

Becky goes

# BLACK

1

SALLY P

THE SPADES CLUB  
SERIES

# BECKY GOES BLACK 1

A BMWW Interracial Taboo Cheating  
Story! CHEATING ON MY WHITE  
BOYFRIEND WITH A HOT BLACK STUD AT  
THE CLUB

Sally P

Copyright © 2024 Sally P

All rights reserved

This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or real events is purely coincidental. All characters depicted are 18 years of age or older and engage in consensual sexual activities. The story is entirely fictional and intended for adult audiences, featuring themes of interracial relationships, cheating, and other taboo topics.

Please note that the content is meant to cater to readers interested in these particular genres and fantasies and is written for entertainment purposes only. All actions depicted in this story occur between consenting adults, and no coercion, force, or dubious means are implied in any way.

The story explores mature, explicit themes that may not be suitable for all readers. Reader discretion is advised, and respect for the creative freedom and artistic expression employed in this narrative is encouraged.

**DISCLAIMER:** Contains heavy themes of infidelity, cheating and taboo interracial eroticism between a black man and a white woman! It also contains several instances of obscene, lewd, sexist, misogynist, homophobic language that is used solely in the context of erotic roleplay. Please do not read if these themes offend you!

Cover generated by Sally P

*"Hey, baby," I answer the phone. "How are you?"*  
*"How's Miami?" Tim asks me. "You having fun?"*  
*"It's alright. Wish you were!"*  
*Tim chuckles. "I wish I were there too, Becks."*  
*"It's ok," I console him. "We'll go to Tijuana together next break."*  
*"Bet," he says. "Just don't do anything you might regret."*  
*"Oh, shut up," I laugh. "Listen, I gotta go, Mikayla's waiting for me downstairs."*  
*"Okay, hun. Have fun. Love you."*  
*"I love you too," I give him a kiss. The line goes dead as we both hang up.*  
*My heart beats fast as I put the phone down and walk out of the bathroom with just a towel around my body.*  
*"Boyfriend?" asks the man on the bed that I spent the whole night with.*  
*I nod. "Yeah."*  
*"What did he say?"*  
*"Not to do anything that I might regret."*  
*"Well," the man laughs at me. "Did you?"*  
*I pause before I respond by taking off the towel. "No."*

BECKY

# CONTENTS

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Epigraph](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Other books by me!](#)



# CHAPTER 1

"Oh my God, Mikayla," I yell at her. "Look at you gooooo, babe!"

The music blares out all over us. We're dancing in the club to some sick hip-hop EDM song. The beat was driving us both crazy. I mean It's hard not to lose your mind like this when you've downed a helluva lot of tequila like me and my friend had. Mikayla looks like she's enjoying it here too. She was wearing a tight pink party dress that accentuated her curves while I wore a red mini skirt and a black party top. My lingerie underneath contrasted the colours accordingly.

*Move your ass, Becky! Don't be too stiff!*

"How are you liking it so far, Becky?" Mikayla asks me with a wide grin plastered on her face.

"It's awesome, babe," I say with delight in my voice. "I love it!"

She lets out a loud laugh and hugs me. "We're gonna have lots of fun tonight. Right?" she pulls back and looks at me with those big, baby blue eyes of hers.

*This is a loaded question, isn't it?*

I nod and let my hair loose. "We're definitely having fun now, aren't we?"

"Ugh!" she rolls her eyes. "You know what I mean!"

*Uh-huh. I definitely knew what you mean, you hoe.*

"Those VIP tickets were definitely worth it," I try to change the subject. "How did you get them?"

Mikayla winks and grins at me. "I know a guy here. He's the best!"

"You know guys everywhere, you hoe!"

"Shut up!" Mikayla laughs as she sways her body to the beat.

"Loosen up, Becky! You're too tense!"

"God, I'm trying!" I tell her. *I should have had another glass of tequila to loosen me up more.* "Probably need another shot!"

"No!" Mikayla bursts out in giggles. "You've already had way too much to drink, Becks!"

Mikayla squeals in delight as Gasolina by Daddy Yankee comes on. She shakes her body around wildly, moving like a stripper in a club. A bunch of guys turn around to look at Mikayla; some of them hoot and cheer while the rest take their phones out to record her. "Yeah, girl! Shake what yo momma gave you!" someone from the crowd yells. "Shake that ass!"

"Looks like you have fans!" I move in closer to her.

"I knowww," she giggles. "And I'm loving it."

The guys around us are cheering her on. We smile at each other and keep dancing. "Hey, blonde girl," a voice calls out to me from the crowd. "Let's see you kiss her!"

"Ugh," I turn to find the guy who said that. "She's my friend, you dick!" I yell back only to be met with a small chorus of boos.

Mikayla snorts out loud. "Don't worry about them," she tells me.

"So rude," I shake my head. "Assholes!"

"Like I said, babe," she twirls her hips around so elegantly. "Ignore them. And just dance! Have some fun, babe!" she yells over the music.

*I would if I weren't being turned off by these creepy losers! Gosh, Mikayla! You are-*

Before I could respond, I feel someone grind against my behind. I look around with raised eyebrows to see a guy smiling at me. He doesn't notice and moves his hands to my waist. His fingers run along the top of my ass next. I try to push him away but he grabs my hand to stop me.

"Hey!" I exclaim. "What the hell are you trying to do?!"

At this point, Mikayla stops laughing and changes gears. I guess she realised now that the both of us got too hot on the dance floor to not be noticed.

"Hey! Back the fuck off, man." Mikayla tells him.

*Thank you, Mikayla!*

"I have a boyfriend, get your hands off me," I hiss. *Ew. Ew. Ew. Ew. Ew.*

"Ain't gonna stop me if you got a boyfriend!" the guy behind me breathes into my neck. It sends shivers through me but not in a good way. For some reason my nipples become erect from the stink of his alcoholic breath. *Yuck.*

"You smell amazing. What's your name?" the guy asks me. I ignore him and try to move away but he holds me in place by my waist. I mouth 'help me' to Mikayla.

"You're not much of a talker." His lips graze my cheek as he speaks. "You got a nice ass, girl."

*I think I'm gonna throw up. Fuck this asshole.*

"Didn't you hear me?" I turn my face the other side. "I have a boyfriend! Leave me the fuck al-"

"I'm gonna call Jerome if you don't back the fuck off right now, dude," Mikayla says loudly. Whomever Jerome was, the guy knew him and he instantly freezes. He immediately removes his intruding hand and mutters something under his breath.

"Screw that," he flips us both off. "Ya'll shouldn't be here in this place if ya'll have boyfriends."

*Oh boy.*

"Fuck off, weirdo," I yell at him. "Don't tell us what to do."

But for a moment, I sensed all eyes around us on the floor were on us. Maybe I was a little too loud, maybe it was the drinks. The guy probably realised it too and he slithered off before the commotion grew worse.

"Creep."

"That was bad," Mikayla says as she wraps her arms around me.  
"Don't worry, Becky. I'll keep you safe."

"I know," I plant a wet kiss on her cheek. I hear a few cheers around us which immediately disgusts me. "You're so sweet."

"Let's go get more drinks," Mikayla suggests again. Her breath tastes of alcohol. "We should probably cool off for a minute."

"One more round wouldn't hurt, I guess," I let her lead me to the bar. My mind was still racing with the thoughts of the creep putting his hands on my ass. *Disgusting.*

"So," I call out to her. "Who the hell is Jerome?"

"I told you. He's the guy I know from here."

We stumble over and sit down at the bar and wait for our orders. I look around and everyone there on the floor is having fun. I would be having even more fun if some fuckwit didn't have the audacity to come up to me and lay his hands on my ass. I can't help but wonder how I even ended up here. I felt so out of place. I've never actually ever been to a night club this big. I only had Mikayla to thank for for the VIP tickets. Otherwise, we'd be at some beachside bar instead. *Would have had to deal with even worse losers there. Thank you, Mikayla baby.*

"What's wrong, Becks?" she giggles. "Did that creep scare you?"

"No," I lie. "I mean, sort of. Don't like how he just walked up behind me and-"

"-put his hands on your ass. Yes, I know," Mikayla finishes my sentence for me. "You get used to it."

"Well, back in New York, I've n-"

"They do. They do that everywhere, hun. There's always going to be perverts preying on pretty girls like us."

"Ugh," I check my make up in my pocket mirror. "Wonder why these assholes keep thinking it's okay for them to come touch us up just because we're having fun dancing our asses off on the floor. Lipstick?"

"No, thank you." Mikayla waves me off. "Probably because," just before she could finish her sentence, she is interrupted by the bartender who decides to take our order. "Yes-ssh. We'll have more tequila, please. Thank you."

"You were saying?"

"Just wanted to say, probably because we're dolled up in makeup, wearing slutty clo-"

"Mikayla!!" I snap at her. *I KNEW SHE WAS JOKING BUT...!!!!*

"What," she laughs. "Jeez, I know, I know. I was kidding! Of course, just because we wear party clothes or have make up on, doesn't mean we have a giant red sign on our head that says 'molest me'."

I try hard not to laugh but I end up belly laughing anyway. *She really was something else!* "You are such an ass! That is soooo fucked up."

The music had gotten louder now. I had to raise my voice to talk to Mikayla. "So, really. How did you get us VIP passes?"

"I told you! I know someone. Jerome, the guy that works here. He's like my friend."

*There's that Jerome again. Who even was Jerome?*

I raise my eyebrow. "Friend?"

"Sort of my friend," she doesn't look at me when she says it. "So, Is Tim okay with you doing this summer break thing so far away from him?" Mikayla asks me.

"Are you trying to change the subject?" I tease Mikayla. "Who is Jerome? I wanna meet him!"

"Are you sure?" Mikayla sucks in her cheeks.

"You've slept with him!" I blurt out. "Haven't you? That's why you're being possessive, Mikayla!"

Mikayla turns bright red and pinches the bridge of her nose. "That would be an understatement," she says softly with a small laugh.

"Where the hell are our shots?" she looks around in annoyance.

"You have to tell me more!! What's he like? Is he tall? Hot?"

Mikayla giggles. "Tall as a roof, that's for sure. But I don't think he's your type, Becky!"

"What do you mean he's not my type??"

I was curious. *How did Mikayla know I even had a type in the first place? I've never told her I've ever had a preference!*

"Well, he's not the kind you've dated before, you know," she chuckles.

"And you know that how?"

"Because, Becks," she whistles at the bartender, "you've told me about all the guys you've dated."

*Oh. Oh, yeah.*

"So, what's he like if he's not my type? I have no idea what my type even is, babe. I wanna see him."

"Good Lord, Becks," she tries hard not to crack a smile. "He's black."  
*Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.*

I furrow my eyebrows. "I mean.... you know what, you're right. I've...never actually dated a black guy before."

"You know what they say," Mikayla begins.

"What?"

"Once you go black-"

"-oh my GOD," I snicker out so loud. "STOP!"

"-you never go back!"

"I'll take your word for it!" I laugh.

"So, you didn't answer me, Becks," she says. "Is Tim okay with you visiting Miami for summer break?"

"Oh, he'll be fine." I reply. "He knows I'm with you, obviously. We talked over the phone earlier. He was busy playing his game."

"Mhm," Mikayla gestures at the bartender to ask him where our drinks were. "Yeah."

"I mean I told him what we were up to. He asked us what we were doing later so I told him we were just gonna go dancing. And drinking."

Mikayla peers at me. "And you sure you're okay with just that?" she asks.

"Well, yeah," I say. "What else are we gonna do? I'm not gonna cheat on-"

"I didn't say that!"

"You insinuated it!"

"All I'm saying is.... finally! Wow, that took a while," Mikayla claps her hands. The bartender had arrived with our tequila. He gave a disapproving look at my bestie because she'd hurried him.

"Thank you, André," she raises her shot and downs it instantly. "Fu-uu-ck. You know, all I'm saying is you need to have some fun."

I down my own glass in response. My eyes sting and I try to suppress a cough. "I am! I am having fun here. With you!"

Mikayla rolls her eyes. "Tim is so basic, what do you even see in him?"

"He's nice," I dab my lips with a paper napkin. "Tim is such a nice-hic-guy."

"That's it? He's a wimp."

"He's nice," I repeat. I was getting annoyed. Mikayla just can't let it go. Why did she have to be so stubborn? She was so condescending towards me when it came to Tim.

"Ok, what do you like about him?"

"I told you," I sigh. "He's nice. I like his hair. He treats me really, really nice. Pretty respectful-"

"Boring."

"And he takes me out on dates. A lot. We cuddle. Watch movies together."

Mikayla snorts and shakes her head.

"We've been together for almost a year now-"

"He sounds so lame."

"Don't say that!" I snap. "I love him. He's my boyfriend!"

"And he's a wimpy nerd. His arms look like twigs. I've seen pics of you both on instagram."

"You're so mean, Mikayla."

"Heyyyy, Jerome," Mikayla greets someone approaching us from the crowd. "This is my friend, Becca. Becks, this is Jerome."

I turn around to find who Jerome was. Or how he looked like. And when I did look at him for the first time, I sensed something warm tingling in the bottom of my stomach.

*Holy fuck. That's Jerome.*

## CHAPTER 2

Jerome walks up to us.

"Jesus," I whisper under my breath and look at Mikayla who beams at me as if she knew what I was thinking.

Jerome was hot. Like super, super hot. Incredibly hot. He was tall as fuck. I probably had to crane my neck looking up at him while standing. And yeah, Jerome was black. Jerome was something out of an action movie. Everything about him screamed-

"Babe, get a hold of yourself," I hear Mikayla tell me as I don't take my eyes off Jerome. "You're looking too hard. Blink, Becks."

And I blinked. Jerome was-was something out of a dream. His dark skin was beautiful. He had great hair and was tall as fuck, I had to stress on that. He was wearing a tight Tony Montana-esque Cuban shirt and dark jeans. I caught a glimpse of thick gold chains around his neck and that gold watch around his wrist fit in perfectly with his style. His chest was massively wide and looked so powerful. I couldn't help but realise my lips were wet for some reason. Probably was the tequila but I thought I'd just wiped it off.

"Hey, Mikayla," Jerome says. "Hey."

"Jesus," but this time only louder. *Did he hear that?*

His voice was so deep. And then there was his smile. It was so warm and inviting. And he had a really cute dimple. I felt myself blush as he kept looking at him with his mouth smiling and pearly whites on display.

"Hey," I squeaked. "What's up?"

"Heard you girls got into a bit of trouble on the floor. All good?" he asks with concern in his tone. His eyes looked like they belonged to

a hunter searching for their next prey. Sharp. Agile. As if he was ready to pounce on the both of us.

"Yeah, it's fine," Mikayla answers. "Nothing I couldn't handle. It was some weirdo that tried to mess with us."

"Want me to check him out?"

Mikayla shakes her head. "No," she looks at me. "My friend here, you know she was asking about?"

"Has she?" he asks and turns to me.

I blink. I side eye my bestie and she winks at me.

"Yeah, I-uh just wanted to thank you for giving us VIP passes!"

Jerome gestures by putting his hands up. "Now, don't embarrass me. Any friend of Mikayla is a friend of mine too!"

"Am I just a friend, Jerome?" Mikayla asks in a snarky tone. Jerome doesn't reply and acts as if he didn't hear it.

"I've told Jerome about you, Becks," she says to me.

"Have you?" I ask curiously. "Like, what?"

"She's told me you're a great ballet dancer," he answers quickly. I notice his eyes flickering all over. I feel dampness growing between my legs the longer he looks at me. *He's checking me out.* I immediately correct my posture and smile at him. He smiles back as if he knows exactly what I'm feeling. Or maybe he just knows how attractive he is. I for one was confident that it was both.

"Oh yeah?" I laugh. "Well, thank you, I try. Mikayla's great too! We used to ballet together, Mikayla and I."

"No problem," he laughs. "Doubt you're as flexible as Mikayla here though."

I blush harder. I can feel my cheeks burning. It was probably not just the tequila at work. I muster up the strength to respond. "No doubting that! She's a wayyy better dancer than me. Aren't you, babe?"

"You flatter me," Mikayla pats me on my thigh. Her fingers stay on my skin just long enough for her to assess me, I knew. One look at

her face and that sly grin on her lips made me believe she did.  
*Mikayla, you ass. What are you putting me through?*

"So, how are you two ladies enjoying your visit?" Jerome asks. "It's your first time here? Becca?"

"To Miami? Or here? I've been to Miami lots but I've never been to this club before. And please," I say. "Just Becky would do."

"I call her Becks," Mikayla interrupts.

"I'll add your name to the list of Beckies I know!" Jerome laughs in response and crosses his arms. That's when I realise how incredible his forearms were. They were muscled in every definition of the word 'muscled'. He was jacked and his body was looked like it was blessed by some Greek God. Not only were Jerome's arms huge, but his shoulders looked like two giant boulders. *God, he's so sexy...*

I just couldn't help it. I couldn't help staring at him while he smiled at me. I was all over him and I knew that he knew. I blushed. His teeth were perfect. Not only were they white and straight, but they fit perfectly into that grin. He was just so beautiful and so confident. And he wasn't even trying to impress me, I was sure. Wait, what was I even thinking? I was getting carried away.

*Control yourself, Beckyyyyy. You have a boyfriend. His name is Tim and you love him.*

Okay, honestly, it's alright to thirst over a random dude at the club.... especially if he was hot like Jerome. But I had a boyfriend. He'd be upset if he found out I was eyeing up some dude at the club. It's not cheating to look at a hunk like him. *It's only cheating if I wanted him to pick me up, slam me on this table and-*

"You like looking at my arms?" Jerome teases me as I snap out of my thoughts.

"What?" I blurt out. "I'm sorry-"

"Do you like looking at my arms, Becky?" he asks me again and flexes them for me.

"Oh...yeah," I laugh back awkwardly. My face was burning up in embarrassment. "Your arms are huge."

"Would you like to touch them?"

I could hear steam blow out of my ears. My eyes fluttered. "Yes," I respond immediately. I knew Mikayla was looking at me, I could tell from the corner of my eye from her silhouette.

"Go on," he offers. And I comply.

I place my hands on his massive forearms and squeeze them tightly. I hear Mikayla cough but I don't care. Jerome lets me feel his muscles and I understand he's enjoying this. They are so dense. It's almost like they're made out of fucking concrete. *Jesus*. But it's just not the strength of his arms that made me squirm, it was the heat radiating from them. I felt like I could burn my fingers off if I touched them for too long.

"Keep going," he says.

I try wrapping my fingers around the biggest arms I have ever seen but he's just too big. I had the tiniest, puniest baby fingers. It's almost like I was squeezing a giant tree trunk. But it feels so good. The tingling in my stomach grew wilder the more I touched him.

"Looks like someone's enjoying this," Mikayla teases me. I can't help it. There is something about touching his that makes me go crazy.

"Do they turn you on?" Jerome says as he stares at me with those hunter eyes of his. I stare back and nod. "Yes," I whisper.

I redden. I knew I should stop now, but I can't. I let go of his arms and move closer. He moves his face closer for a kiss. I lean in and we kiss passionately. I am feeling more and more aroused and I reach out for his built chest and caress it softly. My hands move to his pecks and massage them lovingly. He moans into my mouth as I playfully pinch and pull on his nipples. Then I unbutton his shirt and begin to peel it off. And then, I-

"Becky? BECKY?!"

*OH SHIT.*

"What?" I snap back to reality and pull back. Jerome was laughing. Mikayla looked at me with wide eyes and open mouth. She mouths 'what the hell?'.  
'what the hell?'

"You've been massaging his arms for like, I don't know, a minute?"

I hear ringing in my ears as I try to find something to say. But I can't. My throat feels like it glued itself shut in embarrassment.

"We get it," Mikayla continues and smirks at me. "We get it. He has huge muscles."

"Don't be mean, Mikayla," Jerome laughs out loud.

*How long was I holding his hands for? What the hell was happening to me?!!!*

"Sorry," I apologise. My face must have been glowing red in the darkness since I could feel the heat rise off me. "I..I didn't...Your-uh," I stammer. "Your arms are huge, b-" *babe*, "Jerome," I finish. "They look like they could split open a tree trunk."

"I can split open more than just tree trunks, you know," Jerome says with non-chalance.

*No way. Did he just mean what I think he meant?*

I bite my lip instinctively as the warmth between my legs grows.

*Okay, I'm leaking. This needs to stop.* My head goes light as I reply instantly. "I bet you could."

Mikayla shoots me a puzzled look. As if she were surprised it even came out of my mouth.

Jerome gives us both a wide toothed grin. "And here I thought my arms were too big."

"No such thing as too big, Jerome," Mikayla smiles.

"True that. What do you think, Becca...Becky?" Jerome asks me.

"Sorry?" I stutter.

"How big is too big?" he smiles. "Or is there nothing like too big?"

"I-I don't know?" I blush red and stutter.

"Maybe you should show her, Jerome," Mikayla tells him. "My poor friend here is very curious to know what big looks like."

"What are you talking about?" I blurt out. "What-Mikayla, I'm not-"

"Show her," Mikayla smiles at Jerome. She didn't even pay attention.

"I'd be more than willing to," he replies as he reaches out for my hand.

"I-I-I have," I stammer. My face was probably red as a tomato by now. "I-"

"Don't worry about Tim," Mikayla says. "He'll be fine."

"Who's Tim?" Jerome asks.

"He's," I start. "-nobody. Just a friend."

As Jerome leads me with my hand in his, I turn around to see Mikayla smiling at me like a fox. My heart skips a beat. I should have seen this coming. I don't know what embarrassed me more; the fact that I lied about Tim being just a nobody friend or me smiling back at Mikayla. I brushed my blonde hair off my shoulders and turned to face Jerome, scared for what was going to happen next.... or was I excited? I don't know.

One thing I knew for sure was that the pulse of the dance floor wasn't the only one throbbing violently in the club.

## CHAPTER 3

"Oh, God," I shut my eyes tight. "Fuck."

His hands were all over me in the elevator. I tried pushing his hands away but he grabbed both my wrists and kissed my neck. "Oh, God," I moaned as he bit down on my neck. I could feel his breath against my flesh. His hot tongue was licking my skin.

I was too scared to push him off. I was afraid of what would happen if I even tried. I attempt yanking my hand free from his grasp but I just couldn't. His lips were pressed firmly against mine and his tongue playing around all over the nape of my neck.

My pussy quivered. It quivered like it had never quivered before. I didn't even know I could get this wet without even touching myself down there. "Ah, I-Jerome," I say his name out loud for first time that night. "Uh-Uhhhh...," I bite my lips as I instinctively lean into him.

The elevator door opens and we step out of the elevator together. As soon as we're outside, he turns me around and kisses me again. Just like how he kissed me for the first time when we walked into the elevator. I had yelped out in surprise and tried to resist in vain.

Oh my, this can't be happening. His hands are roaming over my body. They're exploring every inch of my body. His hands move down to my ass and he grabs my cheeks over my clothes.

"Oh, God," I moan as his tongue invades my mouth. "Mmm..."

Jerome's kiss is making me melt. I can feel my juices dripping down my legs. I can't help myself. I'm panting like a dog in heat. My whole body feels like it's on fire. I want him so bad. I want his big black cock inside me. I can't even believe what I was thinking. I had a

boyfriend back home in New York. And here I was making out with a black guy who I just met not even half an hour ago. It's all Mikayla's fault.

My pussy is throbbing. It's swollen and my clit is so sensitive. I feel like I'm about to squirt when my clit rubs against the fabric of my panties.

"Yes, it's my fault you're leaking like a whore, Becky," I could hear Mikayla's snarky voice inside my head. "Admit it. Admit you wanted him to fuck you the moment you set your eyes on him."

I want his big black cock. I need to be fucked by his big black cock. I don't care if it's cheating on my boyfriend or whatever. I just need his dick. His big black

"Fuck," Jerome growls. "You're wet. You're so fucking wet!"

I look down at my feet. I see a puddle of my juices on the floor. It's just a small pool of liquid. I was making a terrible mess. My legs were shaking. My knees felt weak. I couldn't stop trembling. I can't believe how much I wanted him.

*He's so fucking hot. But-Tim.... This was wrong...*

"Mmph," I gasp. "I'm sorry...," I nod my head sideways. "This was a mistake-"

Jerome puts his hand over my mouth. "A very good mistake," he says softly.

*I agreed. If it was wr-Oh,FUCK-wrong, why did it feel so fucking good?*

"No," I moan. "Jerome...I-can't-"

"Shhh."

The corridor was dimly lit. There was nobody else except for us. A tall, muscled black man pinning me against the wall and having his way with me was definitely not how I expected my night to turn out. He was kissing me and squeezing my breasts through my dress. His hands wavered their way down under my red skirt and groped my firm white ass every now and then. I was completely helpless. This

totally unknown stranger was taking his time with his hands, sucking on my nipples over my clothes and licking my neck, groping me everywhere possible.

"Mmmm-hmmmm," I moaned softly. My heart was racing. I could feel my panties becoming soaked with my pussy juice more and more. The realisation that Jerome had still not touched my pussy with his fingers was maddening. My clitoris throbbed violently.

He continued kissing me. I tried to resist but he kissed me harder and deeper than ever before. He pressed my back into the wall. I could barely breathe as he squeezed my tits hard and licked and sucked my neck. My knees began to buckle the moment he shoved his tongue back in my mouth between my lips. I loved the taste of his tongue. I was intoxicated by his scent. I had never been so aroused in my entire life. My mind was consumed by thoughts of how naughty this was. I knew that it was wrong. And yet I could not help myself from wanting him even more. I needed him desperately. My cunt was dripping wet. I was dying to have him touch me there.

*Touch me. Please touch me. I'm begging you. Touch my pussy.*

My heart pounded furiously. I felt faint. I could hear my own breathing and the sound of my heels clacking on the tiles as I shifted around while my pussy throbbed. I could smell Jerome's cologne mixed with my perfume. I could feel his warm breath blowing against my ear as he nibbled my lobe. I just couldn't stop moaning. I couldn't control myself! My body betrayed me!

Jerome was breathing like an animal. I was dripping with sweat. We were both panting heavily. Our bodies were drenched. My face was flushed and damp with perspiration. I could feel his erect penis rubbing against the front of my thigh. I tried humping him back but I couldn't even feel my legs.

"Oh, GOD! FUCK!" I yell as Jerome bites my neck hard. "Fuck!"

I didn't know who I was anymore. Who I was now? Was I still Becca? Or did I become someone else entirely when Jerome got me alone? My insides quivered and twitched every time I heard his deep, heavy breathing. My nipples poked through my dress as they

grew stiff and sensitive. I could feel them peeking out from under my dress. They were almost painfully hard. I wanted him to suck on them again. His cock rubbed against my inner thigh as we kissed passionately and loudly. I felt like I could explode violently at any moment but he paid no heed.

"Take off your top," he commands me.

My eyes go wide in shock. "Here?" I ask. "I-what if someone sees us?"

The words just fall out of my mouth breathlessly. I gulp down my saliva mixed with his spit as I fumble with my fingers. I was scared. I'd never done anything in public like this before. "No one's gonna see us. Even if they do, they ain't doin' shit," he assures me.

I take off my top. I was wearing a laced, red bra underneath it. As soon as I pull it off, he grabs my tits roughly and squeezes them. His hands are rough and calloused. I can feel his warm, wet tongue licking the underside of each breast over the fabric of my lingerie.

"Oooh... Mmm..." I moan. "Do you like my tits?" I ask. That was the first time I had asked a guy for approval of my body since high school. I haven't even asked Tim and he's been my boyfriend for almost a year.

"Yeaaaah, baby," he says. "They're real nice. I love how soft they are-

"Shit," I hiss. "Fuck-" I tremble as I feel something heavy in my stomach. "Suck on them. Do it."

His thick lips wrapped around my nipple again, sucking it into his mouth and then releasing it quickly. Then he repeats the process again. And again. And again, and again.

"No, No, st-stop," I stammer but my voice is barely a whisper. I start panting as he circles my nipples with his wet tongue. Jerome looks up at me with those big dark eyes of his as I-as I-I... look back at him.

"Uh-uh....uh.....uh....uh," I buckled. And Jerome knew what was happening. He bites the underside of my breasts as he instinctively reaches for the dampness between my legs, yanks my juice soaked

panties down to my thighs, and touches me there for the first time. And what a first time it was.

"Uh-UHHHHHHHHHHHHH," my moan comes out as a rather loud drawl. My lips glue themselves shut tight so the rest of my moan came out as a loud whimper.

I could feel something large and slimy ooze out of my pussy. Something wet and hot and very thick. It felt so good that I couldn't help but gasp aloud and shiver as waves of pleasure rolled through my entire body. Jerome pushes his finger gently on my little pink clitoris and I instantly kick off my heels.

"Ahhhhhh," I moan as loud as I can as I push against him. I wanted more. I wanted his finger inside me first. No, I wanted more than just his fingers. I wanted something large and hard. I wanted his throbbing dick inside me. "I'm cumming.....I'm fucking cumming."

Jerome pulls my bra aside as he chomps down hard on my firm, pale tits. The pain was so intense that my toes curl up as I squeeze my thighs together tightly. He squeezes my clit with his fingers as he keeps enjoying my breasts with his mouth and teeth.

My moans become louder and louder as I cry out. My pussy clenches down on his fingers as I climax. I cum. I cum hard into the palm of his hands. I cum as hard as I could cum. I suck air into my gut and orgasm so beautifully. Washing over my body are pangs of pleasure like I'd never felt before in my life.

"Ah-Ah," I breathe out loud and look down at Jerome. "I-that was-" Before I could even finish, Jerome let's go of my breasts and instantly moves down to my-

"Oh, JESUS," I yell. "NO, NO!" I grab hold of his head and try to push him away. "OH MY GOD, JESUS. FUCK."

Jerome had his face buried between my legs. His nose was pushed up against my clit as his tongue slid right into the tightness of wet cunt. My body felt like it was on fire. His tongue was writhing its way into my wetness.

"Mmpph," he groans. I buckle and my body instinctively pushes against his face as if every nerve in my body was begging him to go deeper with his tongue. My mind goes blank for a moment. And that was when I passed out. My eyes were open but I shut down and everything around me was black.

\*

"No, that's gross," he makes a disgusted face. "Is that even hygienic?"

I roll my eyes at him. "I dunno, Tim. Is me sucking your dick every time you want hygienic?"

"Fine," he says and puts his face near my pussy. "Just this once."

I arch my head back getting ready for what was coming next. I giggle in anticipation as Tim starts licking me-

"Fuck," I moan. "Baby, fuck."

Tim kisses my mound. Soft and delicate kisses. It makes me tingle all over.

"Mmmmm....baby," I moan. "Ahhhhh...."

I grab hold of his soft hair as he goes down on me. Gently, caressing my pussy with his tongue as he licks all over me down there.

"Fuck, you're so good."

Tim keeps licking all over....my labia...my clit...and my crotch?

"Tim?" I ask him in half-a-moan. "Don't stop..."

He licks me faster and his tongue flicks everywhere. I was in half a mind to tell him to put his tongue inside me but his tongue flicks hard just around my taint. Tim immediately sputters and gags before pulling back.

"Fuck," I whisper.

"Oh fuck, gross," he winces. "I have hair on my tongue. Gross. Disgusting. Ugh."

My heart drops. I thought I did a good job shaving for him. I'll probably have to get waxed next time.

"It's fine, baby. Get back there, you can do it."

"Fuck no," he grimaces. "I'm sorry. Hun, I can't. It's disgusting-"

"Can you stop calling me disgusting?" I snap.

"What? What do you mean? It's your-vagina, Becks," he snaps back.

"It's disgusting. I don't wanna do this. And I said your pussy was disgusting."

*I tried not making it show but I couldn't hold back the tears forming in my eyes.*

*"Don't call me disg-Don't call my pussy disgusting. I don't call your fucking dick disgusting. Fucking asshole."*

*"Wow," Tim shakes his head. "That's what I get for trying, huh. You know what, okay. Just wow, Becks. I'm an asshole now?"*

*"No, well, you're the one-"*

*"I don't wanna hear it. You know what, sorry. I'm sorry for calling your pussy disgusting. Happy?"*

*I wipe away at my eyes and sigh loudly. "I'm sorry-"*

*"I'm going to bed," Tim wipes his tongue again as if it was dirt stuck on there. "Let's talk tomorrow."*

*"Okay," I sigh again. "Goodnight, baby."*

*As I get out of bed, Tim looks over at me. "You're not sleeping?"*

*"No, I'm not sleepy yet. I'm gonna go watch some TV or something."*

*"Okay, goodnight. Love you."*

*"Love you too," I reply under my breath without looking back. And with that I leave the bedroom and head downstairs.*

*\**

## CHAPTER 4

"Are you okay?" Jerome's voice reaches my ears as I snap back.

"Hello? Becca?"

"W-What?" I look at him. He has me in his arms. His face was just inches away from mine. His juicy, reddish-brown lips were stained with spit. I did not know if it was mine or his, probably a mix of both of ours.

"Are you okay? You sort of went out of it," Jerome says with worry in his voice. "I'm sorry I should have-"

I kiss him. Hard. I kiss him really really hard. Hard enough for there to be a small smack and an exhale of breath from me and from him too. "Mmm," he answers my kiss by sticking his tongue in my mouth. I kiss him back and moan. I can taste the sweet wine and liquor on his lips. I put my hand around his face as I pull away.

"I'm okay," I smile at him. "Get back at it," I reply with a giggle as I guide him down there between my legs to the spot that's been violently begging for attention all night. I tilt my head back and close my eyes as I feel Jerome's breath on pussy.

"I'm going to lick your little tight pussy," he tells me.

"Do it," I hiss and push his face on my mound.

He kisses my clit and licks it. It feels like fire and ice mixed together inside my nether region. My hands grip onto his hair tightly. I gasp loudly. Jerome doesn't hesitate before putting his tongue into my vagina and licking me out thoroughly. He goes fast and deep. I try opening my mouth to scream but nothing comes out. Not a word. Not a noise. Just gasps of pleasure.

My hips move wildly against his face as he eats me out. He sucks on my clitoris and rubs his fingers around my asshole. I grab hold of his

shoulders and grind myself against him as hard as I possibly can. I hear Jerome grunt as well. I pant heavily and open my eyes. I see his sweat glistening off his forehead as he looks up at me.

"That's it baby!" I whisper and nod. "Eat that pussy! Eat it good."

Jerome moans as he continues eating my cunt. He sticks two fingers inside my ass. I squeal loudly. "No!" I moan but I don't resist. He thrusts them in deeper and harder until they're fully buried inside my butt.

"Oh God yes," I cry. "Fuck yeah fuck it in my ass."

I bite my lip. My neck just doesn't stay still anymore. It keeps moving this way and then that. I look at Jerome.

He's breathing heavy. He grabs my waist and pulls me closer to him. I dig my fingers deep into his scalp. I moan in quick successions. I start grinding my pelvis against his face even faster than before. He tries to shove a a third finger in my ass but it won't go in. "Mmph," I grunt and cover my mouth with one hand and fondle my breasts with the other. His nose is pushing up against my throbbing clitoris. My reddish pink pearl overly sensitive from all the oral stimulation I've received tonight. I have never felt anything like this. I am completely lost in ecstasy. I keep moaning louder and more lustfully into my hands now. I want to show him everything he needs to know about me. How much I love it when he does this to me. I need to let him know that I'll take whatever he wants to give me.

His lips suck on my clitoris again and swirl around it slowly. "Oh, my Goooooooooooooohhhhh," I squeal in a long drawn out drawl getting higher and higher in pitch the more I scream. I hear a door in the corridor open and out of the corner of my eye I see someone peep out. I turn my face to look in the direction but they disappear and the door shuts close. Jerome doesn't stop.

"Mmm," Jerome starts mouthing at my pink cunt. My eyes roll back into my head as I feel my orgasm build up. I grip onto Jerome's shoulders as he pushes his two fingers deeper inside my ass. I scream out loud. "Yes! Yes! Fuck my ass."

Jerome groans as he pumps his fingers in and out of my hole. I throw my head back and forth as he starts to fuck my ass with his fingers. He thrusts them in and out of my ass with such force that it almost feels like he's trying to break through my sphincter. All the while, he doesn't stop eating me out either.

I can feel it coming again. It was coming from a deeper place this time. "Jerome," I squeal in pleasure with my eyes going cross.

"Please, don't stop. Please don't stop. Please, fuck. Please, I love it. Please, eat me out. Please, I love it. Oh my god. Yes!"

My voice echoes off the walls in the corridor. I'm panting loudly. My body is trembling. My hips are bucking wildly.

"Fuck! Fuck!" I scream as my climax hits me hard. I squeeze my eyes shut as my body shudders uncontrollably. I cry out loudly and moan loudly. "Yes! Yes! YES! Oh my god. Oh my god. I'm going to-"

Jerome rams his fingers into my ass almost pushing his knuckles into my rectum. My neck falls backwards and I scream out loudly. My hands go to my head and I grab onto the wall behind me.

Jerome continues to finger fuck me as I scream and moan. "OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! Oh my god! I'M GOING TO CUM!" I scream.

"DON'T FUCKING STOP. EAT MY PUSSY. FUCK MY ASS!"

I squirt something on his face and then it happens.

My body starts shaking as I feel the first waves of my orgasm hit me. I cry out as I start to cum. My juices gush out of my pussy and run straight down Jerome's chin and neck. "MOTHERFUCKER," I scream at the top of my lungs as I start to shake uncontrollably. I try to hold myself up by grabbing onto Jerome's shoulders. I can literally hear the flow of my cum dripping down his chest and stomach. "I'M CUMMING, JEROME. BABY!!!"

And then I cum the most violent, hardest, deepest and longest I have ever cum in my life. My essence in me shakes violently as I scream and moan loudly. I feel like my whole body is vibrating. I scream out loud as I cum. The corridor reverberates with my screams and moans. As if I were a banshee being sent to hell. No, Jerome was my angel come to take me to heaven. My sexy, dark,

angel. I just couldn't stop cumming and my body wouldn't stop shuddering and convulsing. And when I did finally finish cumming, I fell limp against Jerome. I could feel the sweat running down my back. I felt weak but satisfied.

"Oh my god." I whisper quietly as I look around.

The corridor is still echoing with my cries and screams. There's nothing but silence now except for the sound of the water fountain.

"Ah-uh," I pant as I lie on top of Jerome's head and shoulders. I couldn't feel my legs. I didn't even notice Jerome had shoved three fingers up my ass instead of just two. He pulls his fingers out slowly. My legs tremble and quiver as he withdraws his fingers. I gasp audibly when they leave my butt. My pussy felt so wet and warm. I don't know why.

"Damn," Jerome says softly as he looks up at me from under his eyebrows. He's not even panting. What the hell was this guy made of? "Are you okay?"

I nod. My eyes couldn't focus

"Did I hurt you?"

I shake my head.

"Good. Let's go inside. We're gonna need to clean up."

He stands up and helps me stand too. I'm feeling really lightheaded and dizzy. It feels like I've been riding a roller coaster for hours. I lean on Jerome as I walk unsteadily behind him towards the front doors. I look disheveled. My clothes are in disarray, my panties are damp as if they were fished out of the ocean. My bra wasn't put on proper.

"I-I-sorry," my voice comes out as a tiny little squeak. "Too loud."

Jerome laughs. "Don't worry about it. No one's gonna fuck with us." What the hell happened? One moment I was downstairs, and the next I was in the elevator with him..... in the corridor...

"Water," I gasp. "Thirsty."

"Ah, yes," Jerome's voice turns stern. "Just a little bit. Our room is over here."

I'm almost about to pass out. Before my vision goes completely dark, I see Jerome with his gentle arms around me. "Hold on," he says before picking me up effortlessly. "Oh," I groan in response. I've never been picked up like this before as an adult!

He carries me to a room at the end of the corridor. When we enter, he sets me down and I find that I can barely stand. I'm so weak. I just want to take a nap. I'm so tired.

"Mikayla," I mutter.

"Oh, your friend will be fine. I'll let her know," Jerome tells me. "Give me a moment," Jerome leaves for a moment and returns with a glass of cold water. I drink thirstily.

"There you go," Jerome says as he hands me a bottle of pills. Looking at my eyes go wide, Jerome gives me a laugh. "Don't worry. It's vitamins. You'll need them."

"T-Thanks, hun," I mutter and pop two of the tablets into my mouth. They didn't taste like vitamins. Do vitamins even have taste?

"Sit down," Jerome motions to the bed. "Make yourself at home. I'll get you some more water."

I comply. My mother would be so ashamed of me. Here I was, in an unknown stranger's room gulping down weird pills he gives me. And that wasn't even the most embarrassing thing that I did all night. Screaming like a whore having my pussy eaten out. My face blushes red. I feel so helpless. So vulnerable. My eyes were groggy and I was so tired. But I felt warm and safe. My tiredness overcomes me as I plop back on the bed, and instantly feel sleep coming on.

"You're tired, huh?" I hear Jerome's voice echo from somewhere far off. His voice sounds gentle. "Goodnight."

"Goo-night," I mutter before drifting off.

\*\*\*

# EPILOGUE

.....In Book 2.....

*Jerome's black body was sculptured. I mean that literally. Every inch of him was perfectly shaped and proportioned. He had a thick neck, broad shoulders and a huge chest. His muscles were defined and cut. They bulged and strained against his skin. They were so big and heavy and powerful. I couldn't believe how large his muscles were. I'm sure he could lift me up effortlessly. And I knew that to be true. It was like I was staring into a painting of a black God. That's how perfect it was. Not only was his body so well-defined and developed, but his skin was dark and rich brownish black. I have never seen a man's chest before that looked like that. Certainly not Tim. CERTAINLY not Tim's.*

*It was smooth and shiny and so big. I wanted to touch it. If I could stare at it all day, I would. I would drool and lick all over his sexy, muscled, ripped, black chest. Sexy, sexy black chest. Holy shit. What was I even thinking about?*

*And Jesus, his abs. Jesus Christ, his abs looked so hard and toned. They were as solid as a rock. I bet they'd cut through butter and make a knife dull. Jerome's black abs were so defined and so strong. It looked like if you grabbed them, you'd feel something harder than anything else in the world. Even harder than diamonds. His abs, God, his abs were nothing like I'd ever seen before in my entire life. I mean I've looked at pics of hot guys on the internet or in movies before, or at the gym too, I guess. But this was the first time I'd ever seen a sexy jacked dude up close.*

*"Are you going to just keep looking?" Jerome jokes.*

*"Yes."*

*I certainly wasn't joking. "Can you-uhm-can you flex for me?" I ask. My heart beats so quick.*

*"Yes, ma'am!" Jerome jokes again.*

*And he does. When he does, the only thought that goes through my mind was, 'Why couldn't Tim look like this?'*

.....

# OTHER BOOKS BY ME!

## **Becky Goes Black!**

[Read here!](#)

Sophomore student Becca Channing's summer break vacation in Miami goes better than expected when her best friend Mikayla Monroe gets VIP passes for the both of them at a high-end nightclub in town! What was supposed to be a normal night out with her bestie turns out to be the wildest night of her life as innocent Becky falls for the charms of Jerome, an acquaintance of Mikayla at the club. Jerome's muscled stature, his height, and beautiful dark skin are too much for Becky, and she ends up falling head over heels for him the same night they meet. What follows is a whirlwind story of the sexual awakening of a young woman who just didn't know what her body or mind were capable of! Will Becca regret cheating on her faithful yet nerdy white boyfriend Tim? How will her life change after sleeping with a black man for the first time? Will she hide her infidelity from her boyfriend and continue to pursue this illicit affair with a powerful black man like Jerome?

---

## **Blacked! By the Boxer Who K.O'd My Boyfriend!**

[Read here!](#)

In the aftermath of a tragic boxing match, Katherine grapples with the loss of her boyfriend, Mark. The ring was meant for glory, not tragedy, but when Mark faced off against the formidable Demarcus, fate dealt a cruel hand—Mark was dead, killed by a fatal blow from Demarcus's fist. Now, left to navigate the void that Mark's absence has created, Katherine seeks solace. As grief intertwines with desire,

she discovers unexpected avenues for healing, drawing her into a world where pain and pleasure collide in ways she never imagined.

---

### **Molly Becomes a Hotwife**

[Read here!](#)

Steve, harboring a fantasy he's hesitant to unveil, broaches the subject of introducing another man into their intimate world. Intrigued yet unsure, Molly's curiosity sparks as Steve's inquiries delve into her past, igniting a conversation that leads them down a path neither had anticipated. They find themselves drawn to Luke—Molly's black ex-boyfriend from college. Despite initial reluctance, Molly agrees to Steve's fantasy, and what unfolds is a journey that neither of them could have predicted.

---

### **Cheerleader Stacey Betrays White Cuckold Boyfriend to Get Blacked!**

[Read here!](#)

In the pulsating world of college rivalries, Stacey, the cheer captain, cheers on her beloved team from the sidelines. The underdog football team, led by the charismatic Tyrese, faces overwhelming odds in the state finals. Stacey, convinced her team won't win, agrees to a date with Tyrese if they do. To her shock, they claim victory! But now, with her insecure white boyfriend Patrick unaware, Stacey must navigate the growing attraction she feels for Tyrese, the man who just led his team to glory.

---

### **Blacked! On My Wedding Day by My Black Ex-Boyfriend!**

[Read here!](#)

In the moments before her wedding, Cassandra stands at a crossroads. About to marry Jason, the epitome of stability, she is haunted by memories of her passionate past with Darius, her black ex-boyfriend. When Darius shows up unannounced, the flames of their old relationship ignite again. Today, she must choose between

her safe, predictable future with Jason and the raw, untamed passion she once shared with Darius.

---

### **Jessica's Night Out! Blacked by the Rapper! And His Friend!**

[Read here!](#)

Jessica is swept up in the energy of the concert, thanks to her best friend, Mackenzie, who surprises her with tickets to see the famous rapper ZeeJay. What starts as a night of dancing and fun soon turns into a night of temptation, as Jessica finds herself grinding on a black stranger who awakens her inner desires. Caught between her stable boyfriend Brandon and the allure of the night, Jessica must decide how far she's willing to go.

---

### **A Black Thug's White B\*\*\*\***

[Read here!](#)

I am Molly White. A 49-year-old conservative Christian mother of two, living a boring life in Illinois. I was faithful to my husband, Mark... until I met him. The thug who awakened a carnal pleasure inside me. I don't regret submitting to him, nor do I regret the dozens of encounters we've had since. My marriage? The sanctity of it all? Thrown away, all thanks to him. And I feel sorry for none of it.

---

### **Blacked by Her Bully Ex-Boyfriend!**

[Read here!](#)

Timmy, a nerdy white guy, is thrilled to be dating Stacy, a stunning blonde from his class. But his excitement quickly fades when Rashad, Stacy's charismatic black ex, reappears. Timmy's insecurities about Rashad fuel his desire to please Stacy in ways he never imagined. As Stacy rekindles her relationship with Rashad, Timmy is drawn into a cuckold fantasy that pushes the boundaries of his comfort zone and leaves him questioning his place in Stacy's life.

---

### **Her Anniversary BBC Affair! Hotwife Jennifer seduced and BLACKED by a stranger!**

[Read here!](#)

On what should have been a romantic wedding anniversary getaway in Miami, Jennifer finds herself yearning for more than her husband Tom can offer. In the heat of the night, a chance encounter with a bold and seductive stranger ignites passions she thought were long extinguished. As Tom's lack of interest leaves her frustrated, Jennifer is swept into a forbidden world of intense desire with Marcus, a man who awakens parts of her she never knew existed. What begins as a simple escape from her mundane marriage spirals into a night of wild, illicit pleasure that pushes all boundaries.

---

### **Faithful No More! Desperate Girlfriend Lisa Gets BLACKED in Public!**

[Read here!](#)

On what should have been a romantic wedding anniversary getaway in Miami, Jennifer finds herself yearning for more than her husband Tom can offer. In the heat of the night, a chance encounter with a bold and seductive stranger ignites passions she thought were long extinguished. As Tom's lack of interest leaves her frustrated, Jennifer is swept into a forbidden world of intense desire with Marcus, a man who awakens parts of her she never knew existed. What begins as a simple escape from her mundane marriage spirals into a night of wild, illicit pleasure that pushes all boundaries.