

A Sunny Thanksgiving

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This is a very true story on what I did for my Thanksgiving.

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I'm not a big fan of the holidays. Mostly, it's because my family is just so fucking loud and annoying. So, when I found out my mother and I were going to my uncle's this year for Thanksgiving and I was required to stay a minimum of two hours I was nothing short of pissed. "Sunny, what are you wearing?" my mother asked. I had on a black shirt with a plunging v-neckline that exposed my cleavage, black pants that fit like a second skin, and black heels. "I'm in mourning," I simply told her while getting in my car. We got to my uncle's and I was immediately surrounded by family. I shook them off and made my way to the kitchen to make myself a plate of food. While in the kitchen, I heard the door and everyone greet someone named Paul. I assumed it was another one of my uncle's friends and continued to fix my plate. I sat down to the table and began to eat. "And this is my niece, Sunny," I heard my uncle say. I turned to see who he was talking to. It was an older, white man. He was about 6 ft tall, with dark green eyes, salt and pepper hair, and a slight potbelly. "Mmm," I thought, "sexy." "Oh no, this can't be little Sunny. She's practically a woman now," Paul said. "She'll be nineteen in January," my uncle said. He turned towards the living room. "Get the fuck off my coffee table, Mason!" he screamed and ran into the living room. "You don't remember me, huh? I'm your uncle's landlord. Wow, the last time I saw you were in like middle school." I smiled and nodded while watching him move to fix his place. My eyes ran all over his body. For an old guy he didn't look bad. My pussy began to twitch when I caught a glimpse of his crotch. He sat down and we made light small talk about politics and his family. His son was overseas and his daughter and her family were in Montana. His wife, Shae, would be showing up later. His voice was sweet and deep. My mind started to think about what it would be like to have him drilling me with his tongue or me sucking his cock. My pussy grew wetter and wetter by the minute. "Well, thanks for being my dinner company," he said. "I'm going to go and see whatever one else is doing." "Ok," I said. I then dropped my plate into the sink and ran to the master bathroom for some much needed finger fucking. I sat on the toilet with the lid closed and pulled down my pants. I spread my legs wide and began to slowly rub my slit, being careful not to touch my clit. I love teasing myself. I squeezed my nipples through my bra and slowly circled my clit. I moaned lightly. I looked around and found a brush with a thick handle. I stuck it in my love hole and clenched it. It felt so good to be filled with something. I then began to really work my clit. I was getting ready to come when I heard my uncle and Paul enter the master bedroom. "You can

watch the game in here," my uncle said. "I hope you don't think it rude of me, but I'm just a diehard Cowboys fan," Paul said. My uncle chuckled and left the room closing the door. I smiled to myself as I got a wickedly delicious idea. I took off all my clothes and my bra, unleashing my 42L tits. I opened the door and saw Paul sitting on the edge of the bed. "Whose winning?" I asked. My nipples were hard and my pussy was oozing. "Oh, I didn't know someone was— OH MY GOD! Sunny, where are your clothes?" Paul jumped off the bed. His face said shocked, but I could see his cock growing in his pants. That gave me the green light I needed. "Paul, would you like to feel my tits?" I moved towards him and reached for his hand. I placed it on one of my tits. "I can't do this, Sunny. I have a wife, to whom I've been married to for 35 years and will be here very soon." Paul was saying one thing, but his hand that was on my tit began to rub and squeeze my nipple. I guided his other hand to my pussy. "My God, you're soaked," he whispered. "You should taste it," I moaned as he plunged two fingers into my pussy. I laid on the bed and pushed his head in between my legs. "You know, I've never been with black girl," he said breathing on my pussy. I pushed his face on it. He eagerly licked my clit. "Oh, you taste so good. I never knew black pussy was this sweet and juicy." He took a finger and fucked my hole as he sucked my clit. I was in heaven. I began moving my hips to his rhythm and soon I was having a hard orgasm. "Ahhh.... Ohhh.... FUCK....FUCK....FUCKING SHIT!!" I moaned loudly. I laid there catching my breath. When I opened my eyes Paul was unzipping his pants and out popped the thickest white cock with a red mushroom head that gleamed with precum. I couldn't wait till he'd stick it in my hole. "Come on, Paul and fuck me with your white cock." Paul rammed his pole inside me. It felt like it'd rip me apart. "Oh, you're so wet and tight," Paul was balls deep inside me. He grabbed both of my tits and grinded his cock into my pussy. "I never knew black pussy could be this good." "Mmm, yes, Paul. Fuck my young, black whore pussy." I was going crazy with lust. I lifted my legs up and Paul placed them on his shoulders. He was now hitting my g-spot and I started cumming like crazy. "Oh, baby, I love the way it feels when your pussy cums on my cock." "Paul, your wife's here!" someone yelled. "Oh, fuck," Paul began to panic. He'd stop thrusting and was getting ready to pull out of me. I grabbed his hips and looked him in the eyes. "You're not leaving this room till you fill my pussy with your nasty, white man cum." "Please, Sunny. It's only a matter of time before my wife comes back here looking for me." I turned on and stuck my fat ass in the air and shoot it. Paul must have liked what he saw and rammed his cock back into me. HE was thrusting like a wild man. "Fuck this black whore pussy. Come on fill me with that cum!" Paul began to shake and grunt. "Oh, yes, Sunny girl. Fuck! OH this is squeezing the hell out of my cock!" "Paul, are you in here?" a woman said. "Open up the door, honey." "I'm cooooooooooooooooooming," Paul filled my pussy with his warm cum. It oozed out of my hole and onto my thighs. Paul was breathing hard. I desperately wanted to make him eat me clean, but to spare him and myself the drama I ran to the bathroom to clean up. He pulled on his pants and open the door for his wife. "Really, Paul? It's the holidays can't you miss one game," Paul's wife said. I heard them kiss. "Mmm," she said. "I want whatever you had cause it tastes delicious." I giggled softly to myself as they left the room. For the rest of the evening, Paul sat on the couch cuddled with his wife and I sat on a reclining chair. Occasionally, we'd make eye contact and I'd smile and he'd turn away and blush. When it was time for him and his wife to leave, I gave him a

hug and a peck on the cheek. I then whispered in his ear that for Christmas I was going to show him what I could do with my tongue ring.