

A close-up, intimate shot of a man and a woman. The man, on the left, is wearing a dark suit, a light blue shirt, and a dark tie. He is looking down at the woman. The woman, on the right, has long dark hair and is wearing a black, low-cut dress. She is looking up at the man. Her hand is resting on his chest. The background is dark and out of focus.

# AIRTIGHT

AN INTERRACIAL HOTWIFE FANTASY

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# Chapter One

Naomi stood next to him in the stunning little red dress she'd put on for their evening out. It was a simple cut but it hugged her frame perfectly, highlighting all of her womanly curves. This time when they'd walked through the club she'd turned more than a few heads. It actually intimidated Robert a bit, how hot she looked. He'd been a pretty dapper when he was younger but he mostly wore business casual now and that's what he had on. Chinos and a blue button up shirt with a sports jacket over top. He felt out of place next to her. Almost like a woman that looked that good deserved a man that matched. She looked up at him with an excited, slightly nervous smile that wrenched his guts. "You ready?" she whispered? He gave a small nod. For some reason when they'd given the bouncer the password — here to see a shooting star — he'd waved them through but didn't accompany them to the door. It was just the two of them now. Waiting to step through the door and see how much deeper down this rabbit hole they could crawl. "You gonna' knock on the door or are we just going to stand here?" she asked with a giggle. He let his eyes wander down her body one last time and put a hand on the small of her back. He'd been aroused all day watching her grooming herself for the coming encounter. She'd taken an extra long bath, then showered. Her hair was down and she'd flattened it with the iron making her look even more glamorous. He raised his hand and rapped his knuckles against the door.

A moment later the door swung open and both Robert and Naomi's eyes widened. Julius was standing in front of them wearing a long, black robe. The belt was untied and the robe was open at the front giving them both a full view of his muscular torso, his thick legs and the long, thick penis that hung between them. Robert couldn't resist a glance at Naomi. Her reaction to the sight sent a warmth coursing through his stomach. Her eyes had fallen to Julius' cock and were locked onto it. They seemed to glow with excitement and anticipation in the dim light, though he knew that had to be his imagination. Eyes didn't glow. "My eyes are up here," Julius teased, chuckling. This caused an immediate, furious blush to rise on Naomi's cheeks. She put a finger over her mouth to cover her shy smile as her eyes

fluttered off to the side, away from Robert. That, too, crushed him. Had she been thinking about this all week? Had Julius' cock been on her mind? Had she fantasized about it when he'd made love to her? They'd had sex nearly every night, Naomi's libido experiencing a renaissance he could barely keep up with. "You been thinking about it, huh?" Julius asked. The question wound Robert's insides even tighter. He wasn't sure if he wanted to know the answer. Even though he felt closer to Naomi than he ever had he wasn't sure her honest response was something he could handle. When she glanced sideways at him then quickly looked away he rubbed her back. "No, no, can't be like that," Julius said. "This is your man," he said, nodding towards Robert but keeping his eyes on Naomi. "You gotta' be honest with your man. Tell him what's what. He can handle it. Can't you, Bob?" Robert wasn't sure if Julius was trying to be a jerk or not. He'd never asked him to call him Bob. If it were any other man, any other situation, he would have set him straight. He would have told him his name was Robert and to please call him that. The funny thing was he kind of enjoyed the feeling of Julius trying to dominate him in this small way. He enjoyed knowing this powerful man was going to dominate Naomi in far more intimate ways. He picked up Naomi's hand and squeezed it. "It's okay," he whispered. "You can tell him." "Yeah, see?" Julius said. "He wants to hear it." Naomi looked up at him like she didn't quite believe him. He gave her a reassuring smile to put her at ease. She turned to face Julius, gazing into his eyes. "I thought about it," she said quietly. The four words sent a cold jealousy washing through Robert. Funny thing was he didn't mind that, either. "I know you did," Julius went on. "Cause now you've had some you won't be able to stop thinking about it. I promise." Robert wondered if that was really true. Was there any substance to that stupid saying 'once you've had black you never go back?' Of course there wasn't. That was the obvious answer. Women weren't transformed by a different pigment of skin. But standing there and watching Naomi he couldn't help but indulge the fantasy. That somehow she'd been transformed by this magic, black wand that Julius was so proudly displaying for them. "You step inside here," Julius said, holding out his hand for Naomi. She took three small steps through the door and Julius wrapped his muscular arm around her, laying his hand on her ass and giving it strong squeeze. Instead of stepping aside to let her into the room he tipped her chin up with his finger and pressed his lips against hers.

Robert suppressed a groan as he watched Julius' tongue move into his wife's mouth. The kiss was deep passionate. Julius' hand fell to her breast and he squeezed it, the other one still on her ass like he owned her. Robert felt a discomfort at knowing the bouncer just down the hall surely knew exactly what was going on. That he'd willingly brought his wife into this lair to watch her get fucked. Naomi's equally passionate response to Julius' kiss sent wave after wave of angst rolling over him. When Julius finally pulled away he looked deep into her eyes again. Naomi stared back, mesmerized by his gaze. "We're gonna' have all sorts of fun tonight," Julius said. He circled her nipple through her dress with his thumb. He looked up at Robert. "You do me a favour?" he asked. Robert nodded. "Can you get down and undo the straps on those pretty heels she's wearing?" Julius asked, nodding at Naomi's feet. Robert found that to be a little odd. He didn't want to be the one to break the mood, though. Already Julius had cast his spell over both of them and it was almost as if he'd given Robert permission to slip into character. To play the willing wittol, gently humiliated by his wife's sexual indulgence but enjoying it too much himself to put a stop to it. He sank to his knees and undid the two straps of her high-heeled shoes. "Good. Now help her slip those off," Julius instructed. Naomi, who had her arms around Julius' waist, slowly pulled her feet out of one shoe, then the other and stood barefoot on the floor. "Hang on a sec," Julius said as Robert began to stand up. "You put those just this side of the door for me. That way everyone knows we're busy in here."

Robert did as asked. He arranged the shoes by the wall toes pointing in. He started to stand up again and Julius held out his hand. "Just one more thing while you're down there," he said. "Take her panties off for me." Heat flared up from his stomach. His chest and his face heated and he knew there was no hiding the reaction. And still he had no inclination to tell Julius to go fuck himself. It had been Robert, after all, who'd asked for this. He reached up under Naomi's dress and hooked his fingers into the elastic of the red lingerie panties she had on. He pulled them slowly down her thighs and calves. His eyes widened and he drew in a deep breath when he saw the dark wet spot at the center of them. Had Julius' kiss and his own submission to this per-verse ritual done that? Or had she already been getting wet in the car as they'd been driving over? Thinking of Julius' cock? Naomi pulled one foot out of the underwear then the other. When he

looked up he found her staring back down at him, a fierce blush on her cheeks and the hint of a mischievous smile at the corners of her mouth. "You can pocket those for later," Julius said. Robert slipped them into his jacket pocket and put a hand on the door frame to stand up. "Good. Now go fetch your woman a pillow off the couch," Julius said. He leaned into another kiss with Naomi as Robert squeezed past them. As he walked through the room he heard the soft, wet sounds of their mouths moving against one another. He picked up a pillow and brought it back to the door where they were standing. He waited patiently for them to finish their kiss. Julius pulled away and pointed at the floor in front of him. "Just right there," he said.

Robert set the pillow down in front of Julius' feet, its function becoming clear. Arranging a pedestal for his wife to kneel on so she could suck her lover's cock. Julius took a step away from Naomi. He ran his hands down her curves and back up. He tucked one hand into her dress and carefully pulled her breast out. Naomi glanced down at her chest then looked off to the side. She looked slightly appalled at what he'd just done. Julius let one hand fall to his side. With the other he gripped the base of his cock and raised it so it was drooping over his palm. He stared at Naomi not saying a word. Naomi's eyes moved side to side for an excruciatingly long time. They finally settled on his cock and her expression turned to one of solemn understanding. She put her hands on Julius' thighs and sank to her knees onto the pillow in front of him. Robert realized his own cock was hard. His body reacting with arousal to this game of domination and submission they were playing with Julius the same way Naomi had. "Give it some love," Julius whispered. Naomi's lips parted. Her tiny pink tongue flickered out and over them. She leaned forward and opened her mouth wider. A tremor passed through Robert as he watched her pull the fat head of Julius' cock into her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed as her eyes turned up. Wide and doll-like, she flapped her lashes twice as her tongue worked the underside of the glans. Julius stared down at her for a while until his cock was fully hard. He gave an approving nod then put a hand on the back of her head. "You're gonna' take a little more now," he said. Naomi nodded twice.

Robert stood frozen in place. Unable to speak or move or even blink as he watched Julius slide more of his shaft into Naomi's mouth.



## Chapter Two

With his hand still on the back of her head Julius began slowly swaying back and forth. His eyes were glued to his prick gliding over Naomi's pink lips. Naomi sat back on her haunches and put her hands in her lap. It gave her an almost angelic appearance which created a deliciously erotic contrast with the cock sliding in and out of her mouth. Robert pressed a hand against the base of his stomach to try and dampen the aching desire that gripped him there. The door was still open. Anyone that walked through the hall would see Naomi, his wife, in her compromised position accepting Julius' prick into her mouth. They'd see her husband standing idly by, watching and not only powerless to stop what was going on but with a raging erection to boot. Of course he did have the power to stop what was going on. As did Naomi. But part of the thrill was allowing himself to believe that it was really Julius in charge. That Julius could do as he pleased without consequences. There was something very seductive about submitting to that. After a few minutes Julius gripped his cock and pulled it out of Naomi's mouth. The upper half of the shaft was glistening. A bead of clear pre-cum had formed at the tip. "Open," he said, quietly. He tipped her mouth back open with a thumb on her chin. Squeezing the head of his prick he let the clear drop of fluid drop onto her tongue, then closed her mouth. Naomi swallowed. Julius held both his hands out for her. She placed her hands in his and stood up.

Julius reached out and caressed the creamy flesh of her breast. He walked her over to the back of one of the couches. Nuzzled her neck, then kissed it before putting a hand on her back and bending her forward over the back of the couch. He flipped the back of her dress up, exposing her ass. "Why don't you close that door, Bob?" Julius asked. Robert robotically went through the motion of shutting the door before turning to face Julius and Naomi again. Naomi was supporting herself on her arms on the couch pillows. Her ass was out and Julius was running his wet cock back and forth in between her legs, oiling her slit. After a minute or so Naomi wiggled her ass and raised it a little higher, presenting her pussy for Julius. "You want that cock up in there don't you?" Julius asked, smiling. Naomi nodded. She

turned her head to one side and smiled over her shoulder at Julius. "Yeah. You want it real bad. That pussy's so greasy I could slip it right in," Julius said, pressing the head of his cock into the crevice of her soft folds. "Oh... yes!" Naomi gasped. Julius pulled his cock out and went back to sliding it along her pussy lips. He reached up and brushed the hair away from her face. He turned her head to the side again so he could look at her. "There's something else I want tonight," he said. He looked down and thumbed the puckered flesh of her anus. Naomi flashed an awkward smile and her blush heated. Robert saw the tension in her expression and it only ratcheted up his arousal. She was hungry to feel Julius push his prick into her pussy. She wanted to be a good girl for him. But she'd never enjoyed anal sex and she couldn't think of a good way to reconcile those three competing forces. The consternation on her face was guiltily tantalizing to watch. Julius moved the head of his cock between her pussy lips again. It looked like an oversized hot dog stuffed into a bun two sizes too small. Naomi mewled and ground her pussy crack against it. When she pressed a hand between her legs to try and mash it up inside herself Julius pulled it away, chuckling. He started gliding back and forth between her legs again. "I'll give you what you want. But you gotta' give me something I want," he said. He slid the head of his cock deeper into her slit this time. "It's right there, isn't it?" he asked. "That's the spot right before it feels real good, isn't it?" Naomi whimpered. She opened her legs and bent at the knees trying to impale herself on his cock. "Is that the spot?" Julius demanded. "Yes," she said, her voice high and whiny. "Then what'll it be? Choice is yours," Julius said. Naomi furrowed her brow. Robert had never seen her so conflicted. Another wave of guilt crashed over him. He felt a responsibility, as her husband and loving partner, to somehow help her out of her predicament. The trouble was there was nothing he could do. The only path to the thing Naomi needed, Julius' cock inside her, was through something she didn't really care for. "Okay," she finally panted. "Okay what?" Julius asked, obviously enjoying her torment as much as Robert was. Naomi's scowl deepened. Her lips formed a tight line as she looked to the side. "I'll let you fuck my ass," she said.

Julius brought his hand down on her ass cheek in a soft slap. "Yeah you will," he said. As he spoke the last word he stepped forward, pressing his cock into her needy cunt and watching her face contort into a silent moan as



he stretched her with his girth. "Oh my god!" she gasped. "More?" Julius asked. Naomi nodded. "More," she panted. Julius puckered his lips. He spat a glob of clear saliva. It landed exactly on her ass hole, coating the opening in frothy moisture. He thumbed the puckered hole, then bent his thumb and wiggled it in up to the first knuckle. Naomi rocked side to side and grunted at the intrusion. Her expression melted back into anguished pleasure when Julius drove another couple inches of his cock into her. He followed up by wiggling the rest of his thumb into her back hole then started swaying back and forth, his cock gliding in and out of her. Naomi bent lower, the lone breast hanging out the front of her breast mashing against the back of the couch. One corner of her mouth curled up in a snarl. She pushed back against the couch with her hands trying to push Julius' cock deeper inside herself. With his thumb inside her ass, Julius put his other hand on her shoulder and started rocking faster back and forth. "How you likin' that?" he asked. "It's alright, I guess," Naomi muttered. Her expression told an entirely different story. The furrowed brow, the upturned curl on her lip, the wild eyes and the panting. She looked like she loved what he was doing to her but was maybe a little too shy to admit it. "Don't lie, baby," Julius said, taking his hand off her shoulder and smacking her on the ass again. "Only truth and love here." He wiggled his thumb inside her ass. Naomi's body shuddered. She let out a low, very undignified moan. She cupped her breast with her hand and started kneading it as Julius fucked her. "So how you likin' it?" Julius asked again. "It's...it's good," she grunted. "Getting closer," Julius said. He gently pumped his thumb in and out of her ass, his cock still moving in a steady rhythm in her pussy. "Now tell the whole truth." As he pulled his thumb halfway out and pressed it back in, Naomi let out a grunt. "Tell us how you really feel," Julius prodded. "I like it in my ass. I like having your thumb in my ass," she admitted. She was pushing her body back and forth now in time with the thrusting of his cock. "That's better," Julius said. "You don't even know what you need, baby. But Julius does. I knew the moment you stepped through that door. I'm not just gonna' give it to you in the ass, sweetheart. We're gonna' go airtight and you gonna' feel better than you ever felt in your life before." He fucked her ass with his thumb a few more times. Naomi's legs started to shake. She looked to the side at Robert, an expression on her face like she wasn't sure what was happening inside her body. Like she didn't know she could feel the things that were happening inside her. The sound of trickling wet made

Robert's eyes drop down between her legs. He saw the fluid sprinkle out of her onto her thighs and the back of the couch just as she moaned and her body tensed. Julius' anal stimulation had been enough to make her squirt.

As soon as the euphoria of the orgasm passed she clapped a hand over her mouth and another one between her legs. "Oh my god," she grunted, her voice muffled by her palm. "I'm sorry. I don't ever do..." "No, no, no," Julius cooed. He kept his cock sawing in and out in the same, steady rhythm and kept his thumb deep in her ass hole. "You don't apologize for feeling good here. That's what you're here for. Your job is to relax and let me do my work. Pull your hand out of there," Julius said. He gripped her forearm and pulled her hand out from between her legs. "Bob get over here," he said. Hearing his nickname shook Robert from his torpor. He stumbled towards the couch, zombie-like, to do Julius' bidding. "Hold your woman's hands for her. I'm a give her a little more." Dropping to his knees on the couch Robert held his hands out. Naomi raised hers and put them in his palms. He gazed into her eyes. "You okay? Everything okay?" he asked. She nodded but looked dumbfounded by what was happening. A minute or so later she moaned again. Her eyes squeezed shut tight and the sound of wet pattering the floor resonated in the room. When she opened her eyes and looked at Robert again she seemed distant, as if she'd been hypnotized by the climax. "One more," Julius cooed. Again Naomi's body shook, as if on command. She squeezed Robert's hand hard with hers and endured yet another climax that ended with the sound of gentle rainfall. She slumped forward onto the couch, apparently exhausted. Julius pulled his thumb out of her ass. He gripped her hips with both hands, sucked his top lip into his bottom and stared down at her ass hole. The hole, widened by his thumb was quickly closing back to its natural diameter. Julius got a look of intense concentration on his face. He thrust his cock deep into her pussy and groaned. Robert looked away, not wanting to stare at Julius as he orgasmed. Just the thought of Naomi accepting another man's seed into her body was nearly enough to make him ejaculate. Julius let out a slow sigh as he finished emptying his load into Naomi. He drew his cock out and held it in his hand. "Move along, Bob," he said, walking around the couch. Robert scrambled off to the side, out of the way. Julius tipped Naomi's head up. When she saw the slimy cock her mouth fell open instantly. Robert winced as he watched Julius' cock, covered in their shared ejaculate, slide into

Naomi's waiting mouth. Julius moved it in and out then pulled it out clean and glistening. He wiped the four or five inches at the base off on his robe. "She's too good. I gotta' see you again tomorrow," Julius said. Robert arched his brow. It was pretty bold of Julius to assume they'd be free. He wondered if maybe he shouldn't draw a boundary here. Once a week on a Saturday was fine. But they had a rhythm to their Sundays and Naomi might not like the idea of it getting interrupted. She could be particular that way. He contemplated telling Julius they were busy as he watched him walk over to the bar. The truth of it was that he wasn't particularly opposed to another session of excruciating arousal. He decided that if Naomi had an opinion she would have voiced it by now. And they could always change their minds and message Julius later.

"Homework assignment for the night," Julius said, tossing a small, black object onto the couch next to Robert's leg. "Put that in her ass for when you fuck her tonight," Julius said. "Leave it in until I see you tomorrow. Now why you don't you go grab them shoes for her?" Robert picked up the object. It was pear-shaped with a tapered end and a flange on the other side. The flange had some cheap plastic diamond attached to it. He didn't have the heart to tell Julius Naomi would never go for that. She seemed too exhausted to say anything, either. Pocketing the object he went and opened the door, plucked her shoes up off the floor and brought them back into the room. By the time he got back to the couch Julius had helped Naomi stand, tucked her breast back into her dress and sat her down on the couch. Robert knelt down to help her get her shoes on. She looked like she was going to pass out. His eyes scanned the insides of her leg. The wet she'd squirted had started drying, along with some of Julius' semen. The smell of sex was emanating from between her legs. He quickly slipped her heels on and fastened the straps. When he stood up Julius was at the bar fixing himself a drink. He walked over to him. "To be honest I'm not sure we'll be able to make tomorrow. I'll have to talk to Naomi first." Julius flicked a dismissive finger up into the air. "Two PM," he said. "Ping me your address when you get home tonight." "Our address?" Robert scoffed. That was beyond bold. "I'll have to talk that over with Naomi. I'm not sure we'd be comfortable doing that, though," he said, scowling. Julius walked over to the couch, flopped down on it, picked up a remote and turned the TV on. "See you tomorrow," he said.

Not wanting to start a scene or have an argument, Robert took Naomi by the hand and helped her off the couch. He put an arm around her waist and walked her to the door. When he glanced back Julius was acting like they weren't in the room anymore.

## Chapter Three

Naomi's gait was a little stilted as they walked back to the car. It no longer surprised Robert that he found even this arousing. Knowing she was hobbling because her pussy had just been destroyed by Julius' fat dong inflamed his arousal. He helped her into the passenger seat and got behind the wheel himself. "You okay?" he asked before turning on the car. She glanced sideways at him and a smile formed on her lips. "I'm fine," she said, then started giggling. Robert chuckled along with her as he pulled the car out onto the street. "What are we even doing?" he asked, shaking his head. She reached over and drew her hand up his thigh to where his cock was jutting against the front of his pants. "Are we still having fun?" she asked. "I am if you are," Robert replied. "Then we're still having fun," she said. She caressed the hard lump of his cock with her soft hand. He glanced over at her legs. She was reclining in her seat. Her knees were apart in an unusually lewd pose. He wondered if it was because her pussy was sore? The mess of her lubricant had long since dried on the inside of her legs but he knew it was there. A car horn blared ahead of them making him look up. He gasped and yanked the wheel to the right just as the car coming from the opposite direction did the same, narrowly avoiding a collision. "Shit," he hissed. Naomi took her hand away from his lap. "Sorry," she muttered, obviously embarrassed at nearly having caused an accident.

Before he could reply he saw the red and blue lights flashing in his rear view mirror. A moment after that he heard the familiar bweep-bweep of the police siren. He gripped the steering wheel tighter, signalled and pulled off towards the curb. The roads in this part of town were normally deserted at this time of day on a weekend. What shitty luck that there'd been both an oncoming car and a cop behind them at the same time. He flipped on the cabin light and reached for the glove box to pull out his documents. Before turning off the car he rolled down the window. They sat waiting for a couple of minutes. Then he heard the squeak of rubber on asphalt as the cop walked towards their car. He turned and flashed a tight smile at the man. The cop was a big guy. Muscly, square-jawed jar-head with his hair cut high and tight under his cap. "Evening," he said, leaning down to look in through

the window. He glanced at Robert but his eyes immediately moved to Naomi. She'd propped her arm up on the door and spread her legs apart again. She was wearing the expression of a lazy broad who couldn't give half a fuck about the fact that they'd just been pulled over. The cop stared for far too long. His eyes wandered along her legs and settled on her tits for a good ogle before he looked at Robert again. "You been drinking tonight, sir?" he asked. "No. I'm sorry. I got a little distracted for a moment there." "The cop nodded. "What brings you to this part of town on a Saturday night anyways?" he asked. Warmth crept up the back of Robert's neck. He was just about to tell the guy that was his own business when he happened to glance at him again. The cop was wearing a wry smile.

Robert turned and looked at Naomi. Her eyes were wide. "Distracted driving's a couple of hundred bucks, is all," the cop said. Robert smirked. The money for the ticket wouldn't be a problem. But he had a sense the cop had something else in mind. His heart started to race. Naomi leaned over him, putting one arm over the other on his lap and looking up at the cop with a soft smile. "It was sort of my fault, officer," she said. "Was it now?" the cop asked, chuckling. He glanced down at Robert's lap and obviously saw his erection. "Is there something I could do to make it right?" she asked, batting her eyelashes. Robert's eyes widened. He couldn't believe what he was witnessing. Was Naomi really propositioning this guy? That could land them in even hotter water than a distracted driving charge. "I guess I'd have to walk over to the other side of the car to find that out," the cop said, staring into Naomi's eyes. "Well come on over then," she said quietly. "I'm happy to negotiate and find something we can both agree on." As the cop straightened and walked around the back of the car Naomi sat up straight and stared at Robert. "What do you think?" she asked quietly, rubbing his cock with her hand. "You can't be serious," he whispered. She leaned in closer to him. "I'll only be as serious as you want me to be," she whispered back, squeezing his cock. The feeling rolled over him. The mild hypnotic state triggered by the possibility of seeing

Naomi do something so dirty again. It was wrong on so many levels but it's pull seemed irresistible. Without waiting for an answer she sat up straight in her chair and rolled down her window and looked up at the cop. "What can I do for you officer?" she asked, her voice sickly sweet in a way

that left no doubt about her intentions. The cop didn't seem to need any more of an invitation than that. Undoing his zipper he reached into his pants and pulled out a donkey-sized appendage that made Robert's jaw drop. Two pear shaped testicles behind it he rested on the edge of the door as he stuck his cock into the car, pressing his body against the door. Without so much as a wince Naomi lifted the heavy end of the cock and slipped it into her mouth, swirling her tongue around it. She reached across to Robert's seat and worked her hand in under his belt and down his underwear. The cock was long enough she could lean back in her chair and suckle the head while manipulating Robert's at the same time with her hand. The cop groaned as the car filled with the warm, damp musk of his seeding muscle. Robert wrinkled his nose against the stink but was too distracted by Naomi sucking dick to care. As her head moved back and forth taking the cop-cock deeper and deeper into her throat she caressed the heavy balls with the fingers of her other hand. It took less than a minute for the cock to get hard. After another minute or so the car started gently shaking side to side as the cop started thrusting his hips to penetrate deeper into Naomi's throat. She sat back in her seat and opened her mouth and let the guy do most of the work. She glanced sideways at Robert with a mouthful of cock and wide, wild eyes.

His groin tightened as the cop's thrusts became more agitated. Naomi was twirling her thumb in a circle under his glans, the spot she knew would make him come. He groaned as he saw the cock flex in her mouth. A soft, wet gack escaped her lips and then the balls on the door tightened. The cock started lurching inside her mouth. Robert pushed the air out of his lungs as his own cock started to spew all over Naomi's hand inside his pants. He stared at the disgustingly beautiful vision of Naomi taking stroke after stroke of the cop's cock into her mouth, guzzling down its offering. He trembled as his climax finished but Naomi continued to jerk him off. The cop gripped the base of his cock and slowly pulled it out of Naomi's mouth. A few rivulets of semen ran down the corners of her mouth, drizzling down onto her cleavage before she managed to swallow the rest down. The cop shook his cock over her tits a few times, splattering the rest of his load onto her chest before tucking himself back in and zipping up. He bent down and grinned at Naomi. "That's one hell of a mouth," he said. She wiped at the corners of her mouth with a finger and smiled. "You two have a good rest of

your evening. Tell Julius Jim says 'hi.' And watch your driving next time you're pulling out of the Ex. The boys like to make sure this street's extra safe on Saturday nights." He patted the top of their car a few times, straightened and walked back to his car. Robert looked at Naomi with wide, disbelieving eyes at what had just happened. Naomi leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "I hope that's not all I'm getting out of you tonight," she whispered.



## Chapter Four

Naomi insisted on showering after they got home. Robert sat on the edge of the bed listening to the sound of the water running and trying to parse everything he'd just witnessed. It was hard to believe the size of Naomi's libido and her sudden enthusiasm for acting out his taboo fantasy. He was enjoying every second of it. He couldn't help but wonder what would happen if he ever got tired of it, though. Would Naomi continue to have these desires? If she did how would they reconcile their differences? He was pulled from his thoughts by Naomi walking into the room wrapped in a towel. She was smiling and not looking tired at all, despite the late hour. She sat down next to him and gazed into his eyes like she was searching for something. "You going to sleep in your clothes tonight?" she asked. "Of course not," he muttered, chuckling. She furrowed her brow. "Is something wrong?" she asked. He shook his head. "Not exactly. Did you hear what Julius said by the bar?" She shook her head. "I think my ears were still ringing," she said, smiling. Robert's mind added the words from getting fucked by another man to the end of her sentence. It sent a bolt of arousal with a twist of jealousy crackling through him.

"Julius wants to come over," he told her. She looked puzzled. "Here? To the house?" "Uh-huh. Yeah. He wants to come over tomorrow." She looked off to the side for a moment. "He just invited himself over like that?" she asked. "It wasn't exactly an invitation. More like he told me he was coming and to send our address when we got home." "That's a little bold," Naomi said. "Yeah. It was," Robert replied. He was watching her like a hawk. For any tiny sliver of evidence that the choice wasn't actually hers to make. He knew it was probably silly but he'd become slightly paranoid that Julius really did have some magical power that had cast a spell over both of them. She looked at the carpet for a while then turned and looked into his eyes. "Well what do you think?" she asked. The question startled him somewhat. That she would even consider letting this strange man into their house, into their home, was surprising. It was one thing to go to a seedy sex club and live out a fantasy. Would she really let another man into their bed? Would she let Julius into their life like that? "I think...I think it's maybe a little too

personal. Don't you?" She arched her brow and shrugged. "Then we won't do it," she answered. He waited a few seconds, trying to read her expression and what she really thought. "I mean, do you want to do it?" he asked. "I want us both to be comfortable," she replied. He thought on that for another minute or so. "If it weren't up to me would you do it?" She rolled her eyes. "There's no use even considering that as a hypothetical. We're in this together. It wouldn't be fun if you weren't into it. Why don't you take your clothes off? I thought we could... finish off the evening together," she said, smiling at him. He got the sense that what she was saying and what she was thinking were two different things. He didn't want to press the issue, though. At the same time he wanted to crawl inside her mind and know all her secrets. "Did it feel good tonight?" he asked quietly. An immediate blush rose to her cheeks. She flashed a shy smile and looked off to the side again. Her reaction set his insides fluttering. The same shyness and innocence she'd been showing with Julius made the skin on the back of his neck prickle. What was so incredibly erotic about showing an innocent creature a dirty thing? About making her confront it, deepening her embarrassment about it? "Well?" he prodded. "Well of course it felt good," she whispered. "I'm pretty sure that was obvious." She shifted on the bed, obviously uncomfortable. That fuelled his arousal. He stood up in front of her and took off his jacket. A moment before he threw it onto the chair he remembered the implement Julius had given him. He reached into his pocket and pulled it out. "He told me he wanted this inside of you," he said, quietly. She glanced sideways at it and flushed hotter. Their eyes met and there was something fearful and wild in hers. Like she was having trouble reconciling the woman she'd been with her husband and the woman she was becoming with her lover. "Do you want me to do it?" Her eyes darted side to side. "Well do you want to do it?" she asked, her tone somewhat impatient. His cock began to grow again. She was scared. Not in a bad way. Maybe scared to confront what was really inside her? What was behind her enjoyment of submitting to Julius? She'd never been like that with Robert. They'd been equals in everything, including in the bedroom. "I don't think I can answer that for you. It's your body," he said. He began un-buckling his belt, still staring at her. He could see now that she did want it. She wanted to put the plug in. She couldn't bring herself to admit it in front of him. Why was that so hot? "If we're going to put it in we should do it now," he said. "He said to do it before I fuck you." She drew in a quick breath. Her

hand moved to her chest. Her towel folded off of her breast, exposing it for a brief moment before she covered it again, suddenly shy. As their eyes met an ache formed inside him. Not entirely erotic this time. A longing for her to be able to truly let go in front of him. To become the slut she obviously wanted to be with Julius without any inhibition. He realized she couldn't do it alone. "Hang on for a minute," he said, turning and walking towards the door. "Where are you going?" she asked. "I'll be back in a minute," he replied. He walked down to the kitchen and to the pantry. Scanned the shelves and pulled down a small jar of coconut oil. His heart started beating a little harder. He'd never done anything so forward and bold with Naomi in his whole life. He walked back into the room and found her still on the edge of the bed.

"Take your towel off," he said, trying to sound neutral and not commanding. "What? Why? What is that?" she said, glancing at the jar. He looked her straight in the eyes. "It's coconut oil. I'm gonna' put this plug in your ass like Julius said." She gasped then let out a little exasperated sigh. Her eyes darted side to side. For a moment he thought he'd lost her. That he'd been too bossy and spoiled the rest of their evening. His heart soared when she stood up and let the towel fall to the floor. His cock hardened in his pants. "Turn around. Get on your hands and knees on the bed," he said. She obeyed him. Turning her curvy body she crawled up onto the bed. He sat the jar down on the side of the bed and stripped his pants and shirt. Peeled his socks and underwear off then picked up the jar and opened the lid. He scooped out two fingers worth of lube and set the jar down. He brought his fingers to her tight back hole and arousal surged through him. She'd never let him in there. Now she was going to and it was because Julius had ordered it. Pulling one ass cheek wider apart he pressed his middle finger against her hole. "Be gentle," she whispered over her shoulder. He squeezed his finger into her orifice. It slid in easily covered in the white coconut oil. His cock hardened when he felt her body shudder at his intrusion. After fucking the finger in and out a few times he pulled it out. Her sphincter was stretched and oily. He swiped the oil on the other finger around the plug and pressed the tip against her ass. "Julius wants to put his fat cock in your ass," he said quietly as he pressed the plug into her. She shuddered and let out a low groan. "Oh...oh..." she whimpered. The sounds urged him on. He pressed the plug deeper, the widest part of it

passing through the tight ring of muscle that led to her back channel. When the flange settled against her ass he crawled up behind her, put his hands on her hips and pointed his cock at her slit. She groaned again as he slipped into her. The sound sent a warm wave of arousal down over his shoulders and down his back. She liked it. She liked feeling her ass full while she got fucked. How had she never told him that? Was she too shy? Too embarrassed? Or had he just not been paying attention? He swore he'd never miss another signal from her again.

He fucked his cock in and out of her a few times then drove it in deep and paused. "You like it," he whispered. She hung her head a little lower and a silence passed between them. "Yes," she said, her voice tight. He stared down at the little piece of plastic shimmering, covering her back entrance. His cock flexed inside her and he felt her pussy squeeze him in response. His hips began bucking back and forth fucking his cock into her harder. He grabbed the flange of the plug and gave it a wiggle. She let out a warbling sound and her pussy clamped down on his cock. "Oh god, Robert," she moaned. His eyes went wide and his cock went rock hard. Julius really was some sort of sexual savant. How had he known this about her? How had he known she would like this so much? He wiggled the plug again. "Oh gawd!" she cried. Her pussy choked down on his cock like she was trying to strangle it. Another wiggle got her body trembling. One last one and her pussy started flexing and relaxing, gripping and releasing as a trickle of wet erupted from her and coated his balls. The dampness tripped his wire. He slammed his cock deep into her and squeezed his eyes shut as he focused on the pleasure emanating from his groin from the contractions of his orgasm. As Naomi's climax finished she collapsed onto the bed, arms out at her sides and her legs limp. She groaned as he began thrusting into her again. He stroked out the final bursts of pleasure inside her pussy before pulling out. Leaning back he gazed at her messy slit, cum leaking out of it, and the plug that was still twitching inside her ass. He shuffled backwards off the bed and picked up his pants. "What are you doing?" she muttered, her voice sleepy. "Texting Julius our address," he replied. The skin on the back of his neck crawled at the pleasant purring sound she made.

## Chapter Five

He sat at the kitchen table staring at the plug in her bare ass as she washed the dishes after lunch. He'd woken up to Naomi's face between his legs with his hard cock in her mouth. They'd spent the morning fucking, her appetite insatiable. Once they'd finally gotten out of bed she'd gone downstairs with no clothes on and donned an apron. She'd made bacon and eggs that way then sat next to him as they ate, where he could steal glances at the side of her breast hanging out from the side of the apron. Now she was humming a cheerful tune and washing the plates while he watched her and waited for the doorbell to ring. He'd woken up in a sweat a few times during the night. Each time from an incredibly vivid dream of Naomi with Julius. He'd had a few doubts about whether he'd done the right thing by sending Julius their address. He'd come to the same conclusion over and over again. He felt like he didn't have a choice. His discovery of her affair had nudged him into a trance-like state. Before knowing about it he'd felt fully in control of himself and his destiny. An agent in charge of his own decisions. Now he felt more like an observer. Performing the motions of his life but not able to affect the outcome, only able to alter how he felt about it. When the doorbell rang and brought the expected flood of angst and adrenaline he didn't try to resist or rid himself of the feelings. He let them wash over him as he walked to the door and let them evaporate from his body and mind like clouds in the wind. He glanced over his shoulder to see Naomi drying her hands on a towel and walking towards him from the kitchen.

He opened the door and there was Julius wearing a swanky pair of purple pants and a button up shirt, the top three buttons undone. "Hello, Julius," he said. "Hiya Bob," Julius said. Robert sensed Naomi behind him. He glanced over Julius' shoulder and saw that Craig, their neighbour from across the street, had paused mowing his lawn to stare at them, a look of concern on his face. "Why don't you come in?" he said to Julius. Julius stepped past him and into the house. Robert raised his hand and waved at Craig, hoping to reassure him that everything was al- right. It occurred to him that Craig's nosy wife, Linda, would have a barrage of unsubtle questions to ask him

about who the man was visiting them on a Sunday afternoon. An old friend? A business acquaintance? A slight humiliation swelled through him as he thought of what it would be like to tell her the truth. That's just the man I let fuck my wife so I can watch. Why that would be arousing he had no idea. But it hardened his cock and there didn't seem to be a thing he could do about it. Closing the door he turned to see Julius with his hand around Naomi's neck and his mouth on her lips. They were locked in the same deep and passionate kiss he'd seen the evening before. Except now they were standing in their front hallway and not in some seedy sex club. Now Julius was probably going to take her upstairs and make love to her in their marital bed. Julius pulled away from the kiss and gazed into Naomi's eyes. She stared back at him and a small smile formed on her lips.

"Robert?" she asked quietly. "Can you bring me a pillow please?" He obediently walked over to the couch and picked up one of the small throw pillows. He walked it back to the hall and set it down on the floor between Naomi and Julius, then stepped back to give them space. Naomi lowered herself to her knees as Julius undid his zipper. "Take them tits out," Julius ordered. Naomi reached into the apron and pulled her breasts out over the neckline. Julius bent at the waist and pinched her left nipple. She gasped and closed her eyes. Julius reached into his pants and pulled his cock out. He gently tapped the head against Naomi's cheek. She reflexively opened her mouth and turned her head, even before opening her eyes. As if she, too, had no choice about what to do or how to act. As if this had all been preprogrammed and she was just going through the motions that needed to be performed. As if this was simply the correct way to greet a man like Julius when he came into her house. Julius pushed the head of his cock into her mouth. He put one hand on his hip and stared down at her as she began swaying back and forth, sucking on his prick with her tits swaying. He glanced at Robert. "You like it, don't you Bob? Seeing your wife on her knees sucking a black dick?" Robert gave a single nod, though he realized that wasn't necessary. Julius was also just playing his role. The questions were for his own titillation. After enjoying Naomi's mouth for a few minutes Julius put a hand on her head and tipped it back until she was staring up into his eyes. He pulled his cock out of her mouth and rubbed it along her lips. Taking her by the hands he helped her stand. He turned her around and his eyes dropped to her ass. He grinned when he saw the plug

sticking out. “A-plus on the homework,” he said. He gripped it and gave it a wiggle. Naomi lurched forward and gasped, her mouth falling open. She drew in another deep breath as Julius eased the plug out of her ass. Robert’s eyes widened as he gawked at her gaping back hole. He felt a tingling in his balls at what he’d done. Opening her previously forbidden orifice wider for her lover to use. He gasped when Julius pushed his thumb into it with little resistance. Julius looked over at him. “You got a bottle of water for me?” he asked. Robert nodded again. “Grab that then come join us upstairs,” Julius said. With his thumb still in Naomi’s ass he walked her slowly towards the stairs. Robert, mesmerized by the vulgarity of seeing his wife walked up the stairs with another man’s thumb in her ass, stared until Naomi and Julius disappeared into the bedroom. Shaking himself out of his stupor he quickly walked to the kitchen and grabbed a water bottle out of the fridge. He climbed the stairs imagining what he was going to see when he entered the bedroom.

Nothing could have prepared him for what he walked in on. It would have been shocking, but pleasant, to see Naomi on all fours with her ass in the air and Julius’ cock already buried into it. Or perhaps seated and giving Julius another blowjob. Instead she was lying on her back with Julius on his side next to her. He’d taken off his pants and underwear but his shirt was still on. He was gently kissing her lips as his hand wandered along her breasts, down her stomach and down between her legs to graze against her sex. Naomi had her eyes closed. She was returning his kisses, her body undulating at his touch, her legs spreading as his hand dipped between her legs. It was the intimate pose of two lovers not simply pleasuring each other but possibly having feelings about it. It shook Robert to his core. He stood in the doorway, rooted in place and impotent to intervene, feeling like he was in a state of shock. “Naomi,” Julius whispered. Hearing him say her name sent a shiver racing down Robert’s spine. Naomi opened her eyes and looked up at Julius. “I’m a make love to you today, baby,” he whispered. Naomi bit down on her lower lip and nodded. Julius kissed her again, then rolled over and sat up on the edge of the bed. After undoing his shirt and taking it off he reached out towards Robert. When Robert didn’t respond he nodded at the bottle of water he was holding. Robert shuffled over to the bed and handed him the bottle. Julius gave him his shirt in return. He cracked the bottle, took a swig then set it down on the nightstand. Now

naked, he rolled back towards Naomi laying one dark leg over her alabaster thigh. He bent down and kissed her again as he worked his middle finger into her slit and started rubbing. Robert walked backwards and sat down on the small chest where they kept the extra blankets. He hung his arms between his legs as he stared at their two entwined bodies.

This was unlike any of Naomi's other encounters he'd witnessed. Those had been just fucking. Naomi giving her body to Todd and Julius to use, to get whatever it was she needed. This was totally different. This was lovemaking. Tender, affectionate and incredibly intimate. As Julius worked his fingers through Naomi's pussy slit she reached between his legs and took his cock in her hand. She rubbed it in slow, even strokes to keep him hard. As the slippery sounds of her slickened pussy drifted up from between her legs Julius rolled over onto her. Robert drew in a breath when he saw her spread her legs. This was possibly the most perverse thing he'd seen yet. Naomi not just getting it from someone but actively opening herself to receive. He shuddered as she raised her thighs and her knees bent. She hitched the heels of her feet on the edge of Julius' ass. She reached down between her legs and guided his cock to her entrance. Julius' body formed a dark wave above her, collapsing as his cock slid into her sex. "Oh," Naomi sighed as he filled her. Her small hands drifted up along the muscles of his back. They lingered over his shoulders before falling down his body to his ass cheeks. Arching her back she pulled him closer and deeper into herself. Up to that point in his life Robert had had time or little patience for philosophical questions. Now they came at him fast and furious. What was love if not what he was witnessing? What was different about him making love to his wife and this man? Was Julius not triggering the same neurochemical response in her that Robert did when he fucked her? Was love just a feeling? Or was it more than that? What made love real? Naomi looked very much like she did when he made love to her. Eyes closed, lost inside of herself, enjoying the sensory pleasure of a man atop and inside of her. Enjoying the feeling of muscles flexing above her. Of a cock slowing gliding in and out of her pussy. Julius' fucked in long, languid strokes. Each penetration would bring Naomi's legs up a little higher, her hips tipping back to deepen the reach of his thick muscle. As he withdrew her legs fell and she let out a sigh. Her eyes widened with each stroke and suddenly there was something desperate in them. She put her hands on both sides of



his face, craned her neck and pressed her lips to his in a needy kiss. He kissed her back and when her head fell back onto the pillow he grinned. "There it is," he said quietly. "Now you feeling it." His black cock continued gliding in and out, in and out. It was slathered in that lovely slime leaking out of her. "Now we not just fucking, are we? Now we making love." Naomi nodded and her lip trembled. The words felt like a hot stake being driven into Robert's heart. Watching her share this part of herself with Julius, this intimate connection they had, was gut-wrenching. "You gonna' come for me aren't you?" Julius asked. She wrapped her hands around his neck and laced her fingers together behind it. "Yes," she whimpered, nodding. "You come for me and I'll fill that pussy with a nice big load of black cock cum, baby," Julius murmured. "Oh god," Naomi moaned, her legs rising and wrapping around his torso. "Oh god yes!" Robert's hands balled to fists. A potent jealousy gripped him. Unable to act on it he sat waiting for it to dissipate. It never fully left him. His cock was throbbing between his legs. His mind was racing with all the taboos that were being broken in their marital bed in that moment. He knew full well that he had been the architect of this and still the jealousy filled him. It fuelled his arousal and kept him on the edge of his seat.

"Oh yeah. I feel that squeezing," Julius said, stroking in and out of her a little faster. "I feel that pussy squeezing good and tight." As Naomi moaned he leaned in for a sloppy kiss. Robert winced as he watched their tongues lapping one against the other. Naomi was fully immersed in the moment. Totally subsumed by the waves of hedonistic pleasure crashing over her from between her legs. He grabbed his cock and squeezed as he watched her crest her orgasm, her back arching under Julius and her thighs shaking around his trunk. "Take it," Julius grunted. He drove his cock balls deep into her pussy. His balls rose up and the root of his prick started to pump. A potent thrill of arousal rushed through Robert. Naomi was taking Julius' seed into her vessel. It was the most primal act of acceptance and submission a woman could perform. She was clinging to Julius with her arms and legs, curled up under him and allowing him into the most private place she had. And still Robert didn't understand how watching that could be so deeply satisfying. Julius groaned and pulled his long shaft out of Naomi's cunt. She whimpered and her arms and legs fell apart and to her sides. Julius got up on all fours over her, then climbed off the bed to stand

next to it. He wiped a bead of sweat off his brow and shook his head. "That's some powerful shit," he said, chuckling. "Julius needs a little rest before I take that back hole. She's all yours. I'm going to use your shower. You got clean towels in there?" he asked. "They're in a closet in the hallway," Robert muttered. Julius gave a two finger salute and traipsed out the door into the hallway. Robert slowly stood up off his perch and walked over to the bed.

Naomi's legs were spread lewdly apart. Her eyes fluttered open and she smiled. Robert undid his belt. "Did you like it, baby?" she asked. He nodded. Even though, in many ways, it had been heart-wrenching to watch her get fucked in their bed he had loved to see it. He stripped and crawled over her on the bed. He gazed into her eyes. "Did you like it?" he asked quietly. "You really want to know?" she asked, biting one corner of her mouth. "I do," he whispered. "Put your cock inside me," she whispered back. He knew she was setting him up. He knew what she was going to say and he knew it would probably make him come instantly. He wanted to enjoy her for a while. To savour the feeling of her used pussy around his cock. But the spell Julius had cast was too powerful. He slipped his cock inside her loose cunt and groaned as semen spilled out over his balls. "He filled me up with so much cum," Naomi whispered. Robert groaned again and slowly slid in and out of her pussy. The ache in his cock and balls were so powerful he was right on the edge of exploding. "I've never come like that," Naomi went on. "I've never had an orgasm that felt like that. I thought I was going to faint, baby." "Oh god," he groaned. He squeezed his eyes shut hoping the lack of visual stimulation would give him a few more precious seconds of bliss. "You've never made me come like that, baby," she said, caressing his cheek. "I love his big black dick so much," she whimpered. His eyes shot open and he stared straight at her.

She looked dead serious about what she'd just said and it pierced him straight down to his balls. "Oh god," he groaned again. "Give it to me, baby. Fill me up again," she pleaded. His hips started bucking in an autonomous response to the erotic stimulation of fucking his wife's used cunt. Pleasure flooded through him as his cock pulsed, releasing a torrent of his own ejaculate into her wet cavern. She put her arms around him the same way she had for Julius, cradling him between her legs and taking his

offering until he was spent and the driving force of needing to fuck left him with the last quivering spasms of his orgasm. He looked into her eyes again and saw love there. Leaning in he kissed her on the mouth and all his worry left him when she kissed him back just as passionately as she'd kissed Julius. "I love you," he whispered as he pulled his mouth away from hers. She feathered her fingers down his back and he heard her smile. "I love you too, Robert. It's just a game. Remember that. It's all just a game." It startled him to hear her say that. As if she were privy to the thoughts and doubts he'd been having. He looked into her eyes again and she smiled. "Alright," Julius said behind him. "Time for round two."

## Chapter Six

Robert slipped out of her and off of her and crawled off the bed. He blushed involuntarily at being naked in the same room with Julius naked. He'd never had a problem with the size of his own cock. It did the job and that was fine. But it was impossible not to be just a tiny bit embarrassed by the absolute unit of a penis Julius had. No, they didn't live in caves any more. Now they had money and civilization and status didn't come from reproductive ability. Wasn't attached to it at all, really. So why would he be embarrassed standing in a room with another man whose cock was nearly twice his size? Because it begged the question if all these trappings of modern life were gone would Naomi have chosen his own penis, now hanging limply between his legs? Or would she have chosen the big black cock that obviously had a better chance of breeding her? Perhaps I love his big black dick so much was just a game now. Now that the continuation of Naomi's genetic line wasn't at stake. But in a more primal time surely it would have been more than that. It wouldn't have even been a choice back then. Back then it would have been a given that the big black dick was going to be the one that got the first crack at breeding her. "Step aside, Bob," Julius said, chuckling. "I got ass to fuck." He stepped to the side as Julius remounted the bed. Julius grabbed Naomi by the hips and rolled her over onto her stomach. He hauled her up onto her hands and knees then turned her until she was facing Robert. Jumping off the bed he walked over to his pants lying on the floor. He put a hand in the pocket and pulled out a small tube with a cap. He walked back over to the bed, grabbed Naomi by the hips and pulled her towards him until her toes were hanging over the edge.

It was surreal standing there and watching Julius manhandle Naomi, who was staring at Robert, mischief dancing in her eyes. Julius popped the cap on the tube and squeezed it. Clear lube squirted out around the plug in Naomi's ass. She gasped and bucked forward. "It's cold!" she squealed, giggling. Julius grinned. "Gonna' warm it up in a second," he replied. He grabbed the flange of the plug and slowly eased it out of her ass. Tossing it to the side he scooped up the lube with his middle finger and squeezed that

into her stretched hole. "Nice and wide now," he said, grinning. Naomi blushed and smiled and looked down at the bed. "No, no. No, no," Julius said. "You look up at your man. I want him to see your face when I go into that pretty ass." He grabbed a fistful of her hair with his other hand and tipped her head back. He held it there as he fucked his finger in and out of her ass. A fresh wave of erotic pleasure washed over Robert. Naomi's mouth was hanging open and her eyes were wide. She was obviously now enjoying having her ass played with because her body was swaying back and forth, encouraging Julius to keep doing what he was doing. Robert found himself getting impatient, wishing Julius would hurry up so he could witness the next step in Naomi's descent towards Total Slut. When the words popped into his mind they startled him. Because now that she'd sunk this far he had to wonder how much lower she could go? More importantly how much would he, himself, be able to stand? Would she ever take more than one guy at a time? His cock began to grow as he thought of how hot that would be to watch. Her whimper pulled him out of his thoughts and put him back in the room.

He saw that Julius had greased up and hardened his black cock. The very tip was pressed against Naomi's back hole. His hand was still in her hair, the fingers of the other smashing the spongy head of his prick deeper into her ass. Naomi gasped as it slipped in. Her hand shot back. "You have to be gentle," she said, sounding slightly panicked. "I'll be gentle," Julius reassured her. "Go slow," she said. "Oh I'll go real slow for you," he replied. They exchanged a glance over Naomi's shoulder before she turned back to look at Robert again. The surprised look on Naomi's face as Julius began stuffing more of his cock into her ass drove Robert wild. He grabbed his own cock and started stroking, staring into Naomi's wide eyes as he watched her worry melt away and pleasure take its place. Her eyes rolled up and her eyelids fluttered as Julius pressed deeper into her. Julius bent over her and put his finger into her mouth. Naomi's lips closed around it and she sucked it as he moved it in and out. Robert glanced down between her legs. Julius' heavy balls hung just below her pussy. Her slit had tightened up and little trails of the two loads inside her were snaking down the insides of her thighs. A beautiful mess had been made of her and now Julius was going to finish the job by finishing one off in the hole that had, until then, been off-limits. Julius let go of her hair and pulled his finger out of her

mouth. He put his hands on her hips and made a slow thrust with his hips, drilling another inch of his cock into her.

Naomi started panting and her hand shot back. He pulled out an inch and held her like that until her breathing calmed down. "Nice and slow," he said. "Nice and slow," Naomi whispered, nodding. Robert was mesmerized by the sight of the thick, dark pipe snaking into her. Watching her take it in the pussy had been hot and sexy. This was filthy in the best way. His eyes opened wider with each inch she took and when Julius' pelvis touched her ass cheeks Robert's jaw dropped. "Is that all of it?" Naomi asked, craning her neck to look over her shoulder. "That's the whole show," Julius replied. He bent over her and dipped his hands underneath her to fondle her breasts. "I told you I was gonna' fuck your ass. You didn't believe me," he said. "You believe me now?" Naomi swallowed and nodded. "And it feels good, don't it?" Robert asked. She hesitated but nodded again. "Yeah. Sure it does. Bob you got a hand mirror or something? Show your girl how good a black dick looks inside her ass?" Robert had almost forgotten he was stroking himself but now he didn't care. There were no more secrets to keep in front of Julius, no shame to feel. He lumbered over to the dresser and picked up Naomi's hand mirror. Bringing it back to the bed he held it up for her. Her eyes bugged and her mouth opened wide. "Oh my god," she grunted. "That's so hot. Isn't that hot, baby?" she asked, her eyes moving to Robert's. "Get on up here, Bob," Julius said.

Robert furrowed his brow, not knowing what to expect if he got on the bed with them. "What I'm saying is she gonna' need a dick to suck on in a second here when I start fucking. You the only other one in the room. It'll feel good I promise." Robert looked at Naomi to check if that was something she was comfortable with. Which, upon a moment's reflection, seemed quite laughable given the position she was currently in. But they'd never done anything like that before. Naomi gave a slight nod. He could tell she wasn't sure but she was willing to try it out. He got up on his knees on the bed and pulled the hair away from her face. She looked a little apprehensive, eyeing his cock sideways like she'd never seen it before. "Go on get your mouth on it," Julius said, smacking her on the ass. Naomi gasped and lowered her mouth, slipping Robert's cock past her lips and closing them around it. She looked deeply uncomfortable. To the point

where Robert was about to recuse himself from the impromptu threesome. Then Julius started thrusting. As his cock slid out and slipped back in Naomi began to make a noise Robert had never heard before. A low, guttural groan that vibrated through his penis, into his testicles, then up his ass and spine. He stared at her, aghast that a woman normally so dignified could make that sound. Her mouth became a vibrating masturbation sleeve and Julius' thrusts caused it to move back and forth along Robert's cock. He held her hair and watched in disbelief as her expression turned to pleasure and lust. Julius concentrated his attention on his cock sliding in and out of her ass. Robert's eyes moved from that to his cock inside her mouth.

Naomi put one hand between her legs and started flicking herself, her eyes shutting tighter and tighter as the pitch of her groan rose to a muffled shriek. Julius started banging hard. His cock pumped in and out of her stretched hole like a piston in a chamber. The dark skin glistened from the lube and the veins on the sides bulged out. Thanks to his recent orgasm Robert was able to savour the pleasure of Naomi's blowjob without worrying he was going to nut inside her mouth. He kept her hair out of her face and drank in the vulgar sight of her sucking him off as she got her ass fucked. "Fuck, too tight," Julius grunted. "Gonna' nut." He slapped her ass again. The added hit of endorphins sent Naomi tumbling over the edge. She squealed onto Robert's cock and a jet of spray shot from between her legs. Julius rammed into her hard, held it deep for a moment then burst back into thrusting as he grunted through his climax. Naomi squirting and seeing the creamy white slime oozing out from between Julius' cock and her hole sent Robert over, too. Not wanting to finish inside her mouth unannounced, he pulled his cock out and started jerking it off in front of her face. Her mouth fell open and she gasped as the first shot of ejaculate splashed onto her cheek. A momentary worry passed over Robert. He'd never done anything so degrading to her before. When she pushed her tongue out of her mouth and held it there fresh arousal surged through him. He huffed and panted as he stroked his load out all over her face. As the contractions between his legs faded he staggered back off the bed to take in the full sight of their debauchery. Julius' cock wiggled out of her like a deflated hose. He gave her ass another slap and started collecting his clothes that were strewn around the room. He pulled his underwear and pants on and put his arms through the sleeves of his shirt while strolling towards the door. "You hit

me up if you want to see her done real dirty, Bob,” he said. He stepped out into the hall and Robert heard him walk down the stairs and out the door. “Hold on a sec,” Robert said. He jogged to the bathroom and grabbed a towel before returning to the bedroom. He carefully wiped the cum off of Naomi’s face. “I think you can open your eyes now.” Still up on all fours, she opened her eyes and gazed up at him. “Are you okay?” he asked, his voice a little shaky. “I am,” she said. “I can’t believe you did that,” he said. She shook her head. “I can’t believe it either,” she answered. The bed was a total disaster underneath her. A wet mess of cum and Naomi’s ejaculate and sweat. They’d be lucky if they didn’t have to replace the mattress. “Do you need help getting up?” “Yes please,” Naomi said. He put a hand under her arm and helped her turn around. She slipped one foot of the bed and stood up on it with the other knee still on the mattress. A soggy fart blurted from her ass. “Oh my god!” she squeaked, covering her eyes with a hand as a fierce blush rose to her cheeks. “It’s okay. Don’t worry about it,” Robert soothed her. “Let me help you go to the bathroom.”

She waddled with her legs a shoulder-width apart for a few steps. She gradually closed them as they approached the bathroom, testing to see if walking normally was possible. When she stepped into the shower Robert turned to go. “No, wait,” she said. “Stay. I want you to stay. I need you close to me right now.” The words washed over him like a balm and he happily sat down on the toilet lid to watch her shower. After her shower he changed the sheets while Naomi put on a pair of tights and a t-shirt. They walked downstairs together and Naomi pulled him into the living room and onto the couch. He wrapped an arm around her shoulder as she curled into a ball and closer to him. “You sure you’re alright?” he asked. She seemed shaken. She looked up at him with sheepish, questioning eyes. “I’m alright I promise,” she replied. “Then what’s with the look?” he asked. She waited a long while before saying anything. “I’m...I’m worried about what you’re going to think of me after seeing me like that,” she said quietly. He put a finger on her chin and tipped it back so she was looking up at him. “Baby what are you talking about? That was so hot,” he said. “I know but...I was such a total slut.” A shiver ran down his spine. Total Slut. His imagination started spinning as he wondered how much dirtier Julius could do her. “Are you ashamed?” he asked. She looked off to the side. “That’s the thing. I’m not. I can’t believe I just told you that.” His heart felt like it was swelling as



he realized he was, they were together, uncovering a side of Naomi she hadn't known she had. "Naomi I'm glad you're not ashamed. There's nothing to be ashamed about. Why would I look at you any differently?" She sniffed and her eyes grew damp. "Naomi whatever it is you're going through right now you can tell me. I promise. I love you and I always will." "Oh, Robert," she sobbed, throwing her arms around his neck. He put his hand on her back and rubbed. It took a minute but she pulled herself together. Dried her eyes with the hem of her t-shirt and crossed her legs on the couch. "I haven't told you any of this because I didn't know how you'd react. You've got your shit so together and we have this perfect marriage. This is going to sound ridiculous coming from a woman my age." He shook his head and rubbed her arm. "Nothing's going to sound ridiculous. I made the mistake of not paying attention to you once. I'm not going to do it again. I'm going to sit here for as long as it takes and we're going to sort this out. Together. Is this about something that happened today? With Julius?" She sighed and her shoulders slumped. "It's about this whole thing," she said, spreading her arms out. "The affair, now Julius, now taking...getting it back there," she explained. "Are you regretting it?" he asked. She looked up into his eyes. "No. Not any of it. I've wanted to try anal sex so badly for so long. I've wanted...I've wanted to get fucked just like that. Just the way Julius fucked me. Hard and rough. I want to be used like a toy and I just didn't know how to tell you any of that." His eyes were wide. He couldn't believe what he was hearing from his wife. "Are you serious?" "Yes. And please don't let this change how you feel about me. I've tried to change it I promise I have. I can't. I just...there's this need in me to be a slut. I love it, Robert. I love you more but I can't change who I am."

"You loved Julius fucking you in the ass?" he asked, so bewildered his head had started to spin. "Oh god I loved it so much!" she groaned, holding her fists up close to her chest. The possibilities began to unfold in front of him and he moved his hand over his lap to cover his engorging cock. "Please tell me what you're thinking?" she begged. He shook his head. "I'm sorry this is just so much to take in. Not in a bad way!" he quickly added. "It's just you seemed so reluctant at first. When we first met Julius you seemed al- most like you didn't want to be there." "I was worried what you'd think about me if it looked like I liked it too much. I wanted it to

seem like I was doing it all for you. That's why I told you it was just a game earlier. But when he made me squirt again, when you came on my face... I've never felt that good before. I want...I want to be a fuck toy. It makes me happy." His eyes opened even wider with wonder at what their life would look like from that moment. "So you weren't acting when you did all that stuff? When you looked at me that was... the real Naomi?" he asked. "The only acting I was doing was to try and make it look like I didn't like it as much as I did," she admitted.

It squeezed his chest hard to hear her say that. "So you're telling me that...you want more of this?" She bit down on her lip and chewed it. "Would that be alright?" she asked quietly. "You want to see Julius again?" She nodded. "You want to see what he means by doing you real dirty?" She nodded again. "Baby," he said, his voice low. "All you had to do was ask." She drew in a slow breath, threw her arms around his neck and squeezed him so tight he thought his head might pop off.

## Chapter Seven

Robert sat in the cafe stirring the cream he'd just poured into his coffee and watching the brown liquid swirling in the cup. He glanced at his watch then looked up to see the door swing open. The tiny bell above it rang. A few heads turned and watched Julius saunter across the small shop to where Robert was sitting. Robert stood up and awkwardly held out a hand. Instead of shaking it Julius slapped it before sitting down across from him. "You don't want a coffee?" Robert asked. "Hell no," Julius replied. "I don't use that caffeine." He glanced up at the pretty waitress who'd come to take his order. "I'll just have a sparkling water, baby," he said. He eyed her up and down then flashed a lecherous smile. To Robert's surprise the young woman giggled and blushed before turning and walking back to the counter, her ass swaying wider than he remembered seeing. He glanced at Julius. "Do all women just roll over and spread their legs for you?" Julius chuckled. He leaned back in his chair, put an arm over the back of it and stared at the waitress as she grabbed a bottle from the fridge and brought it over with a glass. "What's your name, baby?" he asked. She set the water and glass down in front of him. "Um, Kylie," she said. "I'm Julius. Nice to meet you, Kylie. When's your break?" Kylie glanced at the clock on the wall. "Fifteen minutes," she said. "I'll see you out back then," Julius said. Robert's jaw dropped.

Kylie looked off to the side, smiled and shrugged her shoulders before turning and walking back to the register. "You've got to be kidding me," Robert muttered. Julius cracked the cap on his water and poured out half the bottle into the glass. He took a long swig, smacked his lips and sighed as he set the glass back down on the table. "Is this some kind of set up? You know her. You're not going to sit there and tell me you just told a strange woman to meet you out back, Julius. I'm not an idiot." Julius just chuckled. He leaned over the table and looked Robert in the eye. "What was it you wanted to talk to me about, Bob?" he asked. Robert took a deep breath and shook his head. If Julius was pulling one over on him it didn't seem like he was going to admit it. "It's about Naomi," he said. "Of course it is," Julius said. "She wants..." He paused, slightly ashamed at what he was about to

say. Julius waited for a moment. "She wants to get done dirty," he said, giving a single nod. Robert stared at him. "How do you know that?" he asked. "How do you do this? How are you like this around women? Why do they react like this to you?" Julius smiled and shrugged. He turned his head and sniffed his armpit. "Maybe it's the smell," he replied. Robert smirked and started chuckling. Julius laughed with him. "She want it dirty?" he asked. Robert nodded. "She wants it dirty," he confirmed. "Of course she does," Julius said.

"How did you know?" Robert asked. Julius leaned in closer. "Because that's what they all want," he said in a whisper. "Some of them just bury it deeper than others. With some of them you gotta' be more patient. But in the end they all just want never-ending dick, Bob. Never-ending dick." Robert shook his head and felt like his entire world-view was shifting. "That's...impossible," he said. "Women want other things. They have to want other things or else none of this would be here," he said, waving a hand. "Let me ask you a question," Julius said. "What do you want?" Robert put his hands out. "I mean...success. Happiness. Fulfillment. A good career. Respect." Julius smirked and shook his head. "You got all that?" "I've worked hard for it, yes," Robert replied. "Then what are you doing sitting here talking to me?" The question rendered Roberts speechless, his mouth agape. "Let me help you out. We all walk around acting busy and fancy and shit. Pretending like what we say or do gonna' make any kind of fucking difference. Yeah we gotta' run the rat race to keep ourselves fed. And nice things are nice. But once our needs are met, once we have a nice house and bunch of nice shit in it, what are we looking for then?" Robert shook his head. "Meaning, Bob. We're looking for meaning. What's the most meaningful thing you've ever done?" "I mean...having kids, I guess."

Julius nodded. "Right. And how'd you do that?" Robert furrowed his brow. "I'm not sure I get what you're..." "Pussy and the dick," Julius said. "You put your dick in the pussy and out popped some meaning. Am I right?" Robert let out an exasperated sigh. "I mean that's a rather crude way of..." "But it's the truth, ain't it? The most meaningful thing in your life started with pussy and the dick. That's the whole story. All of this," Julius said, moving his hands slowly out to his sides and gazing up at the ceiling

like he was looking at all the wonders of the universe. “Every hope, every dream you ever had. Every yearning and disappointment anyone ever had started out as the story of pussy and the dick. Say it, Robert. Say it with me. Pussy and the dick.” Robert blinked and found himself mouthing the words unbidden. “Pussy and the dick,” he whispered together with Julius. “That’s the oldest fairy tale,” Julius went on. “Look at yourself. Successful guy. Got all the nice toys. And still you’re sitting across from me because, even though you’ve got it all, you just want to see more pussy and the dick. You just want to watch that story again and again and again. Hits all your sweet spots, doesn’t it?” Robert nodded. “Well guess what? That’s all Naomi wants, too. Her deepest need, her hungriest craving is to be a vessel.” “A vessel?” Robert asked. “A fertile vessel. Us guys like to watch, right? We like to see it. Women like to feel it. They’re all about those feelings. Some of them just more in touch with that than others.”

Robert’s eyes fell to the table and, for a long while, he contemplated what Julius had said. He looked up to find Julius staring at him. “Are you bullshitting me?” he asked. A slow smile spread across Julius’ lips. “Does it matter?” he asked. Robert mirrored his smile and started chuckling. “When can we see you again?” he asked. “You bring her around next Monday night. Club’s closed so go to the back door and knock. Dress her up real nice. Me and the boys’ll do her real dirty for you. Real dirty.” His eyes moved to cash register. Kylie was gone and another woman had taken her place. “If you’ll excuse me I’ve got a meeting out back I need to attend.” He rose up off of his chair, pocketed the bottle of water and strolled out the door. Robert sat at the table for a few more minutes contemplating what Julius had said to him. Maybe it was all bullshit. But there really did seem to be something to it. Pussy and the dick. Without those two things none of this would be here. He finished his coffee and stood up. His curiosity got the better of him as he walked out the door. Instead of turning to the parking lot he crept up the alley next to the coffee shop and peered around the corner. His eyes grew wide at what he saw. Kylie had her jeans down around her knees. Her perky butt was turned up, Julius’ dark hands grabbing and kneading it. She had her hands up against the wall and her head was turned the other way. Julius’ dark shaft was gliding in and out of her pussy accompanied by the sound of her whimpering with each thrust. Robert watched until he saw her tremble through an orgasm, still in awe of

Julius' sexual prowess. As Julius began grunting he slipped quietly back up the alley, the skin on the back of his neck prickling with excitement at the thought of Naomi's coming tryst.

## Chapter Eight

They stood at the back door of the club. A single orange bulb glowed overhead. Robert had his fist raised, knuckles ready to rap on the door. He turned to look at Naomi one last time. His heart squeezed with love and his body throbbed with need. She glanced at him, a slight smile playing with the corners of her mouth. "What's up?" she asked, excitement dancing in her eyes. "I just want to be extra, super double triple sure," he said quietly. "This is what you want?" Her smile widened. She turned and put a hand on his shoulder. Leaned in so her lips were at his cheek. Her other hand drifted down his stomach to his crotch and settled there. "I want it so bad baby. I want to get fucked so bad and I want you to watch." She gently squeezed his cock. A shiver raced down his spine. He closed his eyes and a wave of heat washed over him. His cock was half-hard in Naomi's palm. "Okay. Here goes," he whispered back. He knocked at the door three times then opened his eyes. He turned to look at Naomi. She'd worn a tight black skirt and sheer black tights. Four inch pumps and a tight red top with a plunging neckline. Her tits were smashed together and plumped out by a bra that seemed one size too small. Her whole body, her entire look screamed 'fuck me!'. He let his eyes wander down her body. Seeing her so smoking hot made him wonder how he'd lucked out with marrying such a sex-bomb and how he ever could have neglected her needs? He pushed the thought aside as the door swung open in front of them. "Well, well, well," Julius said, slow and quiet.

Robert turned to see Julius' staring at Naomi the same way he just had been. His eyes slowly roaming over the twists and turns of her supple curves. He watched him rub his hands together and saw a wolf-like hunger come to his eyes. He felt a fleeting protective instinct come over him. An urge to step between them, to put a stop to what was about to happen. He'd come to realize those moments were a normal part of the process. What man wouldn't see a man like Julius as a threat? The reward came from resisting the impulse and stepping aside. Julius wrapped an arm around Naomi's waist and pulled her into an embrace. He smiled when she looked up into his eyes, the look in hers daring him to do his worst. "You ready to

be a black cock slut?" he asked. The crude question made her confidence falter. Robert saw the wobble in the way her smile changed. From something seductive to something tight and uncomfortable. She tried to laugh it and looked off to the side. "No, no. Unh-uh," Julius said, putting a finger on her chin and turning her head so she was looking at him again. "Can't be like that. You gotta' own it. I need ongoing enthusiastic consent or this ain't happening. Now tell me you're ready," he ordered her. Naomi raised her head a little higher, chin jutting out. "I want to be a black cock slut," she said, each word coming out sharper than the last. Julius cracked a wide smile and nodded. "Oh yeah. Just like that. That's hot as fuck." He leaned in and pressed his thick lips to hers and thrust his tongue into her mouth. Robert staggered back a few steps, not having expected to see anything raunchy before they were even in the club. He stared in amazement and fascination, his cock engorging as he watched Julius lick and suck Naomi's tongue. Julius pulled away and stared into Naomi's eyes. The same way he'd stared at her when he'd fucked her in their bed at home. Passionate and intense. He pulled her in through the door, put an arm over her shoulder and started walking into the darkness. "Come on, Bob," he called out. Robert just caught the door before it closed. He slipped inside and had to wait a moment until his eyes adjusted to the dim light. He shuffled down the narrow hallway, following Julius and Naomi. Julius pushed a door open and let Naomi walk in first before following her in. Robert followed him and walked into Julius' nest at the back of the club. His nerves tingled when he saw the two other men inside. One was sitting on one of the couches. He was beefy guy with a bald head and fat hands wearing sweats and a hoodie. A lean, muscular black man stood at the bar in black shoes, black jeans and a black t-shirt. Julius rubbed Naomi's shoulder with his hand. "That's Tevin," he said, pointing at the guy on the couch. "And this is Kendis," he said, motioning towards the guy by the bar. "This my girl Naomi," he said, looking at the side of her face and smiling. He leaned in, licked the side of her neck with the tip of his tongue, then sniffed the same spot. Robert saw a shudder ripple down Naomi's back. He wondered what was going through her mind. Excitement at what was to come? Fear? Was she scared at all? Was she worried now that she saw who she was going to be dealing with? Or was she thrilled that she'd finally get what she'd been craving her whole adult life? "Oh yeah and that there's Bob," Julius said, nodding back at Robert. "Bob likes seeing his wife ride a



black dick, don't you Bob?" he asked. He snickered as he turned and looked at Robert. A small, warm wave of humiliation washed over Robert. Julius seemed meaner now that there were other men in the room. He wondered if that would continue all night? Would he keep sniping at him to show off for his friends or would he leave him alone to enjoy watching Naomi defiled? He had no idea how to reply to Julius' question. "What's the feeling you're chasing, Bob? I think maybe my boys want to know?" Tevin sat on the couch wearing a stoic expression. Kendis smirked and glanced at Bob. "No I'm just wondering 'cause some guys might think it's kind of weird you want to watch your girl get off fucking another man's dick, you know?" Julius said, chuckling. Robert's eyes widened as Naomi grabbed Julius' hand and threw it off her shoulder. She turned, folded her arms across her chest and glared at Julius. "That's not the game we're playing here, Julius," she said. Julius' eyes widened and he took a step back. The other men turned to look at her, looking more than a little taken aback. "Say what?" Julius asked. "You want ongoing enthusiastic consent? Fine. Great. But I just want to be clear about something. I'm not trying to offend anyone. But I'm here for dick. Robert's here to watch. You all," she said, pointing at each of the three men in turn, "are gonna' be my dildos. No- body needs to be asking about people's feelings or any shit like that. Certainly not the way you just did there. Those are the rules. Now we playing or what?" Julius blinked and, by the expression on his face, looked like he'd never been talked to like that in his life.

A pride swelled through Robert as he stared at Naomi. He nearly started laughing. Every last fear he'd harboured about Julius being some sort of sexual sorcerer vanished instantly. The idea that Naomi had ever been engaged in anything with Julius but satisfying a sexual urge seemed totally laughable. The air in the room heated with awkwardness for a few long moments. Then Kendis started chuckling. A moment later Tevin joined him, his lips cracking into a wide grin. Kendis covered his mouth with the back of his hand, doubling over as he laughed. Finally, Julius came around. His lips stretched back into a smile then started chuckling along with the other two. "Shit," Tevin said through his laughter. "Man I've never seen a chick with a pair of balls like that." "Alright, alright," Julius said. "We good. We're all fine. Baby you got some bite to you I ain't seen before," he said, putting a hand on her ass and squeezing. Naomi let her arms fall to her sides

and let herself be pulled into an embrace. She turned, glanced at Robert and winked. Robert's heart soared with love for her. "Okay," Julius said. "You want to take a look at the other dildos you going to be using this evening?" he asked. Naomi chuckled as he led her towards Kendis standing at the bar. Julius let his hand fall away from the small of her back as Kendis struck up a quiet conversation with her. He walked over to where Robert was standing by the door.

"Come on, Bob. Let's get you the best seat in the house. I know Tevin's packed a few pounds on but I think Naomi's gonna' like what he's packin'." He led Robert to a large armchair that had been moved to the center of the room across from the wide couch Julius normally sat on. Robert took off his jacket and settled into the large chair. He watched as Kendis led Naomi over to the couch, smiling. Kendis leaned in and kissed her neck before pulling his t-shirt off over his head to reveal a very muscular physique. He was leaner than Julius but obviously spent a significant amount of time at the gym. Naomi caressed his pecs, then let her hands drift down his abdomen. Her fingers bumped along the well-defined ridges of his pecs. She let her hands fall to his belt buckle and slowly pulled it open. With his belt undone she thumbed the button of his pants through the hole and pulled them down his legs. She crouched in front of him and her hand wandered up the inside of his thigh. It caressed the crescent shape of an impressive endowment through his underwear before she pulled those down as well. His cock fell out in front of her face and she giggled as she caught it with her other hand to keep it from smacking her cheek. Julius and Tevin laughed. Robert let himself sink deeper into the warm feeling creeping over him. Naomi leaned back and her eyes wandered along the cock in her hand. She cast a sideways glance at Robert and tapped the head lightly against her cheek. A salacious smile curled one corner of her mouth. Letting go of the cock she stood back up to face Tevin. She leaned forward and whispered something to him Robert couldn't hear. Tevin smiled and nodded. Putting his hands on her shoulders he turned her around until she was facing Robert. His hands came out from behind her. They drifted over her stomach and up to cup her swollen breasts as he leaned over her and kissed her on the neck. She gave Robert a long look as he fondled her breasts. Then she closed her eyes and leaned her head to one side, exposing more of her neck for Tevin to suck on. He pressed his lips to her soft flesh and sucked it into his mouth. His

hands dropped to the hem of her shirt, the fingers hooking under it. He pulled it up her body and off over her head before throwing it on the couch behind him.

Robert's cock engorged as he watched Tevin's black hands wandering over Naomi's white skin. His fascination deepened at why he found the sight so arousing. Why would a difference in melanin trigger such an erotic response in him? Why was the contrast in colour such a potent aphrodisiac? His mind was too distracted by watching Naomi get undressed to properly search for answers. Tevin unclasped her bra behind her back. Her heavy breasts sagged slightly as the under-wire was pulled away. As Tevin pulled the straps off her shoulders her tits came tumbling out. He threw the bra onto her shirt and cupped her breasts with his hands, the stiff nipples poking out between his fingers. Naomi reached back up and back and put a hand on the back of his head as he continued sucking on her neck. Her eyes were closed, head tilted to one side. Her weight was resting mostly on one leg, her hips jutting out to one side in a pose worthy of a pornographic magazine. Motion in the periphery of his vision caught Robert's attention. He turned to see Kendis standing up and pulling off his sweat pants and boxer briefs. His eyes widened at the fat log of a cock that dangled between Kendis' legs. He suddenly understood what Julius had meant when he'd said Naomi would appreciate what Kendis was packing. Kendis sat back down and started stroking his cock to hardness as he ogled the same lewd spectacle Robert had been watching. Robert turned back to Naomi to see that Kendis had unzipped her skirt and slipped it down her shapely legs. It lay in a pool of fabric around her feet. Now the only thing between his wandering hands and Naomi's sweet pussy was the small patch of fabric of the black thong underwear she was wearing. Tevin dipped his fingers down into it and in between her legs. He rubbed them slowly back and forth a few times before pulling them out and bringing them up to Naomi's lips. She opened her eyes at the scent of her own essence. She glanced at Kendis, smiled then giggled. Flicking out her tongue she licked her own salty juice from the tip of his middle finger. Tevin hooked the thumb of his other hand into her underwear. As he pulled it slowly down her legs Robert gasped at the sight of her bare sex. She'd trimmed, then shaved her pussy and he had an unobstructed view of the plump and glistening lips. He watched in horrified awe as Tevin ran his finger between them again, splitting them

apart and dipping into her snatch. Naomi mewled and wiggled her hips, her body seeking out more stimulation. She whispered something to Kendis, again inaudible to Robert. He smiled and turned her until she was sideways to Robert. He stepped in front of her and put his hands on her shoulders, lowering her into a crouch. Lifting his cock with one hand he pushed the head into her open mouth then put both of his hands on her head like he was holding a basketball. He started moving her head back and forth, his dark cock moving in and out of her ruby red lips. Robert sank deeper into his chair. He found the urge to touch himself impossible to resist. He no longer cared any more that he was in a room with three strange men who were about to use his wife as she so desperately wanted to be used. The show was for him as much as it was for her and he was intent on enjoying himself. Unzipping his pants he reached into them and pulled out his hard cock and started stroking. Kendis was using Naomi's mouth like a proper hole now. She'd opened it wide for him and every few strokes a wet gurgle would emanate from it as she tried to catch her breath. Tevin moved into the picture from the side, holding his hard cock out behind Naomi's head. Kendis took his hand off of her head and put it on her shoulder. He steadied her as she looked over her shoulder at the fresh piece of meat Tevin was offering. Naomi dropped to her knees out of the crouch and turned to face Robert, looking him straight in the eye as she reached up to stroke the two black cocks on either side of her. His jaw dropped as he held her gaze. He couldn't have orchestrated a more perfect scene if he'd been directing the porno himself. Sweet Naomi down on her knees, legs spread wide with her sweet pussy drooling wet excitement, jerking off two thick cocks that would soon be inside her. He'd never felt a connection to her the way he did in that moment. Naomi hungrily gobbled up Kendis' cock into her mouth. She moved her head vigorously back and forth, slurping at it like it was a melting popsicle. When she'd sufficiently lathered the shaft with her saliva she pulled off of Kendis' cock and sucked Tevin's into her mouth and gave it the same treatment. "Where your phone at?"

Julius' deep voice startled Robert and made him suddenly aware that he was sitting in the back room of a sex club with his dick out. He started tucking his cock back into his pants, a sudden shyness overwhelming him. "Forget about that, Bob," Julius said, chuckling at Robert. "Get your phone out. I'm a give you a picture to remember." It was only then Robert realized

that Julius was standing next to him half-naked. He'd taken his pants off and left his shirt on. He stroked his half-hard cock as he walked over to where Naomi was servicing the two other men. Robert scrambled to pull his phone out of his pocket. He pulled up the camera app and pointed it at the depraved quartet just as Julius came to stand over Naomi. Naomi gripped Kendis and Tevin's cocks, her hands moving in unsynchronized, sloppy jerking motions over them as Julius fed a few inches of his prick into her mouth. He put his hand on the back of her head the same way Kendis had. But instead of moving it back and forth he started swaying his hips instead, holding her head in place. Robert tapped the photo button on his phone. The image froze on the screen for a split second. Naomi with a mouthful of black cock, hanging on to a cock with each hand staring straight into the camera. His eyes fell lower between her legs. A long strand of clear, thick lubricant was running from her pussy and pooling on the floor beneath her. It erased any doubt in his mind that this was what Naomi truly craved. Robert tucked the phone into his shirt pocket and pulled his cock out again. Julius reached down and pinched her nipple with a finger and thumb. A muffled mewl escaped her. He pulled his cock out of her face and stroked it staring down at her tits. Naomi's eyes darted down to her breasts when he grunted. She gasped as a spurt of sperm splattered across her chest. She looked up and locked eyes with Robert. Dirty enough for you? her expression seemed to say. Julius finished ejaculating on her breasts and started walking towards the couch. Tevin and Kendis each put a hand under her arm and pulled her up to her feet. She giggled as she led them by their dicks over to where Julius was standing. "We really gonna' do this boys?" she asked, flashing each of them a flirtatious smile. Robert thought he'd died and gone to heaven. She looked more beautiful surrounded by the three black men than he'd ever seen her. A sticky streak of mucus hung between her legs, swaying back and forth as she walked. "Sit down Tevin," Julius said. Tevin pulled his shirt off. He was thick and had a slight belly. When he plopped himself down on the couch his cock looked like a fence post, nearly reaching his chest. Naomi looked at it with wide eyes, as if she was only then appreciating its true length and girth. "I don't know about that," she said, eyeing it and shaking her head. "You didn't know about this, either," Julius said. "Now come on. Get on that thing. Help her up Kendis." He and Kendis grabbed her by the arms and picked her up like she was weightless. She laughed and kicked her feet, throwing her head back in

delight at being manhandled. Robert was locked in a zombie-like state. Staring at his beautiful Naomi and the three cocks about to fill her, slowly stroking his cock so as not to come too quickly.

Naomi stood on the couch with her feet on either side of Tevin's legs. Julius and Kendis lowered her into a crouch over his massive cock. Tevin rubbed the head along the sodden cleave of her pussy then slipped it in between her lips. She gasped and her back arched as he entered her. He put a hand on her hips, guiding his cock into her hole with the other. Julius and Kendis continued to lower her onto Tevin's lap until she was kneeling upright. She flung a hand out to the backrest, her other hand moving to her belly. She looked down at the black shaft impaled inside her body. "Oh god," she whispered. "You alright?" Julius asked. She turned and looked over her shoulder at Robert. "Baby," she whimpered. "It feels amazing." Robert nodded. But his attention was on Tevin's throbbing dong. Naomi's juice had spilled out of her and was running down the bulge of his urethra towards his ball sack. He looked at the spot she was touching on her belly, about halfway between her hips and her rib cage. If she was going to fit his entire cock it looked like it would reach her lungs. "Come on girl. Take it," Julius said. Tevin put both hands on her hips and started pulling her lower. Her hips started wiggling and she let out an occasional squeak as more and more of his prick stretched her and rearranged her insides. Robert's eyes were nearly popping out of his skull by the time she finally settled into Tevin's lap with a wet squish. "Oh my gawd!" she groaned, rocking back and forth on Tevin's lap. Her mouth was hanging open and her eyes were rolling around in her head as her pussy feasted on the fat phallus. "Let's get the rest of those holes filled," Julius said, grinning.

## Chapter Nine

Kendis grabbed a squeeze bottle of lube from the end table and squeezed a glob of it onto his fingers. Setting it down he knelt down behind Naomi and touched the tip of his middle finger to her ass hole. She gasped and startled on Tevin's lap, glancing over her shoulder to see what was going on. "Easy girl," Tevin said. "Kendis' gonna' take good care of you. Get a little closer here." He pulled her closer with a hand on her back. Cupping her breast with his other hand he sucked her nipple into his mouth and gave it a few long pulls. "Oh god," Naomi moaned again. She arched her back pushing more of her teat into Tevin's mouth and, simultaneously, exposing her back hole for easier access. Kendis' finger wormed into her ass and he worked it in and out of her a few times. "Oh god," she groaned. Kendis glanced at Julius. "Girl needs something to feed on," he said. Julius, naked now except for his socks, stepped up onto the couch holding his cock. He put a finger on the side of Naomi's cheek and turned her head towards his organ. Her mouth fell open and she greedily slurped his cock into her mouth, wrapping a hand around the root to steady herself. She looked up at Julius with wide, hungry eyes. Julius smiled. "Told you, you were gonna' be a black cock slut," he said. Robert sat in stunned silence as Kendis oiled his cock up and knelt against the side of the couch.

A few short weeks ago he'd been wondering about the future of their marriage after he'd discovered Naomi cheating. Now he was a willing participant in her debauchery. Watching her get used and stroking himself as he bore witness to her depravity. His eyes widened as Kendis pushed the head of his cock into her ass. Naomi let out a choking gurgle over Julius' cock as her last hole was filled with dark meat. She pulled her mouth off of the cock and looked down between her legs. Tevin had started rocking her back and forth on his lap. His cock was mostly buried inside her with just an inch or so moving in and out. Kendis stood with his legs spread wide apart behind her. He had one hand on the back of the couch and the other on her ass. His hips were swaying in time with Tevin's thrusts, stretching Naomi's orifice as his greasy cock slid in and out through the ring of her sphincter. She craned her neck and looked over her shoulder at Kendis'

cock penetrating her ass. Then she looked down between her legs again, blinking in disbelief at what was being done to her. When she looked up at Julius again he gave her another smile. "You like that?" he asked. Naomi nodded. He offered her his cock again. She was about to slide it into her mouth when she turned and glanced at Robert, her hand holding Julius' cock just in front of her lips. She mouthed the words I love you. Seeing it drove a fierce love for her into Robert's heart and a fiery lust into his loins. He jerked his cock harder as he watched her put her mouth over Julius' member. She sucked it sideways a few times, the head making her cheek bulge. Julius put a hand on her head and turned her face towards his crotch. He leaned forward, driving his cock deep into her mouth. She gagged when it reached the back of her throat, coughing and sending spittle and bile flying out of her nose. "You can do it," Julius growled. "You're a good black cock slut." He leaned forward even further. A wet gurgle sounded from the back of Naomi's throat. She opened her mouth wider and let the shaft slide in. Robert stroked himself harder as he saw the outline of Julius' cock form in her neck. With Tevin and Kendis pounding her pussy and ass, Julius started sawing in and out of her mouth, his balls smacking against her chin. There was something transcendent about seeing the woman he loved being so thoroughly debauched. It brought a strange lightness to his spirit, as if he were experiencing an awakening of sorts. His orgasm loomed in his loins. He looked down to see his cock burning a bright red colour, pre-cum leaking from the head and spilling over onto his hand. He looked up to find Naomi watching him out of the corner of her eye. Time seemed to stop, the only motion in the room the rhythmic thrusting of the three black men's cocks in and out of Naomi's sloppy holes. Her body was wildly animated into a series of fleshy undulations. Tits flapping and smacking against each other. Her ass cheeks bouncing against Kendis' pelvis with each of his thrusts. Her face, however, was perfectly still. Her mouth gaped, receiving Julius' prodigious black organ but there was a clam in her eyes. My gift to you, they seemed to say. Suddenly she squeezed them shut, severing their connection. Her body began to shake as a massive orgasm rolled through her. She pulled her mouth off of Julius' cock and something between a moan and a growl rolled out of her. If she hadn't been stuffed full of black cock



Robert would have thought she was having a seizure she was shaking so bad. It lasted a good ten seconds then her body went limp and Tevin had to hold her up by the tits. Julius tipped her mouth open with a thumb on her chin and fed his cock back into her mouth. Robert experienced what followed in slow motion. Julius pulled his cock out of her mouth. He squeezed the tip and aimed it at her cheek. Naomi, sensing what was coming, stuck her tongue out of her wide open mouth. She closed her eyes but the look of calm in them spread across her whole face. She looked like she'd been waiting for this moment her entire life. Julius pumped his cock. His urethral opening dilated. A blob of white goo shot from it and splashed across Naomi's tongue. She rolled her tongue back into her mouth, letting the liquid pool along her teeth before sticking her tongue out again. The second pulse of Julius' seed sprayed across her cheek and up into the inside corner of her eye. Julius waved his cock sideways, sending a line of white cream across the bridge of her nose to her other cheek. The final pulse he directed at her forehead where, when it landed, immediately began to roll down over her eyes and nose, coating her face in sperm. Robert flinched as Julius shook his cock three times over her face sending the last flecks of his deposit just above her hairline. He flinched again as Kendis pulled his cock out of her ass hole and grabbed it. A plume of creamy liquid erupted from the tip, slathering the small of her back with cum. With his cock still spurting he stuffed it back inside her ass, stroking out the last of his orgasmic contractions inside that dank hole.

It was seeing Tevin's fat muscle contract, though, that sent Robert over the edge. The root of it swelled, the balls drawing up tight against the shaft. Then it started pulsing. Each flex lasted about a second, the erectile tissue pushing his load through the shaft and directly into the depths of Naomi's pussy. Robert was seized by his own contractions. He felt the glorious surge of pleasure shoot up from his groin and douse his brain. He felt the warm goo of his own ejaculate spilling over onto his fist. He kept his eyes firmly on Naomi's rear hole as Kendis pulled out again and what had remained of his load spilled out of her gaping orifice. He shook in his chair as he jerked himself through the most powerful orgasm of his life. At a nod from Julius, Kendis retreated into the periphery of Robert's vision. Tevin slipped his cock out of Naomi's pussy and slid out sideways from under her. He, too, quietly faded from view behind Robert. Julius stepped off the couch. He

walked a few steps to the side, reached up and grabbed a handle on the wall. The wall opened down like a drawbridge. A set of legs swung out and suddenly there was a large queen sized bed in the room. Robert didn't turn around to look at what the men did. He heard some shuffling, then a door opening and closing, then silence. His eyes stayed glued to Naomi's gloriously defiled body. She stayed perfectly still for a time, letting out deep, satisfied sighs. She put her fingers under her eyes and scooped the semen out of her eye sockets, wiping it off on her thighs. Still kneeling with her legs apart she turned and opened her eyes, an innocent look forming on her expression. "Did you like it?" she asked in a whisper. Fat globules of sperm dripped out of her pussy and ass.

Robert stirred at the question. He looked down at the mess he'd made, now darkening the front of his pants. He turned to look behind him and saw the men had all left the room. Rising from his chair he let his pants fall to the floor and stepped out of them. His limp cock started to harden again as he approached his wife. "Robbie? Are you okay?" she asked, a funny smile curling her lips. He knelt down on the edge of the couch, staring at her cum-covered back, then looked up into her eyes. "You...this is going to sound strange," he muttered. "Just say it," she urged him. "You look so beautiful," he whispered. She smiled wider and turned around. Wiping the cum from her mouth she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him deeply. Everything dirty about her aroused him. The acrid stench of the semen on her face and dripping out of her holes. Knowing that three strange men had just been inside the most intimate parts of her body. Knowing that Tevin's cock had reached places his never would and that Kendis had been the second man to come inside of her ass. He kissed her back, their tongues making sloppy wet noises as they thrashed against each other. She crawled up over him on the couch, ignoring the bed Julius had laid out for them. Grabbing his cock she squeezed it hard and jerked it as she positioned herself atop his lap. She gazed intently into his eyes as she mounted him, slipping his cock into her stretched, used pussy hole. He groaned when she squeezed her muscles and tightened around him. "Was that what you wanted?" he panted.

She bit down on her lower lip and nodded. He groaned again as Tevin's ejaculate squished out between his cock and her pussy lips. For a fleeting

moment he wondered how something so disgusting could be so magical? He put his hands on her hips as she started rolling them slowly back and forth on his lap, grinding her clit against the base of his cock. His cock hardened fully inside her hot, wet hole. He put his hands on her ass and got her moving faster back and forth. His balls felt empty and drained but he hungered for another orgasm inside her. He looked up to see her gaze locked firmly on him. "It was so hot that you were watching me," she said, panting over top of him. "I want to do it again, Robert. Will you let me do it again? Please?" she whimpered. The request sent a fresh surge of arousal coursing through him. She'd just moments ago fulfilled her dirtiest fantasy and here she was riding him and begging him to let her do it again. It made his cock flex inside her. He put a hand on the back of her neck and pulled her closer. "Yes, baby," he whispered. "I want to see you do it again." "Oh Robert!" she yelped. She shut her eyes and thrust her tongue into his mouth, her hips furiously gyrating on his lap. He closed his own eyes, melting into the lusty feeling her tightening pussy brought to the base of his brain. He recalled the memory of the three men inside her, Naomi glancing side-ways at him and his orgasm popped. His ears started to ring as his cock flexed and released. Through the din of his climax he felt Naomi's swollen pussy squeeze and squeeze and squeeze as another climax tore through her.

## Chapter Ten

A week later Robert found himself sitting alone in the backroom of Julius' sex club. His head hung low between his shoulders as he watched Julius sign some paperwork before passing it to his pretty assistant and patting her on the ass as she left. Julius stood up from his desk and slowly walked over to the couch and sat down. He levelled his gaze at Robert, steepled his fingers in front of his face and sighed. "So. Bob. You're back here again," he said. Robert looked up at him feeling sheepish. "You haven't replied to any of the texts we sent. You haven't been taking my calls." Julius leaned back against the couch and spread his arms out across the back. "I'm a busy man, Bob. I've got a business to run," he said waving towards the door that led to the club lounge. "You're a business man. You know how it is," he added. "No, no, I know that," Robert said. He rubbed the back of his neck. "It's just Naomi's been asking..." he said, before trailing off. "Asking what?" Robert sighed. "She's just been wondering if we did something wrong? If we offended you somehow?" Julius furrowed his brow. "What? Of course not. Don't be ridiculous." Robert dared another glance at Julius. "She's got the heat don't she?" "The heat?" Robert asked warily. "Bitch in heat. I'm guessing you can't keep up?"

"She's been...very demanding." Julius gave a few slow, thoughtful nods. "So she sends her husband back to me to beg for more black dick? Is that it?" Robert scowled. Put that way it sounded kind of degrading. "I think she just got..." "I think she's just got a need," Julius said. "Don't she? She be needin' it now. You're needin' it too," he said, pointing a finger at Robert. A heavy shame settled on Robert, making his shoulders sag even lower. Julius was right. Naomi wasn't the only one who'd been disconcerted by Julius not replying to their messages. He'd spent many an evening in his home office, jerking it to the picture he'd taken of Naomi with Kendis' cock in her mouth. Trying to sate the hunger that haunted him daily of seeing her get taken again. "Yeah. You needin' it," Julius repeated. "You gotta' get a hold of yourself. Who's in charge of you?" Robert looked up at him, one eye raised. "Who's captain of your ship?" "I am," Robert muttered. "That's right!" Julius shouted, pointing a finger into the air. "You are! Start acting

like it. You been jerking off to that picture I told you to take?" Robert nodded. "Yeah I know you have. How far you going to let this go?" Julius asked. "I'm not sure what you mean," Robert replied. "You think there's ever enough black dick, Bob?"

"I...I don't know?" Robert stammered, shaking his head. "There's never enough! You can't get enough of the BBC. It's like any drug. It gets you high then you crash and you want more of it. But this time what was enough before is not enough anymore. So you gotta get more. Dirtier. Nastier. Slimier 'till you're curled up in the corner with all the black dicks waving in front of you going in and out of your sweet wife and you still can't get a fix." Robert's eyes widened as a fear gripped him. "You're bullshitting again," he said. "And what if I'm not?" Julius asked, arching his brow. "This isn't like that," Robert said, shaking his head but feeling like he was trying to convince himself more than he was Julius. "This is... this is just..." "This ain't just sex, if that's what you were about to say," Julius interrupted. "This is about all that psychological shit," he said, wiggling his fingers next to his forehead. "This gets in your brain and stays there. Won't let you go. Naomi's got the need. You've got the need. And you both just want to surrender to it, don't you?" Robert's head sank lower still. "I think so," he muttered. "Someone's gotta' be driving the boat, Bob. Or it's gonna crash on the rocks and then you'll just be picking up pieces. Who's it gonna' be?" Whether he was bullshitting or not, Robert realized Julius had just taught him a very important lesson. "I've got to drive the boat," he whispered, staring at the floor. "Now you're talking," Julius replied. He leaned forward and pulled his phone out of his shirt pocket. "I'll send the boys over to you this evening. You spend some time figuring out how you're going to get back in the pilot's seat. Before it's too late." He pressed send on the message he'd been tapping out on his phone. "Thank-you," Robert whispered. "Thank-you, Julius." Julius waved a hand towards the door. "Go on. Get back to work. I'll swing by later this week and see how you're getting on." Robert stood up, nodding. He shuffled to the door and turned around to look at Julius one last time. "Thank-you, Julius," he repeated. Julius gave a single nod.

"Did you see him? Did you talk to him?" Naomi had been at the front door a second after he stepped into the house. She had a wild look in her

eye. One he'd seen every evening while she stripped him of his clothes and sucked his cock into her mouth. He realized now that what he'd thought was a newly awakened sexual appetite from her wild escapades at the club was actually, as Julius had called it, the need. Naomi's desires had been unlocked but she was unable to control them. She was at the whim of her libido, no longer in control. "I saw him," he said. Her eyes widened. "And?!" she asked, clutching at his arm. He drew in a deep breath, then sighed. He would give her this one, final evening of unfettered carnal indulgence. Then he would have to explain to her what had happened. To both of them. He would have to tell her that they both had to get control of their impulses or they'd be risking everything. "He's been really busy," he said to her. Her brow arched, a look of desperation forming on her face. "But he said he'd send the boys over this evening," he explained.

The desperation morphed into a feral excitement, a crooked smile twisted her lips. The doorbell rang. He looked her in the eye and stepped aside. "Have a good time," he said. She scratched her shoulder as she walked up to the door and twisted the deadbolt open. Twisting the knob she threw it wide open and her eyes lit up when she saw Tevin and Kendis standing on the porch. "Oh thank god," she whispered. She grabbed them by the hands, pulled them into the house and sank to her knees in front of them. "Oh thank god," she said again. Tevin glanced at Robert. "Julius said it was a emergency," he said. Naomi was already fumbling with the drawstring of his sweatpants. Pulling them down his legs and clawing his boxers off. When his cock flopped out and gently smacked her cheek she reached up and caressed one side of it with her hand while slurping the head into her mouth. She closed her eyes and nursed at it, her expression turning peaceful. Tevin watched her sucking on it until it was half hard. He glanced at Robert, then at the stairs. "Bedroom up there?" he asked. "It is," Robert replied. Tevin looked at Kendis and jerked his thumb towards the stairs. Kendis bent over and wrapped his arms around Naomi's waist. He pulled her up off the floor and threw her over his shoulder. As the cock slipped from her mouth she let out a warbled moan. She stared at it as Kendis walked her up the stairs, wiggling her hips and grinding her crotch against his shoulder. Tevin pulled his pants and boxers up and followed Kendis up the stairs.

Robert turned, his shoulders slumped and trudged up after them. When he got to the bedroom Tevin was undressing off to the side. Kendis had Naomi sitting on the floor her back up against the bed. He was holding her hands above her head, one hand around her wrists. His cock was out, the tip of it in her mouth as he swayed back and forth fucking her face with it to get an erection. Robert sank into the chair at the corner of the room. He made a silent vow not to pleasure himself while he watched Naomi getting fucked. They couldn't both surrender to the feeling. Someone had to steer the ship. His cock began to engorge as Kendis stripped, the undressed Naomi, but he kept his hands on the armrests. Kendis grabbed Naomi's hands and helped her scramble up to standing. She ran her hands across his bare, muscular chest and kissed it a few times. Then she sat down on the bed, opened her legs and crawled, crab-like, backwards towards the headboard with her snatch bared. "In both holes like last time, boys," she said, grinning. Kendis got onto all fours on the bed. He crawled over towards Naomi then turned around and lay down on his back. Naomi leapt up and threw a leg over his lap. As her pussy lips splayed Robert saw the shimmer of wet already leaking from her slit. She settled down onto Kendis' cock but didn't slip it into herself. Instead she slid her pussy along the shaft, the fat lips enveloping it as she moistened it with her own juices. Kendis reached up and fondled her tits then smacked her ass. Naomi gasped, giggled then threw her head back at the spike of pain that brought. She rocked her hips back, raising her ass, and tucked the head of Kendis' cock into her pussy.

Closing her eyes she moaned as she drove it deeper and deeper into her cunt. As she settled on Kendis' lap she shuddered and pressed her hands against his chest, panting to catch her breath. She reached back with one hand and pried her ass cheek to the side then shot a lusty look over her shoulder at Tevin. "I want it in both holes again," she purred. "Yeah, yeah," Tevin said, already on it. He squirted a line of lube onto his cock, walked towards the bed and got up on his knees on it. As Robert watched Tevin approaching her, Naomi gaping her ass for him to fuck, he came to fully understand what it was Julius had been talking about. Naomi was not fully in control of her own faculties any more. She'd been seduced by the black cock and was now fully an obedient black cock slut. The fact that she enjoyed it was secondary. That wasn't to say that he could never let her

have black cock again. But he needed to show her that she could live without it. Naomi mewled as Tevin stuffed his cock into her ass. She was down on all fours, Kendis fondling and licking at her breasts as Tevin pushed deep into her colon. She huffed and fell forward as he mashed the thick root of his prick into her. As the two of them started thrusting in and out of her she slowly turned her head to look at Robert. Her sultry eyes melted his heart. His cock stiffened as he watched her body swaying back and forth from getting pounded in both holes. When she put a finger on her lip, opened her mouth and stuck her tongue out, he lost all resolve he'd had not to get involved. Standing up he stumbled towards her feeling like a zombie. He pulled his erect cock out of his pants and knelt on the bed with one leg. Naomi looked up at him with a wicked grin and enveloped his cock with her lips.

A shudder raced up his back at the feeling of her warm, wet mouth.



## Chapter Eleven

“I just don’t understand. Why do we have to stop?” He looked across the table at her and set down his fork and knife. It had been three days since Tevin and Kendis had visited them. Naomi had been fine the first two nights, happily having sex with just Robert. But that morning he’d woken up to her whispering about wanting another meeting, maybe with Julius again, and he’d known he’d have to bring this up. “I’m not saying we have to stop,” he explained. “That’s not what I said. I just want to know that you can stop.” “Of course I can stop whenever I want,” she said, scowling. “It’s not an addiction, Robert. I’m just having fun. We’re just having fun.” “Yeah. I know we’re having fun but...” “Then why stop? It’s not hurting anyone,” she complained. He looked straight at her. “Are you telling me that if Julius showed up on our doorstep right now you could say no to him?” She frowned and shrugged. “Why would I say no to him?” she asked. “Would you say no to him for me? If I asked you to?” “Well...why would you ask me to do that?” She seemed to be getting cagier with each question he asked. “Naomi, look. I love you. I love that you’ve been able to live out this fantasy. I love watching. All of that stuff is still true. But I don’t want this to be the only thing in our life. I took you for granted for too long. I want to make that up to you. Maybe we can start travelling a little? Or just spend a little more time together? Just the two of us?”

“Well we can still do all of that stuff and still do this thing,” she said, pouting. “Really? Because I don’t feel like we can. I feel like this thing is all you ever think about any more. You get it and then you just want more a few days later. It feels like...it feels like you had that affair with Todd because I wasn’t around. Now I’m around but it seems like...you’re not so interested that any more.” Her lips parted and her eyes widened. “What? No. Don’t be ridiculous! I love you! I love us. I’m just...letting loose a little.” He nodded. He picked his phone up off the table and tapped out a message. “Who are you texting?” she asked, craning her neck to get a look at the screen. “You’ll see,” he replied. He set the phone down. A moment later a knock sounded at the door. Robert got up and slowly walked to the front door. He opened it and stepped to the side. “Come on in, Julius,” he

said. As Julius stepped in and started walking to the kitchen, Robert closed the door and followed him. He stopped just short of the entrance. "Julius?" Naomi whispered, staring up at him. Julius walked over to where she was seated. He unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out, letting it dangle right in front of Naomi's face. Her eyes dropped to it immediately. The cock wandered along the veins crawling along the sides. Mesmerized, she reached out a hand and grazed the shaft with her fingers. "Julius," she whispered. "Go on. Get your mouth on it like a good black cock slut," Julius ordered. Naomi gasped and her eyes opened wider still. Her lips parted.

For a moment Robert's heart sank. He couldn't help but wonder if he'd broken their marriage by allowing Julius into their lives? Should he have heeded his fear of Julius' sexual dominance and prowess? Was Naomi really going to be a black cock slut for the rest of her life? His stomach twisted into a knot as her hand moved to Julius' cock. She raised the shaft, staring at the head, and licked her lips. The way she looked up into Julius' eyes crushed Robert's soul. Then she sighed, pulled her hand away and let the cock flop down against Julius' pants. "Not tonight, Julius," she said quietly. "Not tonight." She glanced sideways at Robert. Julius smirked. He tucked his cock back into his pants and zipped them up. He turned and, as he walked past Robert, gave him a single clap on the back. "See you around," he said. A moment later the door shut behind him. A wave of relief washed over Robert. He walked into the kitchen, pulled the chair next to Naomi out from under the table and sat down. He put a hand on her knee and looked into her eyes. "Thank-you," he said quietly. She shook her head. "No. Thank-you," she replied. "I needed that." Robert reached across the table and picked up his phone. He thumbed his way to the email app and scrolled down to the email he'd received earlier that afternoon. Tapping it open he set the phone down in front of Naomi. "What is this?" she asked, reading off the screen. Her eyes widened and her expression brightened. "Robert? What is this?" she asked, looking up at him in astonishment. "What does it look like? I thought we could take a little vacation next week," he said, grinning at her.

She looked down at the phone, then back up at him. "Jamaica? Are you serious?" He leaned back in his chair and laced his fingers together across his chest. "I thought you'd enjoy sampling some of the local...ahem,

locals,” he said. She shook her head, puzzled. “But I thought you said...” “I just needed to know you could do it, baby. I just needed to know you were still mine,” he explained. She sighed and tipped her head to one side. “Oh, Robert.” Standing up she threw her arms around his neck and squeezed him tight. “I’ll always be yours, baby,” she whispered. He drew his arms around her and hugged her back. Visions of their coming vacation were already forming in his mind. Seeing Naomi’s beautiful body pressed between masses of black flesh, all her holes plugged. Just the way she liked it. Airtight.

THE END