



The Klans Woman

(mf, interr, wife
cheat)

by Zifferman

Archivist's note: I
apologize in advance to
anyone who is offended
by the racist subject

matter to follow. This is an erotic story that happens to revolve around the unjust circumstances that exist in many places around the world. In this story the protagonist's eventually come out on top.

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"Klan's woman"

by Zifferman

(Comments welcome: zifferman@aol.com)

Tammi Buckner sighed and gazed at her reflection in the full-length mirror in the bedroom of her doublewide mobile home. The pretty blond 23-year-old turned this way and that, trying to look sexy in the long white robe and the pointed white hat.

At length she puffed her cheeks and gave a snort of resignation. There was no way she was going to look good in the robes of the wife of the local grand dragon of the Knights of the KKK.

Her husband, Mike, was still at work at the garage and wouldn't be home until late. Monday was his poker night and he often didn't return home until past mid- night, and then usually dead drunk and smelling of cheap perfume.

Tammi pulled the robe off over her head and looked at the reflection of her naked body in the mirror. She ran her hand down her flat stomach, then up to her large pendulous breasts that were wondrously white and unspoiled by the sin of integration. She was pure white. Even her lush pubic patch was platinum white. She examined her patch in the mirror and was satisfied that a year of marriage hadn't caused her labia to become dark or distended.

Her father, past Grand Dragon, had been so pleased to give his only daughter's hand in marriage to Mike. The lad is full of promise, he always said. Tammi had grown up in a Klan home. Her brothers were Klansmen. Her grandfather had been a Klansman and his father before him.

Tammi didn't care for "colored folks" at all. They were animalistic and all their men folk craved were wine and white women. She saw the way the black boys stared at her in high school, their yellow eyes undressing her as she walked past. The country would be far better off if they all just went back to Africa, she reasoned.

Still, she recalled one night when she was seven teen. Her father, grandpa and Mike, then her boy friend, had been sitting in the log cabin they owned up at the lake. It was late and she was supposed to be asleep but had gotten up to pee.

She heard grandpa talking about a time he and some of the boys had lynched this "nigger" back in 1938 for looking at a white women and getting an erection!

Tammi had frozen in her tracks. She had heard about "erections" from some of the trampy girls in school and was fascinated by the idea. Anyway, grandpa said they hung up this boy and one of the mob had pulled the boys pants down while whipping the body. They had all gasped, then had all started to laugh.

That "nigger" never had no erection when he saw the widder woman. Instead they all saw that he had a dong bigger'n a donkey! Grandpa had held up his arm and indicated the boy's length. Then grandpa said that was the proof that the Negro race was inferior. No God-fearing white man had a dong like these colored's, twernt natural. Colored were most likely a cross between a man and some sort of hoofed animal.

Tammi had tip toed back to her bed after eaves- dropping on her men folk, but she could never erase the mental image of the dead boy's organ. She wondered what use

such an instrument could be for, surely not for procreation.

On her wedding night Tammi had still been a virgin. Mike had drunk a belly-full of corn liquor and came staggering into their bedroom to consummate the marriage. When he had stripped off his jeans and stood proudly before Tammi her heart had leapt to her throat. Mike's member couldn't have been any longer than her middle finger and not much thicker than a regular hot dog.

She had expected more. He had used it awkwardly, jabbing all around her tight hole. Once inside her body he had taken about five quick strokes and then had cum and rolled over and gone to sleep quickly.

Now, a full year after that night Tammi found herself all alone. She shrugged her shoulders to no one in particular and pulled on a faded bathrobe. She sat down to watch a Christian show on the TV.



At the feed store the next day Tammi was ten minutes late. Her fat old boss leered at her as Mike let her out of the pickup truck and left. So, maybe she did wear her jeans a little too tight and didn't always wear a bra under her tight western-style shirts.

She tilted her SKOAL baseball cap back on her head and shook some horse shit off her fashionable slouch boots. "Darn it," she muttered, wrinkling her pert, freckled nose.

"Howdy, missus Buckner," her boss gave her a gaped-tooth grin.

"Howdy, mister Lane. Mighty fine day, doncha think?" she asked cheerfully.

"Mighty fine, mighty fine," the old man trailed off. She followed his gaze to her crotch where the seam and tucked up her vulva groove again. Tammi spun on her heels, her face glowing bright red, and strode purposely to her station at the cash register. When she was sure no one was watching she tugged the offending seam to its proper place. Tammi didn't really mind old man Lane. He was harmless enough. However, he should have more respect for the wife of the local Grand Dragon, she thought.

Moment's later Mr. Rogers came in for a load of oats for his horses. He brought that new colored kid he had hired to help on the farm with him. Clydewas his name, Tammi believed. He was about nineteen and about six-feet tall. He would have been handsome if he hadn't been colored, she had often thought.

As he loaded the heavy bags of oats onto Rogers' old flat bed Tammi could see the muscles bulging under his tank top. Rogers wandered off to gossip with the fellers down at the barbershop, leaving Tammi alone with Clyde. She went out to the loading dock to watch and make sure Clyde didn't try and steal something.

She stood watching him, rocking back and forth on her heels, her hands stuffed in her back pockets. She noticed that every once in awhile Clyde looked at her on the sly, watching her heavy breasts as they shook with her movement. Tammi didn't really know why, but at that moment she decided to gather her long blond hair into a ponytail. With her elbows up her tits jogged on her chest, her fat nipples clearly evident.

"What you lookin' at there, boy?" Tammi asked.

Clyde quickly averted his eyes. "N-nuthin', miss Tammi!"

Tammi smiled at his fear of her. She moved closer so that her crotch was only inches from his wooly head. Tammi recalled her grandpa's story and she stole a glance at the boy's trousers. Sure enough, there was a very respectable bulge in the boy's jeans. In spite of herself Tammi felt her clitoris elongating, her pussy lips spreading. She could feel her nipples tightening under the thin material of her shirt.

"You ain't from 'round heah, are ya, boy?" she asked in a not-unfriendly tone.

"No ma'am. I se from Jefferson County," she said proudly.

Tammi squatted on the loading dock, causing her jeans to define her womanhood clearly. She picked up a piece of straw and chewed on it. Clyde turned to grab another sack of oats and was face-to-face with Tammi's cleavage and blue-jeaned mons. He could see the freckles on the tops of her boobs and he thought that she must have undone a couple of buttons while he wasn't looking. He could feel his cock fattening, creeping down his pants leg and he wished he had worn some tight underwear that morning.

Tammi noted this cocks growth with widening eyes.

He glanced at her face and saw her sucking on the piece of straw.

"You lazy nigger!" bellowed Mr. Rogers. "You ain't got this oat loaded up yet?"

Tammi stood so quickly she felt dizzy. She turned her back to Mr. Rogers and rebuttoned the top two buttons of her shirt. She walked with deliberation back inside the feed store.

After Rogers had left Mr. Lane asked Tammi for the sales slip for Rogers' oats.

"I'm sorry, mister Lane. I plumb forgot t' get him to sign it," Tammi apologized.

"Dagnabit! I gotta do the books today and I need it. Take my truck up to the Rogers' place and fetch it, won'tcha?"



Tammi bounced the old truck down the rutted road to the Rogers' farm. Her heavy tits bounced up and down on her thin chest painfully, but the motion of the truck was a welcomed stimulation to her yawning woman. By the time she had reached his backwoods farm she was near climax.

Tammi stopped near the old slave quarters, where she thought Clyde probably lived. But there was no one home. The farm seemed deserted. Even the main house was empty of life. Tammi strolled down to the creek, humming a gospel tune to herself and kicking an old can ahead of her. When she heard some splashing in the creek she became quiet and continued to walk down to the waters edge.

Standing behind a growth of cat tails Tammi saw what she recognized as Clyde's clothing spread out on a huckleberry bush. She squatted down and watched.

Clyde was bathing himself in the clear, cold water. He was lathering up with a bar of laundry soap. She marveled at his musculature and his chocolate-brown skin. She had never seen a black man with his shirt off and she giggled silently at the small peppercorn curls of hair on his chest.

Then Clyde stood up in the thigh-deep pool and began to lather up his groin.

Tammi's breath caught in her throat. Clyde's dong flopped lazily as he washed. It had to be as long as a donkey's dick, Tammi gasped. It was black as tar, except for a small part of the pink tip that stuck out from his foreskin. His balls were the size of small lemons and they hung low and heavy, sort of like a Brahma bull's.

Clyde was staring off in the distance, obviously thinking of something he had seen or heard in the past. Slowly, barely perceptibly, his cock began to swell and straighten. His washing motion became a stroking motion and his eyes rolled up into his head.

Tammi couldn't believe her eyes. This black boy was abusing himself with her watching! She should turn and run screaming, like any good white women would. But she was mesmerized by the sound of his fist as it worked his now-hard pork sword at the base of his belly. With his other hand he cupped and lifted his swinging balls.

Without conscious intent Tammi let the fingers of one hand play over the material

covering her crotch. With her other hand she pinched a fat nipple through the material of her shirt.

Clyde began to sway his hips in a circular motion, moving to some primitive jungle beat in his head. His fist was a frothy blur on his cock and he began to hum a tune (Tammi thought it was "Kumbiya" or something).

Tammi's own stroking became more frenzied and her hips moved forward and back in a mock humping motion. She sucked in her breath between clenched teeth and felt a drop of sweat meandering down the hollow of her back.

Suddenly, a twig beneath Tammi's boot snapped. Tammi froze and watched Clyde. He was in a crouch in the water, like a leopard ready to strike. A leopard with a massive hard on. His trained eyes scanned the riverbank until he caught a flash of gold just over a bunch of cat tails. He ran to the spot as quick as the water and his bobbing cock would let him.

Tammi fell to her hands and knees and scramble away from the creek. She crawled like a lizard until she came to a set of wet, black feet in front of her. She slowly raised her head and found herself eye to eye with an angry, throbbing black cock. Soapy foam still dripped from its length, and she could almost feel it throbbing in the still midday air.

Clyde let out a hearty laugh. "Well, I done seen everythang now! A Klanswoman spying on a poor black boy as he washes his johnson! What this world comin' too anyway?!"

Tammi stuttered. "I t ain't like that! I wus jist coming down heah t' see if old man Rogers was 'bout. 'Cept I saw you taking a bath and I tried t' get out of heah afore you seen me."

To her amazement, Clyde slowly reached down and began to leisurely stroke his monstrous organ again. A milky drop of pre-cum formed at the eyelet. "Take off that shirt, lady. I wanta see them big-ol' tits," he commanded in a voice Tammi had never heard a black man use to any white person before.

Meekly, and not wholly unwillingly, Tammi unbuttoned and slid her shirt off her shoulders.

Clyde sucked in his breath nosily. "Gawd damn! Them's the finest set of udders I se evah seen! You're man is one lucky cracker!"

Taking his statement as a compliment, Tammi pulled her shoulders back and arched her back, causing her mammaries to jut out proudly. A bottlefly landed on one hard nipple but she blew it away. Tammi cupped her breasts in her hands and began to mash them around on her chest, enjoying the feeling of showing herself to someone like

this.

"That's it! That's what I se likes t' see!" Clyde hissed his approval and he picked up the pace of his cock stroking.

The size of him, and the coal blackness of his cock fascinated Tammi. Finally she screwed up her courage and asked, "Can I ...touch it?"

Clyde smiled his approval and Tammi reached out tentatively. She left her fingertips play along it's length, feeling its heat, its hardness. It felt like a tightly packed sausage to the blond woman.

She tried to close her fingers around its girth but could not. She began to stroke his dong, trying hard to match the motion of Clyde's hand. She felt the loose outer skin folds and creases under her fingers as she moved them back and forth.

"Put it in yo' mouth, girl!" Clyde almost pleaded.

Tammi was instantly angry, how dare this nigger say somethin lik that to her! She'd never done such a base thing before as use her mouth; not even on her husband.

But as she watched this black man's huge cock glistening in the sun for some reason the young Klan's woman forgot herself and she didn't hesitate. She opened her mouth to a painful degree and placed the head at her stretched lips.

She let her tongue play with the slimy head of his cock and she tasted its saltiness. It was like ambrosia to the wanton woman. Try as she might she could not get the swollen head past her teeth. Instead she jacked his wondrous tool off into her mouth, tasting the gooey pre-cum that oozed out of its tip in increasing volume.

Tammi felt no shame. Her own brothers had buggered sheep when they were pre-teens. What she was doing with this black buck was no different, she reasoned. She had once jacked off a colt in her family barn when she was a teenager herself, marveling at the amount of ejaculate the young stallion had produced from his pulsating organ.

She would jack this boy off the same way and see if his horse-sized equipment would spew as much white seed as did that colt.

"Stand up, woman," Clyde groaned.

Tammi rose to her feet slowly. Her legs had fallen asleep and she was unsteady. Then, to her surprise, Clyde kissed her full on the mouth. His large, meaty lips felt foreign to Tammi. He slid a thick, stiff tongue into her mouth and played with her tongue there.

Tammi continued to jack his pecker, which was now pointed upwards and leaving trails of pecker snot on her hot tits.

Clyde reached down to her narrow waist and undid the western belt and then unbuttoned the fly of her jeans.

Tammi pulled away slightly. This was going too far! Playing with this buck's cock was one thing, but once he got her knickers off her -- they'd be no stopping him. That's the way these blacks are, she had heard.

Clyde put both of his wide hands on her shapely ass and pulled her hips to his. She could feel his swollen nut sack against her belly.

"No, boy. This has gone far enough!" she said without conviction.

"C'mon, missy! You don't want to miss the fireworks, do ya?"

"White women aren't built to handle a black man's organ...in their bodies. I t ain't natural." She said.

Clyde laughed deeply at this. "Shoot. I gotta tell that to all the whitewomen I been fuckin' regular over the last year!"

"You been with a white woman, like that?" Tammi was incredulous.

"You know Reverend Smithy's gal, Pearly Mae?" he asked with a broad, white toothed grin.

"You NEVAH! Why, I went to school with Pearly Mae! She ain't no bigger'n me..."

"'Xactly! You nevah knows what you can handle till you tries. I been tappin' that miss Pearly Mae when her daddy be comin' out here to talk with the Rogers. She tells 'em that she's goin' down to the barn t' see the baby goats but she be comin' down to see this heah Jackson County mud snake instead!"

Tammi stood dumbfounded and did not resist while Clyde pulled down her tight jeans. Then her flimsy lace panties.

"Oooee! Lookit dat lit' cooter!" Clyde clapped in hands in undisguised glee.

Tammi smiled demurely.

Clyde dropped to his knees, his obscenely large cock bobbing up and down from his crotch and his low-slung balls resting on the ground. He spread her light pink pussy lips and expertly lapped at her erect clit with his rough tongue.

Tammi had never had a man use his mouth on her before and the effect was electrifying. Her knees went weak and she had to support herself by placing her hands on top of his wooly head. She tilted her head back and moaned unabashedly. Her hips involuntarily pushed her pussy hard against his busy mouth and she humped his face like a puppy in heat. Her orgasm took her totally by surprise. Her body began to shake violently and she wrapped her arms around his head and ground her cunt into his face in a machine-like fashion.

"Oh yeah oh yeah oh yeah..." she hissed.

When the waves of bliss had passed over the heaving blond racist, she relaxed and fell onto the ground on her back. She looked between her bent knees at Clyde, who was leisurely stroking his cock to maximum hardness. It still looked too large to ever enter her beautiful, Christian body, but she was willing to try to accommodate the animal organ. Heck, at that point she'd of fucked a German Shepherd without so much as a second thought!

Clyde leaned forward, placing one palm on the red clay soil near the twitching girl's shoulder. He positioned his strong black body over the small golden one prostrate on the ground beneath him. The other hand was at the tip of his turgid tool, guiding it between the delicate folds of her moist womanhood.

Tammi reached up and pinched his hard little nipples and ran her hands over his rippling chest, arms and dimpled belly. When the thick head of his cock entered her honey pot she gasped and her body lurched. It hurt, but it hurt good!

"Now, ya take it slow, y'heah?" she pleaded, her full lower lip quivering.

"I sho'nuf will. I se knows how yo' lil' white gals can't take a whole black johnson the first time, gen'ry speakin'," Clyde said knowingly.

He eased the massive head into her snug vagina, past the stretched pussy lips. Tammi, watching his cock sinking into her cunt from between her up-turned thighs, marveled at the miracle of nature that allowed a giant cock to enter a woman's tight void without tearing it all to pieces. Her gizmo was actually stretching, molding itself to accommodate this pro-digious invader. While it still stung it felt so good too!

The friction was mind searing. Clyde was having a problem holding back his climax. The tightness of Tammi's sweet, young cunt was making his balls boil over. And he wasn't even halfway up her puss! He could feel her twat squeezing his manhood like a giant, wet fist, massaging it.

Millions of years of evolution had taught her pussy to maximize the moment, to force whatever man who could please her to cum deep in her belly and therefore guarantee

the survival of the species. Her hips rotated involuntarily, working back and forth and all the while milking the huge tool that plumbed the heretofore unexplored depths of her lovenest.

He looked at Tammi's face and saw her eyes glazed, her open-mouth breathing, her tongue darting in and out in time with his thrusts, as if there wasn't enough room in her lithe body for both his cock and her tongue.

With great difficulty and sensitivity Clyde managed to force half of his horse cock into Tammi's little quim before hitting bottom. The pivoting of his hips caused his heavy balls to swing like pendulums beneath his crotch.

Their orgasms took them both by surprise. Tammi felt Clyde's hard body tense, shudder, spittle flying from his lips and his eyes animal-like in their lust. His thrusts became urgent as his body went into overdrive in an effort to get his seed as deep as possible in her womb.

Tammi's head lolled from side to side, her heavy, sweaty breasts moving in circular fashion on her rib cage. Wave after countless wave of spasm swept over her body until, at last totally spent, she crossed and locked her heels over his canon-ball buns. At that moment her body resolved to never let this pleasure-giving man and his wondrous organ leave her body.

After what seemed like an hour Clyde tried to extricate himself from her hold. He felt her arms tighten around his neck and her legs clamp his hips.

"C'mon, lady. I se got chores t' do!" he said with a grin.

"I ain't nevah lettin' y' go, loverboy! That was cosmic! I t was holy! I se want more!" she said with a tone approaching reverence.

Finally relinquishing her hold, Clyde pulled his still-large, glistening cock from her reddened hole. The sudden void was painful to Tammi and she ground her knees together in an effort to close her cuntal orifice. Her swollen, abused pussy lips she tried to push back into place.

Slowly, quietly, with a sense of depression, the two gathered up their soiled clothing and dressed. Tammi found that he sexy skin-tight jeans now rubbed her pussy in an uncomfortable way and she tried to wear them lower on her tapered hips. Red clay caked her knees and elbows.

Gazing forlornly at the crushed grass caused by their thrashing Tammi said in a barely audible voice, "Am I gonna see ya again, boy?"

Clyde considered the question for a moment, then said, "Well, I se gonna be heah

helpin' the Rogers till the end o' summer. I se guess we kin see each other as offen as yo' wanna."

Tammi felt tears of joy well in her eyes and she wheeled about and threw her arms around Clyde's neck and kissed him hard on his fat lips.



When Tammi pulled to a stop in the gravel outside Mr. Lane's feed store she saw the old man sitting on a rocker in a shady part of the loading dock. With poorly disguised guilt she swung down from the high cab and approached him with her head hung, her thumbs hooked in her front pants pockets.

"Where in the Sam Hill have you been, girl? You been gone now near two hours!"

"I se lookin" fer mister Rogers on his farm yonder. I neveh did find him, though," she said, avoiding the old man's eyes.

"Your man came by heah whilst you was out. Sayd he's lost he's job at the garage. Sayd fer me t' send you right home when you showed up. Now, you geet home and tend t' your man, heah?"



Tammi saw Mikes truck parked askew outside their mobile home. She felt a knot in the pit of her stomach. The young woman tried to make herself look less freshly fucked, pulling the twigs from her hair and brushing the clay off her knees.

"Geet yo' ass in heah, Tammi!" came Mike's voice from inside the darkened trailer.

She could tell from his voice that he had been drinking hard liquor. She found him sitting in his ratty lounge chair, dressed in his KKK robes, a shotgun resting across his knees. He was pulling deeply from a mason jar of clear liquid.

"Oh, Mike! Mister Lane told me about your job! I se so sorry, dear!" she said.

"Nevah mind all that! Geet yo' robes on. We gotta meetin' tonight!" Mike said with a slur.

Tammi was tired and dirty, but she knew better than to argue with Mike when he was in this state. Forlornly, she went into the bedroom.

Tammi could smell sex on her jeans and decided to change before putting on the robe. She peeled her jeans off, Clyde's now dried spooge pulling on her pubic hairs like glue. She realized that she had lost her panties at some time during her frenzied lovemaking and worried that Mike might sometime ask where the expensive red lace panties were. She'd have to find a replacement pair to fool him as soon as possible, she thought.

"Watcha doin', standin' in heah nakid? At ah time like this! I s yous playin' wit' yerself, y' slut?"

Tammi wheeled about in fright. Her small hands automatically went to cover her public patch and her heavy tits.

"No! I se jist gettin' dressed like y' told me ta!" she offered weakly, her voice cracking with her fear.

Slowly, a crooked grin crept across Mikes flushed face. Her tosses the mason jar on top of a pile of dirty laundry and leaned his shotgun against the wall. He took Tammi by her shoulders and kissed her on the lips. The liquor in his mouth stung her pouty lips. Tammi tried to pull away but Mike's mechanic's grip was too strong.

"Mike, please, ahm not in the mood..." she pro- tested softly.

"Well, geet in dah mood, damnit!"

Mike's callused hand was on her womanhood, rubbing it roughly. Tammi panicked. If Mike noticed the dried cum on her quim he would kill her on the spot. If he knew it were a black man's cum he would do worse.

"You smell hotter'n asphalt in the summer, woman!" Mike said with approval. He was mistaking the smell of her earlier encounter with Clyde as the scent of her arousal.

"Yeah, I guess I do," she mumbled.

Mike roughly bent his naked wife over the bed and fumbled beneath his robe with his fly. Tammi felt his pathetic little penis, hard as rebar, poking around her cunt. She reached back between her legs and guided him into her warm pit.

"Sheet! You shor are wet!" Mike exclaimed gleefully, interpreting the slickness caused by her juice and Clyde's cum as her own natural lubrication. After a mere fifteen strokes Mike collapsed on her back and she knew that he had cum.

Tammi prayed silently her thanks that Mike hadn't figured out she was freshly fucked. Now, his own sexual activity would mask any earlier acts. Mike smiled to himself then looked at the rear of his still bent-over wife. He was shocked at how

splayed and ruddy his wife's formally light pink and compact set of puss lips were. He had better stop being so rough in his passion, he thought to himself, taking responsibility for the change.

Tammi was lost in thought, thinking of Clyde. She was relishing the light sting of the cool air of the bedroom on her wet cunt. She felt her pussy winking at the remembrance and finally stood up, hoping that her husband didn't take the noticeable twitching of her labia as ardor for another short-lived fuck with him. To her surprise, Mike was standing behind her with a devilish grin and holding out her ceremonial robes to her.

"Heah, babe. Put this heah on ovah yo' nakid body. Ah think it'd be a hoot fo' me t' know that you wuz nakid as a jay bird at ta meetin' tonight. I t'd be our lil' secret," he said.

"No, Mike. Someone'd notice. They'd see ma nipples or ma ankles or sometin", she protested.

"Naw. You wear them boots you's always wearin' and no one'll see yo ankles, an' I don' care if they see them teats....it'd make them envy me that I se got's the best lookin' cooter in the bunch!"

It was no use to argue with him when he was like this. Tammi grabbed the robe out of his outstretched hand and pulled it over her head. As she had suspected her erect nipples tinted the thin material. She pulled on her slouch boots and crumpled the pointed hat in her small fist and said, "C'mon, let git this ovah with!"



It was dark when Mike pulled the truck into the clearing that was the good-weather meeting place. A crowd of similarly attired men were standing around a large wooden cross that dominated the center of the hollow waiting for the arrival of the grand wizard. Mike pulled on his hat and flipped down the mask portion. Tammi did likewise.

The Buckner's greeted various other Klansmen they recognized by their size, build or mannerisms beneath the robes and masks. Tammi met with a small group of Klanswomen, a few with their children, also in robes, in tow.

"Goodness, Tammi, it's good ta see ya!" a heavily built older woman greeted the wife of the Grand Wizard. Are you an' Mike comin' by for dinner afta' church this Sunday?" asked another, smaller woman.

"Why, sure, Sibyl," Tammi replied distractedly. She noticed the eyes of the women

scanning the supple curves of her body and she knew that they knew she was naked under the robe. Her cheeks flushed bright red at her shame. Mike had mounted a small platform in front of the cross and, lit only by the torches carried by his cohorts, raised the wide, striped sleeves of his robe to hush the crowd.

"My brothers," he began, "most of y'll have heard that today Ah lost ma job down t' garage." A mummer of disgust and acknowledgement rose from the crowd.

"An' it twernt 'cause ah wasn't a good worker, neither. They be shuttin' down the garage due to the competition of that COLORED OWNED garage 'cross town!" The crowd was louder now, punctuated by a ripple of curses and an occasional spit of chaw.

"Now, the same damn thing kin happin' ta any of us. Whot we gonna do 'bout it?!" The crowd responded with a roar, "Kill 'em! Kill them niggers!"

Tammi looked at the blazing eyes of the people around her as if seeing them for the first time. They were alien, hateful, and animal-like. If only they all knew how good a black person can be, like how good a fucker her own Clyde was. Surely then they would accept the black man as an equal or, quite possibly, a superior!

Tammi thought that Clyde's cock was probably the equal to any three of the cocks of the assembled mass. The thought of Clyde's pleasure giving whopper, coupled with the chill of the night air, brought Tammi's pointed nipples to glass-cutting hardness. She tried to fold her arms over her chest to hide them but only managed to frame her heavy, large tits with her arms.

Mike went on, saying the same things he usually said at such meetings, until a rattling old pickup truck slid to a stop on the outskirts of the crowd. Tammi recognized the two men inside as unrobed Klansmen. Their faces were aglow with triumph.

"Brother Weldon and Jones: What causes you t' be late t' the meetin' and interrupt it so?" bellowed Mike, anger evident in his voice.

"Sheeit! Brother Buckner! We gotta present fer ya!" called Weldon. He and Jones went around to the back of the pickup bed and pulled a bound man to his feet.

Tammi's heart was in her throat--it was Clyde! She resisted her first impulse to run to his side. Clyde looked frightened, his eyes large and white, darting from side to side as looking for a friendly face. A trickle of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth and he had a large knot on his forehead. His tank-top shirt was ripped, displaying his rippled muscles.

"Bring the nigga forward!" commanded Mike from the platform. Clyde was lifted off his feet by the two rednecks and dragged over the grass to the foot of the platform. Tammi felt the tears welling in her wide eyes. Surely they were only going to scare

the poor boy and let him go. They had not had a proper lynching in her county since 1954, but they had never brought a captive black to one of the meetings before.

Mike hunkered down on the platform and looked at the prostrate black man. He spoke in an almost gentle, friendly voice. "You know who we are, boy?"

"Yessuh, I se knows. You be the Klan!" Clyde replied, his head bobbing like one of those statues you put in the rear window of your Ford.

Mike reached down and rubbed Clyde's short Afro paternally. "Well, yo' the one that I heard wuz lookin' at my wife at the feed store today. Y'know what we do 'round heah with niggers that lookit white women? D'ya, huh? We HANG 'EM!"

The crowd cheered and surged forward, grabbing the hapless black man with a dozen hands and hoisting him over their peaked hoods. Tammi felt her knees give way and would have fallen to the ground if she had not been swept along with the press of the crowd. The mob surged like a wave carrying Clyde like a Surfboard until it reached an old oak tree at the edge of the clearing.

Someone produced a hemp rope, which was thrown over a suitable limb. Clyde was wild with fear. He struggled and twisted against the ropes wrapped around his legs, arms and chest, but to no avail. A roughly made nose was shoved over his ducking head and he was hoisted onto the shoulders of two of the tallest Klans- men.

The mind is a strange thing. Different emotions can evoke different reactions. For reasons not fully understood Clyde's panic brought about an unexpected reaction. His fear cross-circuited in his brain and loosed a rush of testosterone. The result was a massive erection that tented his ripped, loose slacks.

"Gawddamn!" cried one Klansmen. "He's got a cock as big as a cotton mouth!"

There was rough masculine laughter at this. Some woman exclaimed, "My lawd!" Tammi felt her pussy swelling and moistening in spite of the situation. It was as if her body craved the huge cock now but had no empirical understanding of the circumstance. It was a primitive, animal reaction.

Mike tapped Clyde's trapped woody with the barrel of his shotgun. "Look at it! This fella wanted to stick that thang in our womanfolk! No gawd-fearing Christian woman could let somethin' like that into her delicate body! This heah is the dong of a savage! The weapon of Satan!"

Tammi could take no more. She stomped hard on Mike's instep with the heel of her boot. As he howled and hopped about she took his pump 12-gauge shotgun and loosed a round into the air over the head of the crowd. Training the muzzle on the mob and pulled off her pointed hat.

"Now y'all listen t'me!" she growled in her squeaky feminine voice. "Billy and Marky, you let that boy down now gentle-lyke."

"Shoot, missus Buckner, we weren't gonna hurt 'em. We wuz jist gonna scare 'em good fer lookin' at a white woman..."

Tammi cradled the butt of the shotgun in the crook of her arm, her finger still on the trigger, and gathered up the hem of her robe with her free hand. The crowd gasped as the torch light revealed her flat belly and the thick forest of blond pubic hair at the juncture of her legs.

"That boy did more'n lookit a white woman. He stuck that big black pole of his in my white pussy... an' Ah enjoyed it!"

An older Klanswoman fainted dead away. One fat man gripped his chest and had to be supported by the others. Mike had stopped hopping and was standing motionless, dumb struck.

"Mike, Ah hates t' do this to you, but this here colored boy made me feel things Ah nevah felt before. Ah don't think Ah could evah lay with a white man after being pronged by that there horse cock."

She flung off her robe and stood before the crowd in defiant nakedness. Billy and Marky had sat Clyde on his feet and had cut his bindings. He rushed to Tammi's side on wobbly legs, his erection snaking down one pant leg. Tammi and Clyde got into Mike's pickup while she kept the gun pointed at the motionless mob.

"Don't you try 'an' find me, Mike. You go an' find yerself a good woman who isn't too partic'lar about the size of a man's organ."

The pickup sped off in a cloud of red dust.



Tammi awoke the next morning in a motel in Indiana. They had stopped by her trailer, quickly gathered her belongings and had left town just ahead of a caravan of angry Klansmen. They had driven all night until they reached the Indiana state line and used what little cash they had to rent a motel room.

Too tired to fuck, the two had fallen asleep in each other's arms.

Now, feeling truly free for the first time in her life, Tammi sat up and stretched her naked body. She stared lovingly at Clyde's still hard cock. He had not lost his fear-

induced hard on all night. His face was serene in sleep, almost childlike. Tammi gently laid her head on his hard belly and silently worshipped his towering cock that pointed at the ceiling fan like an Atlas V rocket.

At last she could stand the longing in her cunt no longer. She rose on her knees and straddled the boy. Tilting his cock forward and aiming it at her lust-swollen twat.

She didn't want to wake him. She slowly, slowly slid down the ebony pole, resting the palms of her hands on his chest. She tilted her head back fully and closed her eyes, relishing the unbelievable ecstasy she felt in her vagina. She felt that her cunt was the center of the universe and all else was nonsense.



She slid down until his cock would fit no more, then pressed harder downward, trying to stretch her womb to take him all. She rose slowly, then sunk down, repeating the action over and over again. She had to bite her lower lip to keep from crying out with pleasure.

Clyde's hips began to rise and sink with her motion. His eyes fluttered then opened, her full, ripe breasts filling his vision. He spread his thighs to accommodate his swelling balls and felt her juice leaking down his throbbing cock.

Tammi opened her eyes when she felt his work-hardened hands cup her shapely ass, lifting her in time with her strokes. Tammi rose from her knees and placed her feet on either side of his waist, her elbows between her own knees, and picked up the pace of her movements. Clyde dug his heels into the mattress and began lifting his ass off the bed with each of Tammi's down strokes, meeting her cunt with a thrust that sent sparks to her brain.



Tammi would move her pelvis in a circular fashion on each down stroke and they both knew they were dangerously near an explosive climax. Clyde's big balls drew up in a tight knot against the base of his shiny cock and he could feel the cum churning through the tubes that lead to the head of his penis. Tammi's eyes were wide open and focused on eternity and, her tongue sticking out of her mouth. Their movements became ragged, uneven.



Suddenly, Clyde dug his heels in hard and lifted his ass, and Tammi, clean off the bed. He had to dig his fingers into her ass to hold her on his cock to keep her from flying over his head.

"Oh yass! Oh yass! Fuck me! Fuck me you lovely black nigger!!!!" Tammi wailed uncontrollably.

Each pulse of his spasming cock sent a full ounce of pecker snot deeper into her womb that she had ever felt. He began fucking her up and down so hard that her tits were swinging up and down and hitting her on her chin. It was like riding a bucking bronco and the girl had to lean forward, mashing her udders onto his chest and locking her arms around his thick neck to keep from being thrown off.



At last, they lay still, gasping for air, their sweat-slick bodies entwined. They fucked three more times that day before moving on to the west and to their new lives together.

It's okay to ***READ*** stories about unprotected sex with strangers. But it isn't okay to ***HAVE*** unprotected sex with strangers!! You only have one body per lifetime, so take good care of it.
