

# Getting Paid in a Public Porn Movie Booth 2

By JoeKid

(MM, oral, anal, racial epithets)  
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**READ THE STORY CODES BEFORE YOU READ THE STORY, AND IF YOU DON'T, DON'T BLAME ME IF YOUR FEELINGS GET HURT.**

*Author's Reminder: Don't forget that inquiring authors want to know -- what did you think? So when you're done, put your fingers to a dried-off, cleaned-up keyboard and start by typing: joeewing45@yahoo.com.*

**DISCLAIMER:** This is a fucking fantasy. A fantasy about fucking...among other things. It never happened. Not really likely to happen in the real world, either, given the prevalence of the thought police. But still...wank on. Read on.

**IMPORTANT NOTE:** Classic Rider recently posted a story called "Getting Paid in a Public Porn Movie Booth" to alt.sex.stories.moderated and several other newsgroups. It's about an older black teen who gets used by an old fat white man in a porn movie booth, fucked in the face, fucked in the mouth, mentally abused. A HOT story. And just one of many he's written over the last few years that are very conducive to a good jackoff session. For some reason, almost as soon as I finished it, I started writing a continuation of the story, picking it up from the moment the first story ended. CR has approved my doing so, and thus the title you see. You can find his stories by going to [www.asstr.org](http://www.asstr.org). Click Enter Web Site. In the search box, enter "classic rider" (*with* quote marks) and that should provide you with links to all of his hot, hot stories. If you have trouble, email me and I'll try to help.

## GETTING PAID IN A PUBLIC PORN MOVIE BOOTH 2

I couldn't believe how hard I was.

Yeah, I'd had hardons in this place before. Gotten stiff from the smells of the place, the cigar and cigarette smoke, the shit-covered condoms and dried or even fairly fresh piss, the disinfectant that fought a losing battle. Though I didn't want to admit to myself that the scent was a turn on. That would make me almost as sick as this place. But I was. Sick and turned on.

My boyfriend was at home. Jesus. A hot Mexican stud with a fat uncut eight-inch prick who gave me all the sex I could want. Who loved having my thin cut seven or so

inches rammed into his hole or down his throat. Who loved doing the same to me, moaning how hot it was to watch his deep brown meat sliding into my skinny white ass. Who thought I was still at work. Who'd never understand why I was here, why I'd been here before, why I fucking *needed* to be here, or in the back rows of the Adonis, or this one remote toilet in the park, or in the bushes there.

Hell, last winter with snow on the ground, the trees and bushes bare and stark, the sky thick with grey clouds, the air biting in your lungs when you inhaled, I'd *cruised* that fucking park. And wound up on my knees, my pants just far enough down to uncover my hole, bent over a log while a man older than the one I'd just watched, fucking hell, old enough to be my own granddad, slipped a condom on his cock, spit lubed it and shoved it up my ass, hard and fast. Fucked me the same way, telling me how much he liked college boy cunt (though I'm almost ten years past that graduation), out there in the fucking open air, where the police helicopter could have come by and seen us, where anyone walking by could have seen us. Could have seen the old man pounding my butt, his veined cock sticking straight out of his jeans since he hadn't bothered, hadn't needed, to undress any more. Could have seen him ram home one last time and collapse on top of me, shuddering as he pumped the condom full. Could have seen him pull out, pull the condom off, and dump the contents on the crack of my ass, the momentary heat from his cum seeming to burn as it slid down my cheeks, down toward my hole. Could have seen him get up, cover up, zip up, and leave, while I braced myself with my left hand on the ground on the other side of the log, my gloved right hand jacking furiously until I splattered the bark with my cum. Could have seen me take off my glove and clean my ass with my bare hand, wiping the cold cum on the cold snow, so I wouldn't have someone else's cum to explain to Jesus.

Christ, I was sick. I needed help. Knew I'd never get it. Knew I *needed* public sex more. Needed to be in places like this, sometimes fucking, being fucked, sometimes sucking, being sucked, sometimes just being one of the perverts who got off by watching and jacking. Yeah, despite all my fears, despite being raised to be so fucking polite that I actually didn't want to disturb the "privacy" of two guys having sex in a porn movie booth with no door, I'd done it today, just as I had before, would again. Even though they hadn't known I was peeking around the edge, watching, too chicken to just stand openly in the hall, or even in the place where a door used to be, should have been.

Only...fuck...this time was different from all the times before. From *every* cocksucking ass fucking time before.

I knew exactly why it was different. Would have preferred not to know, or be able to deny it, to convince both my heads that it wasn't what it was. But fuck. Light bulb going on over my head? Lightning strike? Whatever-the-fuck. As the white man ambled down the aisle and left I knew. He was a racial bigot, a white supremacist in attitude if not in organizational membership, a man who would demean and defile another man, a teen, just because of the color of his skin. He was everything I was raised to hate, to oppose.

He was me.

'Course, maybe he was just role playing, getting his rocks off on the power trip. But the boy he'd paid to suck him, the boy whose ass he'd fucked, didn't seem to think so from the expressions I'd seen in the flickering light of the now-dark video screen. So maybe I was just thinking about role playing, too. Maybe *that* was why I'd been leaking a steady stream of precum throughout the whole suck/fuck scene, getting my underwear so wet and sticky it almost soaked through to my slacks. Just role playing. Yeah. That was it. Getting off on acting out a fantasy scene.

Maybe.

And maybe...fuck!...not.

But there was only one way to know for sure, since I didn't know when, if ever, I'd get another chance. Fuck, didn't know if I'd even *try* to get another chance.

I stepped into the entrance to the video booth. The boy was still curled there on the wide bench, eyes closed. The two tens that fat man had tossed at him were still beside him. I stepped into the booth, crossed over to the cushioned bench, my stomach turning at the thought of what was making the floor so sticky, clinging to the soles of my dress shoes, making that slight noise when I lifted my foot to take the next step, my dick twitching and oozing at the same thought. He must have heard the noise and opened his eyes, gleaming in the dim ceiling light that barely illuminated the booth, maybe with unshed tears? But he didn't react quick enough. He didn't prevent me from bending over, grabbing the twenty bucks, straightening and stepping just a little back.

His mouth dropped open. My cock spat precum. Fucking Christ what a sight. The scalding white of his teeth, the hot pinks and reds of his tongue and the inside of his mouth against the black thickness of his lips. A moist, perfect, *cocksucker's* hole.

“He overpaid you, homeboy.”

Dismay and perhaps a little flicker of anger flashed across his face as I folded the bills, put them in my shirt pocket. He glanced up, then down as he struggled to sit upright, his baggy jeans and candy-striped boxers down around his large, trainers-clad, sockless feet. Huge fucking feet, like maybe the rest of him hadn't grown into them yet. Another glance up again, a fleeting glare, trying to decide whether he could attack, maybe rough me up, get his twenty bucks back. Then down, pausing just a moment at the wet spot, at the obvious hardon bulge in my own jeans, realizing how fucking awkward he'd be if he tried anything with his ankles hobbled by his clothes. Realizing what my hardon meant.

“Stay.” Hard. Firm. Just like telling my Dobie not to move. He stayed while I took the steps to feed a couple of fives into the slot, quickly sorted through the choices, found a gay fuck film that was just right...a big black m—well, fuck, a big nigger with a big fucking hardon, getting sucked by a smaller, younger white guy. A hundred eighty degrees from what just happened to him with the old, fat white man. A hundred eighty degrees from what he was probably just now figuring out was fucking *about* to happen to him with the younger-than-the-just-left-fucker, swimmer's-build white guy.

I moved back in front of him, able to see him much better in the light sprayed out into the booth by the video.

“Spread your knees, nigger. I wanna see what I'm buyin'.”

Christ! Where the fuck did that come from? Apparently out of my own fucking mind. Who knew?

He hesitated, then slumped just a little, and did what he was told.

“Good boy.”

Always praise an animal when he does well. It reinforces the training.

He was young and lean, deliciously dark, incredibly wide mouth beneath a wide, flat nose, muscled belly, no treasure trail but thick kinky hair around a long slender

uncut cock that looked just a little hard, with part of a bright red cock head peeking out from the skin. Seventeen, eighteen. Fuck, maybe even sixteen but still looking old enough to get in here to work the booths for some bucks. What the fuck do I know about guessing a nigger boy's age.

"Look at me, homie."

He did. His eyes were wide and scared.

"You a fag-boy, boy? Suckin' dick on the downlow, gettin' your pussy punched by any dick you can find?"

"I ain't no fag."

"Aight." I stretched the word out, my tone mocking the nigger-speak, mocking him, taunting him with my disbelief.

Fear in his eyes, and resentment now for the unjust accusation. "Ah jes' be doin' it foh de money." But his eyes slid away from me as he said it.

"You're a cheap ho."

Snap! Eyes up. Nearly a glare. "I ain't no ho!"

My laugh was soft, mocking still, a little vicious. Christ I was a fucking bastard. Who knew? Jesus didn't. I sure the fuck didn't. Until now. And I sure the fuck liked me right now.

"Yeah, jungle boy, you are." I pulled the two tens out of my pocket, waved them at him to make my point, put them back. "Street ho makes more'n ten bucks for givin' a blowjob in a car or an alley, definitely more for her pussy, unless she's some skank a man's gotta be blue-balled to even look at. Shit, man, you're some goddamn skanky bitch if all you're worth is a dime for your mouth 'n a dime for your pussy."

"He promised me more."

"Aight." The word from a white man's mouth sent a ripple of resentment across his face, especially since it sounded in both our heads like I was saying "liar." "So, what're your rates? Maybe I'll pay you."

"Twenny fo' a blowjob, thirty fo' a fuck."

“Okay. Better. But you’re still selling your holes pretty cheap.”

“Ain’t mah holes I was sellin’! It was his!”

“So you wanted the fat old white guy to pay you so you could fuck his mouth or fuck his ass?”

“Yeah.” Sullen. Still not looking at me.

“So is it true?”

“Huh? Wha’?” I almost laughed. Poor confused nigger boy, looking up at me, then away, then up again, like one of those bobble-headed toys for a dashboard.

“Nigger dicks. Is it true they’re really big? You got a big fat long nigger dick?”

Resentment at the word, still. Smugness...just a little. Rebuilt self-confidence...just a little. He was gonna get him some honky mouth pussy or ass pussy. Get paid to get his rocks off. “Yeah, man, ah gots me a real fine piece ah meat.”

“Show me.” Not a request. An order. He reached between his legs, lifted up his meat, started a slow jacking. A tiny little smirk on those fat lips as I sat next to him and watched his dick rise. A tiny gasp of pain when I reached over with my right hand and twisted his right tit. Hard. His thickening cock leaped an inch. Two. Fuck! Jesus liked his tits played with, but I’d never dared grab them that hard. At least...not before today.

Damn. He wasn’t a liar. At least not about his cock. I’d never seen a cock that big. Not in real life. Porn pics, porn movies, yeah. But this was the fuckin’ real thing. No ruler, but he had to be at least two inches longer than Jesus, and my guy was a definite eight inches. I’d measured the first time he was gonna plow my ass. Thicker, too. Foreskin pulled back to show a bright red, arrow-shaped head, shiny, wet, smelling of cock cheese. Type of dick head to trick your ass into thinking it was going to be easy to slide it up inside you.

I reached out to hold it, stroke it, smear the leaking precum over the head. A visible smug smile seen out of the corner of my eyes. I didn’t bother trying to hide my wondering whether I could deep throat his prick. I’d learned to deep throat Jesus, but could I really get those extra couple of inches inside me?

I holy shit Batman! could.

Not easily, but goddamn I sure the fuck managed it, controlling my gag reflex, barely managing to get enough oxygen through my nose, which was buried in his sweaty, raunchy pubes. As I slowly raised my head, easing the cock head and a bunch of inches out of my throat, and then back down again, I used my left hand to roam his chest, worm under the wife-beater, play with his small stiff tits, while my right hand fondled his balls and his taint. Unconsciously he slid down a little further, bringing his cum-filled asshole to the edge, making his no longer virgin pussy, if indeed it had been virgin before the fat guy plowed him, available to my fingers. He twitched when I slid two of my fingers into his slimy cunt, then three, grunting but not fighting it, enjoying the white cocksucker swallowing all of his nigger meat too much to worry about the invasion of his hole.

But all good things must come to an end, especially when you're being a prick tease to a nigger rent boy. I slid my mouth slowly off his cock, leaving it straight up, shiny wet, leaking steadily. Sat up. Offered him my three slimy fingers, moist with a white man's cum, his nigger ass juices, splendidly smelly. Told him to suck if he wanted to earn the rest of his money, maybe more. So desperate. So *fucking* desperate. Wondered briefly why, what made him degrade himself this way, surrender his self this way. Decided who the fuck cared, I didn't. Cared only if he was going to continue the downward slide into complete submission. The slide I was going to make faster, deeper.

Wondered briefly, too, *very* briefly, where the fuck all this was coming from, where it had been buried, how I could feel this way, act this way. Decided I didn't care.

"Lick 'em, boy. Suck 'em into that slut ho mouth." I held the wet fingers steady, forcing him to lean forward if he was going to do what he was told. He did. That big, hot pink tongue slipped out of his mouth, lapped at the tip of my fuck finger, then back inside as if he were taste-testing his own pussy. Finding it not so unpleasant that he'd tell me to fuck off, and pull his pants up and leave, walking away from the pitiful pair of bills in my pocket, from the promise of more. He leaned forward again, and that wide, wide mouth slowly took in all three fingers down to the ends. His tongue lapped and licked, his saliva juicing up my fingers even more, as he slid away and then back down again.

I told him to open my black slacks, and he fumbled with the belt buckle, the zipper, finally tugging slacks and boxer briefs down over my hips and letting my sticky meat pop out. I stopped him when he tried to shove them down farther than just below

my ass. I stroked my cock with my left hand, smeared some of the precum around the piss slit, while I tucked the index and middle fingers under the fuck-you finger to make a nice triangle to finger fuck his face.

I pulled my spit-slimered fingers out of his mouth cunt. “On your knees, nigger.” He didn’t want to. Who would? But he’d been there before, not so long ago, and he could and would do it now. On his knees in the dirt, the dried and not-so-dried cum, and piss, and sweat, and whatever else made that floor sticky, his face level with my cock, resignation in his eyes. I turned around, bent, thrusting my ass toward him, used my left hand to spread my cheeks a little, used my right hand to get my hairy hole wet, poking my fuck finger and then all three fingers in, sliding in and out a couple of times, enjoying the gasp I heard; enjoying the mental image of his eyes lighting with lust after a moment’s confusion. Fuck yes, he was gonna fuck him some honky ass and get paid for it!

“Eat my hole, nigger.” The tiny sigh as he moved his head forward, slender dark hands on my cheeks, spreading them as wide as they would go before he buried his face in my hairy hole, told me he didn’t mind that word any more. It wasn’t a real word, a real thought, just a word game by a thirty-something white fag who need black dick in his man pussy and who was willing to pay to get it. Christ but home-boy had a long, thick tongue. And he’d either been doing this a lot or he suddenly found part of his true calling. He probably would have vehemently denied it, had I called him on the little whimper—the oh-fuck-I-love-this kind—when he inhaled deep, taking in the raw scents of a man who hadn’t bathed since five that morning, who’d had a busy day with a lot of calls, a lot of walking in the hot sun from parking space to appointment to parking space again and again, who was sweaty and raunchy and maybe hadn’t wiped as well as he should. He went crazy on my cunt, fucking me with his tongue as I relaxed my hole, braced myself with my left hand on my knee, and played with my dick.

He actually believed me when I started my own moans, telling him how fucking hot it was to have his tongue eating out my pussy, getting me all wet, turning me the fuck on, how I loved having my cunt played with, telling him to tongue fuck me hard and deep, to get me ready to shove his big fat nigger dick in my white pussy. Hell, I almost believed it myself. The asshole behind me was *still* believing it, stroking that big leaking meat of his almost frantically, eating me out, when I pulled my ass away from him, straightened up, turned around, looked down at his wet face, his wide open mouth



gasping for air. Still believing for just the split second more that it took me to grab hold of the sides of his head, right over his ears, pull him forward and bury my oh so aching dick in his mouth, and shove it back into his throat.

He choked and gagged and tried to squirm away, but I was holding on tight. And if he was honest with himself, which he sure the fuck wouldn't be right then, he wasn't struggling all that hard. I slid my red, wet dick out, letting him gasp in a breath and then slam fucked it back in again. And again. And again. I grabbed the back of his head, twisting his sideways ball cap, holding tight onto the do-rag and shoved his head into my pubes. Held him tight while I face fucked him long and hard and deep. He had no choice but to grab onto the backs of my thighs to keep his balance.

"Oh, fuckin' yeah, that's my boy. My good little nigger pussy boy, gettin' his mouth full of white cock again, learnin' how to be a good coon rent boy. Gonna blow my white fuck slop down your nigger cunt throat, boy. Fuck, fuck, fuckfuckFUCK!" And with that cry, a defiant who-the-fuck-cares-if-you-hear-me-cum shout to whoever else was fucking and sucking in the booths, I kept my word and pumped load after load of hot, bleach-smelling, thick spoooge down his throat. He gagged, and choked, and tried harder to get away, but still didn't bite my dick, didn't do anything to *force* me and my dick to get back but gulped and gasped and slobbered and swallowed every fucking precious drop of my seed. When I was fucking done, was when I moved back.

He sank back on his haunches, panting, inhaling gulps of air before calming down. Even with the thickness of his fat jungle bunny lips you could tell they were swollen, just like, well, just liked he'd been royally face fucked only moments before. His eyes were shut. I don't think he realized his left hand was still resting on the back of my right thigh, down near my knee. Or that his monster meat was standing straight and tall from his really hairy bush. He had a couple of bright white globs of cum that had escaped his mouth.

I used my thumb to scrape them up. He opened his eyes, saw my thumb with the glistening remains of my cum and without an order he sucked my thumb into his mouth, slurping off my cum, laving it with this fat tongue to clean it off. I withdrew my thumb, thrust my hips just a bit, and tapped his partially-open lips with my slimy knob end. He looked dismayed.

My cock was still hard. Yeah, even at the advanced age of thirty-one-in-three-days, I could still cum and cum well a couple of times a night. But I normally needed some recharge time before round two. So did Jesus. But this...fuck me Jesus (the other pronunciation), I was ready to go again! I just emptied my balls, and from some unknown fuck juice reservoir, they got filled right up again. Damn but I liked this. Damn did pussy boy have a right to be dismayed.

“Get up, nigger.” Cold, hard, don’t-fuck-with-me-boy hard.

He started to get up, lost his balance, windmilled his arms and made it upright. He bent slightly, reached out as if to brush off whatever was stuck to his knees. I stopped him. A nigger ho doesn’t need clean knees, just ones that work. Besides, he was just going to get his knees wet and dirty again in a few minutes anyway. He just didn’t know it.

“Strip.”

He started tugging the wife-beater over his head, realized that wouldn’t work with the sideways ball cap, pulled the cap off, set it on the padded bench, and then put the damned thing back on again! Sideways. Then looked at me, naked from shoulders to the boxers and jeans around his ankles, and stood there.

I sighed, nice and loud; followed it with a louder, harsher voice. “I don’t know enough nigger-speak to get the right words in your language, jungle boy, so we’ll try the language you never bothered to learn. Get your motherfucking shoes, your motherfucking jeans, your motherfucking boxers, and all your goddamned motherfucking clothes off right motherfucking now, you cheap little downlow nigger slut ho!”

He was actually shaking when he started to turn to sit down, but I stopped him again. “Just toe the shoes off, motherfucker, and step out of the clothes. And just leave them there. Your clothes don’t matter. Fuck, *you* don’t matter. Now, is your darkie cunt all lubed up and ready for my fat white cock? And don’t fuckin’ lie to me, bitch, ‘cause if your cunt is too dry and rubs my dick raw, you’re gonna fuckin’ get punished.”

“N...n...no.”

“Christ. No...fucking...what?”

“My...my ass isn’t lubed.”

“But you’ve got a recent big load of cum in your pussy, don’t you?”

“Y...yes.”

“So still-warm cum is lube, isn’t it? It oughta be enough, right?”

“Uh....” And then he was silent.

I gave him a moment. Then, “Do you see the leather belt I’m wearing? How wide it is? How thick?”

He gave me an almost sullen nod, with a great deal of nervousness in it.

“You think you’d like the feel of this belt, doubled over, whipping your naked coon ass?”

A side-to-side head shake, almost invisible.

“So, you stupid nigger fuck, what the fuck do you think you oughta do to be sure that *I* enjoy using your cunt?” He knew, I could see he knew, could see the rage at being forced to ask, to offer, rather than the mind-soothing alternative of being able to tell himself he was forced into it, had no choice. Although the rage was less now, far less than it had been when I peeked around the corner of this booth and found myself watching this boy learn his submissive role in the scheme of things.

“Ah needs...*I need* to get your dick wet.”

His language was devolving, doing a Darwin-in-reverse, going back to the nigger-speak he learned at his mammy’s titties. But still, I waited. Until he understood.

“With...with my spit, with...with my mouth.”

Gently, gently now, just a slight emphasis on the first word. “Axe me real nice.”

Barely a wince while something inside crumbled. “Please, suh, ah...ah needs to get yo dick wet so’s you can ‘njoy mah ass.”

“Axe me, coon.”

“Please lemme suck yo’ dick, ‘n get it all hard ‘n wet, suh.”

“AXE me, boy,” I said as I undid the heavy buckle on my belt and started to pull it out of the belt-loops.

“Suh, suh! Please, please shove yo big white cock in mah pussy-boy cunt, ‘n...’n fuck me hard.”

“Since you ‘axed’ so nicely—” my tone was definitely taunting, “I will. Soon as you get your motherfuckin’ body naked!”

He jumped at my raised voice. And lifted his hand to the ball cap. Maybe he thought if he had the cap and do-rag on he was still somehow, some way, wearing clothes, still the equal of the fully-dressed white man standing in front of him. Well, not *quite* fully-dressed. Although I’d pulled my boxers and slacks back up, and buckled my belt, my cock and balls were jutting out through the opening in the boxer briefs and through my fly—a kind of cotton cock ring. He sagged, removed the cap, dropped it on the bench. Repeated with the bright red and white rag, patterned not candy striped like his underwear. Completely naked now. Silent. Humiliated. Vulnerable. Scared.

And more than half fucking hard.

The rate of slide was getting greater.

I sat and gestured him toward my cock. He knelt in front of me, with only the tiniest of grimaces when his knees encountered something dirty or wet or sticky or all three. I let him work by himself this time, watching as he licked and slobbered and lapped and all but drooled thick spit until my cock was thoroughly coated with his mouth slime. I shoved him off my meat, told him to move over, bend over, brace himself on the bench. Made him move his feet into a wider stretch that got his nigger boy cunt into a better position, but also brought his bare, large feet into contact with even more of the floor.

He didn’t make a sound when I played with those taut, yes-indeed bubble butt cheeks. Squeezing them, spreading them open, and then shoving two fingers up his hole, hard. Just a grunt when I immediately repeated and speared into him with three fingers. I wondered if I was really only his second fuck, or whether some of the homies had been up there before me. Well, before me and the old man a little while ago.

I parted his cheeks, leaned down to spit several times on his only slightly open tight hole, spit on his back so his place in life was reinforced, then straightened, spread

his cheeks and nestled my piss slit right against his opening. And then slam-fucked into him, a balls deep rape stroke into his cunt.

He let out an agonized howl that he quickly cut off. The owners might be more than liberal about the cum being generated in the back, but if it got too noisy they had to act. Christ! his hole was so fucking hot, so goddamned fucking tight. So I pulled all the way out, rested my knob against his ass lips and slam-fucked him again, shoving him forward so he had to struggle to keep his balance, struggle to keep his head from slamming into the mirror that backed the bench. The mirror in which he could watch his nigger body, his nigger cunt getting used by a white man just like his coon ancestors had been used on plantations by their owns a century and more ago. The video flickered and went dark a couple of cock strokes later, made it more difficult for him to see his humiliation. Not good.

I pulled from his pussy, grabbed my wallet out of my pocket, removed a five dollar bill and shoved it, well, hell, gently fed it, into the machine. Managed to get the same nigger-white video again, but it didn't really matter what was on the screen any more. Just as long as it was gay if either of us happened to look over. I wouldn't. I'd make sure he had no need.

I eased back inside him, giving him just a little hope, setting him up. His head was down, his back sloping down toward the bench. A moment more and he'd be resting his weight on his forearms, his head on the seat, unable to see himself lose a large part of his self, fuck, maybe all of it for all I knew right then. Not good.

"Up, nigger. Back level. Look in the fucking mirror." He did what he was told, too slowly, but I'd deal with that resistance later. I kept up a slow, steady stroke. It had gotten warm, too warm. I'd left my jacket in the car, and didn't want the risk of losing my tie right then, pulling it loose, while I unbuttoned my shirt and spread it as wide as it could go.

I like watching sex. Others doing it. Me doing it. Fucking love mirror sex; loved looking at me in the mirror fucking, being fucked, whatever. Round face, thick eyebrows, an ordinary medium brown like my hair and eyes. A thick pelt of soft, soft, curly fur across my pecs and my big nipples, running down in a wide treasure trail past my starting-to-spread, but still fairly muscular belly. Shorter than my nigger, weighed a

bit more, much smaller dick, but what the mothafuck did any of that matter when I was white and he fucking wasn't.

“What do you see in the mirror, home boy?”

His eyes said he knew what I meant, said he didn't want to answer, knew that he would. And did. In just the right way. “Ah sees a white man fuckin' mah nigga boy...boy...boy pussy.”

“More than that, coon, more than that.” I started to increase the pace of my hips, letting the sound of my big balls slapping against his flesh sing out in the booth. “I fuckin' *own* you, rent boy. Your holes belong to me, you disgusting darkie thug, until I say you can have them back.”

I braced my hands on his shoulders to help with the leverage, notching up my fuck speed again. I kept my eyes on his, watching the emotions chase across his mind and his face, every thought and feeling raw and visible. Humiliation because he couldn't even keep control of the money he'd earned from giving up his virgin cunt; because he was being used again by a white man; because it was in public and he didn't know how many others might be watching now, just like his fucker had spied on him, on them, earlier. Pain because I was hurting his ass at first. Dismay that it wasn't hurting any more. Fear that he might even be enjoying it, just a little. Panic when he realized his dick was hard and leaking, swaying in time to my fuck-thrusts. Sheer terror when the first whimper of fuck-me-fuck-me lust slipped past his fat lips.

I let go of his shoulders, bent over him so my fur was touching his sweaty back, my belly was rubbing his ass, and my cock was plowing his cunt deep and hard. “I'm gonna breed my nigger bitch, boy, not just yet, but when I'm fuckin' good and ready. Gonna mark my property, too, so anybody who sees it knows you're just a pussy-boy ready to have his holes used.” Left arm around his belly, right arm across his chest, and holding onto his left shoulder, I bit into his neck where the soft flesh flows into the shoulder and back. Bit into a spot where he couldn't possibly claim, if any of his homies saw it, that it was something some girl had done. Only a man could have made the mark, only a man who was fucking him.

I distracted him from the pain of getting marked with a new pain, sliding my right hand down his chest, caressing his pecs gently, back and forth, then latching onto his left nipple with thumb and forefinger, and squeezing hard. A new gasp for the new

pain, another gasp at the realization that the pain had gone right to his cock, to his sex drive, had caused his cunt muscles to clamp on the invader deep inside, made him writhe and buck and thrust his pussy back towards me, urging me, silently urging me, to go deeper.

This new me, this hidden me found and outed, wanted more.

*“Look at me, bitch!”*

He opened his eyes. Looked in the mirror, looked at *us*. Shuddered. But kept his eyes on mine, seeing an arrogant older, hell, to him, maybe even *old*, white man’s face, no longer sleek-skinned and unwrinkled, chin tucked into his left collarbone, mouth parted, breathing heavily as the white meat thrust in and out of his pussy, using him, breeding him, hard eyes demanding that he watch and see and understand. Seeing his own face, shiny with sweat now, nearly unrecognizable in its lust, wide lips parted, panting, spit drooling from one side, pink tongue flopping, the same mouth that had gotten fucked so recently, the same mouth that had loved having white cock cramming into the throat beyond.

He knew. Not what he’d become, but what he’d been all along. Not a proud black man. Not an African-American who was the equal of anyone. Not an equal at all. Just a nigger. A nigger pussy boy. A nigger ho.

I pulled him upright, our legs bent so that I could fuck him standing. He couldn’t see my face any more, as my right cheek was resting on his shoulder. But he could see the white shirt sleeves, the white hands, roaming his naked chest and belly, touching, stroking, pinching, hurting, using him as if he had no voice, no say, no *right* to have a voice in what was done with his body.

I twisted his tits hard, hurting them, making him gasp loudly...and unconsciously thrust his pussy back into my groin, helping to bury my cock in his cunt. I raised my head, roughly pushed his forward so he had to brace himself against the mirror or get his face smashed in. His eyes widened as he took in my leering, sneering expression. I braced myself with my left hand on his shoulder and used my right to force his head down toward his chest. *“Look at your prick, nigger. It’s big and hard and dripping fuck slime like a goddamned faucet. That look to you like the meat of a straight man getting his ass raped?”*

I started sliding my cock in and out of his cunt a little faster. “Or maybe it’s more like the dick of a nigger cum slut ho boy, selling his pussy to any white man willing to use it as a cum dump. Wadda ya think, cunt?”

I yanked his head back up, pulling it back sharply. His face was panicked, and his eyes even more so as they met my glare in the mirror. He didn’t want to speak, a fact that was clear from his expression. He didn’t want to enjoy the dick thrusting even more rapidly in and out of his hole, another fact clear from his expression. And from his unwilling moan when I rolled my cock around inside the hot sheath of his cunt and rubbed his nut. I turned my glare to a wicked grin. “Tell me, nigger, you want the money your first trick today paid you?”

His probable “yes” turned into a grunt when I slammed my dick into him really hard.

“You want to earn some more from me?”

I’d let his head go and had my hands on his waist, gripping him tight enough he might even have bruises, though you’d be unlikely to see them. He just nodded.

“Then you probably ought to make me really, *really* enjoy this fuck, hmm, mothafucka?”

Another small nod. Dumb shit actually thought he wasn’t going to have to talk to me.

“Well, you dumb nigger fuck, if you want any fuckin’ money at all, you’re gonna talk me into it. You’re gonna tell me just how fuckin’ much you like being a white man’s nigger pussy whore, and especially *this* white man. You’re gonna talk dirty to me like you make your nigger bitches talk to you when you’re dicking them, ‘cause you’re *my* fuckin’ bitch now, and I want to hear what a trashy, no account slut you are. Make this the best fuckin’ cum I’ve ever had, cunt boy, or you’ve let both your holes get used twice today for not a fuckin’ dime. Talk, bitch, and look at me while you do!”

With that I used my right hand to slap his hip pretty damned hard. Despite age, and the start of a belly on my skinny frame, I’m a lot stronger than I look. He yelped, shut his eyes and bowed his head, likely intending it only for a second, but I wouldn’t let him get away with even that. I hit him harder. “You fuckin’ slut, look at me while I breed you.”



And he did. And he talked. Spewed every fucking obscenity he'd ever heard to tell me how low on life's fucking totem pole he was. Fuck, this nigger pussy boy was so low he was the carved face with the wide mouth and flat nose and fat lips that was buried beneath the ground to hold the rest of the pole up. He looked at me, and every word chipped away at what little was left of his old opinion of who and what he was. As Jesus knows, sometimes to his discomfort, sometimes even to the point of distress as I pound and pound his ass, my second cum is a *long* fucking time cumming if I want it to be.

I ripped into his cunt with all my strength. Slow strokes, fast, hip-pounding, straight in, twisting, rolling. And the poor nigger slut had to keep on talking as his hard leaking cock flopped back and forth and around, and then the talking got interspersed with grunts and moans and he started having trouble breathing. His voice got more ragged, he couldn't concentrate, and then suddenly he started fucking himself on my dick, working his cunt on my cock, building, building until with a loud groan his untouched nigger meat began spewing fuck juice all over the place, his cunt muscles clamping and releasing mine in time to his spurts.

I watched the look of dismay slide across his face as he realized I hadn't cum. That he wasn't going to get to relax like a real man does when he's finished cumming. He went on talking until he started to get hoarse. Got even more filthy and obscene when I told him if he jacked himself to another cum I'd breed him and seed his pussy with a white man's valuable cock juice. He started losing control again, gasping, almost hyper-ventilating, as he cried out, "Fuck yo' nigga's tight pussy! Fuck me hard, breed mah nigga cunt, please, please, oh fuck please!" and came. So did I.

I've had good cums in parks and toilets, sometimes great ones. Ditto with earlier boyfriends. Ditto with Jesus. But Christ, I'd never before spewed that much fuck slime for a second cum.

I lifted my head, opened my eyes. Grinned inside, but just nodded approvingly to see my nigger rent boy was still doing what he was told, still keeping his head up and looking at me in the mirror, even though his arms and legs were trembling with the need to collapse for just a little while.

I pulled my slimy meat out of his hole. Straightened. Grabbed his left shoulder to pull him upright, and then with a little pressure he got the message. I stepped back and

he went down on his knees again, grimacing as he looked at my surprisingly almost fully hard prick covered with my cum, the remains of the fat man's cum, and his own nigger pussy juices.

Couldn't blame him for the look. When he woke up that morning he probably thought he'd be hangin' with his homies, or whatever the fuck nigger-speak is for a day spent doing nothing useful, earning nothing, contributing nothing, and later on goin' to the adult bookstore, sneaking back into the booths, prowling for some white man to pay him for getting his nut. So he really hadn't done what well-trained nigger boy cunts did...douche his pussy before his white master uses it.

But he knew what he had to do. He cleaned my dick until it was bright and shiny. And at my command, used a couple of fingers on his cunt to fuck himself, get the fingers wet with that same slime, and clean his fingers, repeating it while I stuffed my dick back in my boxers, and zipped up again. As a gesture, to show how much I cared, I grabbed his do rag and used it to wipe up all of his cum splatters, and then had him bend over so I could wipe his ass clean. And made him put it on. The sideways hat, too. I let him sit on the bench.

I gave him back the twenty dollars and pulled out my wallet. I normally don't flash cash around, but had a lot right then. Like they say, his face fuckin' lit up when he saw the hundred dollar bill I started to pull out, then sagged when I slid it back. Dumb fucker. Like a white man is gonna pay a nigger a hundred bucks for taking what he's entitled to. He became more unhappy when I considered and decided against the fifty, and the twenties. And the tens. And the fives. I gave him two dollars, one for each of his holes. He barely kept himself from losing it, realizing finally where he stood.

"You think your cunt holes are worth more?"

A trick question if there ever was one. If he said yes, he'd be contradicting a white man, something no good nigger ever does. If he said no, he'd acknowledge the completeness of his degradation, he'd admit out loud that he was in fact just a nigger whose sole purpose in life was to be used if, when and how a white man wanted him. He surrendered...and shook his head no.

I nodded approvingly, and rubbed the slimy do-rag on his head. "You wanna make some more?"

Another nod.

“Okay. Here’s how it’s gonna work.” I gently pulled him off the bench, made him turn around and kneel on the floor, facing the bench. “I’m gonna see if there’s anyone else out there besides the manager. And I’m going to tell them all there’s a nigger rent boy waiting in this booth to get either or both of his pussies pounded. You get the best price you can for your holes until, oh, fuck, let’s say until the place closes tonight. Oh. It’s open 24/7, isn’t it?”

I smiled at the helpless look on his face. “Well, shit, until four a.m. then. That’ll take care of the bar closing crowd. The manager will keep your earnings so you don’t get tempted to lie when you come back tomorrow at six p.m. to meet me. And I’ll have enough cash so that you’ll earn another three bucks for every dollar that gets fucked into your holes until you leave.”

I sat down on the bench, raised him off his haunches, held his face gently, leaned in and kissed him. He froze for a moment and then just melted into it, letting me gently tongue his mouth as he hesitantly responded. Guess niggers don’t kiss much, just get down to the fucking. Well, sometimes when you’re training an animal, you have to be gentle with them, caring, even loving. With one hand I held the back of his head so he couldn’t just pull away, with my right, I caressed and tweaked his tits, and then stretched to fondle his balls, and tease his cock, and even slide two fingers back to play with his cunt. He moaned into my mouth, spreading his knees wide automatically to give his master easier access to his pussy.

I broke the kiss, shifted my hands so that they were holding his face, my thumb gently rubbing across those marvelously plump nigger lips. My voice was almost a caress, too. “You don’t have to, you know. You can just put on your clothes, take your money and walk out of here. And not come back tomorrow. But, see, I’ve fucked your pussy mouth, and bred your nigger cunt, and I kind of got the idea that you’re *my* nigger now. That you belong to me. That you wanna do whatever it takes to make *me* happy. That you’re not just willing to get fucked all night, you *want* it ‘cause I want it.”

I kissed him again. “Aight?” And smiled.

He smiled back, a little hesitantly, but still a smile. “Aight. I’se yo nigga pussy boy.”

Third kiss for the charm. When I let it end, I murmured so that no one else could hear if anyone had followed my example and spied on us, “And if you’re *really* good, and make me really, really fuckin’ happy, I’ll let you slide that long, fat nigger dick into *my* ass and fuck the shit outa me.”

You know that turnon thing where you clench your gut and your cock twitches and your hips thrust forward automatically? Sometimes with a whimper or a groan? That’s what my nigger did for me when he heard about his reward. Even rats trying to learn to run a maze get a reward at the end. And I figured getting my own greedy hole fucked by a cock that size would be my own reward, though it likely wouldn’t be any time soon. I was too looking forward to having my very own nigger to use.

I stood up. “Okay, nigger, get that fuckin’ ass in position. I’ll try to find someone who wants to use your cunts.”

“Yassuh.” He turned so he was facing the bench, leaned forward to cross his forearms on it and rest his head, and raised his hips, with his knees slightly spread, to create the most inviting pussy target possible.

I rubbed his cunt once more for luck and forced myself not to unzip and fuck him again. I paused at the door. “I’ll make arrangements with the manager about the money. Oh, and the manager and staff get to use your holes for free, as often as they like.”

“Yassuh!” I only found one man to tell him what was going on, but figured between him and the manager the word would spread, and continue to spread the rest of the hours and hours he was going to be here. As I walked up to the manager’s desk I realized I’d forgotten to tell my nigger about how the finances worked...about the 80-20 split. He probably didn’t realize that if he earned a hundred bucks from ten fucks, even with my \$300 match, after the split, he’d just keep eighty. And the next time I rented him out, *without* the matching funds grant, he’d only keep twenty cents on the dollar.

I stepped into the cool night air. Not too terribly late, though I knew Jesus was already thoroughly pissed because I hadn’t called. Jesus. Hmmm. My wonderful, brown-skinned fucking *wetback* boyfriend. Come to think of it, maybe I hadn’t been paying attention. Or maybe what just happened just woke me the fuck up. Those big cone tits on his hairy chest *are* fucking wired into his cock, and he moans really well when I play with his nips. I wondered if he’d just go fuckin’ crazy if I hurt his nips, like I’d

just done to my nigger, like my nigger did. Realized that his cums from fucking me or getting a blowjob from my talented mouth were never as, well, wild as when I was plowing his hole or fucking his face.

Fuck!

All sorts of images began flashing through my head. Skull-fucking him ruthlessly. Spearing his cunt with my white cock while I abused his nips. Teaching him his place. Training him to understand he belonged to me. Sure, a rung up from my nigger, but not all that fucking much. Oh, Christ, yeah, what a fuckin' idea. Introduce him to my nigger, let him use the coon cunt when I permitted it. Take him to the park and make him let strangers use him. Teach him to be a urinal. Take him to the same booth that I used tonight and spread the word that nigger cunt holes and spic cunt holes were available for the right price.

My gut clenched, and I groaned, and grabbed the full length of my steadily oozing cock through my pants, uncaring if anyone was around to see me. I let go to avoid cumming. I hurried to the car, and as I got in had another realization. Four strong cums in one day would be a record for me. Two already in my nigger; two more ahead of me in my wetback's holes. No fucking problem.

Like the preachers say, "Thank you, Jesus!"