



A Taste of Jamaica
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Dina Della Rosa stood inside the small canvas tent on the sun-drenched beach, the humid Jamaican air already making her skin slick. At twenty-eight she seemed to have it all, professional chef, restaurateur, and the host of a weekly cooking segment on a morning talk show, but she wanted more.

“How’s that?” asked Gladys, holding the mirror up for her.

Dina glanced at her reflection. The face reflecting back at her was bright, symmetrical, and a little exaggerated in a way that looked great on camera. Her eyes were large and almond shaped with bright amber pupils, sharpened with liner and framed by thick lashes that made them stand out without looking overdone. Her cheeks were smooth and lightly defined, a bit of warmth sitting high on them more from the start of a tan than her makeup, while her nose looked straight and neat, subtly refined by contour. Her lips were full and clearly shaped, with a soft color that made them look naturally flushed but better. Her hair fell around her face in smooth, controlled waves, glossy black and deliberate. Altogether, she looked undeniably beautiful.

“Perfect Gladys,” she replied, turning her face at different angles. “I might need a touch up in this humidity if this runs long,” she added.

Gladys went back to brushing Dina’s hair while the workaholic glanced down at her phone, her thumbs moving quickly across the screen as she texted her husband. He was somewhere in Atlanta right now, delivering the mail like he did every day, reliable and steady but unambitious. Their sex life had grown routine and unsatisfying if it ever had been. His technique might be described as unambitious as his work attitude. “Jamaica is fun, beautiful. Wish you were here. Love you.” She switched over to her assistant manager. “Daily specials posted on the website?” she typed, then added, “Make sure the daily specials sheet says the lasagna is grandmother’s recipe.” She hit send, a small frown creasing her brow. Even here in Jamaica, she couldn’t fully let go.

Gladys stepped back with a satisfied nod. “All done.”

“Oh god,” she mumbled, suddenly nervous. “You sure about this, Miles?” she asked.

“Oh, don’t look at me, Honey,” he replied. “This was your idea. Do you want that weekend anchor position or not?”

“I want it,” said Dina with a sigh. Though she didn’t quite know why. Her restaurant kept her busy, Rosa’s Southern Kitchen, featuring comfort food and a page of her grandmother’s authentic Italian recipes. Her cooking segments on Good Morning Atlanta were very popular and helped make her restaurant successful. But she wanted more. She was thinking about opening a second location and considering a food truck. Now one of the weekend morning hosts was retiring and she wanted the job. She wanted more. She always wanted more.

“Do you want it?”

“I want it,” said Dina.

“I asked if you wanted it,” said Miles, sitting back, arms folded.

“I WANT IT!” Dina slapped her hands down on the table and stood, her heart beating a little faster. She reached for the thin robe that covered her body, hesitated for only a moment, then let it slip from her shoulders and fall to the sand at her feet.



The tiny red bikini she wore beneath was almost criminal in how little it concealed. The bright fabric consisted of two small triangles that barely contained her large, heavy breasts, the thin material stretched taut across the full, creamy mounds. Her nipples pressed visibly against the fabric, two stiff peaks already beginning to show from the warm sea breeze and the nervous excitement coursing through her. The bikini top clung to the deep valley of her cleavage, the weight of her breasts pulling the material slightly downward. Below, the bottoms were equally skimpy, riding high on her wide, womanly hips and dipping low enough to reveal the smooth, flat expanse of her lower belly. The thin red fabric hugged the soft mound of her pussy, outlining the gentle swell and leaving the generous curves of her ass cheeks mostly exposed, but safe for on camera. Her long, toned legs completed the vision, pale skin already taking on the first hints of a Jamaican tan, every inch of her voluptuous figure on full, daring display.

"Damn, bitch," said Miles.

Dina hadn't even owned a bikini since she was a teenager. She didn't have time. She didn't go to the beach. She did have a one piece that she wore for swimming laps at her gym. "I feel so exposed," she said, flushing.

"Here." Mile grabbed the hand mirror and held it back so she could see herself.

"Damn, bitch," she repeated. "I can't go on air wearing this."

"Do you want the job or not?"

"I want it," she muttered, adjusting the top with both hands, tugging the thin fabric to make sure no nipple slipped free, then smoothed the bottoms over her mound, checking that no stray pubic hair showed. The suit rode high on her flared hips, accentuating the dramatic hourglass shape she usually kept carefully hidden beneath professional blouses and aprons.

She turned to her cameraman, striking a slight pose. "How do I look?"

Miles gave her a long, appraising look, then grinned. "Hot enough to make me go straight, Honey. You're going to melt my camera."

Dina laughed, the sound light and genuine, easing some of the nervous flutter in her stomach. “Risky for my first on location segment.”

“Stop making this about you, Double D. This is about me. If you get a promotion, I get a promotion.’

Dina and her small crew were filming her first on-location segment, “A Taste of Jamaica,” cosponsored by the Jamaican board of tourism and WATL, her local news station.

Her phone buzzed.

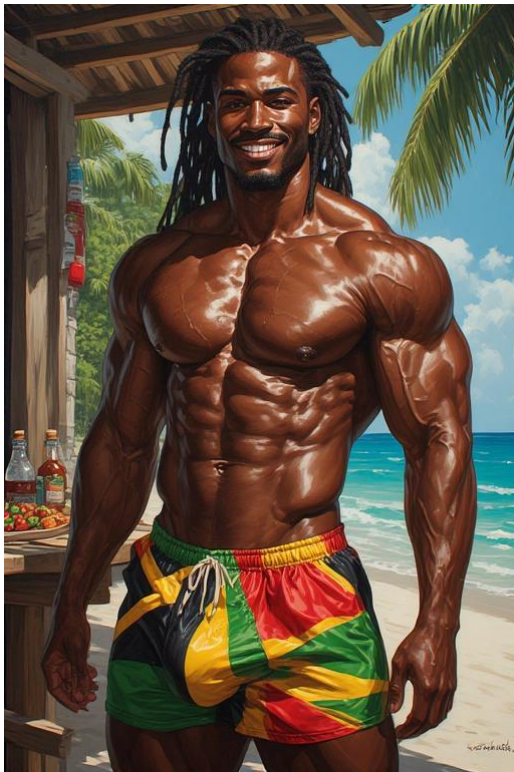
Dina picked it up and started texting.

“Let it go, Honey. We’re on vacation.”

Dina gave a soft laugh, her fingers rapidly tapping. “It’s not a vacation, Miles. It’s work.”

“You’re in a bikini. We’re on the beach. It’s a vacation.”

They stepped out of the tent together into the bright Jamaican sunlight. The set was simple but perfect: a large grill stood ready on the sand, the turquoise ocean sparkling in the background, palm trees swaying gently overhead, and a wooden table laden with sides and colorful spices. Marcus Reid, the local chef who would co-host today’s segment was hovering over the table making sure everything was perfect.



Marcus was a broad-shouldered, very muscular black Jamaican in his early thirties, his dark skin gleaming under the sun. Shoulder-length dreadlocks framed a strong, handsome face. He wore only Jamaican-flag-colored swim trunks that hung low on his narrow hips, the thin fabric doing nothing to hide the heavy, thick outline of his massive endowment pressing against the front. The colorful material stretched obscenely over what looked like an impossibly large cock, the thick shaft and heavy bulge shifting slightly as he turned toward them.

Miles stopped short, eyes widening. He leaned close to Dina and muttered under his breath, “Nope... still gay and suddenly craving chocolate. Look at the size of that cock.”

Dina’s cheeks warmed, but she kept her professional smile in place. She wasn’t the type of woman to check out men’s bulges, but as Marcus stepped out from around the table, her eyes fell on the thick tubular object swinging freely beneath the trunks at the same second his eyes swept down her nearly nude figure in

the red bikini.

“Damn, it just got bigger,” muttered Miles.

Marcus approached, his powerful frame moving with easy confidence. The tiny red bikini suddenly felt even smaller against her skin, her nipples tightening visibly beneath the thin fabric as the warm sea breeze brushed over her. “Good fi see yuh,” he said, holding out his hand, his dark eyes sweeping down her body openly and appreciatively.

“Nice to meet you in person,” she replied, forcing herself to stare in his face. They had seen each other over a zoom meeting, but this was the first time meeting in person.

“How we doin’ dis?” he asked.

“I figured we’ll start behind the grill and you can...”

“No, Honey,” interrupted Miles. “We are starting with a full shot of you in that bikini with the ocean in the background. Over there by those two crossed palm trees. Then you’ll walk over to the grill and we’ll introduce Marcus and get to work.”

They headed over to the palm trees which were crossed and forming an X. “Oh my god! Oh my god! Did you see it?” asked Miles. “Oh my god, that’s a big one.”

“Hard to miss and I was trying not to look,” she said. “He was definitely showing it off.”

Miles giggled. “Maybe he’s also trying for a promotion. You two are going to look great together on film. He’s going to get us even bigger ratings and the bigger the ratings, the more the producers are going to notice.”



“Yeah, you’re right,” she said, embarrassed that a part of her was uneasy over being on screen half nude with a dark-skinned black man. This was still the South. Atlanta would be fine, but the rest of Georgia... Her thoughts wondered. Jim wouldn’t like it either. He was always complaining about the black neighborhood on his mail route. He didn’t care much for Miles either, calling him an “old queen” and rolled his eyes whenever she brought Miles up.

Miles hefted his camera on his shoulder and aimed it at the palm trees. He made a few adjustments. “Ready?” he asked.

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” she said, brushing a strand of hair off her forehead. She glanced down to double check her bikini. “Wait, my nipples are poking out.” She stared in horror and the large points poking out the thin top. They were also making her cups stretch taut and the outlines of her areola were also making an unwanted appearance, two coin-sized circles in the center of her cups.

“Too late now, Double D. Besides, those tips will be worth even higher ratings.” Miles held his hand up with three fingers. “In three... two... one...”

The look of horror on her face vanished between the two and one, replaced by a stunningly beautiful smile that made her face light up. “I’m Dine Della Rosa, owner of Rosa’s Southern Kitchen in Atlanta and we are here on location in beautiful sunny Jamaica.” She spread her hands out indicating the beach and blue waters behind her. “And this is... A Taste of Jamaica.”

Miles panned the camera slowly, capturing every sway of her generous ass as she turned and walked toward the grill, the tiny red bikini bottoms riding high between her rounded cheeks with each step. The ocean sparkled behind her, palm fronds swaying in the breeze.

Dina reached the grill where Marcus waited. She flashed her brightest on-camera smile and gestured toward him with an open hand. “And joining me today is the owner of Reid’s Beachside Jerk, Marcus Reid.”

Marcus flashed a wide, charismatic grin, his white teeth bright against his dark skin. “Hey mon! Hey mon!” he called out with infectious energy, his deep voice rolling with natural Jamaican rhythm and plenty of personality. “Welcome to Jamaica, Dina! Let’s jerk some meat!”



Dina noticed that Miles was fighting back laughing at that comment. She turned her attention on Marcus as he tossed several pieces of seasoned chicken onto the hot grill with a dramatic flourish. Some pork and sausage were already on the grill cooking.

The meat hit the metal with a satisfying sizzle, sending up fragrant smoke laced with allspice, thyme, and fiery Scotch bonnet peppers. Marcus turned to her, eyes sparkling. “Yuh ready, Dina?”

“I’m ready, Marcus,” she answered, stepping up beside him at the grill, her heavy breasts shifting slightly with the movement.

They worked side by side in the bright Jamaican sunlight with Marcus giving a short history of jerk and Jamaican cooking. Marcus showed her how to layer on the jerk seasoning, his large dark hands moving with practiced confidence as he rubbed the thick, aromatic paste over the chicken and pork. Dina followed his lead, her smaller, lighter hands mirroring his

motions, fingers glistening with oil and spices. She turned the pieces carefully with tongs while Marcus added more seasoning, their arms brushing occasionally.

Marcus leaned in closer, “Yuh got a real soft touch dere, Dina. Yuh need a soft touch fi a proper Jamaican jerk. Too rough and da meat gets angry and spits at ya.”

Dina laughed, a flush rising on her cheeks that had nothing to do with the sun. “It’s getting hot out here,” she said, fanning herself lightly with one hand.

Marcus’s grin widened, his dark eyes sweeping over her nearly nude body. “Mi nuh know what hotter, yuh or di fire, Dina.”

He moved behind her, reaching around to guide her hands on the tongs. His powerful chest pressed lightly against her back as his arms enveloped her from behind. The heavy, thick bulge in his Jamaican-flag swim trunks nestled firmly against the generous curves of her ass. His sweaty dark skin slid against her own glistening pale skin, the heat of his body mingling with hers in the humid air. Dina’s breath caught as she felt the sheer size and weight of him resting against her rear, her nipples weren’t going down anytime soon, but she kept her professional smile fixed for the camera.

Laughter came easily between them. “Rub some more jerk pon dat sausage, Dina. Yes, nice and slow... cover every bit of skin. Yuh a natural, gyal,” he said, watching her. Their easy banter flowed naturally, full of light touches, shared glances, and genuine smiles, even as his hips shifted ever so slightly behind her, the thick bulge rubbing subtly against her soft ass cheeks with each small movement.

From behind the camera, Miles kept filming, a knowing grin spreading across his face. These two had chemistry, real, electric chemistry that jumped off the screen. The contrast between Dina’s pale, voluptuous figure in the tiny red bikini and Marcus’s powerful, dark-skinned muscular build was striking. Every time they leaned in together over the grill, the shot looked effortlessly sexy. Miles shook his head slightly, muttering under his breath, “These two need to fuck.”

The chicken sizzled and popped, the rich aroma filling the air as they continued working together, laughing and talking like old friends who had known each other for years instead of minutes, Marcus telling her about going from a beachside barbecue to a full-fledged restaurant.

Marcus stepped back slightly, though the heavy heat of his body still lingered against her skin. He flashed that wide, charismatic grin again and asked, “So, gyal, yuh ready fi di real taste of Jamaica?”

Dina turned toward the camera, her full breasts rising with a deep breath, nipples still prominently outlined against the thin red fabric. “I’m thrilled, Marcus. Just smelling all this delicious meat roasting has my stomach growling.”

Marcus’s dark eyes sparkled with mischief. “Then let muh feed yuh some Jamaican meat, gyal.”

He piled several pieces of perfectly charred jerk chicken and tender pork onto a plate, the fragrant smoke curling around them. Dina accepted the plate with both hands, her fingers still glistening with oil and spices. She took a bite of the chicken, her eyes fluttering closed in

genuine pleasure as the bold flavors exploded across her tongue, fiery heat balanced by sweet allspice and thyme.

“Mmm... that is so good,” she moaned softly, licking a trace of sauce from her lower lip. “It’s spicy hot, but delicious. The flavor is incredible.”

Marcus chuckled low in his throat. “Glad yuh like it. Now try mi sausage.” He slid a thick, juicy Jamaican sausage onto a soft bun, the long, dark link protruding obscenely from the bread. He held it up by the bun, the sausage sticking straight out, and offered it to her with a playful wink. “Go on, take a nice big bite, gyal.”

Dina brushed a strand of glossy black hair back from her face, her amber eyes widening slightly at the suggestive presentation. Miles zoomed the camera in tight on her face as she opened her full, soft lips. The thick black sausage slipped slowly between them, stretching her mouth as she took it in. She closed her lips around the hot meat and chewed, a soft, appreciative hum escaping her throat.



“Delicious,” she murmured, her voice slightly husky as she swallowed. A tiny drop of juice glistened at the corner of her mouth.

Dina turned back to the camera, recovering her bright professional smile. “Who wants some jerk?”

Several onlookers from the small crowd that had gathered stepped forward eagerly, accepting plates of the fragrant meat. Even the Minister of Tourism himself accepted a plate with a gracious nod, laughing as he took his first bite.

From behind the camera, Miles shouted cheerfully while still filming, “I’ll have the dark meat!”

Marcus served the plates with generous portions, his powerful frame moving easily beside Dina. Once the samples had been handed out, Miles called out, “One more shot, walk away from the grill. Just you and the beach.”

Dina nodded and strolled a few steps away from the grill, then turned and walked back toward the camera. Her generous ass

swayed enticingly in the tiny red bikini bottoms, the ocean sparkling behind her, palm trees framing the shot. The bright sun glistened on her fair skin and the subtle sheen of sweat between her heavy breasts.

“Well, I sure enjoyed my first taste of Jamaica,” she said warmly, looking directly into the lens, “and I hope you did too. And it won’t be my last. In our next segment we will be coming to you from Marcus’ restaurant, Reid’s Beachside Jerk for some more Jamaican food. I’m Dina Della Rosa, and this has been... A Taste of Jamaica.”

Miles lowered the camera with a satisfied grin. “Cut. That was fab, Honey. Absolutely fab.”

The crew clapped lightly as the small crowd dispersed, still savoring the jerk. Marcus stood beside the grill, his dark eyes lingering on Dina’s voluptuous figure with open appreciation. The thick bulge in his swim trunks was noticeably bigger.

Dina felt a flush creep across her skin. “Jesus, can we air that?” She stared in Mile’s viewscreen watching her and Marcus work. “I should have picked a more modest bikini.”

“Nonsense, that was the sexiest thing I ever filmed. Granted, you look more like a stripper than a chef.”

“Miles!” She punched him in the arm.

Marcus stuck his hand out thanking the Director of Tourism. The Director shook his hand, pulling it back and glanced down at the hundred-dollar bill in US dollars. He pulled his hand back and slipped it into his pocket.

“Mi did a think it would be a good idea fi mi accompany Miss Rosa pon di tourist segments, mon.”

“Ah mon,” the director answered, nodding. “Sounds like a great idea.”

Marcus gave him a wink. “Where dem staying, mon?”

“We have them at the Island Ember.”

“Great. Close to mi place, mon.”

“Good luck, mon.”

Marcus gave him another wink.

Later that evening, the small crew gathered at the Island Ember’s tiki bar by the pool. Tiki torches flickered against the warm tropical night as reggae music played softly in the background. Dina sat at a high-top table with Miles and Gladys, nursing a strong rum punch. She had changed into a tiny white summer dress that barely reached mid-thigh, the thin fabric clinging to her full breasts and wide hips, the hem dangerously high when seated.

Marcus Reid strolled into the bar area, his powerful frame still radiating confidence even after a long day. He was wearing white drawstring shorts and a white open shirt to show off his hard muscled chest. His dark eyes scanned the crowd until they landed on their table. A slow smile spread across his face.



Miles leaned over to Dina and whispered, "Look who's here. I wonder who he's looking for."

Before Dina could respond, Miles raised his hand and called out, "Marcus! Over here, mon!"

Marcus approached with his trademark grin, dreadlocks swaying. "Hey mon! Hey mon!" he exclaimed, pretending to be pleasantly shocked. "What a surprise fi see unu beautiful people here! Mi drink at di Ember all di time after work. Best rum punches pon di island, mon!"

Dina offered a polite smile, though her pulse quickened at the sight of him. "Would you like to join us?"

"Don't mind if mi do, mon!" Marcus replied, pulling up a stool beside her. His muscular thigh brushed against her smooth leg under the table as he sat down.

They talked easily as fresh rounds of rum punches arrived. Marcus was charming and full of stories, making them all laugh with his animated tales of island

life. The conversation flowed freely, the alcohol loosening inhibitions in the warm night air.

Gladys, who had been quiet most of the evening, set her glass down. Her eyes had been dripping closed and she was swaying slightly. "Well, I'm heading to bed. Way past my bedtime. You should all turn in soon. We got a long day tomorrow. Goodnight, everyone." She gave Dina a knowing look before slipping away.

A few minutes later, Miles turned to Marcus. "Hey, any good queer bars around here?"

Marcus's expression grew more serious, though still polite. "Sorry mon, it still illegal in Jamaica. Gays generally safe in di tourist areas, but it nuh wise fi flaunt it, mi friend. Best to be careful."

Miles sighed dramatically. "Well, that's disappointing. In that case, I'm going to bed too. Don't do anything I wouldn't do, Honey." He winked at Dina and disappeared toward the rooms.

Now it was just the two of them. Marcus turned to Dina, his dark eyes intense in the flickering torchlight. "Yuh want go over to di bar, baby? Di seating more comfortable over deh."

Dina hesitated, glancing at her half-finished drink. The rum was already making her head pleasantly warm. "All right," she said finally. "But only until I finish this drink. Then I really should go get some sleep. Long day tomorrow."

Marcus smiled, standing up and offering his hand to help her down from the stool. His large, strong fingers enveloped hers as he guided her toward the dimly lit bar, not letting go. The tiny white dress rode up slightly on her thighs as she walked, and she watched his gaze traveling over her body from her exposed cleavage to her fit toned legs.



As they settled onto the bar stools, the warm night air thick with the scent of salt water and rum, Dina told herself it was just one more drink. Nothing more. Yet the heavy presence of the charismatic Jamaican chef beside her made that promise feel increasingly difficult to keep.

They had fun at the bar, enjoying each other's company far more than Dina expected. Marcus was charming, quick-witted, and very flirty, his deep voice and easy laughter making the time pass effortlessly. Another round of shots arrived, followed by fresh rum punches. The alcohol warmed Dina's blood and loosened her inhibitions in the humid tropical night.

Marcus leaned closer, his dark eyes roaming over her body with open appreciation. At one point he casually placed his large hand on her knee, his strong fingers slowly rubbing upward along her smooth inner thigh. The touch sent an unwelcome spark of heat straight between her legs. She liked

it, but after a moment she gently lifted his hand away.

"Marcus," she said softly, "I'm married."

He smiled, completely unfazed. "Dat's just how wi stay friendly in Jamaica, gyal. No harm meant, yuh hear?"

Dina gave a nervous laugh and quickly finished her drink, but before she could leave the bartender sat another one in front of her. She settled back down on the stool. When his hand returned to her thigh a few minutes later, she let it linger. She glanced down once, mesmerized by the stark contrast of his dark black fingers resting high on her pale skin. Her nipples had grown painfully hard against the thin fabric of her dress, and she could feel her pussy drooling with unwanted arousal, her inner thighs becoming slick. She'd never responded this way to Jim, even early on in their relationship when there was more romance.

He stroked a little further up her thigh. Dina quickly drained the fresh drink and set the glass down. "I'd better get to bed."

Marcus turned to her, his voice low and suggestive. "Just yuh, or mi coming too?"

Dina's cheeks flushed. "Just me. I'm flattered by the attention, really, but like I mentioned... I'm married."

"Yuh mon ain't here, gyal, and yuh deh pon vacation. Yuh should have some fun, mon."

"I'm here for work, not fun."

Marcus nodded slowly, then smiled again. "Fine gyal. I'm gonna have a soak inna di hot tub, care tuh join mi? Feels great afta a day inna di hat sun."

Dina hesitated, the rum making her thoughts pleasantly fuzzy. A hot tub did sound incredibly relaxing. "All right," she said at last. "But just for a little while. Let me go get changed."

"Perfect, mon. Mi will link yuh deh."

Dina excused herself and returned to her room, her heart beating faster than it should.

As soon as she left, the bartender leaned over the counter toward Marcus with a knowing grin. "Whitey look good, mon. You deal wid dat white gyal proper."

Marcus grinned broadly and fist-bumped the bartender. "Dats mi plan."

"Last call, mon."

Marcus ordered two more strong rum punches to go. "Extra rum floater for da white gyal."

The bartender nodded. "Dese on mi."

Marcus tipped the man generously then made his way to the large jacuzzi just off the pool. The place was completely deserted. The film crew had come during the week to avoid the heavy cruise ship crowds, leaving the resort quiet and intimate under the stars. He set the drinks down, fired up the hot tub, watching the water start to bubble. He slid his shorts off. Completely nude, his thick black cock hanging heavily between his muscular thighs, he slipped into the bubbling water with a satisfied sigh.



A short time later, Dina arrived. She stood at the edge of the tub, her pulse racing as she realized they were entirely alone. The bar was dark, shut down, the bartender gone. After a brief hesitation, she untied the white robe and let it fall at her feet, revealing the tiny red bikini once more. Her heavy breasts strained against the thin top, nipples clearly visible. She stepped into the hot tub and slid into the churning water beside him, sighing with pleasure as the hot water embraced her body.

Marcus handed her one of the strong rum punches he had brought. "Here ya go, gyal."

Before long, Marcus cozied up even closer, his muscular thigh pressing against hers underwater. His large hand settled boldly on her smooth thigh, slowly stroking upward. He leaned in, his dreadlocks brushing her shoulder as he tried to capture her lips in a kiss.

Dina's breath hitched. For a dizzying moment she almost let him, her mouth parting slightly, but at the last second she turned her head and pulled back. She reached down and firmly lifted his wandering hand off her thigh.

“Marcus... you’re bad,” she scolded, though her voice lacked real conviction. “Go sit on the other side.”

Marcus chuckled deeply but obeyed, sliding over to the opposite side of the tub. Dina let out a small sigh of relief. But only seconds later, she felt his strong hand wrap around her ankle beneath the water. She started to pull her foot back, but he gently lifted it into his lap and began massaging it with skilled, powerful fingers.

The sensation was incredible. The tension from the long day melted away under his firm touch. Dina’s eyes fluttered closed and a soft, involuntary moan escaped her lips as she leaned back against the edge of the tub, relaxing despite herself.

Encouraged, Marcus moved to her other foot, his thumbs working deep into her arch. Dina made another low moan of pleasure, her head tilting back, eyes half-closed in bliss. The combination of the hot bubbling water, the strong rum, and his expert massage left her feeling loose and dangerously content.

Marcus quietly dropped her feet and slid back across the tub until he was right beside her again. Before she could protest, he leaned in and pressed his lips firmly against hers.

Dina stiffened for only a heartbeat... then kissed him back. The kiss quickly deepened, growing hotter and more passionate. Their tongues began to dance together as Marcus’s large hand moved up to squeeze one of her heavy breasts over the thin bikini top, his thumb rubbing circles over her stiff nipple.

Dina whimpered into his mouth. When his fingers slipped under the edge of her bikini top to touch bare skin, she grabbed his wrist and pulled his hand back, even as she continued kissing him with increasing hunger.

Marcus didn’t fight her. Instead, his hand slid back down, gliding over her knee and up her soft inner thigh. His thick fingers pressed firmly against the crotch of her tiny bikini bottoms, rubbing along her swollen pussy lips through the thin fabric.

Dina moaned loudly and squirmed, her hips twitching involuntarily. She grabbed his arm tightly, torn between pushing him away and pulling him closer.

She finally broke the kiss, breathing hard. “Marcus... I can’t,” she whispered, her voice shaky with lust and guilt.

Marcus kissed her again, softer this time, then pulled back just enough to speak against her lips. “Mi want yuh fi meet mi buddy.”

“Your buddy?” she asked, confused, still holding his arm to keep his hand away from her aching pussy. “Is he also a chef?”

Marcus chuckled, low and dirty. “Nah, white gyal. But when him get goin’, him can really cook.”



“What are you talking about?” she breathed, still trying to keep some control.

Instead of answering with words, Marcus took her hand and guided it underwater, wrapping her fingers around the thick, heavy shaft of his massive black cock. Dina’s eyes widened. At first she thought she was holding his wrist, it was so thick, but when she slid her hand upward, instead of finding his hand she encountered a big, bulbous, flared knob.

She froze, her small hand instinctively tightening around the enormous, veined cock as realization hit her.

“That can’t be your...” Dina whispered, her voice trembling with shock. “No way! It’s too big...”

She slid her hand slowly down to the base, trying to comprehend the sheer girth filling her palm. “I don’t believe it...”

Marcus smiled, slow and confident. “Believe it, white gyal. Dats mi buddy.”

Dina’s breath caught. Almost against her will, she pulled the heavy shaft upward. The enormous glans broke the surface of the bubbling water with a wet gleam. She gasped sharply, staring wide-eyed at the golfball-sized head of his cock. It was swollen, purplish-black, and flared dramatically, much wider than the already thick shaft.

“Oh my God...” she breathed, unable to look away.

Marcus leaned forward and stood up in the center of the hot tub, the water cascading down his muscular body. His enormous cock pointed straight at her face, bobbing heavily with his movement. Dina stared in awe at the monstrous organ hovering just inches from her lips.

His cock was truly massive. Coal-black and heavily veined, thick rope-like veins twisted and bulged along the entire length of the shaft. A prominent ridge ran along the underside, leading up to the wide, helmet-shaped glans that flared out aggressively. Even in the warm water, the skin looked taut and powerful. Below the thick shaft hung two enormous, heavy testicles, large and full, swaying gently in the churning water.

“Oh my God, Marcus... how big is that thing?” she whispered, her voice barely audible.

“About thirty-two centimeters,” he replied casually.

Dina didn’t know exactly what that meant in inches, but it looked far longer than a foot. The sheer size made her stomach flutter with disbelief and something darker, hotter.

"I don't believe it," she murmured again, her eyes traveling slowly down the massive head, along the veined shaft, and finally to the heavy balls dangling beneath it.

Marcus chuckled softly. "Never seen a black one before, white gyal?"

"Of course not," she replied, still staring. She had only ever seen her husband Jim's modest penis and a couple of previous boyfriends before him. None of them came close to this.

"Ever seen a white one dis big?"

Dina slowly shook her head; her amber eyes still locked on the monstrous cock. "No."

Marcus's voice dropped lower, thick with satisfaction. "Is it bigger than yo' hubby?"

Dina swallowed hard. The question hung in the humid air between them. She didn't answer, but the question filled her mind with comparisons, less than half as long, the girth of maybe a hotdog? Jim's entire shaft filled her palm with only the grape-sized head sticking out. Dina raised her hand again, hesitated a moment before reaching out and grabbing it knowingly this time just under the large flare of his glans. She let her fingers run down to the base, his curly black pubes pressing into her pinky. "A lot bigger," she finally answered.

Her hand was still wrapped around the thick base of his cock, unable or unwilling to let go. The contrast between her small, pale fingers and the dark, veined monster they encircled was obscene.

She bit her lip, shame and arousal warring inside her chest. The hot water bubbled around her heavy breasts as she stared at the biggest cock she had ever seen in her life.

Dina's small hand was still wrapped tightly around the thick base of Marcus's massive Black cock, her fingers unable to fully encircle its girth. She stared in stunned silence at the monstrous organ pulsing in her grasp.

Marcus looked down at her with a predatory smile. "Now dat yuh meet mi buddy, why don't yuh give him a likkle kiss, eh?"

Dina pulled her head back sharply. "No... I can't do that."

"Come on, white gyal," Marcus coaxed, his voice low and thick with lust. "Give mi buddy a good suck."

He stepped closer, the wide, flared head of his cock pressing against her soft lips. Dina turned her face away, breathing fast.

"I don't do that," she whispered.

Marcus looked genuinely shocked. "Not even fi yuh husband?"

She shook her head, still staring at the enormous cock. "I did it once for an ex-boyfriend... I didn't like it. He didn't warn me and came in my mouth. I thought it was nasty."

Marcus chuckled deeply. "If yuh were mi woman, yuh would suck mi buddy every morning, gyal. Dat's how a real man starts di day."

He leaned down slightly. "Yuh ready to invite mi to yuh room now? Let mi buddy have a proper try?"

Dina swallowed hard, her hand still gripping the thick shaft. "Just because it's big doesn't change the fact that I'm married. I... I should go."

But even as she said the words, her fingers remained wrapped around his cock, like they were glued to it. She didn't move away from it. She didn't stand up.

Marcus grinned. "Yuh cyan't leave mi hanging like dis, white gyal. Why don't yuh give mi buddy di old Jamaican jerk? Get mi off, gyal."

Dina hesitated, her eyes still locked on the massive black cock in her hand. A dark, forbidden desire to make him cum filled her brain. She began to stroke him slowly, her pale fingers sliding along the thick, veined length.

"Dat's it, white gyal," Marcus groaned. "Spit pon di head and rub it in. Mi buddy will help yuh."

Dina gathered saliva in her mouth and spat onto the swollen purple-black glans. She used both hands now, spreading the spit and the thick precum that was already leaking heavily from the slit. His cock became slick and glossy, allowing her hands to glide smoothly up and down the impressive length.

She sat up straighter in the bubbling water, using both hands to work him with increasing confidence. The sight of her small white hands stroking the huge Black cock sent a thrill through her body.



Marcus's voice grew rougher. "Yes, white gyal... jerk off dat big black cock. Make it cum fi yuh. Dat's right... stroke dat big black dick like ya luv it."

Dina's breathing grew heavier. A forbidden excitement was building inside her. "Cum for me," she whispered, surprised by her own words. "Do it... cum for me."

Marcus groaned deeply as his cock swelled even harder and thicker in her grip. "Yuh like dat big black cock, don't yuh?"

"Yes," she hissed, feeling naughty. "I like it... I want it to cum for me."

Suddenly, his heavy balls tightened. "Mi buddy gonna nut fo ya." With a deep grunt, Marcus erupted.

The first powerful wad of thick, hot semen blasted across Dina's face, splattering her cheek and lips. She reared back in shock, mouth falling open. The second heavy rope shot straight into her open

mouth before she could close it. She quickly shut her eyes and mouth as more thick jets splattered across her face, neck, and the tops of her heavy breasts, coating the red bikini top and her creamy cleavage in liquid white.

Dina rolled the thick, warm load around on her tongue. To her surprise, it wasn't nasty. As a trained chef, she could detect faint traces of jerk spices and allspice mixed into his seed. The consistency was thick and slippery, almost like a raw oyster. With a soft gulp, she swallowed it down, the thick wad sliding down her throat.

She opened her eyes, still staring at the monstrous Black cock bobbing in front of her face. A long six-inch strand of semen dangled from the tip. She caught it in her palm, then brought it to her lips and licked it clean, confirming to herself that she actually liked the taste.

Dina looked up at the muscular black man, her face and chest glistening with his cum. Marcus was grinning down at her with a smug, satisfied smile, his white teeth gleaming in the moonlight.

"Well, white gyal... yuh ready to invite mi to yuh room now?"

Dina blinked, suddenly coming back to her senses. The reality of what she had just done hit her like cold water. She quickly wiped at her face with the back of her hand.

"I... I have to get going," she stammered, her voice shaky as she began to stand up in the tub.

Dina grabbed her white robe with trembling hands and quickly pulled it over her cum-splattered body. She was deeply bothered by what she had just done... and even more disturbed by how much she had enjoyed it. The thick, warm taste of Marcus's semen still lingered on her tongue, and the memory of his massive black cock pulsing in her hands made her pussy throb with shameful need. Her body had never reacted this way before, to her husband or anyone.

Still dripping wet, both from the hot tub and from the heavy load that coated her face and chest, she hurried back toward the resort lobby. The thin robe clung obscenely to her wet figure, doing little to hide the fact that she was nearly naked underneath.

The Jamaican woman working the front desk looked up as Dina entered. A knowing grin spread across her face as her eyes swept over the flushed, disheveled guest.

"Did you enjoy your soak, Miss Rosa?" she asked, her tone light but teasing.

Dina forced a weak smile. "Yes... it was very... satisfying," she replied, her voice unsteady.

As she spoke, her eyes flicked to the row of CCTV monitors mounted on the wall behind the desk. One of the screens clearly showed the hot tub area, Marcus casually dressing beside it, his massive cock still hanging heavily between his thighs. Dina's face burned with shame. She turned quickly and practically ran to the elevator, clutching the robe tightly around her body.

Once inside her room, Dina rushed straight to the bathroom and stared at her reflection in the mirror. Her face was covered in thick white ropes of Marcus's jizz. Several heavy wads slid slowly down her cheek and the bridge of her nose. Even worse, multiple loads had soaked into the red bikini top, staining the bright fabric with obvious white splotches that clung wetly to her breasts.

With shaking hands, she untied the bikini top and dropped it into the sink. She turned on the hot water and rubbed soap vigorously into the material, trying desperately to wash away the evidence of her sin. Once she was satisfied, she hung the top and bottoms over the shower curtain rod to dry.



Dina stepped into the shower and turned the water on as hot as she could stand. Steam quickly filled the bathroom. She stood under the spray, letting the water cascade over her face and body, but no matter how hard she tried to calm down, her mind kept replaying the events in the hot tub.

The weight of Marcus's enormous black cock in her hands.

The way it throbbed and swelled as she stroked it.

The powerful jets of thick semen splattering across her face and breasts.

The taste of him on her tongue... and how she had willingly swallowed it.

Her nipples remained stiff and sensitive. Between her legs, her pussy continued to drool with arousal. The heat between her thighs only grew worse. She briefly considered turning the water to cold, but she couldn't

bring herself to do it. Instead, she stood there, eyes closed, breathing heavily as the hot water pounded against her skin and the forbidden memories continued to play on an endless loop in her mind.

Dina pressed her forehead against the cool tile wall, torn between guilt and an aching, dangerous hunger she had never felt before.

Dina stepped out of the shower stall, dried off, and walked nude across the room to her bed. The cool air from the air conditioner kissed her flushed skin, making her stiff nipples ache. She picked up her phone and noticed a missed call from her husband. A pang of guilt twisted in her stomach, but it was quickly drowned out by the lingering heat between her legs.

She quickly typed a text: "Sorry, long day. Talk to you tomorrow. Love you." Then she set the phone aside and slipped between the cool sheets.

The moment she lay down, her hand began to drift downward of its own accord. Her fingers slid over her flat belly, through the soft patch of dark pubic hair, and found her soaked, swollen pussy. She was dripping wet. A soft sigh escaped her lips as she slowly began fingering herself, two fingers slipping easily between her slick folds.



Normally, when she needed release, she used her thick vibrating dildo. But it was clinical, no fantasies, just stress relief, insert, turn on the vibrations, cum quickly, then get back to work. She hadn't brought it on this trip, too afraid of what TSA or Jamaican customs might think if they found it.

Tonight was different. There was nothing clinical about the way her fingers worked inside her aching cunt. Her mind kept replaying the hot tub over and over, Marcus's massive black cock throbbing in her hands, the way it swelled and erupted, the thick ropes of semen painting her face and breasts. She imagined him fucking her... stretching her... claiming her married pussy with that monstrous organ.

Her breathing grew ragged. Her hips began to rock against her hand as she rubbed her swollen clit faster. "Oh God..." she whimpered softly. The orgasm hit her hard, her back arching off the bed as her pussy clenched rhythmically around her fingers. A wave of relief finally washed over her, allowing her exhausted body to drift into sleep.

But her mind was far from quiet.

In her dream, she was back on the beach filming the jerk chicken segment. Only this time, she and Marcus were completely nude. His powerful dark body pressed against her from behind as they stood at the grill, his enormous Black cock nestled between her ass cheeks while they added spices to the chicken. The thick head nudged insistently at her entrance. "Try mi sausage."

He pushed forward, sinking several thick inches into her soaked pussy in one slow thrust.

"Oh God... it's so big," Dina grunted, her voice husky with pleasure.

Marcus's deep voice rumbled in her ear. "Yuh wan invite mi to yuh tent, white gyal?"

"Yes..." she moaned.

Suddenly they were inside the tent, but instead of camera equipment, there was only a large white bed. Dina mounted Marcus, straddling his muscular body and slowly sinking down onto

his massive cock. She gasped as he stretched her wide, filling her deeper than she had ever been filled before.

“Be more vocal, Honey” Miles called out. Dina turned her head and saw her cameraman filming them with a big grin on his face.

“Fuck me,” she moaned, beginning to ride Marcus harder. “Fuck me, Marcus! Fuck me with your big black cock!”

Miles gave her a thumbs-up. “This is going to send our ratings through the roof!”

Dina looked down at Marcus. His strong hands were mauling her heavy breasts. She covered his hands with her own, squeezing them tighter against her soft flesh.

“I love fucking you,” she panted. “I love your big black cock!”

“Fuck that black cock, slut,” came another voice.

Dina turned her head and saw her husband Jim sitting in a chair beside the bed, frantically jerking his small, thin penis while watching them.

“You’re going to make a great porn star, Dina!” Miles shouted excitedly. “Now the money shot!”

Dina obediently hopped off Marcus’s cock, dropped to her knees, and took the massive Black shaft into her mouth. She sucked and jerked him furiously with both hands until Marcus groaned and erupted. Thick, heavy ropes of semen flooded her mouth. She pulled back, turned toward the camera and her husband, opened her mouth to show the load coating her tongue, and then swallowed it all with an audible gulp.

“Cut! That’s a wrap!” Miles announced cheerfully.

Dina awoke with a start, drenched in sweat. Her legs were spread wide, her pussy drooling with fresh arousal. Without thinking, her hand slid back between her thighs. She squeezed her full breasts hard with her other hand, pinching her sensitive nipple as her fingers plunged into her soaked cunt.

“Oh fuck...” she moaned, her hips bucking wildly. The second orgasm crashed over her even harder than the first, leaving her gasping and trembling as waves of pleasure ripped through her body.

She lay there afterward, chest heaving, staring at the ceiling in the dark room. The guilt was still there... but so was the undeniable hunger that Marcus had awakened inside her.

That morning, Dina stood inside the makeup tent once again, wearing the same tiny red bikini from yesterday. Gladys was touching up her face and hair, dabbing carefully at her cheeks and forehead to combat the relentless Jamaican humidity.

Dina tried to focus on the work ahead, but her mind kept drifting back to the hot tub. She could still feel the heavy, throbbing weight of Marcus’s massive black cock in her hands. The way it pulsed and swelled. The thick, powerful jets of semen that had splattered across her face and

breasts. The taste of him lingering on her tongue. No matter how hard she tried to push the memories away, they kept returning, making her nipples tighten against the thin red fabric and sending fresh warmth between her thighs.

Tonight they were scheduled to film the final segment at Marcus's restaurant, Reid's Beachside Jerk. The thought of seeing him again made her stomach flutter with a mixture of anxiety and unwanted excitement. "Just keep it professional," she muttered under her breath.

Miles stood nearby, checking his camera equipment. "Okay, Double D, here's the plan. We'll film a quick intro with you talking to the camera, then get some nice shots of you riding horseback along the beach, and finish with a strong finale from the horse. Should look fantastic."

He suddenly paused, staring directly at the tops of her heavy breasts. "What the hell is that?" he asked, frowning. "There are stains on the top of your bikini."

Dina's face instantly flushed with embarrassment. The faint white marks from Marcus's cum were still visible on the bright red fabric despite her vigorous scrubbing the night before.

"That Jamaican meat yesterday must have squirted some juice on it," she stammered, her voice strained.

The moment the words left her mouth, her brain betrayed her with a vivid flashback, Marcus standing over her in the hot tub, his enormous Black cock erupting, thick ropes of semen splashing across her face and chest. She flushed even darker, heat rising up her neck.

Miles squinted at the stains for a moment longer, one eyebrow cocked, then shrugged. "I hope it won't show up too badly on film. If it does, you can switch bikinis when we move to the river shots."

Before Dina could respond, the sound of a car pulling up outside the tent reached them. The door flap opened and the Minister of Tourism stepped out, followed closely by Marcus Reid.

"Well, well... look who it is," Miles said with a grin.

Dina's eyes went wide. Marcus winked at her, his muscular frame relaxed but radiating raw masculine energy. He was wearing the same pair of colorful swim trunks that did nothing to hide the heavy bulge between his legs and the shirt from last night and like last night it was unbuttoned and revealing his sexy muscular chest.

The Minister of Tourism smiled broadly as he approached. "Good afternoon! After reviewing the footage from yesterday, we were very impressed with how well you two worked together on camera. The chemistry was excellent. We've decided Marcus should appear in all the remaining shots. Having a local Jamaican host alongside you will greatly improve the authenticity and appeal of the segments."

Miles nodded enthusiastically. "I think that's a great idea."

Dina stood frozen, her heart pounding. She could barely meet Marcus's eyes. He was watching her with that same knowing, confident smile, his gaze slowly drifting down over her barely-

covered body, lingering on her large breasts. His smile broadened when he saw the faint stains on her bikini top.

Marcus's deep voice rolled out with amusement. "Mi looking forward fi work wid yuh again, Dina."

She managed a weak smile, painfully aware of the way her nipples were once again visibly stiff against the thin red fabric clearly evident to the cocky black man and indeed anyone looking at her.

This was going to be a very long day.

Miles held up three fingers, counting down silently. "In 3... 2... 1..."



Dina flashed her brightest professional smile, the ocean and white sand stretching behind her. "Today we're experiencing something truly special, riding horses along the beautiful beaches of Jamaica. Joining me today is my new buddy... uh friend, Marcus Reid."

On cue, Marcus jumped into the frame with his usual high energy, dreadlocks swinging. "Hey mon! Hey mon!" he called out, grinning widely. "Mi really looking forward fi spend di whole day wid yuh, Dina, and show yuh everything Jamaica have to offer. But den again... yuh already get a taste yesterday, mon."

Dina felt her cheeks warm instantly. The double meaning hit her hard. She stuttered slightly, her voice catching for a brief moment. "I sure did... with your delicious Jamaican meat... uh jerk chicken and pork." She quickly recovered, forcing a bright laugh. "Now I think we should get to riding."

Marcus's grin widened, his dark eyes sparkling with mischief. "What we waiting for, gyal?"

He moved beside her and offered his strong hand to help her mount the horse. Dina swung her leg over, acutely aware of how the tiny red bikini rode up high on her hips and how her full breasts bounced and strained against the thin top as she settled into the saddle. Marcus mounted his own horse with easy athletic grace, his powerful body moving fluidly.

Miles filmed them as they rode off down the beach, the camera capturing the striking image of the pale, voluptuous woman in the skimpy red bikini riding alongside the muscular, dark-skinned Jamaican man.

A short time later, they circled back. Miles had them trot past him several times while laughing and talking. The footage looked vibrant and full of life, Dina's full breasts jiggling with each stride of the horse, her wide hips shifting in the saddle, and Marcus riding confidently beside her.

They pulled up near the camera again. Dina turned toward the lens, slightly breathless. "And these horses don't just gallop... they swim!"

With that, she and Marcus urged their horses forward into the turquoise water. Miles followed along the shoreline, filming as the horses waded deeper and began to swim. The shots were stunning, Dina's body glistening with seawater, the tiny red bikini clinging wetly to her curves, her heavy breasts bouncing as the horse moved through the waves, while Marcus rode beside her, his dark muscular torso shining under the bright Jamaican sun.

The contrast between them was undeniable... and undeniably magnetic.

Dina was genuinely smiling by the time she climbed down off her horse. Miles filmed her dismounting, not mentioning that her skimpy bottoms had crawled up between her ass cheeks turning the skimpy panty in a thong. Higher ratings, he thought.

"And from horseback riding on the beach to..." Dina snapped her fingers.



"Rafting on the famous Martha Brae River."

For this segment, Dina had changed into another skimpy string bikini, a vibrant red floral print. A matching sheer skirt was tied low around her wide hips, and a bright red flower was tucked behind her ear. The outfit made her look both tropical and dangerously sexy.

Miles filmed the raft pushing off from the shore before hopping onto a separate raft to film beside them. As they drifted down the calm, beautiful river, Dina turned toward the camera with a warm smile.

"While rafting along the beautiful Martha Brae River, you can enjoy one of these delicious rum punches," she said, lifting the drink and wrapping her full lips around the straw. She took a slow sip, then let out a soft, appreciative moan. "Mmmm... that's good."

“Sure is, Dina,” Marcus added, his deep voice laced with playful innuendo as he looked directly at her. “Quite tasty.”

Miles maneuvered his raft ahead and filmed them from the front. The shots captured Dina’s voluptuous figure perfectly, the floral bikini top straining against her heavy breasts, the sheer skirt fluttering in the breeze, and Marcus’s powerful dark body sitting close beside her on the narrow raft.

When they reached the landing, Marcus stood first and offered his hand to help Dina off the raft. She took it, stepping carefully onto the dock while smiling brightly for the camera.

“And from rafting...” she snapped her fingers again.

“To ziplining!”

Dina now wore only the floral string bikini. The harness was strapped tightly around her body, emphasizing her full breasts and wide hips. Marcus stood beside her, also geared up, his muscular frame looking imposing next to her soft, pale curves.

Miles filmed them launching off the platform, then raced down to the ground while they waited at the next platform to capture them zipping past overhead. The footage was ratings gold, Dina’s body soaring through the air, her heavy breasts bouncing with every movement, the tiny bikini leaving very little to the imagination as she flew above the lush Jamaican jungle with Marcus right beside her.



The final shot was back on the beach.

Miles examined the scenery. “I want a good shot of you two running into the water and splashing around. Let’s make it fun and energetic.”

Dina nodded, though she was already thinking about checking her phone. Miles stepped closer with a mischievous grin. “Turn around for a second, Double D.”

Dina did, twisting her body to look down at what Miles was up to. Before she could react, he hooked his fingers into the back of her floral bikini bottoms and pulled the thin material sharply upward. The scant fabric disappeared completely between her round, firm ass cheeks, leaving her ass almost entirely bare.

“Miles!” Dina yelled in surprise.

“Shush, Honey. I’m helping you get that promotion.” He dusted some sand off her cheeks. “Now take it from the top.” He returned and hefted his camera.

““And this has been just a small taste of all the fun adventures available on the beautiful island of Jamaica, but let’s not forget all the beautiful beaches.” Dina held her arm out, palm out before the glittering clear blue water.

”Cut,” said Miles. “Let me get in front of you and run towards me.”

They turned and began running toward the water. Miles filmed them from the front as they approached, capturing the hypnotic bounce of Dina’s full breasts with every stride. As they passed him, he swung the camera around to follow, openly chuckling at the sight of her bare ass cheeks jiggling with each step.



Suddenly Marcus reached out and grabbed her shoulder, spun her around, and effortlessly threw her over his broad shoulder. Dina let out a surprised laugh as her barely-covered ass bounced right beside his face. Miles gave him a thumbs up. Marcus winked at the camera, gave her round pale ass cheek a firm smack, and charged down into the turquoise waves. Dina waved at the camera, laughing as they reached the water line.

He tossed her into the water with a splash. Dina came up laughing, water streaming down her body, droplets flying off her breasts as she sprang up from the surf. She sensually thrust her breasts out while running her hands through her wet hair. They playfully splashed each other while a delighted Miles captured every moment.

“Cut! That’s perfect,” Miles called out. “Now stay here and actually have some fun, Dina. I’m keeping your phone. You’ve earned a break. No restaurant business for the next hour.”

Dina opened her mouth to protest, still worried about unanswered messages, but Miles waved her off firmly and began packing up his gear. She waded out of the water, Marcus following her. She sighed. “Well, the water did feel great. Let’s get back in.”

“Di water better over here,” said her companion, pointing towards an area where large rock outcroppings rose out of the sand.

Marcus chuckled and gently took her elbow, steering her forward. As they walked, he distracted her with easy conversation, pointing out the palm trees and the color of the sea. Dina barely noticed the small wooden sign they passed that read “Clothing Optional” in faded letters.

Marcus led her between some large rocks that formed a natural private cove. He stopped, bent over, and casually slipped his Jamaican-flag swim trunks down his muscular legs, stepping out of them completely naked.

Dina’s eyes widened in shock. “What are you doing?”

He straightened up, completely at ease, his massive black cock hanging thick and heavy between his powerful thighs. "Relax, dis a nude beach."

She stood frozen for a moment, unable to look away as his enormous cock swayed heavily. It looked even bigger now in the bright sunlight, the thick, dark shaft and heavy balls swinging like a hypnotic pendulum with every step he took toward the water. She cursed under her breath, wishing she'd left with Miles.

Marcus glanced back at her, grinning. "Yuh should join mi, Dina. Or yuh scared?"

Her heart pounded. The combination of the Jamaican heat, the rum and no lunch, and Marcus's constant confident flirting made her feel bold in a way she rarely did back home. With trembling fingers, she reached behind her back and untied the strings of her bikini top. The tiny red fabric fell away, freeing her large, heavy white breasts. They swayed heavily, full and round, her nipples already stiff from the sea breeze and nervous excitement.

Marcus let out a low appreciative whistle. "Damn, yuh have some beautiful white titties, gyal. Mi love dem pretty pink nipples."

Dina felt a rush of heat between her thighs at his words. She slipped into the warm water beside him. They splashed each other playfully, laughter rising above the gentle waves. "Miles should have kept filming. He's missing some good shots."

"Wi can still call him back, gyal," he replied laughing.



For the first time in years, the constant worry about her restaurant faded. She was actually having fun. The day was beginning to feel like a real vacation, and she found herself enjoying Marcus's company more than she wanted to admit. His constant flirting made her feel desired in a way her unambitious husband never had.

Marcus moved closer through the water until he stood directly in front of her. His strong arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her against his hard, muscular black body. They gazed into each other's eyes for a long moment. Then he leaned down and kissed her.

Dina melted in his arms, kissing him back with surprising hunger. Her full white breasts mashed against his hard black chest as his tongue explored her mouth. She could feel his massive Black cock swelling rapidly between them, thickening and rising until the heavy shaft tried to push up between her soft thighs.

His large hands reached down and squeezed her round ass cheeks possessively, then slid to her hips. With practiced fingers he untied the strings on her bikini bottoms. The scant red and white fabric slipped away and floated in the water, leaving her completely naked.

Dina groaned softly as she felt his thick, hot cock sliding along the slick folds of her bare pussy. The sensation was too good. She suddenly pulled back, breathing hard, and waded toward the shore, snatching up her discarded bikini bottom from the shallow water.

"I'm sorry, Marcus," she said, her voice shaky as she clutched the wet fabric. "I'm married."

"Yo white boy ain't here, gyal. Look at mi buddy. Don't ya want more den he can give yuh?"

Her pussy drooled just looking at it. Dina Della Rosa, a Georgia peach with slave owning ancestors was attracted to a dark-skinned black man with a giant dick. Her Italian grandmother had loved everything about America except for all the black people. She turned away from him and walked up the beach.

Marcus followed her, his massive erection bobbing heavily, still fully hard. He casually picked up his shorts but didn't put them on. They walked along the beach completely nude. As they passed an older Black Jamaican man with long grey dreads carrying a fishing net, Dina tried not to stare. The man's cock, if anything, was even bigger than Marcus's, swinging heavily from knee to knee with each step. His dark eyes scanned down her figure eliciting a broad white toothed smile from him. He winked at Marcus as they passed.

Marcus led her up into a more private area nestled between two large rocks that formed a natural dead-end cove. "Stop right dere," he told her. "Mi nuh want dem pretty white titties fi burn."

He reached into the pocket of his shorts and pulled out a small bottle of lotion, squeezing a generous amount into his palm. They stared into each other's eyes as he began to rub the cool lotion all over her pale breasts, his strong hands massaging the creamy flesh, thumbs brushing across her stiff pink nipples. He stepped closer, embracing her again, his hands reaching around to rub lotion into her pale, round ass. His thick black cock slid hot and heavy along the lips of her wet pussy.

A part of her wanted him to lift her up and lower her down on his huge cock, but Dina stepped back from the dangerous weapon, breathing fast. She stared down at the monstrous shaft, then reached down with both hands and began to stroke it slowly. Dina sank to her knees in the warm sand, her white breasts swaying with the movement. She gazed up at Marcus with lust-glazed eyes as she wrapped both soft hands around the thick base of his massive black cock. The veined shaft was impossibly heavy, pulsing with heat against her palms. Up close it looked even more intimidating, coal-black, thick as her wrist, with dramatically flared purple-black glans already glistening with a bead of precum.

"I can't believe I'm about to do this," she whispered, her voice trembling with shame and excitement.

She leaned forward, parted her full lips, and guided the wide head into her warm, wet mouth. The sheer girth stretched her jaw immediately. Dina moaned around the thick knob, her tongue swirling tentatively over the spongy crown as she struggled to take more. Only the head fit at first. She bobbed slowly, sucking harder, trying to relax her throat. Saliva already began to drip from the corners of her stretched lips.



Marcus groaned deeply, one large hand resting gently on the back of her head. "Dat's it, suck mi big black cock, Dina. Yuh pretty white mouth feel so good. Mi buddy love how hot and wet yuh sucking him."

Encouraged by his dirty words, Dina tried harder. She pushed forward, forcing another thick inch past her lips. Her throat convulsed around the invading shaft, but she refused to pull back. She wanted more. She needed more. With a determined whimper, she took him deeper, managing five inches, then six. Her sultry dark eyes watered as she fought her gag reflex, cheeks hollowing with effort.

"Fuck yes," Marcus growled, his Jamaican accent thickening with lust. "Take more of dat big black dick down yuh throat, girl. Yuh look so perfect kneeling dere, sucking mi black cock like a good white slut should. Yuh know dis is where yuh belong, sucking black dick, don't yuh?"

The filthy praise sent a shameful thrill through her body. No one had ever talked like that to her before. Dina moaned loudly around his

shaft, suddenly getting into it. She began to enjoy the act, the heavy weight on her tongue, the powerful veins pulsing against her lips, the musky masculine scent of him. Strangely, she felt it was her rightful place to be on her knees before this muscular black man, worshipping such a perfect, superior cock. Her pussy grew slick with arousal as she forced herself further, taking seven inches, then eight. The thick head pushed far down her throat, bulging visibly in her neck as she swallowed around him, saliva running in shiny streams down her chin and dripping onto her heaving breasts.

Marcus's hips twitched, his hand tightening slightly in her hair. "Good girl. Suck it just like dat. Yuh getting better already. Mi buddy turn ya into a real good cocksucker."

Dina's head bobbed with increasing hunger, her full lips sliding up and down the veined length as she worked eight thick inches in and out of her throat. She was lost in the act now, eyes half-lidded in pleasure.

Suddenly Marcus groaned deep in his chest. "Here it comes, white gyal. Mi nut is coming. Yuh ready fi taste mi?"

Dina sucked harder, bobbing rapidly, her tongue pressing against the underside of his shaft, desperate to taste him again. With a guttural grunt, Marcus erupted.

The first powerful blast of thick, hot semen exploded into her mouth, instantly filling it and puffing out her cheeks. The volume was shocking. Dina gulped frantically, swallowing as much as she could, but heavy ropes still spilled from the corners of her stretched lips, running in creamy white streams down her chin and splattering onto her tits. Another massive load followed, then another, flooding her mouth with his rich, salty seed. She swallowed greedily, surprised once again by how delicious it was, warm, thick, and carrying that faint, exotic hint of jerk spices. She wondered if he ate so much jerk that it had become a permanent part of his taste.

Finally, the torrent slowed. Dina pulled back slowly, gasping for air, thick strands of cum and saliva still connecting her swollen lips to the glistening head of his cock. She licked her lips clean, savoring the last drops, then stared in awe at the monstrous Black shaft still throbbing before her face. Even after such a massive load, it looked almost thirteen inches long, heavy and proud.

She gazed up at Marcus submissively, then leaned forward and planted a soft, reverent kiss directly on the sensitive head of his cock.

Marcus chuckled, his deep voice warm with amusement. "Now dat was a proper chef's kiss."

Dina suddenly pulled back, a wave of guilt at what she'd just done crashing over her. She rose quickly to her feet, sand clinging to her knees, her breasts heaving with each rapid breath. Thick strands of Marcus's cum still glistened on her chin and dripped slowly down onto her tits.



"We... we need to get going," she stammered, her voice shaky. "This was a mistake."

Marcus's strong hands shot out and grabbed her waist before she could step away. In one smooth motion he spun her around, pressing her back against the smooth warm rock. His deep voice rumbled close to her ear, thick with Jamaican patois.

"No rush, beautiful. We nah go anywhere until mi return di favor."

He lifted her effortlessly, pinning her against the rock with her feet dangling several inches off the ground. Dina gasped as Marcus's mouth descended on her body. He sucked one stiff pink nipple deep into his hot mouth, tongue swirling around the sensitive bud before moving lower. He licked a slow, wet trail down her ribs and across her soft belly, teasing her navel with the tip of his tongue. Then he dropped to his knees before her, spreading her thighs wide.

Dina's breath caught as his mouth found her smooth, dripping pussy. The moment his thick tongue dragged slowly up her slit, she let out a sharp moan. His tongue felt incredible, hotter, wetter, and far more skilled than her own fingers had been last night in her hotel room. It felt better than her dildo. Better than anything her husband had ever done to her.

“Oh God...” she whimpered, her hands flying to his dreadlocked head.

Marcus devoured her with hungry strokes, lapping at her swollen folds before wrapping his lips around her throbbing clit and sucking gently. Dina’s hips bucked involuntarily. She groaned loudly, grinding her pussy against his talented mouth, humping his tongue with shameless need. The wet, obscene sounds of his licking filled the private cove.

He slipped two thick fingers inside her tight, married pussy. They were noticeably bigger than her husband’s small penis, stretching her walls deliciously as he curled them upward, stroking that sensitive spot deep inside her. Dina’s eyes rolled back, her moans growing louder and more desperate.

She could feel the orgasm building fast, an intense, overwhelming pressure that terrified her. She tried to fight it, guilt flooding her mind. She shouldn’t cum for this man. She was married. This was wrong. But it felt too good. The pleasure was too powerful to resist.

“Marcus... wait... I can’t...” she gasped, even as her hips rolled faster against his mouth.

Marcus sucked harder on her clit, his fingers pumping steadily. The pressure inside her finally snapped.



Dina cried out sharply as the biggest orgasm of her life exploded through her body. Her thighs trembled violently, her pussy clenching and spasming hard around his invading fingers. A powerful gush of her juices flooded his mouth as wave after wave of intense pleasure ripped through her. Her breasts jiggled with every shudder, her sultry dark eyes wide with shock and ecstasy. She had never cum so hard in her life.

She was still stunned, gasping and trembling against the rock, when Marcus finally stood up. His muscular black body towered over her. Dina’s eyes dropped downward and widened. His massive black cock was still rock hard, the thick, veined shaft throbbing angrily. The wide, flaring purple-black head pointed directly at her dripping, freshly orgasmed pussy like a snake ready to strike.

Dina suddenly came to her senses, the intensity of her orgasm fading just enough for guilt to flood back in. She quickly covered her dripping pussy with one hand and clamped her thighs tightly together, blocking Marcus from pushing forward.

“Stop...,” she gasped, breathing hard. “We can’t do this.”

Marcus paused, his massive black cock still throbbing angrily, the wide head only inches from her swollen folds. “What di matter, white gyal?”

“I’m sorry,” Dina whispered, her voice trembling with shame. “Things went too far. I shouldn’t have let it get this out of hand.”

Marcus chuckled low in his throat, his dark eyes gleaming with amusement and hunger. “Yuh mouth and yuh pussy say otherwise. Mi buddy will feel even better than mi tongue, yuh know. Yuh never had nothing like dis before.”

Dina suddenly felt painfully naked. She pushed gently against his chest until he stepped back, then quickly retrieved her discarded bikini. Her hands shook as she pulled the tiny bottoms up her legs and tied them at her hips. Marcus moved behind her, his strong fingers helping to tie the strings of the bikini top behind her neck, his cock resting against the round swell of her ass cheeks, the head pressing into the small of her back. He leaned in close, pressing a slow, lingering kiss to the sensitive skin of her neck. She closed her eyes suppressing a moan.

They walked back along the beach in silence. Marcus remained completely nude, his thick black cock still rock hard and bobbing heavily with every step, drawing her eyes despite her best efforts. Only when they reached the clothing optional sign did he casually pull his Jamaican-flag swim trunks back on, though the massive bulge remained blatantly obvious.

He walked her to his car, opening the door for her like a gentleman. During the short drive back to the hotel, his large hand rested possessively on her knee, occasionally giving it a gentle squeeze. “We need to keep this professional,” she stuttered, but she didn’t remove his hand from her knee, she liked his touch, she liked looking at the contrast of his black hand on her pale skin.

When they arrived, he turned to her with a confident smile. “Mi will see yuh in a few hours.”

Dina nodded quickly and slipped out of the car, her heart still racing as she made her way to Miles’s hotel room. She knocked softly. When he opened the door, he handed her both her phone and the tiny red bikini she had worn earlier that day.

“I got the semen stain out for you,” Miles said casually.

Dina’s eyes widened in horror. “How... how did you know it was semen?”

Miles laughed, a rich, knowing sound. “Honey, I’ve been sucking dick for forty years. I know a semen stain when I see one. So... details.”

She stepped inside, cheeks burning. After a moment’s hesitation, she confessed in a quiet voice, “I jerked him off in the hot tub last night.”

“Who are you? What did you do with Dina?”

Dina blushed heavily and looked down at her feet. “Dammit Miles, it’s worse than that. I just blew him on the beach.”

Miles raised an eyebrow, clearly amused. "I was wrong about you, Dina, you do know how to have a good time. You gonna fuck him?"

"I don't know. I know it's wrong, but I really want to."

He leaned against the doorframe. "Gotta ask, how big is that thing?"

Dina hesitated, then answered honestly. "I'm not sure... but it's over a foot long."

"Damn, Dina," Miles whistled. "That's a big one. Might be your only chance to fuck something that big in your lifetime."

"Miles!" she scolded, her face flushing deeper. "I'm married and he's... you know black."

He scoffed, rolling his eyes. "Your husband is an asshole who doesn't appreciate what he has. As for black, you know what they say about going black? You should have some fun while you can. If you don't, you'll regret it later."

Dina shook her head, flustered. "How am I even supposed to take something that big?"

Miles gave her a sly smile as he gently closed the door on her. "One inch at a time, honey."



Back in her own room, Dina stripped off the bikini and stepped into the shower. She soaped her body thoroughly, washing away the sweat, sand, lotion, and the sticky remnants of the day. The hot water cascaded over her breasts and down her curves, but it did little to quiet the conflicting thoughts racing through her mind.

After drying off, she sat on the bed naked with just a towel around her head and checked all her missed messages. She'd answered the third one when she realized that not one of them constituted an emergency or something her management team couldn't have handled without her. She replied for them to take care of any problems and she'd be out of contact until she got back.

Her mind free of worrying about work, her thoughts drifted to Marcus, his cocky grin, his dark-skinned muscular body, and his enormous penis. Vivid memories of the day kept flashing through her mind, the heavy weight of Marcus's massive black cock stretching her throat, the thick, slightly spicy taste of his cum flooding her mouth, and the way his skilled tongue had made her cum so hard on the beach. Her pussy was

drooling again, slick and aching. She couldn't resist. Leaning back against the pillows, she slipped her hand between her thighs and began fingering herself, desperately hoping one more

orgasm would finally satisfy her and keep her from doing anything more with Marcus. As her fingers moved faster, she fantasized about sucking him again, about being stretched and claimed by his enormous cock. Miles' teasing words echoed in her head: Once you go black... She came hard, biting her lip to muffle her moan, her pussy clenching tightly around her fingers. But even as the pleasure faded, the fantasy had only made her desire him stronger. The orgasm left her even hungrier for the real thing.

She dressed carefully in a short black skirt that hugged her wide hips and a white crop top that left her soft belly exposed, the hem ending just below her breasts. She stood in front of the mirror, turning slowly to examine herself. The outfit accentuated her stunning figure perfectly. She looked beautiful, sensual, desirable, and felt more alive than she had felt in years.



“In 3... 2... 1...”

“I’m Dina Della Rosa, and after spending a great day getting to know my new buddy...” The second segment would open with a montage of all the day’s activities, the horseback ride, rafting trip, and zipline all edited down to a 3–5-minute clip. A longer version would air on the WATL’s YouTube channel. “I’m here at Reid’s Beachside Jerk with my new friend Marcus Reid.”

The camera panned smoothly to reveal Marcus Reid stepping into frame, now dressed in a crisp white chef’s coat that strained across his broad, muscular shoulders. He flashed a charismatic grin. “Hey mon! Hey mon! Welcome tuh mi restaurant, Dina!”

Dina turned toward him with a warm, slightly flustered smile. “It’s great to be here, Marcus, and tonight we are going to experience a real taste of Jamaica. Marcus is going to show us all the Jamaican specialties you can get here at Reid’s Beachside Jerk.”

The restaurant was fairly crowded, mostly with locals who had come out for the filming. A steel drum band struck up a lively rhythm in the background, filling the air with infectious energy. The camera followed as Dina and Marcus moved into the open kitchen area. Miles filmed the decent sized restaurant panning out to the patio with some outdoor seating lit by tiki torches. The moon was rising up over the water creating a picturesque scene.

Marcus took center stage with natural ease, his deep voice carrying that rich Jamaican patois as he began demonstrating the dishes. “First up, we have di classic, jerk chicken and pork, mon. Mi season it proper with Scotch bonnet peppers, allspice, thyme, and garlic. Yuh taste di heat and di flavor all at once. Just like yuh tasted pon di beach.” He winked at her and she blushed. “Tonight mi addin some grilled red snapper wid and widout di jerk.”



He flipped pieces of marinated chicken on a hot grill, the spicy aroma rising dramatically. The fish were being grilled whole. Dina stood close beside him, her body language relaxed yet subtly aware of his powerful presence. The camera captured her full figure as she leaned in to taste a sample of flaky snapper he offered her on a fork. Her full lips closed around it, and she let out a soft, appreciative moan that sounded almost too sensual for morning television.

“Mmm, that’s incredible,” she said, her cheeks flushing slightly. “The heat builds beautifully on the fish.”

Marcus grinned, clearly enjoying her reaction. “Yuh like di heat, Dina? Good. Next we have fried plantains, sweet, caramelized on di outside, soft inside. Perfect side fi jerk or as an appetizer.”

He demonstrated the simple technique, slicing ripe plantains and frying them until golden. Dina helped plate a serving, her crop top riding up slightly as she reached, exposing more of her toned midriff. Miles kept the shots professional but undeniably flattering to

her stunning curves.

They continued through several more Jamaican specialties, rice and peas cooked with coconut milk, ackee and saltfish, curry goat, and oxtail with butterbeans, with Marcus explaining each one enthusiastically.

“Is that scrambled eggs?”

“Na, de ackee, it’s a fruit. Jamaica’s national dish. We sautee di cod in it.”

Dina tasted and reacted on camera. Her genuine enjoyment shone through, mixed with occasional glances at Marcus that lingered just a moment too long. The steel drum band played on, the lively atmosphere making the segment feel vibrant and fun.

“How yuh like mi sauce? Not too much fi yuh?”

Dina’s cheeks warmed, but she kept her professional smile for the camera, the lingering heat from their earlier encounter on the beach still simmering beneath the surface. Damn, her nipples were poking out the crop top prominently visible on screen. “Your sauce was delicious. I couldn’t get enough of it.”

“I knew yuh would love it,” said Marcus, his deep voice warm with satisfaction. “So now yuh seen di best of Reid’s Beachside Jerk.”

“And now what?” asked Dina, still savoring the bold flavors.

“And now, we eat,” Marcus finished with a broad grin.

“Cut,” called Miles.

The kitchen heat had made Dina’s makeup run slightly. She excused herself and stepped over to Gladys for a quick touch-up. When the older woman finished, Dina stepped back and smoothed her short black skirt.

“How do I look?”

Gladys looked her up and down slowly, then shook her head. “Like a cheap whore.”

“Gladys!” Dina exclaimed, shocked.

“Don’t listen to the old biddy. You look like an expensive whore,” Miles added with a wicked grin.

“If I was young and had your figure, I’d dress like a whore too,” Gladys said matter-of-factly.

They set up a table outside with the gentle waves and moonlight providing a romantic backdrop. Miles positioned the camera for the perfect shot. Dina and Marcus sat down to eat.

“Of course, a fantastic meal of Jamaican food isn’t complete without a...”

Marcus held up two cold Red Stripe beers, “Da Red Stripe!” He set one down in front of Dina.

“Mmm, delicious,” Dina murmured, chewing a piece of saltfish. The flavors exploded on her tongue.



“Now follow up dat taste wid a plantain,” Marcus suggested.

She did, savoring the sweet caramelized fruit. “Chef’s kiss,” she responded, kissing her fingers.

They finished the meal in comfortable, flirtatious conversation. Dina wiped her lips delicately with a napkin. “Dinner was amazing, Marcus. I’m sorry it’s over.”

Marcus stood and held out his large hand. “But di night nah over, Dina.”

She took his hand and rose. He pulled her gently toward the dance floor, pausing long enough to remove his shirt. The steel drum band played a lively rhythm, and soon they were moving together. Marcus released her for a moment, waving to the crowd. “Everybody!”

The area in front of the band quickly filled with dancers. Dina grew sweaty and panting as she stepped out of the energetic crowd for a breath.

“Well, that’s our time in Jamaica,” she said to the camera, still catching her breath. “The food, the fun, the beaches, and most of all the people have truly given me a taste and a love for Jamaica. I can’t wait to experience more of what Jamaica has to offer.”

At that moment, Marcus came up behind her. He pressed his powerful body close, grinding his crotch firmly against her round ass. Dina’s eyes widened in surprise and slight embarrassment. His large Black hand slid around and planted itself possessively on her exposed belly, fingers splayed across her soft skin. He began pulling her back into the crowd of sweaty dancers.

“I’m Dina Della Rosa and this has been a Taste of Jamaica,” she finished hurriedly as the swarm of bodies enveloped her.

“Cut,” muttered Miles, though no one could hear him over the music. He smiled to himself. The footage was going to be amazing. He couldn’t have asked for a better ending.

They were all sitting at Marcus’ beachside bar as the warm evening breeze carried the sound of waves. Marcus popped a champagne cork with a festive pop and poured them each a glass.

“To all mi new friends from Atlanta,” Marcus said, raising his glass with a warm smile, “it has been a real pleasure getting fi know unu.”

Dina, Miles, and Gladys clinked glasses with him, the crystal ringing brightly. They chatted amicably for a while. Miles complimented Marcus on how great he looked on camera and how natural the chemistry was between him and Dina. The conversation flowed easily until Gladys mentioned their early flight the next morning.

“I could use another rum punch,” Gladys said, fanning herself.

Dina turned to Marcus with a soft smile. “Would you like to join us back at the hotel bar?”

Marcus smiled broadly, his dark eyes lingering on her. “How could mi say no to spending more time wid such a beautiful woman? And yuh not ta bad either, Dina.”

Gladys giggled at the flirtation. They all piled into the rental and drove back to the resort. At the hotel bar, they ordered four rum punches and sat together with the same bartender from the night before. The drinks were strong and sweet. Gladys soon felt woozy from the combination of champagne and rum. She excused herself, telling them she would meet everyone in the lobby in the morning for the airport shuttle.

Miles downed his drink and stood. “I’m heading to my room to review some of the footage. Coming up behind Dina and pulling her back into the dancers was genius, Marcus. The perfect ending.”

Marcus laughed. “Mi thought yuh done filming, mon.”

Miles chuckled as he left. “Goodnight, you two.”

As soon as they were alone, Marcus slid his large hand onto Dina's bare knee. She reached down and removed it gently. He looked disappointed for a moment, until she placed it higher up on her smooth thigh, guiding his fingers beneath the hem of her short black skirt.

She raised her rum punch and they clinked glasses again. With her free hand, Dina reached over and found the leg of his thin white pants where his long cock was running down. She squeezed the thick, heavy outline, feeling it swell rapidly under her touch.

"I can't wait to experience more of what Jamaica has to offer," she whispered, leaning in for a kiss.

They kissed deeply for nearly a minute, her hand slowly stroking his massive cock through the thin fabric while his hand slid up and down her thigh, fingertips brushing dangerously close to her panties. The heat between them built quickly.

"Yuh two should get a room," the bartender called out in thick patois, chuckling.

"Good idea, mon," Marcus replied with a grin.

"Let's go," Dina said breathlessly. She paid the bartender, and they left hand in hand.

The woman at the front desk was the same one from the previous night. She gave Dina a knowing nod as the couple passed, fingers still interlaced. In the elevator they kissed hungrily, hands running all over each other. Marcus's strong palms roamed over her ass and up her crop top while Dina pressed herself against his hard body. They were still kissing passionately as Dina fumbled with her key card to open her room door on the sixth floor.



The door clicked shut behind them. Marcus slipped his open shirt off his broad, muscular black shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. He pushed his thin white pants down his powerful thighs. His massive black cock sprang up heavily, thick and veined, the wide purple-black head already glistening. It throbbed in the air, easily thirteen inches of hard Jamaican meat, far bigger than anything her husband could ever offer.

Dina's breath caught. She pulled her white crop top over her head, freeing her heavy E-cup breasts. They swayed full and round, pink nipples stiff with arousal. Marcus sat on the edge of the bed, watching hungrily as she hooked her fingers into her short black skirt and slowly pushed it down her wide hips. The fabric slid over her smooth mound and toned legs until she stood completely nude before him, a proper Southern white wife, married and aching, now offering herself to a superior black man.

She sank gracefully to her knees between his spread thighs. Leaning forward, Dina wrapped both soft white hands around his enormous black shaft

and guided the thick head into her warm mouth. She sucked him again with growing hunger, her full lips stretching obscenely wide as she bobbed, taking as much as she could manage.

Marcus groaned, one large black hand gently guiding the back of her head. "Dat's it, white girl. Suck dat big black cock. Yuh husband could never fill yuh mouth like dis, could he?"

After a few minutes he pulled her up gently. "Yuh sure yuh want dis, Dina? What about yuh hubby back home? Yuh really ready fi let a big black Jamaican stretch dat tight white pussy?"

The words sent a shameful thrill through her. Dina nodded, voice husky. "Yes... I want it."

"Want what, white gyal?"

"I want you to fuck me with your big dick, Marcus."

He laid her back on the bed, spreading her pale legs wide. The heavy head of his big black cock pressed against her slick, married entrance. He pushed forward slowly. She stared down with some trepidation at the size of the dark-skinned phallus she was about to receive.



Dina gasped sharply. The thick glans stretched her tight white pussy wider than she had ever been stretched before, far beyond her husband's modest five inches. Inch by thick, veined inch, Marcus sank into her, her walls parting reluctantly around his massive girth. She felt every ridge, every throbbing vein as he filled her completely, reshaping her around a real man's cock.

"Oh God... Marcus... it's so big," she moaned, her hands gripping his dark shoulders. "I've never felt this full."

Marcus moved with slow, deliberate care, giving her time to adjust to a cock worthy of her body. Halfway in, he paused, letting her tight married pussy flutter and clench desperately around him. Then he pushed deeper. Dina's back arched off the bed as he finally buried himself to the hilt, his heavy black balls resting against her ass. She had never felt so full, so completely claimed.

He began a long, slow fuck. He withdrew almost completely, the veined shaft glistening with her juices, then slid back in with deep, powerful strokes. Each thrust stretched her beautifully, the wide head dragging across every sensitive spot inside her. Dina's moans grew louder and more desperate.

"Yuh like dat big black cock, don't yuh?" Marcus growled, his hips rolling steadily. "Bet yuh husband never made yuh feel like dis. Dis pussy was made fi black dick."

"Oh god! Yes!" The dirty words, combined with the relentless deep fucking, pushed her over the edge. Dina came hard around him, her first real orgasm from a man's penis. Her pussy spasmed violently, milking his thick black shaft as waves of intense ecstasy crashed through her body. She cried out, nails digging into his back, her pale breasts shaking with every shudder. Her juices gushed around him as she trembled uncontrollably.

Marcus held still inside her as she recovered, breathing hard, his massive cock still buried deep. He looked down at her flushed, satisfied face with a tender yet hungry smile.

"Yuh want more, Dina?"

She nodded eagerly; she always wanted more. "Yes... please... give me more."

He pushed forward again. This time she pulled him into her with both hands on his muscular black ass, desperate for every inch. Marcus began another long, slow, deep fuck, his powerful hips driving his superior black cock into her married white pussy again and again, claiming her so completely, she forgot all about Jim.

Marcus paused deep inside her, slowly working his thick cock in small, grinding circles while leaning down to kiss her deeply. His tongue invaded her mouth as possessively as his cock claimed her pussy. Dina moaned into the kiss, her body burning with need. She wrapped her smooth white legs tightly around his muscular black ass and pulled him even deeper, raising her crotch up into his shaft.

He broke the kiss with a wicked grin and pushed himself up, kneeling between her spread thighs. His powerful hands cupped the backs of her legs, folding them back toward her shoulders and opening her completely. The new angle let him look down and watch his massive black cock disappear into her tight white pussy.

"Fuck yes," he growled, his voice thick with lust. "Look at dat pretty white pussy swallowing every inch of dis big black cock. Yuh husband could never stretch yuh like dis, could he, Dina? Dat little white dick nevah made yuh feel full like dis."

"No... UH... only you... UH... black cock so good, Marcus."

He grinned triumphantly, thrusting harder, his heavy balls slapping against her ass with each powerful stroke. His stamina was incredible. He fucked her with long, deep strokes that

gradually built into a fast, relentless pounding. The wet, obscene sound of his thick cock slamming into her soaked pussy filled the room.

Dina cried out in ecstasy, her heavy breasts bouncing wildly with every brutal thrust. "Oh God... Marcus... it's so deep!"

"Yuh love dis big black dick, don't yuh?" he taunted, slamming into her faster. "Yuh married white pussy was made fi get ruined by Jamaican cock. Tell mi yuh love it more than yuh husband's little dick."

"It's so good!" she moaned shamelessly, her eyes rolling back. "I love your big black cock!"

Marcus pounded her with amazing speed and power, his muscular black body glistening with sweat. He drove her straight into another shattering orgasm. Dina screamed as her second climax ripped through her, her pussy convulsing violently around his thick shaft.

Still he didn't slow down. He kept fucking her through it, his heavy cock driving deep again and again.

Finally, his rhythm faltered. "Mi about to nut, white gyal," he groaned. "Mi going fi fill dat white pussy up. Yuh want mi seed?"

"Yes!" Dina begged, her voice breaking with desperation. "Cum inside me! Please, cum in my white pussy! Fill me up!"

With a deep, guttural groan, Marcus buried his massive cock to the hilt and held it there. The first powerful wad of thick, hot cum erupted deep inside her, triggering the biggest orgasm of Dina's life. Her eyes widened in shock as pleasure exploded through her body even harder than before. Each massive spurt of his seed made her cum even more intensely. She could feel his thick black cock pulsing and spurting inside her, flooding her married womb with rope after heavy rope of potent Jamaican cum.

Her pussy muscles squeezed and milked his shaft greedily, drawing out every last drop as she shook and convulsed beneath him. Wave after wave of blinding pleasure crashed over her until she was nearly sobbing with ecstasy.

Marcus stayed buried deep inside her, both of them panting and trembling as the last spurts of his cum filled her completely. Marcus kept himself inside her, savoring the way her married white pussy continued to flutter and milk his thick black cock. Then, very slowly, he pulled out. A thick, creamy torrent of his cum immediately poured from her stretched hole, running in heavy white rivers down her ass and soaking the sheets beneath her.

Dina whimpered at the empty feeling, her pussy still twitching. Marcus leaned down and kissed her deeply, their tongues tangling as she moaned into his mouth. Eventually she slipped out of bed on shaky legs and padded to the bathroom. She stepped into the shower, the hot water cascading over her sensitive, thoroughly fucked body. Every inch of her felt alive, glowing, and aching in the most delicious way.

When she returned to the bedroom, she froze staring at the magnificent specimen of manhood laying nude on her bed. A sheen of sweat made his muscular dark-skinned body glisten. His spent cock laid over his thigh still dribbling semen. She looked at Marcus with open adoration;

this powerful black man had just given her the fucking of her life. "Can you stay the night?" her voice almost pleading.

Marcus raised an eyebrow. "Don't yuh have an early flight?"

Dina smiled and slid back into bed beside him. "I can sleep on the plane."

She pressed against his muscular black body and kissed him again. Marcus's large hand cupped one of her pale white breasts, squeezing it possessively before sliding down to rest on her soft belly.

"I hope mi put a baby in dis belly," he murmured against her lips.

Dina laughed breathlessly. "I'm on the pill."

Marcus frowned, his hand rubbing slow circles over her womb. "Dat's no fun. Dis belly should be swelling wid mi black Jamaican baby. Yuh white womb was made fi carry strong black seed."

Dina looked down at his dark hand covering her flat stomach. For a moment she imagined it swelling, growing round with his child, and a confusing mix of thrill and horror rushed through her.

She leaned over, running her hands over his hard muscled chest and down to his heavy, floppy cock. She caressed the thick shaft, hefted his massive balls, feeling their incredible weight, then squeezed gently. To her pleasant surprise, it began to swell and harden again in her hand.

"Jesus... it's getting hard again," she whispered, eyes wide with delight.



Marcus chuckled deeply. "Mi a real man, Dina. Dis cock going stay hard fi yuh all night." He leaned back against the headboard. "Climb up, white gyal. Give mi big black buddy a ride."

Dina straddled him eagerly, her knees on either side of his hips. She reached down, lined up the thick head with her cum-slick pussy, and slowly sank down. A long, throaty moan escaped her as she took him inch by inch until she was fully seated, his balls pressed against her ass.

"Fuck... so deep," she gasped.

"Dat's right," Marcus growled, gripping her wide hips. "Ride dat big black dick, white gyal. Show mi how bad yuh need it."

Dina began to ride him, rolling her hips and bouncing on his massive shaft. Her heavy breasts bounced wildly as she fucked herself on his cock. Marcus's dirty talk never stopped.

"Dat's it... bounce on dat Jamaican cock. Yuh husband could never fuck yuh like dis. Look how yuh white pussy swallowing every inch. Yuh love being a black cock slut, don't yuh?"

"Yes!" Dina moaned, riding him harder. "I love your big black cock!"

"Tell mi yuh want mi black baby," he demanded, thrusting up to meet her.

"I want it," she panted, lost in pleasure. "Give me a black baby... put your baby in me!"

Marcus groaned and started driving up into her harder. Dina rode him frantically through two more shattering orgasms, her juices soaking his balls. Finally, with a deep roar, he slammed her down onto his cock and held her there.

"Take mi nut! Mi filling yuh white pussy again!"

The first powerful spurt triggered her strongest orgasm yet. Dina screamed as her pussy clamped down hard around him, milking every thick rope of his potent cum deep into her womb. Each heavy spurt made her cum even harder, her body shaking violently as he flooded her completely for the second time that night.

She collapsed onto his chest, trembling and gasping, his massive black cock still buried inside her overflowing pussy.



Dina sat up slowly, still impaled on his thick cock, staring down at Marcus with open affection. Her eyes traced the rise and fall of his powerful, sweat-slick black chest. She felt so complete with him buried deep inside her that she was reluctant to move. Only after a long moment did she finally lift herself off him. A heavy torrent of thick white cum poured out of her stretched pussy, splashing messily over his crotch and thighs.

She slipped into the shower on unsteady legs. A moment later Marcus joined her under the hot spray. They embraced tightly, kissing deeply as the water cascaded over their bodies. Their hands roamed freely, rubbing body lotion over each other's skin, his dark palms gliding over her slightly tanned skin and her paler breasts, hers exploring every ridge of his muscular frame. Dina dropped to her knees and lovingly cleaned his cock with her mouth, sucking and licking him until she felt it starting to swell and harden again in her throat.

Marcus groaned and pulled her to her feet. He turned the water off and they hurried back to the bed, still dripping wet. He spun her around and put her on her hands and knees. Without hesitation he mounted her from behind, slamming his massive black cock back into her cum-filled pussy in one powerful thrust.

Dina cried out in pleasure. "Oh fuck... you're so deep!"



Marcus gripped her wide hips and started pounding her hard. "Dat's right, white girl. Take every inch of dis big black cock. Yuh little white husband could never fuck yuh like dis. Dis pussy belongs to mi now."

"So good..." Dina moaned, pushing back against him. "You fuck me so good, Marcus!"

"Who owns dis pussy?" he growled, slamming into her faster.

"You Marcus!" she whimpered submissively. "You own my pussy!"

Her complete submission pushed her over the edge. She came hard, her walls clenching violently around his thick shaft. Marcus kept fucking her through it, his heavy balls slapping against so hard against her thighs, they stung. She didn't think it could get any better, until he suddenly pressed his thick thumb against her tight asshole and pushed it inside.

Dina gasped and instinctively tried to pull away, but Marcus held her firmly in place. The unexpected pressure combined with his relentless pounding sent her pleasure skyrocketing. Within moments she was cumming again, even harder than before, her whole body shaking as she cried out into the pillow.

Marcus fucked her through several more orgasms with powerful machine-like strokes. Finally, with a deep animalistic groan, he buried himself to the hilt and flooded her womb with a third

massive load. Dina felt every heavy spurt, each one triggering fresh waves of ecstasy as her pussy milked him greedily.

He slowly pulled his thumb from her ass, then withdrew his cock. He smacked the heavy, cum-covered shaft against her ass a few times before giving her round cheek a firm spank. Dina collapsed forward, panting and gasping for air, completely spent.

Marcus lay down beside her with a satisfied grin. She eventually dragged herself up on shaky legs and cleaned herself again, her body still trembling from the intensity of what he had done to her.

Dina returned to the bed on tired legs, waddling slightly. She looked at Marcus, glistening with sweat and cum, and asked softly, "Do you always cum that much?"

There was no answer. He had already drifted off to sleep, his powerful chest rising and falling steadily. Dina watched him for a long moment, this strong, dominant black man who had just completely ruined her for her husband. A strange affection mixed with lust filled her chest. She slipped into bed beside him, pressing her soft white body against his dark, muscular frame, and finally closed her eyes.

She awakened sometime later to delicious stimulation. Marcus had wrapped one strong arm around her from behind, his thick fingers gently pinching and rolling her stiff pink nipple. His heavy, hardening cock was sliding slowly between her thighs, the thick shaft rubbing teasingly against her slick pussy lips.

Dina moaned softly and lifted her top leg, reaching down to guide his massive cock back inside her. He pushed forward and sank deep in one smooth stroke. She came almost immediately, a small, sweet orgasm that made her whimper and clench around him.

Marcus kissed the back of her neck. "Yuh want to be naughty, Dina?" he whispered in her ear.

"Isn't that what we've been doing?" she breathed, pushing back against him.

He chuckled darkly, pulled out of her, and took her hand. "Come."

He led her out onto the private balcony. The warm Jamaican night air kissed their naked bodies. The moon hung bright and full over the sea, casting a silver path across the dark water.

Marcus bent her over the railing, her breasts hanging and swaying as he spread her legs wide. He lined up his thick black cock and thrust into her soaked pussy from behind in one powerful stroke.

Dina gasped, gripping the railing tightly as he began fucking her with deep, steady strokes. The ocean stretched out endlessly before her while this muscular black man claimed her pussy under the moonlight. She stared out at the water, the empty beach, the palm trees swaying slightly in the breeze.

Marcus leaned over her, his deep voice husky against her ear. "Feel di moon touch yuh, Dina. Di full moon have powers, yuh know. It increase fertility... make di womb hungry fi strong seed."



Dina moaned loudly as he drove into her harder, the angle letting him reach impossibly deep. She craved feeling his powerful jets of semen filling her again.

“When mi nut,” he growled, pounding her relentlessly, “yuh going feel mi seed take root in yuh womb. Ya belly gonna swell wid mi black baby.”

The filthy words sent a wicked thrill through her. Even if she didn’t fully believe the Jamaican folklore, the idea felt dangerously magical in that moment, conceiving a real man’s child under the full moon.

“Yes,” she moaned, pushing back against him desperately. “I want it... I want your black baby, Marcus!”

Her orgasm hit her like a tidal wave. Dina cried out, her pussy convulsing violently around his thick shaft as pleasure tore through her body. Marcus kept fucking her through it, his heavy balls slapping against her thighs with every thrust.

Finally, with a deep, animalistic groan, he buried himself to the hilt and erupted.

“Take it, white gyal! Feel mi seed!”

Dina’s eyes widened as another powerful orgasm crashed over her, even stronger than the last. She could feel every thick, hot spurt of his cum flooding her womb, pulse after pulse, as her pussy muscles contracted inwards, milking it for every drop of his seed..

They stayed locked together for a long moment, Dina bent over the railing, staring out at the beautiful moonlit ocean while Marcus's cock throbbed deep inside her, filling her completely with his potent Jamaican seed. Her pussy quivered around his hard swollen shaft.

It was so magical, a part of her wished she'd forgotten to take her birth control pills.

The alarm on her phone pulled Dina from a deep, satisfied sleep. A wave of sorrow washed over her as reality returned, she had to leave today. She turned toward Marcus, who was still sleeping peacefully beside her. Without hesitation, she slid down his body and took his thick, morning-hard cock into her mouth, sucking him with hungry devotion.

Marcus groaned awake, his large hand immediately reaching down to knead and squeeze her round white ass as she bobbed on his shaft. After several long, wet minutes, Dina pulled off with a wet pop, her eyes glazed with lust. She tugged him off the bed and pushed him into the chair near the window. Dropping to her knees between his spread thighs, she dove back onto his massive Black cock, sucking him eagerly.



"Use those big white titties, Dina," Marcus commanded, his voice rough with sleep and desire.

Dina pulled her mouth off his cock with a wicked smile. "I want to taste your cum one last time," she purred, her voice dripping with lust. "I want you to cover my face and these big white tits with your hot Jamaican seed."

She wrapped her heavy breasts around his thick shaft and began stroking him between them, leaning down to suck and lick the wide purple head at the same time. The combination quickly pushed Marcus over the edge.

"Fuck... here cums mi nut!" he groaned.

Thick ropes of cum erupted from his cock, splattering across her beautiful face and the tops of her heaving breasts. Dina moaned sluttily, sucking the head hard and swallowing every spurt that landed in her mouth. She milked his shaft with both hands and her tits, draining him completely. Even after such an intense load, his cock remained rock hard.

Dina rose quickly and straddled him in the chair, lining up his massive cock with her dripping pussy. She sank down onto him with a long, throaty moan.

"Please don't go soft," she begged, already riding him. "I need you inside me."

They fucked frantically in the chair, kissing passionately. Marcus didn't care that his cum was still painted across her face and breasts. She pressed herself against him, smearing it between their bodies as she bounced on his cock.



“Tell mi yuh love it, white girl,” Marcus growled, gripping her ass and thrusting up into her.

“I love it!” she gasped. “I love it! I love your black cock! I love it so much! I love the way you fuck me... I love... you, Marcus! I love you! I LOVE YOU!”

Her confession pushed them both over the edge. They came together hard, Dina’s pussy clamping down around him as another powerful orgasm ripped through her, while Marcus flooded her womb with yet another thick load of cum. She rested her forehead against his, both of them gasping for breath.

“I don’t want to leave,” she whispered, voice breaking.

Marcus cupped her cum-streaked face and kissed her tenderly.

“Then don’t,” he replied simply, his dark eyes locked on hers.



Dina sat elegantly on the studio couch, legs crossed, wearing a short red dress that hugged her curves and showed off plenty of toned thigh. The sleeveless design and matching red heels were a deliberate callback to the tiny red bikini that had launched her into viral stardom. It had been a crazy three weeks. The first segment of “A Taste of Jamaica” had aired last week and immediately caught the attention of the producers. The extended cut posted on the station’s YouTube channel had just surpassed three million views, dwarfing the usual 50,000 to 70,000 daily viewers of *Good Morning Atlanta*.

Dina Della Rosa had gone viral.

Jim hadn’t liked it. He’d flipped seeing her in the red bikini on air and had a total meltdown when Marcus appeared, their sweaty half-naked bodies rubbing against each other during their cooking segment. He was currently sleeping in the guest room. He wouldn’t like this segment either. The montage scene

looked like a couple on a romantic vacation and the sensual dancing would do nothing to save her marriage, but she didn't want to save it. She was trying to work it out that he got the house and long as she could keep her restaurant.

"I'm Dina Della Rosa and this has been a Taste of Jamaica," her recorded voice played over the studio speakers as the final shot of Marcus pulling her into the crowd of dancers faded to black..

"And here on the couch with me is... Dina Della Rosa!" announced Ashley Anderson, the perky morning show host.

"Well, that was some segment," Ashley said, turning to Dina with wide eyes.

"And spicy hot," added Chuck Jones, the male co-host, fanning himself dramatically.

Dina smiled, a knowing, slightly flushed smile. "Well, it was a hot shoot," she replied smoothly, noticing the predatory glint in Chuck's eyes as his gaze lingered on her crossed legs and cleavage.

The audience in the studio chuckled. Ashley leaned forward. "You certainly brought the heat down in Jamaica. That chemistry with Marcus Reid was... undeniable."

"Well cooking is chemistry, Ash." Dina's smile deepened, a secret thrill running through her at the memory of just how deep that chemistry had gone. "And Marcus sure can cook. The food, the energy, the passion. Jamaica really opened my eyes to new experiences."

Chuck Jones leaned forward with a big smile. "Before we go any further, we have a big announcement to make. Dina will be joining us as the new weekend co-host on *Good Morning Atlanta!*"

The studio audience erupted in applause and loud whistles. Dina smiled broadly. She was also getting her own traveling series to air monthly, *A Taste of...*, which would send her to restaurants and destinations around the world. She was certain that a lot of those trips would be to hot, warm places where she would be expected to appear in her bikini.

"Congratulations, Dina!" Ashley Anderson said warmly, leaning in to give her a little hug. "Welcome to the team."

"It'll be great seeing more of you," Chuck added, his eyes lingering just a second too long.

Married lech, Dina thought.

"It's great to be here, Chuck and Ashley," she replied.

Ashley looked a little sad as she continued. "As great as it will be having you around more often, I'll miss your cooking segments."

"Well, Ashley, I have an announcement to make too," Dina said, turning toward the side entrance with a radiant smile. "Taking over my cooking segments will be my favorite buddy... Marcus Reid!"

Marcus strolled onto the set with his usual energy. “Hey Mon! Hey Mon!” he called out, waving to the cheering audience. He surprised Bambi, the weather girl, with a big hug, slapped hands with Ashley, and fist-bumped Chuck before dropping down on the couch right beside Dina.



The audience applauded louder.

“Marcus and I have news too. We are building a Jamaican Jerk Barbecue on the lot by my restaurant to be open on weekends.” Dina continued, her voice warm and confident. “I’ll also be adding a Jamaican side menu at Rosa’s Southern Kitchen. When you’re craving a real taste of Jamaica... or when you just want some Jamaican on the side come on by Rosa’s Southern Kitchen. I’m even buying a food truck so Marcus can bring that authentic jerk straight to you.”

Marcus grinned beside her, his deep voice carrying easily. “Plenty of heat to go around, mon.”

Marcus was currently living in a camper in the restaurant’s parking lot, right next to where his new Jamaican jerk BBQ stand was being erected and she’d already spotted one of her waitresses head over to his camper after her shift. Plenty of heat to go around, indeed!

She knew and accepted that he was a womanizer and didn’t trust him to stay out of trouble when she was away doing her traveling cooking segments, but hopefully this job was just another stepping stone. The cooking channel had already sent out a feeler about giving the two of them a nationwide show. Dina had rejected their initial offer, she wanted ownership of the brand. That would mean the big time: merchandising, restaurants across the South, cookbooks, and more. She wanted more. She always wanted more.

“And we are starting a YouTube channel, Rosa & Reid’s Hot in the Kitchen,” she added. Miles happily agreed to film them and set up their on-air kitchen. If they got their cooking show, she’d insist Miles take over as their head camera man.

Marcus was constantly talking about putting a baby in her belly, and the more he said it, the more tempted she became and picturing him planting his seed in her fertile womb always led to some hot fuck sessions. Her career had always taken precedence over having a baby, but deep down she was starting to realize that she hadn’t considered Jim worthy of putting a baby in her. It was different with Marcus. She was down to her last two birth control pills and still thinking about it. A baby might slow her plans down, but the idea had taken root in her brain.

She always wanted more, but could she have it all?

Dina glanced over at Marcus and caught him staring at the weather girl.

Bambi had tits as big as Dina's but without the natural bounce, and she was currently frowning at the long, heavy bulge running down Marcus's trouser leg. When she realized he had caught her staring, she flushed and quickly plastered on her fake on-air smile.

Marcus turned smoothly to Ashley, the elegant former Miss Georgia in her late forties, still stunningly beautiful, her lithe figure and B-cup breasts looking great in a professional pink dress. She had a blonde bob cut and bright sparkling blue eyes. "Well, it's great having you on board, Dina and I look forward to getting to know your new buddy better."

Dina blushed slightly as Marcus added with a grin, "Mi looking forward to working wid yuh too, Ashley." Marcus leaned forward on the couch with a mischievous grin, looking straight at Ashley before turning to the camera. "So tell mi, Ashley... now how yuh like some hot Jamaican meat?"

Ashley's blue eyes widened. "Excuse me?"

At that moment, wait staff from Rosa's Southern Kitchen came walking out into the audience carrying trays of steaming Jamaican food. They began distributing small tasting platters of jerk chicken and pork, fried plantains, and rice and peas. The studio audience erupted in delighted applause, clearly loving the surprise.

Marcus stood up smoothly, flashing that charismatic smile as he addressed the audience.

"A taste of Jamaica for everyone, mon!"

THE END