



This story was written especially for The Kristen Illustrated Archives

I couldn't fucking believe my wife. Here was this proud outspoken black woman screwing and blowing a bunch of white guys for money. It was just fucking amazing to see.

Carlota crawled over to another one of my white bosses and dipped her face down over his crotch, I looked wide eyed as another one of the naked company executives snugged up to her raised rear-end and fumbled with his stiff dick, trying to shove it into her.

I was also naked -- and if the truth be known I was just as hard as any of these rich white guys. I'd fucked my wife several times that night too and gotten an enthusiastic blowjob her. She was in her element with all the attention these eager white guys were giving her. I was amazed that she hadn't wanted to stop after the first hour.



I couldn't really remember how many time's she'd been fucked or how many times these guys as cum in her, but Carlota seemed to want more and wasn't slowing down in the least bit.

As I watched my boss humping Carlota's rump I thought back to the other day when he'd asked about my wife. We had attended our first company party and met all the executive staff from the company along with everybody else and I was surprised just how popular my wife had been.

We moved to this Midwestern town after our house had been destroyed by Hurricane Katrina. We both missed New Orleans, but I needed a job and one materialized shortly after moving to our new adopted state.

I would have never believed that I'd be kneeling in some posh home of some rich fucking white guy, jacking off and watching my wife getting it from both ends by a bunch of strange men. But here we were.

The big boss had called me into his office the morning after the party and after a bunch of hedging he finally came to the point that he and a few of his friends would like to "entertain" my wife, he said. He put a big emphasis on the word "entertain" and gave me

a leering smile like I would go along with him on that.



At first I didn't know whether to laugh at or hit the bastard. But when he said that I could name my price and I said I'd consider it for \$1000 each time one of them stuck their dick in her, and then he said, "Done." Well, I decided to accept the pervert's offer and face the music at home.

My thoughts were dragged back to the present as I hear Carlota's familiar moans. The big boss' body was jerking and he was grunting and I knew he was filling my wife's pussy with his cum again.

By my reckoning, these fuckers already owed us \$20,000 and they were still going strong thanks to my sexy wife. She was earning her keep like never before. It's funny, but I thought I was going to be the breadwinner after getting my forklift job at this company and earning twenty bucks an hour. But here was Carlota, earning hundreds of times more money using her body.

The hardest part of this whole thing wasn't getting my honey to do the deed, but watching as my boss plugged my wife for the first time. I stood by and watched as he

excitedly climbed on top of her and grunted in satisfaction as he slid his prick into her slick pussy slit.

I kept telling myself as he pumped away, that each time he thrust into her he was probably paying at least \$50. Not bad I kept telling myself, \$50 a thrust, that's some kind of money. And I kept tilling myself the same thing as each of those white dudes climbed on top of her and fucked her until they came in her pussy.

After a while I could see white creamy cum coating their pink dick as they fucked Carlota. Cum was running down her inner chocolate colored thighs and there was a distinct squishing sound as they fucked her one after another.



By the time they'd all fucked her I couldn't hold back anymore and I had to do the same. It was so weird to feel all that slippery cum in her cunt as I pushed my throbbler into her slit. I'd never done anything like this before and the feeling of other men's cum coating my dick as I humped Carlota was just so strange.

It didn't stop me from adding my own a minute later though. I guess having all those white dudes watching me fuck my wife and knowing that they'd be doing other stuff to

her after me was some kind of kinky turn on for me.

When I came I tried to blast as much cum into her as I could. Deep down inside I wanted these white fuckers to have to deal with as much of a black man's cum as I could possibly deposit. When I finally pulled out I looked down at my prick and saw a white coat of sticky cum all over me, even dripping down to coat my balls. White man's cum. I shivered in disgust for a moment, then thought about the money and sniffed the air, the whole room smelled like cum now.

It was cool to watch one of them go down on her a short while later, it felt good somehow to know that this big company executive was sucking my cum between his lips. The fact that I had their cum all over me too didn't seem to matter anymore, it was just such a trip watching these high-powered white men graveling around for another go at my African princes.



I watched, while I slowly jacked my cock as Carlota did the rounds at sucking each one of them off. Then she let them all fuck her again, most of the time they were fucking her she was sucking my dick and looking up at me with those big hooded eyes of hers. I came in her mouth twice like that and got to watch some of those other fucking executives taking

more of my cum when they kissed my wife in the throws of their passion.

I'll say that even though I was distracted from the exact count of how many times those guys fucked my wife's pussy and mouth, the fact that she kept track was really telling. After all of us were spent she totaled the fucks and blowjobs that she'd given them and we walked away with \$32000 and that didn't count my 4 cums.

When we got home Carlota stayed in the shower for an extra long time but when she came to bed we fucking like rabbits again, recalling all that had gone before. I was amazed that she would have any energy left, but I guess \$32000 is a real energy booster, and a great down payment on a new home, out side of any flood zone.



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