Breaking Mary Jane

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Prologue & Chapter One: The Interview

Mary Jane Watson was many things, she was a fun-loving girl, she was ambitious, she was nurturing, she was charismatic, but above all of that she was staunchly loyal. She was other things too though, for instance… she was flawed… she was headstrong, and she lacked the self preservation to realize when she was putting herself in danger. Spiderman had his spidey sense, Mary Jane surely did not.

Speaking of Spiderman, that was another notable aspect of Mary Jane's life, better known by her beloved nickname, 'MJ'. MJ was engaged to Peter Parker, also known as Spiderman himself, and she was also barely three months pregnant with his child. One might think that being three months pregnant would have triggered her self preservation instincts, but unfortunately that was anything but the case. In fact, it had quite the opposite effect on her. Being pregnant, soon to bring a child into this world, well that just made her even more obsessed with trying to clean things up, with trying to make a positive change, even when that positive change meant putting herself in the line of fire.

You see, Mary Jane was a fearlessly aggressive investigative journalist. The kind who went after those people who were up to no good, those people who were making shady deals behind closed doors, the kind of people that the public needed to be warned about. This was something she felt she owed to the readers of the Daily Bugle, the New York City newspaper where she worked. She wasn't a superhero herself, but it was the place where she could try to make a tangible, positive impact, one that would be felt throughout the entire city.

This is what brought us to today, Mary Jane Watson had uncovered some very sketchy details about the new Mayor of New York City, a politician who had been gaining increasing influence and control ever since his election, Mayor Silas Skum. He was having a public press conference today, continuing to try to raise his follower count, secure those that would vote for him come the next election to keep himself in office. This was where Mary Jane had every intention of ambushing him during the interview, forcing him to answer for his shady dealings and exposing why he was a horrible candidate for the city she cared so dearly about, her city she was determined to clean up.

Mary Jane arrived at the interview dressed professionally as she always did; a conservative women's suit, a pinstripe skirt that fell to just below her knees, a blazer, a white button up shirt, and her trusty recorder to capture all the details when she made this piece of shit answer for his underhanded dealings. The red-haired woman's baby bump was hardly noticeable; most wouldn't even be able to tell she was pregnant in such a conservative outfit that kept her little baby bump of a tummy concealed.

The press conference began with a series of softball questions from a group of men who, no doubt, were all united as a part of the same scummy men's club. They were all in cahoots, buddy-buddy, playing golf together, attending the same events, a sickening display of favoritism. Meanwhile, the media members traded their integrity for access, sacrificing any semblance of hard-hitting journalism as their special right of passage to get into the aforementioned men's club. The entire press conference was reduced to a farce, a spectacle of corruption, as the Mayor shamelessly called on one close buddy after another, turning what should have been a display of proper journalism into a sordid display of favoritism and betrayal, betrayal of the people of New York City.

Mary Jane knew she wouldn't be called on unless she interjected herself into the picture. This was just going to be another throwaway press conference if she allowed it to be, softball question after softball question. "Excuse me! Mayor, I have a question! Excuse me!" She called out repeatedly, raising her hand and inserting herself into the proceedings, an act that elicited a noticeable eyeroll from the mayor. "Yes, ask your question…" he finally relented, his tone tinged with annoyance.

She wasted no time, pouncing right into things. "Is it true Mayor that you've received several sizable donations from major New York City gang leaders, while at the same time our police force has been directed to apply pressure and crack down on rival gangs that aren't seemingly bending the knee and willing to bribe you for lenient treatment? Mayor Silas, is this not the sort of behavior that a gang itself would exhibit?" Mary Jane was looking up at him, desperate to make him answer for the information she had come across.

The public rep officer stepped in to try to speak for the Mayor instead, "That is merely an unfounded rumor, the Ma-..." Mayor Silas raised his hand to make the man go silent. "No, by all means. I can answer the girl." A condescending sneer on his face as he referred to her as nothing more than a girl, after spending the evening respectfully referring to every male media member as "Sir", "The Gentleman", or their actual name, like they were on some friendly terms with one another.

"The Daily Bugle, correct? Usually you guys are more sensible before trying to have a 'gotcha moment' that you will no doubt dress up with some dubious clickbait title..." He immediately went on the offensive, throwing verbal daggers back before even answering the question. "Listen, every citizen of New York City is allowed to donate freely, I do not pick and choose who decides to realize that I am the best option for this great city, regardless of what sort of activities they get up to in their own time, criminal or otherwise. Furthermore, the police chief has his own policies, I am not the one that decides who they do or do not crack down on, any perceived focus on those not donating to my continued campaign is merely a coincidence. Any other questions, girl?" That sneer of his growing as he figured he had her dead to rights.

"I didn't think s-..." Before he could finish moving on and going back to only taking questions from those in his pocket, Mary Jane interjected once more. "Actually, I do have more questions, thank you for asking, Mayor Silas. Is it also not true or something that you influence, that the

conviction rate of known members of gangs whose bosses and affiliates donate to your campaign has gone down a whopping 67% ever since you have been elected to office?" She put on a friendly smile, but it was clear that there was nothing friendly about her attack on the Mayor, she knew that he was a bad man, and she was intent on doing her damndest to have others come to that realization as well.

Mayor Silas uncomfortably cleared his throat, adjusting the collar of his suit. "Ahem, so let me get this straight, little lady… You think that I not only am telling the police chief how to do his job, but that I am telling the judges of our city's illustrious courts, some who have been in law longer than you have been alive, how to decide their court cases? This is a joke right? You can't possibly be serious. Legalities are like waves, they don't just sit steady, sometimes convictions hold, sometimes they don't, it is absurd to draw a correlation between that and myself." He waved his hand at her like she was a fly to be brushed off, turning his head towards a friendly journalist and starting to point, his mouth opening to ask the gentleman a question.

"Well, actually…" Mary Jane interjected once more, full of bravado and like a dog on a bone that she wasn't so willing to let go of. "I have gained access to several phone records that tie you and your assistants directly to several of the judges who were overseeing these kinds of court cases. Not just days before they came to a decision, but actually mere moments. Do you also believe it is absurd to draw a correlation between you and the judges you and your people spoke to only moments before they came to these controversial decisions?" She held up the recorder, Mary Jane pushing and shoving her way closer to the front of the reporters, as she wanted his answer to definitively come in clear, to stare him down as he was forced to answer.

The Mayor froze up for a moment, his complexion turning slightly pale, ghostly as he took a drink of his water and gulped. "I-..." he paused, collecting himself as he glanced at his public relations assistant, giving him a subtle signal to not intervene quite yet. "Mary Jane Watson, correct?" he finally acknowledged, stalling for time as the gears in his mind churned. At least, he had acknowledged her by her actual name for once.

"So, the thing is… You probably wouldn't understand this… But as Mayor, it is my duty to stay on top of all the going ons in this city. Let me be quite frank, you have no evidence of any wrong doing. My people and I are merely doing our duty, keeping abreast of what is happening at all times. Maintaining clear communication with our city's judges, the police chief, anyone… that is just doing our job, staying informed, not influencing the outcomes… Got it?" He confidently brought his hands down to the front of his suit, slicking his thumbs down the center as he redid a button and began to once again try to divert his attention.

Mary Jane wasn't going to let him off that easily, though. "Sure, one final question for you, then, Mayor Silas," she said. An audible groan arose from some of the other men around, growing increasingly annoyed with her taking over the press conference and worried about how her negative spin might reflect on their own efforts to always portray the mayor in such a positive and glowing light.

“Moving on from the concerning gang affiliations during your time as mayor… Those of us journalists who are still committed to upholding the truth around here…” She glanced at the men around her, throwing them under the bus as well. “We’ve been hearing word that you’ve been trying to bring some of the shadiest businessmen in the United States into our city. Selling us out to gangs is despicable enough, but is there anyone among your voters that you wouldn’t sell out to the highest bidder? Don’t you have an obligation to the people to do better?!” A sudden ruckus broke out in the room, lots of chatter and clear annoyance amongst several of her colleagues.

“Enough! Enough! No more questions for the Mayor, you can all thank this belligerent rumor monger for taking over this press conference! Our time is up, thank you to those of you who actually respect the process and the distribution of fact instead of fiction!” The mayor’s PR manager said, having intervened, rushing in, quick to come to the mayor’s rescue to avoid him having to answer that final question from Mary Jane. Despite the uproar and the interview process being over, the mayor kept a smug look on his face, staring down MJ, he straightened his suit one last time before turning and walking out of the room.

Chapter Two: The Aftermath

Mary Jane had packed up her things, carrying her bag as she was ready to head home for the evening. She had spent nearly half an hour arguing with several of her colleagues about journalistic ethics as they were in an uproar over her having taken over much of the latter portion of the press conference for herself. She sighed and texted Peter, “I should be home soon, it was another long day, but I’m still working to make this city better in my own way, just the way that I know you are my love.”

A text came back from her beloved fiance, the father of her soon to be baby in her belly. “Ah-.. just in a little bit of a bind at the moment, MJ! But I can stop and grab Chinese on the way!! I’m so proud of you! Llll- Oh yuck, what is up with this slime, ack!! Anyways, love you!!!” leaving the red head just staring down with a smile as she knew he was up to his usual antics, taking on someone up to no good, but if he had time to text, she was sure that he had everything under control. She was just about to text him a ‘love you’ back when she noticed the slimeball of a mayor himself walk up to her. “Oh, come to apologize? You can save it for the people of this city.” She remarked, putting her phone away.

“Hrm? Oh no, not in the slightest would I even entertain such a thought, girl. Not to you or to these people, they don’t know what is best for them, I do.” Up close the mayor’s size advantage became apparent, he was a tall, healthy, well put together black man. A black man who had the most smug look on his face at all times, like he knew something everyone else didn’t, which in this case was true.

“You know something, being the Mayor, I have access to things that most in this city couldn’t dream of… now you might think I’m speaking about people, money, power. Sure all of those things are true, but in this case, what I am speaking of is information.” He paused, letting his

vague words ruminate for a moment before Mary Jane interjected, glaring up as the curvy redhead was forced to crane her neck back just to keep eye contact.

“Yea? You think that makes you special? I’m a journalist, a reporter, I write for the news. Mayor Skum, I am all too well versed in the area of information, which I have come across plenty of unsavory bits of it about you. Is that all? Unless you want to answer more questions for your unscrupulous activities, I’m not sure what we have to discuss? Cya…” Mary Jane started to turn to walk away, but as soon as she turned she bumped into an absolutely MASSIVE mountain of a black man who had come up behind her, trapping her between himself and the mayor.

“Ma’am. I don’t believe the mayor has dismissed you. Why don’t you go ahead and finish your conversation, show a little more respect while you’re at it.” This particular mountain of a black man was well known to be the mayor’s personal bodyguard. He wasn’t built like some Greek god, he wasn’t chiseled like a body builder, no, this was a legit strong man. He had a barrel of a belly that somehow still showed muscle definition despite its incredible size, his arms looked the size of cannons, his heavy legs much the same, and on top of all that he was so tall he had to duck down just to walk through your average doorway.

Mary Jane was stunned, her eyes wide as it felt like a solar eclipse standing in front of such a mountain of a man, she stepped back a little and scoffed. The curvy red head shaking her head as she rolled her eyes, though not quite as confidently as she would normally, not with such an intimidating black man staring her down. “F-fine… what do you have to say, just spit it out already.” She looked back to the mayor and crossed her arms up.

The mayor’s same sneering cocky look met her gaze, a curl of one corner of his mouth as he couldn’t help but smile at her. “That’s more like it, see, there is no reason for us to not get along, afterall, as I was saying… I am speaking of information, something you journalists hold above all else, so naturally I have something you may want to report on.” Mayor Silas Skum pulled his phone out and casually pressed his way into a video, which he started to play. The video appeared to be captured from one of the city cameras on a desolate road with nobody around. Suddenly as the footage played, Spiderman came swooping down from a building on one of his classic webs, landing and pulling his mask up as he exposed his face, it was clearly Peter Parker exposing his secret identity and thinking nobody was around to know about it.

“Well… wouldn’t you like to report on this? Surely the people have a right to know.” The tone of his voice went to one of pure confidence, arrogance even, he knew he had Mary Jane dead to rights. “No?” He questioned, his voice shifting to one of faux surprise. “Not interested in the truth when it doesn’t suit you, Miss Mary Jane Watson? Tch…” His tongue clicked off the roof of his mouth. “Oh forgive me, that is not your entire name is it? It’s Miss Mary Jane Watson-Parker now, correct? This is your husband is it not?” The tension was palpable as he became the one interviewing her, more like interrogating as he backed her into a proverbial corner.

Mary Jane felt her throat go completely dry, her heart was racing in her chest, pounding so hard that it could be heard all the way in her ears. Thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump. Just

over and over, the sound of her own pulse pumping away like she had rarely ever felt before. Her lips parted and yet nothing came out, she croaked trying to think of a response.

“Oh my… And you were just so fucking talkative earlier, so loud, so eager to just yap, yap, yap that white bitch, face cunt of a mouth. Where oh where did that yappy little fuckhole go? Oh pardon, it’s still right here…” Mayor Silas’s long black fingers reached right up, hooking under her chin. His thumb pressed up against her red, lipstick stained, plush lips and shoved, forcing his way into her mouth, pinning her wet, trembling tongue down to the floor of it. He rubbed his unwashed thumb pad right over the top of her tongue, grazing back and forth as he felt her up inside her mouth like it was completely normal.

Mary Jane wanted to bite down hard, to make him bleed, to make him regret every filthy, reprehensible word that spilled from his rotten mouth. Yet… she couldn’t… Her eyes were glued to the phone in his other hand, the still image of her beloved husband’s face. His privacy, his life, everything that kept him safe. Her safety, their future child’s safety, it all rested right there, threatening like a ticking time bomb ready to explode and expose them all to the entire world, to every horrible, vengeful villain that Spiderman had ever taken down.

“Now listen to me, whore. You pushed your luck one too many times. I think you’re starting to understand just how fucking kind I’ve been to you, how lenient, that stops today. Unless you want your husband's normal, private life to be over forever, you’re going to do exactly as I say. The only kind of journalist you’re gonna be from now on is a cock sucking, white whore for big black cocks; a slut who spreads whatever agenda I tell her to. Got that, cunt?” He pulled his thumb out of her mouth, the black digit that had been holding her silent was now dripping with her drool. Mayor Silas Skum needed to drive those words deeper into her skull though, so after unsheathing his thumb, he brought his hand to the side and then slapped the shit out of her. “I said, do you got that, cunt?”

“AnNh-...” she gasped out. Mary Jane’s head had gone all fuzzy, the words ringing around in her jumbled head, her cheek stinging from that harsh slap. The red-headed journalist was so used to chasing down the truth, used to never being silenced, to holding her head up high and proud. Yet now, she was just so suddenly rendered weak, reduced to a meek, quiet, wordless little white bitch. “I-... I don’t… I-...” She stammered, a mess trying to somehow sort out how to respond.

Mayor Silas Skum wasn’t a patient man though, he had made his powerplay, and now he was ready for her to crumble and give in, to surrender and accept defeat. He grabbed her by the shoulder and with a rough shove sent her tits first up against the hallway wall, his thick hand pressing between her shoulder blades and pining her up against it. The mayor gestured at his bodyguard who then without hesitation brought his hand up high and as far back as he could reach, right before he sent it with a brutal, furious speed that created a thunderous crack right down on her fat white ass. THWAP!!!

“AnnNHH!!” Mary Jane squealed out, her bouncy, pale ass instantly turned red with the brute of

a man's monstrous handprint underneath her skirt. The mayor stood there calmly, placing his hands behind his back like a general overseeing a martial punishment. “I said…” THWAP! “Do…” THWAP! “You…” THWAP! “Got…” THWAP! “That,” THWAP! “Cunt?” THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! Her entire bubbly white ass had been battered and bruised red and purple, punished like some tenderized fucking chunks of meat. Even the thin material of her panties felt too tight underneath her skirt now that her ass was swollen and red, a pulsing sensation of pain radiating through her from her curvy backside.

Mary Jane was such a powerful, proud woman… Yet here she was reduced to hyperventilating, her eyeliner smudging from the fact that she was tearing up after such a brutal, unrelenting ass whipping. Like she was some little brat with a heavy handed, stern father that she had just pissed off. The two black men giving each a smug smirk at the state she was left in. “I-... I got it…” she relented, broken. MJ’s hands bunching into fists as she let out a few quick but heavy inhales and exhales, pulling herself off the wall as she gingerly straightened out the back of her skirt. Her poor tender buttmeat feeling even the slightest adjustment to her skirt.

“That’s it, that’s a good girl.” The mayor reached and gave her swollen bubbly butt an affectionate, approving squeeze, completely degrading in nature, not to mention intensely painful. “Much more likable than that annoying fucking cunt you were behaving like earlier. It’s so much nicer when we can get along like this Miss Mary Jane.” The mayor casually removed his hand from her ass and placed it right up against her covered tummy, webbing his fingers out like he was holding a basketball as he palmed her baby bump through the material. Mayor Silas squeezed ever so slightly, applying the lightest amount of pressure, but pressure nonetheless, enough for Mary Jane to feel that tinge of fear swell up in her.

“I’ve seen your medical records Mary Jane, I’ve seen everything… I know all your secrets, your husband's secrets, and unless you want this growing little white baby to grow up without a daddy, I have your next assignment ready for you.” His hand gave her belly the slightest little shake before he lightened up his grip, the mayor slipping his hand down lower and pressing her skirt up between her legs, squeezing through the material and grabbing her by her pussy right there in that otherwise empty hallway. His forearm tensing as he applied more pressure, lifting as Mary Jane was made to come up on her toes as she stood there. “NnHHh-.. MMmh.. Stta–Stopp.. Pleasee…” She whimpered.

He slowly loosened his grip before letting go, before letting her come back down to her heels. “Right. Sometimes I forget myself when around a tight little pink white girl pussy. You have to understand, your little holes were made to be sexually assaulted by black men, it’s only natural that I feel compelled to grab hold of them.” He brought his hands back and adjusted his tie, behaving like what he just said was a completely normal statement of fact.

“So here is the deal, Miss Mary Jane Watson. Next week we are going to have a private meetup, me, you, and my bodyguard here. We will be having you delivered an outfit of our choosing that you will wear, we will be sending you the location, and the time, this is all of our choosing and you will be obligated to make it work. Should you fail in even a single one of those

tasks then you can expect this video to be made public immediately." He motioned to his bodyguard who came beside him, about ready for the two to depart. "We have absolutely nothing to lose, you have everything to lose. Don't fuck around, it would be a shame to waste that dumb fuckable body of yours on proving a point." He paused letting those words sink in before he finally added. "That's all, unless you want me to wash that rude little mouth of yours out with my big black dick right now then I think you better see yourself out of these hallowed halls, whore."

The last insult had been completely unnecessary, but it just left Mary Jane beaten down a little bit further, knocked just a little bit lower than she already was. "I-.. I hate you… I hate you so fucking much…" Her voice trembled as she said the words, she couldn't even bring herself to make eye contact with the mayor, but then she just turned and did as she had been told. A defeated woman, Mary Jane had been brutally spanked, she had been degraded, blackmailed, she had lost. She knew she had lost and there was nothing she could do now except take the walk of shame, knowing that this despicable man had her exactly where he wanted her. Total fucking defeat.

Chapter Four: Humiliation & Acceptance

The text message of the time and location had arrived, the package with her outfit had been delivered just minutes prior, luckily Peter was out doing what he does, being a superhero. It had been a full week, half of which Mary Jane had struggled to even sit down comfortably, the ass whipping she had been given had left her gingerly pampering her curvy bottom for days. Her pale white phat ass had been kept far away from her husband's eyes ever since, scared that even the slightest mark remaining might trigger a series of questions she wasn't prepared to answer.

MJ opened up the package, pulling out the outfit that the men had expected her to wear over, clear instructions in the text message that she was to take the bus and wear it the entire time. "Oh my god… they can't be fucking serious!" She scoffed and stared down at the little outfit in disbelief. It was TINY, multiple sizes too small, missing fabric where she would desperately want to be covered. There was no bra at all, just a pair of dainty red panties, a lace red thong to be precise. Lastly, the outfit came with some big obnoxious heels, the humiliating kind that really only got worn by strippers and whores.

She hesitated, almost unable to bring herself to put it on, she could feel her immense pride clashing with the humiliating exposure she was about to endure, questioning if it was really worth it. The thought of anyone, let alone those two disgusting men, seeing her in such a vulnerable and exposed state made her cheeks turn bright red with such unbelievable shame. Unfortunately, for her husband, for her family, there wasn't any choice in the matter, she had to wear this embarrassing, misogynistic, porn toy of a fucking outfit. Mary Jane slowly stripped down completely naked, she was almost glowing with her humiliation, her little freckles sprinkled across her soft pale flesh, making their way down her tummy towards her pelvis where she had the lightest little tufts of red pubic hair showcasing that the carpet matched the drapes.

She carefully lifted the outfit, holding it tightly in her hands as she stared at it, her heart pounding harder with each passing second. Mary Jane took a deep inhale, trying to steady her nerves, before she couldn't help but release a heavy trembling sigh. "O-.. okay… you can do this, MJ. This is for Peter and our baby…" She whispered to herself, hyping herself up to summon the courage and actually follow through with this whole thing. She gently slid the red lace thong panties up her hips first; they were tiny, barely covering her, snuggly pressed up against her pussy, and yet they felt like just the start, perhaps the most NORMAL part of her entire outfit.

Then came the moment that her pulse raced even harder, thump-thump, thump-thump, thump-thump, echoing loudly in her eardrums. It was the part where she had to take that outfit, lift it up, and begin to squirm it down over her shoulders. She felt the fabric cling to her curves, catching and tugging as she wriggled to get it lower. The beige material of the mini-dress was designed to look innocent and serious, businesslike in tone, yet the way it was constructed, what it actually covered, was more meant to make her look like an idiot, a dumb whore. It was meant to make a mockery of the seriousness of her profession, as if the collar and formal tone only highlighted how much of a dumb white whore she was. Like an air-headed bimbo trying to be taken seriously, that's what MJ had been reduced to in this outfit.

She gritted her teeth while staring in the mirror. Her eyes drifted to a heavy overcoat hanging by the wall; it would be so easy to just throw it over the outfit and hide herself until she arrived, not let a person in the city see her this way. But… how could she guarantee the mayor wouldn't find out? How could she be sure he wouldn't soon be staring at a picture of her that he captured on the city cameras? Who knows what he would do then, he might even release Peter's image to spite her. No, she couldn't do it, she couldn't risk everything just for her own pride. She had to leave that overcoat home and swallow this shame down, endure it.

There was only one last thing left to do before she left, she looked down in the package, there was some makeup left in the box for her to put on. She pulled it out and a dangling little note was attached, it read "Really cake this on like a dumb white whore, it's your big interview, you have to look like a white girl should for it, make that mouth hole really stand out, like a big pair of cuntlips ready to swallow black cocks." She shuddered and dropped the note, almost leaving it there before she realized the consequences of Peter finding it, quickly crumpling it and stuffing it to the bottom of the trash.

As sickened as Mary Jane was, as disgusted as the note had left her, her skin crawling, she carefully applied the makeup instructed. Everything that she put on was heavier than she normally would. Her eyeshadow was deeper and darker, her lashes longer, her blush more reddened and noticeable. But most of all? Most of all, her lips were like a billboard, bright DEEP red, glossy and plump, resembling the glistening cocksuckers that she knew they desired.

Finally, she dropped the makeup down, forced to stare in the mirror and confront the image staring back at her; an absolute dumb red-head, an oversexualized pale white whore staring

back. She had to slowly let it sink in that she was staring at herself, that it wasn't some stranger she was judging, it was her. It was Mary Jane as her most shameful, pornographic, brainless version, and it made her stomach twist in complete knots of utter humiliation. It was her and she had no choice but to accept it, even if she so desperately wanted to believe it was just for one night only, tonight, this was the Mary Jane everyone that saw her would see.

Chapter Five: The Interview She Hates

Mary Jane had taken the bus, uncomfortable being stared at by men and women alike, the men eyeing her like a slutty piece of fuckmeat, while the women stared at her like she was some disgraceful traitor to her own gender. Regardless, she blushed and kept her eyes down, just enduring their silent judgement the entire way there. MJ even had to endure a few humiliating catcalls on the final portion of the walk, some construction men who made mention of her 'fat cake' and how they wanted a bite. Ugh…

She had made it though, endured the trip there, and now she had come to the toughest moment of them all, staring at the penthouse door and willing herself to knock and let the men know that she was there. Her trembling hand came up, she took a deep breath, but then she lowered it back down. She started to pace back and forth in the hallway, her mind a complete whirlwind of self-conscious regret.

Fuck… fuck, fuck, fuck… What am I doing, I'm pregnant with Peter's baby for God's sake. This is too much. I can't fucking do this. I have more self-respect than this! Her mind raced with regret, reluctance, every thought that told her how wrong this was, right up until the door suddenly opened and caused her to freeze like a deer caught in a pair of headlights.

"Ah-... h-.. Hello…" She weakly mumbled up, instantly going from that self-respecting resistant rant in her head to a meek little bitch. The skirt on her mini-dress was so short that the mayor could let his eyes linger down and see that she was indeed wearing the correct panties, the red lacy pair perfectly framing those plump pair of pink pussylips in a way that made him want to rut-fuck her right there in the hallway. He gave a slow degrading golf clap instead, practicing restraint.

"Very good, look at you! Such a pretty little dress-up doll. And here I thought you were this unbreakable, infallible woman of virtue." he sneered. "Turns out, you're just another weak little white woman who needs a strong hand to remind her of her place." He raised his hand like he was about to backhand her, causing MJ to flinch, only to stop himself as he smirked across at her, his eyes glinting with a tinge of demeaning cruelty.

Instead, Mayor Silas reached forward and gently caressed her little baby bump through her dress. "And look at that," he taunted. "You brought your little baby to witness Mommy being a pathetic little failure too. How charming. A family affair." He withdrew his hand from her vulnerable belly and gestured for her to come in. As she stepped past, he closed and locked the door behind her. The click of the lock somehow sounded louder than ever, nearly deafening,

sealing her into her own impending doom.

The giant of a man that was the Mayor's bodyguard could be seen holding a big, clear glass of whiskey, the amber alcohol swirling around with a few ice cubes inside. He approached with heavy, deliberate steps that echoed loudly, each stomp a reminder of just how massive a man he was, thudding boots that only grew louder until he was right up in front of her. Without a word, he pushed the glass of whiskey right up in front of her, practically shoving it between her tits as he waited for her to take it. "Drink," he ordered.

Mary Jane didn't want to take it, she wanted to refuse him outright, but her natural instinct kicked in and as if she were a puppet being operated by a marionette, his commanding tone made her instantly take hold of the glass full of whiskey. She brought it up and took a few sips of the potent alcoholic beverage. Her throat was burning as she let out some heavy exhales. "Th-... thanks…" She pathetically mumbled back to the man.

Instead of some approval, some acceptance over her listening to his command, he instead brought his hand back up and as she was lowering the glass his fingers caught on the bottom and brought it right back up to her lips. "All of it…" He added with that same uncompromising commanding tone.

She pulled her head back a little, trying desperately to hold the glass from spilling as he applied pressure. "Pl-please.. I took a drink… but I really shouldn't. I'm pregnant.." Mary Jane had a pathetic pleading tone, all while the Mayor watched with a bemused expression. He decided to join the fun and walked right up behind her, pinning her between the two black men.

Mayor Silas placed his hands along her hips as he gave a little squeeze to the side of her tummy. "Come on, it's a super hero baby inside of you, surely a single drink wouldn't be an issue. I would think revealing daddy's precious secret identity would be a much bigger issue to this little growing baby of yours and its inevitable future. Don't you?" Not hesitating to remind her of the potential consequences for disobedience. The bodyguard furrowed his brow, it was like a bad cop and an even worse cop as they both applied pressure to her, neither one willing to play the good guy. "Drink, all of it." His cold tone reaffirms his command.

Mary Jane let out a pathetic little shiver, her breaths coming in quick and hard, nearly hyperventilating as she stared down into the amber liquid. Without any further hesitation, she lifted it back and began to gulp. The glass was so unreasonably large for a whiskey glass, the actual alcohol so fucking strong, but she powered through it, gulp after burning gulp down her throat. "A-...anhh…" She finally exhaled when finishing, just a few droplets left clinging to the ice cubes jingling back into the otherwise empty glass.

The mayor looked her up and down, seeing the way the mini-dress exposed the front of her panties as she stood there, excited at forcing her to drink while she was pregnant, seeing her sacrifice her morality at their command. He directed Mary Jane over to a strange setup, a chair with several lights on it and a camera, it appeared the mockery of an interview they had planned

for her was more than just a casual thing, they had the equipment and everything waiting for her.

“Now be a good little disappointment to your profession and get your ass over there and pick up your script. You see babe, journalism should be a man’s business, they know how to make friends, all you do is make enemies and this is where it gets you.” He paused with that air of superiority as he looked at her. “But that doesn’t mean women are useless for the profession, you make great busty beautiful whores to ogle, dumb little eye candy to help entertain. Especially pasty pale white ones like you, us black men love watching you demean yourselves on camera.” He gave her plush ass a heavy smack forward towards the chair.

“Anh!” Mary Jane gasped out feeling his large hand pound against her soft, bouncy ass flesh. She felt a little lightheaded after chugging down that glass of whiskey; the whole situation itself was enough to make her feel sick to her stomach. Sitting there, her panties were impossible to hide, her pale, thick thighs on full display, which had those two black men practically licking their lips as they stared down at her. She glanced at the script and almost threw it across the room, but instead, she took a deep, trembling breath, suppressing her desperate desire to resist.

“I-... I’m Mary Jane of the Daily Bugle, here with the-... the wonderful Mayor of our great city, Silas Skum…” She felt disgusting praising him, but that feeling was only going to get worse. “Is-... Is it true, Mayor, that…” She looked up at him, her eyebrows furrowing as her voice wavered. “Is it true that you’ve received information about Spiderman…? Word is that you’ve uncovered a secret… a secret that-... that he’s got a pathetic little white di-... dicklet…” She struggled to say the words, her cheeks burning with shame as she spoke about her own husband, feeling more exposed and humiliated with every word.

The Mayor sat back directly across from her, the casual interview setup leaving him staring directly at her as he gave a cool smirk at her question. “I don’t know, lil miss Mary Jane. Why don’t you tell me?” He casually leaned back in the chair, reaching his hand down as he unfastened his belt, undoing the top button of his pants, and dragged his zipper down. The mayor proceeded to reveal his flaccid yet very thick and meaty block cock right there in front of her, leaving it on display as he sat back to continue the interview.

“How does Peter Parker compare to this? I’m gonna go out on a limb and guess very unfavorably, but you’re the expert. You tell me, with all that journalistic integrity of yours, does Spiderman have a useless white dicklet when compared to your illustrious mayor’s cock?” It was eerie how casual he was sitting with his fat veiny black cock exposed while flipping the question around on her.

Mary Jane felt her eyes linger down, glued to the veiny mass of black cock meat as she managed to slowly turn her gaze upward. “It’s uh… it’s…” she stammered, trying to avoid looking at it, but she couldn’t. Her eyes dropped back, and she was staring at the biggest cock she had ever fucking seen, he looked huge, much bigger than Peter’s, and yet he wasn’t even erect. “It’s bigger…” she finally admitted, in the most polite way that she could for her husband’s

sake, acknowledging the size difference between him and this thick, fat, veiny black anaconda of a cock.

The mayor smirked, knowing all too well that he was very well endowed, especially compared to some inferior white guy, no matter if they were a superhero or not. “I guess being a superhero still isn’t enough to make up for being white. That’s why it’s a shame you have that baby in your belly, a white cunt like you would be better off making our population better with a black baby on board. Better even if it were some black triplets stuffing up that white girl baby chamber.” The mayor was so casual in his racism, his regard for black superiority.

The bodyguard came up from the side with another big full glass of whiskey and placed it right in front of Mary Jane’s face. “Drink…” was all he said, zero regard for her being pregnant, for anything going on, the mayor and him clearly just wanted her to not be operating at her perfect mental capacity and they didn’t give a single fuck about any consequences.

MJ knew she could try to argue, to resist, but they would just remind her that she is being blackmailed and make her do it anyway. Her eyes closed for a second, once again thinking that if she didn’t do this, her child may grow up with no father at all, or worse, she and her baby would be targeted as revenge against Spiderman. She took the amber whiskey and slowly gulped it down, her eyes getting all teary as she chugged it and spilled a few brown droplets into her cleavage, exhaling with that deep burn in her throat.

“That’s it. Look at you, Mary Jane,thinking you’re so clever, so brave, ready to take on the world by coming after a guy like me. But let’s be honest here, sweetheart. Deep down, all you did was prove that you’re nothing more than a naive clueless little girl playing dress-up with the real adults, the real people with functioning brains.” He paused, sneering as he placed a hand down and lifted up his meaty black cock for her to stare at.

His voice turned to one of pure condescension. “Does your little thinky space between your ears get you in trouble, MJ? It must hurt trying to be all thinky and smart up there, trying to be like the big bad adults, that’s okay sweetie, you don’t have to use your hurty thinky space anymore… just stare, stare at my fucking black meat… Stare and drool…” He paused, but seeing her not actually do as he had just told her, “I said fucking drool, cunt.”

MJ winced, her blood boiling as he spoke down to her, her ego being not just bruised but completely battered. She slowly parted her soft, pouty red lips, and saliva began to overflow, cascading pathetically over her bottom lip and down her chin, between her tits. “Aaaah…” She made the noise like one does when they have to open wide at the dentist, holding her mouth open for more of her spit to spill out and down her own body. The front of her mini-dress began to soak up her pathetic drool, making her look even more helpless and desperate in front of these dominant black men.

As Mary Jane sat there, messily drooling on herself, the bodyguard standing next to her suddenly surprised her by bringing his hand up and shoving two big black sausage sized fingers

roughly into her mouth. She instinctively tried to pull back, but he held her firm, pinning her tongue to the floor of her mouth. Without a warning, he began to thrust his fingers in and out at a rapid, relentless pace, face fucking her on his digits. “GlLUUuUuhhHh!! GlLuUR- GLIIRkk!!” Her eyes widened in shock and pathetic degradation as she sputtered and gagged, the thick fingers making her choke.

What had been a small trickle of overflowing saliva down her chin now turned into a constant, desperate stream of drool, a release of mouth mess that was spattering messily down her pale body and the slutty clothing that clung to it. That same body was now jerking involuntarily as he continued to abuse her mouth, her cheeks bulging when he spread both of those fat black fingers and forced her to look like a chipmunk.

Tears welled up in her eyes, smudging her eyeliner as she looked helpless, a pathetic mess of drool and tears. Finally, he yanked those fat black fingers back out of her mouth and left her a trembling, disheveled mess, sputtering down on herself as she coughed. “Next question.” The Mayor ordered, a smug smile as he stared at her in the sort of state he had always imagined having her.

Mary Jane was still choking as she looked down at her notes. “GuUhh… Uh.. Mayor Silas, c-.. Can you, like, confirm that with your umm, like, your findings and stuff, that us silly white women… like… were built to… to like bounce on big black dicks and stuff…” she paused, staring down at the last part of the quote, still gasping for air as she finally willed herself to say it outloud. “T-... Tee.. hee…” she let out a stupid faux giggle, the entire thing was phrased to make her sound like some misogynistic ideal of an airheaded bimbo.

Mayor Silas’s eyes glinted as he watched her struggle through it. “Oh, well thank you for the interest darling. I know as a silly little white girl yourself you must be very curious to know the answer to that.” He leaned forward, his hand taking hold of his cock as he propped it up and gave it a big slow stroke. Mary Jane’s eyes widening a little as she stared down at it.

“I bet you just felt something, didn’t you? It’s a scientific phenomenon where women’s internal organs can raise, their insides can lower, they adjust to become longer, ready to take more. It’s something you’re currently experiencing with your pregnancy, but it also exists in states of absolutely intense arousal, your body adapts to take more…” He let that thought linger for a second, gave his big black cock another slow alluring stroke in front of her.

“So let us go back to the very first question, Peter Parker, Spiderman… he doesn’t have more to give you, now does he? He’s quite lacking down here. If you were meant for that, why would your body have this phenomenon where it adjusts to take more, craves more?” He gave his big black cock another stroke, pumping it up to get harder, fatter, longer. “It’s because, white girl, you were meant to take things like this in there. Your body knows it, nature knows it, now you just need to wrap your dumb little brain around it. You weren’t built for white cock, you were built for big black cock. Say it for me, darling, what were you meant for?”

Mary Jane felt her breath catch, she gulped a little, her head felt so fuzzy with the whiskey she had downed, the rough treatment, the humiliation, all of it. It wasn't just her head feeling fuzzy though, it was down between her legs, her pussy felt fuzzy, a tingling tempted hole that felt a little dribble of glistening fluid leak along her inner walls. "Ah… For… for black cock…" she mumbled the words out.

"Have you ever fucked a black cock before, Mary Jane?" the mayor immediately questioned, still teasing her with the visual of his own growing erection standing out and exposed. MJ responded with a meek little, "... no…" as she shifted slightly in her seat. "And? Do you want to fuck one? Don't answer with your brain, nobody cares what that stupid thing thinks, that part of you that loves to lie… No, answer with your honest part. Answer with your pussy. Do you want to fuck a big meaty black cock?" he finished by repeating the question across to her.

Mary Jane felt another even more significant tingle down in her pussy, that growing shift as her nethers made space for a bigger thing inside of her, she shifted her body down in her seat ever so slightly and let her legs part a little bit more just to be comfortable. Without thinking, she answered. "I-... I do…"

"That's right, you do." His absolute fucking smugness was unbearable, his arrogance as he leered across at her. "You know why you do, because white girls were made for black cock. It is obvious. Nature made you white pale cunts just to spread and get drilled by guys like us." He nodded his head up gesturing at her with it, "You were made to spread just like that. Look at your legs instinctually parting. Now, I want you to show me the part that just answered the question, pull those panties to the side and show me the part of you that needs black cock."

She felt her hand press down over her pregnant tummy, pausing it as she realized what she was doing, she was about to do what he told without even thinking, it was getting so much harder to think. Even once she did think though, what choice did she have, he had all the information he needed to destroy her and her husband's life. Mary Jane knew it would come to this, she just had to do it. She slipped her hand down between her legs, her fingers bunching up the crotch of her panties and then with a light tug she pulled them to the side and exposed her glistening needy pink pussy.

"That's it, good girl. Look at that little fuck hole, it's practically opening up like a blooming flower begging to be filled on a black cock. Damien," he looked to his bodyguard, "Show her what we think about little pink white girl holes like that failing their duty and getting impregnated by a limp dicked white guy." Damien didn't hesitate, he grabbed a big meaty handful of her pasty thigh and jerked it even more wide, spreading her legs that much more. After that he leaned down and gathered up a big wad, a sucking wet sound coming from his huge black mouth. "Heughk-PTHU!!" He spit down all over that pink exposed pussy, just absolutely coating her sensitive little slit in the massive wad of dangling spit.

"Now," the mayor held up his phone, the picture of Peter Parker exposing his secret identity with his spiderman mask up on it, a list of tags in a message and his thumb hovering by the send

button. “Look into that camera, run your fingers down through that spit, and apologize for getting pregnant with a useless little white baby. Make it convincing, demeaning, tell everyone why you regret taking that useless little fetus in your tummy.” Cruelly he was going to force her to degrade her own expected child, he had absolutely no morality, no empathy, he just wanted to chew her up and spit this white cunt out a lesser version of herself.

“Ah-..” She gasped, her pussy dripped with that warm spit, swivelling up slightly as she gave a whimper that showed how badly she didn’t want to do what he requested, showing how much it pained her to follow through. She pushed her fingers down lower and that whimper shifted to a slight moan, rubbing the black man’s spit over her clit and down into her labia. “MmMnh… Fuck…” She gasped out, her gaze shifting to the camera as she stared at her own pathetic reflection in the lens. “I-... I’m a fuck up, a white girl failure.. I-.... I can’t do this!!” She suddenly grew a little bit of a backbone, her last bits of resistance refusing to degrade her baby in her own belly. “You’re taking this too far! I wo- NnHH!!”

Her voice was cut off with a sudden harsh slap right across the face from the mountain of a bodyguard, his sausage sized digits leaving red marks right across her pale face. After the slap, Damien grabbed her by her throat, his huge hand practically able to grip the entire way around her small neck, he started to squeeze and lift, making her raise off the chair ever so slightly as she put her hands down to support herself, kicking and squirming as her pathetic squeals got muted out. Her face reddened, almost going purple when he dropped her back down into her seat. “Mayor Silas wasn’t asking, he was telling. Try that again and not only will I punch you right in that dumb fucking pregnant belly, but the Mayor will be sending that picture out to every media outlet.”

“HnNhhh… HNHnNhh…” Mary Jane strained and gasped, refilling her emptied lungs, a pathetically defeated look on her face. “I-... Hnnh… I-... I’m a fuck up, a white girl failure, cause I… cause I got pregnant by little useless white dick… Now I have inferior white genes building in my belly, just another pathetic white failure being reproduced.. Hnh..” She wheezed the words out, her voice trembling with her own weakness, those thoughts of how she had to be the worst mother ever just flooding up her head.

“Aww, don’t look so sad lil miss Mary Jane, remember, your pussy should be the one doing the thinking for you, pussies don’t get sad, do they?” The mayor degradingly asked the question as MJ just squirmed her head in pathetic little no motions, answering without words. “No, they don’t, that’s right. Just rub those sad thoughts away, because you know what? Your brain doesn’t matter, your thoughts don’t matter, just your holes matter, your pussy. You are your pussy, your pussy is you. Rub it all away. What are you?”

Mary Jane pathetically rubbed, she rubbed her fingers up and down, scared what they would do next if she didn’t, wildly rubbing and stimulating her own little pink pussy for the two black men to watch. The more she rubbed the more engorged her pussy got, the more her hole craved for something she didn’t want to admit. “I-... I’m my pussy… I’m a white girl pussy… I’m a set of holes… I-... I’m rubbing so that you won’t hurt me…” she whimpered back.

“Aww…” The mayor let out a faux voice of concern right before coldly chuckling. “Ahah… we’re not gonna hurt you, MJ. We’re here to help you. You’ve gone and gotten all mixed up in your head, we’re gonna help you clean all that mess out. Damien, help her clean the mess out of her head for me, would you?” The mayor looked up at his bodyguard and nodded.

Damien didn’t hesitate, he immediately began to undo the buttons on his pants and just like that he pulled them open and down, whipping out his fat black shaft. It was much bigger than even the mayor’s, it hung so low, veins pulsing as it laid there nearly the size of Mary Jane’s own forearm. “Open that fucking mouth up, cunt. I’m gonna clean those sad thoughts away for the mayor.”

Mary Jane stared at it, she was frozen, her gaze locked on the huge cock that had been presented in front of her. It was larger not only than any cock that she had ever seen, but it was larger than any cock that she had ever even THOUGHT to imagine. Her mouth opened ever so slightly, gradually parting her pouty red lips, unfortunately for her she didn’t act fast enough and before she knew it the bodyguard had wrapped one hand on her jaw and the other on her forehead, and like prying open a coconut he pulled both ways until her mouth was opened up as wide as she could get it.

“AnNnNnhhhHhh!!!” she squealed out of her gaping mouth hole, right before Damien stepped up and stuffed his fat black cock into it, clogging that mouth pipe right up. “OoMmMFppPH!!” Her pathetic mouth noises were all any of them could hear as he held her head tight and just like that started to shove it forward and back for the cameras to see. Face fucking Mary Jane Watson-Parker, Spiderman’s wife, like she was nothing but a mouth whore. Swabbing her growing saliva out of her mouth and down her jaw, over her tits.

Damien plunged from one side to the other puffing out her cheeks, he shoved up flattening his tip along her mouth roof, then he shoved down and rubbed his fat head along her tongue. “Good fucking white girl, this is the way you should be using your mouth.” His low voice rumbled down and he stepped one foot up and across her, putting it on the arm of the chair she was sitting on. Damien began to start thrusting harder and deeper, punching at her throat until it naturally submitted to the beating he was giving it, opening her throat and fucking his way down it, his balls swinging like pendulums beating off her white girl chin.

Mary Jane’s eyes were crossing up in her head, her tongue squirming under that salty black meat. It tasted so strong and potent, like he hadn’t washed his cock for a week, washing it off in her mouth mess. “GlIUurkk GLliiiRrkkk GlIURkk!!” Little pathetic gagging noises got plunged out of her throat hole. She couldn’t think about her husband, she couldn’t think about the baby growing in her belly, all she could think about was the big black cock and how it was absolutely stuffing her throat. Swabbing out that sticky mouth saliva as it cascaded down her tits making them into the stickiest, degrading, fat tit messes.

“That’s it baby, suck cock like you white girls were meant to. Giving up those holes, that’s why

your mommy and daddy made you. Made you for black men." Damien degraded her, using her mouth harder and faster. The mayor spoke up as this happened, "The problem is Mary Jane, every white baby you have, we're just gonna have to give you 5 black ones to make up for it. 5 to 1, perfect numbers for a black on white gangbang, that's just the way the math works, dear."

She couldn't answer though, all MJ could do was grunt, gag, and gargle. Her face got completely fucked until finally Damien was throbbing, he pulled out and started to stroke his big snake of a cock at a rapid pace. Just pump, pump, pumping it right up at her expression. "Steady!! Hold it fucking steady, keep your eyes open whore, I don't care if any gets in them!" He shouted down at her enough to make her wince despite how heavy she was gasping for the air she had been desperately deprived.

Just like that his big black cock shot out like it was a hose, heavy blast, after heavy blast of huge sticky cum gushing against her expression. Mary Jane took it all like a champ, like a professional fucking porn whore. He was cumming so hard it was like he was blasting piss over her, a hot creamy cum shower, soaking her expression and dripping down her tits, mixing in her own drool.

The once proud white woman was reduced to a cum soaked facial by the mayor's bodyguard. He stepped back behind her, grabbed a big wad of her dripping red hair, and yanked up, holding her head up high and looking at the camera. "Now continue the interview, cunt." The bodyguard instructed, forcing her to look back at the mayor who had a deviously satisfied expression.

Mary Jane pathetically wiped the cum from over her eyes, sucking air in and out of her burning lungs. She choked out some sludgy pre-nut that had been left in her throat, sputtering it down her chin with her head held high. MJ pulled the notes up, her eyes struggling to focus at first. "It-... uh… oh.. Thank-… thank you Mayor Silas… But, I -... I need to ask… to beg… beg you both to fuck me. I don't wanna ask questions, I wanna ask for black dick. I'm just a white girl…" She sputtered with a whimper and finished the last of the notes made for her. "A white whore…I want black dick, I need black dick… I am my pussy, my pussy needs your dicks…" The depraved words of the cum covered, whore dressed Mary Jane begging for black dick recorded for those men to keep, caught on camera forever.

Chapter Six: The Real Show Starts

Mayor Silas Skum stood up, he walked over to her and started to undo his tie, he pulled it off, opening his jacket,and undressing bit by bit until the tall black man was completely naked in front of her. "Well, if that is all you wanted, you only had to say so dear." He condescendingly said it with a tone like he was talking to a dumb little puppy that just wanted to have a treat. His lengthy black hand pressed in near her pussy, wrapping his knuckles through the crotch of her panties, and then YANKING as hard as he fucking could as he ripped to the side until one hip tore out and he could leave the lacy red pair dangling down on her ankle.

"AnNH!!" Mary Jane felt a burst of panic, but something more than that, something animalistic

inside of her, she felt this weird craving, this desire like she never had felt in her pussy before. The redhead shoved her hands down her tummy once more and this time she placed her palms flatly on the inside of each of her thighs, pressing apart as she opened up the mayor's target, offering her little pink white girl pussy for him to take.

"Mmnh… That's right, you white girls know what you want." He brought his hand down and stroked his cock, reaching over on the nearby tabletop to pick up a bottle of lube, he poured it down his cock making that big black shaft glisten for her. "You want this, baby?You wanna cheat on that loser fucking super hero? Hold it open just like that for your new black Daddy." He pushed her upper body back with a shove, pinning her down in the seat, his other hand on her hip dragging her down into position for him while she squealed.

"Just stay right there.. And…. ANNGGHH!!" The mayor slammed his black body down on her and pierced that big lubed up black dick right into her. In a single thrust he had half hilted her, he had to grab her ankles with each hand and shove her legs up high. The mayor put Mary Jane in a mating press despite the fact that she was already pregnant, her pussy shoved up high in the air for him to take. "Fuckkk, she is sooo fucking TIGHT! Does that spider dweeb even have a fucking dick! How'd he get this shit pregnant and leave it this fucking TIGHT!!"

Mary Jane was twisting her upper body what little she could, throwing her head back and forth like some fucking broken bobblehead as she writhed around in the most intense sensation that she had ever experienced. "OoOOhhHH. Ooohh mmyy ggaawwddd!! Careful Carefuulll, watch out for the baby, I-... EEIIEEEEE!!!" Her moaning pleading turned into a pathetic shriek as she convulsed and bucked.

Silas didn't care one bit about her pleading, instead of taking it into consideration, instead he had pulled his hips back and slammed down even harder, burying it like he was trying to lock the sword in the stone, trying to make it impossible to separate. He glued her cunt sealed around his cock with how deep he had buried it and then he started to bounce, burying her next, crashing her down into the seat cushion. Crashing wasn't hyperbole either, it was like he was taking an actual crash dummy beneath him and testing it for impact, over and over as he hammered her cunt in.

The first fully hilting hammering of him inside of her had bounced her womb up so hard that it sent a paralyzing shock of a sensation through her whole body that was so intense it turned her face dumb. One full thrust of his big black cock had this sensible confident, intelligent white woman looking like she had just been fucked retarded. Every thrust that went after only made her look even more so, her eyes crossing her tongue hanging, her head bouncing all over.

"HnNHhhHH!!! HhNUunnNH!! MmMAahhHh!! BbBLlA-...BLlLAACCkkKk CCoOCKK!!!!! UuNnH!!!" She didn't just look like she had been fucked retarded, she sounded like it as well, her brain barely working as a senseless drivel of panting, grunting, animal girl noises came out from her. Like a bitch getting bred, except Mary Jane already was bred, this was something new, different, something only black men could make a white woman feel. Black on white

breeding, it felt like the way it was MEANT to be, like finding the perfect match for what her pussy had been created for.

In reality, it was anything but the perfect match, he was absolutely fucking stretching that little pink pussy out, beating her insides loose, ruining her for what her perfect fit would have been. She may not have been made for black cock, but he was rearranging her insides to where she would be by the time he was done. By the time he was done, that little white girl pussy would only be able to get off with black cock. The only thing big enough to punch her little pussy full.

“Fffuucckkk… where’s your fucking journalistic integrity nowww… Fucking the people you write about, naahhh, you’re not a journalist, you’re a fucking whore… Get that fucking cunt hollowed whore!!” He began to smash against her womb over and over, the little growing white baby in her belly getting juggled around in her baby chamber. It felt like he was an inch or two away from giving her a big black cock abortion and he didn’t care about those risks at all, he was gonna fuck her hole and let her deal with any consequences.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! Her pale white ass smacked over and over, rippling from the way he had her folded into that mating press, and was slamming his hips down into her ass over and over like a piston. It wasn’t just the sound of flesh and meat hitting together though, there was also these humiliatingly loud SQUELCH noises getting fucked out of her increasingly wet pussy, that gushing little fuckhole was getting louder with every thick wet pump of black meat inside of her.

Everything was turning into her blur, the entire room spinning, Mary Jane was staring up at the Mayor one second and the next thing she knew he had leaned all the way forward and was blocking everything out as their lips came together. His big black lips completely surrounded her own mouth, it was a devouring kiss like he was almost trying to swallow her mouth into his. Soon after he was shoving his tongue in and dominating that little wet muscle in her mouth the same as he dominated every other part of her, shoving it around in a passionate makeout session while he fucked her.

“MnNFhh.. Tell me that white boy husband kisses you like that, we know white men could never!” He grunted and laughed after coming up from the kiss, putting a hand down on her throat and threatening to squeeze if she didn’t answer. Mary Jane let out a husky little quivering gasp, “NnNneverrr… Nnever never neverrr!!” She squirmed her head in no motions and then leaned her head forward and up with her mouth open, wordlessly begging for another. The mayor was all too satisfied as he grinned and leaned in to devour her mouth once more.

The animalistic rutting continued for what felt like forever, eventually Mayor Silas felt his heavy mass of black cock start to flex inside of her, start to throb and stretch at her gripping little pussy walls that much more. “Fffuucckk, this pussy is just too tight, Mary Jane!! We’re gonna have to keep you and use this all the time, god damn, I know your loser super hero husband won’t mind, he’s got the world to save. All you have to save is our sperm from getting spilled anywhere but inside this fucking cunt and all your other holes, that’s your fucking place, whore.” The mayor drew back and then he shot a big wad of spit down right against her dumb fucking slut face.

Mary Jane had completely given in, she didn't even blink as the spit hit her, as it dribbled between her crossed eyes, when some of it spattered into her opened mouth. "FFuuck meeeEee, ffFuckk MmmMMh!! I'm a wWWhooRee!! I'm a whore, I'm a whore!!!" she cried out, her body convulsing uncontrollably on his throbbing black cock, her sense of pride, her sense of shame, it was all gone, nothing but pleasure, pleasure was all she could focus on.

She really had been reduced to being nothing but her pussy, her stretched out little convulsing pussy was the place dominating her entire existence. "OoOoh FuccCkkk!!! OHh FUCkkKKkKK!!!!" She screamed out and just like that Mary Jane started to thrash and buck what little she could from pinned underneath the man, she began the biggest hardest orgasm of her entire life. She was squirting all over his dick, spattering her fluids up against his lap, his lower abdomen, down his balls, making one big soupy cunt mess all up against the man she hated more than any other.

The mayor would have laughed, he would have laughed so fucking hard, just one problem, her pussy felt too fucking good to laugh in that moment. She was clenching, bucking, spasming, her little pussymeat was milking him like it wanted nothing more in the world than him to empty those big black balls that had been slamming against her ass over and over.

"Fffuuckkinng helll, this whore is going into fucking black cock shock!! I fucking can't with this bitch, I ccC-... C-... FuUCkkk ittt, TAKE IT!!!" He buried his fat black cock down inside of her and it began to flex hard, engorging and shooting her full of his thick sludge like seed. It was a completely different texture than what her white boy husband shot out, Super Hero or not, he was just a white boy shooting out that barely potent white boy seed. Mayor Silas Skum had so much more sperm inside of each rope, his sperm count through the roof that it made his cum fucking THICK.

Rope after rope of thick sludge getting packed into her pussy. His fat black dick had her so clogged up that the cum had nowhere to go, it couldn't even overflow out around him, she was packed to her absolute limit. With nowhere to go that cum did what it naturally does, it stuffed her white girl womb up instead, that baby carrying womb of hers becoming a gushing flood of black man seed. It was to the point that her baby bump started to get fatter.

"Ffuuckkk!! First trimester…. Second trimester…. NnNh… UnnGghh!!" SPURT!! SPURT!! "ThiIRRDD TRIMESTERR!!" He throbbed out the last of his cum and her belly got bloated up like she was in the third trimester of carrying a baby. She was only still in her first and yet her tummy got fattened up like she was in late stage pregnancy, bloated on black guy cum. Her little white tummy stretched so hard. She slipped her hands down over it, clutching her baby carrying cum bump and moaning as she felt it so fucking big.

The weight of her cum stuffed womb pressing down on her bladder and letting her know what let stage pregnancy was going to be like. The combination of Mary Jane being massively

overstimulated and the weight of her cum bump on her bladder caused her to squirm uncontrollably when she curled her toes and began to spontaneously wet herself. The poor proud white girl reduced to pissing herself on the mayor's black cock.

"Ahah… AHAHAhahH!!! This fucking bitch is wetting herself, god damn, you like black cock that much, baby? Your spider dweeb of a hubby must be really leaving you unsatisfied." He kept laughing at her, laughing in her face despite being himself in an intense state of pleasure. "Fuck. Get me the syringe, Damien." The bodyguard nodded and prepared the drug, bringing it up to the mayor to use.

First, Mayor Silas decided to explain what it was for. "Now, see this here, don't panic, it's just a little 24 hour drug that will wear off, but it's gonna lock that baby chamber of yours full of my cum. Hope you don't mind that baby you're brewing up in there marinating in some black man baby batter for a while. Hah!" He laughed and brought the needle down to Mary Jane's trembling tummy, casually injecting her to create that strong film layer. "Now just to make sure I did it right…" He unplugged her cunt and only some small dribbles of his cum leaked out, the cum that was still in her pussy, everything else was locked in and keeping her belly bloated.

Mary Jane's tummy felt strange and heavy after that. She pressed her hand on her belly, and to her own surprise even with the warning of the mayor, none of the cum came out. Instead it was as if her belly had become a bloated balloon filled with black guy's seed. She whimpered softly, her moans muffled as her senses started to recover a little, her eyes widened with concern as she looked up at the two towering black men over her.

"MmmNh… Mmh…" She murmured, trying to steady her staggered panting breaths. Her voice trembled as she had to ask, "Is-... is that safe? Please, tell me it's safe?" She whimpered with her face full of worry and uncertainty. She looked back and forth between them, desperate for some kind of reassurance that her baby would be okay, her body a glistening glowing mound of needy white girl flesh, despite her outward concerns.

The mayor just chuckled darkly, a cruel smile curling on his lips. "I really couldn't tell you, doll, I've only ever used it on the white girls who weren't pregnant, guess we'll find out together. It should be a fun little experiment, don't you think?" The black man grinned down at her before gesturing to his bodyguard, his own body feeling a bit wobbly and tired after fucking the absolute shit out of Mary Jane. "Your turn, really rough her up. I think her brain is still working too well if she has time to be concerned, go ahead and break that thing. Show her what real power looks like, not that wimpy little super hero husband of hers."

The bodyguard needed no further permission, he had wanted to wreck this little white slut the moment he first saw her. Damien tore his jacket off, threw his shirt down, and got completely naked. That fat anaconda of a black cock was only semi-erect but it already dwarfed even what the mayor had just given her. A huge fucking cock, from a huge fucking man. Damien was a mountain of muscle ready to give it his all towards breaking her.

“W-wait! This was just a one time thing with the mayor! I never agreed to-... AAAh!!” Her voice shrieked out in a sudden squeal. Mary Jane had been jerked up by her red hair like it was a leash, before she could even react she had been pinned in a full-nelson with her arms up in the air flailing pathetically. The musclebound black brute leaned forward and dragged his tongue up the side of her face like this adult white woman was a tasty treat that he had just been personally gifted.

The musclebound hulk of a black man leaned up and back and forced Mary Jane to dangle in the air, her legs kicking around pathetically. The mayor leaned forward inspecting her pale body, putting a hand up as he weighed her fat pale tit. “Come now, girly. We never made a deal about this being a one time thing, how naive can you be? No no, this isn’t a one time thing, that info on your spider hubby is our possession permanently, and if you want it to stay that way, you’re gonna be our possession as well. Deal with it, and better yet, start talking like a fucking bimbo or I might just get bored and send it out right now.” The mayor gave her nipple a sharp twist. “Speak, bitch!”

The flailing curvy hottie kicked a little bit more before she finally just gave up and hung there in that full nelson hold, Mary Jane’s body draped down the black man’s barrel of an upper body, his cock hot-dogging up and pulsing between her thicc bouncy ass cheeks. Her face scrunched up in defeat. “I… like… I’m like umm a permanent whore for you guys… annh.. Put me down… Nnfh… I like am feeling soo ummm… gah, I can’t do it!!” She whimpered but then thought quickly about how he might click send on that picture, instantly jumping right back into her pathetic tirade.

“Like oh my gahhh I love your big block cocks so much that I wanna just fuck them forever, I wanna blow bubbles on them, I wanna sit on them, I wanna be filled by them. Your cocks are… are like the BESTEST!!” Her expression was absolute pure utter humiliated defeat as she hung there degrading herself by talking like she was an undereducated blond bimbo. Her hips twisting a little as the bodyguard behind her felt his cock twitch, pushing it up against her spine and making her back arch.

“Fuuuck, boss. You’re right, we need to break her brain so she’s like that permanently, she sounds so much more fun to listen to as a fucking drivelling idiot than she does with her snobby dumb mouth when I’ve had to listen to her during these press conferences.” He laughed and then with a jerk he dropped her from that full nelson, giving a brief moment of hope that he would let her free after that.

Instead it was quite the opposite, that mountainous man leaned forward and scooped her legs, yanking them wide fucking OPEN, and putting her into a leg and arm full nelson now. “Let’s make this white girl go retarded! You just hang there and enjoy the ride, cunt!” Damien arched his back making her entire body lift up, Mary Jane’s belly swaying up, expecting him to drive right into her pussy, instead when he sat her down his fat black cock jammed between her ass cheeks and in one heavy mashing thrust he gaped her asshole out.

Mary Jane's eyes crossed in her skull, her tongue lulled down her chin, there was a disgusting anal squelching noise as he stuffed her ass full. That red-headed white girl had her head forced forward with his hands up behind it, making her watch down her own body as he got so deep in her ass that her bloated tummy shoved upwards. "HhNNnhhh… NnNNhh… AnNhHHHh!!!" She grunted like a wild boar, her ass felt on fire being stuffed so full without any sort of training, any sort of warning. "YyYyOouU… YouuU areee spplitttinggg meee in…AnnNnHhH!! TWWOoOO-OoOWWiiIEee OWW OWWW OWWWWW!!!" She cried out with the most pathetic expression across her face the entire time.

Damien twisted his body side to side, practically folding her body completely as he used her like a fleshlight and just grinded Mary Jane's asshole down the length of his cock, stuffing her bowels full of his black meat. "Take that baby, take it, take all that dick in your shit pipe. Every white girl hole is fuuckkinng black dick taking sleeve."

The mayor smirked and ran his hand up the side of Mary Jane's pathetic dumb looking expression, pressing his thumb into her mouth and caressing her tongue as his bodyguard held her folded there. "Good work, Damien. Just as we discussed. Now, break her." That was all he said before he pulled his thumb back out and walked over to his seat, sitting comfortably down to swirl his own whiskey and have a drink. Mayor Silas Skum getting comfortable for the show, the show that was breaking this bitch once and for all.

"Yes Sir." Was all Damien said back and just like that he threw her up in his tightly clutching arms, and then drove her down with reckless abandon, pumping her like she was nothing more than a pale oversized fleshlight for him to jam his fuckpole into. PLAP! PLAP! SCHLAP! PLAP! THWAP! His pelvis and hips laying an absolute ass whooping one her backside, but even worse than that was the destruction he was giving to her previously tight little shitter.

Mary Jane bounced around feverishly, her head bouncing all over as the entire room spun and she got the unfortunate feeling of having her shitter destroyed. Her plump ass cheeks rippled with beating impact every time he pile drove her back down onto his cock. "MmMMh-... My ass… You're… breaakkinnggg… myyy… aaAASssSSS!!!" She grunted the words out in pathetic gasps between the rapid bouncing stuffing she was being given.

"Shut the fuck up! Just praise black dick, bitch! That's all you're good for! Your spidey boy husband isn't coming to help you, so fucking deal with it! Black dick is your future, Mary Jane, is a fucking queen of spades, black dick taking, race traitor! Black New World Order, cunt! Say it!!" He growled into her ear and jammed her down harder, he was fucking her ass so hard that her bowels were getting hammered against her womb and bouncing her baby forward as it pressed on her bladder even harder.

Mary Jane uncontrollably just started to spatter piss out half way across the penthouse room floor, splashing, squirting floods of her just pissing everywhere as she wet herself. Her asshole original was in horrible burning pain, but now it had just gone numb, a numb stupid tingling feeling that she had never felt before. He rammed it so hard that her body compensated and

just numbed out the pain completely, a sudden switch flipping that made it feel a lot more like getting her ass raped was giving her pleasure.

“FUCKFUCUCKFUCUKFCFKCKCKKKKKFFKCKFKFKCKFCK!!!!” Mary Jane spasmed and screamed, bucking wildly in his tight grasp, she couldn’t pull away, she couldn’t go anywhere, she could only stay folded over taking it up her gaped out greedy asshole. With nowhere to go her mind suddenly snapped and she was dribbling drool all down herself, her cunt seeping out sloppy lubricant with each bounce, she was producing fuck juices from her pussy like an open faucet.

“BlILLAccKkK… NEWWwWW.. WOoOORRLLDDD…. ORRDDDEERRRR!!!! OoOH!! OoOOHH!! OOOHHH GGOOoODDD YYESSSHhHHH!!!!” It wasn’t just piss anymore, all of the sudden it shifted and Mary Jane’s spasming cunt hole was in full slutty squirt mode. Just clear sticky slut juices going everywhere as her entire body tensed. “CUM IN MY ASSS!! CUM IN MY ASS CUM IN MY ASS CUMINMYASS!!!! I WANT YOUR BLACK CUMM IN MY ASSSSS!!!! OOoOOoOH GGOODDDdDD I WANNA SHIT BLACK GUY CUMMM FORRR WEEEKKSSS!!” Embarrassing, broken, poor Mary Jane. She made such a humiliating spectacle of herself that she hadn’t even realized in her broken pleasure that the mayor had pulled up his phone and was recording the whole thing. There was no coming back from this, not ever.

Damien shifted his hands to grab hold of her fattened up, pregnant, cum bloated tummy. He used it like a handle to fucking batter her down his huge dick. He squeezed and pounded her so intensely that, in one decisive instant, that seal that was meant to last 24 hours just suddenly broke like a dam bursting. Like a deflating balloon her tummy squished inwards with his digits sinking against her flesh, and an eruption of the mayor’s cum ejected out of her pussy like a geyser. GUSH, GUSH, GUSSHhHHH!! Her tummy squished back down, deflating to its first trimester’s natural size.

Mayor Silas Skum recorded the entire depraved, disgusting spectacle right on his phone to keep forever. There was no telling how many people he would show this to; other journalists, politicians, businessmen, villains. She would become the whore laughing stock of the city, a disgrace. Peter Parker would probably get mocking comments when fighting villains that he wouldn’t even understand. Comments about his ‘cum balloon’ of a wife and his unborn baby’s jizz bath.

Damien bent his entire upper body nearly horizontal, holding her folded beneath him, pinned with her bowels full on his cock. “Gghh… Fuck yes… fucking take it cunt, take it!!” He started to bust inside of her. Heavy thick ropes of his black bull cum blasting deep up her ass. He repainted that inside of her ass with one blast of his cum after another. He had shot cum so deep up in her ass that it had joined her tummy and was left resting in her stomach like she had just swallowed it. Enough to leave her asshole truly drooling out cum for weeks as he dropped her down in a heap, letting that white slut pop off his cock with it springing free.

Mary Jane was laying across the floor, her white body was red from use, sticky with sweat, spit,

piss, and cum. Both her cum and their cum. She was slumped against the floor in a way that had her shapely pale ass shoved up high in the air with her gaped back door permanently resting open. To put it simply into perspective, Damien shoved three of his big black fingers right up into her gaping asshole and dug it around in that cumload, and yet Mary Jane barely even felt them there. Her asshole had been completely ruined and transformed into a black man dick massager.

“That’s perfect. Well done, Damien.” The mayor said in a smug tone. “Very good work you as well Mary Jane!” His tone shifted to one of condescension, emphasis on the words like she would barely even understand English now, like he had to say them slowly for her to get that he approved of her activities tonight.

The mayor stood up from his seat, clutching his wallet in his hand. He opened it slowly after walking up to her, his fingers flipping through the bills as he counted out a thousand dollars in hundred dollar bills. “There we go,” he chided with a taunting smirk. “One grand for the whore.” He looked down at her limp, used body and then casually tossed the money onto her. The bills came apart from their bundle and ended up a mess atop her sticky flesh. Laying there covered in the mayor's money that he had earned almost assuredly through his corruption. He then proceeded to pull out a business card and place it down right next to her face.

“Good job hooker, we’ll be seeing you again soon. Text me every day,” he said, his voice cold and commanding. “Start with a thank you for what we did tonight. You’re ours now, remember that. We’re gonna be in touch all the time. You belong to us now, skank. Never forget it.” His eyes lingered down on her for a moment before he gestured to his bodyguard and turned away, the two men getting dressed and leaving her there like a piece of used up trash.

A pump and dump. That is what Mary Jane had been reduced to. Her husband was out saving people and making the world better, but here she was drooling cum out of her pussy and ass like a set of broken faucets. Her brain completely broken as she lay there and without even thinking shoved her fingers down between her thighs and rubbed her swollen clit, humping her hand down against the floor.

Peter Parker’s precious ‘MJ’ had finally gotten to experience the one thing that every white girl truly needed in her life, that fiery, formerly intelligent, red-head had gotten blacked. As they say, once you go black, there is no going back.

Chapter Seven: Consequences

In the aftermath of what had happened, several changes occurred for Mary Jane, her pregnancy continued to progress, making her belly grow. Mary Jane had fucked the mayor and his bodyguard so many times by this point that she had lost count. Those big black fuck sessions had all just blurred together in her brain, her place between them taking cock had been cemented. The mayor had taken it a step further though, now he was whoring her out to others, he was using her for political dealings, using her to bribe journalists for fluff stories, and using

her to seal business deals like she was some living commodity to be passed around.

It wasn't just fucking though, her life had changed in general, she had been put through so many humiliating ordeals that it was impossible to keep track of them all. She had been given a mystical set of tattoos thanks to the mayor's closeness to several villains, several tattoos in fact. Blacked degrading tattoos for the big black cock slut that she had become. They would show whenever black men were within six feet of her, and dim whenever she was around white men, a hidden billboard for what she truly had become.

The first was one that was down on her lower tummy, a fertility womb tattoo, spiraling out to where her ovaries would be, except instead of the tattoo having the symbol for her ovaries, it instead had queen of spades marks all inside there, implying that her womb was black sperm property now. A mark that would be reality as soon as she popped this damn white baby out of the way to make room for what was to come, a future of black breeding.

Other tattoos that she had included the words "Black Baby Feeder" tattooed down one tit, with a ring of black sperm symbols tattooed around one of her nipples on the other, all the swimmers facing towards her nipple ready to borrow into it from the look of the display.

Just above where Mary Jane's little red pubic hair used to be, there was another tattoo that said "Black Property" with an arrow pointing down to her constantly swollen cunt, never getting a chance to recover between taking more black dick and getting her pussy beat up by the rough black men. Her pussy had been completely waxed bare under the rule that, "White girls should never hide their hole, not even a little, that thing needs to be framed and displayed for her black daddies, ready to tempt them and spread for them at any given moment."

On her growing curvy white assmeat she had 'WH' on one ass cheek and 'RE' on the other, with her gaped out white girl asshole finishing up the display, advertising to any man staring at her pale ass that she was a anal 'WHORE' for them to make use of. Her gaped asshole made an even better 'O' now because it was permanently bleached, looking pale and pink like the rest of her flesh, a pretty little porno butthole between her cheeks.

Unfortunately for MJ, it wasn't just that her asshole had been bleached into that pretty porno hole, no, it had been modified much more than that. Mary Jane's asshole had been completely surgically modified from the ground up, like it had been rebuilt into little more than a fleshlight of a shitpipe for black men to dick down.

Her little anal shitter could now be controlled with a remote control, it had features like warming, vibration, contractions, stationary-pumping. Her little asshole had been blinged out with nearly a million dollars worth of tech inside of it. It was her main attraction, the thing that drew black men in more than anything else now, she was CONSTANTLY getting fucked up her butt. Spiderman's wife? No, she was a BBC butt slut. That was her identity now.

There were several other degrading modifications as well. Mary Jane had several piercings

now, queen of spades nipple piercings, a tongue piercing to improve her dick sucking with, and what ultimately amounted to a zipper on her pussy with the little gold charm of the word 'Blacked' dangling off the end of it that allowed black men to cum in her cunt and then close it up and keep that seed brewing in there for hours and hours. Often locking cum in her pussy and then just using her blinged out little asshole for the rest of the night, her gaping main attraction.

Peter had not been allowed to sleep with her or really see her naked for months, he assumed it was just the pregnancy that had made her not interested in anything sexual, not that she was a blacked slut that would never want his dick again. He was clueless about her piercings, clueless about her tattoos, he had no idea about those kinds of things. Though there were some things that changed, things that stood out to him.

For instance, Mary Jane had changed her wardrobe completely, despite getting bigger and bigger with her belly, her clothing just got smaller and smaller. He wasn't sure if it was just all in his head, was it just her size growing making everything look so small? But they were new clothes she was showing up with, clothes that left her baby belly out and on show, clothes that hugged her hips and barely covered her thighs, clothes that showed deep down into her fattening cleavage, filling more with milk every day.

There was one other thing he noticed, something that was hard to ignore, but what could he really do, how could he bring it up with her, she was his wife, the mother of his soon to be child. But the change was obvious… she had become fucking DUMB. Dumber every day. A ditzy airhead dropping things, getting confused, barely understanding the most simple of concepts. She constantly had something else on her mind and it wasn't thinking clearly, it wasn't being smart, it wasn't making the city better, being a good journalist, none of that… it was cock… black cock.

His wonderful, adorable, Mary Jane had changed quite a bit, quite quickly. But she was about to change even more, about to face a man who reduced her even further. Reginald Smith, a black billionaire who could get anything he wanted from the mayor to bring his business to New York City. It just turned out, as their discussions evolved, the last part of the deal became clear, the final piece to tie it all together was a chance to do anything he wanted to the pale, pregnant, red head with the blinged out butthole that he had heard so much about.

Chapter Eight: A Deal With A Devil

This particular day, she had been promised to that particularly SICK individual, Reginald Smith, the one who had sent the Mayor a very specific list of things he wanted.The fat black businessman had made a deal with Mayor Silas Skum to have Mary Jane meet him at his private farm, the whole date set up with the thought that she was going to be the main barn animal for his depraved desires. It was incredible what a man with basically limitless money needed to keep himself entertained, MJ was going to find out quickly just how far his depravity could go.

She had been dressed for the occasion, whored up in some absolutely humiliating, whorish cowgirl outfit. Her fat pregnant belly protruded out quite far beneath the cow patterned bikini top that did damn near nothing to cover up her growing mounds of titmeat. The fabric truly strained to contain her, and Mary Jane was too dumb now to even feel self conscious about the fact that her big milk jug like tits had become associated with cow udders, constantly paraded around for men's entertainment. Her fat dairy sacks on her chest were swollen and leaking into that cowprint fabric and all she could think was how cute it looked on her.

Mary Jane had a little embarrassing cowprint apron that was there for two reasons, the first and primary reason was just to make her look like a bigger cowslut for the rich man's entertainment. The second and hardly necessary reason was because she was such a dumb fuck now that she would probably spill milk all down herself like a dribbling idiot and ruin her panties without even realizing it. Speaking of her panties, they were a very dainty little white pair that hardly covered her pussy at all, they were only there to accentuate her fuck holes. The panties dove really low, so low that her clit poked out the top, with a small patch of fabric snuggly resting over the top of her pussy mound.

Lastly, there were a few key accessories that completed her ridiculous, humiliating costume. Around her neck, a tiny cowbell jingled with every move, every sway over her overly curved, bimbo body. It was such a silly little constant jingling meant to make her feel like attention was being drawn to her with every step, every movement. Her legs were adorned with cowprint stockings that stretched up her soft squishy thighs, accentuating the curves of her legs, and adding one more layer to help her sink into that dumb little cowgirl mindspace. On her head, she wore a pair of floppy cow ears, complete with a set of tiny horns strapped securely on top, making her look even more goofy and dumb.

But last but not least, the most degrading of all was her cow tail. It was attached to a large, fat, vibrating black butt plug. It was constantly buzzing, pulsating with vibrations, sending waves of pleasurable sensations directly into Mary Jane's oversensitive shitter. Little jolts and hums that never let her forget about her butthole, constantly making her asspipe tremble and tense. Every movement with the weight of the tail behind it didn't just make her curvaceous ass bounce; it made that plug in her shitter bounce, made it shift and sway inside of her, serving as a constant amplifying reminder of her own humiliation. The entire outfit transformed her into a goofy, submissive animal, little more than a dumb dumb piece of meat for a rich man's entertainment.

Mary Jane was led into the barn by a few of the rich man's security, left there as she dumbly looked around, confused about what she was doing here. Eventually, Reginald Smith made his way in, dressed like some wealthy rancher. "Well, well, well… Look at you, aren't you a sight for sore eyes." The massive black man commented, a smile across his face. "You look so gorgeous in that cute little outfit, don't you think?"

MJ, blinked a few times, staring down at her own huge tits, staring at the cute cowprint draped over the top of them. "Umm, it's like, super duper cutesy!! I actually am like in love with this costume! I wanna dress like a cow all the time, but I don't think my hubby would really

understand…" Her tone sounded so fucking dumb, too much black dick had broken her brain, that much was obvious.

"Ahah…" The wealthy man could only laugh, amused at Mary Jane's broken brain. Her blacked tattoos started to glow and show the closer he got, displaying what a piece of black loving fuckmeat she had become. Reginald came closer and casually without even a word he shoved a hand right up under her apron and grabbed hold of her by her pussy. The rich man that had only met her mere seconds ago, was greeting her by manhandling her pussy, squeezing his grip down over the top of her swollen, sensitive pussy mound.

"Do you like my greeting? This is how I say hello to stupid fucking bimbos like you." He remarked with such a casual taunting tone. "MmMMnnnHHh!!! Ii-... IEEee… I loveeee itttt!!" Mary Jane drooled the words out, her face immediately going lame as this stranger stood there holding her by her cunt. Reginald lifted his hand slightly, tracing his sausage like fingers over her clit, before he shoved them down hard, right into her little pair of panties. The big black man pressed FOUR full fingers right up into her like he was nearly going to fist her cunt right then and there without warning. The thing was, they actually went in perfectly, her pussy was already wet, the way it always was around black men these days.

"OoOOohh!! Your fingers are so big Mister Smith!!" She cried out quite quickly, having been briefed on his name by the mayor beforehand. She recognized it from when she was a journalist before her brain had been broken, she knew he had a bad reputation but these days that almost made her more excited to meet him. The big black men with bad reputations always had so much fun with her.

"Yea? Does this dumb little cow like big things in her little pussy hole?" Mary Jane just nodded out a whimpering response, swiveling her hips around as she humped his hand. "Ooooh, look at you, now you've learned your manners, this is how a bimbo shakes hands. From now on when black men greet you, I want you to expose your pussy and greet them just like this, a firm gripping hand shake, do you understand? Let's try it." He pulled his hand back, extracting his fingers from her pussy and the little pair of panties. "Go." He ordered.

Mary Jane trembled a little, already wanting his fingers back in. She weakly lifted up the front of her apron, showing the tiny little pair of cowprint panties and the dark wet damp patch she had made in them. "Greetings, Mister Smith. It is a pleasure to meet you. Would you like to shake my pussy to say hello?" She politely asked like the dumb fucking bimbo that she was.

Reginald simply grinned ear to ear at her, He put his hand back forward, shoved his fingers back down into her panties, and gave her pussy a firm grip as he drove his digits inside. This time he didn't just grab and hold her by her pussy though, instead he started to ram them up and in really fast, jamming his digits in and out. "That's it! Shake my fucking hand like a whore. Dumb fucking cow, you're supposed to say hello with a MOO, how fucking braindead are you?!"

It didn't take much, that big black man drove his fingers at a rapid pace and Mary Jane started

to spasm, her thighs trembling against the sides of his hands. “mMMnnNH… MmMnnHh!!! Sorry I-... IIeEEEeeE… MmM-...MMMoOOOO!!!!!” She gave a big dumb moo in response, just like she had been told. She was so suggestible now, so easy for black men to convince to do just about anything that they wanted. This is the way she was meant to be, a dumb little BBC slave. Mary Jane quivered and came, she squirted all over his fingers and into her little pair of panties, a wet sopping mess made already.

“Fuuckkk yess… That’s what you’re good for, baby, you just use those holes to make me happy and we will get along just fine.” He laughed and then jerked his hand back out once more, this time he grabbed a handful of her hair and dragged MJ through the barn, taking her to a special space. There was a device with some strange stirrups that Mary Jane didn’t recognize. Reginald shoved her face first into the weird mechanical device, first he strapped her wrists and then he strapped her ankles.

“MnnH…. MmMh… Is-... is this like umm, some kind of like fuck machine? Are you gonna dick me down in this, Mister Reginald?” Mary Jane dumbly asked, completely clueless as she stared down at the clear cups attached to some tubes, she wasn’t sure what she was looking at.

“Aww, you’re so adorable, you poor dumb pregnant cow. Don’t you worry your stupid little head, just let black men do all the worrying for you. All you have to do, Mary Jane, is sit there and be a good girl, you can do that for me right?” Mary Jane nodded her head and whimpered back an affirmation to his question, all too ready to just be more dumb and more happy. More dumb and more happy every day, that had been the process ever since the mayor and his bodyguard first got their hands on her.

Reginald slowly pulled her top down and let her fat fucking tits fall out of it, he brought up the clear cups and with a tight suction they latched right up against her tit meat, directly over the top of her nipples. Mary Jane let out a little whimpering cry as the man walked around her with a smirk on his face, he pressed a button and all at once she felt the tights hardest sucking she had ever experienced in her life.

Her nipples stretched into the cups and all at once she started to spurt out huge gushes of milk, the liquid being fed through the tubes that led into a barrel, a valve on the end that needed to be opened before it could actually start to gush into the barrel though. Mary Jane’s eyes had rolled back in her head, the red headed vixen left with the dumbest fucking ahegao face as she got her tits drained. Her fat milk udders being sucked so hard, huge gushes of her milk filling the closed tube up more and more.

Reginald walked around and picked up the tube. “You know, I was going to empty this into that barrel, that would typically be where a cow gets milked. But you’re a special cow, aren’t you?” He gave her a demeaning pet across the top of her dumb little head. The wealthy man having even more sick ideas than originally imagined, instead of milking her into the bucket, he instead walked around behind her. Holding that tube, he grabbed the cowtail in her ass and with a yank he jerked it out, that black buttplug coming out and leaving nothing but her gapped, expensive

asshole on display.

“Now, why don’t we let you enjoy your own milk? Hrm? Childbirth and all the changes it causes to your body truly are a wonder meant to be enjoyed.” He placed the tube right up to her ass and with a shove, he jammed its nozzle right up Mary Jane’s shitter. Reginald opened the valve and all at once the titmilk that was being sucked from her breasts started to shoot into her own ass.

DING DING DING DINGDING!!!!! She bucked and writhed in the stirrups. “ANnNNhHh AnnNhH!! OhHh MY goOODdddD!! MISTTEERRR REGINNALLDDD!!! AHhHHhH!!! FFUuUUCkkk FCCckkKK!!!” She screamed and cried out, the cowbell ringing over and over as she writhed like a whore while being force fed her own milk via her asshole.

“Mnfh. That’s it baby, lube that shitter up for Daddy.” The demeaning act of being milked into her own ass was one that just broke the poor white girl even further, her brain just turning more and more into a pathetic mush that served no purpose except the basic operation of the fuckmeat that was her perfect white body.

Reginald felt himself getting hard just watching the depraved act, he casually stripped down behind her, getting completely naked as she writhed around like a dumb little jingling cow. Once he was naked, he slipped a finger along her ass crack, hooking the back of her panties and in one swift motion he ripped them right off her body. Reginald stepped up between her legs, lined himself up with her pussy, he grabbed her by her pregnant belly, and then he jammed himself in, HARD.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! PLAP! His cock was fucking massive, he was hung even more than the mayor’s bodyguard. This perverted rich man had been gifted with the fattest, hugest, black cock that MJ could ever imagine. And now, well now that absolutely massive mountain of BBC was beating the shit out of her pussy.

“God yes!! You fucking white whore!! Moo for me cunt!! Moo for daddy!! Show me what a worthless fucking piece of trash you are!!” He shoved his hands up from her bell and with both hands he dug fingers into either side of her mouth, fish hooking her cheeks with his digits as he held her mouth open wide while railing her from behind.

The big black finger fishhooks left Mary Jane drooling down onto the barn floor even harder than she already had been. “AAaAaNnNh-... AaAaAAA…. AaAahhhHh… MmMM… MmMOOOOoooOoO….MnNNNNMmMMOOOoOO!!!!!” She pathetically groaned and mooed, Mary Jane had fallen so far, her own baby milk getting injected into her ass while she got dicked into a moo’ing slut for BBC. She had no sense of self worth left, no pride, no ego, nothing… she was dumb for black dick, that’s all that mattered to her. She didn’t care that her self respect had been destroyed, she just cared that Mister Reginald had such a big fat penis that made her happy in her ‘fun-fun place’.

“GaaaAhhh!! Fuck yes!!” He growled out pulling his fingers out of her mouth and squeezing either side of her head like it was a basketball, he forced her head back, making it lean until her back arched and she was looking up at him even though he was behind her. She had a brief moment of that inverted view of the rich man, it was only a few seconds before a massive wad of huge spit was spat right in her face and she had been shoved back forward.

“MmMhh!! OoOOhh FuuCkkk!! Your spit feels soooo goooodddd on my face!!! I love your fucking spit on me!! It’s so yummy and thick!!!” She rolled her tongue around her lips and sucked up as much as she could, like the depraved whore she had been molded into. “GooDdddDd your dick is incredible!!!” Her fat baby belly bounced forward and back as the rich man smashed against her cervix over and over, bouncing her near birth womb in her belly.

This went on for some time before he gave a loud animalistic growl. “GggAAAnhH.. GGAAhhHH!! GgGRRRAAAHHH!!!” SPURT! SPURT! SPURT!!! He shot huge gushing ropes of his thick hot nut sludge into her, flooding up Mary Jane’s baby chamber with his jizz. At this point it was a common occurrence, her baby growing womb was almost constantly full of black men’s cum. This was no different, except Reginald’s big black balls seemed to produce even more cum than usual, absolutely flooding that fucking jizz chamber that she called her pregnant belly. MJ’s fat tummy getting even fatter, hanging even lower as she hung there like a big fat cow, STILL being milked into her asshole.

As soon as the wealthy man pulled his big bull dick out, he sealed up her pussy with the modifications to it, locking that cum inside of her where it belonged, leaving her insides to soak it all up. Reginald was far from done though, he didn’t need time to recharge, he had the rare kind of stamina that allowed him to just go and go and go. He needed to fuck that blinged up butthole of hers.

He pulled the nozzle out of her asshole and spurted her own titmilk up her back before closing the valve, dropping it back down in the bucket. “That’s it baby, just hang there like a stupid fucking cow and let daddy have what he wants. This is your best part isn’t it?” He rubbed his dickhead up against her asshole. “This is what all the men want, is this where you like it most? Do you prefer it where i just fucked… or do you prefer it here?” He started to slowly push forward, using her own titmilk as lube to start packing his dick into her ass.

“MnNFffhh!! In there!! I love it in there!! My butthole is the best!!” She took such pride in her modified asshole these days, she felt so much pleasure, she had been trained into a complete fucking buttslut. The kind that would rather take it up her shitter than her own pussy. Her entire sense of pleasure had been completely thrown out of whack, she was all about getting abused up her ass now. “Please fuck me in my ass Daddy, i love it in my ass, my white boy hubby can’t give it to me like you black men can!! MMOOO!! MMMOOOOOO!!!!” She degraded herself just in hopes that he would really start to fuck her ass even faster, desperate to have her shitter drilled.

Reginald didn’t disappoint, he swung his hand and gave her ass a brutal fucking smack,

grabbing a tight handful before he drove it in all the way and started a lightning fast pace of brutal assfucking. He reached down and grabbed the remote the mayor had given him, hitting buttons he started to operate her ass chamber. Her butthole started to vibrate, it began to stroke along with his own fucking motions, it was having violent contractions milking around his cock, all the more devious because her own tit milk was the thing lubricating it all.

“FuuUCCKKK!! They didn’t fucking lie!! You really are just one big walking talking shithole, aren’t you!?” He roared out while driving in and out of her ass. Mary Jane immediately moaning out the most deranged pleasure-filled responce that her fucked brain could manage. “I’m a walking talking asshole!! I’m a shithole! I’m just a bleached white butt ring for milking black daddy diccckkK!!!! FuuckkKK yesss!! Fuck my stupid cow shitpipe!!! MMMmMMMOOOOOO- MMmmMH- MMmMHHH!!!!” her moans grew louder and louder as she started to spasm and buck all over.

Getting drilled in her ass, with her own tit milk gave Mary Jane the biggest dumbest orgasm of her life, she squirted so hard, the thing was… in her operations her pleasure release had been repathed, instead of squirting up against the zipper on her pussy, no… when that was closed up Mary Jane squirted somewhere else, her huge squirting orgasm shooting around Reginald’s cock and out of her dumb little shitter. She had the biggest, wettest, ass orgasm imaginable, shooting all her butt slut juices up against the rich man's pelvis.

“Fffuuuckk… Fuuckk! FUCK!!!” He roared, the man growling in pure satisfaction as he gripped down at her waste and fucked her even faster and harder. “God yes, right there. Take it you walking talking shitpipe!! Take daddy’s cum!!!” He slammed her bouncy white ass forward, holding that pregnant slutty white body in his grip, and the wealthy depraved man unloaded the thickest cumload right up her ass. Milk and cum just mixed together inside of her bowels as they got completely packed.

The black man panted down over the top of her, breathing up against her as he shot out the last few ropes of cum inside of her ass, holding himself inside of her for what seemed like ages. One might have thought that would be the end of it, she had served her purpose. In actuality it was far from it.

Mary Jane didn’t go home that night, she didn’t go home the next night. In truth, she spent the entire next week there, her pregnant body getting treated like a fuckmeat cow themed fleshlight the entire week long. He fucked what little brains she had left until she was a complete drooling ditzy shell of herself.

She had once been so smart, so proud of herself, so set on changing the world for the better… and now? Well now she just thought about how to get her next big fix, how to get more cum, more black dick, how to make the mayor and the sick men surrounding him happy. How to spread her fat white ass for another gangbang of black man dick.

At some point, Mary Jane no longer was the witty charming wife of a super hero, she wasn’t

Peter Parker’s other half. She was just the other half to black cock, the hole that they were meant to stuff, the puzzle piece of dumb white girl pussy that got fitted up against their dicks and blasted full of cumload after cumload. The rest of her life devolved into being a snowbunny, breeding black, black baby, after black baby ruining her marriage. It really was a white girl fall from grace.

Mary Jane’s fall from the wife of spiderman, to the wife of big black cock’s.

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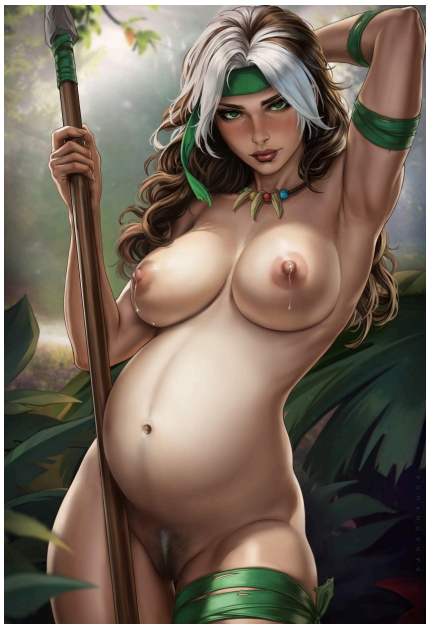

Cow Outfit: