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TheBlackNFreaky.com's sex singles' Internet site was Royale's obsession. The confessions of trysts, first-time encounters, and swingers' experiences were riveting. The Ebony Freaks Hangout chat room was a popular place for socializing. But its main attraction for him was the plethora of women's profiles in search of making sex connections.

Since the late 1990s, the site was a viable source for many of his liaisons because he hadn't been one to frequent nightclubs or the other local hotspots where he lived in Short Pump, a burgeoning municipality in the northwest sector of Richmond, Virginia. A nice face, delicious set of breasts, or a succulent ass easily caught his attention. On other occasions he was lured by a provocative profile detailing a woman's wildest sexual fantasies.

At forty-three, Royale, a divorcee, believed he still had what it took to meet these women's desires. He boasted of a generous, full head of dark-brown hair that concealed his flecks of graying. His dark-mocha face still maintained a youthful and sculpted structure that hadn't given way to overweight. He was reasonably tall (six feet) and athletic, weighing about one hundred and ninety pounds. He was confident in his sexual skills, and he wasn't reticent about it.

Several of Royale's recent raunchy romps from TheBlackNFreaky.com resulted in unfulfilling, one-and-done episodes. He promised himself that he would pursue only black women especially after his forgettable summer meeting with a married white lady named Tammy, who went by the handle of AutumnLustNVa.

She had expressed in her profile a craving for an interracial hook-up. Her husband of twenty-three years became exceedingly unappealing to her because he had no stamina in bed and he had not much else to speak of. She also claimed she was five-eight. The face picture that she e-mailed was of poor quality. When pressed for a more accurate description, she volunteered that she was a brunette with some graying. She had a set of thirty-eight C breasts and some junk in the trunk that she promised was worth his while.

After several phone calls and online chat sessions on Interzero.com, they eventually met at an Economaster Inn near RIC airport since she worked in nearby Varina, a suburb community of Richmond in northeastern Henrico County. But reality set in for Royale in a cruel way.

Tammy showed up nearly forty-five minutes late driving a tan 1993 Ford Contour that had a cracked windshield and a Confederate flag tied to the rearview mirror. The white-walled tires appeared to be balding and the engine knocked. When she opened the door, it creaked worse than a body shop technician attempting to pull out a dent.

She appeared more like Wanda from the trailer parks near Petersburg just off I-95 with her long, frazzled brunette hair, wearing a denim blue blouse outside her polyester slacks. She was noticeably shorter, standing about five-four. The thirty-eight C breasts appeared much larger, more like forty-four Ds. She also had wide, box-shaped hips and not much of an ass to appreciate.

He reluctantly invited her inside the 2002 black Pontiac Bonneville sport model he owned at the time for a brief conversation. His did this to convey to her that he was the person that he had described himself to be. She sensed he wasn't as interested as he had expressed over the phone. She went as far as offering him a chance to back out of their planned encounter; however, he failed to keep his ego in check.

"No, I want to do this," he told Tammy.

He went ahead and paid \$58 for the room. Inside, they shared additional small talk before removing their clothes. He recognized it

took all of him to achieve an erection. He kissed her once as he joined her in the bed, but he didn't perform any oral sex on her. He allowed her to briefly suck his manhood before he motioned that he would mount her. He proceeded to immerse himself inside what he sensed to be a rather tight and shallow pussy. Once he achieved a bit of a rhythm after penetration, he tried his best not to look into her face, which he also found unappealing. For that reason, he performed most of his obligatory fucking in the doggie position.

He conveyed no sincerity to her, nor any sensitivity. This wasn't the way he normally treated women. Yet it surprised him, if not amused him, by the way she reacted to his less-than-perfunctory effort. It seemed to him that his erection at seventy-five percent had been more than what she had experienced most of her sex life, and perhaps it had been sufficient to prove her curiosity correct that black men just might have larger dicks than the white men she had been with.

He knew he did not exercise better judgment when he accommodated her request of ejaculating inside her not once, but twice that afternoon. If anything, he knew he fell into the category of men he once derided who would fuck any woman if he got desperate enough.

Afterward she implored of him, "Promise me you won't just fade off into the sunset after we leave from here?"

He returned a startled reaction to her request.

"I'm saying that because I had a man once started crying, telling me that he was sorry for doing this because he realized it wasn't the right thing to do being a Christian man," she added. "I'm getting tired of meeting men that wind up fucking me once and then I never see them again."

Shit, that would be a lot to ask of a man. And I can see why they would do that with you!

Royale searched for a proper answer. "Don't worry, you'll hear from me again."

"I hope so."

Humph.

Keep dreaming, woman, he mumbled under his breath.

After they left the hotel room a couple of hours later, he vowed that he would never call her again. He went as far as deleting his e-mail address, he blocked her number from his home number, and he changed his cellular phone number.



The Tammy experience reduced Royale to visiting sites like BigAzzBlackFreaks.com and JunkInTheTrunk.com to get his fill of visual stimuli of erotic acts and depictions by other black amateurs. But he could not stay away from TheBlackNFreaky.com for long.

One of the first profiles that caught his attention was LadyAmazon34. It stated she lived in Chesapeake. She was thirty-four, married, and she was five-nine. Her profile pictures were not at all misleading. She showed an ass worth looking at a second, third, fourth and fifth time, and the picture of her face reflected an attractive lady that hinted a freakish tendency that any man would desire in a woman. Her primary prerequisite for her male suitor was that he was black with a dick of at least eight inches long that could tame her “*wild, wet, juicy pussy.*”

If she was for real, he reasoned it certainly would be worth taking his best shot. So he sent her a response that he hoped would set him apart from most of the many wishful respondents:

“I’m sure by now you’ve received more responses than you probably anticipated. But if you’re a man like me, and you see the pictures that you’ve posted in your profile, I’m sure you would understand why I’m expressing interest in possibly meeting you.

“I’d like to think that I meet your basic criteria—and perhaps more. Not only am I a black male, I stand well over six feet, and I have no reason to offer any semblance of false advertising in the dick department. I’ve been around long enough to convey to you with a

great deal of confidence that I can tame the wet, wild, juicy pussy that you've described.

"I'm not going to deluge you with e-mails. But I will leave you with my personal e-mail address. I can be reached at DeepThrust009 at Interzero dot com."

The long shot of a chance he thought he had with this lady took on life when he received an e-mail notification the next day. She wrote him that she had been impressed with his qualifications and that if he had what it took he just might get his shot at taming her. She left him with her personal Interzero.com e-mail address, and she included a picture that featured a thin thong piece between a pair of lusciously thick, full, chocolate ass cheeks, and another of her magnificently shaped body, with ample breasts that could easily disappear in his mouth or be sensually kneaded and fondled.

He marveled at her photos for several minutes. He compared her pictures to his memory of some of the women from his past, but there was none to make. Even the lady he had esteemed in his heart to be at the top of his pussy list for the past ten years really didn't compare to this one. And if fucking this one ever became a reality, he felt this might be something to hang his hat on for quite some time.

Usually by now, Royale would have sent a mindless knee-jerk response. He figured this time he needed to think his words through carefully that they might pique her attention more than what he suspected would be the norm. For him, that meant doing what he did best: a lot of candor, a bit of bullshit; but in the end, expressing exactly what he meant.

Later that night he sent a message to her personal e-mail address. He complimented her on the pictures she sent, noting that hers by far were the most appealing he'd seen in quite some time. He didn't want to lose her with a lengthy e-mail. So he decided to end it by telling her if she ever gave him the privilege of meeting her that she would never accuse him of lacking the necessary credentials.

“I’ve been around long enough to realize that there’s enough riff-raff out there. I, for one, don’t like it at all. Please don’t take this personally, but if you’re playing that game, I won’t participate. If you respond to this e-mail in a way that I think you might respond, I will show you that I’m the real thang— Royale”



Royale started a part-time gig that same month at the city’s main post office in downtown Richmond. He worked the night shift from eleven to four in the morning assisting mail handlers and clerks.

He usually returned home around 4:30 a.m., and the first thing he did was long on to his computer. He checked his banking account, the ESPN sit for the latest sports news, before it was on to browsing TheBlackNFreaky.com, JunkInTheTrunk.com, and BigAzzBlackFreaks.com websites. Then he checked for his e-mails on his Interzero.com account before going to sleep around 5:30 a.m. He would often wake up around eight, transforming into his daytime role as a consultant to corporate human resources departments.

Nearly five weeks after he sent LadyAmazon34 his initial response, he acted out of curiosity by downloading Interzero’s updated instant messenger program. He checked for his e-mails and he found none. As he perused his favorite sites, an instant message appeared on his screen:

PhatPussyAmazon: *Hey you.*

DeepThrust009: *Who’s this?*

PhatPussyAmazon: *You don’t know who this is?*

DeepThrust009: *Not really.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *LadyAmazon34 (TheBlackNFreaky.com)*

Royale had fought sleep that morning. He thought this was a hell of a way to wake up somebody that was on the brink of calling it a night.

DeepThrust009: *I thought you had filed me off with all the other characters that have tried getting in contact with you. I figured that you might think I was some white guy trying to find somebody to have cyber sex.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *lol*

DeepThrust009: *Don't tell me that haven't happened. I'm sure you've had a dozen of those kinds in the past week.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *You know that. Lol.*

He thought for somebody who initiated the conversation, she didn't have much to say. He decided to voice his suspicion.

DeepThrust009: *So how did I deserve this privilege?*

PhatPussyAmazon: *I been looking for you for a while . . . I thought you seemed for real. I've seen plenty of pictures of dicks and you were the first one that didn't send me one.*

DeepThrust009: *I thought about sending you one.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *I'm glad you didn't. I've been disappointed by a few before.*

Royale knew conversations like this could go nowhere almost as fast as they started. Enough of the small talk, he thought. He better press for some pertinent information—or at least something that would give him a clearer vision of whom he's been chatting with the past several minutes.

DeepThrust009: *I am 43. I live in Richmond. I'm 6 feet tall and 190 lbs. Hold on . . . I want to send you a picture of myself. At least you'll know who you're chatting with.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *OK*

The lull in the conversation this time allowed time for his face picture to transmit. He figured he had a few things going for him. His hair remained thick and neatly cropped, accentuating the features that nearly landed him a contract with a modeling agency based in Atlanta. He turned down the contract because he felt it was more important at the time to complete his Business degree at the historically black college that he attended in Augusta, Georgia.

PhatPussyAmazon: *Dammmmmmn! Is this really you?*

DeepThrust009: *Yes it is.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *If it is, you're one fine nigga!*

DeepThrust009: *I was telling my friend at work that I saw a fine woman on the computer last month. I was telling him about you if that's really you.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *I know you got a bunch of women out there don't you?*

DeepThrust009: *Perception is not really reality here. I know you know there's more men online looking for pussy than women online looking for dick . . . lol . . . I bet you got more men than I do women wanting some of that sexy ass of yours.*

PussyAmazon: *True that. I am a sexy woman . . . lol*

DeepThrust009: *So tell me more about yourself.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *I'm 33.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *I live in Chesapeake.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *I got three children.*

PhatPussyAmazon: *I got a man but his dick isn't getting the job done for me. It's too small and he doesn't know how to use it that good. I gotta use a vibrator after he's finished just to have any satisfaction for myself.*

It sounded too good to be true – a presumably married woman who went online to find a man with more dick than her husband. Royale pondered telling her in great detail about the last time that he used a vibrator with a sex partner. That occurred nearly twenty years ago while he lived in Georgia.

He once dubbed the encounter with Elaine Driggers as the fuck of all fucks. During foreplay he worked the vibrator along her inner thighs while sucking her smallish breasts. Then he positioned her on all fours and licked her asshole while he rubbed the battery-powered accessory along her fully aroused slit. He remembered the way she squealed once he discovered a bit of rhythm between tongue fucking

her ass and working the vibrator inside her turgid lips. After suggesting that she lie on her back, he delved between her thighs and sent her into delirium with his persistent licks and teasing flicks against her throbbing clit. She shrieked and yelled obscenities at him when he included probing her ass with the vibrator.

When he mounted Elaine, Royale was so aroused by the time he penetrated her that he couldn't withhold his ejaculation. He withdrew the first time, spurting a significant amount across her stomach. He eventually withdrew and ejaculated two additional times across her stomach and breasts. Elaine repeated waves of ecstasy the entire time he remained inside her. Her final orgasm was so intense that her stomach quivered. As she laid there, legs limp and panting, Royale felt another surge deep from within for a fourth offering of his semen, which she eagerly swallowed.

Royale's motivation for going after this woman was a slight departure from the pattern he'd established with his previous online endeavors. All these years he had encountered women who were slightly or significantly older than him. He wasn't entirely sure he could find any relevance with her despite her declaration that she had an endowment requirement for her suitors.

DeepThrust009: I want to say I sympathize with you; I can't. Seems to me these days a woman is just as willing to go out there and fill certain voids, if you will, in her life just as much as a guy is likely to do.

PhatPussyAmazon: That's why I'm doing it. My mother once told me if you don't have it in your refrigerator, you just might need to go shopping to find it.

DeepThrust009: She really said that?

PhatPussyAmazon: Sure did. I know my mother did that on my dad a few times.

DeepThrust009: Did she ever tell you why?

PhatPussyAmazon: No. But I think she got tired of my dad having

his women and she did it to get back at him. She always told me my dad never made her happy.

DeepThurst009: So she went out to find somebody that would make her happy.

PhatPussyAmazon: Now you're getting it . . . lol

PhatPussyAmazon: You should see her the way she acted when she went to church on Sundays. I think she had something to do with Rev. Gaston . . . I think that's another issue.

Royale began squinting and yawning. This was the time of year the postal service processed its largest volume of mail. Royale had been loading and unloading and tugging heavy containers non-stop.

Between nodding off and waking up again, Royale pondered whether she might give him any further indication that she was interested. He surmised, based on his online experience, it should occur by the third time they exchanged e-mails or indulged in chat sessions.

For all that brainwork he just took himself through, he realized that it might be wasted mental energy. Pussy will always be pussy no matter how pretty the packaging might be.