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BLACKED!

by

My husband's **BOSS!**

Sally P

BLACKED!
BY my husband's BOSS!
Book 1
A BMWF Taboo Cheating
Interracial Erotica Story

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Get ready to dive into an erotic tantalizing tale where passion, power, and secrets collide. Meet Ben and Leah, a couple whose desires and deceptions run deeper than you could imagine. When a web of lies spins out of control, Leah finds herself at the heart of a thrilling game, where pleasure and power intertwine. Ben's white lie about his work unleashes a storm that sends Leah hurtling into a world of forbidden fantasies. His boss, the charismatic and powerful Jermaine, becomes the focal point of this steamy twist of fate. With a proposition that could change their lives, Leah is seduced by the allure of a forbidden encounter. But what seems like a tantalizing game soon turns into a twisted reality. As truths unravel and boundaries blur, Leah faces a shocking revelation – Ben's deceitful tactic to trade his wife's passion for a promotion. Betrayed and furious, Leah decides to turn the tables on her husband. The result? A fierce collision of wills and desires that ignites a fire within her. A fire that makes her submit to Ben's black boss, Jermaine.

"I love it," I admit with all honesty. "So much bigger than my husband."

Jermaine lets out a loud laugh. "Really?"

He runs his hand through my hair and grabs me gently by the back of my head.

Prepare for an electrifying journey through lust, power dynamics, and the unexpected. In this riveting thriller erotica, lust and revenge intertwine, creating a web of passion that will leave you breathless and craving more. Will Leah succumb to the allure of the powerful Jermaine, or will she seize control and reshape her destiny? Dive into a world where secrets, lust, and revenge converge in electrifying ways.

DISCLAIMER: Contains heavy themes of cheating and taboo interracial eroticism between a black man and a white

woman! Please do not read if these themes offend you!

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents involved either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

This story is also meant for sale to adult audiences only. It contains sexually explicit scenes and language which may be considered offensive. All characters in this work are eighteen (18) years of age or older and engage in consensual sexual intercourse.

This story also involves heavy use of taboo erotic roleplay language that is respectfully used in context to the sexual relationship portrayed in this story. Neither the author nor the model on the cover nor the platform this story is published on subscribe to such language outside of roleplaying scenarios. Please respect the creative freedom that the author chooses to employ in this particular featured work.

CHAPTER 1:

"You WHAT?" I scream at Ben at the top of my lungs.

"I'm sorry, it wasn't my fault!" he wrings his hand like he always does in the most pathetic way possible. "Please, Leah. You've got to help me out-."

"No!" I snap at him. "What kind of a man are y-you're asking me to sleep with your fucking boss, Ben," I say as I don't make any attempt to let the malice in my voice show.

"I know," Ben mutters. "I'll make it up to you, I promise. He gave me no other choice."

"How the FUCK are you going to make it up to me?" I stare at him bewildered.

This was ridiculous. Every nerve of my body wanted to slap the living daylight out of this 'man'. I was in such a good mood all day preparing for our wedding anniversary tomorrow and he just HAD to ruin it!

"I'm getting sick of you," I hiss and point a finger at him. "I'm getting so sick of all of this."

Ben looked like he was about to burst in tears. He was looking down at the ground. He didn't even have the balls to look at me in the face while I was screaming my lungs out at him. Why did I even marry this sad excuse of a human being?

"Please-."

"Shut up, stop saying please, GOD!" I shriek. "For the love of FUCK, Ben. Have you tried talking to HR? The-."

"Babe, he's the boss," he laments. "He owns the company."

"That doesn't mean-."

"I can't do anything, Leah."

I rub my temples. They were throbbing so bad. I was beside myself. Ben had just come, asked me if we could talk, and then proceeded to tell me that he'd cost his company a million-dollar contract because of an accounting mistake. That wasn't even the worst part, I tried to console him and tell him that-oh, Jesus, he told me that he was going to lose THIS JOB if I didn't sleep with his FUCKING boss. I cannot begin to tell you how shocked I was when my eyes went wide with horror soon after the words even came out of his worthless mouth.

"I begged him, Leah," Ben whined. "I begged him-and I, I told him that I'll do anything-."

"-anything including fucking your own wife?" I showed my wedding ring that I had on my finger. "What the fuck is WRONG WITH YOU?" I yell at him.

"He asked me if he could sleep with you-."

"And you said YES?" I throw my hands up in exasperation.

"Calm down," Ben said as he tried to grab my arm.

"Fuck off, Ben," I snapped. "Tomorrow's our wedding anniversary. Did you know that? Of course, you knew. I've been spending all day-."

"I'm sorry."

"That's all you can say," I grinded my teeth as I spoke. I wasn't in the mood to hear his apologies. "What did I ever see in you? You were always a worthless, pathetic worm."

I had to sleep with his boss for a mistake that my husband did. I was picking up pieces for him again. Just like I did in college.

"I'm not going to do it," I told him. "You're mad-."

"I told him that I'd convince you to-."

I sigh out loud. Neither of us could afford to have Ben lose his job. I was in between jobs myself. We had just taken a down payment on our dream house. I was supposed to be having a nice, relaxing

vacation this weekend with my husband. However, he had different plans apparently.

"Ben, honey, please tell me all of this is-I don't know, some sort of a prank?" I plead with him.

Ben let out a long, defeated sigh. There were visible tears in his eyes. "I'm so sorry, Leah. Please."

The night ended with Ben sleeping on the couch. I had locked myself in my room to wallow in self-pity. My heart was in pieces. I felt like my entire life was spiralling out of control. What kind of a husband would want his own wife to fuck another man regardless of whatever the situation was?

Ben wasn't a man at all. There was nothing manly about him. There was no man in this house right now. Ben was a pathetic excuse of a human being and I felt so bad for myself that I had ever even laid eyes on him. I regret ever letting him put a ring on me. I wasn't some sort of property to be bartered off because he screwed up at his work.

I close my eyes and try to put my mind to rest.

CHAPTER 2:

"Room 405," the receptionist smiles at me. "Enjoy your stay, ma'am"

I was a nervous wreck. I kept licking my lips. I had to try and convince Ben's boss this was a bad idea. Jermaine Jones, that was his name. I'm sure he would understand. I didn't talk to Ben much other than tell him that I wanted to get this over with. It was just a one-time thing, we both assured each other. And if his boss tried to string us out, we would have to deal this some other way.

I wore a bright red dress. It was pretty tight and my tits were all pushed up into view. My heels clicked on the floor as I headed towards the elevator. I adjusted my hair as I got inside and pushed the number four.

The ride up was long and silent. I didn't bother talking to Ben other than ask him for the details. I just wanted to get this over with. The humiliation and the shame of it all.

Room 405. The doorbell rang and I took a deep breath. I was nervous and I tried hard for it to not show.

A tall, handsome black man answers the door. He wore a suit and his face was all chiselled out and his muscles were all bulging. I had to look up because he was that damn tall. And he was black.

"You must be-?"

His voice was so deep. His question sounded more like a low rumble than anything.

"Leah Sky-Smith," I said. I noticed him checking me out from head to toe. His eyes were glued to my chest and he licked his lips. "Is Mr. Jones in?"

He didn't answer me for a few seconds. He had this intense gaze in his eyes and his stare was piercing through me. It made my heart

skip a beat. I felt so small standing next to him.

He was a big man. I mean, really big. I was used to Ben being so small and dorky. He was a short, little guy. Ben wasn't a man at all. This black guy though was a man. As he looked at me with those big, intense eyes and I felt a tingle down my spine.

"That would be me," he gives me a toothed grin and I could see that he had some pearly whites.

I couldn't help but smile back. "Wow, um, wow. Um-I didn't know-Of course, I should have," I stammer and reach my hand out to him. Ben never told me his boss was black. From his name, I thought he would be French.

He grabs my hand in his big palm and shakes it firmly. This guy had the grip of a bear. I couldn't help but smile even wider for some reason.

"I'm Jermaine Jones," he grins again. "Nice to meet you, Miss. Smith. Please, come in."

"Mrs. Smith," I correct him.

His hotel suite was big and spacious. It had a lot of furniture. I was amazed by the sheer size of it all. I was used to living in a small apartment with Ben. I had never seen anything like this before up close. It looked so expensive.

"Make yourself comfortable," he gestures to the couch. "Would you like anything to drink? I have a nice bottle of whiskey here."

"Yeah, that's alright," I try to act cool. I don't want to appear like I was nervous. "Thank you."

He pours me a glass of whiskey. I'm not a big fan of alcohol, but I'm going to need some courage.

"So, about Ben," Jermaine begins.

He sits down on a chair opposite me. He sits with his legs spread wide open. I anxiously take a sip of my drink.

"I'm sure he's told you all you need to know," Jermaine says.

"Yes," I nod. "Mr. Jones-."

"Call me Jermaine."

"Jermaine, sir, I'm sorry that Ben has put you in this position. It's not fair to you and-."

"You're a beautiful woman, Mrs. Smith," Jermaine says as he cuts me off. He looks down at my breasts and my cleavage as he drinks his drink. "Ben told me a lot about you."

"Really?" I smile nervously. "What did he tell you?"

"That you're a wonderful woman. And an even more wonderful wife."

"Oh."

"And you have a beautiful, young body," Jermaine says as his gaze goes to my tits again. Why did I have to wear something so revealing?

"Thank you, Mr. Jo-Jermaine," I say as I blush.

"I hope that you're going to forgive Ben. Please," I say. "I want you to understand that he is so sorry. It was an accident. And he'll make sure that it doesn't happen again. Please, Jermaine. You're not going to fire him, are you?"

Jermaine Jones does not say anything. Instead, he raises his eyebrow at me.

"You look like a respectable man," I plead. "I'm sure you really don't think that asking to fuck your employee's wife is ethical."

Jerome frowns at me. He looks offended as if I had said something rude.

"What on earth are you talking about?" Jerome asks me in a tone that is a little bit harsh. "What did Ben even tell you?"

"No, he told me-," I say. "-he, Ben was getting fired. Because of an accounting-."

"He lied to you," Jermaine tells me sharply. "Why would I fire Ben? He's a wonderful accountant. He's one of my best."

"But he said-."

"Ben told me I could fuck you, his wife, if he could have a promotion in return," he speaks calmly. "Your husband has been trying for a fast climb up the ladder, Mrs. Smith."

My face turns cold and my body goes rigid. I feel so humiliated. I had been played like a fool by my husband. I was so naive. He lied to me. He lied to me the whole time. That fucking asshole.

"He told me that he messed up at work and," my voice was shaky, "he was going to lose his job. I don't believe it," I whisper. "He's a worm."

Jerome sighs. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Smith."

"So, he offered you-me, as a bribe?"

"I guess," Jerome shrugs.

I can feel my cheeks burning red. "So, you didn't have any interest in sleeping with me before?"

"I didn't," Jerome shrugs again. "But I can't say the same now."

Something deep in me twitched violently. I tried to not look embarrassed as I take another sip from my glass without looking at him in the eye. I mean I don't blame him. I was dressed the part for sure. I was going to let Ben have it when I got back. That worthless scummy bastard sold me off for a promotion. Words cannot even describe the amount of contempt I had for my husband right now.

"I understand if you're being forced to do this, Mrs. Smith," Jermaine begins but I cut him off.

"Please," I smile at him. "Call me Leah."

"Well, Leah," Jermaine grins. "I can understand how this would make you uncomfortable. I don't want to force you to do this."

I would never ever forgive Ben for this. He lied to me. It was HE who offered me up to his boss. That lying son of a bitch.

"Of course not, Mr. Jones," I set my glass on the table. "Well, if Ben wants his promotion so bad," I say as I bite my lip.

"You're a beautiful woman, Leah," Jermaine grins as he drinks his whiskey.

"Oh," I say as he looks down at my breasts again. "You really think so?"

"Absolutely," Jermaine nods his head. "I would have to be blind to not think so."

"Aren't you charming?" I giggle and roll my eyes. "I bet you say that to all the girls."

"Just the pretty ones," Jermaine smirks.

Maybe it was the alcohol daring me. I stood up and threw my hair back and walked over to him. Jermaine was sitting down and I straddled him as I sit down in his lap. He was surprised at first, but his hands go around my hips and pull me closer. I wrap my arms around his neck and look into his eyes.

"You don't have to do this," he says as I kiss him. Jermaine kisses me back hungrily. He grabs my ass and squeezes it and I let out a moan in between our wet lips. I can feel his cock hardening. He smelled so good. His lips tasted so good.

"I'm a married man," he whispers to me as I break the kiss.

"You're a very good kisser," I whisper back paying no heed to his words.

CHAPTER 3:

He gives my ass another squeeze as I lean in for another kiss. He kisses me back this time, and our tongues wrestle for dominance. My tongue wraps around his and my eyes flutter close. My lips felt so soft, and warm and good plastered on the roughness of his. I was starting to feel a heat in the pit of my stomach. It was getting hard for me not to get horny for him. I pull him in for another kiss. The chair creaked beneath us. We break the kiss for a moment as we pull each other's clothes off hungrily. He unzips my dress and pulls it off of me while I unbuckle his shirt.

My God, he was JACKED. Like super jacked. I admire the definition on his body for a moment. Jermaine notices this as he asks me if I like what I see. My eyes dart to his and I smirk and give him a nod.

"I like a big strong man," I grin at him.

"Call me Jermaine," he kisses my neck and I close my eyes as he continues to suck on it.

"Jermaine," I giggle. "Oh fuck, Jermaine," I moan as he sucks on my neck. I moan and grab his head with both my hands. "Mmm."

My pussy is getting wet and I grind my hips against his groin. My lips find his and we kiss again. His tongue was so big and his kisses are so demanding. It was like he wanted to devour me whole. His big, strong hands were all over my body. He was groping me, feeling me, exploring every inch of my body. I was getting so horny. I needed this. I wanted him. I walked in here thinking I could get away with somehow talking my way out of having to fuck my worthless husband's boss but I'm glad I changed my mind. For some reason, it was even hotter that he was black.

I'm sitting on his lap and he is now unclasping my bra. I moan as my boobs spring free from their prison. "Fuck," he mutters. Jermaine

admires them. He doesn't waste a second to mouth my pink, erect nipples. His lips feel so good sucking on them. He takes one nipple into his mouth and gently bites on it. He rolls it around with his tongue as my toes curl.

"Ah," I moan as he releases my nipple from his lips. I'm panting. I feel a pool of liquid wetness form between my legs inside my panties.

"You have the most beautiful tits I've ever seen," Jermaine whispers.

"I know," I smirk as I lick his neck.

As Jermaine kisses and licks my big sexy tits, my body jolts from his touch. I'm feeling so hot right now. My pussy is throbbing with need and desire. Jermaine kisses my neck as his hands grope my bare, round butt. I can feel his bulge poking at me from below. He felt so huge. My heart beat harder thinking about it.

"Tell me," I whisper into his ear. "Do you like my ass?"

Jermaine's response is a growl. He grips my ass tightly as he gropes it. His cock was throbbing beneath his pants and my pussy is gushing juices. I was dripping wet.

I was moaning out loud as Jermaine flicked his tongue up and down my nipples. I had never felt this way before. I had never felt such a sexual desire before.

"Take me, Jermaine," I pant. "Please, take me. I'm yours."

Jermaine lifts me up as he stands up. I wrap my legs around his waist and our lips meet. Oh fuck!!! I could feel his big, throbbing cock as I sat on his groin. His hard, erect cock was poking me from beneath his pants. I felt so hot and bothered right now. I was leaking and I bet Jermaine could feel it on him too. I was kissing him with intense pleasure as he walked over to the bed with me wrapped around him. The sheer awe that I had for his strength only made me kiss him harder.

"Oh fuck," I moan as Jermaine lays me down on the bed.

"Take those panties off for me, Leah," he growls. I hesitate for a moment. What if I was taking this a little too far? Did Ben deserve this? Wasn't I helping Ben thinking that I was having my revenge on him for putting me in this position? But oh God, this man was so HOT! His body was so muscular and well-toned. His lips were so soft and his tongue was so fucking good. I had never felt this way before. He was making me so hot. I was so turned on right now. I had never felt so dirty, so used. But I liked it. I liked it a lot. I gulped as my fingers slid under the fabric of my panties. I was shaking in excitement. Jermaine watched on intently. His eyes were fixed on the wet spot between my legs showing through the lingerie.

"Take them off. Don't make me repeat myself," Jermaine growls. His voice turned scary making me wince.

So, I obeyed. I slowly slide my panties off and spread my legs open wide. Jermaine looks at me hungrily as his gaze travels from my bare pussy to my tits to my face. My eyes are closed in shame. I'm blushing and trembling with anticipation. My breathing is so rapid and heavy. My clit was throbbing with desire. I feel a sudden tingle and a gush of liquid escape my pussy. I clench my legs together and cover my reddening face with my hands.

"Spread your legs, Leah," he commands me.

I do as I'm told. I'm naked and vulnerable.

"Your pussy looks so tight," Jermaine remarks.

"Ooh," I moan. His words send a jolt of electricity down my spine.

"Don't, don't say that."

Before I could say anything more, Jermaine buries his face right between my legs.

I gasp out loud in surprise.

He spreads my lips with his fingers. The warmth of his tongue sends a chill through me. It's flicking all over my swollen, sensitive clit. His lips wrap around it. It feels so fucking good. He's sucking on it and kissing it with his lips. His tongue is swirling around it. He's sucking on it so hard.

"Ah!" I scream as my toes curl.

Jermaine's hands are all over my body. He's squeezing and rubbing my ass and my breasts and my thighs. His big, rough, powerful hands are touching all over my body. It tickles but also makes me feel so horny. His tongue slides up and down my pussy slit.

My mind immediately goes to all the times that Ben would flat out refuse to eat me out. He would say it was gross. But now, my husband's boss was lapping up all my pussy juice.

"Oh God, oh God," I moan.

I'm biting my lip and I can feel my cheeks burning as I look down at him between my legs. He was licking my pussy so well. It felt so good. I was enjoying every second of it. This definitely wasn't what I had in mind when I told Bend I'd have a talk with his boss. But I'm glad this was happening. It felt so good to have a sexy man like him between my legs.

He was so gentle and considerate. His tongue felt so good and his lips were so soft. He knew exactly what he was doing. He was licking every part of me and my pussy. He was so good.

"Oooh," I moan as I grab his head with both my hands.

CHAPTER 4:

I feel like such a whore. I'm writhing. His tongue was doing so much to me. My pussy was drenched and his tongue was lapping up all my juices. I was wriggling and twisting, moaning, and panting. It was driving me crazy. It felt so good. It felt so fucking good.

He's teasing my clit. His tongue is dancing on it. His lips are wrapped around it. He's sucking on it.

"Oh fuck!" I scream. "Jermaine," I whimper. "FUCK!"

He's sucking on it.

"Ah," I moan. "Jermaine, oh fuck! Don't stop. Oh fuck! Don't fucking stop."

My toes are curled. My eyes are closed.

"Lick me harder, Jermaine," I pant. "Please!"

He spreads my pussy lips and puts his whole mouth onto me.

"Ahh," I moan. "Fuuuuuck"

Jermaine's licking my clit with the full force of his mouth. His tongue is licking every inch of my pussy.

"Oooh, God," I pant.

"Do you like that?" Jermaine asks me.

"YES!" I scream. "Oh, fuck yes. Don't stop, please, oh please don't stop!"

He spreads my pussy lips as wide as he can. He's licking and sucking my clit and his fingers are exploring the inside of my pussy. My whole body was overcome with pure bliss the likes of which I've never experienced before. It was like my mind had shut off and my body took over. All I could feel was this intense pleasure.

"Ooh God," I moan. "Oh, ohhh!"

My pussy is convulsing. Juices are spurting from my slit as they cover his face. His lips are kissing, licking and sucking all over my pussy. He's so rough. I'm grabbing his head with both of my hands. The pleasure is too intense for me to handle.

"Fuck, oh fuck," I scream. "Keep going! Don't stop!"

I can hear Jermaine moan as he continues to eat my pussy. I feel his finger enter inside of me. He's fingering me deep. My juices are flowing. I'm wriggling, squirming, and screaming. My body is completely on fire.

"Ahhh!Ah!Ahhh!"

Jermaine lifts my legs up in the air and I feel his tongue flicking all over me.

"OHMYGOD!" I scream. "AH FUCK!"

I can feel my body tensing up.

"Fuck," I whimper. "Oh God."

I feel my entire body quiver.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," I gasp for breath.

My legs are shaking.

"AHHHHHHHHHH!" I scream out loud. And as Jermaine's tongue flicked up and down my clit harder than before, my mind instantly blanked. "AH!" I let out one short gasp of breath as I orgasm. My head thrashes around, and my toes curl. The intense pleasure makes my entire body shake. My legs tremble on their own.

My juices are squirting into his mouth. He's licking and sucking them up. I can hear him moaning. I feel like I'm floating. It feels like I'm dreaming. I'm floating through the clouds. I can't think straight. It was all a blur. Jermaine slurps and sucks all over my clit, trying to milk out every drop of juice that he can from my overstimulated pussy. My body twitches and convulses as the orgasm runs through every inch of my body. My body was on fire. My pussy was contracting and pulsating. My fingers are tangled in his hair, and I'm

gripping his head between my legs. My ears were ringing. My vision was spinning. I open my mouth but no words come out. I'm shivering and panting. I'm trying to regain my composure. I'm trying to get my head clear. I feel Jermaine's tongue sliding up my slit, and he flicks my clit one last time before he lets go of me.

"O-h, Oh, fuck!" I breathe. What the hell was that? That was so intense. That was so mind-blowing. I open my eyes, and my vision is slightly blurred. When was the last time I came like that? Hell, when was the last time I even had my pussy eaten?

"God," I pant. "I can't-."

As my vision comes back, I notice Jermaine unbuckling his pants. My heart almost skips a beat as his cock plops out like a big, long sausage. My eyes are fixed on it as it throbs in front of me. I've never seen a penis that big up close before. I don't know what I was expecting. I mean, he did feel big when I grinded on him. But, Jesus, this guy was hung like a horse. He was a big, muscled black man. I could see his veins popping on the shaft. Ben's dick looked like a small little worm in comparison. I wouldn't even call my husband's cock a dick. It looked more like a pencil than a real man's penis. Jermaine's balls were the size of golf balls.

I look up at Jermaine who is looking down at me. Whatever exhaustion that I had in my eyes was replaced with lust and desire.

"Mm, ah," I whimper as my fingers move on their own. I can feel the excitement coursing through me. I make eye contact with him as I spread my pussy lips for him. I needed that cock.

"Jermaine," I whisper. I bite my lip as I watch his big cock throb. "Your dick is huge."

Jermaine stands close over me.

I have the urge to touch it. I feel myself leaning forward as my fingers wrap around it. I have to admit that the weight of it in my hands feels really nice. The musk of his sweat fills my nostrils. My heart is beating rapidly in my chest. I feel myself getting wet. I lick my lips and I begin to stroke it slowly.

"Fuck," I whisper as Jermaine lets out a deep, rumbling grunt. I can hear him growl as I begin to jerk his cock. His dick is so thick and meaty. My eyes are fixated on it. I can't look away. I'm not thinking straight.

"Mmm," I moan as I kiss the head of it. I lick the slit of his dick and my mouth waters. It was so hot. It was throbbing and pulsating in my hands. My hands feel so small as I wrap them around his cock. It's so big. It feels like I'm going to be stretched open.

"Ever sucked a black dick before?" he asks me.

"No," I reply. I moan as my mouth opens wide and I put it in my mouth.

My lips stretch over it as my mouth closes over his girthy shaft. The size is quite intimidating at first but I can tell he's excited by my display. He's breathing hard and groaning from above me. I taste pre-cum on my tongue. I hear him growl deep inside of him.

"That's right, Leah," he mutters. "Suck that cock good."

I have never felt this submissive or slutty before. My heart is beating really fast in my chest. I don't think I ever wanted anything so much as I do now. I've never ever wanted to suck my own husband's dick as bad as I wanted to suck Jermaine's. I mean what woman wouldn't want to? The sheer girth of it alone was amazing. I begin sucking on his cock harder trying my best to take the whole thing in my mouth. It's hard though. He keeps bumping at the back of my throat making me gag. But, it feels so fucking good. His groans are loud and he begins to move his hips forcing himself deeper down my throat. My eyes tear up as I try not to gag. My tongue is being shoved against the thick shaft as I swirl it around.

I have my hands wrapped around his cock. I can feel his veins throb against the palms of my hands as they press against the underside of his penis. My saliva is dripping from my lips and coating his rod with wetness as I deepthroat him. There's veins popping all over it. His pubes are nicely trimmed and shaved to make room for his dick which makes me want to stick it in my face even more.

"Ahh fuck!" he moans as I dig my fingers into his thighs to steady myself. "That's it," he says as he thrusts his hips forward again. "Suck that cock. Suck daddy's cock."

I moan a little as his dick stretches out my throat. I know he likes that. Jermaine seems pleased. I can feel the tension in his leg muscles. He lets out another deep growl. I guess this really turns him on. It's driving me crazy. My pussy is twitching again. I look up at Jermaine with a pleading gaze in my eyes. His expression changes from one of pleasure to that of pure lust and desire.

"You look so sexy with your lips wrapped around my fat cock," he growls out loud. I let my excitement ooze between my legs in response.

CHAPTER 5:

My heart skips a beat as I release his cock with a loud pop. I start jerking off his cock with a wide grin on my face all while looking at him. The eye contact was so intense.

"God, your cock looks amazing," I whisper. "It's so big."

"Do you like that?" he asks me.

I run my tongue across the tip of it licking off all the pre-cum as he bites his lip and growls deeply. His huge body looms over me menacingly.

"I love it," I admit with all honesty. "So much bigger than my husband."

Jermaine lets out a loud laugh. "Really?"

He runs his hand through my hair and grabs me gently by the back of my head.

"Yeah," I purr as I jerk him off slowly. "Ben has such a tiny dick. Smaller than my pinky," I laugh. It felt so good to talk shit about my husband like this. He deserves it. Asshole put me in this spot.

I move my head forward taking the whole thing in my mouth again. My heart is beating rapidly in my chest. My breathing becomes heavy as my fingers wrap around his thick shaft again. The excitement is building inside of me as I take in the sight of his penis once more. It's so big, and meaty looking. Its skin is smooth yet coarse. I begin to bob my head up and down sucking it deeper into my throat each time. Jermaine grabs me roughly by the hair as he thrusts his hips forward again shoving his entire cock deep into my mouth.

"AHHHH!" I gasp trying not to gag but unable to help myself.

"Ah fuck," he grunts. "Your mouth is fucking perfect."

I lick the tip of his dick with my tongue before I begin jerking him off again. He looks at me hungrily as I jerk him off slowly. His eyes are fixed on mine as we make eye contact. The tension between us is growing. It feels like electricity is shooting through my body. My pussy is getting wetter and wetter by the second. I can feel myself dripping down my thighs.

I'm stroking him faster now. My hands are moving up and down his shaft. I can hear him moaning from above me. I love how it makes me feel so powerful to be able to please him this way. I want to make him cum. I want to taste his hot, thick seed. I want to swallow every last drop of it.

"Fuck," he growls.

I continue jerking him off while looking into his eyes. He grabs me roughly by the hair again and shoves my face in between his legs. All the way down his shaft.

"Mrrpph," I moan and struggle. His pubes tickle my nose but I don't care. I start sucking on it hard. My tongue is swirling around his girthy shaft. My hands are moving up and down his thick, meaty rod. Jermaine lets out a deep grunt from above me. "That's right," he says. "Suck that cock."

He thrusts his hips forward again making me gag. I can feel my saliva dripping down my chin and then over his balls. His big black balls. They're so hairless. So smooth. I lick them as well. I love the way they taste. The texture of them feels so good in my mouth.

I suck on one of his balls while jerking him off with my hand. He moans loudly as he grabs me by the hair once more.

"Mmm," I moan as I take his cock back into my mouth. I begin bobbing my head up and down faster than before. I want to make him cum in my mouth. I want to swallow every last drop of it.

"Ah fuck!" Jermaine grunts. "That's right, Leah."

My hands are moving up and down his shaft faster now. I can hear him panting above me. His breathing is becoming heavier. My lips are wrapped around the tip of his dick. I'm sucking on it hard. I can feel his veins throbbing beneath my fingers.

I look up at Jermaine with a pleading gaze in my eyes. Cum already. Cum in my mouth. I want to taste your seed, daddy...

"Cum in my mouth, daddy," I blurt out. I cannot believe I called him daddy. But he didn't seem to mind as he looks down at me hungrily. "Please."

His cock engorges in my hands and I can feel the cum shooting from his dick into my throat. I shut my eyes in and yelp out in surprise. It feels so thick and hot. Jermaine lets out a deep groan as he comes inside of my mouth. His balls are twitching. He's breathing hard. His fingers are tangled in my hair. I suck on his shaft trying to get every last drop of semen from it. My lips wrap around the tip of his cock as I lick all over it. My mouth was being flooded with his warm, thick seed. It tastes so good. So masculine. So strong. I swallow it eagerly as I continue sucking on his cock. Whatever I can't swallow ends up dribbling out my mouth. I don't ever recalling Ben cumming this much. Usually, whenever Ben cums its just a weak little squirt and that's it. I shut my eyes tighter than ever and drain the last remaining drops of cum from Jermain's big black balls.

I open my eyes when I hear him grunt. He lets go of me and I look up at him with a wide grin on my face. His cock is still throbbing in my hands. I let go of his dick and sit back down on the bed. I wipe the sweat off my forehead as I catch my breath. I cough and gag a little bit as some of his cum leaks out of my mouth as I try to swallow it.

"Fuck," Jermaine mutters to himself as he collapses himself on the bed face first. "You suck dick like a fucking whore."

I smile at him proudly. My pussy is dripping wetness down my thighs. I'm panting and sweating. My makeup has probably smeared all over my face but I don't care. I've never felt this way before. I can feel myself getting horny again. I want more. I need more.

Jermaine rolls onto his back and looks up at me. His chest is rising up and down as he breathes heavily. I take a moment to admire the magnificence of his body. His arms were so thick and strong. He had abs you could grind a cheese grater against. I lick my lips as I stare at them. They looked so hard and chiselled. His skin was smooth and perfect. I couldn't help myself moan and whimper as I keep looking.

He catches me staring at him and smiles.

"Like what you see?" he asks.

I nod my head shyly. Jermaine grins wider and motions for me to come closer.

I don't waste a moment to kiss his rock-hard abs. I can feel his muscles flex beneath my fingers as I run them over his body. I lick the sweat off of him while looking up at him with a pleading gaze in my eyes. He looks down at me hungrily as I continue kissing all over his body. My lips find his nipples and I begin sucking on them. I can feel Jermaine's limp cock throbbing again in my hands as I continue worshipping his body.

"Fuck," he mutters under his breath. "You like that, huh?"

I look up at him with a wide grin on my face.

"Yeah," I whisper.

My pussy is dripping wetness onto the sheets. My clit is swollen and needy. I want more. I need more. I crawl up towards him and kiss his neck. I bite it gently as I move down to his chest. I lick and suck on his nipples before moving down to his abs. He was getting harder in my hands and I loved it.

"You're so much sexier than my husband," I whisper into his ear.

"Your body is amazing."

Jermaine smirks at me. "Is that right?"

I nod my head slowly. "Mmhmm," I moan as I continue kissing and licking his body. I just couldn't help moaning every time my lips contacted his skin. His scent was intoxicating. It was making me so

much hornier. I wanted to fuck him so bad. I could feel myself getting wetter by the second. My hands are all over his body. I want to feel every inch of it. Ben could never ever compare with his flabby, pale white body. Jermaine's muscles were so hard and defined. He was so masculine. So strong. So manly.

I move down further until I reach his groin. I look up at him for a moment before I begin kissing his thighs. I can hear him breathing heavily above me. I bite gently on his inner thigh making him grunt in pleasure. I kiss all over his legs as I make my way towards his cock.

"Fuck," he mutters under his breath. "You're such a little slut."

My pussy twitches when he says that. I smile at him while biting my lip. I wrap my lips around the head of his dick and begin sucking on it slowly. It's still throbbing from earlier. His pre-cum is leaking out of his slit onto my tongue. I moan as I taste it again. I can't believe how excited he was. I was so proud that his cock was as hard as it was right now.

I can only think of Ben snoring away after we have sex. But Jermaine is moaning and grunting above me. His fingers are tangled in my hair as he grabs me by the back of my head. He thrusts his hips forward shoving his entire cock down my throat. He was more of a man than my pathetic worthless husband could ever be.

CHAPTER 6:

I gag loudly but try to relax myself. My hands are grabbing onto his thighs for support. I shut my eyes tightly and focus on breathing through my nose. I feel him grab my hair tighter and pull my face closer to his groin. I can feel his balls against my chin. He smells of sweat and musk. His pubes tickle my nose as they brush up against it.

"Ah fuck," he mutters again.

I moan around his shaft trying to slurp on it as if it were a giant lollypop. I'm drooling all over it. My saliva is coating his rod in wetness again. The room is filled with the sound of our heavy breathing. And my noisy sucking. It feels like my pussy is pulsating on its own. Ben's tiny little white dick even when hard wouldn't hit the back of my throat. While Jermaine's black cock...

Jermaine lets go of me and I sit back up on the bed. I wipe the spit from my mouth as I look at him hungrily. I want more. I need more. I climb on top of him and crawl up towards him until we're face to face. His hard erect dick brushes itself against the bareness of wet pink slit. We kiss each other passionately. His hands grab my ass and squeeze it tightly. I moan into his mouth as he squeezes them harder.

"Ah, ah...ah!" I moan out loud.

He grabs one of my breasts in his hand and squeezes it hard. He rolls my nipple between his fingers making me whimper. My pussy is throbbing with need. I grind my hips against his groin. I don't know how much more teasing I could take before I just had to have him inside of me. I just couldn't stop mumbling.

I break away from our kiss and bite his neck again. I suck on his nipples and lick all over his body. I move down towards his abs and

begin kissing them. His hands are grabbing at my ass and my tits tightly.

"Oh...Jermaine....I...need....that.....cock," I pant.

Jermaine looks up at me with a hungry gaze in his eyes. He bites his lip as he watches me. I can feel his cock throbbing beneath me. It was so big and meaty. So thick and hard. I wanted it inside of me now. My clit is swollen and needy. I couldn't help it. I didn't want to wait anymore.

I mount his big black cock with my pussy and slowly lower myself onto it. The feeling of the head of his dick entering inside of me makes me shiver. I moan out loud as I sit on top of him. I could only hear the head of his cock plopping into my wet, tight hole.

"Ah fuck!" he growls. "You're so fucking tight."

"Have you met my husband?" I hiss as I try to lower myself further down onto him. He laughs as his hands grab me by the hips and hold me in place. He thrusts his hips up making me yelp in surprise.

"Don't worry," he whispers into my ear. "I'll stretch that little pussy out for you."

Hearing that opened a dam in my pussy. Out gushed a river of wetness as I slid myself down the length of his big black cock with a loud ooooooh. My eyes nearly blacked out as I moaned out in pain and pleasure.

"Jesus, you're so FUCKING big," I yell out. "You're fucking stretching me out."

He really was. His cock was going into places that Ben's tiny little dick could never reach. And this was only the beginning. I grab his shoulders for support as I begin bouncing up and down on his shaft slowly. His dick feels amazing. It's stretching me open wide. I can feel every inch of it inside of me. His huge black manhood. Ben didn't compare. You couldn't even call that overgrown pink clit a dick.

"Fuck," Jermaine grunts. "Your pussy is so tight."

I look into his eyes as I continue riding him. His cock feels so good inside of me. My juices are dripping down his shaft and balls making a mess on the bed.

"Oh God," I whimper.

"Ride that pussy, bitch," he growls. "Ride daddy's dick good like a good little girl."

My heart skips a beat when he says that. I bite my lip and nod my head slowly. Jermaine smirks at me as he grabs me by the ass again. I begin bouncing up and down on his cock. Yes, daddy. I'm your good little girl.

"Fuck," he grunts and slaps my ass hard. "You like that?"

I moan out loud in pleasure. He does it again. And again. Each time harder than before. My ass is getting redder by the second as I bounce up and down on his big black cock. It feels so good. So fucking good. His hands are grabbing me all over. I can feel myself becoming more and more aroused with each slap. The sound of our skin slapping together fills the room. He was slapping me like I was his personal whore. Like I was his bitch and he was my owner. I wanted to be his bitch. His dirty, slutty little white bitch.

I lean forward and kiss him passionately while riding him. His tongue enters inside of my mouth and we begin making out hungrily. I can taste myself on his lips. My juices were leaking from my pussy and onto his dick. He's thrusting himself up into me as I continue bouncing up and down on his shaft. Our tongues are intertwined in a passionate embrace. I can feel him biting my lip. His hands are all over my body. I can feel them squeezing every inch of it. My pussy was making a disgusting, wet sloppy noise with each bounce. I could hear the squelching sounds coming from between my legs.

"Shit!" he grunts. "You're such a fucking whore."

I moan out loud as I ride him harder. I want to please him more. I need to make him cum again. I want to taste his seed once more but this time inside my pussy. It tasted so good. So manly. So strong. Wait, what was I even thinking about?

I wasn't on birth control. Oh, fuck. What the hell was I doing? I had to sto-

"Please," I whisper out loud. "Cum inside me," I groan.

Jermaine smirks at me. "What a dirty little slut."

He grabs me by the hair and pulls me towards him. I yelp in surprise as he rolls us both over until he's on top of me. He begins thrusting into me faster than before. I grab onto his back for support. My nails dig into his skin making him grunt.

"Oh, shit!" I shout as he presses himself on top of me. "Oh, shit. Oh, shit, oh FUCK!!!!!" I scream out loud.

His cock is hitting every inch of my pussy. It feels amazing. His black balls are slapping against my ass with each thrust. I can feel myself getting wetter by the second. My juices are dripping down my thighs. I can hear them squelching from between my legs. The sound is so loud. So obscene. But it turns me on even more. Fucking Ben never made me feel this way. I couldn't control myself. This was what I was missing out on being married to a loser like him. A dumb pathetic little dicked slimy loser. That's what Ben always was. And he had the audacity to try and barter me for a promotion like I was some sort of a prostitute.

I wasn't doing this for him. I was doing this for myself. I needed this. I was taking Jermaine's big black cock of my own willingness to do so. Not because my worthless excuse of a husband begged me to.

"HARDER," I scream. "Please FUCK me HARDER, DADDY!" I moan out loud as Jermaine grunts like a wild animal thrusting in and out of me like I was his fuck meat.

CHAPTER 7

Jermaine's body is pressed up against mine. I lock my legs around his waist. It all felt so dirty and obscenely hot. Our bodies are sweating together. Our breathing is becoming heavier. My breasts are bouncing all over the place. Jermaine bites one of them making me moan out loud. He licks it and sucks on it while fucking me harder than before.

"Ahhhh! Ahhh!" I scream. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

He was so deep into me I didn't even know-oh,GOD. FUCK!!!

He grabs my hair again and pulls my face towards his. We kiss each other passionately as he continues pounding into me like a wild animal. His arms are on either side of my head as he forces his tongue into my mouth. His cock was throbbing and getting bigger inside me. Was he about to shoot his cum into me? Into my bare pink pussy? No, please don't. I'm married. I have a husband. Ben. Ben. Ben, fuck you. Fuck-.

"-me," I croak out. "Fuck me harder," I say through gritted teeth. "Fuck my pink little pussy harder," I beg him.

He thrusts himself into me harder than before making me yelp in surprise.

"Oh, God," I moan. "Fuck me harder."

I grab his ass with both hands and squeeze it tightly. My nails dig into the skin as he pounds into me faster. The bed is creaking beneath us. Our bodies are pressed up against each other so tight that I can feel every muscle of his body.

"Ahh!" I scream out loud. He was gonna cum. He was gonna cum in my pussy.

"You want me to cum in your tight little pussy, white bitch?" he asks me.

I nod my head frantically. "Yes," I whimper. "Please."

His eyes were fixated on mine as he continues fucking me. His cock felt like it was about to burst inside of me. I could feel his balls slapping against my ass.

"Cum in my pussy, daddy," I whisper into his ear. "Fill me with your seed."

Jermaine lets out a deep growl and grabs me by the hair again pulling my face towards him.

"Fill me up with your black cock," I beg him. "Make me pregnant with your big black dick."

And I cum. It was as if time slowed down. He bites my lip hard making me yelp in pain but also pleasure. His tongue enters inside of my mouth and we begin kissing passionately once more. He thrusts himself into me harder than before. Harder. Faster. Deeper. And I explode.

"Oh, fuuuuuucccccck!" I scream out loud as my pussy clamps around his shaft. My toes are curling. My eyes roll to the back of my head. My nails dig deeper into his skin. My legs wrap themselves around his waist tighter than ever. I can feel myself gushing all over his cock. All over his balls. All over the bed.

I'm moaning and screaming so loudly that I don't even know what I'm saying anymore. Jermaine continues fucking me through my orgasm. My mind was going blank. The only thing I could think about is how good it felt. How amazing his big black cock felt inside of me. My ears were ringing. My pussy gushed out every last drop of juice from my body. It felt like a dam had burst. I couldn't stop cumming. I didn't want to stop cumming. I wanted this bliss to last eternally. Holy fuck, my body just wouldn't stop trembling all over. God. FUCK. His cum was leaking out of me and onto the bed beneath us. I couldn't believe it. He was cumming in me raw. Inside of me. Deep inside of me. I can feel his balls twitching. He's grunting

above me. Growling into my mouth. I shut my eyes tightly and bite my lip trying not to scream out loud. I can feel myself getting stretched the fuck out by his big black cock.

"Ahhhh!" he roars as his entire body trembles. "Fuuuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck."

I feel him throbbing inside of me. His warm seed is filling up my insides. My pussy clenches around his shaft making more cum spill out from between our bodies. I can feel it dripping down my thighs and onto the sheets. It feels so good. So warm. So manly. So strong. Oh God, what have I done? I can't believe I cheated on my husband with this man. This perfect specimen of a man. What was wrong with me? And I let him cum inside me. Raw. His black seed filled up my tight little womb.

"Jesus," I whisper. "Fuck."

My fingers were shaking. My heart was beating rapidly in my chest. My breathing was heavy. I felt like I had just run a marathon. The pleasure that I was feeling was indescribable. I couldn't think straight. I could barely even move. Jermaine was still on top of me but his body wasn't moving either. We were both panting heavily as we tried to catch our breath. Ben's tiny white dick couldn't compare with the size of this man's black cock.

I can feel his cum leaking out from between my legs and onto the bed beneath us. I look down at it for a moment and then back up into his eyes.

"You came inside of me," I whisper. "Fuck. God, what did we do?" I groan.

"The right thing," Jermaine smiles at me back.

I close my eyes. I could feel my cheeks still burn as bright as the sun as I began giggling.

CHAPTER 8:

"Hey, babe," Ben beams at me as soon as he opens the door. "How did it go?" he asks.

It was a quarter past seven when I finally reached home.

Ben looks so happy. He's smiling from ear to ear. It makes my head ache. How could he be so fucking-? GOD. What kind of question was that anyway? What kind of a man-no, a husband, would ask that?

"It went fine," I mutter.

"Oh, good," he says. "So... did the boss-?"

"Not right now, Ben," I sigh. My legs were still shaking. My pussy still ached. And my clit was swollen. I still smelled like sex and sweat even after that hot shower with Jermaine.

Ben nods his head slowly. "Okay."

I walk past him into the living room as he closes the door behind him.

"You know what?" he asks. "We should have dinner together tonight. You can tell me everything about it then. I've made your favourite."

My temple throbs. "Fine," I say as I get up from the couch. "I'll see you later."

"Wait!" he calls out before I could make it out of the living room.

I turn around to look at him. He's smiling at me. It makes me feel sick to my stomach.

"What?" I ask him impatiently.

He bites his lip nervously. "I...uh, I wanted to talk to you about something."

"What is it?"

"Did you-you know, enjoy it?" Ben asks nervously.

Words couldn't describe how pathetic that sounded. How could he be so oblivious? What a fucking idiot. I can't believe this guy was my husband. My heart begins beating faster in my chest as I try to keep myself calm.

"Yes," I reply. "It went fine."

Ben nods his head slowly. His eyes are fixated on mine. He looks like he wants to say something but doesn't.

"Okay," he mutters under his breath. "And my job-."

"Ben," I snap at him. "God, Jesus, yes, you're not gonna lose your fucking job. I," I pause for a moment. "I did a good job convincing him-not to fire you."

He smiles at me. "Thanks," he says. "I love you."

My heart skips a beat when he says that. I don't know why. It just did. But it made me feel guilty. So guilty. But then I realized that all of this really wasn't MY idea. It was his.

"Yeah," I whisper. "Me too. I'm gonna go ahead and take a shower. And I'll join you for dinner after, alright?"

"Cool," my husband grins at me. "It means a lot that you did this for me, babe. It really goes."

My phone beeps as soon as I enter our bedroom. It was Jermaine.

'Miss you. You were so tight', it read.

Reading that only made me wet. I couldn't help it. I couldn't help but want to fuck him again. I need to fuck him again. His body was amazing. So strong. So masculine. So manly. I wanted him inside of me again. I needed him inside of me again.

My fingers are trembling as I begin typing a reply to his text.

'Thanks, just got home. TTYL.'

I put down my phone and look around the room. My eyes fixate on the bed. The sheets were still stained with our cum. And then I remember how good it felt when he fucked me raw. How his big

black cock filled up my pussy completely. How deep he went into me. How much cum he shot inside of me.

I bite my lip and close my eyes. I can feel myself getting wet all over again. My clit is throbbing. I have to get rid of these feelings somehow.

And get rid of these feelings, I did in the bathtub with my showerhead.

As I came again with a loud shudder, something told me that this wasn't the last time I would be seeing Jermaine.

Continued in part 2....

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Thank you for reading this story! If you enjoyed it make sure to leave a constructive rating on the amazon page!

I kindly invite you to share your thoughts through a thoughtful review on the Amazon page. Your feedback not only encourages fellow readers but also supports me as an author. Stay tuned for the upcoming sequel, where the story continues to unfold. By following me, you'll be among the first to know about new releases and exciting developments. Your engagement fuels my creativity, and I truly appreciate your support. Let's continue this thrilling adventure together!

You can also follow me as I work on part 2!

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