

My White boy/visit to the South

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erotic, sexy

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I was your average city girl. Never been to the south a day of my life nevertheless did I want to go. But I promised my Great aunt I'd come to visit her since I hadn't seen her in more than 10 years since I was 9. I was the typical 19 year old. In college, studying, lots of tests and more studying. Definitely no time for niggaz. Hadn't had a date since I was 17 as a matter of fact. I guess the benefit of visiting down South would be the peace and quiet time I would get to relax and get some school work done while on spring vacation.

Down South was more unusual than I thought. For starters to be spring it felt like summer, there were hardly any cars and hardly any houses, instead, vast amounts of green land, animals, and plantations as far as the eye could catch. No highways, just dusty dirt roads and hand written signs that told you what directions to go. I could tell it was going to be a long boring 3 weeks as I unloaded my bags from the car. Instead of busy streets and horns beeping only the chickens clucking greeted me. "Well if it ain't my baby niece Michelle!" "Hi aunt Selma " I said in a calm voice as I gave her a hug. "My beautiful niece!" Well you ain't no bigger than muh arm, come on let me take your bags and put some meat on them bones". I smiled as she led me into her home. I was rather thin for 5'6 as I had always been told. It was just natural I guess. I loved being petite, but it made me appear rather fragile though. Nevertheless, being thin didn't hide my small curves, beautiful Curves that most Black women of course, are naturally blessed with. My dark flowing hair blew in the soft breeze as she held the door for me to enter. I never forgot about that southern hospitality she always had. The aroma of hot steaks filled the air.

After dinner that afternoon I decided to go outside for another peak at the small country town. The

sunset was beautiful as its orange light grazed upon my coffee brown skin revealing a hint of shining tanned glare. I then found the vast amounts of land to be rather astonishing and beautiful. Peaceful, tranquil. I took one last breathe of the fresh pure southern air as I retreated to my warm bed waiting inside.

I awoke the next morning by an annoying bang on the door. Had it been my house I would have thrown a fit! I was known to be rather spicy at times. I pulled my pillow over my head as the pounding continued. Obvious that no one was answering, I grumbled out of my bed and to the door. "Ms Selma!" The voice continued to yelp. I ripped the door open revealing a tall White man on the other side. I couldn't help but to pause, admiring that he was rather cute, ya know, for a Whiteboy. His green eyes stared back at me in curiosity, like I was someone or something he had never seen before. He really wasn't a boy at all! He stood about 6'3 in a tank shirt covered in sweat obvious that he had been working all morning, his dark brunette with slight streaks of blonde hair peered through. And he was certainly no boy. no older than 22. Besides his white skin he was actually a light color of red, sun kissed from apparently working on plantations all day. Even though he wasn't a boy I had to let my spicy proud attitude get the best of me. "If no one answered the first 20 times you banged on the door then you probably should have left" I snapped slightly polite. He remained calm with a sly grin. "well excuse me. " he said as he moved closer revealing a small basket. "but Ms. Selma likes her peaches picked and delivered fresh." "HI! Aunt Selma interrupted coming into the room. "I was knocked out cold child. Are those my peaches, Chile ? Thanks." I sat down in the living room covered in my robe only revealing a small glance of bronzed skin of my left thigh inadvertently. I couldn't help but become entranced at how extremely attractive he was. I never really looked at a white guy this noticeably. Even though it had been a while I didn't want to seem immodest, which I certainly was not. I always tried to remain conservative as possible. "Well I see you met my niece Michelle". "yea" he grinned as he peered back at me quickly catching sight of the revelation of naked skin. I quickly covered up and smeared back at him with a fiery look of unwelcome. "Well, I'd better be on my way" He said with a thick Southern accent. I found myself watching him as he walked away. "Michelle" Auntie interrupted my thoughts, "Throw on some clothes. Later I want you to help me in the fields pick some greens." Oh no . I thought. This was certainly not me. But to be nice I couldn't say no to old Aunt Selma.

It was scorching hot that evening. I came out to reveal a skin revealing sundress and shades as the sun beamed down bronzing and shimmering on my already naturally brown skin.

"Oh you look adorable!" Aunt Selma commented. The Plants and grass whipped through my feet.

“Come on, Chiles gonna show you how to do it”. Oh no.

“ I’d suppose you city girls don’t know much about fields or plantations”, he started. “So what city you from?” –“um could you just show me how you do this,” I interrupted, not wanting to engage in further conversation about my life. He smiled at me slickly as he gathered my hands into his and guided me to the ground. “Oh I see.” His hands were strong, firm, and big. Masculine as though he had been working them all his life, his body pressed against mine. He had “ Redneck ” written all over him. “you just take them like this...” he directed me slowly guiding my soft thin hands along the way. At that point my mind wasn’t anywhere on the greens. His mind seemed to be no where on the greens either as I struggled myself to pay more attention. The more he helped me, the closer and more sensual the atmosphere between us drew. Before I knew it, the side of my face was pressed against his cheek as he stood behind me closely with his muscled arms wrapped around my small curved frame. Shortly after, I was drawn into his eyes, the same color as the green field we were working in, and aunt Selma appearing as but an ant in the distance. I was starting to sweat, not sure if it was from the steaming sun or from the lust we were sharing. Before long, my lips were slightly grazed against his.” You women have the most beautiful full lips.” Hypnotized momentarily, I brung myself back to earth with a snap. “Ugh! Get off me!” I sneered. “ D-don’t ever touch me again” I brought myself to say, convincing myself that he was annoying me. I gathered my shades and began to walk away. “you Black women...” he mumbled. I stopped dead in my tracks,

‘What the hell is that supposed to mean? “nothin” he said slowly. “ I knew you were a bigot” I said as I continued walking to my room. I could sense he was watching my ass as I walked away. “ I didn’t mean nothin by it...I’m sorry! He screamed in the distance. I ignored him and kept walking.

Once inside, I poured myself a cold glass of lemonade and laid across the bed as I rubbed the ice filled glass across my forehead. I had decided that it was too hot and decided to remove my sun dress for some relief. Beep! I heard a horn, it was aunt Selma . “Sweetie I’m ‘bout to go to the store, I’ll be back in ‘bout an hour”. “OK”, I yelled back through the window. I collapsed back onto the bed laying there exhausted in clear blue lingerie panties and a matching top. I then heard footsteps approach as the door opened to my room. I had forgotten to lock the door. Stupid me. I quickly lunged up to cover myself. It was Chile . “Look I just wanted to say sor-“, he started until he caught sight of me just about naked. “Why didn’t you knock”? I screamed. “Well the last time I knocked on a door you told me to go away”, he replied with his smart ass country boy grin. I leaped up and headed to grab my dress. “Leave it off” he suggested. “No!” I snapped as I reached to retrieve my dress from him. Just as I grabbed for the dress, he grabbed me, firmly backing me against a wall. He started to

kiss my lips once more as I tried my best to pull away. I was no match for him however. The more I fought, the more he smiled, and the more I attempted to catch my typical attitude, the more turned on he became. He continued to hold me with his firm hands as I tried desperately to pull away. My thin body was no match for his strength. "You ain't gonna get no where so you might as well do as I say." I hesitated momentarily, then having no choice I agreed. He pressed his face against my tits slowly pulling them out of my bra licking the tip of my dark nipples. He took deep breathes in pleasure as he continued rolling his hands softly across my body, moving down gently to my stomach and curves, and finally to my soft ass. His hands felt so nice and firm pressed against it-something I didn't want to admit. "Touch me" he demanded as he guided my hand to his firm cock. He then guided me to my knees enthusiastically tugging me by my hair. he reached for his zipper and pulled out his cock. Damn! I thought. I had never seen a White guy that big in my life! Their it stood firmly in my face at at least 9 inches and very thick in width. Green Veins popped out anxiously through his pale white dick, waiting to be sucked. I guess they don't make White boys the same in the south I thought anticipating how I was gonna fit him into my mouth. As I expected, he forced my head onto his cock as I strained his massive dick into my mouth. With his hand on the back of my head he thrust me forcefully up and down his shaft. I knew he was going to make me such him, and I knew he was going to make me suck all of him. He forced himself deeper into my mouth until he had somehow managed to squeeze all of it inside. I could feel him thrust into the back of my throat. The veins in his cock became thicker. I felt helpless on my knees In front of him as he ordered me to touch myself. I ran my finger across my tight lips of my opening which were begging to be parted. 2 fingers easily slid across the wet opening back and forth and across my pearl making my body beg more and more to be fucked. He then removed his shirt revealing the noticeable tattoo of a rebel flag across his chest. I looked up to notice it as he glanced down giving me that familiar sly grin of satisfaction that he was having his way with me, and there was nothing I could do about it. Seeing his tattoo definitely made me intimidated now as he continued to thrust into my already aching mouth. "That's enough" he said softly pulling out of my mouth. His cock glistened.

He pulled me closer to him then threw me onto the bed. He hovered above me kissing my lips. Any show of rebellion simply turned him on more. I appeared very fragile beneath him. He kissed my cheeks more as he went for my lips once again. I turned away in disapproval only to reveal my neck for him. He smiled and sucked my neck fretfully until it was the same shad of red as his skin. His hands pinned my arms apart above me. Contempt that I had become subservient, he removed them and guided his big hands to my panties. " No" I said softly, leaving any last hope that he would stop to be nonexistent. He parted my legs forcefully as he grinned at the sight of tightened pink skin. "You pussy is soak and fucking wet but you don't want me?" Indeed, my heart was telling me it was wrong. But my body was yelling FUCK ME! FUCK ME!! He removed his clothes and drew closer to me. Pulling my clit towards his face, he began to suck desperately to get me to admit I liked it. His tongue

massaged my opening with pleasure as I forced myself not to admit anything. "Say it"! He demanded. I remained only in short moans and gasps. The tension built however and shortly after I began to shutter in an explosion of orgasm. He licked and sucked up every bit of it as he gazed at me satisfied that my pussy had said everything he needed to know. He lay on top of me sucking on my brown skin non stop as if he was expecting to taste something. Though I was darker the slenderness of my body and the redness of his skin made it appear that his skin consumed mines, and the exotic contrast of ours pressed together turned my body on more. Parting my legs wider I knew what I had coming. Holding his stiff cock in his hand forcing my lips to part he plunged into me, making me let out a yelp of moans. My lips stretched desperately to accommodate his massive dick fucking deep inside me. I grabbed his arm- his hair- anything that I thought would relieve the pressure of him inside me to no avail. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! He continued to thrust harder and harder letting out slight moans of pleasure and desire. He rolled me on top of him grasping onto my waist and guiding me up and down on his cock. I bounced as much as he permitted me to, struggling for air as sweat rolled down his body. I was starting to let go and enjoy myself. I started to bounce and roll on him uncontrollably. Moving my body and curves in ways he couldn't imagine with a white girl. So much, that he didn't know what to do. It appeared now that I was forcing him. His face gave off the look of pleasure and weakness and he soon gave in to me. He was in awe as I started to take him more, and his grin was soon wiped off his face. "you fucked with the wrong Black chick huh" I said, giving him the same grin he had been giving me. "Shit!" he gasped in pleasure as he tensed up. the reactions of him became stronger and stronger as he finally released in satisfaction inside me with a deep moan. pushed up within me deeper, I could feel his warm gush of hot cum shiver inside me. He weakened and collapsed his head back onto the pillow in a hive of sweat. My pussy was deeply filled as some of the cum slowly gushed out. If I was going to escape, now would have been the opportunity. But I didn't. There was no reason to. I laid down next to him and slowly drifted off to sleep.

I awoke later by my aunt's voice. "Child you been sleep for over an hour now." I peaked over to see that there was no Chile . I started to think it was all just a dream but my throbbing pussy reminded me otherwise.

As the weeks passed I never saw Chile again during that visit. I somehow hoped he would come back to um "visit" me once more before I left. But the weeks passed by and there was no sign of him. The time soon came for me to leave. I packed my things into the car and kissed my aunt goodbye. "You come visit me again now ya hear?" she asked. I peered around hoping to catch a sight of him maybe. Anything. I continued to load my things into the car giving up all hope. Just then as I proceeded to enter the car, I caught sight of him in the distance peering at me. He didn't come over, only gave me

a grin as he had always done. He gazed at me long enough to keep a visual memory picture of me, then off he disappeared...into the distance, never to be seen again I would assume.

The airport ride was the usual. Before I got on I had picked up a pregnancy test---- just to be sure because I had never had a guy cum in me. Thoughts of that day overwhelmed me forcing a smile on my face. I had never used one before and I was in a rush. I got up and went to the bathroom on the plane. I basically knew the basics of what to do. I unwrapped the paper and threw the box and directions in the trash disregarding it. I wrapped up the test and secured it as I went back to my seat. Before long, a blue signal appeared with an Addition sign....Now what the hell is that supposed to mean?? I'd better go check the box.....