



Black Friday

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(Mdom/F, intr, hum)

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There was a period in my mid-twenties when I admit to having been fairly promiscuous. One Friday night when living in Monterey I went with some friends to a place called "Le Club." It was still fairly early and we were talking and drinking around a table, when they went off to dance or talk with someone else' and a black man approached me. I cannot remember his name.

He had bright white teeth and very dark skin, he was very charming and pleasant so I allowed him to sit down and talk to me for awhile. Beneath the conversation, however, was a sexual undertone.

I had never been around a black man before.

My upbringing was purely white neighborhoods, Catholic school upbringing, upper middle class, a father who worked (after a brief period of military service) sometimes in



government, sometimes in private industry, a mother who was often gone doing charity work or involved in whatever momentary hobby had temporarily taken her fancy. Once there was a scandal where a teenage girl in the neighborhood was rumored to have become pregnant from a black man. The baby was aborted, and she would never admit to it, yet the rumor persisted.

My father heard me talking about it in hushed tones to a friend on the phone when he turned to me suddenly and with rage in his voice, "If I ever catch you with a black boy - I will disown you." He must have heard the rumor, too.



It wasn't the point that I expected to be rich if he ever died, it was that I found out how much he disapproved of it. It was a shock. Race was never a subject brought up in our home except that we were aware that father had a prejudice against Orientals due to his experiences in Vietnam. I guess this extended to blacks, too. Whatever they felt, our parents taught us that bias and prejudice were not to be tolerated. Perhaps they were attempting to raise us better than they had been raised.



At the same time, I remember when my father was gone to Vietnam I used to sneak into my parents room when mother was not at home and read some of the books they kept on their private bookshelf. I was quite young at the time. Some of the books were sexual books that were popular in the late sixties, "The Joy of Sex," "The Sensual Woman," and things like that.



There were also mother's romance novels, which I was surprised she read. There were a couple of books I felt that father probably knew nothing about. Romance style novels that had covers with black men and white women on them. I remember one of them had a white woman at the feet of a black man, her hand reaching up and laid flat, very high on his thigh.

This is probably where my curiosity about black men began. I read some of those books.

Regardless, it never entered my head that I might ever date a black boy. As I grew to adulthood, the thought of dating a



black man never crossed my mind. At the same time, I was never aware of any personal prejudices at all, at least not because of someone's race.

In my early twenties I suddenly blossomed and men were after me all the time. Suddenly, men were after me like I had never experienced in my life and I reveled in it for awhile. It was during this stage of my life that I was sitting in the club and talking to a black man.



I don't exactly remember our conversation as I had probably had a little too much too drink. This was another of my problems at the time. Later, I remember that he and I were sitting in the bar and my friends had returned to the table. What I do remember about the conversation is that as it went on, he began to use words like "white" and "black" pretty freely. This was not the kind of conversation I was used to and it made me nervous, yet at the same time I was strangely excited. He could tell. I know he could tell, because he whispered something in my ear. It embarrassed me to hear it, but like I said already, I was excited. Too excited. It was also kind of crude. He asked me if I had ever had "black dick."



Of course, he already knew the answer. Even though I didn't answer him aloud, he knew the answer. Yet he knew I was aroused by his question, too, and he began using terms like that more often, usually in a soft disarming voice which was barely a whisper in my ear.

I was getting very wet.



He said he would set up a mirror so I could watch myself. He said he knew my "daddy" wouldn't like it, would he? He said other things, too. My heart was beating like a racehorse that had just finished running the Kentucky Derby. It was all I could do to breathe and to nod or shake my head in response to his questions.

I left with him, making sure not to look over toward the table where my friends had been. I didn't want to know if they had seen me leave with a black man.

We took my car. He drove. As he drove he pulled my head



down into his lap and suggested I kiss my first "black cock." When I started to unzip him he stopped me, saying that was "for later." He just wanted me to kiss him through his pants.

And I did it.

Over and over. Leaning over with my knees in the passenger seat, my head in his lap smothering his hardness with my lips and pressing my face against him. Rubbing my cheek up and down the hard length of it. And it was very very hard. I left a wet spot on his pants from my saliva.



This is when the racial comments really began in earnest. Not only that, but comments about how I could "barely wait" to get my first "black dick" in my mouth. He used other words too, like "chocolate bar." He mentioned how he was going to "feed" it to me. I don't remember everything he said to me. All I remember is that I had never reacted this way to any man before. Ever.



Suddenly, after a very short ride, he was parking the car. I had not even asked where we were going. It turned out he was in the military, attending some special school they had up on the hill above Monterey and he lived in one of the barracks there in a two man room. I remember the embarrassed feeling as other military men saw me walking in with him "a black man," obviously going to his room. A white woman with a black man. Luckily, his room mate wasn't there.



Once we got inside his room he held me, folding me up in his long muscular arms pressing me firmly against his lean muscular body. His whole body felt hard and I wanted him. I wanted to kiss him all over and run my white hands all over his dark body. The contrast of my tanned white skin against his dark coloring was erotic all by itself.

We kissed and it wasn't but a moment later I felt him unzipping my dress down the back. It fell down and he began unbuttoning his shirt as I nuzzled against his neck, standing on my toes. Then he took a step back, kicked off his shoes, pulled off his socks, undid his pants and let them



fall to the floor. I was waiting for him to remove his underwear, but he did not. There was a large bulge and my imagination was running rampant. So was the rest of my body. All I felt was excitement, arousal and desire. It was pure unadulterated lust, and I wasn't even thinking about the consequences.

Then he motioned that it was my turn. The dress was already on the floor around my feet. I removed every- thing else very slowly while he watched. My bra first, then the rest. I wanted him to want me as much as I wanted him. I undressed slowly to tease him. And I could tell he liked what he saw. I knew how men reacted to me. I could see the bulge in his briefs begin to grow.



I stepped forward and rubbed my whiteness against his blackness. I liked the way my pale breasts smashed against his chest. I liked the way my hands seemed to glow against the darkness of his skin. It was pure vanilla and very very dark chocolate. He placed his hand on my shoulders and very slowly pushed me down. As I glided downward, I traced my lips and tongue across his skin until I was on my knees, my face pressed against his cock which I could feel through the thin cotton material of his briefs. I nuzzled it and kissed it and loved it. I felt like the woman on the cover of my mother's paperback novel. On my knees to a black god.



"You want to get your fist glimpse of black cock, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I whispered, head bent forward as I kissed his strong thigh. Then I began to pull his shorts down.



His cock "his black cock" sprang free, fully erect and leaning against my forehead. I pulled back so I could look at it for a moment. I had never seen one before. It was beautiful. Proud, black, beautiful. I kissed it near the base. As I did, he leaned over and pulled open the door to a sort of closet type piece of fur- niture standing along the wall. On the inside of the door was a long full length mirror. I could see myself kneeling in front of this black man, my face only inches away from his hardness. I kissed the tip of it, and looked at myself in the mirror. It is impossible to



explain the erotic reaction of seeing my white body kneeling before a black man. Then I watched myself take him into my mouth. I felt...nasty.

I slid my mouth down very very slowly, savoring the image of myself in the mirror. It was almost as if there was no one present but me. Just me with him in my mouth, no man attached. That is how it went for awhile. No talking, no movement but my very slow sucking on his cock, savoring it, loving it, on my knees to it, watching myself do it. If he said any- thing at that time, I don't know what it was. I was lost...gone.



Then I took it out and stood up. I wanted to get in his bed with him. I was wet and needed him. I wanted him. I wanted to feel him inside me. I wanted to feel his weight above me. I wanted to be close to him.

That is when I received my first surprise.

He said, "No."



He said he didn't ordinarily "fuck" white women. Sometimes, but rarely. He preferred black women. However, since white women seemed to like "black dick" so much, he didn't see any problem letting them "get a taste." And he didn't actually say "white women" this time, either. He said, "white bitches."

I began to protest, thinking he led me on. Thinking why did he bring me here thinking one thing was going to happen, when he never intended for it all along. But he let me say none of this. He knew what I was going to say. He began to explain it to me as if it made perfect sense. He explained that white women were too slim in the hips and their butts were too small. How our faces weren't as attractive, our lips not as full. He stood right there telling me how white women weren't as good as black women, implying that I was not as good. That I wasn't good enough to "fuck." But because "white bitches" were usually "pretty good cocksuckers" he would often "let" them have a "taste."



This should have left me stunned. I should have slapped his face, got dressed and walked out of there. If it was a



white man, I probably would have. But he also intimidated me, and I was a little bit scared. Plus, the way he said it, so matter-of-factly, with a smile on his lips and a slight chuckle, it had a totally opposite reaction. No one had ever talked to me that way before. Every guy I ever went out with wanted to go to bed with me. But this guy didn't. This guy even practically told me I wasn't good enough.

It turned me on even more.



Not a normal kind of excited, but something more. I couldn't talk. I couldn't breathe. I could feel the wetness dripping down my thigh. I could only stand there and take it. Then he began pushing me to my knees again, and I let him. I let him. That is when he really began talking, saying nasty things and calling me names. No one had ever done that to me before. The things he said...



As I went down to my knees, he said I knew my "place." White sluts belonged on their knees in front of black men and he liked seeing them when they knew that. On their knees with black cock in their mouth. He said we were good at giving blowjobs, that we all sucked like sluts. Then he told me to show him I could suck like a slut. He told me to watch myself in the mirror so I would know what a slut I was, that I should suck faster, that I should be noisier. He said I wanted to impress him, didn't I? He wanted the people in the next room to hear. He wanted me to slurp and slobber all over it and he told me to rub it on my face, to slap my face with it, to eat it like a greedy little white pig. He said my "daddy" would love to see me now, wouldn't he? He went on and on saying such things, hardly ever stopping. It drove my lust over some cliff of abandonment, disengaging my brain, and I no longer was in control of my body.



I held onto him by his hips and did everything he said. I went fast, I sucked loud, I slurped and made sloppy noises as I sucked, I rubbed his slobbery gleaming hard black cock all over my face and slapped myself in the face with it. I squirmed my legs together because my pussy was so needy. I touched and rubbed myself. I watched how nasty and dirty and whorish I looked in the mirror. I listened to everything he said. I made animal noises in my throat. I was crazed,



full of lust, wanton, eager to please. I was insane, lost, beyond control. I was soaked, swollen and inflamed. I wanted to be fucked so bad!



He grabbed my hair and just began ramming into me, into my mouth. He pushed his black dick back into my throat so far I gagged. He didn't care. I didn't care I was there for him to use. He laughed when my stomach convulsed. Then he pulled out just as I could feel the first throb and he spurted onto my face as he held me by the hair. All over my face it went. Forehead, eyes, cheeks, dripping and oozing down. I held my mouth open trying to get some in my mouth but he steered my head to wherever he wanted it to go. He put his nasty black cock back in my mouth just as his last few pumps went off.



But he wasn't done. He told me to hurry! "Hurry!" he said, "Wipe it off your face and rub it on your cunt! Try to get some of that black seed up your pussy! Do it white bitch, do it now!" And I did it, not even thinking at this point. I did it quick and in a hurry! I wiped it off my face with my right hand and rubbed it in my pussy hair! I wiped it off and tried to put it inside my so-soaked cunt! I did it, whatever he said, and I rubbed myself, still on my knees, wanting to come so bad!



He pulled me as he moved closer to the bed and he lied on his back on the bed, his feet still on the floor. He pulled me up to him and placed me so I was straddling his thigh. "Hump me," he said. "I know you need to come. Hump me like a dog."

And I did that, too, pressing hard against him. So hard! Rubbing and grinding away at his thigh. Getting his thigh wet with my juices. His juices. Both combined. Sliding back and forth. Then I reached down grabbing the back of his leg and just pushed myself tight against him as the shudders began to go through me. I moaned. I groaned. I felt like I was dying. My heart was beating like thunder in a storm as waves of pleasure washed through and through me.

When I fell forward off to his side, my head face down on the sheets, all I was conscious of was the hammering of my



heart and a totally drained feeling. Tired. Unmoving. Dead to the world. Beat, beat, beat, thund- dered my heart.

He let me lie there a moment, both of us silent. I had never had an orgasm like that in my life. I did not think they were possible.

He got up and put some pants on. I continued to lay there until he told me I had to go. I didn't want to go. I thought he may have thought I was something special. We could sleep together and maybe he would relent so later he would let me feel him inside me. I was in total awe of him and what he had done to me.

He said maybe another time. Maybe tomorrow I could come and suck him again. He asked if I wanted to. Actually, I wanted more, but weakly I said, "yes." He said once I got home I would change my mind. I said I wouldn't. He said right now I didn't think so, but later I would be ashamed for going so crazy over "nigger dick" that I wouldn't want to come back, but that if I wanted to make sure I would come back, he could work that out. I asked how. He said, he would keep my purse and all my keys except my house key and car key, and I could come back and get them tomorrow. It was the only way he would believe me when I said I would come back and do it again.

I had just had the most powerful orgasm of my life and the only thing I was thinking of right then was that I wanted such a climax again. I was unsure about letting him keep my things, but in the end, I relented. He asked me if I was a "nigger whore" now.

I said, "Yes."

And I got dressed and left, with his phone number to call him tomorrow.

He was right. As I lay in bed that night, all I could think of was how I could have possibly let a man treat me that way. I thought of what he must think of me. I thought of how being with a black man was totally against all my upbringing. And I was ashamed of how I had acted, how much I had lost control. I couldn't bear the idea of facing





him again with him knowing what I had done and how I had been. With him calling me all those names, and me letting him...even wanting him to. If he had not kept my things, I would not have gone back.

But he did keep my things.

And I did go back.

The End





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