

THE SUBURBAN CHRONICLES

TWO BIG BLACK BULLS

BOOK FIVE

TREVON CARTER

**Two Big Black Bulls**  
**Book 5 of The Suburban Chronicles**

By [Trevon Carter](#)

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## Chapter 61

Sophia stared out the window of her kitchen while sipping on her cup of matcha green tea. It had been a couple of weeks since she had her first black experience with Tyrone. She still felt a bit of soreness from between her legs.

The house was silent, except for some music she had playing as background noise. Her husband had taken the boys and gone fishing. He was still trying to make it up to her after trying to blame her for the accident with the racist drivers that had purposely backed their truck into their SUV. She had taken the girls' advice to use sex as a bargaining chip of sorts, negotiating the things she needed from Johnny.

Her phone buzzed to life as a couple of messages came flying by. She glanced at the notification screen, smirking as she saw Melissa's name. As she sipped on her coffee, she looked over at her clock. It was like clockwork, right around two in the afternoon, Melissa would start sending either pictures of black men or outcome pictures from her so called "workouts" with Marcus.

She waited for a bit longer as she continued to stare out the kitchen window. They had a nice view of some trees along with glimpses of the Colorado River. The phone continued to buzz on her counter, as if to try and get her attention.

"Ugh... fine, what picture did you send today," Sophia sighed as she put her mug down and unlocked her phone.

Her heart fluttered a bit as the app they used for group chatting loaded up. She gasped as she saw the picture, it was a selfie of Melissa with the tip of a black man's manhood in her mouth. Immediately, the others flooded the group chat with messages.

"OMG! Are you out of your mind?!?" Karen had responded.

Sophia couldn't help but chuckle as she saw the picture, shaking her head at the same time. "This isn't one of those

apps where the message disappears after a few minutes,” she typed. She followed it up with a small winking emoji.

“Nobody better be taking a screenshot or saving any of this,” Melissa warned in her message.

Sophia laughed out loud as she finished her coffee and put her mug in the sink. “Anybody open for a drink? Johnny took the kids out and I’m bored,” she typed.

“Sorry hon, got to visit my friends for a bit of chocolate,” Sharon typed.

“That’s it, I’m getting me some too,” Karen added.

“You two can’t be serious,” Sophia messaged.

“Serious as can be,” Sharon answered.

“Well, I’m free,” Melissa typed.

Sophia let out another sigh as she stared out the window. She had hoped to meet all of them at the same time. For a moment, she contemplated calling Tyrone, to see what he was up to and if he was free for a little fling.

“Let’s grab a drink then. Happy hour at Gibson?” Sophia suggested.

“I’m in. See you at 5 at the bar?” Melissa typed back.

“See you there.”

“Add me to the list. I wasn’t being serious about getting some chocolate,” Karen added.

“Sounds good,” Sophia responded.

“Wait, y’all gonna meet for HH? I’ll be done by then, save me a seat,” Sharon entered.

“You sure you won’t be too tired?” Sophia asked.

Sharon responded with an emoji of a thumb’s up. She smirked and breathed a small sigh of relief. Everyone was going to be there. It was still a couple of hours away and she decided to get some snacks ready for Johnny and the kids when they got back. She pulled out a cutting board and then opened the refrigerator door to grab some carrots and celery.

After cutting them, she placed them to the side and grabbed a jar of peanut butter.

There was no way Johnny or the kids were going to eat the celery without a generous slathering of peanut butter on them. After finishing that up, she put the peanut butter back and then grabbed a bottle of Thousand Island dressing. She poured a generous amount into a small bowl that she placed next to the carrots.

“Hm... That’s not enough is it...?” She whispered to herself as she stared at the little vegetable platter of celery and carrots. After putting the Thousand Island away, she grabbed a bottle of ranch and poured it into a separate bowl that she placed next to the other. “That should be enough,” she said to herself.

She placed the plates and bowls on the kitchen island, and then covered them. It was probably not enough so she began looking through the pantry. While she could’ve heated up some pizza rolls or bagel bites, there was no way they were going to keep warm. And Johnny was most likely going to just shove them in the microwave, rather than using the oven.

There were a lot of sweet unhealthy snacks filling up the pantry, most, if not all, bought by her husband. She had to dig towards the back to find somewhat healthier snacks her parents had bought and sent from Taiwan. They were still on the unhealthier side, but compared to the American snacks they had bought, they were definitely better.

She opened a couple of bags and poured the contents out in separate bowls. If they weren’t in the packaging, then most likely her husband and the boys would never know. After pouring out the small rice crackers and other snacks, she covered them up before heading to the bathroom.

Sophia started the shower and began taking off her clothes. She looked at her nude body in the mirror, turning to the side to look at her profile. Her husband had complained that she had gained a little bit too much weight after having the kids but no one else seemed to notice. She ran her hands



up her body, pushing up her small perky breasts and hopping a bit to see if anything jiggled.

“I don’t get what he’s complaining about,” she said to herself as she spun around once, getting a complete view of her entire body.

As the water warmed and fogged up the mirror, she sighed one last time before stepping into the shower. She closed her eyes, letting the hot water rush down her body. Her hands gently massaged her soft, small breasts, squeezing them gently as she thought about Tyrone. He had been gentle and yet firm, absolutely annihilating her tiny body with his big black manhood.

“Mmm...” She moaned softly as the warm water caressed her sensitive skin.

Her right hand slowly made its way between her legs, past her furry little bush and down to the lips of her sex. She started by teasing her sensitive clit while spreading open the lips of her sex. The warm water rushed on by, intensifying the pleasure she was already feeling. She took a deep breath before sliding one of her fingers in, her mind flashing to the experience she had with Tyrone.

There was no way her fingers would please her like he had, but it was at least something. Her finger gently slid in and out of the tight lips of her sex. She let out soft, small moans as she tilted her head back and continued to finger herself.

“Mm... Yes...” She whispered as she began to slide her finger in and out faster.

At the same time, her other hand continued to massage one of her breasts, lightly pinching her nipple occasionally. Her body craved the feeling of Tyrone’s massive member, her tight little pussy squeezing tightly around her finger. She slowly slid in another finger, it was still not close to the girth of Tyrone’s manhood. Her fingers began to slam in and out faster as she leaned back against the shower wall.

“Yes... Yes... Yes...” She gasped.



Her heart raced as she felt a small ball of warmth between her legs. The warmth slowly began to spread through her body, taking its time to hit every part of her. “Oh... Shì de! Shì de!” She screamed as she climaxed. It wasn’t as strong as her orgasms with Tyrone but it was still something to satiate her lust. She continued to masturbate, trying her best to achieve the same pleasures she felt before, but it began to get a bit frustrating. Her fingers slammed in and out of her tight little sex but it was not enough.

“Come on... come on...” she whispered.

After a bit more trying she paused and reached up to grab the showerhead. She pulled it off and changed the setting to massage. The stream of water changed, blasting out thick lines of water that pounded her body. She slowly and carefully aimed it towards her quivering pussy.

The powerful streams of water blasted against her sensitive sex, making her moan loudly in pleasure, her voice echoing in the tiled shower room. Her heart raced as the showerhead pounded away on her pussy, pushing her to new heights of pleasure. It wasn’t the same as what she felt with Tyron but it wasn’t bad. She closed her eyes and tilted her head back as she had another climax.

“Wǒde tiān na! Yes! YES!” She screamed as she shuddered, her legs trembling as she pulled the showerhead away from her pussy.

Her body tingled as a numbing sensation rushed through her. She gasped and trembled, her quivering sex feeling a little sore from the powerful blasts of water that had been pounding against it. It took a couple of minutes for her to recover. Once the rush was over, she finished washing herself and began getting ready to go out.



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## Chapter 62

Karen stepped out of her balcony and glanced outside towards her neighbor's backyard. There was some music playing and she could tell they were cooking something good. She peered over the edge and saw that a smoker had been set up. Horace was pacing around talking on the phone, occasionally glancing down at his pool.

She watched as Willis stepped out wearing only a pair of swimming trunks. He strutted by and laid back on a chaise, pulling his sunglasses over his eyes. Karen licked her lips as she stared down towards him, admiring his muscular frame. Her knees felt weak as she thought about his long hard manhood. Melissa's constant messages about her time with Marcus, along with the pictures were starting to drive her wild. She wasn't just irritated, she was jealous as she wanted to do the same with Willis.

Her husband still had trouble getting hard. She had tried to seduce him the other night and while he had briefly gotten hard, he immediately got soft when she tried to mount him. It had been yet another frustrating night for Karen. She continued to admire Willis, feeling hotter by the second as she stared at his almost nude body.

"Honey? Hey, honey?" Harold called out, breaking Karen out of her little trance-like state.

Karen sighed and turned to look out towards her husband's voice. "Yes? What is it?"

"Have you seen my tablet? I feel like I had it lying around in the bedroom but I can't find it," Harold responded.

He was still in his boxers and a sleeveless undershirt with a couple of yellow stains on it. Karen shook her head, holding back another sigh. "No, I can't say that I have," she answered.

Harold scratched his ass and glanced around some more, barely putting in any effort as he wandered around and picked up a couple of cushions off the kitchen. Karen stared at him for a bit, and then looked out the window again. Willis was so

much more fit and younger. She shuddered a bit as she thought about the pleasures he had given her with his long hard manhood.

“Where did I put that darn thing... I thought I watched some baseball highlights the other night right here on this couch,” he mumbled to himself.

“Maybe it fell between the cushions,” Karen suggested as she continued looking out the window.

“The cushions? It can’t fit in there... Can it?” He responded as he began to dig in and check. “Nope, not in between the cushions.”

“Didn’t you go to the bathroom for a while last night?” Karen asked as she finally turned her attention back to her husband.

“The bathroom?” Harold said as he scratched his balding head and made his way down the hall. After a couple of minutes he wandered out, carrying a small tablet in his hands. “You were right! You’re a real lifesaver,” he said with a huge smile.

“You have any plans today?” Karen inquired.

“Yeah, I was going to head out to a bar and watch the Rangers tonight,” he answered.

“Oh really? When’s the game start?”

“It’s a 3 o’clock game so I’ll probably be heading out here in a minute. It’s why I needed the tablet, got to get some bets in,” Harold replied.

“Bets? Are you still doing that illegal betting crap? Harold, you have got to stop before you get caught,” Karen warned.

“What? Online betting isn’t illegal. Plus, I got a good feeling about the Rangers today,” her husband said confidently.

“Harold!”

“Trust me, its fine,” he said as he walked back into the master bedroom to get changed.

Karen glanced at the clock, then out the window again. If she was going to meet with the girls at around five, that meant she’d have at least a couple of free hours once Harold was gone. Her juices began to flow, her sex growing wet and warm as she stared down at Willis.

“Maybe...” She whispered to herself as she began to fantasize.

She pulled up her phone and texted Willis to see what he was up to. Karen stared out the window, hoping to see him respond, but he laid still, his hands behind his head, sunglasses over his eyes, bathing in the light. A bit of disappointment filled her as she realized that he most likely didn’t have his phone with him.

“Damn,” she muttered quietly under her breath.

Karen continued staring out the window, watching Horace pace around, still talking on the phone. She thought about wandering over when Harold left, but it would’ve been hard to explain why she wanted to see Willis if Horace asked. Before she could think of different ways to try and reach Willis, her husband walked by.

“What are you looking at?” He asked as he glanced out the kitchen window.

“Huh? What? Nothing, just admiring the weather,” Karen responded, her voice trembling.

“Oh, I see!” Harold as he eyed her somewhat suspiciously.

Karen’s heart raced as she wondered if she had been staring at Willis too obviously. Harold wasn’t exactly the sharpest person in the world, but he could’ve put one and one together. “What... What do you mean?” She stuttered.

“What? You don’t see it? Looks like Horace is going to cook up another storm tonight. What I wouldn’t do to get me some more of that barbeque. Gotta admit, them black folk really know their barbeque,” he responded.

Karen breathed a small sigh of relief. He was still thinking with his stomach thankfully. She chuckled and nodded. "That's for sure. He seems to barbeque every other day, always smoking those meats," she added.

"He really needs to open his own shop. I know I'd buy it in a heartbeat," Harold said as he headed out of the kitchen. "Maybe I can stop by and sneak in a few bites before the game."

"Don't be that neighbor, Harold," Karen responded as she crossed her arms.

"Fine... Fine... But hey, if you happen to run into them, do you think you can ask for a couple pieces? I cannot stop thinking about that meat," Harold requested.

"I can't either," Karen said with a smirk, though she was referring to a different type of meat.

"You have any plans?" Harold asked before leaving the kitchen.

"Yeah, I'm meeting with the girls for happy hour," Karen answered.

"Oh, happy hour huh? Well say hi to them for me," Harold responded before he continued on his way.

Karen breathed a huge sigh of relief as she watched him leave. Her heart continued to race as she leaned against a kitchen counter. Just as she was calming down, her phone buzzed, startling her immediately. She pulled out her phone and glanced at the screen, smirking as she saw that it was Willis responding to her text. He let her know that he had nothing planned for the day.

"Why don't you come by?" Karen texted, her fingers trembling nervously.

She waited patiently, her heart racing faster and faster as she stared at her screen. The garage door clanked shut as Harold drove off. Willis texted back asking her when.

"Now!" She typed, licking her lips as she did.

Karen looked out the kitchen window to see Willis immediately get up out of the chaise and rush around the pool. His father, Horace, stopped him, raising one hand, his other still holding his phone. The two were going back and forth, Karen guessed that Horace was probably asking where his son was going in such a hurry. Horace pointed at his smoker and began shaking his head while Willis raised his arms up in the air and looked upwards, most likely rolling his eyes.

Karen grew concerned as she stared out the window. The two continued to go back and forth until Horace finally raised two arms in the air while shaking his head. He walked off and Willis made his way around the pool and into the house.

“Perfect,” she whispered to herself.

She quickly rushed over to her room to change. There was a sexy piece of lingerie she had bought to try and get her husband hard. It was a lacy pink g-string thong and tiny bra combination. There were even small little cutouts for her nipple to pop out of.

She pulled her clothes off and rushed to get the lingerie on. Her body trembled wildly as she thought about Willis. There wasn't too much time, especially if he was running over. Just as she finished clasping the bra, her doorbell rang.

She quickly grabbed a silk robe and wrapped it around before rushing downstairs. The doorbell rang again as she got to the first floor. Karen took a deep breath before opening the front door.

“Took you long enough,” she greeted as she leaned against the doorway, letting her robe open up a bit to show off her body.

Willis stared at her, his jaw dropping to the ground. She grabbed the waistband of his shorts and pulled him into the house before slamming the door shut.





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Karen took Willis over towards the living room. Her hand was wrapped around his hardened manhood, pulling on it like a leash. She had already pulled off his shorts and tossed them near the front door.

“Damn, you’ve really been waiting for this huh?” Willis chuckled.

“Absolutely. It doesn’t help that I have friends that are very bad influences,” she answered.

“Oh really?”

Karen rolled her eyes as she led him to a nearby sofa. “Don’t act all surprised. I’m sure you know exactly who I’m talking about,” she replied.

“What?” He laughed, trying his best to try and look earnest.

“You and your brother don’t talk? Maybe about some workouts he does?”

Willis laughed out loud while tilting his head back. Karen gave his long hard shaft a tight squeeze. He groaned and shuddered a bit.

“Whoa now, don’t go breaking anything,” he groaned.

“Don’t worry, I need this to stay hard,” Karen assured with a seductive wink.

She pushed him into the sofa and then fully opened up her robe, letting it drop to her feet. Willis licked his lips and rubbed his hands together eagerly. Karen let him take it in, slowly moving her hips side to side while running her hands up her body.

“You like what you see?” Karen asked as she gently flicked her hard sensitive nipples.

“Fuck, you know it,” he replied as he rubbed his long hard shaft.

“Let me help you with that,” Karen whispered as she got on her knees.

He let go of his shaft and leaned back. “Have at it,” he replied.

She pooled some saliva in her mouth and then spit it on the tip of his throbbing manhood. Karen paused, letting her spit slowly run down his lengthy shaft. Willis grinned as he watched her hands wrap around his shaft, squeezing gently as she rubbed her spit all along his member.

“Yeah, that’s it, get nasty with it,” he groaned.

Her hands slowly worked their way up and down his lengthy black cock. She loved how smooth it was. It was also hot in her hands, like warmed steel.

She leaned in closer, letting her warm breath brush by his crotch. His long hard member twitched, gently bobbing up and down. The tip of her tongue brushed against the underside of his cock, right where the tip met the shaft.

Willis groaned and tilted his head back in pleasure. “Oh yeah, that’s the spot.”

Her tongue gently wagged left and right, rubbing one of the most sensitive spots in his manhood. She reached up with her right hand, stroking his shaft as she circled the top of his cock with her tongue. He groaned again as he reached down and ran his fingers through her soft blonde hair.

“Hold on, let me get a taste too,” he said as he helped her onto the sofa before spinning her upside down.

Her legs were soon on the top of the back pillows, his face at her crotch. Only the thin lacy fabric of her thong standing in the way of his tongue. His long hard cock tapped against her face. He reached up and squeezed her ass cheeks gently as he ran his tongue against her crotch.

She let out a soft moan as his tongue pressed against her thong and against the lips of her wet sex. He teased her, rubbing the tip of his tongue up and down. Karen returned the favor, licking his shaft up and down.

He reached between her legs and pulled her thong to the side. She gasped as his long dexterous tongue slipped deep inside her soaking wet, soft pussy. His tongue circled around inside her, skillfully hitting all the right places.

He worked his tongue up and down before gliding it between her ass cheeks. She worked her way down his lengthy shaft, circling his large smooth balls with her own tongue. As the tip of his tongue flicked gently against her tightly clenched backdoor, she let out a sweet soft moan.

Karen clenched her toes together as his tongue continued to circle and tease her puckered backdoor. She slid her tongue up his shaft and then opened her lips, slowly wrapping them around the tip of his cock. As her mouth enveloped the head of his member, he let out a small groan and pressed his tongue into her other hole.

She let out a muffled moan while sucking loudly on his big black cock. Her eyes rolled back as she tried to take in as much as she could. Spit rolled down his glistening shaft as she gagged.

Willis pulled his tongue back down to her soft pussy, gently sliding against the lips of her sex before plunging right back in. Karen trembled as she continued to suck on his member.

His tongue flicked faster and faster, driving her wild. He slowly worked his way out while pushing two fingers into her pussy. Willis focused his efforts on her clit, rubbing it with his tongue.

“Mm... yes...” Karen moaned, taking a break from her sucking.

She couldn't believe how skilled he was with his tongue. He flicked it rapidly against her sensitive clit while sliding his two fingers in and out of her slowly. As she began to tremble, he pushed his two fingers in and then curled them, rubbing one of the most sensitive spots inside. She gasped and tilted her head back, overcome with pleasure as his tongue and fingers hit all the right places.

“Oh fuck... yes... yes... right there...” She gasped.

Willis continued to do the ‘come hither’ motion with his fingers while wagging his tongue left and right against her clit. She felt an incredible warmth build up between her legs, slowly spreading through her. Karen moaned loudly as her hands gripped tightly onto the edge of the sofa, her entire body trembling wildly as the warmth continued to spread throughout.

“Ohmygodohmygodohmygod...” She whimpered as she climaxed.

“Yeah, that’s it, already making you cum,” Willis said proudly as he flicked his fingers faster and harder.

“OH YES!” Karen gasped as her climax peaked, a tingling sensation rushing down her back as her legs shook wildly against the top of the sofa.

“Damn, that sounds nice and juicy,” Willis said as he pulled his fingers out from between her legs. He gently pushed her off and then spun her on her back. “Taste your pussy,” he whispered as he slowly slipped his two fingers into her mouth.

Karen sucked eagerly on his fingers as her climax slowly subsided. She couldn’t believe he had already gotten her off. Willis grinned as he pulled his fingers out of her mouth and then grabbed her ankles, spreading her legs wide while positioning his lower body between them. She looked down between her legs and let out a whimper, feeling his heavy, hot cock rub against the slick wet lips of her pussy.

He released her right ankle and then gripped his shaft with his left hand. The thick tip of his long hard cock pressed against the entrance to her sex as he pulled her left foot towards his face. He licked the sole of her foot while pushing his hips forward. Karen squirmed a bit, his tongue tickling her a bit. At the same time, she was overcome with pleasure as his massive member began its journey into her tight pink cunt.

She had missed the way his powerful cock had filled her pussy, it was so much more different than her husband or even

a dildo. Willis took his time, slowly pushing his hips forward while he began to lick between each of her toes. She could feel his warm breath brush against the sole of her foot, adding to the sensitivity. Her pussy clamped around his cock as it entered, squeezing it tightly as if to welcome it back.

“Ungh... yeah, fuck... so tight,” he groaned.

He sucked on her toes gently as he began to thrust his hips, back and forth, taking his time with each stroke. Karen couldn't help but arch her back a bit as she felt his long hard member press its way deeper into her. Loud moans filled the air as she took his cock.

“Yes... Yes... Oh my God... Yes... Right there, right there,” she whispered between moans.

Willis began to speed his thrusts up a bit while he continued to lick and suck on her toes. She responded by wiggling them and moaning loudly, reaching up to grab her own breasts and squeezing them tightly. The sofa began to squeak as their lower bodies slammed against one another.

“It feels so goooooood!” Karen cried out as she trembled wildly.

“Yeah, that's it, I'm going to stretch this pussy out,” Willis grunted back as he began to thrust faster.

He released her other leg, letting it fall to the side so that her legs were wide open. Willis leaned in, wrapping his massive arms around her and pressing his upper body against hers. His massive, muscular chest pressed against her soft supple breasts as he squeezed her in his powerful arms and began to thrust even faster.

Karen could hardly breathe as she felt his massive member slam in and out of her little cunt. The rush of pleasure that ran through her was incredible. She clenched her toes tightly and wrapped her own arms around him, gripping onto his powerful upper back as she felt another climax overtake her.

“OH MY GOD! YES! YES! YEEEEEEEESSSS!” She screamed wildly as her pussy clamped around his thick throbbing member.

“UNGH! Yeah, that’s it! Whose pussy is this?” Willis grunted back as he began to slam his hips back and forth faster.

The entire sofa rocked and creaked as if it was going to collapse. Willis huffed and puffed as he thrust his hips without abandon. Karen could feel his hot breath brush against her neck as her entire body tingled with an intense heat. The intense heat died down, quickly replaced with a numbing, cooling sensation that spread through Karen’s body.

“Mmmm... YES! OH MY GOD!” She screamed at the top of her lungs as her body trembled wildly from the climax.

He pulled his cock out with a slick wet pop and tapped his member against her quivering pussy lips. She continued to tremble as her climax slowly began to subside. Willis wiped his forehead and grinned as he continued to rub her pussy with his cock.

“You want to take this to the bedroom?” He asked.

Karen smirked and nodded. “You naughty, naughty boy...”

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## Chapter 64

Willis easily lifted her off the couch and carried her up the stairs to the master bedroom. Karen's heart began to race even faster at the thought of sharing her marital bed with this big black beast of a man. He tossed her on the bed and then immediately spun her around so that she was on all fours.

Karen gasped as he leaned in, gliding his tongue up and down her quivering pussy. She lowered her face into her pillow as his tongue worked its way up higher, circling around her tightly clenched backdoor. He teased her even further, dipping the tip of his tongue into her tight little ass while reaching down and sliding two fingers into her soaking wet cunt.

His fingers curved again, rubbing against the most sensitive part of my sex while his tongue began to flick in and out of her ass. Karen closed her eyes and clenched her toes tightly while gripping onto her bed sheets. His fingers rubbed faster and faster, slowly driving her wild.

She pressed her face into her pillow and let out a loud muffled moan. Her legs felt weak as his fingers continued to work their magic while his tongue constantly teased her virgin ass. She shuddered and lifted her ass up a bit as some of her juices squirted out, taking her by surprise.

“OH GOD! OH FUCK!” She gasped as she managed to pull up her lower body and then spun around onto her ass.

“Damn, that pussy is so damn juicy!” Willis laughed as he licked his fingers and stared at her quivering pussy.

He pressed the tip of his cock against the lips of her sex once more, grabbing her legs and spreading them wide as he did. After tapping her pussy a couple of times with his heavy member, he jammed it right back in, pushing the entire length of his shaft into her in one swift stroke. Karen gasped and arched her back immediately. She gripped tightly onto her bed

sheets as her body turned white hot. The sudden jamming of his entire cock was not expected.

“Oh yeah... still fucking tight,” Willis groaned as he tilted his head back and paused, letting his long hard shaft throb deep inside her.

He pulled her feet up and onto his shoulders before leaning forward, practically bending her in half. Her feet reached over her head as he pressed down with his upper body. Karen squealed as her body lit up once more, the familiar intense heat traversing through her.

“OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! DON’T STOP! DON’T STOP!” She screamed while shaking her head wildly.

“UNGH! UNGH! YEAH! THAT’S IT!” Willis grunted loudly as he began to pound away.

The bed was extremely bouncy, their bodies popping up and down on the mattress as Willis thrust with all his might. It squealed loudly and shook as though it would collapse beneath them. Karen gripped even tighter onto her bed sheets as she felt yet another orgasm course through her overly sensitive body. For a moment, she thought she heard something outside the bedroom but thought nothing of it.

Willis absolutely dominated her pussy, grunting and slamming his long hard cock in and out of her. He pressed her feet even closer and planted his face on her soles, licking them as his cock throbbed wildly inside her. Karen’s body went numb as she reached the peak of her climax, a high pitched ringing filling her ears.

“...fuck? Karen?” A muddled voice called out.

Karen glanced over to where she thought she heard the voice and then immediately froze. Willis also paused his thrusts and looked over. “Oh fuck...” he muttered.

“What the hell?!” Harold said, completely bewildered as he stood at the entrance to the master bedroom.

Willis quickly pushed himself off Karen and rolled off the bed. Karen was speechless, her legs falling to the bed as she

tried to get up in a seated position. “Wait, wait, Harold, I can explain,” she stuttered.

Her husband’s eyes flickered as he stumbled a bit. Willis quickly rushed over to stop him from falling and then helped him over to a nearby armchair in the corner of the room near the bed. Harold flailed a bit but eventually plopped down on the seat.

“What... what is going on? What is there to explain?” Harold questioned.

“Look, Harold, you have a hard time getting hard and I have my needs. I still love you dearly, but sometimes I crave pleasure, I’m a woman with sexual needs,” Karen answered as calmly as she could.

His eyes darted over towards Willis and then his jaw dropped. “Holy shit...” He whispered as he squirmed in the armchair a bit. Harold cleared his throat and then looked back at his wife, feeling something he hadn’t felt in years.

“Are you okay?” Willis asked as he looked down at Harold.

Thick beads of sweat began to roll down her husband’s forehead as he took a couple of deep breaths. Karen worriedly made her way to the edge of the bed, it almost looked as though he was having a heart attack. He was shaking as his eyes kept darting from her to Willis and back again.

“Whew... oh wow, I need... I need a breath,” he huffed and puffed.

“Take some deep breaths,” Karen ordered.

Her husband’s face was bright red as he continued to squirm a bit in the armchair. Karen sat on the edge of the bed and then noticed something, a small little tent at his crotch.

“Wait... are you... are you hard?!” She asked.

Harold looked down between his legs, surprised that what she said was true. “Uh... yeah...”

“Did you take the blue pill?” Karen inquired.

Her husband shook his head, “no, I didn’t.”

“You... You like this, don't you? You like me having sex with another man,” Karen whispered as she reached out and grabbed Willis's long hard cock.

She stroked it slowly while staring at her husband's eyes. He took a couple of deep breaths and wiped his forehead. “I... I don't know... This... It's just... I have no idea what the hell is wrong with my dick,” he stuttered.

“It's all right man. Lots of husbands like to see their wives with other men,” Willis said.

“Look how big he is, Harold. Look how hard it gets,” Karen cooed as she lifted Willis's long hard cock upward and cupped his low hanging balls.

Harold grunted uncomfortably as he watched, unable to look away. She was right, watching her stroking another man's cock was making him incredibly horny. But it wasn't just the fact that she was with another man, it was the fact that it was with a black man that was making him grow excited.

“Why don't you unzip your pants, let your little guy free?” Karen suggested.

“What? No, I... This can't be right,” her husband responded.

Karen got off the bed and seductively made her way to her husband. He nervously stared at her as she reached down and carefully unzipped his pants. She smirked as she saw the tip of his member, peeking its head out through the fly of his briefs. The tip quivered a bit as if it knew she was looking at it.

“Let's pop this out,” Karen said as she pulled his little dick out.

Compared to Willis's monstrous black member, her husband's looked like a little mushroom sticking out of his briefs. She leaned in and gave the tip a gentle kiss before she made her way back to the bed with Willis.

“You want to see this... Don't you? You want to watch?” Karen questioned.

Her husband nervously shook his head, “what? No, no, nothing like that,” he answered.

“You say that, but look at how hard you are. You haven’t been this hard since... Well since Katlyn was a baby!” She remarked, surprised by how long it’d been since she had seen him erect.

“What? No... No, that can’t be true,” he murmured.

Karen wrapped her fingers around Willis’s long, hard shaft again and slowly stroked it while staring at her husband. “Really? You really don’t want to have a front seat view of this big black cock slamming in and out of this tight little pussy?” She teased as she spread her legs wide.

“Oh fuck...” Harold whispered, his little dick twitching wildly.

He didn’t know how else to respond. This was the last thing he had expected to see when he had come back home. He had forgotten his phone and he thought he’d be in and out in a couple of minutes.

Karen laid back, her legs still spread wide as she continued to stroke Willis’s big black cock. “Ok, come on, let’s keep it going,” she said as she looked at the young black stallion.

Willis glanced over at her husband, shrugged and made his way between her legs again. Harold was speechless, his eyes glued to his wife’s crotch, watching as Willis placed the tip of his cock against her slick, wet sex. Karen gasped as Willis thrust forward, sliding the entire length of his thick cock deep into her in one swift stroke. He grabbed her legs and placed them on his shoulders again before leaning forward and getting his lower body onto the edge of the bed.

“OH MY GOD! HE’S SO BIIIIIIIG!” Karen gasped as Willis began to bounce up and down again while she was folded in half.

Harold remained silent, unable to look away as he stared at the throbbing shaft sliding in and out of his wife’s pussy. He couldn’t believe how tightly her pussy lips were wrapping around his shaft, stretching outward each time Willis pulled

back. His low hanging balls smacked against his wife's tightly clenched backdoor and Harold couldn't help but lean forward and squint his eyes to try and get a better look.

“Ungh! UNGH! Yeah, still fucking tight!” Willis grunted as he slammed away.

The bed began to creak and shake wildly again and Harold slowly got up from his seat. He quietly wandered over closer, one hand gently rubbing his little shaft as he watched his wife being taken by his young black neighbor. Never in his life did he think he'd be watching such a sight in his life.

“OH! OH! YES! RIGHT THERE! RIGHT... RIGHT THEEEEEEEERE!” Karen squealed before she began to shake wildly on the bed.

Another powerful climax overtook her, lighting her up as if fireworks had gone off inside her. Knowing that her husband was watching and was excited about it, only added to the intense pleasure already coursing through her. She closed her eyes as she rode the climax, feeling the familiar tingling sensations as her body went numb.

“HE'S MAKING ME CUUUUUUUUUUUUUUM!” She screamed loudly.

“Oh wow,” Harold whispered as he continued to rub his own dick gently, trying his hardest to pace himself.

It had been a while since he'd been able to get this hard. He began to stroke a little faster, trying to keep pace with Willis, but he had to slow it down before he climaxed. Willis, on the other hand, seemed unstoppable, thrusting his hips wildly. Karen cried out in pleasure and shook her head wildly while gripping the bed sheets below her tightly.





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## Chapter 65

Harold wiped his forehead as he continued to slowly stroke his little dick while watching his wife get hammered by their big black neighbor. He couldn't stop watching, trying his best not to orgasm. Karen on the other hand, had multiple orgasms as Willis wildly thrust his hips.

She was moving her hips to match his thrusts, pushing her lower body up towards him each time he barreled down into her. The poor bed continued to squeak and squeal as if it would collapse with every powerful slam from Willis.

“Ungh! Here, get up here!” Willis groaned as he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her off the bed while straightening his body and planting his feet on the ground.

Karen immediately wrapped her legs around his waist as she was hoisted up effortlessly. He began to toss her up and down, his balls loudly smacking against her ass. She reached around and held tightly onto his broad, muscular shoulders. Her soft, supple breasts pressed against his massive, barrel chest, being squished between their sweaty, hot bodies.

Harold groaned again as he watched, stopping his stroking as he neared his climax. He took a couple of deep breaths, trying to calm his sensitive excited body. Sweat rolled down his forehead and he finally decided to take off his button up shirt, followed by his briefs. He stood nude, watching as Willis continued to toss his wife up and down on his long black cock.

“He's so strong! OH GOD! He's going to make me cum again!” Karen squealed as she tilted her head back and tightened her legs around his hips.

Her toes clenched together as she let the familiar warmth blast through her body. She loved the fact that she didn't have to do anything, Willis was putting in all the work. He was effortlessly tossing her up and down, slamming the entire length of his big black cock in and out of her tight little pink

cunt. His low hanging balls swung around wildly, slapping against her ass cheeks with each powerful thrust.

“Yeah! Yeah! That’s it! Making this pussy mine!” Willis grunted proudly.

He bent his knees a bit and thrust even harder, tossing her up and down even higher. Karen could hardly breathe as she squeezed her arms tightly around Willis’s upper body. She began to grind her lower body against him each time he pounded in and out of her.

“Hey! You! Harold, right? I want you to lay down here on the ground and stare up at the edge of the bed. I’m going to give you one hell of a view!” Willis said as he lowered Karen back on the edge of the bed and flipped her around.

Harold hesitated for a bit but eventually made his way to the edge of the bed and laid down. Karen’s feet rested on the floor, each on one side of her husband’s head. Willis grinned and tapped his thick cock against Karen’s quivering pussy. Harold had a clear upward view, staring up from below.

“You like the view? You about to see something even better!” Willis laughed as he slowly pushed the thick bulbous tip of his cock back into her tightly pink cunt.

“Oh wow...” Harold whispered, unable to look away.

He grabbed his own penis and stroked as he licked his lips. Karen’s tight little pussy was gripping tightly around Willis’s shaft as it entered. It wasn’t until Willis began to pull his hips back that Harold got an even clearer view of how tightly her pussy was gripping onto the shaft. The lips of her sex stretched out as he pulled back.

“Unbelievable...” Harold gasped as he stroked himself a little faster.

When he was about halfway out, Willis paused and then slammed his hips forward. Harold’s eyes widened as he watched Willis’s low hanging balls swing wildly and slap his wife’s clit. Karen gasped loudly and gripped tightly onto the bed sheets, even biting down on some as she quivered.

Willis slammed away, thrusting wildly as he grew even more excited. He couldn't believe that he was sliding his thick black cock in a hot blonde housewife while her husband watched from below. Her sweet, soft pussy clamped tightly around his cock, squeezing it for dear life as he hammered away.

“Ungh! UNGH! Fuck, this pussy just stays tight!” Willis groaned.

“AH! AH! YES! OH MY GOD! YES! DON'T STOP! AAAAAAHHH!” Karen squealed as she closed her eyes, wiggling her toes as a constant stream of bliss rushed through her sensitive, almost numb body.

Harold neared his climax and he wanted to stop stroking but he couldn't. He couldn't help but keep moving his two fingers up and down as he stared up at the sight. As he watched his wife shudder and trembled, her pussy lips quivering wildly, he gasped and closed his eyes.

“Oh lord! OH!” He groaned as his dick trembled, squirting out a couple shots of his seed.

Willis continued to thrust away, oblivious of what was happening with Harold. His thunderous thrusts seemed to make the bed even move a bit. Karen nearly passed out from the pleasure, her upper body collapsing down on the bed, her elbows no longer able to support her as her arms gave out.

She gasped and screamed as Willis smacked her ass cheek. Soon after, he spit between her ass cheeks and gently rubbed her tightly clenched backdoor with the tip of his thumb. Karen shuddered, feeling slightly uncomfortable but at the same time, excited. Willis continued to rub her backdoor, teasing it as he continued to thrust his hips.

“Yeah, that's it, damn, look at that pussy gripping,” Willis groaned.

Harold remained silent on the ground, his dick starting to get flaccid as he took a couple of deep breaths. He couldn't believe Willis was still thrusting away, with no signs of tiring

out or even that he was going to orgasm. It was such a stark difference to Harold, who was already spent after climaxing.

“OH! WHOA! OW!” Karen howled as Willis slowly slipped the tip of his thumb into her ass. She clenched her teeth, struggling as she momentarily felt a sharp pain run through her body. “OW! OW! That’s not an entrance!” She squealed.

Harold raised an eyebrow as he stared up, unsure of why she was saying such a thing. He scooted down and then got to his feet to get a different viewpoint. His jaw dropped as he saw that Willis had his thumb inside his wife’s ass as he continued to slam her pussy with his long black cock. It was a sight to see, his wife, barely over five feet, getting absolutely crushed by a man who was probably close to seven feet.

“Ugh...” Harold groaned as he hunched over slightly, his flaccid penis trembling, trying to get hard again at the sight.

The young black stallion was working his hips, slamming back and forth while keeping his finger in Karen’s ass. Harold gulped as he watched his wife shudder and scream, her toes clenching tightly as she began to tremble wildly. Karen froze up as she had yet another climax, more intense than the earlier ones.

“OH MY GOD! HE’S SOOOOOOOO GOOOOOOOD!” She screamed at the top of her lungs.

“Yeah, that’s it! Yo Harold, look at this, look at this cream on my cock,” Willis laughed as he pulled his lengthy shaft back.

Harold’s eyes darted over to see something that resembled white cream all over Willis’s thick black shaft. He had no idea what it was. Never in his life had he ever seen such a thing when he had sex with Karen.

“We call this churning butter,” Willis continued as he began to slide the entire length of his cock back in. “You got to switch it up, fast strokes and then long, slow strokes,” he grunted.

“OH! OH! OH YES!” Karen moaned.

Willis took his time, pushing his hips forward slowly and jamming his fat cock in. He wiggled his thumb a bit, further increasing the pleasure Karen felt rushing through her body. A high pitched ringing filled her ears as she bit down on her blanket. She was still in the middle of her climax. Willis glanced over at Harold and raised an eyebrow.

“Yo, you done already?” He questioned.

Harold gulped again and nodded nervously, his face starting to turn bright red with embarrassment. “Yeah, I... I couldn’t hold it.”

“Damn man, you got to work on that stamina,” Willis commented.

“Uh... yeah, sure thing,” Harold stuttered.

Willis continued to take his time, sliding his thick, long cock back and forth slowly. Karen continued to shudder as her climax peaked, and yet, she still felt an incredible feeling of warmth rushing through her. It was like she was on fire, nothing able to cool her down. Her pussy gripped onto Willis’s shaft, squeezing it tightly as she gasped and shook her head.

“OHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGOD! PAUSE! STOP! TIME OUT!” She squealed while tapping on the bed with one hand.

After pushing his cock deep inside her, Willis paused and then pulled out, his thumb sliding out of her ass at the same time. Karen laid still, unable to move as she shuddered involuntarily, constant waves of pleasure washing over her. She could hardly breathe as she tried to get her bearings.

“Oh shit, you tapping out?” Willis asked.

“Lord yes, I don’t think I can handle anymore,” she sighed.

“Damn, I’m still rock hard... Can I at least get off using your feet?” Willis requested.

“Huh? What? Do I have to do anything? I don’t think I have enough strength to move,” Karen responded.

“Oh you don’t have to do anything,” Willis said as he grabbed her legs, pulled them up, held her ankles and pushed her feet towards her ass.

He got on the edge of the bed and placed his long hard cock between the soles of her feet, which were held together by his powerful hands. Harold stared in wonderment as Willis glided his glistening member back and forth. Karen remained still, just letting out soft moans as she tried to recover.

“Mm... yeah, that’s nice, so smooth,” Willis groaned.

His thick black cock slid back and forth between the bottoms of her feet. He leaned in closer, the tip of his cock brushing between her ass cheeks with each stroke. Karen trembled a bit each time she felt his warm shaft against her skin.

“Oh fuck... yeah, here it comes,” Willis grunted as he began to speed up a bit.

He shifted his focus, pulling his thick cock back until only the tip, right where the shaft met the head, was gliding back and forth between her feet. Karen wiggled her toes in excitement as she felt his cock begin to throb wildly against her soles. Harold gulped, still barely processing the sight before him. Willis tilted his head and then pushed his cock forward, sliding it forward and between her ass cheeks.

“UNGH! Fuck yeah!” He groaned as his long, glistening shaft quivered before a stream of his thick hot load shot out.

Karen shivered as she felt his thick gooey seed land on her upper and lower back, as well as her ass cheeks. Willis groaned and slid his cock back and forth between the bottom of her feet a bit more, pushing out the remnants of his hot seed. He flicked his still hard cock a couple of times before wiping his forehead and getting off the bed.

“Damn man, your wife is something else!” He grunted as he raised a fist towards Harold.

Her husband flinched and stepped back as if he had been frightened by Willis’s movements. After a moment of hesitation, he extended his own fist and the two bumped one

another. Willis gave him a small nod as he made his way over towards his boxers. Harold couldn't help but notice that Willis was still hard, his long black cock bouncing up and down with his steps.

“How are you still hard?!” He blurted.

“Huh? I can go all night,” Willis laughed.

“Do you... Do you take drugs or something? I mean, like a pill, not like... like drug drugs,” Harold stuttered nervously.

Willis raised an eyebrow as he began to pull his boxers on. “Drugs? Nah, it's just stamina man. Live a healthy life, eat your vegetables, get that workout in, you know,” he answered with a shrug.

Harold gulped as he stared down at his belly, unable to see his flaccid penis hiding beneath it. He felt a bit of anger and embarrassment. Long ago, he had been much more fit, having been a quarterback in high school and college. “I need to get in shape,” he sighed.

“Shit, I can get you on a nice training regime if you want. Before I became the head of development at my brother's start up, I used to coach people at one of them expensive gyms in Hollywood,” Willis offered.

Harold glanced over at his wife, who appeared to be knocked out.

“Hey man, and getting fit, might solve that problem of yours getting hard,” Willis continued.

A brief spark of anger filled Harold but it dissipated quickly as he sighed and placed his hands on his hips.

“Yeah... well, I mean even if I were to get fit, I don't think I'd ever be able to measure up now,” he sighed.

“You know what they say right? It's not how big it is, it's how you use it,” Willis responded with a small wink and nod. “And actually, it might not be a physical thing, might be mental. You got hard watching me with your wife right?”

Harold nodded, feeling a bit of shame, his face turning bright red.



“Nothing to be ashamed of man, I’ve seen it a lot. Look man, why don’t you take my offer, help you get in shape, huh?”

“I’ll... I’ll think about it.”

“All right man, I’ll see you around,” Willis replied as he finished getting dressed and passed by Harold, giving him a light tap on the back.

Silence filled the air as Harold quietly stared at his wife. She was completely knocked out, her back glistening with sweat. He walked into the bathroom and grabbed a towel to wipe her down a bit. Strangely enough, he didn’t feel any anger, not even in the slightest as he wiped off Willis’s thick gooey load off her back and ass. Though, he’d have to have a talk with her about this, a serious sit down later when she was back up.

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## Chapter 66

Sophia yawned and leaned forward against the bar. She glanced towards the door as she saw it open. It was a stranger walking in and heading across to another section of the bar. Sophia had arrived a bit earlier to save a row of seats.

The door opened again and this time Melissa walked in. She waved and headed towards Sophia, a huge smile on her face. “Sophia! Why does it feel like it’s been forever since we last saw each other?” She laughed.

Sophia chuckled as she got off her stool and gave Melissa a hug. She was almost a foot shorter and could feel it as the two hugged before getting into their respective seats. Melissa glanced down at the menu, and then her watch.

“It’s still happy hour right?” She asked.

Sophia nodded, “I think it probably just started actually,” she answered with a small laugh.

“Great! I could use a couple of drinks,” Melissa said excitedly.

“That kind of day?”

Melissa shook her head as she waved down a server. “Not yet, but I’m sure it will be soon enough. Katlyn almost saw me with Marcus not too long ago.”

“Yeah, we all heard about that,” Sophia chuckled.

“What?”

“We were there when Katlyn said that you were making strange noises in your garage!” Sophia blurted with a huge smile.

“Oh no! Are you serious?!” Melissa gasped, her face turning bright red. “Karen didn’t tell me that! She just told me that Katlyn said she thought I was being weird!”

Sophia couldn’t stop laughing as she listened to Melissa. “Don’t worry, Katlyn thought you were doing some heavy workouts... Which I’m sure you were.”

Melissa rolled her eyes before a server stopped by. “Are you ready to order?” He asked.

“My drink, for sure. I’d like an Amber Rose,” Melissa responded.

The server nodded and then looked over at Sophia, “and you ma’am?”

“Oh um...” She read the available options while tapping her chin with a finger. “Which gin drink would you recommend, the Ritz or the French 79?”

“That depends, do you enjoy sweeter drinks or something a bit more fresh?”

“Hm... Fresh, I guess?”

“Then the French 79 for sure, there’s that lemon that they add to really lighten it up but it does have a flowery taste to it,” the server answered.

“Oh, flowery... Yeah you know what, I’ll go with that,” Sophia requested.

“Sounds good, anything to eat?” He asked.

Sophia glanced over at Melissa, “should we start with some fries or something?”

“Fries? Eh... I try to avoid fried foods. I mean, you should get some if you want, and I’m sure Sharon will like them,” Melissa answered.

“Okay, then the fries and... oh, jalapeno poppers,” Sophia requested.

“And the artichoke dip please,” Melissa added.

“Of course. I’ll be back in a bit,” the server said as he wandered off.

“So, how have you been? Have you met with Tyrone since?” Melissa asked.

“Hm? What? No, I’m still kind of...” Sophia hesitated before leaning in a bit closer, “sore down there,” she whispered.

Melissa laughed, “yeah, it’ll be like that for a couple days. It’s like working out, your body has to get used to it.”

“Well, I can’t believe I’m still recovering,” Sophia said.

“Tyrone... He’s the smart one right? The one who went to... Harvard?”

Sophia shook her head, “Stanford.”

“Oh right. Yeah, he’s a big guy and look at you, barely five feet. Probably looked like a bear humping a rabbit,” Melissa laughed.

“Melissa!” Sophia replied as she couldn’t help but laugh along.

“I’m telling you, once you get hooked it’s hard to stop thinking about it. That’s why I had to have follow up coaching sessions with Marcus, you’ve seen the pictures.”

“Yeah, I can’t believe some of the pics you’re sending to us,” Sophia replied.

The server came by and dropped off their drinks. “Your food will be right up,” he informed before heading back off to the back. Sophia and Melissa nodded before picking up their drinks and clinking them together.

“Cheers!” They both said before they sipped on their cocktails.

“Oh wow, that’s good,” Sophia commented.

“I love this place, it has the best drinks,” Melissa agreed as she licked her lips and put her drink down.

Sharon wandered in and rushed over towards them. “Whew! Hotter than hell out there!” She blurted as she sat down and wiped her forehead with one arm. “I can’t believe some of the demands these buyers have lately,” she continued.

“Well, a good evening to you as well,” Melissa greeted with a smirk.

“Oh please, don’t give me that. Where’s the server?” Sharon replied as she tied her fiery red hair back and waved her hand in front of her face like a fan.

“He’ll be coming around. Here’s the menu,” Melissa responded.

Sharon glanced through it and then looked at their drinks. “What did y’all get?”

“Amber Rose.”

“French 79.”

“The hell are those?” Sharon blurted as the server returned carrying the appetizers Melissa and Sophia had ordered.

“Howdy ma’am. Anything I can get for you?”

“Yeah, a whiskey sour,” Sharon answered as she looked at the fries. “Oh, do y’all have onion rings too?”

“We sure do ma’am.”

“Did y’all order them?” Sharon asked, looking at Sophia and Melissa.

They shook their heads. “Nope, it’s just this for now,” Melissa answered.

“Okay, add an order of onion rings please,” Sharon requested.

“Will do ma’am. Anything else?”

Sharon glanced at the others quickly before shaking her head. “Karen said she was coming right? We have another person coming so if you can check in on us later hon, that’d be sweet,” Sharon replied.

“Sure thing ma’am,” the server responded before heading off again.

“Lord I am famished,” Sharon said as she grabbed a couple of fries.

“Another busy day?” Sophia inquired.

“I’ve been busy as a one eyes did in a smokehouse,” Sharon replied as she ate the fries. “So many transplants coming in from California. Hell, there’s even folks from New York starting to roll on in. I cannot believe how hot this market is!”

“I can believe it. The home values are skyrocketing,” Melissa agreed.

“And these transplants, by God, every little thing seems to cause a conniption. I had a family this morning asking for basically a 5 bedroom mansion, with a pool, solar powered, and asking for a basement with a completed theater,” Sharon explained.

“Wow, that’s asking for a lot,” Sophia commented,

“Well, y’all know me, I lit through the neighborhoods and found something. You know what they raised a hissy fit about? The water heater. It wasn’t one of them tankless ones.”

“They bitched about a water heater?” Melissa balked.

“Right?!” Sharon responded as she grabbed some more fries. “I had to hold in all this anger. What in tarnation were they thinking? A water heater of all things!”

As soon as she finished, the server came by with her drink and a basket of onion rings. He plopped them down on the table and glanced around. “Is there anything else I can get for y’all?”

“Hon, if you see this glass less than half full, get me another, and keep them coming,” Sharon laughed.

The server smiled and nodded. “And all y’all?”

“I’m good for now, I might order a different drink later,” Sophia answered.

“Same,” Melissa added.

The server nodded again before heading off. Sophia took a sip of her drink and leaned back on the stool she was on.

“Where’s Karen?”

“I figured she’d be one of the first ones here,” Melissa responded.

“Hm... She’s not responding to texts. Do you think she’s decided to have some chocolate after all?” Sharon suggested.

“Well, if she is, we can’t let her hear the end of it,” Melissa laughed as she took a sip of her drink and dipped a chip into the artichoke dip. “She better at least take a couple of pictures to share,” she added before taking a bite.

Sharon looked over at her Asian friend and smirked. “How about you? After your first taste of chocolate, did you get another nibble?”

Sophia’s face turned bright red as she rolled her eyes. “What? No.”

“We were just talking about that before you walked in. She’s still sore,” Melissa added.

“Melissa!” Sophia exclaimed as she reached out and tapped her on the arm.

“What?”

Sharon laughed, “still sore? I guess I can’t say I’m surprised. Look how small you are honey.”

“Right? That’s what I was saying, like a bear on a rabbit,” Melissa agreed with a huge grin.

Sophia shook her head as she took another sip of her own drink. “Well, how about you Sharon?”

“I’ve been so damn busy I have not had a chance to pay Jamal and Darius another visit. Though, after a day like today, I’m thinking I should swing by,” Sharon answered.

“So the last time you saw them was I was with Tyrone?”

“Yeah, I think so,” Sharon replied.

“Wow, so you’re taking them both on still?” Melissa asked, a touch of excitement in her voice.

“Yeah the two for one deal has been fantastic!” Sharon laughed. “It is exhausting though, my goodness, once they start raring to go, there’s no stopping. It’s better than any workouts I’ve gone to,” she continued.

“I really need to try it out,” Melissa mused as she sipped on her drink again. “I mean, Dwayne is still available...”



“Dwayne? He’s too young,” Sharon laughed.

“What? He’s eighteen! I mean, that’s prime beef,” Melissa laughed back.

“Oh my God!” Sophia exclaimed, her narrow eyes opening wide in surprise.

They all began laughing loudly before clinking glasses and drinking their cocktails. “Is anyone going to ping Karen?” Melissa asked.

“Hold on, let me try,” Sharon said as she pulled out her phone and began typing furiously.

“How has Johnny been acting?” Melissa inquired.

Sophia tilted her head from side to side. “Threatening him with no sex has been working out pretty well. He’s taking care of the boys more and he’s been keeping his voice down,” she answered.

They all waited while continuing to chat. After a bit more time had passed, their phones buzzed. “Finally,” Sharon said as she picked up her phone. “She can’t make it!” She read aloud, sounding a bit frustrated.

“She’s too tired?!” Sophia read. “Tired from what?” She typed her question into the group chat.

“You don’t think she…” Melissa paused, letting the others finish her words in their heads.

“She must’ve run into Willis on the way here then,” Sharon replied.

“I had a ride at the rodeo next door,” Karen typed back in the group chat.

They all laughed loudly as they saw her response. Sophia shook her head as she finished her drink. “Unbelievable,” she murmured.

“Well, guess it’ll just be our night out, her loss,” Melissa said.

“I’m not sure she really lost though…” Sharon replied with a wink.

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## Chapter 67

Melissa sighed as she got out of bed. Her head ached as she managed to sit upright and look around. The girls had quite the night, and she had a bit more to drink than she thought. She rubbed her toes against her carpet, clenching and unclenching them to try and relax.

Daniel was still sound asleep, completely knocked out and snoring away.

She slowly made her way to the bathroom and rested her hands on the sink. The floor felt as though it was spinning as she stared downward. “Ugh... never again,” she whispered before turning on the cold water.

She splashed her face and shook her head a bit, feeling a bit more awake. It was refreshing. The ground finally began to stop spinning as she blinked her eyes a couple of times. Behind her, Daniel groaned and rolled around in the bed.

After washing her face, she brushed her hair and headed back to the bedroom. Her phone buzzed and she picked it up. It was a text from Marcus, asking if she was up for another workout. Melissa sighed as she stared down at her husband, he didn't have any plans for the weekend, as far as she was aware.

“My gym is unavailable,” she typed.

There was a brief pause and then three dots to show that Marcus was responding. Melissa felt her heart race as she waited. As soon as he responded, she couldn't help but smile. His home gym would be available.

“Perfect! I really need this,” she responded back.

Marcus responded back letting her know that she should swing by after one. He had an errand he needed to run in the morning. Melissa sighed, she had hoped to meet him sooner.

“Okay, I'll be there at one,” she typed back.

She felt a rush as she put her phone back down. Daniel slowly sat up and scratched his head as he turned to place his feet on the ground. “Ugh... good morning,” he groaned.

“Morning hon,” Melissa replied with a smile.

“What time is it?” Daniel asked as he glanced around the room before looking at the clock. “Oh wow, guess I slept in today.”

“You came home pretty late,” Melissa said.

“Yeah, the poker game went much longer than expected,” Daniel replied.

“How did you do?”

He shrugged and shook his head. “Well, let’s just say I at least didn’t lose more than I spent.”

“How about Harold? He was there too, right?”

“Uh, actually, no. He didn’t show, it was kind of strange. I mean, he’s usually down for poker, but yeah, he didn’t show,” Daniel answered.

Melissa tilted her head and placed a hand on her hip. “Really? Huh... That’s strange... Karen didn’t show at our happy hour...”

“Oh ho ho! Maybe they were having a bit of fun, eh, mi amore?” Daniel laughed as he slowly got out of bed and stretched his lower back.

Melissa raised an eyebrow as she leaned against a dresser. She knew that what Daniel said couldn’t be true, based on the text that Karen had sent. Based on her text to the group, she had met up with Willis again.

“Oh no,” she whispered as she wondered if Harold had caught them in the act.

Daniel glanced up at her, “you okay?”

Melissa nodded and forced a smile on her face. “Oh of course, I just remembered something I had to do, that’s all.”

“Like making breakfast?” Daniel joked, though he was half-serious.

“Ugh, really not in the mood to cook anything this morning. Do you want to just order something?”

“I guess we could get a stack of pancakes and some sausages from that place I like,” Daniel replied.

For a man as old and skinny as he was, he really enjoyed the unhealthiest of foods. Melissa shook her head. “Veto. You know you need to take care of yourself. You need to watch your blood pressure.”

Daniel grunted and scowled as he made his way to the bathroom. “Gah, my Italian blood still runs strong, I can still eat whatever I’d like and I’ll be fine!”

“That’s not how that works,” Melissa replied.

“What are we even going to order that’s healthy? A fruit basket from somewhere?” Daniel replied as he turned on the faucet.

“There’s that vegan place nearby, they have the muffins you like.”

Daniel sighed, he had lied about liking those. “Oh... right. Yeah, I guess we could get something from there.”

“And I’ll make some coffee to go along with it,” Melissa offered.

“Can I at least get some creamer and sugar in my coffee?”

“Oh no, no, sweetie. Those are two things the doctor said you need to avoid. Ain’t no way in hell I’m going to let you add that kind of poison into your coffee. And plus, black coffee is so much better,” Melissa replied as she began putting on some makeup.

“Sounds great... Vegan muffins and some black coffee. You going to add some veggies while you’re at it?” Daniel replied, trying his hardest not to sound too snarky.

“Hey now, I’m doing this for your health. If you don’t want that, then fine, you can go ahead and get those pancakes.

You'll have to tell Cathy about your bed decisions when you're lying in your death bed."

"Gah, why do you have to word it like that."

Melissa smirked as she continued to apply makeup. She wanted to look as sexy as she possibly could for her visit with Marcus. Though, far in the back of her mind, she couldn't help but feel worried about Karen. She glanced at her phone and debated on texting her but decided against it.

Daniel finished cleaning himself up and sauntered out of the bathroom. He looked at Melissa and tilted his head. "Mi amore, why are you getting so fancy? Are you looking for a little early morning action?" He asked as he smiled.

Melissa looked back at him and saw the small little tent at his crotch. She smirked and seductively walked over towards him. "Do you think you'll be able to keep quiet enough to not wake our daughter?" She teased as she gently rubbed her hand against the small tent.

"Oh! You are so sexy!" Daniel groaned.

"Go on, close the door," Melissa said. "And don't forget to lock it."

Daniel hurriedly rushed to the master bedroom door, closed it and locked it. He grinned from ear to ear as he made his way back towards the bed. Melissa was feeling horny and while her husband usually couldn't satisfy her, she hoped that he'd at least be a good appetizer before she met with Marcus.

She gently pushed her husband to the bed and pulled his boxers off. His little penis bounced excitedly as it was freed. Melissa pulled her panties to the side and mounted him, slowly lowering down onto him.

"Oooo! Mi amore!" Daniel groaned.

She placed a finger to his lips, "shh, you need to keep quiet, don't want to wake Cathy."

He nodded as he held his breath and placed his hands on her hips. Melissa tried to raise herself up but she couldn't get

too far as his little shaft almost popped out. She decided to just lower herself back down and rock back and forth instead.

“Oh... mi amore, that’s too good,” Daniel groaned as he wiggled around beneath her.

She rocked her hips gently, and she could feel him tensing up beneath her. His little dick began to throb wildly inside her. She was just getting started but it seemed he was already near his end.

“Oh! Oh! Mi amore!” Daniel groaned.

Melissa lifted her body up a bit and his dick slipped out. She still rubbed the lips of her sex against the underside of his shaft. Daniel shook his head and closed his eyes.

“OH!” He groaned as he climaxed, shooting out a small load.

Melissa looked down at her husband and watched him shudder. She was nowhere near satisfied. It had only been a matter of minutes but he was already done. It was frustrating to experience this yet again but she tried her best to hide her disappointment.

“Wow, mi amore, that was amazing,” Daniel groaned as he placed an arm on his forehead.

He closed his eyes again as he tried to catch his breath. Melissa unmounted him and straightened her panties. She really wanted to visit Marcus now.

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## Chapter 68

Karen finished cooking up some pancakes as she heard Harold stomping down the stairs. Her legs were still trembling from exhaustion. Harold quietly made his way towards a cabinet and pulled out a cup, occasionally glancing at her. Silence filled the air, just the soft sizzling sounds of pancakes cooking breaking it.

Harold headed over towards the refrigerator and then grabbed a carton of milk. “So... how... Um,” he paused, trying to formulate the right words in his head. “Uh... How, how are you feeling?”

“Very sore, pretty tired, but otherwise, great,” Karen replied with a small smile.

Harold just nodded, his eyes glazed over as he took a sip of his milk. He was obviously still trying to process everything that had happened the day before. Karen could tell he was struggling to wrap his head around all the different feelings that were coursing through him as he stood in the kitchen.

“I’m guessing you want pancakes, right?” Karen asked.

“Uh... Yeah, yep,” Harold replied.

Karen nodded as she finished cooking a couple more pancakes and placed them on a plate. “Can you grab the butter and maple syrup?” Karen requested.

Harold nodded and headed back to the refrigerator. He took his time, slowly grabbing the butter first and then the bottle of syrup. Karen glanced back and shook her head, “not that one, that’s the new one. Grab the already opened one,” she informed.

“Huh? Oh, there’s another? Okay.”

He put back the bottle and stared inside the refrigerator for a bit. It was nice and tidy, everything in its place. He found the opened bottle of syrup and switched it with the new one.

“Harold! You can’t put the new bottle where the old one was. How did you even manage to find the new one and not the open one?” Karen sighed as she walked over and moved the maple syrup to its rightful place.

“Hey uh.., should we talk about what happened last night?” Harold asked as he grabbed a plate with some pancakes.

“What’s there to talk about?” Karen responded as she closed the refrigerator door and headed back to the stove. “It’s just a little bit of fun, that’s all.”

Before Harold could respond, they both heard the front door close. Karen sighed and leaned her head out towards the hall. “Katlyn?”

“Yeah.”

“You’re home late,” Karen commented.

Katlyn strolled into the kitchen and grabbed an apple from a nearby fruit basket. “Or home early, am I right?”

“Where were you? You weren’t home all day yesterday,” Karen inquired.

“Just out with Ryan.”

“Hope he had a rubber,” Karen said.

“Mom!”

“What?”

Katlyn rolled her eyes and headed back out. “I’ll be upstairs if you need me.”

“You sure you don’t want to eat with us? I made pancakes.”

“I’m good.”

Karen watched her daughter head on upstairs before she turned her attention back to her husband. He was quietly buttering his pancakes and pouring maple syrup on them. “Look, I’m still not really sure what yesterday was. I mean, I

can't say that I didn't like it but at the same time..." Harold started.

"What? You cannot tell me you didn't like it. You actually got hard and stayed hard!" Karen remarked.

Harold blushed and rushed over towards the hallway, looking down to make sure their daughter was not there. "Karen, you got to keep your voice down. You don't want Katlyn to hear," he warned.

"Oh please, she's so lost in her own world, she's oblivious," Karen replied as she rolled her eyes and poured some syrup on her own pancakes. "So, you don't want me to do that again?"

A dull silence filled the kitchen as she eyed her husband. He remained stoic as he stared down at his food. It was obvious that he was struggling with his words, trying to figure out a way to say what was on his mind.

"Look, uh... I mean... I... It's, wow... I don't know how to say it," Harold stammered.

"Let's keep it simple, you either like it, like I do, or you don't," Karen responded.

"It's not that simple though. You're making it very black and white."

"Because it is. There's really no gray area here," Karen said as she took a bite of her food.

"What? There's got to be a middle ground we can agree on," Harold replied.

"Middle ground? On what? You want to set a schedule or something?" She chuckled.

"No, I mean... What I mean is... What we're doing, it can't be right," Harold started.

"Define what you mean by right. Come on Harold, we haven't had sex in years. You can't get hard when it's just us. But look at yesterday, you know you had just as much fun as I did," Karen responded.

“I mean... Yes, I did have fun,” Harold sighed.

“See? Look, if you’re afraid that I’m going to leave you, the answer is no. I love you! What I have going with Willis, it’s just fun, excitement, some sexual release, that’s all,” Karen said. “It’s like when you go to a strip club.”

“Yeah, but there’s no touching in those!”

“I’m sure there’s some that allow it,” Karen laughed.

“I’m serious Karen! Look, I’m not agreeing that we continue or disagreeing but I do need some time to process this,” Harold responded, a touch of anger in his voice.

“Okay, okay, let’s give this some time then. But you can’t sit on it forever,” Karen warned.

“Well, I will need probably a lot of time...”

“Harold, you cannot just sit on something like this. It’s my stress relief. Maybe strip club was the wrong example. It’s like the rush you feel when you watch sports and go betting and win. It’s something like that for me,” Karen responded.

Harold nodded as he cut into his pancake and began eating. “Okay, I won’t take that long.”

“And even if you said you don’t like it, I don’t think I’ll stop,” Karen informed.

Harold sighed and took another bite. “I figured as much,” he said regretfully.



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## Chapter 69

**M**elissa heads to Marcus' home. There she's greeted by Marcus and a new character Dequan, bodybuilder, bigger than even Marcus. Melissa' fantasy of 2 men comes true.

Melissa pulled up to the curb before taking a deep breath to calm herself. She's been looking forward to seeing Marcus again. Her loins ached as she sat in the car, excitement filling her to her core. She texted Marcus, letting him know she was a couple of minutes away.

After glancing around to make sure there were no wandering eyes, she stepped out of her car and stretched her arms. If any of the neighbors saw her, she'd need to make it look as though she was on her daily jog. She looked around one more time before she began lightly hitting towards Marcus's home.

Her heart raced faster and faster with each passing step. She could see their house with the long, slightly uphill driveway. The lips of her sex trembled at the sight as she began to grow warm and wet. As she began her ascent up the driveway she sped up, rushing towards the house, not only because of her excitement but to also avoid any nosy neighbors that might notice her.

Once she reached the top, she noticed the garage door was open and Marcus was inside, doing some pull ups. He was shirtless, his back muscles flexing as he made his way up and down. Only a pair of shorts were stopping her from seeing his ass.

"Hey," she greeted as she walked in.

Marcus glanced back as he finished pulling himself up. "Hey yourself," he replied with a wink.

"Want me to close the garage door?" Melissa asked.

"Yeah, that works. We're going to go inside though, cooler in there and my fam is out," he answered as he lowered

himself back down.

“Oh, perfect,” she responded giddily as she pressed the button on the wall to close the garage door.

Marcus smirked and turned to face her, his massive chest glistening. “Yeah, come on,” he said as he made his way into the house. Melissa followed along, her nose wiggling a bit as she caught his manly, musky scent. It turned her on even more.

Her phone buzzed but she ignored it, opting to look at it later. She only had one sole goal in her mind at the moment and nothing was going to ruin it. As soon as they entered, she tilted her head back, enjoying the cool air.

Marcus turned and quickly wrapped his massive arms around her, hoisting her onto his shoulder effortlessly. “Come on, can’t wait to tap this again,” he chuckled as he lightly smacked her ass. Melissa yelped in surprise before she began to laugh. He carried her through the living and then up the stairs, walking through a long hall before tossing her onto his own bed.

As he pulled his pants off, Melissa peeled off her sports bra, tossing it to the side as she saw his massive member bounce free. She licked her lips as he made his way towards her. He reached out and grabbed the waistband of her leggings, practically ripping them off and tossing them to the floor. She was wearing nothing underneath and Marcus dug right in, spreading her legs wide and pressing his lips against her wet pussy.

Melissa gasped as she felt his hot breath brush by the lips of her sex, his tongue sliding deep inside her. She loved how long and dexterous his tongue was, as it was able to flick and twist to hit all the right places. Marcus eagerly flicked his tongue in and out of her tight little pussy while gently rubbing his hands against her sensitive inner thighs. Melissa moaned loudly and wiggled her toes as she trembled lightly on the large, soft bed.

“Damn, this pussy so good,” Marcus commented before he began to kiss the lips of her sex, occasionally sucking lightly



on her sensitive clit.

Melissa shuddered and let out another loud moan as Marcus masterfully teased her. He gently slid two fingers into her pussy, slowly sliding back and forth while he flicked the tip of his tongue against her clit. His fingers curved upward and he began to do the come hither motion, hitting her most sensitive spot.

“Oh... oh... yes... yes!” Melissa moaned loudly.

She trembled wildly as he began to flick his fingers faster and faster. Her pussy squeezed tightly around his fingers as she began to flail around on the bed. She arched her lower back and clenched tightly onto the bed sheets as she felt her crotch grow red hot.

“AH! AAAH! OH MY GOD! YES!” She screamed as the heat expanded through her.

Marcus leaned in and sucked on her clit while his fingers continued to flick against the most sensitive part of her sex. Melissa pressed her feet down onto the bed and raised her lower body upward as if she were performing a glute bridge. Her entire body trembled wildly as the heat spread like wildfire, sending tingling sensations everywhere.

“YES, YES, YES! RIGHT THERE! OH MY! YEEEEEEEESSSS!” She screamed at the top of her lungs as her ass collapsed back down on the bed.

She couldn't believe it, he was making her climax with just his fingers and lips. Her pussy quivered uncontrollably as she closed her eyes and continued to grip tightly onto the bed sheets. The climax had taken her by surprise, numbing her body once the heating sensation dissipated. Marcus pulled back and slipped his fingers out to watch her writhe around on his bed. He smirked and stroked his rock hard shaft.

“I think it's time to fill that tight little pussy up again,” he said with a huge grin.

Melissa continued to shake and shudder, barely able to register his words as her climax reached its peak. Marcus gently rubbed the thick, bulbous tip of his fat black cock

against the lips of her sex, bring her back to reality. She looked down between her legs before looking up at him and giving a small nod.

He reached over to the side and grabbed a condom, ripping it open and squeezing his cock into the tight little piece of rubber. Melissa spread her legs wide and stared between her legs, watching as Marcus slowly prodded the tip of his cock into her. He took his time, struggling a bit as he tried to get the thick tip into her tight little cunt.

“Oh... Slow... Slow...” Melissa whispered.

“Damn, no matter how many times, it’s still so fucking tight,” Marcus groaned as he managed to pop the tip of his cock into her.

Melissa gasped as her pussy stretched wide to accommodate his massive girth. She still couldn’t get used to just how big he was. Marcus took his time, gently gliding his cock deeper and deeper into her. Melissa squirmed a bit as half his shaft slid into her. She wrapped her legs around his waist and squeezed them, placing her right hand on his chest.

“Hold on, pause for a second,” she gasped.

Marcus smirked and waited for a bit before pushing his hips forward again. Melissa gasped and squealed as he sank the rest of his throbbing black shaft into her. He held it for a moment, letting her pussy adjust before he pulled his hips back slowly.

“Oh shit, damn, she look good,” a voice from the side interrupted.

Melissa’s eyes widened as she froze. It was not a voice she recognized. Marcus looked up and tilted his head. “Come on man, you came in too early,” he grunted.

“Shit, after hearing them moans? I had to come and check it out,” the voice responded.

Melissa gulped and looked towards the entrance of Marcus’s bedroom. A huge black man stood at the doorway, practically blocking the entire thing. He somehow seemed even larger than Marcus, though maybe slightly shorter.

“I... I thought you said no one would be home,” Melissa gasped as she tried to cover her breasts with her arms.

“I said my fam wouldn’t be here,” Marcus corrected with a small grin as he pulled his cock out and tapped his shaft against her clit. “That there’s Dequan. He’s an old training buddy of mine that recently joined Dwayne’s company,” he continued. “I thought maybe he could join in, but only if that’s alright with you.”

Melissa gulped again as she stared at Dequan. Her body tingled with pleasure as Marcus continued to tease her clit with his manhood. She nibbled on her lower lip for a bit, contemplating her decision. It was, after all, something she wanted to try after hearing about Sharon’s experience.

“...okay...” she whispered.

“Yeah?!” Dequan said, surprised.

She nodded. “Get over here.”

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## Chapter 70

Melissa's heart raced as Dequan took off his tank top and pulled down his shorts. She gulped, her eyes locked in at his crotch as he pulled off his boxers. As soon as his thick black manhood popped out, Marcus slid his own cock right back into her soaking wet cunt. Melissa gasped and arched her back a bit, her pussy lips quivering furiously.

“Oh fuck...” She whimpered.

Dequan sauntered over, giving her a better view of his massive member. It looked incredibly thick, even girthier than Marcus's! And it was only at half-mast, just semi-erect. He stroked it slowly as he made his way to the edge of the bed.

“Yo, move her head over here to the edge,” Dequan requested.

Marcus grabbed Melissa by the hips and easily moved her so that her head was closer to the edge like Dequan had requested. He kept her legs spread and slowly pressed the tip of his cock right back into her tight pussy. Melissa opened her mouth to moan and Dequan quickly filled it with his fat cock. Her eyes widened as she felt the tip of his smooth, hot cock slide between her lips. It was slightly soft but she could feel it hardening as soon as it made its way into her mouth.

“Ah yeah, that's it,” Dequan groaned as he tried to jam more of his cock in.

Melissa struggled, opening her mouth as wide as she could. She felt as though she would dislocate her jaw as she tried to take his girth. Dequan tried his best but could only managed to get just the tip of his cock in before she began struggling.

“Oh fuck, she's tightening up,” Marcus groaned as he continued to push his hips forward.

“Yeah? She's struggling, I don't think she's had cock this thick before,” Dequan laughed, half gloating.

Marcus chuckled as he pressed onward, jamming his thick throbbing manhood deep into Melissa. She let out a muffled moan as she tried her best to suck on Dequan's fat cock. Her tongue wagged left, right and around the tip as saliva began to dribble out from the sides of her lips. Dequan gently moved his hips back and forth, only able to slide the tip of his cock in and out of her mouth.

"Mmm... Mmm... yes..." Melissa gasped before Dequan pushed his cock back in.

"Damn, look at these tits," Dequan commented as he reached down and squeezed her breasts tightly with his large, powerful hands. "These fucking nipples are on point!" He continued as he squeezed them between his fingers.

Melissa let out another loud moan. He was being rough with her breasts and nipples but it felt so good that she didn't care. Marcus began to move his hips back and forth rhythmically, taking his time as he pulled the entire length of his member out before gently gliding it right back in.

The soft, smooth, velvety folds of her warm, tight sex wrapped tightly around his thick throbbing member, squeezing it with all its might. Marcus grabbed her legs and pulled them up, placing them on his shoulders as he began to speed up his thrusts. Melissa reached up and pulled Dequan's girthy cock out of her mouth to let out some loud moans. She stroked his fat shaft as she gasped.

"Yes! Oh my God! Yes! I love that black cock!" She squealed with delight.

Dequan continued to squeeze her breasts and pinch her nipples as he stared down at the beautiful white hot wife. He tapped his fat cock against her forehead before slipping it back into her open lips. Melissa immediately gagged and choked as Dequan pushed his hips forward, jamming his cock deep into her mouth.

"Ungh... yeah, suck on that big black cock," he groaned as he began to pump his hips.

Melissa closed her eyes as she continued to gag on his fat manhood. More saliva rolled down the sides of her lips as she struggled to take in his massive girth. She closed her eyes and tried to breathe through her nose as Dequan pushed his hips further forward, jamming his fat cock as deep as he could into her mouth. At the same time, Marcus began to thrust his hips wildly, enjoying the way her velvety soft pussy squeezed his cock.

“UNGH! Yeah! Fuck, she’s getting real tight again!” Marcus groaned as he placed his hands on the bed to support his upper body while he bounced up and down.

The entire bed rocked and creaked with his movements. Melissa nearly blacked out from the intense sensations of pleasure that rocked her body. Coupled with the lack of oxygen, her world began to spin.

“Damn man, let me get some of that,” Dequan requested as he pulled his cock out from her mouth.

“Fuck, aight man, hold up, let me get a couple of more pumps in,” Marcus responded as he thrust his hips even harder.

“OH GOD YES!” Melissa screamed as she reached up and held onto his shoulders while bending her legs and clenching her toes tightly.

A familiar intense heat rushed through her whole body, lighting her up with tingling sensations as she climaxed. His bed felt extra springy as it bounced her back up towards him each time he thrust forward. It was a strange feeling, being sandwiched between his powerful body and the soft mattress as she tilted her head back and moaned loudly, her climax reaching its peak.

“She cumming?” Dequan inquired.

“Oh yeah, fuck yeah she is,” Marcus grunted as he finally slowed his pace.

He let her writhe around for a bit before slowly pulling his cock out with a slick wet pop. Marcus ginned as he watched

her pussy gape, squeezing at the air as she continued to shudder on his bed.

“Yo, spin her ass around, I wanna fuck her doggy style,” Dequan said as he stroked his cock and grabbed a condom.

Marcus nodded and gently grabbed her by the hips and effortlessly spun her so that she was on her belly. Dequan struggled for a bit but managed to fit his thick throbbing member into his condom before he hopped on the bed. Marcus move, giving him space to grab Melissa and pull her up onto her hands and knees.

“Gentle and slow!” Melissa warned as she felt his thick cock press against the lips of her sex.

“Don’t worry, I got it,” Dequan reassured as he held tightly onto his thick shaft and pushed his hips forward slowly.

Melissa gasped as the thick bulbous tip of his cock slowly parted her tight pink pussy lips. She thought Marcus had prepared her well, but she was wrong, Dequan’s cock was somehow even thicker, his massive girth pushing her to her limits. Her entire body trembled wildly as she tensed up, trying her best to take his member.

“Oh... damn... yeah, you wasn’t kidding man, this is some fucking tight pussy,” Dequan groaned.

He reached out and grabbed her by the hips, holding her steady as he continued to slowly push his wide manhood in. Melissa gasped and fell to her elbows as she pressed her face against the blanket. Her pussy felt like it was being stretched to its limits, a small bit of pain mixing in with the intense feelings of pleasure that rocked her.

“Ohmygodohmygodohmygod...” She whimpered, tears of joy filling her eyes.

She could barely keep her lower body up on her knees, Dequan’s powerful hands holding her steady as he plowed the rest of his thick, throbbing manhood into her tight little cunt. Melissa gasped again, tilting her head back with her eyes closed as an intense heat rushed through her. When his big fat



balls slammed against the lips of her sex, he paused, letting her pussy quiver and squeeze his cock.

“Ooo, damn, that’s it,” Dequan groaned.

Marcus watched while stroking his own hard, glistening member. He loved the way Melissa’s pale, toned body trembled on his bed. Her long, jet black hair looked a bit greasy and messy as it sprawled around her. He couldn’t help but hop on the bed himself and press his cock against her open lips.

Dequan’s hands moved away from her hips and down towards her ass cheeks. He spread them wide as he began to pull his cock back. Melissa moaned loudly, her pussy clenching tightly onto his member as it exited. Dequan groaned wildly as he pulled back, his eyes locked in on her ass, watching as the sweet, soft lips of her sex stretched out, holding onto his thick black shaft.

“Damn, look how tight that pussy is,” he grunted as he squeezed her ass cheeks while keeping them spread.

Marcus gently pushed the tip of his cock into her mouth and helped to get her back on her hands and knees. Melissa opened her mouth as wide as she could, gagging as his thick black cock jammed in. She slid her tongue around the underside of his massive member while trying her hardest to suck on the tip.

Dequan spit between her ass cheeks and gently rubbed his thumb against her tight little backdoor. Melissa squirmed a bit while letting out some muffled moans. She still could not get used to someone touching her virgin hole like that. Before she knew it, she felt the tip of his thumb press inside her ass, a sharp stinging sensation cutting its way through the pleasure. Her entire body tensed up, her pussy clamping even tighter around Dequan’s fat cock.

“Oh damn, she’s real sensitive, her pussy getting so fucking tight,” Dequan groaned.

“Yeah? You teasing that ass?” Marcus laughed.

“Fuck yeah man,” Dequan responded as he wiggled his thumb while pushing his hips forward again.

Melissa let out another loud muffled moan as she reached up to grab onto the base of Marcus’s thick cock. Her jaw ached as she tried to keep sucking on the upper quarter of his throbbing black shaft. At the same time, she felt light headed as she felt Dequan’s thumb in her virgin ass, and his girthy black member in her tight little cunt.

Dequan’s thrusts were relentless, his hips hammering back and forth like a well oiled machine. His low hanging balls swung wildly and smacked against her sensitive clit each time he thrust forward. The bed bounced violently as the two big black men began enthusiastically moving their lower bodies. Melissa was sandwiched between them, their thick black cocks pounding her from both ends.

“Damn, I love how tight she is,” Dequan groaned as he continued to squeeze her ass cheeks while wiggling his thumb inside her.

Melissa let out another muffled moan as she felt an intense ball of heat work its way through her again. The intensity hit its height, and then it was followed by a stream of cold that numbed her body. She felt lightheaded as a high pitched ringing filled her ears. Her body collapsed forward as she blacked out momentarily from the pure bliss that overwhelmed her.



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## Chapter 71

**M**elissa gasped and opened her eyes as she woke back up from her momentary blackout. Dequan was still slamming in and out of her furiously from behind, his thumb deeply lodged in her ass. Marcus had pulled his cock out of her mouth and was stroking it instead, occasionally tapping the thick bulbous tip on her cheek.

“Oh, she’s back,” Marcus chuckled.

“Yeah? Damn, she got real tight for a bit there,” Dequan grunted back.

He slowed his strokes and took a deep breath as he spread her ass cheeks, admiring the way her pussy still gripped tightly onto his cock as he pulled back. Marcus licked his lips and reached around, squeezing one of her soft, round breasts.

“Damn man, when are you going to switch and give me a turn again?” Marcus asked as he stroked his throbbing member.

“Fuck man, I really don’t want to pull out, this pussy is next level!” Dequan laughed.

“Yeah? I told you man. And she’s flexible as fuck man,” Marcus responded.

“Aw yeah? Shit... Hold up, fine let me get this pump in,” Dequan grunted as he slammed his hips forward, jamming his cock deep into Melissa’s still tight pussy.

“OH YES!” She squealed.

Dequan waited for just a moment longer before pulling back and gliding his cock out of her. He tapped his thick, heavy member against her ass cheeks before giving Marcus a nod. “You’re up again,” he said.

Marcus nodded back and walked over to the edge of the bed. He wrapped his powerful hands around her waist and pulled her back towards him. She yelped as he easily lifted her up from behind, holding her up with just his right arm

around her waist while he used his left hand to hold onto his shaft and position it upwards.

He carefully aimed his cock and lowered her down. Melissa moaned loudly as she felt the lips of her sex spreading open once more, her tight velvety pussy enveloping his thick fat shaft. She wiggled her toes as she lowered down further. Her lower back rubbed against his chiseled abs and he slowly moved his hands so that they were under her thighs.

“You ready to see this?” Marcus asked as he tilted his head over toward Dequan.

Dequan nodded as he stroked his member. Marcus slid his arms under her knees while lifting her legs up into the air. She cried out in surprise as her legs were pulled up high, her feet past her shoulders as his arms squeezed around her legs. His forearms worked their way behind her neck and he locked his fingers together.

“Oh fuck! You really got her in a full nelson?!” Dequan exclaimed.

“UNGH! Yeah! That’s right! UNGH!” Marcus grunted as he began to thrust his hips.

His balls swung wildly as he bounced her up and down while slamming his crotch up and down, sliding the entire length of his big black cock in and out of her tight pink cunt. Melissa closed her eyes, struggling to even breathe as she was overwhelmed by all kinds of sensations. Every inch of her lit up with joy, tingling, numbing sensations rushing through her very core.

Marcus held her tightly, keeping his fingers locked behind her neck and head as he continued to hammer her pussy with his fat black cock. Melissa’s eyes rolled back as she felt yet another climax, her pussy clamping tightly around his thick black shaft. Marcus groaned as he felt her soft pussy tighten, squeezing onto his cock for dear life as he continued to thrust and toss her up and down.

“Oh yeah, that’s it, cum on this big black cock!” Marcus groaned loudly.

“AH! AH! OH MY GOD! YES! YES!  
YEEEEEEESS!” Melissa screamed as she trembled wildly.

As her pussy clamped even tighter around his thick black cock, she felt an intense pressure between her legs. Marcus slowed his strokes before pulling back, his cock slipping out with a loud pop as her tight cunt pushed it out. Seconds later, a powerful stream of her juices shot out, flying all over the bed.

“Oh shit! Damn dawg!” Dequan exclaimed, his eyes widening as he watched, stunned.

Another powerful stream shot out, her pussy squeezing tightly together as her juices blasted out like a fountain. Dequan chuckled as he stroked his cock. Marcus smirked as he continued to thrust his hips, letting his cock smack against her pussy lips loudly.

Melissa’s body felt white hot as she blushed, embarrassed by what was happening. In her position, folded in half, her legs up past her shoulders and her head tilted down she could see her juices spraying across the room.

“OH GAAAAAAAAAAHHHHWD!” She squealed as her climax finally began to settle down.

Marcus groaned and gently tossed her onto the bed. He stroked his still hard member and got on top of the bed. Melissa laid still, her body prone on the soaking wet blankets. Marcus carefully aimed his cock right back into her tight cunt as he mounted her.

“OH! OH GOD!” Melissa screamed as Marcus pushed his hips forward, pushing his thick black cock deep inside her again.

Marcus took his time, slowly rocking his lower body back and forth, sliding his immense shaft. Melissa could feel his weight on her, pushing her into the soft, plush bed below. His warm breath brushed by the sides of her neck as he grunted.

“Ungh... yeah, ungh... take this black dick,” he grunted.

“AH! AH! YES! YOU’RE IN SOOOOOOOOOO  
DEEEEEEP!” Melissa squealed as she closed her eyes and

rubbed her face against the soft blanket.

Marcus continued to slowly move his lower body back and forth, loving the way her pussy clamped tightly around his shaft. He groaned as his balls began to quiver, his shaft trembling wildly. Melissa closed her eyes as she climaxed again, her pussy tightening like a vice around his sensitive shaft.

“UNGH! Yeah...” Marcus grunted as he shot his load, filling the condom almost instantaneously.

Melissa gasped as her own climax peaked, her pussy milking his cock as it continued to spurt out his thick, gooey seed. She could feel it, a shiver running up her spine as she wondered what it would have felt like without the condom. Marcus trembled atop her, his thick cock quivering as he slowly pulled back.

“Oh damn that felt good,” he chuckled as his cock slipped out with a slick pop.

He lightly spanked her ass cheeks and then spread them, watching her pussy gape open and close. Dequan smirked as he continued to stroke his own massive member. “You tapping out?” He asked.

“For now, she’s all yours,” Marcus responded.

Dequan nodded as Marcus hopped off the bed. He leaned forward and grabbed Melissa by the hips before pulling her legs over the edge. She yelped as she felt as though she was going to be pulled off the bed entirely.

“Don’t worry, I got you,” Dequan assured.

He kept his grip on her hips as he stared at her white ass cheeks, with a shade of pink on them. After spitting on his shaft, he very gently pushed his fat cock into her still quivering cunt. Melissa gasped as he slid his member deep inside her.

“Oh, that’s so fucking good,” Dequan groaned as her soft velvety pussy enveloped his thick throbbing shaft.

“Ooooooh... that’s so deep,” Melissa hissed.

Dequan grunted as he thrust his hips forward, sinking the entire length of his member into her. He paused, letting her readjust to his massive girth. After a minute, he began to slam his hips back and forth at full force. Melissa squealed and pressed her toes against the carpet below as she felt a familiar wave of intense pleasure rocking her.

The thrusting was much more frantic than before, Dequan switching up how much of his shaft he would pull out with each stroke. His balls slammed lewdly against the lips of her soaking wet pussy. Melissa gripped tightly onto the blanket as her legs trembled wildly.

“Oh! OH! OH GOD! Harder! HARDER!” She cried out as she closed her eyes.

He obliged, thrusting even faster and even making the bed rock wildly. The headboard slammed against the wall with each powerful thrust of his hips. Dequan smacked her ass cheeks hard while he pounded her sweet soft cunt.

Melissa gritted her teeth as she felt yet another ball of warmth spread through her. As she felt her climax near, she bit the blanket. At the same time, Dequan, feeling how tight she was getting, slid his thumb back into her tightly puckered backdoor. It was enough to drive her over there edge.

“OH LORD! AHHHHHH!” Melissa screamed at the top of her lungs.

She climaxed yet again, her pussy clamping tight around his thick throbbing shaft. The intense feeling of pressure between her legs returned as her pussy began pushing Dequan’s cock out. He groaned and pulled away as she raised her legs into the air while shuddering on Marcus’s bed.

“OOOOOH! GAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHWD! YEEEEEEEESSSS!” She squealed as another long, powerful stream of her juices shot out all over the blankets.

“Holy shit!” Dequan exclaimed.

Marcus stared, wide eyed, as he watched. His cock began to tremble as it grew hard again. He loved the way this hot white wife was going wild on black cock.



“Damn man, she an absolute unit man! Whew!” Dequan laughed as he stroked his member.

Marcus licked his lips as he walked over towards Melissa’s ass. He spread open her ass cheeks and gently pushed two fingers into her tight little backdoor. Melissa yelped and flinched as she felt his fingers invade her virgin ass.

“Ow! Hey! That’s not an entrance!” She exclaimed.

“Hey, calm down, we’ll start with fingers but I really want to try that ass,” Marcus replied as he gently slid his fingers in and out.

Melissa closed her eyes and squirmed a bit, feeling uncomfortable and yet, a strange sense of pleasure trickled through her body. Marcus slowly slid in a third finger, causing her to tense up and squeal.

“It’s okay, you need to relax, take slow, deep breaths,” he cooed as he slowly repositioned himself a bit, getting behind her. He gripped the base of his cock tightly as he continued to slide his three fingers in and out of her ass. “Yo, can you squirt that lube here?” He requested, looking over Dequan and nodding towards his nightstand.

“Is it in here?” Dequan asked, as he made his way over.

“Yeah, just open that up,” Marcus answered.

Dequan opened the nightstand, dug around and pulled out a bottle of lube. He walked back, opened the cap and poured the slick, gooeey lube down between her ass cheeks. Melissa continued to squirm as she felt the cold lube land on her. Marcus smirked as he continued to slide his fingers back and forth, making sure to get her nicely lubed up for him.

“Don’t worry, you’re going to love this,” Marcus said.

“What? I’m not sure Marcus,” Melissa whispered as she glanced back. “It’s an exit, not an entrance,” she continued.

Marcus gently pulled his fingers out while placing the tip of his cock against her tightly puckered virgin hole. She gasped and closed her eyes tightly while clenching her teeth.

“Remember, you got to take slow deep breaths, keep calm and loose,” he reminded.

“Damn, there’s no way she’s going to take it in that...”

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## Chapter 72

“Fucking asshole!” Daniel yelled as he raised his arms in exasperation.

Brian clapped as he laughed, barely able to hold the cigar in his mouth. He tossed his pokers cards on the table and nodded. “Read ‘em and weep!”

“That is some complete bullshit! How are you getting these fucking straight flushes so often?!” Daniel barked angrily.

Johnny laughed as he tossed his cards onto the table. “I got to agree, that’s some ridiculous luck,” he chuckled.

“Mathematically, I don’t even see how that’s possible,” Kalpen, an older Indian man mumbled as he ran his fingers through his thinning gray hair.

“Look at good old Doctor Patel trying to suggest I’m cheating,” Brian said as he puffed on his cigar. “Y’all should just call it the luck of the Irish.”

“Unbelievable,” Daniel grunted as he pulled the cards together and began shuffling them.

“I’m not suggesting you are cheating,” Kalpen responded, his accent heavy, as he tilted his head from side to side. “I only mean...”

Johnny reached out and wrapped one of his arms around Kalpen’s shoulders and gently squeezed. “Don’t worry about, Brian just sounds like he wants a fight, but he’s just bullshitting,” he informed.

Kalpen nodded, he was still getting adjusted to his newfound friends. His wife, Anita, had introduced him to the Sun family. And Johnny, in turn, had invited him over to play some poker and meet Brian, Daniel and Harold, though the latter had not arrived.

“So, good Doctor, where in India are you from?” Daniel asked as he shuffled through the cards.

“Gurugram.”

“Guru... what? Is that near Bombay?” Brian asked.

“Uh... no and it’s not called Bombay anymore, it’s Mumbai,” Kalpen responded. “Gurugram is near Delhi.”

“Deli? There’s a place called Deli?” Brian replied with a small smirk.

“Oh come on man, you’ve studied some geography, haven’t you?!” Johnny laughed. “Not deli, like a sandwich shop, it’s D-E-L-H-I. Come on.”

“Shit, I don’t know, last time I looked at a map of that area was back in like fucking elementary,” Brian laughed as he puffed on his cigar again.

Kalpen forced a smile as he nodded his head. Even after almost twenty years of living in the States, he had a difficult time adjusting to their loud, brash voices. As well as their proclamations admitting their incompetence proudly.

“And you said you’ve been Austin for three years now?” Daniel continued as he began handing out the cards.

“Yes, that is correct.”

“And then Guru uh... gram, before then?”

Kalpen tilted his head from side to side, “no, I was in the Seattle area before then,” he answered.

He missed Seattle, though he didn’t say it out loud. There was a huge Indian community that he could connect with. While there was a community in Rollingwood, it wasn’t as large and for some reason it felt quite different. He could never place his finger on it, but he never felt like he belonged as he did in the Seattle area.

“Ah, you’re a Seattleite! Lots of people from that area coming on over here,” Daniel said as he finished handing out the cards.

“And California. I’m tired of seeing so many of them come on over here, ruining the area, I’d say,” Brian huffed as he spread his cards while chewing on his cigar.

“Lots of black people lately too,” Johnny added.

“Yeah, I don’t know how Harold does it, living next to the Joneses,” Brian replied.

“Why? Who are the Joneses?” Kalpen inquired.

“Ah, just some new black family that moved into their neighborhood. I mean, it’s a really expensive area, you know?” Brian responded.

Kalpen uneasily smiled and nodded, he wasn’t sure if he was supposed to agree or act as though he was offended by the language.

Brian smirked as he put his cards face down on the table. “Y’all might as well just fold now,” he laughed.

Johnny waved his cards back and forth, “well there’s four cards in here that would argue otherwise,” he taunted back.

“So... Are there not a lot of rich black families here?” Kalpen asked cautiously.

Brian raised an eyebrow as he put his cigar back in his mouth and chewed. “Well, I’m sure there’s a couple here and there. It’s just pretty rare... But not just here, I mean, in general. Right? Or is it different up there in Seattle?”

Kalpen tilted his head from side to side, “I mean, I guess relative to the population, it is rare. But it’s more of a numbers game at that point.”

“What are you babbling on about?” Brian retorted as he took another big puff. “Relative to the population?! Look, all I’m saying is, when I usually see a rich black person, they’re either a rapper or a dealer, and neither of them live in places like Rollingwood.”

“And the Joneses are not?” Kalpen inquired.

Brian laughed as he tapped Johnny on the shoulder. “Look at this guy! Ha ha! Kalpen, if they were dealers, I don’t think they’d outright say it.”

“The son, what was his name... Dwayne? He’s some kind of tech whiz and is doing some kind of startup in his dad’s

garage. I guess doing that in California is too cliché now,” Daniel informed with a smirk.

“Oh, interesting... Is he looking for investors?” Kalpen asked curiously.

“Fuck if I know. I ain’t investing in some intangible shit I don’t understand,” Daniel replied.

Kalpen nodded as he took another look at his cards. He had invested in a couple of small startups while he was in Seattle and had made quite a bit of money. Finding another that could bring him some more wealth sounded enticing.

“So they live in Rollingwood? Whereabouts?” Kalpen asked.

“What? You interested in investing?” Brian responded, his ears perking a bit.

“Well, I’d like to at least know what he’s trying to do before I make a decision.”

“Huh... Well shit, if you invest, let me know, I’ll put in a couple grand,” Brian said.

“Are you sure you want to follow what I do?” Kalpen asked.

“Yeah, you Indian folks seem to be really good at technology so if you think it’s good, I’m guessing it’s good,” Brian laughed.

Kalpen wasn’t a big fan of Brian’s words but he decided to bite his tongue and brush it off with a nod. Johnny sighed as he tossed a couple of chips towards the center of the table. “He lives next to Harold. We can go visit him for our next get together and have him introduce you to Dwayne if he’s around,” he said.

“Speaking of which, where the hell is Harold?!” Daniel questioned.

“He was supposed to be here like an hour ago, you want to give him a call?” Johnny asked.

“Man, I hope he’s alright. Hold up,” Daniel said as he pulled out his phone.

“Hey, hey! No phones during the game,” Brian complained.

“Oh, shut up,” Daniel replied as he dialed Harold. “We should at least check in on our friend.”

Kalpen eyed the three as he put his cards together and held them tight in his hand. “How long have you all known each other?” He inquired.

“Well, Harold, Daniel and I go a while’s back I guess. We all just met because our wives got to know each other. Johnny here was our newest recruit,” Brian answered.

“They needed some diversity,” Johnny added with a chuckle.

“Hey! Harold! Where are you?!” Daniel yelled.

“Man, how many times do we have to tell you, it’s a phone, not a walkie-talkie man, you don’t have to yell,” Brian said.

“What? What do you mean you’re feeling a little under the weather? Just drink some damn whiskey and get your ass over here,” Daniel continued.

“Under the weather? What? Is he still upset cause he lost so much last time?” Johnny egged, making sure to keep his voice raised so that Harold could hear.

“Fine, fine, next week it is then. You know you’re missing our new friend here, Doctor Kalpen Patel. Actually, maybe you should get your ass over here and he can give you a free checkup,” Daniel said with a smirk.

“Next week? He’s that sick? Come on, that’s some bullshit,” Brian grumbled as he puffed on his cigar.

“Whelp, I mean, there is something going around. The guys working the warehouses were all taking turns taking sick days,” Johnny said.



“You let those illegals take sick days?” Brian scoffed as he pulled his cigar out of his mouth.

“Hey, they’re not all illegal,” Johnny laughed as he shook his head.

“Okay, fine, fine, I hope you get better, see you next week,” Daniel said as he hung up.

“Wow, he’s really not coming?” Brian questioned. “Well, whatever, doesn’t matter. Looking at these cards, I got to ask, you know who’s on fire right now?”

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## Chapter 73

“OH GOD! IT’S SO HOT! MY BODY FEELS LIKE IT’S ON FIRE!” Melissa screamed at the top of her lungs.

Marcus took his time, slowly pushing his big fat cock into her tight little virgin ass. It had taken a bit of effort to get the bulbous tip of his cock in at first, but once it had managed to lodge itself in, he was able to slowly glide it in, bit by tiny bit. Dequan handed him the large bottle of lube.

“You’re probably going to slather this on,” he laughed.

“Fuck, you right, she is so tight,” Marcus grunted as he opened the lube and poured it between her ass cheeks.

Melissa kept her eyes closed as she held onto the blankets for dear life. Her feet were clenched tightly as she breathed through her clenched teeth. Like she had said, it felt as though she was on fire, every inch of her feeling extremely hot as stinging sensations worked their way through her.

Never in her life had she felt anything like this before. It felt as though she was being split apart, a wildfire exploding within her as she cried out in a mixture of pain and pleasure. Tears formed at the corners of her eyes as she took long deep breaths, trying to handle the searing pain.

“It’s okay, I’m going slow, you just need to relax,” Marcus cooed.

He continued to slowly push his hips forward while pouring even more lube, this time on his shaft as well. She could feel every little bump on his fat shaft and each time his cock throbbed, it echoed throughout her whole body. Melissa nearly forgot how to breathe as she felt him inch his way in further.

“Ungh, fuck, it’s so damn tight,” Marcus groaned.

“That’s it! I don’t think it’ll go any deeper!” Melissa cried out as she reached back with her right hand and tapped on his muscular thigh.

“Okay, okay, no worries, we can take our time, here, let me pull back,” Marcus responded with a small smirk.

Melissa’s eyes widened and she let out a low, almost guttural roar as she felt his thick, throbbing member slide out. Her tight little ass gripped onto his cock, being pulled along with it. It was the strangest feeling she had ever felt. The searing pain disappeared, replaced by a feeling of emptiness.

“OH FUCK!” She screamed.

“Damn! Look at the way her ass is gripping your cock!” Dequan said, his eyes wide as he watched his friend pull his hips back slowly.

It was an incredible feeling of release that Melissa had never felt before in her life. Her body was overwhelmed with different feelings as Marcus continued to pull his cock back bit by tiny little bit. He was very careful, taking his time as he gripped her ass cheeks and pulled back. As he neared the tip of his cock, he slowed even further.

“How are you feeling? You ready to take it back in?” Marcus asked.

Melissa could hardly think as she pressed her face against the soft blanket and closed her eyes again. She took several deep slow breaths, trying to adjust to the powerful sensations of pleasure rushing through her. Marcus took his time again, slowly pushing his cock right back into her tight little white ass.

He reached around with his right hand, moving down between her legs as he placed his rough fingers against the lips of her wet sex. His fingers gently rubbed her pussy lips, focusing mostly on her clit as he continued to push his thick fat cock into her from behind. Melissa cried out in pleasure and bit into the blanket.

“Damn, she sounds so fucking wet,” Dequan chuckled.

The pain that Melissa had felt earlier was now completely gone, replaced by overwhelming senses of pure bliss. Marcus began to rub his fingers against her pussy faster as he pushed his hips forward. His throbbing black shaft slid further into

her once virgin ass, stretching it to its limits. Melissa shook her head as she kept biting on the blanket, stunned that her ass was able to take in something so long and thick.

“Yeah, ungh... that’s it, open that ass up for me,” Marcus groaned.

Once about half his shaft was inside her, he paused and began pulling back again. Her ass gripped onto his cock tightly again. Marcus groaned again as he moved his hips back, his right hand still rubbing her sensitive wet cunt.

“OH GOD! OH MY GOD! AAAAAHHHH!” Melissa squealed as she felt his cock leaving her tight little ass.

“Damn, this ass is too good! Yo, Dequan, get your ass back on the bed man,” Marcus ordered.

“Huh?” Dequan responded, looking confused.

“Look how wet this pussy is, she’s ready for a DP!” Marcus said excitedly.

“Oh fuck man... You serious?”

Marcus nodded, “come on man, get up here.”

Melissa wasn’t sure what they were talking about. She’d never heard of the term ‘dee-pee’ and had no idea what Marcus had in store for her. A part of her was worried, but with the constant waves of pleasure rolling through her, she honestly didn’t care. Dequan hopped on the bed next to her.

“How’s this work?” He asked.

Marcus slowly pulled his hips all the way back, letting his cock pop out of her ass. Melissa gasped, as her backdoor immediately clenched together before gaping open as if it were asking for more. Marcus gripped her by the hips and easily lifted her up and over Dequan.

“Whoa!” She yelped from the sudden shift.

Dequan reached between his legs and gripped his thick shaft, aiming it upwards and gliding it into her soaking wet cunt. Melissa closed her eyes and gasped as she felt her pussy lips stretch wide for his massive girth once more. She slid

right atop him, the full length of his massive shaft gliding deep into her aching pussy.

“Oooh, damn that’s still smooth,” Dequan groaned as he closed his eyes.

Melissa gasped as she tried to handle his girth again. She felt Marcus spread her ass cheeks and pour even more lube between them. Marcus gently placed the tip of his thick bulbous cock against her slightly gaping backdoor.

“Whoa! Wait!” She cried out as she glanced back at him.

Marcus slowly pushed the rounded tip in, stretching her tight little ass back open. “It’s okay, you’re going to love this,” he cooed as he slowly pushed his hips forward some more. He gripped his shaft tightly as he carefully nudged his thick black cock forward.

Melissa cried out in a minute of pleasure and pain. She had never felt so full in her life! Dequan’s thick shaft was throbbing wildly in her cunt while Marcus continued to slowly fill her other hole with his own massive member.

“Oh fuck, she getting real tight!” Dequan groaned from below.

“It’s definitely a tight fit,” Marcus chuckled as he continued to inch his way in from behind.

Melissa could hardly breathe through her clenched teeth as enormous waves of ecstasy washed through her. Whatever pain she felt initially was long gone. Instead, it was an endless rush of pleasure that spread through her like an out of control wildfire.

“OH MY GAAAAAAHHHWD!” She cried out as she blacked out momentarily again.

She came back immediately, her body shuddering uncontrollably as she was overtaken by a powerful orgasm. Her entire body lit up, feeling as though it was on fire for a moment before immediately cooling into a cold chill. She could feel every little drop of sweat running down her sensitive skin as the tingling, numbing sensation returned.

“Oh damn, I’m getting in deep,” Marcus grunted as he slowly pushed his hips forward gently, sliding more and more of this thick black cock into her ass.

“Man, this feels so fucking weird, I can feel you coming on in,” Dequan groaned back as he moved his own hips a bit.

Melissa kept her eyes closed as her hands straddled Dequan’s sides and gripped tightly onto the blanket. “OH FUCK! THIS FEELS SOOOO GOOOOOOOOOD...” she exhaled as her body continued to tremble, her intense climax reaching its peak.

“You’re going to have a hard time walking after this,” Marcus laughed as he sank his thick cock even deeper into her once virgin ass.

She could feel their cocks practically rubbing past each other as they began to move their hips in opposite directions. Her heart raced wildly as she felt another rolling wave of heat rush through her. Marcus managed to lodge about half his long hard shaft into her before he paused and began to pull back again. At the same time, Dequan groaned and pushed his hips upward, gliding his cock right back into her tight little cunt.

The two began to get into a rhythm, both of them starting to speed up their thrusts. Melissa’s two holes were filled like never before. She nearly blacked out again from the fierce feelings of pure bliss rocking every inch of her. Just as soon as her previous climax had subsided, yet another rushed through her, numbing her again.

“OH FUCK! OH MY....  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!” Melissa squealed as her entire body tensed up and trembled wildly between the two young, muscular black men.

“Ah shit! She’s getting fucking tight as fuck again!” Dequan groaned as he began to thrust a bit more wildly.

Marcus pumped away at the same time, driving his thick black cock deeper with each thrust forward. He could only get a little half his shaft in before he pulled back. With how tight

and full Melissa was, there was no way he was going to get the entire length of his cock into her ass. He groaned and closed his eyes as he felt her ass tighten around his cock.

Melissa's eyes filled with tears of joy as her most powerful orgasm yet hit her like a ton of bricks. Tingling sensations rushed through her already numb body. It was the strangest feeling, as if she was on fire but inside a giant freezer.

“YES! YES! OH FUCK! YES! DEEPER! DEEEEEEEEEEPER!” She screamed as she came.

Dequan clenched his teeth as her pussy squeezed with all its might, pushing his cock out. Immediately after, another forceful stream of her juices shot out from between her legs, splashing all over Dequan's lower body. As soon as his cock slipped out, Marcus grunted and pushed his hips forward further, lodging even more of his cock into her tight little white ass.

Melissa squealed as she continued to ride out her massive climax. It didn't help that Marcus was jamming more and more of his fat cock into her ass. She felt Dequan's throbbing member bounce against the lips of her sex as more of her juices dribbled out.

“Ah, yeah, almost...” Marcus grunted as he began to hammer in and out even faster, inching his cock in deeper and deeper.

She could feel his balls as they swung freely, smacking against her aching pussy. Dequan reached down and grabbed his shaft, carefully holding and aiming it to slide it back into her tight cunt. Melissa cried out in pleasure as she felt his thick throbbing member slide deep inside her. At the same time, Marcus pushed his hips further, almost managing to fit the entire length of his shaft into her ass.

“Agh... fuck! Here it comes!” Marcus groaned as he paused, his cock twitching wildly.

Melissa gasped as she felt his hot gooey seed blast deep into her ass. Even though he had already shot his load before, it sure didn't feel like it. Her ass was being filled with his



sticky seed. He continued to gently rock his hips back and forth as he came, his long black cock still semi-hard inside her.

Dequan thrust his hips a bit faster as he felt her pussy loosen up a bit. Marcus groaned once more before he slowly pulled his cock out, his seed dribbling out a bit from her quivering ass. He wiped his forehead and hopped off the bed, taking a bit of a breather as Dequan took this as a chance to begin thrusting his hips wildly.

The bed began to creak wildly again as their bodies hopped up and down, Dequan using all his massive strength to slam his big black cock in and out of her tight little cunt. Melissa clenched her toes tightly as she rode the powerful black bull below her.

“Ungh! Yeah! Fuck this pussy is next level!” Dequan grunted as he bounced her up and down.

Melissa continued to moan loudly as she felt another wave of pleasure rock through her body. As she climaxed again, her ass clenched tightly for a moment before gaping open again, letting Marcus’s thick seed drip out and down the lips of her sex. It continued down to cling onto Dequan’s shaft as he hammered his hips.

“Agh! Here it comes! Ungh!” Dequan grunted as he trembled below her.

His cock throbbed wildly before he shot his load, the condom barely able to contain in. Melissa shivered as she felt it. Her pussy responded by clamping even tighter around his cock, milking it.

“Yes! Oh yes!” Melissa moaned as she grinded her lower body against his.

“Can never get enough of this,” Marcus said as he slapped one of her bright pink ass cheeks.

Dequan continued to thrust his hips while his balls were drained. His cock remained hard even after he had shot his massive load. Melissa was constantly impressed by their stamina. It was so different from her husband. After a few

more pumps, Dequan gently rolled Melissa off of him and he made his way off the bed, pulling his condom off.

“Fuck, it’s been a while, I filled this shit up,” he laughed.

“Don’t flush that shit down the toilet man,” Marcus warned.

“Man, I know that much,” Dequan responded as he tied and tossed it into a nearby waste basket.

“I’m going to rest here for a bit,” Melissa whispered, unable to even flinch as she laid on her tummy, both her holes opening and closing slowly.

“Yeah, rest as much as you need,” Marcus replied.

“Shit man, that was wild! Ain’t never done a DP before,” Dequan chuckled.

“She took a lot more than I thought man, most women can barely get it past the tip but she took this like a champ,” Marcus responded as he pointed down at his semi-erect cock.

“Damn, I already love it down here,” Dequan said with a huge grin.



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## Chapter 74

Katlyn leaned back in her chair as she glanced over at Cathy. “Have you felt like your mom has been acting weird lately?” She inquired.

Cathy looked up from her phone and tilted her head, her eyebrows furrowing a bit in confusion. “Huh? No? Why?”

“I don’t know, I feel like mom has been acting really... I don’t know, something just feels off. And I guess my dad too, he looks like he has like an extra kick to his steps,” Katlyn replied.

“You mean they’re happy? Probably cause you’re heading off to college,” Cathy laughed.

Katlyn rolled her eyes and shook her head. “No! I’m telling you, it’s different. I can’t describe it but they are just acting strange. Y’all haven’t noticed that?”

Turner glanced over, “huh? Oh, was that question for me?”

“It was for both of y’all.”

He shrugged as he took a bite of a cookie. “I mean, my mom seems busier than usual, maybe sounds a lot more frustrated, but that’s the usual. Real estate market is really hot right now, so I figured that must be why.”

“Did you notice my mom being weird?” Cathy inquired.

“Your mom? I mean, there was that one time, when I came to drop your camera off, remember, I told you about the grunting?”

Cathy laughed, “oh right, forgot about that. That’s just her being her. She’s so into that fitness stuff. I told her she should participate in those Crossfit games someday.”

“Yeah, it sounded like she was going hog wild,” Katlyn commented.

Turner couldn’t help but chuckle to himself as he scrolled through his phone. “She could’ve been going hog wild doing

a different kind of workout.”

“Ew! Gross!” Cathy exclaimed as she smacked him on the back of the head.

“OW! What? It was just a joke,” Turner said as he rubbed his head.

“Of course you would think of a perverted joke like that,” Cathy sighed as she put her phone down and headed to the refrigerator. She grabbed two cans of flavored carbonated water, handing one to Katlyn as she sat back down.

“Seriously, get your mind out of the gutter,” she continued as she opened her drink.

“What? None for me?” Turner complained.

“Hell no, if you want one, go get it yourself,” Cathy replied.

“So, where do y’all want to go for dinner? Ryan’s asking,” Katlyn asked.

“Hm... I don’t know, Chipotle?” Turner suggested.

“Ugh, again?” Cathy sighed.

“Well, I don’t hear any suggestions from you,” Turner said, his voice cracking a bit as he grew a bit nervous.

“Panera Bread,” Cathy replied as her eyes narrowed, glaring at Turner.

“Oh, that sounds good,” Katlyn agreed.

“Aw man, seriously? Can y’all drop me off at Tacodeli first?” Turner requested.

“Tacodeli? Are they any good?” Katlyn inquired.

“You’ve never been there?!” Turner responded, sounding surprised.

“Nope.”

“How about you?” Turner asked, looking over at Cathy.

“Hm... I don’t think so.”

“What?! That’s crazy! Y’all have been to Chipotle but not Tacodeli? You ain’t Texan if you’re choosing Chipotle over it.”

“Uh huh, says the shining example of a real Texan man,” Cathy replied sarcastically.

“We have to do Tacodeli then!”

“We just had Chipotle the other day,” Cathy rebutted.

“Trust me, they’re different worlds.”

Before Cathy could respond, they heard a car pull up to the driveway. Cathy glanced up at the clock and shrugged. “She’s later than usual, if you’re looking for something weird about my mom,” she said as she smirked towards Katlyn.

“Whatever.”

The front door opened and Melissa waddled in, and to the surprise of everyone, Marcus was helping her, holding her steady as they came in. Cathy quickly rushed off her stool and towards the front door. “Are you okay? What happened?!”

Katlyn and Turner rushed over as well, the latter hesitating for a moment when he saw Marcus and yet another black man out in the driveway. He gulped as he headed towards them.

“Oh yeah, I think I sprained something during my workout,” Melissa lied as Marcus held her steady.

“I can just carry you upstairs,” Marcus suggested.

Melissa shook her head. “It’s okay, I can at least get my bedroom on my own.”

“Were you working out at the same gym?” Cathy asked as she looked over at Marcus.

“Huh? Uh, yeah, she was uh…”

“I was doing some supersets of squats and deadlifts, a bad choice,” Melissa interrupted. “Luckily, Marcus was there to stop me from getting really hurt.”

Cathy raised an eyebrow, “you seem really hurt as is.”

“Oh it’s fine, it’s nothing,” Melissa replied as she gripped tightly onto the railing heading upstairs.

“Here, let me just carry you,” Marcus said as he easily scooped her up into his arms.

Both Katlyn and Cathy were surprised by how easily he lifted her up. They glanced at one another before admiring his muscles. He made his way up and carried her to the master bedroom.

“Wow, he is really strong,” Katlyn whispered.

Cathy nodded as she felt a warmth between her legs, the lips of her sex quivering. “We should go when they leave,” she whispered back.

Marcus came stomping back down with a huge grin on his face. “All right man, you ready to party?”

Dequan nodded.

“Good seeing you all,” Marcus said as he headed out.

He paused for a moment and shook his head before turning around. “Aw, where are my manners? Let me introduce you all to Dequan,” he started. “My training partner back in L.A. He’s over visiting for a bit,” he continued.

Turner gulped as he stared at the large built black man. “Hi, I’m Turner,” he greeted meekly.

“Huh? What? You’re turning?!” Dequan responded as he took a couple of steps forward.

Turner flinched and gulped again. Marcus tapped him on the back and squeezed his skinny shoulder. “This is my man Turner! Hell of a flag football player,” Marcus chuckled.

“Turner? All right, all right,” Dequan greeted with a nod.

“I’m Katlyn.”

“And I’m Cathy.”

“That’s Melissa’s daughter,” Marcus informed as he pointed at Cathy.

“Damn! You serious?! Wow,” Dequan responded.

There was something about the way he said those words that bothered Cathy. “What? Is that a bad thing?” She questioned.

Dequan shook his head, “nah, nah. I mean, your mom is uh... very fit and I would never have imagined she had such a beautiful daughter that was already so grown up. I mean, how old are you anyway?”

“I’m eighteen. We all are, getting ready to head to college.”

“Wow, eighteen? Whew, well, your family has some good genes,” Dequan replied.

Cathy blushed briefly before laughing along with him. “Oh please, you’re too kind.”

Katlyn raised an eyebrow as she looked at Cathy. It almost seemed like her friend was admiring the tall, almost overly muscular black man. Dequan, while a bit shorter than Marcus, still towered over Cathy.

“Well, it was nice meeting you,” he said as he nodded down towards her and turned, heading out the door with Marcus behind.

“Yo Turner, you need to come out to another game with us,” Marcus bellowed.

Katlyn looked out to see that they had brought another car. So most likely Marcus had driven Melissa home while Dequan had followed along with his own, most likely a rental. Turner let out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding.

“You okay there?” Cathy asked as she glanced over at him.

“Huh? Yeah,” he replied, his voice still a bit shaky.

“Do you need to check in on your mom before we go? Or, I guess, do you even want to go?” Katlyn inquired.

Cathy hesitated as she turned to look back towards the stairs. “Okay, hold on y’all, let me at least chat with my mom to see if she’s going to be okay.”



Katlyn and Turner nodded as they watched Cathy rush her way upstairs. “See? I told you, acting strange,” Katlyn murmured.

“Huh? What? She got injured during a workout, how is that strange?”

“I don’t know, something just seemed... off,” Katlyn replied as she stared off.

Cathy made her way to her mom’s room and poked her head in. “Are you okay?” She whispered.

Her mom was laying on the bed, her face illuminated by the screen of her phone as she glanced up. “Hm? Oh yeah, I’m good.”

“We were going to go out and get dinner. Did you need anything? Do you want me to stay home to help you?”

Melissa smiled and shook her head, “oh no hon, go ahead and have fun. Your father should be home soon, unless he’s having a hot streak playing poker. Where are you going?”

“Panera Bread, but Turner wants to make a stop at Tacodeli.”

“Oh, Panera... do you think you can grab me my usual on your way back?”

“Sure. Anything else?”

“No, that should be good. If you come home too late, you can just leave it on the kitchen island, I have a feeling I’ll probably be sleeping by the time you get back,” Melissa replied.

“Okay,” Cathy said, pausing for a moment as she stared at her mom. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Of course! I just pulled my back and uh... landed on my ass soon after. Usual lower body pain.”

Cathy raised an eyebrow, holding steady for a moment longer before nodding and heading back out. Melissa breathed a sigh of relief before massaging her sore ass cheeks. While

the reason she had given was a lie, it sure felt like that was what had happened.

Katlyn watched Cathy skip down the stairs and head towards them. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, she sometimes hurts herself like that. She really needs to tone down her workouts. Can you remind me to grab food for my mom later?” Cathy requested.

“Did you hear that?” Katlyn said, nodding her head towards Turner.

“Huh? What?”

“Remind her to get food for her mom before we leave,” Katlyn repeated.

“What? Why do I have to be the reminder?”

“Because you’re smart and can remember things,” Cathy said with a hint of sarcasm in her voice before they headed out the door.

“And there’s Ryan,” Katlyn said as they saw his car roaring by towards the driveway.

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## Chapter 75

Karen yawned as she looked around the aisle, trying to find a specific type of bread that she and Harold liked. The shelves looked like they had recently been stocked, and yet, some portions of it looked completely empty. She ran her fingers through her hair and then waved her hand to get a worker's attention.

“Yes ma'am?”

“Do y'all have this bread?” Karen asked, pulling out her phone and showing him a picture she had taken the last time she had bought it.

“Oh, uh, hold on,” he replied as he looked at the shelves.

Karen raised an eyebrow as she watched him. He was basically looking at the same shelves that she had already looked at. After a bit of searching, he paused, scratched his head and shrugged.

“That's weird, it would usually be right here.”

“Right... I already looked through this area. I asked you because I wanted to know if maybe they were in the back,” Karen said, trying her best to not sound irritated.

“Oh, uh, okay, hold up, let me go check,” he said as he turned and headed down the aisle and off towards the back of the store.

Karen shook her head and sighed, it felt as though the quality of the workers was going downhill. She looked down at her phone and began browsing through the internet to take up some time. After about ten minutes had passed, Karen looked around, feeling more annoyed.

“Don't tell me he just up and left,” she whispered to herself.

She tried to recall the name that was on his name tag but for the life of her, couldn't remember at all. After hesitating for a couple of more minutes, she sighed again and began

walking down the aisle and towards the direction the worker had gone down. Each aisle she passed by, she looked down to see if she could spot him.

“Oh, Melissa?” She called out as she saw a familiar face down one of the aisles.

Melissa glanced over and smiled, “hey! Fancy seeing you here!”

“Haven’t seen you in a while,” Karen greeted back as she gave her friend a hug.

“I know! You missed our last get together. Were you feeling a bit frisky?” Melissa laughed.

“Oh hon, you don’t know the half of it,” Karen replied.

“Really? Are you going to spill the tea?”

Karen glanced around, “well, not here.”

“Do you want to grab a drink and sit over in one of those corner tables at the entrance?” Melissa suggested.

“Sure, let’s do that,” Karen agreed.

The two headed off towards the exit of the grocery then turned towards the small cafe located in it. They placed their baskets on the ground and headed to the counter.

‘I’ll get it today, what do you want?’ Karen offered.

Melissa looked at the menu and tapped on her chin. “Hoping for an iced drink... Oh, how about that iced hibiscus tea?”

Karen nodded and smiled at the person taking their order. “A tall iced hibiscus tea, and...” Karen paused as she looked up. “How is the sweet tea?”

“It’s pretty good, popular around here. It really is on the sweeter side though,” the barista answered.

“Oh, I love it sweet. And one of those then, tall.”

“That’ll be \$8.38.”

While they were chatting, Melissa had grabbed a seat at a table far off in the corner. Karen tapped her phone on the

register before sitting down next to Melissa.

“So, what’s been happening?” Melissa inquired, keeping her voice low.

Karen glanced around the empty area before leaning towards Melissa. “Harold caught me with Willis,” she whispered.

Melissa’s eyes widened as she shot back, nearly falling out of her seat. “WHAT!?!”

The couple of baristas working glanced in their direction. Karen shook her head, “keep it down,” she whispered. Her face was already starting to turn pink with embarrassment.

“Oh shit, sorry. So what happened? Do you need a place to stay?”

Karen shook her head, a small devious smirk forming at the edges of her bright red lips. “Wouldn’t you know it, he was turned on,” she answered.

Melissa gasped and placed one hand over her mouth. One of the baristas tapped on the counter. “Order number thirty three!” He yelled out.

The only customers were Karen and Melissa. Karen quickly stood up and grabbed their drinks. Melissa nervously tapped her foot as she watched and waited for her friend. It felt like an eternity, watching her friend walk back with their drinks. The minute Karen sat, Melissa tapped on the table nervously.

“What do you mean he was turned on?” Melissa inquired.

“He was actually hard and stayed that way. I thought he was one brick shy of a load, but apparently it’s a thing,” Karen replied.

“So... I mean, did he storm out? No wait,” Melissa paused as she thought back to a couple weeks ago. “No... That was the same night as poker night right?”

Karen smiled and nodded.

“And he didn’t show, from what Daniel complained about. Apparently Harold wasn’t feeling well? Oh... Oh my... So Harold stayed then?” Melissa gasped, putting the pieces of the puzzle together slowly.

“Yes indeed he did. It’s like he couldn’t help it, and I didn’t want to stop because Willis was going hog wild. I mean, the next couple of days after that was strange. He was as nervous as a fly on a glue pot, and tried to avoid the topic but we actually sat down and had a long talk.”

“You’re pulling my leg,” Melissa responded.

Karen shook her head. “If this ain’t a fact, then God’s a possum.”

Melissa jaw dropped, her eyes widening as she sat in stunned silence. She could barely process her friend’s words.

“I’m telling you, when he saw me with Willis, his little pecker got so hard. Not even the blue pill gets him that hard, that fast, for that long,” Karen continued, her voice still a low hush.

“So... What happened after the talk?”

Karen took a sip of her drink and leaned back a bit. “He said he needed some time to think about it all. I was pretty blunt, I told him that there was no way I was going to stop. I mean, I figured I’d lay it on him, the whole truth. We didn’t have sex for... lord knows how long. He knew it, I knew it, and I told him that no matter what, I still loved him. He’s my husband, through sickness and good health. I told him what I was doing with Willis... Well, it was like him going to a strip club or how he goes gambling, it’s stress relief,” Karen explained.

“And he’s still thinking about it?”

Karen smirked as she took another sip. “Actually, he’s come around to it. I did have to compromise though.”

“Compromise?” Melissa inquired as she took a sip of her own drink.

She paused and looked at the pinkish purple drink, giving a small nod of approval as she enjoyed the floral notes of the bubbly drink. Karen couldn't help but chuckle as she saw her friend enjoying her drink, completely taking herself out of the conversation for a moment.

“Yes. No going around behind his back. If I want to have a good time, he wants to be there,” Karen replied.

“Really?! He wants to watch?”

“Each and every time.”

Melissa shook her head in disbelief. She would never have imagined Harold to be that type of man. “So... like a voyeur?”

“What?”

“Someone who likes to watch, hon, I believe that's called a voyeur.”

Karen shrugged, “I don't think he cares what he's called, but yeah, he really wants to watch.”

“Wow... A drought usually ends with a flood, but this is something else,” Melissa whispered. “If that were Dan, he would've blown a gasket, probably had a heart attack on the spot.”

“You know, I can see that happening, his face all red,” Karen agreed with a chuckle.

That made Melissa laugh along as she glanced around the empty area. “So, you're really going to keep having Harold around every time Willis comes around?”

“Sure, I mean, it makes it easier than trying to schedule things around. I only hope Harold is able to keep up,” Karen answered. “How about you? You still having fun workouts with Marcus?”

Melissa gulped as she felt a small tingle rush through her at the sound of his name. Her tight little backdoor puckered up at the thought of his thick black member. “Oh, yeah... Well, remember when Sharon talked about her fling?”



“No... Don’t tell me you tried to take on two,” Karen whispered.

“Oh yes I did, it was more of a surprise actually. I thought he was going to be home alone but then there was his workout buddy, Dequan. And wow, that was...” Melissa’s voice trailed off as she looked up and to the left, reliving the experience in her mind.

“That was what?”

“I don’t know how to say it, but you know you have more than one hole down there, right?” Melissa started.

Karen tilted her head and then a moment later, her eyes widened and she gasped loudly. “No! Are you serious?!”

The baristas, again, glanced up at them. This time, Melissa was blushing bright red as she looked over at them and then back to Karen. “Shush,” she reminded.

“But you’re being serious? You really took it well, in the other hole?” Karen asked, trying to keep her voice as hushed as possible.

Melissa smiled and nodded, her face bright red. “And not just... Let’s just say I was really full, like both of them.”

Karen’s eyes widened even more at Melissa’s words. “No... There’s no way in hell,” she gasped.

“Oh yes there is hon, and it was... wow,” Melissa responded as she took a long sip of her drink, her bright red lipstick sticking to the clear straw. “You want to talk about mind blowing, this was it. I mean, it was... It was universe shattering,” she continued.

“How does that even... I mean, it’s too big as is,” Karen responded, her voice trembling.

“Yeah, trust me, the first couple of minutes was absolute pain but once I got used to it, it was something else. I mean, my body was on fire, I was hotter than a fur coat in Marfa,” Melissa said.

Karen couldn’t help but uncomfortably shift in her seat, her own tight little backdoor puckering up at the thought.

Though, the lips of her sex did quiver at the same time as a part of her wondered what it would feel like. “I don’t think I’d ever be able to do that,” she replied.

“That’s what I thought until it happened,” Melissa said with a wink. “I’m guessing if I told the others, it would blow their minds.”

“More than blow their minds. I can just imagine it now, Sharon screaming, her red hair flaring out everywhere,” Karen replied as she mimicked what she thought Sharon would do with her hands.

“And her face all red to match her hair, right?” Melissa added as she laughed out loud.

“You know she’s going to want to try it, now that you’ve done it,” Karen continued.

“She would, wouldn’t she?”

They both began to laugh, almost maniacally, no longer caring if the baristas were looking or not. Karen even had to wipe a tear off the corner of her right eye as she sniffled a bit and tried to calm herself.

“What about Sophia?” Melissa said.

“She’ll probably just stay quiet about it,” Karen replied.

“You think so? Do you think she’d try it?”

“Oh honey, lord no, you see how tiny she is? I was surprised when she said,” Karen paused, glancing at the baristas before lowering her voice. “When she said she had such a good time with Tyrone. Isn’t he one of the bigger muscular ones?” She continued, her voice a whisper now.

“I know, I can’t imagine, I mean, she’s barely five feet, right?”

“Like a rabbit and horse no doubt,” Karen responded. “Imagine her trying to take that up in the ass,” she continued.

They both laughed out loud again. Melissa took a couple of deep breaths to calm herself before taking a long sip of her drink. Karen followed suit as she quieted down along with her

close friend. After they both settled down, Karen leaned back and crossed her legs.

“Wow, so it looks like we’ve both been through quite the adventure this past month, huh?” Karen stated.

“You can say that again. So, looks like we might be having less double dates?”

Karen laughed lightly and shook her head, “of course not! I mean, Harold might be around less for those poker nights, but I’m sure we can still have our double dates.”

“Hm, well, he’s going to need a better excuse if he’s going to keep bowing out of them. Oh, speaking of, Daniel and the little crew got to meet Anita’s husband,” Melissa replied.

“Anita?”

“Yeah, Anita Patel. That Indian lady that lives near Sophia. Their kids go to the same school.”

Karen scratched her chin and tilted her head. “Hm, I don’t think I’ve ever met her.”

“No? I guess that’s possible, I only briefly got to know her when I ran into Sophia a while ago. She brings up Anita’s name every once in a while,” Melissa said.

“Huh, Indian huh? Maybe we should invite her at our next get together,” Karen suggested.

“Mmm, I don’t know, especially with this little secret life we’re all living,” Melissa disagreed.

“That’s true. Well, maybe a more open get together, like a tailgate or something.”

Melissa nodded her head, “yeah, that might be better. Oh shit, what time is it?” She grabbed her phone and glanced at the time. “Ah, I got to go, appointment,” she continued as she stood.

“Oh, another little workout?” Karen responded with a smirk.

“Hon, I still haven’t recovered from my last intense one. No, doctor’s,” Melissa answered as she grabbed the grocery

items she was going to buy. “Let’s actually have a real get together soon, okay? And no flaking this time.”

Karen nodded, “I know, I know, I’m sorry. But yeah, let’s do that. In fact, let me send out a group text.”

Melissa nodded back and headed on out leaving Karen on her own. Karen texted everyone else to see what dates and times people were available. She then stared at her drink as she thought about what Melissa had said. Two black men at the same time... In two different holes... She shuddered momentarily at the thought as her body felt warmer and warmer. After thinking it through for a couple of minutes, she finished her drink and grabbed her basket full of groceries so that she could finish her shopping.



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## About the author:

**M**y name is [Trevon Carter](#) and I'm just a simple black man that likes to listen to stories and write. I've never been much in the educated side of the house but writing has always been something I'd enjoyed. Growing up in the projects, I'd always been told that I'd end up dead or on the streets killing, but I managed to get out of that world. After getting out of school, moving, and striving for a better life, I've found out that being a black man definitely has its advantages, especially in bed.

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