

Prologue



In The Garden of Eden, Lucifer (the Devil) approached GOD on the Eighth Day and said, “O’ LORD Most High! Why do you stop after seven days of Creation?”

GOD replied, “I AM done. My work is complete.”

“But there’s still much to create,” the Devil injected.

“Like what?” GOD asked.

“Like cracking a joke on mankind.”

“Joke? What can be so funny?”

“Like the negro...” the Devil countered.

“Ahh, but that was no joke,” GOD corrected. “You messed that up. I allowed you to help me create Man, but you burned him to a cinder. He was so dark, almost unrecognizable.”

“That’s why I called the dark one ‘negro.’ But I compensated by giving him something special.”

“Like what?” GOD asked.

“I gave the negro a larger and superior sex organ,” the Devil replied. “Not just in size, but also strength, agility.”

“How would that help him?” GOD asked.

“Well, the woman would seek him out because he could please her sexually in more ways than Adam would be able to.”

“Alright,” GOD said. “But make sure he does not harm the woman or her descendants.”

“But... that’s what I want to talk to you about... about Eve,” the Devil said.

“What about Eve?” GOD was getting ruffled. “Haven’t you, as the serpent in The Garden, done enough misdeeds convincing Eve to eat the forbidden fruit?”

“No fruit this time. LORD Most High,” the Devil explained, “Just a naughty little Taboo. For her immense pleasure with the negro. I have this naughty parable in mind...”

Later (much later)

It was as if GOD in His infinite wisdom heeded the Devil and cracked a crude joke on mankind. He would create a monster of a penis, to mate with the deepest vagina, which could receive this beast without difficulty but with great pleasure. The color contrast was imperative — white versus black, and no composite color in between. So, should it be a white Adam with black Eve or the reverse?

GOD thought of the cruel injustice that African slaves would suffer in the hands of white American settlers in the Deep South and decided a

redemption was in order. So, He would create an African Adam with the biggest dick in the world, who would mate with an American Eve with the most impeccable body and beauty in the whole white world. The whites would be resentful and furious.

Then GOD would allow the Devil to select a rich, dirty old white man and corrupt his mind so that he'd want to watch history-themed interracial porn. When the old man failed to find a commercial product to satisfy his desire, he would financially put together private interracial porn with casting calls of extreme specifications. He would produce a play of *Kitty* and *Brutus* and discover the talents of these two individuals — American Eve and African Adam.

GOD ordained Katheryn Kellington to be Eve and Massai Mobuku to be Adam. He purposefully designed them from birth for this crude joke. It was their destiny. When they finally collided through the porn project, they would involuntarily be attracted to each other and would fuck each other with such fury and ferocity that GOD would smile and say, "It is good."

The Eighth day of Creation, as the Devil would have us believed.

This story is now transcribed in vivid detail.

But be warned. The language is gross, explicit, with occasional racial slurs. The treatment is graphic, with heaps of c- and f- words. Some would say this book is pornographic. If you find this offensive, read no further; give this book to the person you hate and wish to corrupt. If not, dig in and enjoy, as one of Amazon's Hall of Fame Reviewers rates it highly and finds it entertaining.

Chapter 1



Massai Mobuku

When he was born in a small village in Congo, Africa, people were stunned by his extraordinarily long penis. Hence his name, “Massai,” meaning “massive” in local speak. They knew he would grow up to be a woman-pleaser, but they did not know it was his explicit destiny to please one classy white wife in America 35 years later. According to a study by the University of Ulster-Northern Ireland, men in the Republic of Congo have the biggest average penis size in the world.

Massai’s penis grew in girth and length until he had to wear baggy pants to hide his thick 10 inches in his teenage years.

He was seduced by older African women and inducted into the fine art of making women cum.

He did not attend school much because of poverty. He built bulk and strength through hard manual work in mines and constructions.

He grew his reputation among the womenfolk as a beautiful beast and a rare women-pleaser. He had fucked hundreds of them through these years — he had lost count after 99 — some of them multiple times.

Thus, he had worked out on his dick vigorously; it had become steely, strengthened, and stress proofed. It seemed it would never stop growing larger, longer, and thicker. He was particularly proud of his dick, which he'd switch to call it 'cock' later.

From this sex school of hard knocks (fucks), he had learned and perfected his optimal way of making women orgasm according to their tastes and fancies. He could rotate, gravitate his hip to gain extra leverage in his fucking repertoire, to produce the most incredible sensation in women through friction and vigorous stroking. He had honed his skills to epic efficiency. More and more women sought him out.

Unfortunately, when his dick grew to monstrous 17 inches, women became afraid and kept away from him, for his organ had become too large to fit and too painful in sex with him.

Thus, he grew less satisfied and more frustrated because his dick was so long and so thick that no woman could accommodate him.

That is until he came to America at age 35 to study for a trade diploma and met his ultimate match — the white goddess Katheryn Kellington at her golden age of 39.

Chapter 2



Katheryn Kellington

She was born into a wealthy family in Atlanta, Georgia, USA, well-fed, well-bred, and well-schooled.

When she was a baby, she was a cute little angel divine, blue eyes, blonde hair, silky skin.

She was the only child in a Christian family. Her mother was a schoolteacher, her father a prominent lawyer.

They brought her up to be a classy lady. Stylish, high-class, elegant, smart, exclusive. An exceptional Southern belle. Interaction with the colored, the blacks, was discouraged; it was intensely despised upon by folks in her community and whites-only schools.

In school, she excelled in Arts and History. She was fascinated by her hometown's role in The American Civil War in the 1860s, and by extension, by the African history and the importation of negro slaves to America.

She loved drama, especially the movie *Gone with the Wind*, which depicted Atlanta's burning in 1864 by General William Sherman. She had imagined herself to be Scarlett O'Hara, surrounded by men and slaves.

For this interest, she had enrolled in acting classes at New York's William Esper's studio. She thought she was a natural, though she knew her family would disapprove of acting as a career — not dignified or high-class enough. She was, after all, groomed to marry into a white upper-class nobility for fame and money.

While in a private college in her study of slavery, she discovered the interracial union of white masters/mistresses and negro slaves. Negro males were often bought to stud to breed more slaves for work. There were reports that these negroes had dicks bigger than donkeys!

She had seen the lewd drawing of them, but she dismissed them as unnatural and freak accidents of mis-birth or a pure misrepresentation of artistic license. She and six other female classmates had debated this aspect in their private study group. But two of them — Jordyn and Madelyn — had vowed the rumors were true, as they had slept with African American men and could attest to their huge sizes and sexual prowess. They insisted the saying, "Once you have gone black, you'll never go back," was real.

They even searched out and shared interracial porn pictures and videos starring Lexington Steele and Mandingo, two of the most successful black pornstars with massive dicks, to convince their group members.

It was the images of Mandingo that impressed Katheryn the most. She was shocked at first by his gigantic 11-inch black dick but was more surprised by how quickly she was aroused by the sight of his BBC (internet slang for 'Big Black Cock', and not for the media conglomerate British Broadcasting

Corporation.) This young lady had just arrived at her sexual awakening at the tender age of 16. Her vagina had involuntarily become swollen and wet when she caught close-up shots of his magnificent dick in wet white pussy.

She also learned a new vocabulary: she had what white men would call a vagina, whereas black men would call it a ‘cunt.’ It seemed a cunt was more appealing to black men than a vagina. Also, white men had penises, whereas black men had ‘cocks.’ And “*black men don’t make love, they fuck.*”

The more she studied Mandingo’s black cock and how well he fucked those white women, the more she entertained the idea of enjoying his magnificent cock in her hands, mouth, and cunt.

But she managed to keep her feelings secret, never revealing that she liked what she saw.

Jordyn even volunteered to share her black lovers with the group so that all could experience firsthand interracial sex. None of the girls said yes publicly, but Katheryn suspected a few did privately take up Jordyn’s offer and became blacked. Nevertheless, the debate died instantly.

After that, Katheryn was never the same innocent girl again.

She would become obsessed with big black cocks, especially Mandingo’s 11-inch black mass. She’d imagine lying down like the blonde pornstar Aubrey Sinclair in videos, worshipping and licking his awesome cock.

Chapter 3



In the beginning, Katheryn started exploring her womanhood with the help of a make-up mirror. She discovered clitoral stimulation by massaging the fleshy area on the top of her pubic bone, then running her fingers along the outer and inner lips of her vulva.

She felt good.

Then she found the hood of her clitoris (a small, sensitive bulb with some 15,000 nerve endings). She teased herself by rubbing or stroking her clitoris through the hood. She then formed a “V” with her pointer and middle fingers of her left hand (she found it a bit awkward with her right) and slid them up and down the sides of the clitoral shaft. She’d found a rhythm that felt good.

Next, she moved her fingers faster and harder once her clitoris became wet. She continued stroking in a counterclockwise motion, breathing deeply through her nose, and increasingly intensifying her flush feeling by applying heavier pressure until...

Reaching orgasm was confusing at first — her heart rate picked up, her breathing got faster, and she felt a unique pressure down there. The sensation

continued to get stronger. She started sweating. Her vagina started ferociously tingling, her body tensed and trembled, her legs shook. She had orgasmed.

Since then, Katheryn had learned she could prolong her orgasm by dragging the hood back over her clitoris, then placing two other fingers on either side of her outer labia. Then, while pressing down lightly, she would wiggle the two fingers towards each other, squeezing and lifting her labia together between them and gently flicking, tickling, slapping the head glans of her clitoris diagonally with her middle finger. She didn't know it then, but this technique was called 'Princess and the Pea' in clitoral masturbation.

If she preferred more slickness, she'd slide a couple of her fingers back and forth from her vaginal opening to spread the fluids from inside her vagina as lubrication for her clit.

She would go on to perfect the technique of 'Razor's Edge' by bringing herself to the edge of orgasm and then slowing everything down. She kept at it, teasing herself with starts and stops until her orgasm unfolded in a powerful series of waves. Hence, she could induce one intense orgasm after another orgasm, and thus multiple orgasms.

Her ideal position was on her back in bed, with a pillow propped under her head, spread her legs, and bent them at her knees.

She also learned to engage her muscles as she masturbated; she tried tightening her toes and abs, squeezing and holding her pelvic muscles too. She enjoyed caressing her sensitive nipples with her right hand while her left was busy on her clitoris.

She never even bothered sticking her fingers inside her vagina because she didn't need to. Clitoral stimulation did it for her.

One day while masturbating, she sensed the familiar sensation of heat emanating from her vagina. So, she took a thermometer and measured her mouth and pussy. They were 98.5 °F and 107 °F, respectively. ‘What a hot box my pussy is!’ she exclaimed. ‘Is that normal? How hot can it be?’ She had to find out. So, she worked furiously to a sweating orgasm, and the temperature went up a lot more. She wondered if a cock would get fried inside her. She suddenly had a bad feeling that men might shunt a hot box like hers. Or perhaps they might even seek hers out as exotic and unique. Naughty!

She would normally play with herself between four to six times per week, but this could vary depending on the situation and time available.

It took her only a minute or two to cum, but she usually stretched it out to make it last longer and achieve better orgasms that way.

She read that a woman could masturbate and still be a virgin, provided she took care not to penetrate deep into her vagina or break her hymen. Also, ‘Masturbating won’t make you looser down there.’ She would still be as tight as a virgin.

So, the saying, “Once you pop (the pussy), you just can’t stop!” stayed with her.

At one time, she thought her near-constant masturbation would kill her vagina and render her clitoris dull or insensitive — but it had the opposite effect! It had ignited her sex drive and helped her be happier and healthier, like ‘how many calories does masturbation burn?’

What’s more? Unknowingly through these masturbatory exercises, she had trained and set herself up to be a potent sex athlete by strengthening her

sex muscles, controlling her sexual release thresholds (*Razor's Edge*), fine-tuning her sexual sensitivity (*Princess and the Pea*).

Thus, her persistent self-loves would pay dividends later when she'd meet an equally fit male sex athlete in Massai. It would lead to a competitive sport, for they both had similarly high sex drives. They would fuck silly like rabbits for hours. They would fuck themselves to death. It would be a scandalous sight to behold.

Now that her classmates had introduced her to those BBC images — even though she was still troubled in her Christian upbringing — she found the urge to release her sexual tension frequently.

She discovered one quick way to intense orgasm was to think of black men as negro slaves. She orgasmed faster when she imagined calling them “niggers”. The word ‘nigger’ was used derogatorily in the United States by white Americans as a racist insult, as an ethnic slur at black people. Niggers were considered low-class minions. To associate with them would diminish one's social standing. So, it was contemptuous for Katheryn to think about niggers sexually, what with their horse-sized cocks. The disgusting image of a high-class white lady sexually liaising with a low-class black man never failed to excite Katheryn.

Often, she would roleplay as a nigger-loving white mistress in the old South in Atlanta, imagining herself on the cover of plantation-porn books like the popular *Rebels of Sabrehill* by Raymond Giles.

Whenever she could, she'd surf online for “Mandingo,” her favorite.

She had become his unofficial fan.

She'd downloaded his pictures and videos and masturbated furiously over them, imagining herself in them, even on the cover of his *Meet Mandingo* video.

Katheryn had committed Mandingo's majestic cock into her memory, so much so she could recall vividly in her mind without looking at his pictures or videos.

In spirit, she'd become blacked by Mandingo. In reality, she knew she could only marry a white man. She would be a respectable white wife in public, but a wanton nigger lover in private. Her dark secret. No one would know. How wicked.

Chapter 4



Later, Katheryn had blossomed into a most glamorous and stunningly beautiful white woman. Voluptuous, blue-eyed blonde with a terrific set of firm big tits.

Although her breasts were 36C and got enough attention on their own, just being firm, upturned, and bouncy, she was blessed with rock-hard pink nipples that reached more than a quarter inch when chilled or sexually excited. They got so sensitive when they were extended that, whenever she fantasized about Mandingo's BBC, she could simply "nipple masturbate" herself to a nice and prolonged orgasm just by caressing them.

She was said to have bedroom eyes, dreamy, half-closed, sultry, and seductive blue eyes suggesting an invitation to sex that could easily arouse men black or white. Her eyes seemed to tease the unmistakable "*Man enough to fuck me?*"

She also had beautiful hands — silky smooth, delicate, and flawless. Her mum never failed to remind her of the saying, "*you can always tell a lady by her hands,*" and taught her how to take great care of them from a young age.

She never smoked, so what would look good in her hands? Any purse, of course, would stand out like *Tiffany*. Also, would a Champagne-colored *Montblanc* Muses Marilyn Monroe lady's special edition pen. How about a hard cock? How would her white hands look wrapping around a thick black cock, one as big as Mandingo's, leisurely stroking it to fearsome monstrosity? The contrast must be obscenely hypnotic. That thought never failed to make her pussy all marshy and wet.

Outwardly she carried herself saintly, virtuous, pure, angelic. She was poised, graceful, exceptionally personable, and drop-dead-gorgeous. She hid her dark secrets very well.

She was married at age 27 to a young lawyer from her father's firm. She was his trophy wife, for she was tall among her peers, 5 foot 9, with an hourglass figure, 36-25-36, long slender legs, firm buttocks, narrow waist. They lived in Arden-Habersham, an affluent, quiet suburb of Atlanta, with a 97% white population.

She's also a fitness freak. She worked out up to four times a week to remain in as good a shape as she was now.

She exercised not really for fitness but for killing boredom. Her pathetic white husband was always away for work from the beginning of their marriage, partly because he was ashamed of his Erectile Dysfunction and his disability to satisfy her sexually. She found his 4-inch pencil-thin penis inadequate compared to that of Mandingo. She didn't have to tell him but was sure he knew she had never achieved even one vaginal orgasm. She had not sought other men; she had not known what other Big-O orgasm meant, but she was contented with her clitoral orgasmic release.

In exercise, she did her Kegel!

The Kegel muscles are also called the PC (pubococcygeus) muscles. They stretched like a hammock from her pubic bone in front, down between her legs, and up to her tailbone in the back.

There were two essential Kegel exercises she had been doing.

The first one involved contracting those muscles and holding the contraction as long as she could. She then stopped, relaxed the muscle completely for 10 seconds, and then did it again for a set of 10 to 20. Her goal was to hold a hard clench for at least 20 seconds, preferably longer.

The second exercise involved pulsing and releasing the Kegel muscles as fast as she could, over and over, keeping count to 100 a minute, extending it to two or more minutes.

For Katheryn, the benefits were stronger orgasms, much better bladder control, and she would find out much later, her ability to squeeze and massage her lover's cock inside her!

Just like those masturbatory exercises, she had worked her body to be the sex athlete.

But she didn't seek other lovers because she didn't want any complications. Therefore, she was careful not to attract other men, white men, or black. She was content to be a faithful wife and a secret BBC dreamer.

Because of their lack of sexual contact, she and her husband had no children. But life was good in Arden-Habersham, stress-free, comfortable in a multi-million-dollar house.

She had stopped working in insurance after marriage, partly because she was always the center of attention from male admirers in her work, who

could not help looking her over and their eyes undressing her as she walked past. She was a stunning white goddess, after all.

However, ever since she indulged in her negro fantasies, she became more sexually aware of certain strong African American men wherever she went. She didn't mind them staring lustfully at her. She never returned their stares, but the incidents never failed to make her pussy tingling.

With her dark sunglasses on, she would steal a glance at their crotches and try to guess the size of their black cocks when aroused. "*Are they as big as Mandingo's or bigger?*" If she saw a huge one, she would bring the image into her masturbatory plays when she reached the safety of her home.

Speaking of Mandingo, she discovered that he was born Fred Lamont in 1975. He was raised in Los Angeles but had been living in Atlanta for a while now. That meant he had been living in the same city as herself, and she didn't even know it. He was so close and yet so far apart. He could live in her bedroom all these times. How hard would it be to bump into him on the street or in a café one day? But how should she respond if it happened? Should she tell him he had been her fantasy object? That she had been his fan? That she wanted to be in his *Meet Mandingo* video?

Later, to bring some purpose and sanity into her life, she went into not-for-profit work to pass the time. She became president of a prominent local white community church.

She was a Christian woman, after all. Plus, she honestly believed GOD loves negro men. If not, why would He create them, especially those with super-sized cocks? For her?

THEN,

She saw the Casting Call ad in the *Cosmopolitan* issue on cheating wife and sex toys.

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