shirt off and spoke up.

"Mister Danny, you don't want Sharon. She really is a slut. Wouldn't you rather look at my boobies? They're bigger and they don't sag as much as my sister's. And my nipples are stiff. You see 'em?

That's because you turn me on, mister Danny."

Danny's left hand went to Shiloh's breast. The warmth of her breast flesh in his palm was amazing. His thumb circled her hard black nipple. The fingers of his right hand lightly touched the crotch of Sharon's panties. He could feel the outline of her vaginal lips, and the dampness of her panties.

"Ooo! That tickles!" She giggled, and clamped her thighs together, trapping his hand between them.

"Mister Danny, you got your hand between my legs! You're playing with my... pussy!" The last word was uttered in an intense whisper. But she was smiling up at him! He let his fingertips search out her panty-covered pussy again, and gently rubbed it.

"Do you mind, sweetheart? I won't hurt you. I just want to touch you. You're so beautiful and sexy that I got to touch you!" The words tumbled out of his mouth -- beads of sweat formed on his brow.

She gave a little shrug and opened her legs a little, still grinning at him.

"My momma says that when a boy puts his hand between my legs, it means he wants to take my panties off and play with my pussy. Mister Danny, are you going to take my panties off? Would you like to play with my pussy?"

He could barely speak now. This was it! The Moment of Decision! He nodded slowly, and whispered, "Yes, Sharon, I'm gonna take your panties off. Can I do that?"

In answer, she quickly slipped her underwear off, and tossed them aside. He gasped, realizing in that second that she was going to let him fuck her! In the meantime, Shiloh got to her knees and slipped off her shorts and panties. They were both totally naked! His right hand was fondling Sharon's pussy. His left hand still cupped Shiloh's lovely breast which fit exactly in the palm of his hand The contrast of white on black was striking -- and extremely erotic. Shiloh looked down at his fingers as they cupped her breast and explored her hard erect nipple. She moaned faintly and writhed affectionately against his hand, like a kitten begging to be petted.

Then her eyes looked into his and her face lit up with another smile. "Mister Danny, I bet you got a big white dick, don't you?"

He was stunned again by her bluntness. And in that second, his sexual desire for her inflamed ten-fold. Now he knew he wasn't going to stop!

"Yes," he croaked. "I'll show you my dick if you want. Would you like to see it?" His hands were

already fussing with belt and zipper. Sharon clapped her hands and bounced on the upholstery, causing her breasts to bob up and down in the most erotic way!

"Yeah! Show us! Truth is, we never seen a white dick before. Shiloh and me had been wondering what they looked like ever since our momma told me she fucked a white man once, you know? She said she loved white dicks."

Danny thought to himself that this was almost like deflowering a horny virgin! She had been fucked before, but now he was going to be the first white man to fuck her. His frantic hands finally pushed his slacks and underwear down to his knees, and his rigid cock popped straight out, all seven and a half inches of it. Sharon's eyes got big, and she mouthed a silent "wow." As he struggled out of his clothing, she boldly reached out and grasped his penis in her small, brown hand.

"You got a nice dick, mister Danny!" she uttered in a loud, reverent whisper. Her delicate fingers roamed over his throbbing cock as if searching for something, for some minute flaw, and finding none. Shiloh reached out and fondled the blood-red head of his cock.

He sat there, uncomprehending and unbelieving at his incredible luck. These gorgeous little black girls were playing with his erect penis, allowing him to freely play with their exotic, brown bodies. He didn't have to seduce them at all! They wanted to have sex with him! His arousal had reached such a state that a large bead of pre-cum formed on the end his cock. The only thing to do now was to decide which one he would fuck first!

"Sharon, why don't you move over her beside me?" He pulled gently away from her, lay down and patted the bench in front of him. Eagerly, she slid over to him and lay down on her side, propped up on an elbow.

"What do you want to do, now, mister Danny. You wanna fuck me? I bet you know a lot about fucking, don't you?"

"Well, I know a thing a two. Does this feel good?" And he brought his face down upon her breast, and began licking and sucking one nipple while he fondled her other breast. She moaned.

His hands explored her firm, warm breasts, her utterly black nipples, her soft tummy, her damp pussy ringed by a sprinkle of curly, black pubic hair. They both watched in fascination as two of his fingers disappeared into the warm, moist cavern of her vagina.

"Oh, that feels so good when you do that, mister Danny. That's the trouble with most boys. They don't know how to make me feel good. But you make me feel really good, mister Danny. I can't wait for you

to fuck me! I've always wanted to be fucked by a white man with a big dick! Put your white dick inside my black pussy, please!"

Her legs spread wider. She watched him masturbate her with rapt attention. He could hear her breathing harder as he rolled his thumb over her swollen clitoris and massaged the inner wall of her vagina with his fingers. The contrast of his white hand against her black skin struck him again and caused his penis to throb. Then she looked up and saw his pre-cum slowly dripping down onto the cushion. She squeezed his penis.

"I don't want you to cum out here, mister Danny. You got to cum inside me! Please! I want you to fuck me!"

Who was he to deny this precious little girl what she wanted?! "Don't worry, sweetheart, I'm not gonna cum yet. Here, slide down a bit."

He knelt between her legs, his own knees as wide apart as possible. He grasped her thighs and pulled her closer, until the tip of his erection touched her cocoa-brown pubic mound. He scooped her hips and buttocks in his hands, lifting her off the cushion. Sharon, propped up with her arms behind her, watched his rigid cock get closer and closer to her pussy. Shiloh reached over and positioned his penis for entry.

"So, you never been fucked by a white man, Sharon?" he asked rhetorically, to arouse himself even more.

"No, mister Danny," she panted, "you're the first white man I ever fucked. I know you'll do it good. I just know you will. I want to see your dick slide inside my pussy!"

Shiloh knelt beside Danny, her breast pressed against his arm. She was masturbating and grunting out loud.

"Yeah, you fuck Sharon's black pussy! Then you gotta fuck my black pussy, too!"

The head of his cock pressed against Sharon's pussy lips and slid in. "Sharon, I'm gonna fuck your hot black pussy now."

He gently and repeatedly thrust into her, while pulling her hips toward him. She helped by pushing her body against him, each push accompanied by a little grunt.

"I'm not hurting you am I?" he panted, as the first half of his penis penetrated inside her yielding body.

There was more lubrication now, and much less friction.

"No! No! I like big dicks! I love your dick, mister Danny! It feels so good inside me! Put it in all the way in!"

He backed out a little to spread her natural lubrication and then, with a final, easy thrust, his cock slid in up to the hilt. She was wonderfully tight! He could feel the head of his dick pushing against her vaginal wall. He didn't withdraw. He was so close to cumming, he was afraid he'd ejaculate if he took even a single stroke.

"Have you ever fucked a black girl before, mister Danny?" she panted. "Am I your first black girl?"

The truth was, he had fucked black women before. But they had all been about his own age. He had never fucked a black girl as young as this.

"Yes, sweetheart! You're my first black girl." He began gyrating his hips, rolling his cock around inside her hot, wet vagina like a thick, wooden spoon stirring a bowl of heavy custard.

"Oh! Oh! Mister Danny! You set my cunt on fire! I love how you fuck! I knew you could fuck good the minute I laid eyes on you." She was gyrating her pelvis against him, breathing hard, gasping for breath. "You like my pussy, mister Danny? Does my pussy feel good to you? You gonna shoot your cum inside me?"

"Yes," he hissed through clenched teeth. He was finding it difficult to talk, but he had his orgasm under control now. Her hips seemed adequately supported by his thighs and her feet, so he moved his hands up her tummy and began roughly fondling her breasts. Shiloh watched with rapt attention as the white man's rigid cock penetrated her sister, disappeared entirely inside her sister's cunt, then withdrew, glistening with her sister's pussy juices. It made her so horny she could hardly stand it. Her fingers plunged in and out of her own pussy.

"I love your pussy, Sharon! I love your black pussy and your black tits! You want my white cum in your black cunt, sweetheart? You want me to fill your sexy, black cunt with white man cum?"

She began grunting in rhythm to their grinding genitals, then thrashed her head up and down twice. "Yeah! Oh, mister Danny, I'm so glad I'm your first black girl! I'm your first black fuck and you're my first white fuck! I'm so hot! I'm so hot for your big white cock! Fuck me! Shoot me full of white man cum!"

He grasped her hips again and started stroking his blood-engorged cock in and out of her, slowly at

first, then with increasing speed. On about stroke number twenty, he lost it. The sight of this horny, black child humping his dick was just too erotic. With a loud groan, he began shooting his seed into her. Instantly, his penis felt the warm fluid fill her vagina. He looked down, thrusting all the while, to see cum oozing out of her pussy, coating his dick, spreading out into her kinky black pubic hair. His eyes lasciviously roamed over her gorgeous naked body, her wobbling black tits, her hard erect black nipples, her slim nubile little black body.

He thought, "Oh god, I'm fucking a black girl! I'm spurting my cum inside a sixteen-year old black girl! Yes! Yes! This is so fuckin' hot!"

He thrust into her yielding flesh as hard and fast as he could. He was afraid it was all over, but then he really looked down at what he was doing, as if seeing it for the first time. His pink cock was sliding into a black pussy! The stark contrast of his paleness against her mahogany! His white penis disappearing between her chocolate brown thighs! A black girl! A sixteen year-old black girl! A sixteen year-old, naked, horny black girl begging him to fuck her with his white cock while her naked sister watched! He was cumming inside her pussy! The thought flashed through his mind that she was unprotected -- he was making her pregnant! He was impregnating this black girl with his white seed! Yes!!

His erection re-stiffened with the erotic shock of his fantasy, and he began fucking her faster and harder. She was groaning and whimpering and rocking her head from side to side, writhing her entire body! She doubled up, gritting her teeth. "Oh! Mister Danny! Oh! Mister Danny! Oh! Oh! Oh!..." She was cumming!

Her vaginal walls clamped tightly around his cock, causing semen to squirt out onto his balls. He drove his cock relentlessly into her, again and again, and he came a second time. He shot another load into her quivering cunt chamber, then his balls began dry-pumping. The pain was exquisite ecstasy. He slowed to a stop. The van was suddenly filled with a hot, moist silence, broken only by their panting.

He pulled away, his semi-limp penis trailing white streamers of semen and mucus. He lay down beside her and rolled onto his back. He fought to catch his breath. He listened to the breeze gently brush the top of the van with weeping willow fronds.

Shiloh said, "Wow, mister Danny, you sure fuck good!"

He opened his eyes. She was smiling down at him, blissfully unashamed of her nakedness, her fingers still probing the wetness of her own aroused genitals.

"Can we fuck now? I'm so hot for your big white cock, mister Danny! Now it's my turn!" And without waiting for an answer, she straddled his hips and impaled herself on his wilting penis. Whoa! Danny had never in a second considered the possibility that these two young girls would be so sexually aggressive. Fuck, they were raving nymphomaniacs! Seduction be damned, they had seduced him! They were the ones who were hungry for a hot fuck with a stranger in his van! Horny nymphet sluts! Shit, his wildest jack-off fantasy had come true! He was being raped by a pair of horny black slut twins. One of them was now sliding up and down the shaft of his cock, pinching her own nipples with both hands, her eyes shut, her vaginal walls squeezing and slurping his stiffening male organ, begging for it to flood her moist cunt with his cum! His white man's cum!

"Oh god, I love your cock! You got a big white cock! Make me cum with your white cock, mister Danny! Shoot your white man cum inside me! Oh god! Oh god! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Danny could feel that she was tiring, so he grabbed her by the waist, grit his teeth, and began thrusting upward into her dreamy, creamy, hot chocolate pussy! He marveled at the sight of her perfect, firm, round black tits bouncing up and down on her chest. God fucking damn, it was so erotic!

"Oh, mister Danny! Yes! Yes! Oh god yes! Unh! Unh! Unh!..."

Shiloh threw her head back and let out a long wail. Her vagina spasmed tightly around his rigid penis, so tightly that it took all the effort he could to force it back into her young body, again and again and again, until the flood gates opened once more, and a torrent of hot, thick semen gushed through his cock and spurt into the black girl's willing flesh, filling her vagina. She moaned and wailed even louder, thrashing about in the throes of a massive orgasm. Semen oozed out of her vagina and dripped down his balls.

He was totally out of breath. He rolled Shiloh over to the side until she lay on the cushion. He slowly pulled his flaccid penis out of her luscious cum-filled vagina. Long streamers of semen connected the head of his penis to her pussy lips. He had just fucked two (count 'em, 2) horny sixteen-year old black twins! It just wasn't possible for there to be a more erotic sex fantasy than that! Fucking any pair of girls would have been great, but for them to be twins! And for them to be black, obsessed with having a white cock violate their tender young bodies! Oh shit, oh shit, it couldn't get any better than that!

The girls started giggling and tickling each other. He watched as they tussled with each other, rubbing their sensuous black tits on each other. Laughing and cutting up like a couple of kids. Their crotches and thighs were coated and matted with drying semen. His semen. Then they suddenly calmed down, sat up and finished their cups of ice cream. Still naked. Sharon spoke up first.

"Mister Danny, that was the best fuck I ever had. When I first saw you, I was wishing you wanted to

fuck me. I mean, the way you were looking down my dress at my tits, I was praying that you wanted to fuck me. And when you gave me that whole twenty dollar bill, I thought you might. But when you asked me to take a ride with you, I knew then for sure you were gonna fuck me. I was hoping you could fuck good, and I was right! And you were my first white man! My first white cock! I hope I got your baby inside me!" She grinned victoriously.

Shiloh gulped down her last bite of ice cream and rose to her knees, her breasts swaying pleasantly.

"When my sister came in the cafeteria and told me that we were going on a ride with a white man, I knew exactly what she meant! I almost creamed in my panties when I first saw you, and saw the way you looked at our bodies. I knew then I was finally gonna get some white dick in my pussy! And I hope I got your baby inside me, too!"

"Sharon, do you think white men are sexier than black men?"

She shrugged. "It's just that momma told me and Shiloh that she'd fucked a white man once and he was real good. And I decided then that I wanted to fuck me a white man, like momma did. And I wanted to do it before Shiloh did, cause I know she wants to fuck a white man, too, and I wanted to be first."

Danny had wiped his face and hands off, and lay close to Sharon, staring at the contours of her lovely young body. He slowly stroked her thigh all the way to her pussy. Then he slid his hand up and gently fondled her nearest breast.

"How did you know your sister wants to fuck a white man?"

"Cause we talk about it, that's why! At night in bed we talk about our boyfriends and we talk about the boys we want to fuck and what we want them to do to us and how, and when we start talking about fucking a white man, we both get so juicy that we gotta finger-fuck. We both decided that when we get pregnant, the daddies are gonna be white."

"You and Shiloh ever fuck the same boy? You know, all three of you in bed at the same time like we just did?"

"Yeah..." she giggled and rolled her eyes, "I mean, we've never done that, but we wanted to do something like that. Me and Shiloh have this dream we made up, see, where this white man lets us suck his dick and he puts his hands inside our panties and plays with our pussies. Then he fucks us both and gets us pregnant. Only we're just pretending see, cause really I'm finger fucking her and she's finger fucking me."

"What? You and your sister finger fuck each other?"

"Whenever we want to." Shiloh interjected, "That's almost every night! And we eat each other's pussy, too! Mister Danny, you ever watch two girls eat each other's pussy?"

Danny was getting another hard-on. Without waiting for an answer, Sharon and Shiloh gracefully merged their bodies together in classic sixty-nine position. Obviously, they had done this enough so that there was no problem with where to put knees and elbows.

Shiloh said, "I can taste mister Danny's cum all over your pussy, girl. It tastes like you been fucking a white man."

Sharon said, "I can taste his cum on you, too. It's still oozing out of your pussy. It tastes good. I love the taste of mister Danny's cum."

Danny watched in shocked amazement as the two girls got it on, slowly gyrating their bodies so that their luscious creamy chocolate breasts rubbed sensuously together, mashing breast on breast. Both girls were hot and breathing heavy. He couldn't believe it. His penis swelled more, and throbbed pleasantly. Shiloh was on top, so he reached over and caressed her perfect ass. Her perfect black bubble-butt. Between her thighs, he could just see Sharon's nose and tongue. What a lovely black ass! So smooth and soft and warm beneath his hand. He got to his knees and used both hands to massage Shiloh's gorgeous black bottom while the two girls shamelessly tongued each other's pussy. Man, he would love to be in their bed every night, talking nasty sex with them, watching them finger-fuck each other, watching their soft brown titties bounce all over the place, watching their black hands fondle and stroke his horny white cock, feeling their firm tits in his hands, their hard black nipples in his mouth, feeling his fingers and his cock slide into their exotic black pussies, listening to their moans and gasps and grunts of orgasmic release. Danny was hooked and he knew it. There was no way he could even think of not fucking these two little charmers ever chance he could get. If they wanted white cock, they could have his!

Suddenly, as if at a signal, the two girls parted, and got up on their knees facing Danny. The aroma from their sexually aroused genitals assaulted his nose and made his head spin.

"There's something we wanna do, mister Danny. You gotta lay on your back now."

Her hand gently pushed on his chest and he surrendered. They parted his legs and fondled his testicles. They knelt down from either side and pinned his erection between their lips. Their pink tongues swirled out and caressed his penis. A lightening bolt of erotic charge flashed through his

body. Omigod! They were giving him head! They were licking and sucking his dick at the same time! And they were both masturbating! The sight was pornographic in the extreme! How could any white man not go nucking futz at the sight of two sixteen-year old black girls sucking his dick! The girls took turns taking his cock into their mouths, their thick, full, ebony black lips stroking wetly up and down his swollen shaft. He reached down and grabbed a soft, yielding breast in each hand.

"Yes, babies! Yes! Suck my dick, babies! Suck my big white dick with your sexy black lips! Oh god! Oh god! Oh! OH! OH! You cock-sucking black slut babies! yes! Yes! Yes!... AAAAaaaaahhhh..."

Danny watched in amazement as his erect penis spewed yet another river of pearly white cum that splashed all over the girls' faces, drooling and oozing down their noses, their cheeks, their chins. What a sight! Teenaged twin black girls with their faces covered with his cum! And more of it spurted out! And again and again! One of them stroked the base of his cock and the other fondled his balls. And he came again, until his balls hurt. But the girls did not stop until he begged for mercy and pressed their heads apart with his hands. He couldn't catch his breath. He saw spots in his eyes. He was dizzy.

The girls laughed hysterically and hugged each other, licking the cum off each other's face. They threw themselves down on either side of him.

"Did you like that, mister Danny?"

"Our momma told us all about that one. She said she invented that move when she was nineteen years old. She calls it the Glenda Special."

He waited until he could breathe.

"Glenda Special? Is that your mother's name?"

"No, silly, that's the name of that cock-sucking technique she told us about! Our momma's name is Glenda Luscious. She taught us how to do that, but we never got to do it with a white man's dick until now!"

"Sharon! You know better than to give out personal information! What you gonna do, give him our social security numbers next?"

"No! And stop punching me! Mister Danny is nice man, so it don't matter."

Danny sat bolt upright, then took some pains to hide his alarm. Glenda Luscious?

Omigod! This posed a problem -- he had fucked their mother, Glenda, back about twelve years ago. That was just a few months after she and her husband, George, arrived in Fuggledix. After a couple of sexy rendezvous with Glenda, Danny had introduced her to his wife, Desiree, and they did a threesome. That worked out great, and soon George was joining them in foursomes. He remembered now that Glenda and George had a pair of four-year olds at about that time! Damn! Those kids must have been Sharon and Shiloh!

What if the parents found out he was fucking their daughters?! He played golf with George and saw him at the neighborhood bar quite often, and Glenda was working as a family councilor and was seeing his own son every week!

He sat up and looked at his watch. Damn! He was late! In fact, he was in danger of missing the department staff meeting! As much as he wanted to have more sex with these girls, he had to wrap it up. Shit!

While putting on his pants, he explained to the girls that he was out of time, but arranged for them to call him later to set up another meeting. Minutes later, he pulled up in front of the community college admin building, and the two girls scooted out and hurried up the steps. Danny pulled away and and was soon walking into his own office across town -- and in a flash, he realized that he had missed spring registration. Damn!