WHITE LADIES GETTING
NAUGHTY
WITH BLACK MEN
INTERRACIAL
EROTICA
BUNDLE
Catey Redd

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AN INTERRACIAL EROTICA BUNDLE

CATEY REDD

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Also by Catey Redd

WHAT'S INSIDE THIS COLLECTION…

1. FILLED BY A HOT BLACK MAN

What happens when a wife reaches the limits of her patience when her husband just won't satisfy her in the bedroom? I was wondering that exact thing one afternoon when I went to the grocery store. I was nearly 40 years old and my husband hadn't fucked me in a long time. I felt undesirable, and I wondered if I should get a divorce after 14 years of marriage. And then, right there in the grocery store, I met Dennis, the hottest black man I had ever seen in my life. I had been fantasizing about big black cock for a while, and now I had met a man who might be able to give that to me in real life, even though I was a married woman and I knew I shouldn't. Dennis and I started to chat, and then we went to the little cafe in the grocery store and had coffee together. I really liked him, and he really seemed to like me. My husband was at work, and suddenly I got the idea to invite Dennis over to our house. Would he actually come over? And would I finally get the sexual satisfaction I craved so badly?

2. I FUCKED HER BLACK BOYFRIEND

My friend Kaitlyn and I are both 19. Her parents went away for the weekend, and I went over her house. The plan was for D'Shaun, this hot black guy Kaitlyn had been seeing for about a month, to come over with his friend DeLonn to hang out with us. Kaitlyn had been telling me how hot D'Shaun fucked her, and she thought I would

love getting big black cock, too, so maybe if I liked DeLonn I could hook up with him while Kaitlyn was getting busy with D'Shaun. But the first thing that happened was that D'Shaun came over by himself because he couldn't get in touch with DeLonn. Then Kaitlyn's brother's car broke down in the middle of nowhere, and he needed Kaitlyn to come get him. That left me and D'Shaun alone in the house together, and we were looking at each other and both starting to get horny. But could I actually fuck my friend's hot black boyfriend?

3. PLEASE SHARE MY WIFE WITH ME

When Kwame moved into a new house just off campus at his college, his new roommates told him how hot the married woman who lived next door was, especially when she went out for a run in her tight little outfit. It wasn't long before Kwame met her, and her husband. Their names were Susie and Brayden. Kwame could tell that Susie was into him, but he was surprised when they invited him over for dinner at their house and Brayden told Kwame just how much Susie really liked him. Brayden and Susie had a very unusual but very hot request for Kwame, one that seemed way too hard to turn down. Would Kwame do it? Would he find out first-hand what it's like when a man shares his wife?

4. HER FIRST BLACK LOVER

Heather was in a worrisome place in her life when she went out to the club with her friends one Saturday night. She was 44 years old, and she strongly suspected that her husband was cheating on her, even though she didn't have proof. Heather was upset and sad, but when her friends invited her out, she decided she would go with them and try to get her mind off her problems for a little while. But you often find what you truly need at the moment that you're least looking for it, and it wasn't long after they arrived at the club when Heather saw a hot black man looking at her with a big, sexy smile on his face. Heather hadn't had sex with a man other than her husband in almost 20 years, and she had never fucked a black man before in her life. Would this be the night that everything changed?

5. JUST WHAT MY HORNY BOSS NEEDS

Jarvon, a 19-year-old black guy, had just started a new job at the store and he was talking to one of his co-workers about the assistant manager, Ruby — a white woman in her fifties. Jarvon thought Ruby was pretty good-looking, and she had a *great* body, but she was extremely quiet and she seemed rather uptight. One night, after the store closed and all the other employees left, Ruby came out from the back room and told Jarvon that even though he had been doing a good job so far, he had messed something up, and she made it *very* clear that was unacceptable. Then she asked him to come into the back room with her because she needed to show him something. What happened next came as a complete shock to Jarvon. But would he give his boss what she *really* needed?

FILLED BY A HOT BLACK MAN

CHAPTER ONE

It was a Tuesday around noon, which I've always found is the best time to go grocery shopping and run my other errands, so that's what I was doing. The stores are always less busy then, and that way I can get everything done and make dinner for my husband when he gets home from work.

I don't know why I always cooked up a delicious meal for my husband every night.

I guess it was because I didn't work, since he made a lot of money. My husband was perfectly fine with going off to work every day and bringing home the paychecks, while I stayed at home and cleaned, and did laundry, and cooked, and everything else around the house that needed done.

Hubby definitely supported us when it came to the financial side of things. But for a good number of months, maybe even more than a year when I really look back and think about it, I had felt like he wasn't holding up his end of the bargain in the bedroom.

That's right, he just wasn't fucking me as much as I needed him to. I'm an extremely sexual person and I am horny all the time, and I really need his cock inside me, or at the very least his mouth on my pussy, as much as possible. But none of that was happening.

After a long period of time where he was barely touching me in any way whatsoever, I asked my husband what was wrong. I asked hubby to just level with me, and to tell me if he didn't find me attractive anymore.

After all, we had been married for 14 years, and I was just a few years away from turning 40 years old, which, to be totally honest with you, was a milestone that I was dreading, just like so many women do.

I felt a little bit dumb about that, but you know how it is, I'm sure. Society basically says that once a woman hits 40, she's just not as desirable to their husbands anymore. All the women's magazines I read and all the websites I read are always hammering that point home, about all the expensive serums and other skincare products I need to buy to keep my face looking good, and the radical kinds of diets and exercises I need to do to keep my body from sagging once I get into my forties.

It's pretty depressing, to be honest with you, and that milestone has always been in the back of my mind.

But the good thing was that I was still 37 and I hadn't quite reached that point yet. I felt like I was still very pretty and that my body was still reasonably tight and hot.

And yet, I couldn't help but think that maybe I simply just wasn't good enough for my husband anymore. Maybe he wished I was still that really hot young 23-year-old woman that he married way back when.

When I asked him point-blank whether or not he was still into me, and to be really honest with me about it, my husband told me that he was still very, very attracted to me. His excuse for not having sex with me was that he was really stressed out from a whole bunch of different and very demanding work projects and all kinds of client meetings. He said that by the time he got home, he was totally exhausted both mentally and physically.

I believed him, and I tried to be as understanding and accepting of the situation as I could, even though I was still so damn horny and unsatisfied. But then, two more months went by, and he didn't fuck me even once.

At that point, I was really starting to wonder what was going on, and it didn't seem like he was so busy with work that he couldn't have sex with me even once, or eat me out or even just finger me and get me off. I was sick and tired of having to get myself off all the time.

Yeah, it was fun at first playing with the vibrating dildos I had recently purchased online, which were a lot bigger than my husband's cock. But after a few months of that, it was getting a little bit routine and boring, and I just craved the real thing.

One night I was just fed up and exasperated, so when my husband crawled into bed, I stared at him and basically accused him of having an affair, because that seemed like the only rational excuse for him not being interested in me sexually, unless he had been lying before about still being attracted to me.

My husband vehemently denied having an affair. He even said that if I wanted to, I could follow him around all day and all night, or even hire a private detective to follow him, and I would see that he wasn't cheating on me. Hubby repeated that he was just so busy with work, and so tired all the time, that he had absolutely no sexual energy in his body, and that he probably couldn't get his dick up even if he wanted to.

The way he was speaking to me and the way he was looking at me, I could tell that my husband was being completely honest with me. After 14 years of marriage, you just know somebody and you can tell when they're not telling the truth, and I could see that he was telling the truth.

I started to feel really bad for him, and I even started to feel a little guilty and selfish about the whole situation since he was working so

hard to take care of both of us and pay our bills. But at the same time, I could not deny my needs.

Well, at least hubby tried. One night, when we got into bed, he leaned over and kissed me, and then he caressed my tits, and then the next thing you know, his fingers were on my pussy. I was getting really wet and it felt so fucking good to have him touching me again like that, even if it was only a fraction of what I really needed, which was a good hard fucking.

But then he fell asleep right in the middle of fingering me.

I didn't even get angry. I just sighed and pushed him over onto his side, and then I finished the job myself. When I was done, I laid there on my back, staring up at the ceiling, thinking everything over and trying to figure out a solution.

I didn't want to leave my husband. I loved my husband. I knew that he was truly overworked, and I felt bad.

I thought that maybe the best thing for me to do was to go out and get a job so that he didn't have to work so hard. But then I thought that even if I did that, it wasn't like his job would get less demanding. He would have to get a new job, and that wouldn't be so easy.

I closed my eyes. Maybe the short-term solution was to go on a vacation soon, I thought.

Maybe if we flew to a Caribbean island for a week or something, he could relax, and then maybe we could have sex again.

The next day, I mentioned to hubby that it might be a good idea to take a vacation, and he shook his head and said that he was just too busy with work for at least the next few months, since there were all kinds of projects that he was responsible for, and he couldn't even consider taking a vacation until much later in the year.

That was the last thing I wanted to hear, and I could feel the rage boiling inside me. I could feel my face turning hot and I knew I was

getting very red. I was about to scream at him, but instead I turned around and stormed off to the bathroom and slammed the door closed.

I sat in there and cried for a good half an hour. Hubby didn't even come to the door and knock, just to see if I was OK, which I found very hurtful.

Sitting there in the bathroom, I knew that I was getting the short end of the stick. He was putting his job over our marriage and my needs. My husband could have eased things up at work a little bit if he really wanted to. Maybe he could have gotten one of his colleagues to pitch in a little more on some of his projects so that he could have a good home life again with me.

But no.

I realized that my husband was a total workaholic, and as such, he needed to be in total control of all his projects. He was really a control freak when it came to all of that, so finding someone else at the office to pick up the slack was completely out of the question.

More weeks went by, and he never bothered to try to touch me, or even kiss me. We would go to bed and he would be asleep and snoring in barely half a minute. I was getting angrier and more frustrated by the day, and I was starting to seriously consider a divorce.

I began to masturbate all the fucking time during the day when my husband was away at work. I was just so horny and so desperate. I was getting myself off as much as six or seven times, right in the middle of the day.

I even started watching porn clips on my phone, which I had never really done before. I started out watching hot guys masturbating while they were looking into the camera, and that got me off pretty good. Then I started to watch hot, sexy couples having wild and crazy sex, and that would get me off, too, but then immediately afterward I would start to get depressed because I just couldn't under-

stand why my husband and I couldn't be having the same kind of hot sex that they were.

So that's where my head was at on that Tuesday, around noon, when I was in the produce section of the supermarket picking out some tomatoes, cucumbers, and other veggies for a salad I was going to make myself for dinner that night.

I'd gone to the store thinking about what I was going to cook for my husband that night. But then, once I started doing my shopping, I was thinking to myself that my husband could make his *own* damn dinner for once.

And that's when I saw *him*…

CHAPTER TWO

He was tall. He was extremely handsome. He was a very well-dressed black guy with a shopping basket in his hand.

He was standing over by the mushrooms section and he was staring at them. Out of the corner of my eye I looked at him, and he had kind of a confused look on his face that was absolutely adorable.

I smiled to myself and kept on looking at him. He was very tall, a lot taller than my husband. He was probably like 6'5" or 6'6", tall enough to be a basketball player. I couldn't get over how hot he was.

The even wilder thing was that right before I had left for the grocery store, I had gotten myself off back at home while I was watching some porn on my phone, but this time I had been watching some interracial porn with a big black guy fucking a hot white woman with long blonde hair, kind of like my hair.

I had recently been into those kinds of videos because the black guys had such huge, thick cocks, kind of like my vibrating dildo but even bigger. It looked so hot watching those guys fucking those sexy white women who just spread themselves wide open and had their pussies filled up so good. I could relate to those women, and that's what I wanted more than anything — to have my pussy filled up so good by an enormous cock.

I had damn near forgotten what that even felt like, since my husband hadn't fucked me in so long. Besides, my husband has a decent-sized cock, it's probably a little above average, but it's nowhere near as big as those huge black cocks in the videos.

So basically, barely an hour earlier I had been getting myself off in my bed while watching a hot black guy fucking some hot blonde chick, and now there I was at the supermarket, a fairly hot blonde chick checking out a really hot black guy.

Before I even realized what I was doing, I had sauntered over to the mushrooms and I was standing about three feet away from the guy. He still had this bewildered look on his face, and it was all I could do not to giggle. He looked so cute, and so hot, all at the same time.

I guess he saw out of the corner of his eye that I was looking at him, and he turned and glanced at me. Shyly, I turned away, pretending to look at some of the mushrooms.

But then, after a couple of seconds, I glanced over at him again and I saw that he was still looking at me, and he had a very big smile on his face.

I felt myself starting to blush a little, and I tucked my hair behind my ear the way I do when I'm a little nervous.

"Hello," he said in a low voice. It wasn't like he was trying to be sexy or anything, but his voice just had a very sexy quality about it, and it made me melt inside.

"Hi," I replied, smiling kind of shyly at him.

There was an awkward silence between us for a few seconds, and then he started to explain that he didn't usually go grocery shopping, but his wife had given him a list of things to buy, and one of the items was mushrooms, and he didn't know there were so many varieties of mushrooms and he wasn't sure which ones to get.

When he said the word "wife," I immediately felt a kind of sinking feeling in my stomach, but I'm not sure why. After all, I was married, too. I guess for a few seconds there, between the time I saw him and when we started talking, I was having a bit of a fantasy playing in my mind, obviously spurred on by the video I had just gotten myself off to back at home.

But now the reality of things was intruding on my fantasy, and I had to shake it all off. I laughed and I helped him out.

"I really like portobello mushrooms, myself," I said, "but there are also these white button mushrooms. They're very versatile and you can use them in a lot of different recipes, so your wife could probably use those in whatever she is making."

He laughed a little.

"You sure know a lot about mushrooms!" he said.

"I watch a lot of cooking shows, I guess. And I do a lot of cooking," I said.

He reached for the button mushrooms, and then he put a package in his basket. And then he reached for a package of portobello mushrooms, too.

"I think I'll get both, just in case," he said.

"That's a pretty good idea," I said.

"I don't even really like mushrooms that much," he muttered, then he started to laugh and so did I.

"Well, thanks for the help!" he smiled.

"Any time," I smiled back as he turned to walk away.

He took a few steps, then he stopped, turned around, and walked back toward me.

"You know," he said, "since you were so nice and so helpful, the least I could do is buy you a cup of coffee or something. There's a little cafe section over there."

I looked in the direction he was pointing and I saw the coffee counter and a few tables, then I turned back to him and I smiled, a little surprised at his offer but very, very pleased by it. Even though he was married and I was married, I didn't want him to just walk away forever.

Remembering my husband, I grinned and lifted up my hand to brush some hair out of my face, but it was really a move to show off my diamond wedding ring to let him know I was spoken for.

But then, even while I was doing that, I said, "I'd love to have a cup of coffee with you, that sounds really nice!"

I guess I just wanted him to know I was married. Even though I was having some major problems with my husband when it came to sex, I didn't want this guy to think we were doing anything more than simply having a friendly cup of coffee. Sure, in my fantasies we could do more than that, but in reality, I was a married woman, despite my marriage troubles, and he was a married man, and for all I knew, a very happily married man who was just showing a stranger at the supermarket a friendly gesture by buying her a cup of coffee.

On the way over to the coffee counter, he told me his name was Dennis. We got our coffees and we sat down, and we started to chat.

At first it was the basic small talk about the weather, and what we each did for a living, and things like that. But pretty soon it started to get a lot deeper. He started telling me about how unhappy his marriage was, and how he and his wife were probably going to separate because he was pretty sure that she was cheating on him.

As he was talking about it, and I was nodding sympathetically while I sipped my coffee and listened, I noticed that he didn't seem espe-

cially angry about the fact that he suspected his wife was cheating on him. He just seemed kind of sad, more than anything.

I was starting to feel a real connection with him, maybe in part because of my own marriage troubles. But Dennis was as sweet and as kind, and even as funny in his own way, as he was handsome.

Just to change the subject a little, I asked him if he played basketball, since he was so tall.

"Everybody asks me that," he laughed, "but I suck at basketball, actually. I was a terrible athlete in school."

"You could have fooled me," I said. "You have an amazing body."

As soon as I said that, he grinned and I realized how it sounded and I started to blush like crazy.

"I just meant for sports, an amazing body for sports," I said quickly, trying to hide my embarrassment.

"Uh huh, I'm sure that's exactly what you meant," he teased, and we both laughed. It was a little awkward but then again not really, because it was obvious that we were gently flirting with each other and it felt nice and good, to be honest.

Dennis said that he had always tried to keep himself in good physical shape, but he just wasn't very skilled at sports, which was why he had gone to college to become a structural engineer.

I found him to be absolutely fascinating. And, of course, he was really, *really* hot.

I was really enjoying our conversation, but then I remembered that I had purchased a lot of frozen foods, and they were going to thaw and maybe get ruined if I didn't get them home right away. I told Dennis so, and he suddenly got this kind of sad look on his face.

"What's wrong?" I said with a little smile.

“Nothing,” he said. “It’s just…I’m really enjoying our conversation. I don’t mean to sound all dramatic or anything, but this is the first time in a long time I’ve really connected with someone.”

I wondered if he was just saying that because his marriage was falling apart, but then, I realized that I really didn’t care. All I knew is that in that moment, I really didn’t want us to go our separate ways. I didn’t know what to do. It didn’t seem appropriate to ask him for his number or anything like that. He was married, and I was married.

But then, without really thinking it through, I blurted out a suggestion that was even more inappropriate than getting his number. I told him that if he wanted to come back to my house so that I could put the food I had just bought in my freezer, he was more than welcome to come over and I could make him another cup of coffee at my place.

Dennis looked at me, a little surprised at my offer, and I was a little surprised that I had extended the offer, and then he smiled. Before he said anything, I told him that he could put the groceries he had just bought in my fridge and my freezer while we had coffee at my house, and then he could just grab them when it was time for him to go.

“Sure, why not?” he said.

It was music to my ears.

CHAPTER THREE

We walked out to the parking lot together and he got in his car, and I got in mine. He followed me back to my house, and the whole drive over there I was asking myself what the hell was I doing, bringing a man I barely knew, who I had just met at the grocery store, back to my house.

But I couldn't lie to myself. I found Dennis very attractive, in all kinds of ways. Physically, personality-wise, all of that. And I knew he was attracted to me, too, I could see it in his eyes during our awesome conversation at the grocery store cafe.

Sure, maybe it was because I was so horny from not getting any sex. Or maybe it was because I had just gotten off to some interracial porn that morning. I didn't really know.

But as I was driving, one thought kept on going through my mind.

Obviously nothing naughty could or would happen between us once we got back to the house.

We were just going to have coffee and continue our nice, new little friendship. It was very clear that Dennis needed a friend. He just needed someone to talk to about his bad marriage, ideally a woman who could give him advice about it, and he seemed to connect with me and get things off his chest.

For my part, I was happy to be there for him and to share his company, because I really did like him as a person.

We pulled into my driveway, and Dennis helped me carry my grocery bags into the house.

We were in the kitchen and I was finishing putting my groceries and his into the fridge, when a bag of green peppers fell out of my bag and onto the floor. Dennis was standing right behind me, and he reached down to pick up the peppers at the same time I did. We started laughing and we both stood up as he handed me the bag of peppers.

We looked into each other's eyes, and suddenly we weren't laughing anymore.

No…we were *kissing*!

Who had I been kidding?

I wanted to get with Dennis from the very first moment I laid eyes on him, even though I had been trying to convince myself that wasn't the case. And he obviously wanted me, too.

Dennis pulled me into his arms as we kissed. In one way it felt so strange, kissing a man who wasn't my husband. I hadn't kissed another man in more than 16 years — the guy I dated right before I met my husband. But it felt so good, so natural, so right, to kiss Dennis. I absolutely loved the feeling of his lips on mine.

I didn't even feel guilty about it, which was a little odd. But I wasn't getting the attention I needed from my husband, and Dennis was filling my deepest need right in that moment, so I didn't question it, I just went with it. And I enjoyed it.

I caressed his strong shoulders and arms as our bodies pressed together. Suddenly, I could feel his cock against my leg, getting hard through his pants, and it was fucking *huge*.

I started thinking back to that porn I'd watched, and how I had wondered how it would feel to get fucked by a massive black cock.

Well, now it seemed that I had my chance to find out, if that's what I wanted to do. And I definitely did.

I looked at the clock on the stove. My husband wasn't due back home from work for about another three hours or thereabouts.

Dennis and I both wanted each other so much, and I needed his cock bad.

I knew what I had to do.

CHAPTER FOUR

I reached down and unzipped his fly. I reached in, I grabbed his stiff cock, and I pulled it out. I could barely get my fingers around it, it was so thick and so beautiful. It was almost the same color as the eggplants I had seen in the grocery store just a little while earlier.

I bent down and my face was right next to his dick. It looked so incredible. I couldn't believe such a big black cock was all for me if I wanted it. It looked even better than the cocks I had seen in the porn videos, and it smelled really good, too.

I took a little lick of the head, and then I wrapped my lips around it. Dennis moaned as he watched me sucking on the tip of his cock.

I really didn't know if he expected anything like this to be happening so soon after we met, but maybe he did. Maybe that was the real reason Dennis wanted to come back to my house, hoping that something like this would happen and not just get another cup of coffee.

Well, if that was the case, it really didn't matter to me at all.We both needed it in the worst way. Our connection was real, so it felt right.

My husband was the last thing on my mind, other than possibly getting caught in the act. I was also pretty sure that Dennis wasn't thinking about his wife and their problems, not with my mouth on his cock and taking more and more of it in.

There was no way I was going to be able to get the whole thing in my mouth, it was just too big. But I got nearly three quarters of the way down, and then I pulled my mouth back and started licking it all over, making sure to use my tongue, my lips, and my hand to make him feel so good.

Dennis played with my hair while watching me, a hot blonde chick, giving him a blowjob. I felt so sexy. I felt just like those sexy women I had seen in the videos getting it on with a hot black guy. This was the absolute best thing ever.

After sucking him a little while longer, and feeling his cock getting even harder in my mouth, I wanted to get naked with him and show him my body.

I stood up and we kissed some more, and then we pulled off each other's clothes and I led him to the bedroom.

The way he was looking at me from head to toe, it was obvious how hot he thought I was. Dennis, meanwhile, was a real physical specimen. I had never been with a man with a body that looked like it was sculpted out of granite or something.

I was sighing happily, and lustfully, as we got into my bed, the bed I normally share with my husband. Dennis and I started kissing again, and I started running my hands all over his muscles and his ebony skin as he touched me all over, too.

I was getting more and more worked up, especially when he started to kiss and suck on my nipples. He kissed around my bellybutton, and then he started to go lower, and I gasped because I knew exactly what he was about to do next.

I moaned like nobody's business when his gorgeous lips started kissing my pussy. I went wild with passion when his tongue bathed my cunt from top to bottom. It slipped inside me, and I felt his tongue swirling around just inside my opening as I moaned, and then it went back to my throbbing clit.

“Oh Dennis, ohhhhh baby…ohhh, you’re getting me close,” I moaned loudly, and then I cried out, “Ohhh, I’m coming, I’m coming so good!!!”

I came so hard that I was squirting my pussy juice into his mouth. He was drinking it down while he kept on licking my cunt. Even my husband, way back when we were still having sex, had never, ever made me come that good.

But I was just getting started. And I was hungry for that big black cock in my pussy, which was still trembling from that incredible orgasm Dennis had just given me with his mouth.

Dennis got on his back and I got on top of him.I sat on his cock, taking as much of it as I could inside me.

It was so big and I had to go so slow. Even though I was slippery wet from him eating me out, my cunt wasn’t nearly stretched out enough, and I had to work my way down his huge pole until finally my pussy walls gave way.

I got nearly all of it inside me, and we both groaned as I started sliding up and down his dick.

I was determined to somehow get all of it in me, because I absolutely needed to feel it filling me up all the way. I craved that sensation more than anything.

Even though it hurt a little at first, I started slamming down on it. And soon the pain gave way to nothing but complete pleasure. I was screaming out his name as I fucked Dennis so hard while he grabbed onto my tits, and then my hips.

I put my hands on his rock-hard pecs and I just fucked and fucked and fucked Dennis so good and so intensely, making up for all that time I had been sexually deprived by my husband.

I came twice, and then a third time, as I rode Dennis’s huge cock. I was amazed that he hadn’t come inside me yet, even after all that

fucking. He had so much self-control.

I lifted myself off of his cock and I sucked him some more. I got on my hands and knees as Dennis gave it to me from behind, stroking in and out of my cunt deep and steady.

He reached around and played with my clit and he got me off yet again. Breathlessly, I asked him how he had managed not to come yet. I guess I was still feeling a tiny bit insecure, probably a residual effect of my husband not having sex with me for so long. I think I was afraid that my pussy didn't feel good enough to Dennis.

But he said it felt so fucking good, and he moaned that he was getting close, but that he just wanted it to build up and build up until he had the best cum shot *ever*.

I wanted to feel his big, hot load all over me, so I told him that when he was ready to com, that I wanted him to pull it out and shoot it all over my body. Anywhere he wanted to.

Dennis replied with a sexy moan that he really wanted to fuck my ass first, but that he didn't think his cock would fit in my rear. I didn't think it would, either, but I told him that he should try it.

CHAPTER FIVE

Dennis pulled his cock out of my pussy, and I relaxed my asshole as much as I could, but when he started to push into me, I can't lie it hurt like crazy.

I wasn't ready for that monster cock in my butt, at least not without some lube to help things out. But at the same time, I really wanted it in my ass so bad. The idea of him fucking me in my ass turned me on so much. I couldn't remember the last time I had been fucked in the ass.

I told Dennis to just put a little bit of his dick in my butt. He pushed it a couple of inches into my rear, and he fucked me slow like that for a while. It felt pretty good, but at the same time it still hurt a bit. I looked over my shoulder at him and told him that next time, I would make sure to get some lube so he could fuck me really good in my ass.

Dennis laughed and said, "Oh, there's going to be a *next* time, huh?"

I said that I hoped there would be a next time, but he still had some unfinished business *this* time. Dennis immediately shoved his cock back in my pussy and he fucked me so hard that I started to come again so fucking hard, yelling my pretty little head off.

Suddenly, Dennis groaned that he was about to come. He pulled out, and I quickly spun around just in time for him to start blasting my

tits with the single biggest cumshot I have ever seen in my life. It was even more than in the porno videos I had watched.

He was drenching me with his hot jizz. It went on my tits, on my neck, and a big, thick rope of it splattered my face, too. It went everywhere, making an enormous hot, sticky mess on me, just like I wanted him to. It was the best feeling in the world, and I could see in his face he had gotten off so good, just like he had gotten me off so good so many times. As I looked up at him and smiled, I could tell without him even saying it that he thought I was hot as fuck.

I got up to go get a fresh towel to clean myself up with a little bit.

I looked at the clock and I realized my husband was going to be home soon. Reluctantly, I told Dennis that he probably should get dressed and leave, because I didn't want us to get caught in a compromising situation. Dennis nodded and he put his clothes on while I went to the fridge and got his groceries for him.

We kissed, and exchanged numbers, and then he left.

I went and took a shower, smiling the whole time at what had just transpired.

When I was finished showering and putting my clothes back on, I changed the sheets on the bed, then I sprayed the bedroom with air freshener, because it smelled like hot sex. I was grinning the whole fucking time I was doing that, feeling so utterly satisfied sexually, and wondering when I would see Dennis again.

I went to start making dinner for my husband, and when I opened the fridge, I saw that the mushrooms Dennis had bought earlier were in there. He had forgotten them.

His wife was going to be upset, but then again, I figured, they had much bigger problems to deal with than mushrooms. I texted Dennis and told him he had left the mushrooms behind, but I said that he couldn't come back now to get them because my husband was going to be home at any moment.

He texted me back and said that he would be over the next day to pick up the mushrooms. I asked him if that's all that he wanted, and he texted me back, "No."

I laughed and I texted him back that I would go to the store and get some lube. Dennis texted me back saying that would be a very good idea.

My husband came home and we had dinner.

He talked about work, and I just nodded and smiled. I was so relaxed and happy after my afternoon with Dennis that I really just didn't care anymore. I wasn't upset, or angry, or anything like that. Not anymore. It was just that none of it mattered any longer.

Just like clockwork, my husband fell asleep about half a minute after we got into the bed. He had absolutely no idea that I had been fucked so good by Dennis, the hottest and most amazing man in the world, only hours earlier, right there in our bed. Hubby also had no idea whatsoever that the same thing was going to happen again the very next day. And hopefully the next day, and the next day, and the day after that, too.

I still have no idea what's going to end up happening with Dennis's marriage, or my own.

But I am so damn happy that I found my sexy new black lover. It's what I truly deserve. Life really has never been better.

I FUCKED HER BLACK BOYFRIEND

CHAPTER ONE

It was a Friday night and I was over at my friend Kaitlyn's house. Her parents went away for the weekend, so the plan was for D'Shaun, this guy she'd been dating for about a month, and one of D'Shaun's guy friends to come over and hang out with us.

Kaitlyn and I are both 19. She's way more of a slut than me. I'd only fucked like two guys by then, but she had fucked so many guys she'd lost count. But D'Shaun was the first black guy she had ever dated, or fucked.

She said that it was true what they said about black men and how big their cocks are. It was way bigger than any other guy's cock, but she loved it.

She told me that I would love a big black cock, too, but I was a little bit scared, to be honest with you.

I had always thought black guys were really hot, though, which was why I was glad that D'Shaun was planning to bring his friend De-Lonn over to Kaitlyn's house.

I wasn't sure if I would actually fuck DeLonn that night or anything, but I was open to seeing if him and I hit it off.

Well, things that night didn't exactly go as planned. First, D'Shaun came over by himself, and when Kaitlyn asked him where DeLonn was, D'Shaun said that he had been texting DeLonn all day but couldn't get ahold of him. So, no DeLonn.

Kaitlyn was mad and I was kind of sad about it, and I felt weird because there I was with the two of them, and I felt weird, you know, in case they wanted to get busy or something, I felt like I was kind of in the way.

I said something to Kaitlyn like maybe I should leave, but she told me to stay, that she didn't want me to go, and that we could all just hang out and watch movies and stuff.

I could tell that D'Shaun basically wanted to fuck Kaitlyn right then and there, and he seemed kind of annoyed that I was there and Kaitlyn didn't want me to leave. But that was his fault for not making sure DeLonn came over with me and kept me occupied.

If DeLonn had been there, who knows, maybe me and him would have hooked up on the couch while D'Shaun and Kaitlyn went up to her room and did their thing.

But then, while we were watching a movie, Kaitlyn's phone started blowing up with texts. It was her brother. Apparently his car had broken down in the middle of fucking nowhere, and he needed a ride.

D'Shaun didn't have a car, he didn't even have his driver's license, which I thought was a little weird for a 20-year-old guy, but whatever. He had taken the bus over to Kaitlyn's house.

Kaitlyn was texting her brother back, telling him she was in the middle of something and asking him if there was somebody else he could get to come pick him up. But her brother couldn't find anybody and he was getting desperate because it was getting later at night, so he started begging Kaitlyn to come get him.

Kaitlyn was so pissed off that her fucking brother was ruining her night, but she didn't know what else to do, so she said she was going to go get him and bring him back. She didn't even know where the fuck her brother was, only that it was some country road somewhere that was pretty far away.

D'Shaun looked even more annoyed that Kaitlyn was taking off, but he realized he didn't really have a choice in the matter, and he'd have to be cool with it if he wanted any chance of getting some with her later that night.

Kaitlyn left the house, and then it was just me and D'Shaun sitting there on the couch.

CHAPTER TWO

D'Shaun and I just made some small talk, and at one point I had him laughing a little, and he had the cutest smile. He was actually pretty hot, to be honest. I started thinking about what Kaitlyn had told me about his big cock, and even though I didn't mean to, I started to get a little horny.

I guess I was looking at D'Shaun in a certain kind of way, because then he started looking at me the same way. He really started checking me out, and when he was looking down at my tits, he kind of licked his lips a little bit, I don't know if he meant to or not, but it was really hot and it was kind of getting me worked up.

Obviously I knew I couldn't mess around with the guy that Kaitlyn was dating, and I didn't know when she would be back with her brother anyways, so I tried to just be chill. But I was feeling more and more excited, and my nipples were getting really hard. I have big nipples, and they were starting to poke through my top.

I saw D'Shaun looking down at them, and I could tell he was getting even more excited, and then I happened to look at his crotch and I could see a bulge, even though he had on somewhat baggy jeans.

I tried to sort of make a joke out of it and I told him to put that thing away. But just me saying that made him know that I was looking in the area of his dick.

That got him even more excited. He was starting to lean into me, and I wanted him really fucking bad, there was no denying that. But then I asked him, you know, what about Kaitlyn.

D'Shaun said, "She's not here right now, is she? And you are."

Literally right then, I got a text. I looked down at my phone and it was from Kaitlyn. She said she was fucking lost in the middle of nowhere trying to find her fucking brother. I couldn't help but laugh a little bit, and I showed the text to D'Shaun. He read it, and then he looked at me and said that she probably wouldn't be back for a while.

"Yeah but, we shouldn't," I said to him.

"No?" D'Shaun smiled.

I kind of wanted to say yes, really bad. He was really hot, and he thought I was hot, and I wanted him in the worst way. I wanted to find out if big black cock was for me, too. Yeah, he was Kaitlyn's guy, but, she and him probably wouldn't be together too long anyway.

She never dated a guy more than a month or two, since she was always trying to hook up with other hot guys.

I still wasn't sure if him and I should mess around or not, though, so I asked him if he wanted to give me a back rub. I thought that was a good way of letting him touch me without going too crazy.

"OK" he said as I turned my back to him and he put his strong fingers on my shoulders, over my top. He was doing such a good job, it felt so good, and I started to get a little worried because honestly, it was making me even hotter for him. Especially the way he was working his hands up and down my sides, right near the lowest curves of my tits.

D'Shaun knew how he was making me feel, the effect his hands were having on me as he massaged me, and how much more worked up I was getting. I was even starting to squirm a little bit on

the couch, and I could feel myself starting to heat up between my legs.

I couldn't stand it anymore, I wanted him so bad. I knew I shouldn't do what I was about to do, but I also knew that D'Shaun and I probably had a little more time alone before Kaitlyn got back.

I turned around and looked right at D'Shaun.

"How about a front rub, now?" I asked him.

CHAPTER THREE

D'Shaun grinned that huge, sexy grin of his, and he slid his hands down to my breasts and started to play with them over my top.

I smiled as I closed my eyes and tipped my head back a little bit at the sensation of D'Shaun's hands on me like that.

"That feels so good," I moaned.

"You're really hot, you know that?" he said.

"So are you," I said as he started to undo the buttons of my top.

"You're even hotter than Kaitlyn," D'Shaun said.

My eyes flew open. "Oh my God, you're sooooo bad!" I gasped, although I wasn't mad that he said that. I kind of liked it. A lot, actually. I knew it was wrong to be messing around with Kaitlyn's man while she wasn't there, but deep down I liked it, I liked being so naughty and bad like that with D'Shaun. I guess I was kind of an evil bitch, in a way, but I can't deny that I liked it.

It wasn't that I hated Kaitlyn, and I wasn't even jealous of her or anything like that at all. D'Shaun wanted me, and I wanted him, and I wasn't the one who was dating anybody, it was him. So if he want-

ed to do this with me, it was on him. I knew Kaitlyn would be so mad at me if she caught us, though. Obviously.

I let out another moan as D'Shaun finished unbuttoning my top and he reached in and started caressing my breasts over my bra. Then he pulled my bra up so his big, strong, warm hands were on my naked tits.

"Mmmmm, that feels so good," I moaned as D'Shaun squeezed my tits together and started rubbing my nipples, which was making them so hard.

"We should go down to the basement," I whispered to D'Shaun. "In case Kaitlyn comes back."

"What are we gonna do down the basement?" he asked me.

"I think you know," I smiled. "Whatever you want."

"What do you want?" D'Shaun asked me.

I leaned forward and I kissed his luscious lips. They tasted amazing.

"A lot of things," I said as I got up from the couch. "Whatever we have time for."

I was standing there with my shirt open and my tits hanging out of my bra, and I reached for my phone and texted Kaitlyn, just to see if she was on her way back already, just in case.

She texted me back a couple minutes later saying she was still trying to find her brother. I looked up and smiled at D'Shaun, knowing we had a decent amount of time to do what we both wanted to do.

I looked down and saw that he had a real big hard-on in his pants. I grabbed him by the hand and pulled him up from the couch.

"Come on," I said, pulling him through the living room, to the kitchen, and over to the basement door. I opened it and switched the light on, and we started going downstairs. I had to tell D'Shaun to close the basement door after us. Kaitlyn's dad finished their base-

ment last year, it's basically a man cave with a big sofa and some other chairs, a 70-inch flat screen TV, a pool table, and a bunch of sports stuff on the walls.

"This is dope," D'Shaun said as he looked around the basement.

"What about me?" I said, standing there staring at him with my hands on my hips. His eyes immediately went down to my bare tits again, and then he did that lip-licking thing and he grinned at me.

"Your turn," he said.

"For what?" I asked him.

"What if I want a front rub now?" D'Shaun grinned.

"Oh yeah?" I said. I reached for his shirt and I pulled it up and off him, and I ran my hands all over his smooth, dark, muscled chest as I pressed into him and we started to kiss again. Pretty soon we were tongue-kissing, and we steered ourselves over to the sofa.

I started caressing D'Shaun's chest as I kissed down his neck, while he played with my hair. I kissed down to his chest and licked his nipples while I started to run my hands across his ripped abs, and he really liked all of that a lot. He pulled my top all the way off and dropped it next to us on the sofa.

I reached back and undid my bra, pulling it off and tossing it to the floor with a giggle. I knew that I was taking a big, big chance doing this, but I knew that Kaitlyn was still probably out looking for her brother, and even if she found him by that point, they would still have to come all the way back, so I knew that D'Shaun and I had some time. But we still couldn't dawdle.

We started to kiss again as I crawled onto his lap, and he put his hands on the outsides of my thighs and started to work his way up until he'd hiked up my skirt and his hands were all over my ass.

"Lemme take this off," I said, sliding off him so I could pull my skirt down. I was down to just my tiny mint green panties, and D'Shaun

was looking up and down my body, and he definitely liked what he saw.

The way he was looking at me made me feel so horny. I wanted him in the worst way, and I didn't want to mess around anymore.

I leaned down and started kissing him again, but this time we were kissing even harder, and his hands were on my tits again. I reached down and started to unbutton his jeans.

I was unzipping him when he lifted his ass up off the sofa so I could pull his pants down. I gasped when I saw the gigantic bulge in his grey boxer briefs as he kicked off his shoes and I pulled his pants off his legs.

I started rubbing D'Shaun's hard cock over his underwear, and suddenly he pulled me close to him and he started to kiss my tits. He began sucking on my left nipple, and then my right nipple, while I moaned and rubbed his fat dick.

One of his hands went back down to my thigh, and he started to rub, moving higher and higher up as I spread my legs, until he was rubbing my pussy over my panties.

"Mmmm…ohhhhh…mmmmmmmmmmm," I moaned, feeling myself getting wetter and hotter the more he rubbed me. I was really starting to squirm, the way he was touching me.

I wanted him so bad.

I wanted his dick so bad.

CHAPTER FOUR

I looked at D'Shaun and I smiled, and then I reached down and started to carefully pull his underwear down. His cock jumped out and my eyes must have bulged out of my head. It was fucking huge, and so nice.

I'd never seen anything like it. The guys I had fucked before didn't have cocks nearly as big. I wrapped my fingers around it, feeling how hard and hot it was. I could barely get my whole hand around it.

D'Shaun groaned as I started to jerk him off, and then he pulled my panties to the side and his fingers were on my bare, wet cunt. I gasped and moaned as he rubbed my pussy while I jerked him off. It was so hot, it was incredible.

He started to pull my panties off and I grabbed them from him and yanked them off of me myself, tossing them onto the floor.

I started to kiss down D'Shaun's chest again until I got to his cock, and I looked up at him.

"Lick it," he moaned.

I stuck my tongue out and licked the head, and then I ran my tongue all the way up and down his whole length, looking up at him the whole time.

“That’s it, yeah,” D’Shaun muttered, holding onto my long hair. I licked him from the top to the base, and then I kissed and licked his big balls.

They tasted so good. I was finally getting a taste of black cock and black balls, and it was amazing. I stroked his big cock while I gently sucked on one of his balls, and then the other, which drove him crazy.

“Suck it,” he said. Hearing him say those words made me so fucking horny I thought I might come right then and there. My pussy was dripping wet and my clit was throbbing as I moved back up and I took as much of his long, thick cock in my mouth as I could. I almost gagged on it, it was so big, and I could only get my lips like halfway down his shaft, but D’Shaun didn’t seem to mind. He was holding my hair even tighter as I started to bob up and down on his cock, using my tongue all over it.

After a minute I had to pull my mouth off it to catch my breath, but then I licked down the underside of his dick and went back down to his balls and licked them again for a few seconds.

“Fuck yeah, that’s it,” he moaned as I went back to sucking his cock.

After another minute I took my mouth off it again and I looked up at him.

“I wanna fuck your cock so bad,” I said to him.

“Get up here then and ride it,” D’Shaun said.

I got back up, but then I had a thought. Before I fucked him, I reached for my phone and looked at it. There were a couple texts from Kaitlyn saying that she had finally found her brother, and they were on their way back.

“Fuck, they’re coming back!” I told D’Shaun, panic in my eyes.

“We got a little time, right?” he said.

I looked at him, and then I looked down at his big cock. Right at that moment, that's all I wanted. I almost didn't care if we got caught. And I could tell that he didn't care, either. But I knew we would have to do it fast.

"Fuck it," I said, tossing my phone down on the sofa and climbing onto D'Shaun's lap. He grabbed onto my waist as I positioned my pussy right over the tip of his cock, and he reached around and grabbed my ass and spread my cheeks to open up my cunt for him.

I started to slide down, taking more and more of his dick in me as we both groaned. It hurt like hell at first, but my pussy was quickly opening up for him, since I was so wet and I was so horny, and I wanted it so bad.

He started to thrust up into me as I pushed further down on him, until finally D'Shaun's huge fucking cock was all the way in me. It was like we were both riding one another, both of us slamming our bodies into each other.

We were both moaning and fucking so hard, so fast. I was trying not to make too much noise, just in case Kaitlyn and her brother came home sooner than I expected, but I couldn't help but moan and squeal as I started to feel myself about to come.

CHAPTER FIVE

D'Shaun started to groan and he began thrusting his dick up into me really hard, as I bent down and we tongue-kissed, which was good because it kept me from really screaming as I started to come.

I felt his cock throbbing in me, and then he shoved it deep up inside me and I could feel him coming in me, filling me up with his load. It was the hottest fucking thing in the whole world, the way I got off from a big black cock for the very first time, and the way me and D'Shaun came together.

As soon as we were finished, I hopped off him. I knew there wasn't any time to waste. I wanted to get dressed, but I could feel his cum starting to drip out of my pussy and I was going to be a mess. I needed to get cleaned up.

"Get dressed and go back up there," I said as he started putting on his clothes, while I gathered up all my clothes. "I need to go use the bathroom."

D'Shaun nodded and he started up the basement stairs. I ran into the little bathroom in the basement and I looked at my phone.

"Almost back," Kaitlyn had texted me a minute earlier. Feeling panicky, I grabbed a big wad of toilet paper and wiped myself up, clean-

ing as much of D'Shaun's sticky jizz from my pussy, and then I put my clothes back on in record time.

I looked in the mirror to make sure I didn't look like I'd just sucked and fucked a big dick. My face was a little red, but that was it. I just had some lip gloss on earlier, so my makeup didn't look totally wrecked.

I took a deep breath and I ran up the basement stairs, and I went into the living room. D'Shaun was nowhere to be found.

"D'Shaun?" I called out, but there was nothing. I called his name out again, but nothing. I didn't know where the fuck he was.

Then I heard the front door open, and I turned around to see Kaitlyn and her brother walk in. My heart was fucking pounding.

Where the fuck was D'Shaun?

"Well, *that* fucking sucked," Kaitlyn said as she tossed her bag and car keys onto the side table. "What, not even a fucking thank you?" she said to her brother as he started to go upstairs to his bedroom.

"Thank you," he muttered as he disappeared.

"I swear to fucking God," Kaitlyn said, shaking her head as she looked at me. Then she started looking around.

"Where's D'Shaun?" she said.

"I…I don't know," said, this helpless feeling running through me. The way she started looking at me, I felt like she fucking knew what me and D'Shaun had just done.

"Weren't you guys hanging out?" Kaitlyn asked.

"Yeah, but…," I said, trying to think fast. "I had to go to the bathroom just now, and when I came back out, he was gone."

Kaitlyn sighed, and she grabbed her phone and started to text him.

"Fuck, *really*," she said after a minute, staring at the screen and then looking up at me.

"He said he left, he caught a bus back, he didn't feel like waiting around for me anymore," Kaitlyn said, disgust in her voice.

"Seriously?" I said.

"What the fuck?" Kaitlyn said. "This has just been the worst fucking night."

"Yeah," I nodded sympathetically, even though for me it had been the *best* fucking night.

"Maybe I should just go," I said. "We can hang out tomorrow."

"Yeah, OK," Kaitlyn sighed.

We hugged, and then she looked at me funny. I started to get a panicked feeling again, like maybe she could smell the sex on me or something.

"What?" I said meekly.

Kaitlyn looked at me for a couple seconds, and then she just laughed and shook her head, like she was having a thought that was completely crazy, and then she just said, "Nothing. Nevermind. I'll text you tomorrow."

"Bye," I said, and I walked out the door with a big smile on my face.

PLEASE SHARE MY WIFE WITH ME

CHAPTER ONE

It was already an unseasonably hot day in May when Kwame pulled up to the house just off campus around 11 that morning.

He double-checked the address to make sure it was the right place.

Kwame had just finished up his sophomore year of college, and he was getting ready for summer classes to start in about a week, but he needed to find a new place to live.

After checking online, he saw the ad for a room for rent in this house. He had called and spoken to a guy named Derek who lived there, who told Kwame to come by to meet everyone who lived there and to fill out an application.

"What's up? I'm here to check out the room for rent," Kwame said when a guy answered the door.

"Hey man, I'm Derek, thanks for coming!" the guy said.

"Cool," Kwame said as he went inside and met the three other guys who lived in the house.

Kwame filled out the application and Derek said he would give it to the landlord, and then they all sat around the living room just shooting the shit after Kwame checked out the room and the rest of the

house, which was all to his liking, and the rent was cheap enough, too.

"What's this street like?" Kwame asked. "Is it all students?"

"It's like half student houses like this, and half just regular families," Derek said.

He pointed to one side of the house. "This old couple lives on that side, but they're both like half deaf," Derek said as the other guys laughed, "so it's no big deal if we play music a little loud or have parties and stuff, as long as we keep it mainly inside."

Derek pointed to the other side of the house. "There's a younger couple that just moved in next door like four months ago," he told Kwame. "Brayden and Susie, they just got married. I think they both graduated last year or the year before."

"Yeah, and Susie's pretty hot!" one of the other guys chimed in.

"If you move in, you'll always see her out running in her little shorts and sports bra, like every night almost, it's pretty sweet," Derek said to Kwame.

"Nice!" Kwame laughed.

"Those houses across the street, it's student houses like this one," Derek continued. "The guys over there are cool, I guess, but we don't really hang out or anything like that."

"You guys party a lot here?" Kwame asked.

"Sometimes, are you cool with that?" Derek said.

"Yeah, sure," Kwame said.

He had been trying to focus on his coursework, but it was summertime, and parties meant hot chicks at the house, probably, so he would somehow find a way to mix work with fun.

The landlord approved Kwame's application, and a few days later he moved in.

It was the evening and he was just unloading some of his stuff from his car when he saw a really hot woman jogging down the street, coming his way.

Kwame couldn't help but check her out. She had dark hair up in a ponytail, and she was in a sports bra and tight spandex running pants.

Her outfit left very little to the imagination when it came to her body.

She saw Kwame staring at her as he held a laundry basket filled with various stuff, with a couple more boxes sitting on the curb that he had to take inside. She smiled at him and stopped running just as she got to his car.

"Hi!" she said to him, mildly out of breath. Her skin was glistening with a thin sheen of sweat.

"Hi," he replied. "Pretty hot."

"What?" she said.

"For a run, pretty hot for a run!" Kwame laughed.

"Ohhh," she laughed. "Yeah, it is. You moving in or something?"

"Yup," Kwame said.

"Oh cool," she said. "I'm Susie, I live next door."

"Hey Susie, I'm Kwame," he replied.

"Nice to meet you, Kwame," Susie said.

She lifted her hand to wipe perspiration from her face and Kwame saw the wedding ring on her finger. Susie saw him looking at it.

"You should come and meet my husband," she smiled.

"Sounds good," Kwame said.

"No, I mean now," Susie said. "He's standing over there at the door."

Kwame looked over at their house and saw a guy standing there in a T-shirt and shorts, waving at them. Kwame waved back at him.

"Let me just bring this stuff into my house, and then I'll be right over," Kwame said.

"OK," Susie smiled.

Kwame went inside and dropped his stuff off, then went next door where Susie and her husband were standing on the porch.

"Hey man, I'm Brayden, welcome to the neighborhood," Susie's husband smiled, shaking Kwame's hand.

"Thanks!" Kwame said.

They stood there and chatted for a little bit. They were asking Kwame about what classes he was taking.

They told him that they had graduated the year before but they really loved living in the college town, so they decided to buy a house there.

Brayden said that it was a smart investment for them, because if they ever decided they wanted to move, they could just rent out their house to students.

Kwame nodded and smiled.

The whole time Brayden was talking, Susie wasn't saying much, but she was smiling at Kwame and he noticed that she seemed to be checking him out.

It seemed crazy that she would do that right in front of her husband, but Brayden was really talkative and going on and on about mortgages and interest rates and all kinds of other things that went in one

of Kwame's ears and out the other, and he didn't seem to notice that his wife's eyes were looking Kwame up and down.

All Kwame knew was that Brayden was one lucky guy to have a wife as hot as Susie.

"Sorry," said Susie, interrupting Brayden for a moment, "I just need to do my cool-down stretches, don't mind me."

She started bending down, then she extended her leg up on a railing and reached for the toes of her running shoes, all while Kwame tried really hard not to ogle her hot body.

She turned and twisted halfway around, then bent down, and Kwame couldn't help but glance at her ass in those running pants, and he felt himself beginning to get aroused.

"I gotta finish bringing my stuff inside before it gets dark, I'll catch you guys later," Kwame said, turning and going back to his new house before he popped a big boner.

"OK, talk to you soon, man!" Brayden waved.

Kwame looked over his shoulder and smiled and waved, and saw Susie wiggling her fingers at him and smiling in a way that made him think she had purposefully bent over and shown him her ass the way she did, all under the guise of “stretching."

CHAPTER TWO

"Yo man," Kwame said to Derek when he went in the house and found his new roommate in the living room watching TV, "you ever invite Brayden and Susie to any parties over here?"

Derek looked at Kwame and laughed. "Nah, but she can come over here and leave her husband at home," Derek said.

"That'd be alright," Kwame said. "She seems cool."

"Were you talking to her?" Derek said.

"Yeah, just now, her and Brayden," Kwame said.

"Damn, she barely looks at any of us, she never talks to us, she just runs by, like she's too good for us or something," Derek said.

"Really?" Kwame said. "She was super nice to me just now. They both were, but her especially."

Derek laughed. "She must really like *you*," he said.

"Maybe she's into black guys or something," Kwame grinned, and they both laughed.

The next afternoon, Kwame had just pulled up and was getting out of his car when Brayden came out of his house and waved at Kwame.

"Hey man!" Brayden called out.

"What's up?" Kwame said as he started heading up the walkway to the front door of his house.

"Come here a sec?" Brayden said.

Kwame stopped and looked over at him, then walked over to the porch of Brayden's house.

"What's up?" Kwame said, noticing that Brayden was grinning at him in a weird kind of way.

He started to wonder if Brayden had noticed Susie checking him out the night before, and if he had seen Kwame checking out his wife's ass, and he had something to say about it.

"My wife," Brayden started to say, “she—”

"Sorry man, I shouldn't have done that," Kwame interrupted.

Brayden looked at Kwame with a puzzled expression. "What?" he said. "Shouldn't have done what?"

Kwame suddenly felt like he had misjudged the situation.

"Ahh, nothing, I, uhh, I shouldn't have just walked off like that in the middle of our conversation last night, I just had to get shit done," Kwame said quickly.

"Oh," Brayden said, his face brightening. "It's no problem, no problem at all. But I was about to say, my wife likes you."

"Oh yeah?" Kwame said nonchalantly. "Well, she seems really cool. So do you."

Brayden grinned at Kwame but didn't say anything for a couple of seconds. It was kind of an uncomfortable silence. Kwame smiled awkwardly.

"No, I mean, she *likes* you," Brayden said, his smile getting broader.

Kwame didn't know how to respond to that. "Ooooooookay," he laughed nervously, "I'm glad she—”

"Ca you come over for dinner later?" Brayden interrupted. "She really wants to have you over for dinner."

"Ummm...," Kwame said. He was trying to figure out what was going on.

"Come on, she's a great cook, and we're great conversationalists!" Brayden said.

Kwame remembered the boring conversation about houses the night before, but he didn't really want to turn down an opportunity to hang out with Susie, and sneak peeks at her hot body.

"OK, sure, why not," Kwame said.

"Awesome!" Brayden exclaimed. "How about you come over around seven?"

"Sure," Kwame replied.

"See you then!" Brayden replied.

CHAPTER THREE

A few hours later, Kwame went next door and knocked. Susie answered the door with a big smile on her face.

She wasn't in her running outfit this time. She was wearing a short skirt, a sheer top, and sandals. Her hair was down and she'd obviously curled it, and she was wearing makeup. She was a total knockout.

She hugged Kwame and he put his hands on her lower back and she felt incredible in his arms, and she smelled amazing, too.

"I'm so glad you came!" she said. "Come in, come in!"

Kwame stepped inside the house and she closed the door, and Brayden walked up and shook Kwame's hand and immediately handed him a cold beverage.

"Thanks, man," Kwame said.

"Come in, make yourself comfortable," he said.

"Dinner will be ready in a few!" Susie said as she turned and went into the kitchen.

Kwame took a quick glance at her fine ass in her skirt when Brayden turned to lead Kwame into the living room.

They sat down and started to shoot the shit again, when Susie called them to the table for dinner.

It was a delicious meal, and the three of them talked and laughed and had a really nice time.

Kwame helped clean the dishes off the table, despite Susie protesting that he didn't need to, and then she scooped some ice cream into three bowls and they sat in the living room eating it.

When they were done, Brayden stood up and excused himself. Kwame figured Brayden was going to the bathroom, but he did notice Brayden flash a strange smile at his wife before he left the living room.

"*Sooooooo*," Susie said once Brayden was gone, "I'm so glad you came over."

"Me too," Kwame smiled. "Thanks for dinner, it was really great."

Susie started to play with her hair as she crossed one leg on top of the other and kind of bounced her leg a little bit while she looked at Kwame with a coy smile.

"You're really handsome, you know that?" she said.

Kwame smiled. He thought back to what Brayden had said earlier, about her really *liking* him.

Kwame was starting to get a sense that he meant what Kwame had thought he meant. He was surprised, but he just decided to go with it and see what happened.

"Thanks," Kwame said.

"Do you think I'm pretty?" she said.

Kwame laughed nervously.

"What, why are you laughing?" Susie giggled.

"That's just, that's an interesting question," Kwame said.

"I thought it was a pretty straightforward question," she replied.

"Yeah, but, I'm not sure how to answer it, you know...," Kwame said.

"I would think you could answer it with either a yes or a no," Susie grinned.

"Yes, I think you're pretty, very pretty," Kwame said.

"Oh, *very* pretty, huh?" Susie said, twirling strands of her hair a little more vigorously. "Not just pretty, but very pretty?"

"Uh huh," Kwame said. "I thought that was a pretty straightforward answer."

Susie let out a laugh just as Brayden walked back into the room and sat down.

"Honey," Susie said, "Kwame thinks I'm *very* pretty. Not just pretty, but *very* pretty. He just told me so."

"Well, honey, you are very pretty, he's not lying," Brayden smiled at her.

"I'm also very horny," she said.

Kwame's eyes grew wide as Brayden and Susie both looked at him. Susie started to giggle.

"He didn't expect that!" Susie said to her husband, still looking right at Kwame.

"No, he really didn't, I don't think," Brayden said.

"Not so much," Kwame chuckled a little nervously.

"Well, I am," Susie said.

Kwame started to rise from his seat.

"I guess I can go, and leave you guys to—”

"No!" Brayden and Susie shouted in unison.

Kwame laughed and sat back down.

"No?" he said.

"We want you to stay," Susie said.

"And watch," Brayden added.

"You what?" Kwame said.

"This might sound a little strange," Brayden started to say, "I'm not sure if—”

"Why don't we just tell him?" Susie interrupted, then she said, "We wanna fuck and we want you to watch us fuck while you jerk off."

"You *what*?!" Kwame said, laughing in disbelief over what she'd just said. He couldn't possibly have heard her correctly.

"It seemed like a pretty straightforward request to me," Susie giggled as Brayden laughed. "But I can repeat it if you like."

"Yeah, would you?" Kwame said.

"We. My husband and I. Would like to fuck. Now. And we want you to come into the bedroom and watch us fuck. While you jerk off. And we watch you," Susie said.

CHAPTER FOUR

"Wow," Kwame said.

"Is that a wow, like, you want to, or a wow, like, you're freaked out right now and you wanna leave," Susie said to him.

Kwame thought about it for a moment.

What they wanted to do seemed totally and completely weird, and he had never done anything like that before.

But the thought of seeing Susie naked and getting fucked by Brayden was a pretty hot one. Kwame had to admit he was feeling pretty turned on by it.

He also didn't care if they watched him masturbate, if that's what turned them on. Kwame had done that once in front of a chick he was dating, while she played with her pussy and watched him, and it got her off really good and it got him off good, too. So he understood.

Kwame wasn't too shy about showing his cock, either. It was big and he knew it.

"I wouldn't say I'm freaked out, not really," Kwame said. "Just...a little surprised is all."

"Oh come on!" Susie laughed. "Like you didn't see me showing off my ass to you yesterday and basically hitting on you."

"Wellllllll....,"Kwame said, and all three of them laughed. "I guess so."

"He guesses so," Susie said as she turned to her husband and grinned.

"So, does that mean you want to, or...?" Brayden said to Kwame.

Kwame thought it over once more. It was a pretty wild request. But it could be fun.

If not, it might be awkward living next to them for at least the summer. But it was only a couple of months, and then he could just move if shit got weird.

"Sure, why not?" Kwame said finally.

"Yay!" Susie exclaimed, clapping her hands.

She turned to her husband and leaned toward him and they started to kiss.

Then they both stood up and looked at Kwame.

"This way!" Brayden said, beckoning him down the hall to the bedroom.

Once inside, Brayden and Susie began to get undressed.

Kwame watched, his eyes mainly on Susie as she quickly got down to her underwear. Then off came her bra, and there were her gorgeous. luscious tits for Kwame to enjoy.

He was starting to get hard in a hurry.

Susie took off her panties, too, and Brayden pulled off his boxers. His cock was halfway erect. Kwame saw that it wasn't nearly as big as his own.

Susie and Brayden were both naked and they climbed into the bed.

"Anytime you wanna take off your clothes and get naked, you do that!" Susie said as she looked over at Kwame and giggled.

"I will," Kwame said, rubbing his growing cock over his pants.

Susie saw how big the bulge was getting in his crotch and an excited look came over her face. She turned back to her husband and started making out with him. Their hands were all over each other.

Kwame stood there watching Brayden fondling her tits, and caressing her ass. Her body was so fucking outstanding.

As the two of them started to get hotter and heavier, with Susie's hand on her husband's cock, slowly stroking it, and Brayden sucking on her nipples, Kwame took off his shirt, then he took a deep breath and took off his pants and his underwear.

He stood back up and took his big, hard cock in his hand, and just then, Susie looked over and saw Kwame naked and she let out a happy squeal.

"Ohhh fuck, look at that!" she said, eyeing Kwame's cock.

"Holy shit, it's fucking huge," Brayden said.

"Let's give him something nice to watch," Susie said. "Eat my pussy while I watch him jerk it."

Susie got on her hands and knees, facing Kwame and staring at his dick, while Brayden crouched down behind his wife and started tonguing her slit and her asshole.

"Mmmm yeah, ohhhh fuck, that feels good, baby," Susie moaned. Glancing up from Kwame's cock to his face, she said, "Come closer with that!"

Kwame moved forward and put one knee on the edge of the bed and masturbated in front of Susie, her face about a foot away from the head of his cock.

"God, it's beautiful, it's so thick and dark and nice," she moaned.

Kwame's cock began to throb as he jerked it while looking at sexy Susie, while her husband was behind her licking and fingering her pussy as she wiggled her ass against his face.

"Does that feel good, baby?" Susie said to Kwame.

"Yeah," he said.

He liked having Susie watch him, it was an undeniable turn-on.

Now that they were all naked and in the middle of doing this thing, it didn't even feel that awkward anymore. It was just hot.

Kwame loved seeing Susie's face as she enjoyed her husband's tongue sliding in and out of her cunt, and watching him stroke his big dick right there in front of her.

"Mmm...ohhhhhh...ohhhhhhhhh..." she moaned, mashing and grinding her pussy against Brayden's face as he tongue-fucked her.

Kwame could see that he was jerking himself off, too.

"Do you wanna see my pussy?" Susie said to Kwame suddenly.

"Yeah," Kwame replied.

Susie grinned.

"Good, I was hoping you would say that," she laughed softly.

She turned around, still on all fours, and she started to suck Brayden's cock while she slowly swayed her hips, her amazing ass right in front of Kwame.

Holding herself up with one arm while bobbing her head up and down on her husband's dick, she reached underneath and used her other hand to spread her pussy wide open for Kwame.

He could see her pink folds and her cunt hole, and saw how glistening wet she was.

It made him jerk off even faster.

Susie pulled her mouth off Brayden's cock and looked over her shoulder, watching Kwame stroking himself while he was looking at her pussy.

She started to rub her clit and finger her hole while Brayden smacked her tongue with his cock a few times, then rubbed his dick all over her face.

"Fuck, that's *so* fucking hot," Susie said to Kwame. Then she looked up at her husband. "Will you fuck me now while I watch him?" she said.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Absolutely, hon," Brayden said as Susie turned around yet again, still on her hands and knees as Brayden got behind her and pushed his cock against her pussy, getting ready to fuck her.

Kwame jerked off faster, wishing it was him that was about to fuck Susie.

Brayden slid his cock inside Susie's cunt and she let out a loud moan, closing her eyes for just a moment, then they opened again and she stared at Kwame masturbating harder and faster for her, a foot from her face.

He watched her tits bouncing back and forth as Brayden thrust in and out of her, and watched her face, staring at her gorgeous lips as sexy moan after sexy moan came out of her mouth.

"Come all the way up here," she said to Kwame.

He had still had just one knee on the bed, but he got all the way up on the bed like she asked.

Susie moved up a slight bit so that her face was just a few inches from Kwame's dick as he stroked it harder and Brayden fucked her even harder from behind.

Now Kwame was getting really worked up.

Her face was right there in front of him, and he wanted to stick his cock in Susie's mouth so bad.

He started to move forward to touch the tip of his cock to her lips, but she backed up slightly.

"No, no, no touching, just watching," she moaned. "Please, I just want to watch."

Kwame nodded and just kept stroking his cock right mere inches from her face.

He wasn't going to do anything she, or her husband, didn't want him to do, even though he wanted so bad to feel her tongue licking his cock, to feel her warm, wet mouth taking in his shaft.

But she just wanted to watch him as Brayden fucked her harder and harder, and that was going to have to be good enough.

It was pretty damn hot, though, Kwame had to admit. It was really turning him the fuck on to have her watch him jerk it while she was getting fucked so good.

"Ohhh...ohhhh...ohhhhh fuck, baby, it feels soooo fucking good!" Susie cried out as Brayden grabbed onto her ass and really started pounding her hard.

"Fuck me 'til you come, baby!" she said to her husband, who from the intensely focused look on his face appeared to be planning to do just that.

Kwame's eyes were on Susie's hot face and her tits bouncing even harder up and down and left to right, and the way her ass cheeks were rippling slightly as Brayden banged his body into her.

Kwame could hear the wet sounds of Brayden's cock and balls slapping against Susie's soaked slit.

It was getting him closer to the edge.

He knew that Susie was going to love watching him shoot his cum onto the bedspread right in front of her.

She reached underneath herself again and started to rub herself fast and hard while staring at Kwame stroking his big cock so rapidly it was like a blur.

"Ohhh, ohhhh fuck, ohhh my God I'm gonna come, I'm gonna come!!!" Susie screamed.

"Fuck, baby, I'm gonna come in you!" Brayden groaned

"Yes, oh fuck yes, come in me, baby, give it to me!" she yelled out to her husband.

Brayden let out a huge groan and he thrust deep into his wife's cunt and started to unload his sperm inside her.

Susie shrieked at the same time, coming along with her husband.

Watching both of them getting off was pushing Kwame over the edge, and he pointed his cock down toward the bedspread as his load started to rocket down his shaft.

"No!" Susie gasped in mid-orgasm. "Shoot it on me, come all over my face!"

Kwame couldn't believe what he'd just heard her say, but he wasn't about to argue. It was the hottest, sexiest thing she could have said in the moment, and it was what he wanted to do more than anything.

He shuddered as he leaned forward, finally pushing the tip of his throbbing cock against the soft, warm skin of her beautiful face.

“Fuck yeah!!!” Kwame roared.

His hot cum blasted out, splattering Susie's face, going everywhere, as she moaned and took his creamy load. She orgasmed a second time from rubbing her clit while Brayden continued to empty his jizz inside her.

"Oh my God, it's so hot, so good!" Susie cried out as Kwame groaned while jacking out spurt after spurt of semen all over her face, coating it, some of it dribbling into her mouth.

He had never come so hard or so much before, and she loved it, half-moaning and half-laughing in shock over how much sperm was shooting out of his dick.

"Ohhhh fuck!" she giggled as Brayden pulled his dick out of her pussy and fell backward, exhausted from how hard he'd fucked his wife and how good he'd gotten off inside her while Kwame blasted her face and neck with his fiery spunk.

“Fuck, wow,” Kwame said, drained and happy.

“Look at the mess you made all over me!” Susie said to Kwame, wiping cum from her eyes. “That was the hottest thing ever!”

Susie turned to her husband. “Look at me, look how much he creamed me!” she said.

“Damn, he got you real good!” Brayden grinned.

Kwame smiled. It had been a strange yet red-hot evening with the neighbors.

“Maybe next time you can fuck me with that big cock of yours, what do you think?” Susie said to Kwame.

“Hell yeah,” Kwame smiled.

“So what are you up to tomorrow night?” Brayden asked him. “Wanna come over for…dinner?!”

All three of them laughed.

The next night, Kwame went over to their house and ate dinner.

Afterwards, though, dessert was extra-special.

Brayden was more than happy to share his wife with Kwame, sitting on the bed watching and stroking his cock while Kwame and Susie started to go at it.

They kissed for a long while, slowly taking off each other's clothes until they were both naked.

Brayden stroked himself faster when Kwame kissed down his wife's body and when he reached her cunt, he started eating her out like it was dessert.

Susie moaned and squirmed around as Kwame pumped two fingers in and out of her pussy while flicking his long tongue back and forth on her hard clit until she let out a cry of bliss.

She started coating Kwame's face with her cunt juice while flopping around on the bed beneath him.

It was just too fucking hot for Brayden to handle and he started to shoot his load all over himself.

But when Kwame immediately got on top of Susie and plunged his huge cock all the way inside her cunt, making her scream with pleasure, Brayden was still hard and he kept jerking off, watching Kwame pound Susie's pussy as hard and fast as he could, making her scream even louder when she came again.

Kwame let out a big grunt and unloaded all his jizz inside Susie's cunt.

When he finally finished, he pulled out and Brayden got on top of his wife and started to fuck her, feeling Kwame's sperm all over his dick as he rammed Susie's sloppy cunt until he exploded inside her, too.

"Holy fucking shit," Brayden panted as Susie giggled and played with all of the semen from both men that was leaking out of her hole.

"It's so much," she moaned, rubbing it all over her pussy and her clit as she made herself come once more while Kwame and Brayden

watched with big smiles on their faces.

“It’s gonna be one hell of a hot summer with you as our neighbor,” Brayden said.

“Yeah it is!” Kwame laughed.

HER FIRST BLACK LOVER

CHAPTER ONE

Heather had known what she wanted to do with Lamar from the very first moment she saw him at the club.

It was a Saturday night, and she'd gone there with her friends to get her mind off her troubles.

Heather wasn't really that into clubs, or dancing. Maybe when she was younger, but now that she was 44, she was more about staying at home on the weekends with her husband and watching movies on the couch while sitting under a blanket.

Maybe some people would consider that boring, being such a homebody, but that's what she liked.

But lately, Heather's husband had been going out on the weekends, and coming home very late. He told her that he was out at the bar with his buddies, but one night, Heather smelled some women's perfume on him.

When she asked him about it, he came up with a story that he had been playing pool and he was showing some woman how to shoot, so her scent must have inadvertently gotten onto him.

Heather didn't have absolute proof that her husband was cheating on her, but the way he quickly offered that explanation to her sounded fake and rehearsed. Heather just nodded her head, but in her

heart she knew that her husband had been out fucking another woman.

It broke her heart, and it made her mad, especially after 17 years of marriage. But she didn't say anything to her husband.

Heather thought about hiring a private detective to follow him and get evidence that he was cheating, but she didn't really have the money for that.

And, if she was being honest with herself, she really didn't want to actually see the proof. It was bad enough wondering if he was cheating, but if she saw pictures or video of him actually doing the deed, she was afraid of how she might feel, or what she might do.

Heather confided in her friend Laurie what was going on, and what she suspected her husband of doing. She decided to talk to Laurie about it because Laurie had gone through a similar situation two years earlier, when she caught her husband cheating on her, and they had gotten divorced.

When Heather told Laurie about the perfume incident, and some of her husband's other suspicious behavior, Laurie laughed and said that she was 100% sure that Heather's husband was having an affair.

Hearing her friend confirm what she already basically knew to be true was hard, but Heather knew she had to accept what was going on, and not pretend that her marriage was fine.

She wanted to confront her husband, and find out once and for all what was going on, but she was still a little scared of the finality of the truth, and the fact that they would in all likelihood get divorced.

Heather was frightened of being a 44-year-old woman who would have to start over in life. It was a matter of having to choose between the relative comfort and familiarity of her life with a husband who was almost certainly cheating on her, or having everything turn upside down and going out on her own and facing the unknown.

It was a decision she was still agonizing over when Laurie texted Heather and asked her if she wanted to go out to the club with a few of their other friends and have a good time drinking and dancing.

Heather's husband had already gone out for the night when Heather took a shower, and then put on one of her sexier outfits and shoes. Even though her husband's probable cheating had taken a bit of a toll on her self-esteem, Heather still felt like she was an attractive woman.

And she was, with her pretty blue eyes, her sexy lips, her long blonde hair, and a body that she had kept in very good shape through her daily workouts.

Heather looked in the mirror and she was happy with her reflection, and she smiled to herself for the first time in a long time, telling herself that she was going to have a fun night out, for once.

CHAPTER TWO

Heather and her friends arrived at the club, and they were inside barely 15 minutes, dancing to the loud, pulsating music, when she saw a handsome black man standing about 20 feet away and looking at her with a big smile on her face.

Heather looked to her left, and then her right, thinking that he must have been looking at some other woman. But then she realized that no, he was smiling at her. She smiled back at him a little shyly.

He was one of the sexiest men she had ever seen in her life. He was tall, with a great physique. He had diamond studs in each earlobe, and he was dressed casually but impeccably.

Laurie glanced at Heather and saw who she was looking at.

"Oh my God, he's so hot," Laurie said as she leaned in to Heather so that Heather could hear it over the loud music.

"I know," Heather said, and they both giggled.

"Have you ever done it with a black guy?" Laurie asked.

Heather gasped as she turned to Laurie with an open mouth and big eyes. The thought of "doing it" with anybody other than her husband wasn't something that had gone through her mind in a long, long time. But now that Laurie had planted that idea in her head, it

was suddenly all Heather could think about. Instinctively, she felt guilty.

It was just a knee-jerk reaction, since she was still a married woman. She still had her wedding ring on her finger and everything.

“No, I never have,” Heather said.

“I did, once,” Laurie said. “It was fucking amazing!”

The ladies giggled again, and then Heather suddenly felt her pulse quicken when she saw the guy starting to walk over to them.

“Oh damn,” Heather whispered, looking right into his eyes as he approached, while Laurie grinned stepped away and started dancing, just to give her friend an opportunity to talk to the guy alone.

The man walked up and said hello to Heather, and he introduced himself as Lamar. He was 24 years old. Heather smiled, feeling both nervous and confident at the same time. It wasn’t like she hadn’t been hit on every now and then by men while she was married, but she had always blown those guys off.

But with everything that was going on in her marriage, that was the last thing she wanted to do when it came to Lamar. She could see it in his eyes that he found her very attractive — as attractive as she found him. Heather couldn’t remember the last time her husband looked at her like that.

They chatted for a minute on the dance floor, having to speak loudly because of the music, and then Lamar asked Heather if she wanted to go over to the bar and get a drink, and maybe find somewhere in the club where it wasn’t so loud, so that they could talk a little easier.

Heather smiled and nodded, and she followed Lamar over to the bar, glancing quickly back at Laurie, who grinned and nodded and gave her friend a little thumbs up, which made Heather giggle.

Lamar bought Heather a drink, and they went to another room in the club that was sort of a lounge space, where other couples were

sitting, drinking, talking, and even making out. Heather was already starting to feel very aroused in Lamar's company, and the fact that other people around them were kissing and even touching one another naughtily in the very dim light of the lounge area was getting Heather very, very horny.

The whole time she and Lamar were talking, she couldn't stop thinking about what she wanted to do with him. She wanted him more than she'd wanted a man in so long.

Heather was so conflicted. Lamar had looked down and he'd seen her wedding ring, and he made mention of it, but Heather quickly covered it with her other hand and she told him that she was separated.

It was kind of true, she thought to herself. In her mind, she had separated herself from her husband, who she was absolutely sure was cheating on her, even if they hadn't physically separated.

Heather and Lamar kept on chatting, sipping their drinks, smiling and flirting with one another as the conversation flowed easily and naturally. Suddenly, he put his big hand gently on the top of her knee as he smiled at Heather. It made her melt, the way he was touching her, and she wanted more.

She wanted him, and she was going to do it.

Lamar was about to say something when Heather decided to just go for it, and she asked him if he wanted to get out of there with her. Lamar grinned at Heather, and the look on his face started to make her wet as fuck.

They quickly got up and walked out of the club. Lamar went over to the valet and soon they brought his car around, and he opened the door for Heather, who got in.

Lamar got into the driver's seat, and just as he turned to Heather, she leaned over and they kissed.

It was the most electric kiss Heather could ever remember. It was the first time she'd kissed a man other than her husband in almost two decades, and it was perfect.

Lamar asked her where she wanted to go, and then he asked if his place was OK with her.

Heather nodded, the anticipation of what they were about to do building up inside her, making her clit quiver with excitement and her pussy get even hotter, and off they drove.

CHAPTER THREE

As soon as Heather and Lamar walked into his apartment and closed the door, they were on each other, kissing one another like they wanted to devour the other, and their hands all over each's body.

"The bedroom's this way," Lamar said.

But Heather was feeling as horny and as naughty as she ever had, and maybe more.

"Nah, I wanna do it over here," she said, before kissing Lamar again.

A little but surprised by Heather's wild attitude, he laughed a little as Heather pulled him toward the dining room table.

"I guess you're hungry for it, huh?" he said.

"Yep!" Heather giggled. "And this is where you eat, right?"

Lamar nodded as Heather turned, leaned her ass against the dining room table, and pulled Lamar to her.

"Are you gonna eat me?" Heather asked, taking his body into her as Lamar responded by pressing against her and kissing her, sliding his tongue into her mouth as she met his with hers.

Heather moaned as Lamar's lips traveled down her neck while he started fondling her tits over her dress.

"I'll get this off," Heather said as she pulled off her dress. Lamar admired Heather's body as she stood there in her black panties, black bra, and sexy black shoes. She had never felt sexier, or more desired.

Lamar leaned back in and kissed the upper part of her chest, his lips and tongue all over Heather's tender skin as she moaned. He pulled off her bra and started to suck her left nipple as she shuddered with pleasure and pushed her breast into his mouth, while feeling his cock getting hard in his pants as it pressed against her thigh.

Lamar moved to her other nipple and he sucked on it, then nibbled it, making Heather moan louder as she caressed Lamar's shoulders.

She let out a little squeal as Lamar reached around and grabbed her in a hug, and lifted her up, then set her ass down on top of the dining room table.

Heather moaned as he kissed down her body, and while he was licking around her bellybutton she lifted up her ass so he could pull off her panties, sliding them down and over her shoes, and then throwing them to the floor.

Now Heather was totally naked, except for her heels, and she felt as sexy as a woman could possibly feel. Lamar loved her body, that much she knew, and she also knew what he was about to do. She leaned back, laying on the dining room table, and she spread her trembling thighs for him as his head dipped lower

"Oh *fuuuuuuuuuuck*," she moaned when he began to lick her cunt.

"Oh my God yeah," Heather cried out as Lamar ate her out like she'd never been eaten before, his long tongue pleasuring every bit of the outside of her pussy before it started to swirl into her folds until it reached her entrance, and started to go inside.

Heather groaned as she began to writhe on the table, opening her legs wider as Lamar fucked her pussy with his tongue, making her pussy and inner thighs drenched with her juices.

“Yes, yes, ohhh fuck yes!!!” Heather cried out even louder as she felt Lamar getting her close to coming. Her thighs tightened around his head and her body began to shake and twist with violent pleasure as she began to climax, letting out a long groan of ecstasy as Lamar’s lips and tongue got her off so good.

Her cunt soaked from the way Lamar had licked her and made her come better than any man ever had before, including her husband, Heather sat back up and grabbed onto Lamar and kissed him deeply and passionately, a kiss full of lust and gratitude as she tasted herself on his lips.

The taste turned her on even more, and made her want desperately to return the pleasure he had just given her.

With a grin she got off the dining room table, and then she crouched down in front of Lamar, looking up at him with a gleam in her eye as she rubbed his hard shaft over his pants, marveling at how huge it was.

As he looked down at her with an excited smile, she licked her lips and she brought her hands up to his belt.

CHAPTER FOUR

Heather pulled down Lamar's pants and his underwear, and her mouth dropped open with shock and pleasure when his enormous dark cock came out, pointing straight at her face.

"Oh my God," she whispered, staring at the first black cock she'd ever seen up close and personal. It was beautiful. She wrapped her fingers around his shaft, feeling it throbbing and jerking around slightly in her grip.

Lamar stepped out of his pants and underwear, then pulled his shirt off. Heather brought her face closer, inhaling Lamar's manly scent. Her warm breath was on his dick as she held it and moved her head lower, going straight for his big balls. She started to lick them, and Lamar moaned.

The sound of his moan turned Heather on, and she began to stroke his cock while she sucked one of his balls in her mouth.

She didn't know what possessed her to do it. She hadn't licked or sucked a man's nuts in a long time. She'd done it to her husband years ago, but it wasn't something she had really desired doing.

But with Lamar, it was a different story. Heather loved the feeling of his balls in her mouth and his cock in her hand, and she loved the way it was obviously making him feel.

After a little while of making his balls nice and wet with her mouth, she looked up at Lamar and saw the sexy look on his face as he looked down at her. It made her want to suck his cock more than anything. She moved up and she started to lick the bottom of his dick, slowly working her tongue up the underside of his long, thick brown shaft until she reached the tip.

Opening her lips, she took the big, swollen head of his cock in her mouth and looked up at him as she nibbled on it, and worked her tongue around it. Lamar moaned again and reached down, running his hands through her hair. He didn't exactly pull on her head, but the way he was holding onto her head, she knew he wanted her to slide her mouth further down his dick.

She did. Gladly.

Taking as much of his big pole as she could in her mouth, she started working her lips and hands up and down Lamar's shaft, going slowly at first but slowly picking up speed as she made his dick wetter while bobbing up and down.

"Oh yeah," he groaned as Heather got into a steady dick-sucking rhythm, her lips tight around his cock as she got even more comfortable with his size and took even more of it into her mouth, until she could feel the head tickling the back of her throat.

Her mouth was full of spit that dripped down her chin as she moaned and sucked faster, slobbering all over his dick as she jerked him off faster, using her other hand to play with his balls, which were beginning to tighten.

The faster and deeper she sucked Lamar, the more he moaned. Heather was determined to make this the best blowjob of his life. She was so into it, sucking his cock with an enthusiasm she had rarely felt before in her life.

She was good at blowjobs, but she hadn't really ever loved doing it, especially to her husband, even during the good times of their mar-

riage. It was almost like he didn't appreciate it, that he took it for granted.

But with Lamar, she could tell that he loved every single second of her mouth and hand on his dick.

He was getting even harder in her mouth. His dick was hard as a rock, and starting to throb even harder. Heather knew that if she kept on going, it wouldn't be long before he flooded her mouth with his cum.

She pulled her mouth off Lamar's dick and looked up at him. "You're getting close, aren't you," she said a bit breathlessly.

"Uh huh," Lamar nodded.

"Not that I don't want you to cum in my mouth, but I really want you to fuck me so fucking bad," Heather said.

Lamar pulled Heather up to her feet, then lifted her up and set her on the dining room table, just like he had earlier. Except this time, as she gasped with the knowledge that she was about to get his huge black cock deep inside her, he lifted her legs and he put them up on his shoulders, moving his spit-soaked cock right to her dripping wet pussy.

"Are you gonna fuck me? Are you gonna…..*ohhhhhhhhh fuuuuuuuuu-uuck*!" Heather cried out as Lamar plunged his dick into her hole. She couldn't believe how it was filling her up, better than any man's cock ever had. She was so wet and slippery, it was going right in, all the way in.

She couldn't believe how easy it was to take Lamar's big dick deep inside her cunt.

It was like they were both made to fuck each other, the way his shaft stretched her walls, which were so tightly engulfing his length.

"Fuck yes, fuck yes, fuck me, oh my God fuck me!" Heather yelled out as Lamar started to stroke in and out of her, making her tits

shake with each powerful thrust.

She looked down, watching his cock pump in and out of her pussy. She gasped and moaned and squealed, hardly able to believe she was getting fucked so good by this sexy black man with the best cock in the world.

The dining room table was starting to strain as they fucked harder and faster, and Heather thought that the whole thing might break and they would tumble to the floor on a pile of broken wood. But she didn't care, as long as Lamar didn't stop fucking her.

Lamar's balls slapped against Heather's ass as his cock hammered her, and she could hear herself screaming out with pleasure even though she felt like she wasn't inside herself anymore, like this incredible fucking was more of an out-of-body experience.

But then she heard Lamar groan, and she knew he was getting close to coming, and that brought on the most powerful orgasmic wave she could have ever imagined.

She screamed out Lamar's name and grabbed onto his arms as her body bucked with climax, while he stroked in and out of her with a passionate might that she had never experienced from a man before.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Come all over me, I wanna see you shoot!!" Heather cried out, shocking herself with the words that had come out of her mouth. With her husband, she had hated the idea of him making a big, sticky mess all over her body. But with Lamar, it seemed like the hottest thing in the world.

With a loud groan Lamar pulled his dick out and it erupted all over Heather, with shots of his hot cum going all over her tits, her stomach, and her legs as she watched it and moaned, still feeling the warm pleasure of the orgasm he'd given her along with the sensation of his hot, manly fluid all over her skin.

"Put it back in me," she groaned. Lamar shoved his dick back in Heather's pussy, and she was amazed that he was still so hard, and showed no signs of getting soft.

"Fuck yeah, fuck yeah," Lamar said, fucking Heather hard as if he hadn't already come, while her mouth opened wide with more howls of pleasure. She couldn't believe what a hot fuck machine she had hooked up with. Immediately, she started to come again, although it felt more like a continuation of her last orgasm.

Lamar fucked Heather hard through her orgasm until he let out a husky cry of ecstasy, and she could feel his cock pulsing inside her as he filled her cunt this time with more of his fiery cream.

They were both totally spent, now, after the hottest fucking Heather had ever experienced in her life. After another minute or two, Lamar pulled his dick out of her. It was finally getting softer.

Heather sat up, then she leaned forward and down and she kissed his cock gently, then she kissed up Lamar's chest. She got up off the table, her legs so weak that she almost couldn't stand, but Lamar grabbed onto her to keep her from falling, and they kissed and kissed and kissed.

"I'd better get cleaned up," Heather whispered finally, since she could feel the tickle of Lamar's cum trickling down her body.

"The bathroom's right that way," he said. "I'll get you a towel."

"Come clean me up," she smiled, finally kicking off her shoes. Lamar nodded, and they both went to the bathroom and got into the shower. Lamar stood behind Heather, under the hot water, and soaped her up and slowly washed her thoroughly as she moaned and pressed her body back into him.

It was a long, luxurious shower, and after a while, Heather could feel Lamar getting hard again, against her soft ass. She bent over and Lamar grabbed her waist and started to fuck her from behind in the shower, going nice and slow for a while until they both got close.

Lamar began to really pound Heather's cunt, making her come once more before he unloaded deep in her pussy again.

Heather stood back up and turned around, kissing Lamar under the water. "I guess I need to clean up a little more," Heather giggled. Lamar stepped out of the shower while she did her best to clean and rinse his sperm from her cunt, since she felt like she couldn't go back home with any of his cum inside her.

Then again, she thought to herself, who cares? It wasn't like she was planning to spread her legs for her husband that night. Or maybe ever again. And even if her husband found out what she had done with Lamar, it didn't really matter that much to her.

Heather stepped out of the shower and Lamar gently dried her off. They kissed some more, and then they went back to the dining room, where Heather put her clothes back on. She gazed admiringly at Lamar, who was standing there wearing just a fresh pair of boxer shorts. She couldn't believe what a hot body he had.

"I guess you can't stay tonight, can you?" Lamar said.

"I shouldn't," Heather said, looking at Lamar and wishing it was otherwise. "But…I think sometime soon I might be able to, if you want me to?"

"I want to see you again, soon," Lamar said.

"You will," Heather smiled, falling into his arms and kissing him again. "I have a feeling a lot of things are about to change, very quickly."

Lamar offered to give Heather a ride home, but she laughed and said that would probably be a bad idea, in case her husband had gotten home and he saw Lamar dropping her off. She said she would just get a ride-share back home.

They kissed one last time, and Heather walked out of Lamar's apartment, although all she could think about was how they had just walked into each other's lives, and there was really no going back now.

JUST WHAT MY HORNY BOSS NEEDS

CHAPTER ONE

"Hey man, how do you like it so far?" Bill asked Jarvon.

"It's great, best job I've ever had," Jarvon replied.

"How many jobs have you had?!" Bill laughed.

"Just one other one," Jarvon laughed, "but it was at a restaurant and it sucked."

"Yeah, I always hated working in restaurants, this place is much better," Bill said.

Bill and Jarvon were alone at the back of the sporting goods store where Jarvon had just started working several days earlier.

Jarvon was 19 and going to community college, but his parents told him that since he still lived at home he had to start paying rent. So he got a part-time job at the store, working there three days a week.

Bill was in his thirties and he'd been with the chain for nine years, and he had been at this store for three years. He was one of three assistant managers, but he was the low person on the pole.

It was a Thursday evening and the store wasn't very busy at all. Bill and Jarvon were just hanging out in one of the apparel sections, shooting the shit, while the other employees were either up at the registers or working in their own assigned sections of the store.

"What do you think of everyone so far who works here?" Bill asked Jarvon.

"Everyone seems pretty cool," he replied.

Bill looked up toward the front of the store, at a blonde woman behind one of the registers. He lowered his voice and grinned, "Jen is pretty fucking hot, right?"

Jarvon smiled and nodded as he glanced up at Jen, who was ringing somebody up.

"Yeah," he said.

"She just broke up with her boyfriend. You should make your move!" Bill laughed.

"She like black dudes?" Jarvon laughed.

"Only one way to find out!" Bill said.

"Yeah, we'll see," Jarvon said.

They both laughed. Jarvon had to help a customer with something before he walked back to where Bill was standing.

"Yeah, everyone's been pretty nice to me so far," Jarvon said. "What's up with *Ruby*, though? She's kind of weird."

Bill began to chuckle.

"Yeah, I can't figure Ruby out," he said. "I've been working with her for three years. I've had like one conversation with her. I think she's, like, kind of *churchy* or something, you know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I was wondering about that," Jarvon said.

"She's kind of good looking, though, don't you think?" Bill grinned.

"Umm, I hadn't really thought about it," Jarvon said.

Ruby was the first assistant manager at the store. She'd been working there longer than anybody.

Ruby was in her mid-fifties. She was very Irish-looking, with medium-length, curly, fiery red hair, light blue eyes, and pale skin that was dotted with freckles.

Ruby also had a *great* body. That much was obvious to Jarvon and Bill and anybody else who looked at her.

She was in *incredible* shape. Jarvon had heard she did triathlons.

He hadn't ever seen a woman of her age who had such a nice body. He obviously had only ever seen her in her work outfit — the polo shirt they all had to wear, along with black pants — but her tits and her ass looked damn good even in that.

Most people would probably think than Jen was *way* hotter than Ruby, but that all depended on what your tastes were as far as younger or older women. They were *both* sexy, and Jarvon liked all kinds of women. Including older ones.

The thing about Ruby, though, was that she was *soooo* quiet, and she seemed very prim and proper. That's why Bill thought she was "churchy." She gave off that vibe.

It wasn't that she wasn't polite, but when she smiled, it was a very tight smile, and she didn't really appear to have a sense of humor.

Ruby was nice…well, nice *enough*, but not overly friendly. Jarvon even felt a little bit uncomfortable around her. He just felt like she was silently judging him. But Bill assured him that he and everybody else in the store felt the same way about Ruby. After that, Jarvon didn't feel so bad about it.

It just seemed to him like she wasn't interested in getting to know anybody she worked with, or having "work friends," or anything like that.

Maybe she just had a lot going on in her life, and it wasn't something she wanted or needed, Jarvon thought.

He was different. He liked making friends with the people he worked with. He could see hanging out with some of them outside of work.

But maybe it was just because he was 19, and Ruby was in her fifties and set in her ways, and she didn't need to be social.

"Well, I'm closing with her on Saturday night," Jarvon said to Bill, "so maybe I can break through with her."

"Yeah, *right*!" Bill laughed. "Everyone here has tried, but she's just hard to get to know. At least she's not a bitch."

"Yeah, that's good, right?" Jarvon laughed.

"I think Jen is working Saturday night, too, so maybe you can make your move then," Bill winked.

"Yeah, we'll see," Jarvon smiled.

CHAPTER TWO

On Saturday, the store was busy during the afternoon and evening.

Jarvon was running around helping customers for most of his shift, which he didn't mind because it made the time go by faster.

It started to quiet down about 45 minutes before closing, and he thought about trying to chat with Jen up at the register.

He didn't want to get in trouble with Ruby, though. She had been wandering around different sections straightening things up and making sure the store looked presentable.

From what Jarvon could tell, she was also keeping an eye on the employees to make sure they were working hard and helping customers and not slacking off.

About 10 minutes before closing time, Ruby walked up to Jarvon and said to him, "Can you stay a few minutes later tonight, I want to go over some things with you?"

"Sure," he replied. "I'm not in trouble, am I?"

Ruby just smiled that tight smile at him, then she walked up to the register and pulled out Jen's till and went back to the back room with her to do the nightly count.

Her non-answer had Jarvon worried. Maybe he had screwed something up?

He was about to find out.

The store closed and Ruby locked the front doors. Some of the other employees finished up with some final restocking for the next day, then they clocked out and left. Then Jen left, too.

Jarvon was the only employee still on the floor, not really sure what to do with himself, while Ruby was in the back room. He wanted to go home, but he was also curious to find out what Ruby wanted.

He hoped he wasn't in trouble.

He had only been working there a week and he really liked the job, and he didn't want to lose it.

After a few minutes, Ruby came out of the back room and walked up to him, still with that tight smile.

"Jarvon, one of the customers tonight came up to me and he told me that you were *very* helpful and very nice, and he was *very* pleased," Ruby said. "That was a *very* good job you did."

Jarvon grinned, and he felt relieved. "Well, thanks, I'm glad that—”

"But your section was an absolute *mess* tonight," Ruby interrupted. "There were shirts that had fallen off the racks and were just laying on the floor. I had to pick them up and put them back."

The smile disappeared from Jarvon's face. "I'm sorry, it's just that I got really busy with—”

"That's *not* an excuse," Ruby snapped. "Messes like that *cannot* happen. *I will not tolerate messes like that*. I don't like messes at home, and I don't like messes at work. Do *you* like messes at *your* home?"

"No, ma'am, I sure don't," Jarvon said. "It won't happen again."

"I'm glad to hear it," Ruby said. "I know you're new here. I have been very impressed with your hard work, and so have the other managers. I just want to make sure you understand *all* of your responsibilities here."

Jarvon nodded.

"I can see a person of your caliber moving up the ranks and becoming an assistant manager here someday," Ruby said.

"Really?" he said.

"Yes," she replied. "I want to make sure that you do things the right way, so that you don't jeopardize any opportunities you may have with this company. It's a wonderful place to work. I've been here many, *many* years myself."

"I understand," Jarvon said.

He was shocked at how much Ruby was talking to him. He couldn't wait to tell Bill that he'd actually had a conversation with her. Bill would definitely be surprised that she said more than two words to anybody she worked with.

"Can you come to the back office with me?" Ruby said. "There's something I want to show you."

"Sure," Jarvon shrugged.

He followed Ruby to the back of the store.

His eyes briefly dropped to her small round ass in her black pants as she walked in front of him, then he smiled to himself as he looked back up.

He knew he shouldn't be checking her out like that, but her butt *was* right there in front of him, and it was a nice one!

"Close the door," Ruby said to Jarvon after they walked into the back room. He did as she requested.

Ruby stood there and stared at Jarvon with that tight smile of hers.

It was making him a bit uncomfortable.

"So, uhh, what did you want to—”

Before Jarvon could finish his sentence, Ruby whipped off her polo shirt and tossed it onto the desk.

She stood in front of him in her black bra, her large tits nearly popping out of the garment.

CHAPTER THREE

Jarvon's eyes nearly popped out of his skull.

"*Holy shit*," he said.

"What do you think? Do you like them?" Ruby said.

"I, uhhh...," Jarvon said, staring at Ruby as she cupped her breasts and pushed them together, wiggling them a bit. She still had that strange smile on her face.

"I'm really proud of them, especially for my age. They haven't really sagged or anything," she said. "Do you want to see them naked?"

Jarvon nodded.

Ruby reached around and unhooked her bra and she pulled it off, dropping it onto her shirt.

She was right.

Her tits didn't look saggy at *all*.

Jarvon had noticed before that they were big, but he didn't realize just *how* big, or how nice and firm, they really were. They were covered with freckles, and her pink nipples were very large.

She started pinching her nipples right in front of Jarvon. They started to get stiff.

So was Jarvon's cock.

“Mmmm,” she moaned softly, looking right into Jarvon’s eyes.

He couldn't believe Ruby was showing him her tits. She was the last person in the entire *world* he ever would have imagined would do something like *this*.

"I bet you didn't expect this when you came back here just now, did you?" Ruby said, still staring right at Jarvon, who couldn't take his eyes off her breasts.

"Umm, yeah, you could say that," he said.

Ruby started to laugh a little bit.

It was so strange to Jarvon, considering he'd never heard her laugh and, as far as he knew, nobody else had, either.

For a moment, Jarvon thought that he couldn't wait to tell Bill, but then he realized he couldn't tell Bill about *this*. Even if he did, Bill would never believe him, he thought to himself.

"I know how much everyone at this fucking store wants to fuck me," Ruby said. "They all think I'm hot as fuck. *Everybody*. Even Jen. I see the way they look at me. They fuck me with their eyes. But they can't have me. *No fucking way*. I'm too fucking hot for them."

Jarvon didn't think that was *quite* the case, but he wasn't about to tell Ruby that.

He was starting to get a little bit freaked out. She seemed a little bit off her rocker.

But he sure did like staring at her tits.

"But you, *you’re* different," Ruby said. "It was obvious from the first time we met how much you wanted to fuck me, but the first time I saw you, I wanted to fuck you, too. I haven't fucked anyone from work in 15 years."

"You used to fuck people from work?" Jarvon said, finally looking up from her tits.

This was surprising information.

"I used to fuck *everybody* from work!" Ruby laughed. "I was the biggest work slut you ever met in your life. I fucked everybody. Men *and* women. Sometimes two and three and four or more at a time."

"Where?" Jarvon asked.

"In the store, in the back, just like we're here right now," Ruby said. "Those days were fun. Everybody was fucking everybody, but they were all fucking me, mostly."

"Damn, why did you stop?" Jarvon said.

"I almost got caught," she said. "One of the guys working here, this 20-year-old guy named Nicholas who had the nicest cock of just about anybody, his mother came to the store to pick him up after his shift and him and I were fucking in the back and I forgot to lock the front door and she came in. Nicholas and I had literally just gotten done and we were just finishing getting dressed when the door to the back room opened and there was his mother staring at us. We were all sweaty, and I had his cum dripping out of my pussy, but thankfully I was dressed. If she had come in just a couple of minutes earlier, she would have seen us both naked and her son fucking the shit out of me on the desk. She knew something was up but she couldn't prove it. It was a close call, and after that I knew I had to change my ways. I had to stop being a slut. I had to shove that part of me deep down. *Deep* down."

Jarvon stood there listening to her story, which was weird since she was saying all that while still cupping and wiggling her bare breasts in front of him.

"It, ummm, it doesn't look like it's very deep down right now," Jarvon chuckled nervously.

"Yeah, well," Ruby grinned. "As soon as I saw you for the first time, it all came rushing back. I've been thinking about this moment right here, right now, ever since your first day. I need it bad. I haven't had any sex at all since then."

Again, Jarvon's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"Wait, *what*?!" he said.

"You heard me," Ruby said.

"You haven't had sex in 15 years?" he said.

"That's right," she said. "I went from being the biggest fucking slut in the world to a nun, basically. I was 39 years old the last time I fucked somebody."

"*Whoa*," Jarvon said, thinking back to the way Bill had described her as "churchy." He wasn't really that far off, Jarvon thought.

"I need it *now*, though, so are you gonna give it to me? Are you gonna fuck me?" Ruby said, looking right into his eyes.

"I, uhhh...," Jarvon said.

Staring at her tits had made his cock really hard, and it was beginning to throb with desire, but he wasn't sure if he should do it. She seemed pretty kooky. It was probably a really bad idea to get mixed up with his boss like this.

But Ruby was hot.

Really hot.

Jarvon was really hot for her. He'd never gotten with an older woman like this before, and he didn't know if or when he'd ever have an opportunity like this again.

Not many women in their fifties were as hot as Ruby was.

And she wanted it.

She wanted it *bad*.

"I don't wanna make you do something you don't wanna do," Ruby said, although Jarvon could hear the disappointment in her voice. "If you don't want to, I won't be mad, and I won't hold it against you. You can just go now, if you want."

Jarvon thought about it for a few seconds longer, then he smiled as he looked at her incredible tits again and he felt his hard cock twitch in his pants.

"Nah, I'll stay," he said.

CHAPTER FOUR

Ruby let out a happy little gasp.

"*Realllly*?" she said.

"Yeah, why not?" Jarvon said.

Ruby grinned, squeezing her tits harder and pulling on her nipples. Her eyes dropped to his crotch.

"Take it out, I wanna see it," she said.

Ruby licked her lips as Jarvon unzipped his pants. He reached in, and pulled out his cock. Ruby gasped again.

"Oh my God, it's fucking *gigantic*!" she said. "*Fuck*."

Jarvon looked down at his big dick with pride.

It was 11 inches long and extremely thick. He couldn't even fuck some chicks with it because it was too big for them to handle.

He wondered if it was going to be like that with Ruby. After all, she had't had cock in 15 years. Her cunt had to be tight as fuck.

"I forgot how much I love black cock," Ruby murmured as she stared at his dark meat. "It's been a *looooong* time."

"How long?" Jarvon asked with a smile.

"Not since I was about twenty-two," she said, unable to take her eyes off Jarvon's dick, just like he was obsessed with her big, beautiful tits. "Over thirty years ago," she said.

"That's like, way before I was even born," Jarvon laughed.

"I know, I'm old, rub it in," Ruby said.

"Who cares, you're fucking *hot*," Jarvon said.

"Oh, I know I am, honey," she grinned. "Now take your clothes off."

Jarvon pulled his pants down while Ruby did the same.

They both took off their sneakers and their socks, then Jarvon took off his shirt and threw it onto a chair.

He took his underwear off and watched Ruby as she pulled down her panties, noticing that they were already a little damp in the front.

He could see the big red bush she had between her legs. It was pretty hairy, and he thought that was actually really hot.

He could see just a little hint of her pink pussy lips.

They both stood up, totally naked, and looked at one another.

"Is that all for me?" Ruby said, pointing at Jarvon's cock, which was so hard that it was curving upward a little bit as it stuck out in her direction.

"Yeah, if you want it," he said.

"Oh I want it, alright," she said, reaching out and wrapping her pale fingers around it. Jarvon moaned a little.

"Oh my God, it feels so hot, and I can feel it throbbing," Ruby moaned. "I forgot what it feels like to touch cock."

She reached out with her other hand and started playing with Jarvon's enormous, dangling balls.

He groaned again and looked down at her stroking his big pole and juggling his nuts in her palm. She bent down and put her nose right against his nutsack.

"Mmmmm I love that smell. Fuck, I missed it!" Ruby said.

Jarvon laughed a little bit. Nobody had ever sniffed his balls like that, let alone told him how much they liked the way they smelled.

Jarvon could smell Ruby's pussy for sure, though. It was a very strong smell, and he liked it.

He knew how wet and aroused she was. She hadn't been fucked in so long, she wanted it so fucking bad.

"How often do you play with yourself?" Jarvon asked her as she continued to stroke his cock slow, staring at it as if it was some kind of specimen, while she fondled his balls a little more vigorously.

"What?" she said after a few seconds, realizing that he had said something.

Ruby had been so entranced by his cock, and just having cock in her hand after so fucking long, that she didn't really hear what he asked her.

"How often do you masturbate?" he said.

"A couple times a year," she said as she stroked him.

"*What*?!" he said.

He couldn't believe it! He figured that if she wasn't having sex with anybody else, she must have been getting herself off at least once a day, if not twice or more.

"How the hell do you only do it a *couple times* a year?" he said.

"I always said to myself that if I do it more than that, I'll get too horny and then I'll go back to my slutty ways," Ruby said. "So I just

waited until it built up so much that I couldn't stand it anymore, and I took care of it."

"Damn," Jarvon said. "I do it almost every day."

"Oh yeah?" Ruby grinned. "Well, you're young, you can do that. Did you jerk off today already?"

"No, not today," Jarvon said.

"Last night?" she asked.

"Yeah," he said.

"Do you think you're gonna have a lot of cum to give me?" she said, looking up at him and grinning as she asked the question.

"Pretty sure I will," he laughed.

"I hope so," Ruby said, stroking him a little bit faster. "I like a lot of cum. It's been so long. I wanna see a *lot* of cum."

"Keep doing that and you'll get it," Jarvon said as Ruby stroked his dick.

"What if I wanna suck it?" she said.

"Then suck it," Jarvon said.

CHAPTER FIVE

Ruby leaned forward with Jarvon's nuts still in her hand. She opened her mouth wide and wrapped her lips around his dick and slid them halfway down his shaft before stopping. She bobbed up and down a couple of times, and then took her mouth off it.

"Fuck, it's so big, I can't get it all in my mouth," she said.

"Try again," Jarvon said.

He was feeling bolder and he had a feeling Ruby would enjoy him taking more control over the situation.

"Is that what you want?" Ruby said, squeezing his balls as she looked up at him.

Jarvon reached down and grabbed her curly red hair and pulled her face down on his cock again. She swallowed even more of it this time, sucking it fast and hard for almost a minute.

"See, slut, you can do it!" Jarvon said.

"Yes, *fuck yes*, I *am* your dirty, horny slut, sucking your big black cock!" Ruby moaned.

Jarvon knew from what she'd already told him that she was a wild fucking slut, and that she wanted to be treated that way.

He reached down and started smacking her big tits, then he grabbed and twisted her nipples.

"Oh my fucking God you're so fucking hot," she moaned before swallowing his cock again and slurping all over it, making it wet with her spit.

"That's it, you slut, take that fucking cock," Jarvon said, grabbing Ruby's head and holding it in place while he fucked her mouth hard for a few seconds until she gagged and he pulled it out.

"*Fuck*, I fucking *love it*, it's just so fucking big," she panted.

"You want it in you, don't you?" Jarvon said.

"Yes!" Ruby said.

She stood back up and sat on the edge of the desk, spreading her legs. Jarvon grabbed them and put them up on his shoulders. He grabbed his dick and moved it to her pussy.

"Fuck me with that big fucking dick, just shove it in, *shove it the fuck in me*!" Ruby said.

"Are you sure?" Jarvon said, suddenly not feeling so dominant.

He was worried that he was going to hurt her since she hadn't gotten fucked in so long. "I'll go slow," he said.

"*Fuck that*!" she growled. "Stick it in me, fuck me hard! Make it fucking hurt!"

Ruby reached down and spread her cunt with her fingers for him.

"*Do it*!!!!" she yelled surprisingly loud.

Jarvon pushed forward and Ruby gasped. Her pussy was soaked but it was so fucking tight. He didn't think he was going to be able to get it in her.

"Keep going, don't stop, don't you *dare* fucking stop!!" she screamed.

Jarvon pushed his cock halfway in her, then he pulled back out, then he thrust forward hard as he could.

Ruby let out a scary loud shriek, but then Jarvon felt her pussy open up for him.

It was the best pussy he'd ever fucked! So smooth, so hot, s*o fucking tight*.

“Ohhh fuck yes!!! Fuck yes!!!!" Ruby screamed as Jarvon filled and stretched her pink pussy all the way with his long, fat black meat. “Fuck me hard!!!!!!"

Jarvon started pounding her pussy.

The back room filled with Ruby's screams of joy, Jarvon's grunts and groans, the squishy sounds of Ruby's cunt being hammered by big cock, and the steady rhythmic slapping of Jarvon's dick and balls against her skin.

Jarvon looked down at Ruby's ecstatic face and her tits bouncing up and down with each hard thrust.

He started to play with her clitoris, and that set Ruby off like fireworks.

"Aiiiiiggghhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!" she screamed as her body flopped around with a strong orgasm.

Watching her get off, Jarvon couldn't believe it.

He'd never seen a woman come quite like Ruby, she was *crazy*.

But *hot*!

He felt her cunt clenching and releasing his dick hard, and it was making him about to come.

"I'm gonna shoot," he groaned.

“Come all over me, I wanna see it!!” Ruby yelled out, still in the throes of her orgasm. It was like she was coming over and over.

She looked down and watched Jarvon withdraw his wet pole from her dripping cunt.

He stroked it once, then twice, then once more, and then an enormous rope of sperm shot out and flew all the way up, splashing Ruby's neck.

Another hard spurt streaked across her tits.

She moaned as more hot jizz flew out and coated her tits and her tummy.

Jarvon had so much cream for her. She was so fucking sexy, and she wanted all the sperm he could give her.

Ruby massaged it into her skin while he jacked off on her until he'd given her everything and it was all over her body. Hot and sticky and gooey.

"Oh fuck, ohh fuck, oh my fucking God," Ruby moaned over and over.

"I thought you said you didn't like messes," he grinned.

Ruby laughed. "I'll make an exception for *this* kind of mess," she said.

She reached down and grabbed Jarvon's cock, using her finger to wipe a drop of cum from the tip. She brought her hand to her mouth and she licked it off.

“Mmmm, tastes so good. Do you think you can do me again?" she asked him, reaching back down and stroking his cock for a minute until it started getting hard again.

"Looks that way," he smiled.

Ruby stood up and bent over, grabbing the edge of the desk.

Jarvon shoved his dick back in her pussy, fucking her from behind until he filled her up with another load. Not quite as big as the first one, but nice and sticky anyway.

"More, *more*!" she begged after he pulled his dick out of her messy hole.

"I don't know if I have any more right now for you," Jarvon said.

Ruby spun around and she got on her knees and sucked his cock again while she played with her pussy. Jarvon's cum was leaking out of her and coating her hand as she rubbed herself. She blew his dick until he was hard again.

It took a while, and in that time she got herself off twice more.

She had Jarvon sit on the chair and she straddled him and rode his big cock until he came in her cunt again while she got off.

That was all Jarvon had for her.

Ruby wanted more, but she understood.

"Damn, you're a fuck-beast!" he said as they got dressed.

"Just like the old days!" Ruby laughed.

Jarvon wanted to tell Bill so bad what happened, but again he figured Bill wouldn't believe him, so he didn't say a word.

But it didn't matter.

Ruby fucked Bill one night after work, and then she told Jarvon about it a few days later, when Ruby and Jarvon fucked again, this time in the store bathroom. Then she fucked every other guy who worked there.

She even got with Jen!

Ruby told Jarvon that she ate Jen out on the desk in the back, and then she sat in the chair and Jen ate her out. She told Jarvon that Jen

wanted to fuck him, too, and then a few nights later they had a really hot threesome in the back room.

Ruby the slut was *back*!

Jarvon had the best job, and the best sex life, any 19-year-old guy could possibly wish for.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Catey Redd is the author of dirty erotica and erotic romance. She enjoys writing a variety of steamy erotic fiction for her pleasure, and yours! When she's not writing, Catey loves to go running in the city, soaking up the sun on the beach, hanging out with her friends, dancing her behind off, or relaxing with her two cats.

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Big, Bouncy, Dirty Ladies: 5-Story BBW Erotica Bundle (BBW | Menage | Sharing | Hot Wife | First Time | Group)

Sharing Her Spiced Things Up (First-Time Wife Sharing | Hot Wife | Interracial | BDSM)

Taking It Deep Inside From Both Of Them (Menage | Interracial | Older Men and Younger Woman)

The Sharing Plan (Interracial | Sharing | Hot Wife | BBW)

Filled For The First Time Ever (First Time | Interracial)

Shared At The Resort (Wife Sharing | Hot Wife | Interracial)

MILF Trip (MILF | First Time | Older Woman And Younger Man | Menage)

MILF Surprise (MILF | Older Woman And Younger Man | First-Time MILF)

Caught By A MILF (Older Woman And Younger Man | First-Time MILF)

Dirty Lessons (MILF | First Time | Older Woman And Younger Man)

So Many Guys Filled Me Up (MILF | Ganging | Menage | Cuckolding)

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Never Too Old For Sharing (Wife Sharing | Hot Wife | Older Woman And Younger Man)

Older Women Sharing Him (Older Women And Younger Man | Menage | Sharing | Taboo)

Sharing My Wife (First-Time Wife Sharing | Hot Wife | Menage | Older Man And Younger Woman)

Let's Swap (Wife-Swapping | Sharing | Swinging | Menage | BBW)

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Sharing My Model Wife With The Photographer (Wife Sharing | Hot Wife | Much Older Man And Younger Woman)

Secretly Dirty With Him (DILF | Older Man And Younger Woman)