

Every Wednesday

(MF, intr, nc, v)

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"Oh God!" she exclaimed, "Here they come!"

She waited for them every Wednesday, saving something until she heard the loud grinding sounds of the big truck. She watched from her window until the truck stopped in front of her house, around the wooded bend and isolated from the other homes. They watched for her, too, because she rarely let them down.

Two black men jumped off the back of the monster truck and one rolled her garbage container towards the gaping mouth in the back of the truck. He was lean and muscular, and as black as the ace of spades, with long greasy dreadlocks. The other man was chubby in an orange jump suit and white cap. He gazed hungrily towards her house.

Most of the people in Kersey Valley, North Carolina hated the landfill being so close to their homes. Christina hated it, too. But not even Christina could explain her latest fantasy, being fucked by big black garbage men!

As the young housewife emerged from her lodging, both men eyed her, then reluctantly turned towards the truck. She was wearing denim short-shorts that revealed a slim yellow thong, and a matching top that revealed luscious breasts. Tall and tanned, with

long shapely legs, she had dark brown eyes. In her mid-thirties, she looked much younger. She could feel her face flushing with excitement.

She brushed past the muscular black and dropped a bag of garbage into the dump truck. The two men stared wickedly at her. The driver, in his fifties and bearded, strained his neck twisting to watch her from the cab.

"Hi!" she said. It was the first time she had spoken a word. Ordinarily, she would just go by them to toss her garbage bag into the truck.

The black men nodded to her.

"It's awfully hot," she said gazing at the young one with dreadlocks. "Would y'all like to come in for a beer or soda?"

The men stood dumfounded.

"I know you're heading for the landfill now, and the end of your shift, but you can make it a quickie!" she added.

Sexy white slut wants black cock!

Christina wasn't really a slut. But she was fighting many demons because she spent too much time alone. Too much time to fantasize. And her fantasies had gotten worse. She was a good mother and her husband loved her dearly. But he knew her weaknesses. At least the ones she showed a few years ago. But she was ok now! A psychiatrist had cured her!

A few years ago, her fantasy was appliance repairmen and salesmen. As beautiful as she was, she had an aura of innocent vulnerability about her that made it easy for predators to move in. And they seemed to know her weakness. She had reluctantly gone down on a washing machine repairman. And then, on another occasion, two young well-dressed men, door-to-door evangelical ministers, were so taken by her sultry looks, they couldn't hide their erections. Christina eased their pain by sucking their virgin cocks.

But she confessed her indiscretions to her loving husband, and he forgave her.

Eugene loved his beautiful wife. And besides, he got laid on every sales trip out of town!

She would never have done it if the neighbors could see, but her home was in a particularly wooded spot, away from prying eyes.

The three black men followed her into the house, their eyes glued to her beautiful ass.

She opened the fridge door and pulled out four Buds. The men were silent as she handed them each a beer, and popped open her own can.

"My name is Christina," she offered. Still, they were silent as they swigged their beer.

So she took a long swig herself. Not her favorite beer. Eugene's. She would have to get more before he got home.

"My husband is southern, but I'm from up north. Antonetti was my maiden name."

Why had she said that? She was becoming increasingly nervous.

"Why'd you ask us inside your home, Christina?" the older man asked.

Christina suddenly felt a surge of uncertainty. Why was she doing this? Oh God, why?

Dread locks said, "No white woman has ever invited black garbage men into their home for beers. What do you want?"

"Uh," Christina was speechless. And frightened. And excited.

"You try'n to get us fired?" the white capped man asked.

"Nuh, no!" the housewife replied. Maybe she had made a mistake.

"You, you can shower in the guest room.....and there's another shower in the basement!" she stammered, looking down with shame.

"You want us to shower?" the driver laughed. The others sneered.

"Lady," he said, "you want three niggahs to fuck you. But you want us to shower first?"

"I'll... I'll join you!" she whispered, her heart pounding, her face crimson with excitement and fear.

"Shower with us one at a time!" the chubby one ordered. And she agreed.

They all went down to the basement.

Christina and the chubby guy stripped off their clothes together. His cock was as thick as the rest of his body, and rose to his stomach at the sight of the naked white beauty. They stepped into the shower together, and she washed his entire body, scrubbing his ass and his genitals until he pulled her by her hair and motioned for her to go down on him.

"Swallow it all, bitch!" he ordered. And when he came, she did.

Still in the shower as the first man climbed out, she motioned for the driver to join her. He was already naked. His pubic hair was grey. She started to scrub his cock when he pulled her to it.

He forced her mouth over the huge erection and yanked her back and forth by her hair until she gagged on spurts of thick semen.

"Swallow it, cock sucker!" he ordered. And Christina did.

The young black stud with the dread locks excited her the most, and he knew it. Now it was his turn.

His body was tight and muscular, his cock jet black and huge. Pre-cum dripped from the tip as he stepped naked into the shower.

"Black ho only wants to suck us!" he said. She began scrubbing his manhood, which grew even more enormous.

"But this niggah wants more," he announced. He wants white ass!"

"No!" she proclaimed. "I'll suck your cock! Nothing else!"

This slender white soccer mom was telling this two-hundred pound black buck what he couldn't do! So he did it!

He twisted her around so that he was behind her, and began to push his cock between her tight ass cheeks.

"No!" she cried. "I told you!"

"UHH! NOoooo!!"

But he was in her anus now and ramming her as no man had ever done.

"God! NO! EIEEEEEEE!!" she shrieked.

This wasn't her plan.

Everything was going wrong.

But her body was shaking uncontrollably. A wave of excitement swept across her body. She was climaxing! Oh God was she climaxing!

When dread locks had emptied his sperm into her ass, he pushed her away, out of the shower. And then they all took her.

And fucked her mouth, ass, and vagina.

All Christina could do was scream. But no one heard her.

She screamed until dread lock locked his hands around her throat.

Until Christina collapsed to the floor.

"Man, you done killed the ho!" the driver said. "Her lips are blue!"

"We gotta get rid of her!" the chubby black man said.

They checked in all directions, then carried her limp body to the back of the truck.

"Should we compress her in the truck?" the driver asked.

"No," dread locks said. "Leave a mess in the truck! We'll just dump her in the landfill.

And so they climbed on the truck and headed for the dump site.

Lifting her body from the truck, they looked at a bulldozer.

But no ignition key!

Gulls and vultures hovered over the mounds of rotting garbage.

They threw her body under a pile of rubbish and threw more on top of her.

And then they left.

But Christina was still alive.

She couldn't move, but she was still alive.

She could barely breathe through the garbage, but she was alive.

Help! Oh God, please someone help me! She cried out within.

And then she felt something, someone picking away the garbage that covered her!

"Oh God!" I'm alive! Thank God! I'm alive!"

She felt a sharp sting on her lovely throat. A small tentative bite. A gull. Now she was able to cry out. But her cry mingled with the screams of gulls.

The gull flew off. It wouldn't dare compete with the huge black vulture that took its place at her throat. She felt the weight of other vultures as they began to pick away what wouldn't be their meal.

Her throat! Oh God, nuhhhh!!

She tried screaming again.

But couldn't.

Not without a throat.

The End

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