

CUCKQUEAN EROTICA



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BLIND**

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By

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I watched as she sucked my husband; literally, sucked my marriage away...

CHAPTER 1

In banking, keys are an unspoken symbol of power.

Absolute power.

I hated the new girl.

I jingled my keys at her to remind her of her place. I jingled them hard enough that they flew out of my hand.

The African-American woman snickered at me and gave me the most insolent and satisfied look she could give. Her eyelids lowered in that black woman way that hinted she knew everything about me.

I fumed in embarrassment and snatched up my keys. The key band held twenty-eight keys. As Personal Banker, or otherwise known as Financial Manager, the only woman higher in the bank was the branch manager. I handled everything. I opened everything. I was the Queen Bitch and by God everyone had better know it.

The new girl was a transfer from the uptown branch.

Perhaps she had been too trashy to work there. Pretty in the face, sassy in the hair, and a sneer on her lips, she came off as a touch slutty.

I didn't like her. I really didn't like her. My reprimand was sharp. "Nia, there's a car in the drive-through."

She gave me a single brazen blink before turning to the window.

I jingled my keys with a firmer grip.

Nia sniffed outward, quietly – a wisp of exhalation that told me exactly what she thought.

No one was going to waltz in and stomp on my territory. I came up behind her as

she fixed the headset. I hissed, "You are an ugly fatass woman."

Unfortunately, I was stung to the quick when she did not flinch or give an otherwise satisfactory response. She pressed the button for lane two. "Hi, welcome to Mountain View National Bank, I'm Nia. How can I be of service to you today?"

I grudgingly admitted she had the syrupy-sweet greeting down perfect.

No matter; I would make her life hell.

A true living hell.

Oh how wrong I was.

CHAPTER 2

I was supervising the closing.

"Katie?" Jolene came up to me and handed me a sheet of paper. "Fax this over to the uptown branch."

I accepted the task without complaint. Branch reports were a function of the branch manager and I was being groomed.

The tellers were counting out their drawers and marking off the totals on papers I would initial after my own recount using the money counter.

After the fax, I returned to the front.

Steffie was a bubbly little girl, thick in the arms and carrying some weight. She asked me, "That's your husband, right?" She indicated out the drive-through window.

"Yes."

"He's picking you up? Where's your BMW?"

I suppressed a weary sigh. "At the dealer. Warranty work on a recall. He'll be picking me up all this week."

She mouthed a silent "oh" and nodded.

Nia was almost out the inner door to the employee's entrance and stopped. Her eyes moved to the drive-through window, then to me.

I watched her with a stern look.

Her eyes dropped to my left hand – probably to my wedding ring – and then she blinked. As she opened her eyes, her gaze rose slowly to my face. Her head moved sideways on her neck without tilting – a distinctly black-woman gesture that made me grit my teeth.

She left.

I began my counts after giving a preparatory jingle of my keys.

I knew I was pretty, although I was getting older. I kept myself thin eating almost nothing. My once round breasts were mere flaps that sat on my bony chest like deflated little balloons. I was tall and skinny and my blonde hair streaked with gray still turned an occasional head.

Nia was younger and also pretty despite her ugly attitude. If she wasn't careful, she was definitely going to have a problem with her ass later.

I relished the thought of the sassy girl getting fat. Oh, how I would crow.

Jolene came up beside me. "You know Nia?"

"Not before the transfer, no." I initialed the papers after each count. It went very fast because I was that good.

"She knows your husband?"

I jerked as if someone had grabbed every nerve in my shoulders into a fist and yanked hard. I stepped back to turn and look out the drive-through window. Nia was out there, leaning against my husband's Jeep Wrangler. Her head was tilted up at an angle, talking to him.

I seethed.

The nerve of the woman! I hate you! You think he'd even bother with the likes of you? My thoughts ran rampant.

I finished my closing faster than humanly possible – because I really was that good.

I stormed out the employee's entrance and clicked my heels peremptorily across the parking lot. My shoulders thrust with alternating efforts to show I was on the warpath.

How dare the woman even get close to my man!

Brett turned his head to me and frowned. When I was close he said, "Did you really say she had a fat ass?"

Nia raised her eyebrows at me in challenge. "Tell the truth, Katie."

I drew a breath that caught in my throat.

My husband frowned deeper. "That's not a very nice thing to say."

I strangled back a reply and scowled at Nia. "Let's just go. We can talk about it later."

"I invited her over—"

"You what?" I looked around to make sure no one from inside had come out and was listening.

"I think she deserves an apology—"

"This is inappropriate."

Nia had crossed her arms and was just watching both of us.

Brett leaned towards me a little. "You're not acting this way because she's black, are you?"

"Of course not—"

"Then she deserves an apology. Let's go."

Nia stopped resting against the Jeep. "I'll follow."

I was enraged, heat in my face and words. "You will not!"

Her look was matter of fact. "I've been invited. I'm not going to be rude and turn down your husband's invitation."

Brett took me by the arm. "Let's go."

I yanked my arm away from him. "You can't do this."

"I did." He slammed my door.

How can this be happening? I waited until he opened the driver's door. "You're my husband—"

"And you're my wife. You can't say things like what you did. Do you want to lose your job? Your career? Over a bitchy, racist remark?"

"I'm not racist."

"You're going to apologize."

"I will not. She's an employee. A coworker who doesn't know her place."

"What did she do?"

Nothing! That's the whole thing. She needs to understand my authority! I fumed in silence.

Nia followed us.

The bitch.

The ugly, fatass bitch.

She thinks her negro attitude is going to win? Ha! I was going to show her. Brett likes blondes, not blacks. I lifted my chin in superiority and looked out the window. Unfortunately, I saw her wild, ridiculous afro in the side view mirror as she followed in her stupid car.

I glared daggers into the mirror, hoping, believing, she could see.

When I got out in front of our townhouse, I crossed my arms and awaited her approach. "She's not coming inside." I made sure the neighbors heard it.

Brett scowled. "She is and you're going to apologize." He held his hand out to guide her – her! – into our home.

I was tense and on my tiptoes with frustrated rage. I stomped and staggered into my home as my heels gave way to the force of my steps.

A heel broke at the entry and I stumbled down to my knees in the doorway.

Brett sighed and shook his head in shame.

It was his look, not hers, that stung so deeply.

How could he so easily just dismiss my concerns about who we had in our house?

He drove the spike into my heart deeper when he said to her, "I'm sorry she's making such a scene."

Nia was all melty, gooey, syrup. She touched his arm lightly with her black fingers. "That's okay, Brett. I understand."

He rewarded her with a smile. Her!

I was livid. "I want her out of my house!"

My husband admonished me, "This is my house, too. She stays."

Nia was sublime. "Thank you. You're a very nice man."

AGHH! My fingers curled into fists.

Brett removed his coat and said, "I'll be right out. Katie? Please make her feel at home." He left the living room.

Nia regarded me with such a satisfied smile that my teeth made squeaky sounds grinding together.

I kicked off my broken shoe and the other one so I could walk normally. I stomped to her and grabbed a fistful of her kinky hair. I yanked her head backwards and sneered, "You're out of here."

In a sudden move, my pony tail was grabbed and yanked hard. Her voice was steel. "You don't want to go there."

I squawked and let go of her hair as I fought to keep my balance.

She released me.

I huffed, "I don't know what you think to accomplish—"

"It looks like your husband is on my side." Her eyes brightened, her head turned to the side in mockery, and her eyebrows rose in challenge.

"You can't do this."

"I'm doing it." She sauntered in a black-woman way to me and placed a fingernail against my chin. She drew it lightly along my jaw. "In fact, I think I can pretty much do whatever I want. With your husband. How would you like that, Miss High and Mighty?"

I blew out a loud breath and swatted her dark hand away from my lily white skin. "He doesn't go for darkies," I said with the most derision I could summon.

"Oh?" She sounded amused. "What's next? Are you going to call me a nigger?"

I straightened to show my superiority. "You said it, not me."

She laughed in a high tone of amusement. "You have no idea, do you?"

"No idea of what?"

"Of what I like. Of what I do."

"Who cares—"

She leaned into me, finger pointing close. "I make a hobby out of white men like your husband."

"What? You're married, unless that ring on your finger is a lie. It probably is."

"It's no lie. My husband is understanding."

I folded my arms. "Yeah, right."

"Watch me."

It was my turn to point fingers. "You aren't going to touch my husband. Besides, he likes blondes—"

"What do you know?"

Her damned amusement was driving me up the wall. I said, "You know nothing about Brett. He won't fall for your—"

Her soft voice was steel inside the softest velvet. "Oh, he will."

Brett chose that moment to come back into the living room. "I will what?"

I thrust up my chin in victory. Now he would see her for the conniving little bitch she was.

She cooed at him while taking his arm, "That you'll accept my gratitude for the invitation. Your wife thinks you're prejudiced against – what did you say I was, Katie? A 'darkie?' "

My husband's mouth dropped open at me. "Katie, how could you?"

I stood there, open-mouthed, as Nia was cuddled up to my husband's arm. It was as if she was claiming him.

She looked up at him with adoring eyes. "Does your dinner invitation still stand?"

I exploded. "What?"

Brett scowled at me and I was beginning to not like this one bit. He said, "Yes, that was the invitation to come here. For dinner and an apology. You really should learn to get along with your coworkers, Katie."

"I'm not cooking her dinner!"

"Then I will." His gray eyes looked at me with challenge.

I wasn't winning. This is insane! "She's married. Her husband will expect her home."

He looked to her in question.

She purred, "Yes, I'm married. Reggie likes it when I talk to handsome white men. He'll be eager to hear about you."

The wistful smile that crossed my husband's face was another nail driven through my heart. Where is your loyalty? You're supposed to believe everything I say. Why aren't you kicking this bitch to the curb?

He asked Nia, "Do you want to talk in the kitchen? I don't think Katie is going —"

"No, that's okay. Let me try to be rational with her."

With me? You cunt! My eyes were straining out of my head. Just seeing her clutching onto my husband was insanity enough. Now she wanted to try talking to me? As if there was anything to try?

Further enraging me was my husband's appraising look he directed down to her black face.

Don't fall for it! The thought raged and I gasped wordlessly.

Brett went into the kitchen.

Instantly, Nia was in my face. Her posture was relaxed and assured. "I want you to beg."

"Wh-what?"

"I want you to beg me not to blow your husband."

"What?" I stressed the question.

Her look was pleased with mischief. "I'm going to blow your husband unless you beg me not to."

"You will not."

"Tonight. After dinner."

I scoffed with laughter. "He'll never let you touch him that way."

"Wanna bet? Beg."

"No. Way."

She turned away and in a sing-song voice said, "You'll be sorry..."

I gripped her arm and spun her around. "Nonsense. He doesn't like black women."

"How do you know?"

I indicated myself and my hair.

"Have you ever asked him?"

"No, but—"

"And how do you know he's racist?"

"He's not racist."

"Which is why I know he won't have a problem with me," she got very close and whispered, "sucking his dick."

I gaped and heaved my chest.

She glanced down. "Oh don't bother, Katie. You ain't got nothing there."

My mouth dropped open even wider.

She lifted her eyebrows. "Not bad, you might even be able to fit my husband's cock in your mouth."

I coughed and snapped my mouth shut. "I'll get you fired."

"For what?"

"Relations between employees—"

"Your husband is not an employee."

"I'll tell Jolene all about you."

Her face lit up as if she had opened up a present and it was exactly what she had wanted. "Oh really? You'll admit I just walked into your house and wrapped your

handsome husband all around my finger? How funny. We'll be the talk of the branch."

I gaped again.

She pointed a finger at my mouth. "Please, do that – and everyone will know what a loser you are who can't keep her husband's dick out of a black woman's mouth."

I shook my head in utter outrage and frustration. "He'll never let you touch him."

"I knew you wouldn't beg." She ran her fingernail along my jaw again. "That makes this so much more fun."

CHAPTER 3

I couldn't eat, but I sat there grinding my teeth at the dinner table as my husband and Nia talked to each other like long lost friends.

How can this be happening?

After she was done eating, she picked up their plates. She left mine alone.

Brett said, "You don't have to do that. Katie usually does it."

Nia looked at me with a neutral look that at least held no animosity. "Oh, that's okay. You made me dinner; let me clean up. I'll be right back; I have a question to ask."

Brett leaned back with a satisfied look towards me. "See? She's nice."

"She thinks she's going to..." Give you a blowjob, but I couldn't finish it in words.

"What?"

I folded my arms and looked away. "Can she just go now?"

He leaned onto his elbows on the table. "Really, Katie. What is going on with you? You're acting like a total bitch tonight. Nia has been so super nice..."

I coughed in annoyance.

She came back in and pulled her chair right next to his. "So my question..."

He looked up at her warmly and didn't move his chair away. When she sat, touching him, he smiled.

My insides turned to jelly. This black woman was vamping on my husband and he liked it! Was he anticipating her touch on his arm? Was he enjoying himself? Was he... getting hard?

My breaths came in short gasps as my head began to swim in defeat. She's going to ask.

Brett was all attentive to her. "What do you want to know?"

Nia glanced at me with a comical look of doubt all over her face.

My husband touched her arm gently. "You can ask anything."

A fleeting wisp of a smile twitched across her lips with her eyes shining and locked on mine. She turned to him, tilting her head in a little girl way. Her voice was all youthful innocence. "Do you like blowjobs?"

He laughed.

For a second, I felt relieved. Now he would turn her out. What a bitch. You lost!

Then he said, "Well, uh..."

Nia pressed him. "My husband does. He says I give really great ones. Does your wife give you...?"

He blinked at her and recovered himself. "Yeah, I like them."

I rolled my eyes. Blowjobs were for teenagers.

He continued, "No, my wife doesn't."

Nia rushed in, gushing, "Oh, that's too bad. I just love giving blowjobs. Especially to handsome white men."

My husband blushed and he grinned like... a teenager. "Really?"

Nia dropped her hand down from his arm into his lap. "Do you have a... nice one?"

His blush reddened and he looked fast at me. However, he didn't remove her hand.

I gaped at him, astonished that he would even let her touch him.

Nia said low and slow, "Oh... I feel something very nice. Something... sexy. I would just love to give you a blowjob in thanks for this nice dinner..."

I held my hands out at my husband, perplexed. Why aren't you throwing her out?

Finally, he said, "I really shouldn't..."

She breathed at him, "Please? Please let me suck you. My husband will want to hear that I did."

"He will?" He sounded incredulous.

"Oh yes. He thinks it's sexy when I suck white cock." Her hand moved in his lap. "He doesn't consider it cheating."

"He doesn't?" His breathing was becoming labored. He looked at me again. "I don't think my wife—"

Nia successfully unzipped his slacks. I could hear the zipper loud and clear. "Ohh... this is a very nice one. I would love to put my lips on this."

Brett closed his eyes and panted. "I... uh..."

"Please don't say no."

I stood up. "I'm not going to sit here and watch this."

Brett looked at me, his eyes clearing a little from the lusty glaze he had held. He lifted a hand. "Okay, we'll be right here."

I felt a wash of acid in my stomach, followed by ugly flutters that I knew would have heaved out if I had eaten anything. My chest grew tight and my thighs clenched.

Nia slowly leaned over without even looking at me.

My husband sighed and dropped his head back.

I couldn't breathe. There was a pain in my breasts that was unusual. My pulse pounded in my head and I spun away.

I rushed into the living room, needing to get away, and yet feeling an irresistible force pull me back to the door to see the tragedy.

My insides twisted and fluttered.

I rubbed my hand across my blouse to rub away the pain there. My nipples were hard, that was the problem.

Inflamed by rage! This can't be happening!

On wobbly knees, I returned to the doorway. I grasped it, holding on for dear life.

Nia's head was moving slowly up and down. Brett's hands were in her hair and he was groaning quietly.

She's really doing it! Or are they faking? It must be fake! I stumbled over to the table on their side. I couldn't get an adequate breath in. I had to see this with my own eyes. Surely my husband was fooling me.

Nia noticed me and lifted her head.

Brett's dick was erect and wet.

She said, "I can't believe your white wife won't do this for you. You have such a beautiful cock."

My husband opened his eyes and looked at me. He made no move to get up or cover himself.

Nia asked him, "Do you like this? Am I good?"

His answer was breathy and filled with lust. "Yeah, very good."

She made a pretense of showing me with one long, lingering lick up his shaft. "Do my black lips feel good on your white cock?" She sucked him down before he could answer.

He groaned, closed his eyes and stroked his fingers over her afro head. His hips began to undulate.

It was such a filthy, lurid sight that tears welled up and instantly drained down my face. He was letting this black bitch literally suck our marriage away.

I clenched my thighs again and scrubbed my hand across my aching chest. How could you? The problem was that I didn't know who I was asking. That's my cock. It belongs to me.

Nia looked up at me. "Look at her, Brett. She's staring and squirming. I think she likes it."

I gasped, "Th-that's not true! S-stop this right now!"

She looked up at me with adoring eyes. "But I love your husband's cock. It's so perfect."

I know! Stop it! "B-but, you can't..."

"If you won't suck him, I will." Her head moved down, bobbing eagerly on my husband's shaft. Slurpy noises from her oral skills echoed and resonated through my body.

I squirmed again, almost bending over with the ache inside my... no-no zone. I was dumbstruck by the idea that I could find this so revolting, but my body was reacting as if it were excited.

This was a feeling I had not felt in a long time. Surely my brain and body were disconnected and confused. I jammed my fist down onto my crotch to relieve the pain and pressure there.

Nia watched me impassively, revealing nothing. She went back to sucking my husband.

I pleaded, "Please... stop..."

She sucked faster.

My husband lifted his hips off the chair, shoving his cock up into her throat.

I whimpered at the pain in my stomach, my chest, and my pussy.

Brett gasped faster.

Nia stroked the base of his shaft. She made a noise, then pulled her mouth off of my husband's squirting cock. Cum leapt out of the head of his cock, pulsing strongly up onto her face. She held his jerking erection and aimed it at her smiling face. Cum plastered her cheeks and nose and mouth.

My husband's cum.

My cum that was supposed to be only for me.

He had given it to this black woman.

She had taken it from me.

I wanted to tear her hair out.

I wanted to jam something up my pussy to batter that intense pain out of it.

I fell to my knees and got back up, staggering.

Nia hooked a finger and beckoned me.

I edged closer.

She said, "Kiss me."

I looked at her horrified.

She insisted. "Kiss me. It's the only taste you'll get of your husband's cum."

I blinked frantically. "I will not!"

"You will, or tomorrow we'll find out if he likes black pussy better than white."

"What?"

"I think he will."

I stood there dumbfounded and thunderstruck.

She said, "Don't think too long or I'll just make it happen anyway."

I whimpered in indecision. I was drawn to accede to her wishes by a powerful urge to erase this day from my memory. Would she honor the commitment?

"Last chance, Katie."

I don't know why, because I was fuming inside, but I took a step towards her.

She smiled - my husband's cum all over her face. She waved me closer. If anything, I had never seen a friendlier look from her than right this second.

Drawn irresistibly down, I knelt beside her. I still wanted to strangle her, but my body just didn't want to respond with my thoughts.

Nia gripped the back of my head and planted a kiss on my lips. Her fleshy lips were soft and hot. I was surprised that they felt so good while being so different.

The flavor of my husband's cum touched my tongue and Nia pushed some into my mouth.

I gagged, not in revulsion to his flavor, but to the idea I was kissing this bitch who had just blown him. I fell over backwards onto my butt. I scrubbed my forearm across my mouth.

Her attention was on Brett. She licked his shaft clean and said, "I'd love to do this again."

My husband panted with gratification and smiled at her.

I wanted to scream from all the tension inside me. I was going to burst.

CHAPTER 4

I slept on the couch. No way was I going to touch him.

He needed to be punished.

He needed to know he wasn't going to get any solace from me over what he had done.

If I had to withhold sex for the rest of the year, I was determined to do it. He thought he was going to get his twice a month sex? Forget it.

I fumed all night and began plotting my plan of attack. I would march into the employee's room tomorrow morning and let the bitch have it. She would know from then on out that she had messed with the wrong white woman.

I owned my husband.

I owned his cock.

It was mine by marriage and she had better understand that.

I sat quietly in the Jeep when he drove me to work. My arms were crossed and my face turned away. I wanted him to understand that he was in the dog house to stay.

I stomped into work. I slammed my purse down and practiced the lines in my head. I slammed drawers and cabinets. I kicked the wastepaper basket. I almost broke the coffee pot thrusting it back into place after sloshing hot coffee all over the counter.

Jolene avoided me.

Steffie looked at me warily.

Nia came in and set her purse down.

I froze, suddenly uncertain in the face of some aspect of her that seemed to put me in my place.

She graced me with a small, knowing smile.

Breaking free from my inactivity, I grabbed her arm and roughly shoved her into the bathroom. I hit the lights and the loud fan overhead. "You listen here!"

She stood there, arms folded and waited.

I shook my finger at her. "No one walks into my house—"

"Well, I did."

"Shut up, you filthy slut!"

Her eyebrows twitched upwards in amusement. "Or what?"

I was in her face, putting her in her place. "I will destroy you. I will wreck your life. I will tear apart your marriage. I will hound you into the dirt! I will utterly make you regret the day you were born!" I was shrieking at the end of it.

She looked at her fingernails. "My husband was very happy at what happened. How do you propose to destroy my marriage?"

I screamed in rage and flew at her.

She grabbed my pony tail and swung me away towards the wall. I crashed into it with a loud thud.

There was a rapid knocking on the door. "Katie? Nia? What's going on in there?"

It was Jolene.

Nia grinned at me smugly.

I huffed and puffed, trying to calm down. "Nothing! Just having a... little chat with Nia."

The black woman got in my face smoothly. "You're not going to do anything. I'm betting your husband will invite me over again tonight."

"Don't you dare!"

"He can do what he wants."

I hissed, "You fucking cunt, you stay away from my husband."

She giggled deep in her throat. "Can't control your husband? That's not my problem. Won't blow him? I can help out with that. You know..." she tapped her cheek with her finger, "I bet if I asked him, you aren't putting out in bed, either."

I slapped her. Hard.

She turned her head back to me slowly. "You just signed the death warrant on your marriage. I'm going to consume your husband and he's going to love it."

I was icy cold despite the warm temperature in the bathroom. I realized I was on the verge of passing out from stress.

She brushed past me. "See you tonight. Honey."

The derision in her last word twisted my heart until I sagged over the sink.

I looked up after a moment and saw Jolene in the mirror frowning at me from the open doorway.

I ran the water and washed my hands.

...

I snatched a free moment later and tapped on my phone a text ultimatum to my husband.

Katie: You will not invite her again

Katie: I forbid it

Katie: I won't have her in my house

Katie: Do you understand?

Katie: It's final.

He didn't respond.

I seethed the entire day.

No matter how loudly I jingled my keys at Nia, she ignored me.

As the end of the shift approached, my hands began to tremble uncontrollably.

Steffie bubbled, "Your husband is here."

A grave weight settled on my shoulders and I risked a glance over to the drive-through window.

Nia was staring at me, expressionless.

I scowled, though I now felt more fear than confidence.

This wasn't fair. It wasn't right. Brett belonged to me. He should know better than to fall for some teenage trick of sex. If he thought he was going to get away with it, there was no way in hell he would ever get sex from me again. I wouldn't even touch him.

I will divorce him! I'll show him!

But that died inside me, withering away in realization that I was comfortable with him; there was no way I was going back out on the dating scene. Even though I was skinny, men would be looking for curves in all the right places – exactly where I didn't have any.

He's mine! Mine! Mine! Mine!

I ground my teeth so hard I developed a headache. I clenched my fists so hard my fingernails broke skin on my palms.

Nia finished her wrap-up and went out the door. She didn't look at me.

My heart pounded in my chest for four full seconds before I could take it no longer. I stepped over to the window and looked out.

Bitch!

Nia was there with my husband again and they were talking like old friends. Both were laughing at something. Probably me.

My ears burned hot with shame.

I reluctantly went back to my count-outs and then endeavored to rush through them. My initials were the merest scrawls compared to my normal signature. I just could not control the shaking in my hands.

When everything was locked up, I rushed out without even saying goodbye to Jolene.

I walked numbly to my husband's Jeep.

Both of them, arms crossed, watched me.

I stopped a few feet from them and trembled with anger and... fear.

Brett gave me that lawyer look even though he was an engineer. "She's coming over for dinner again."

I looked down at the ground, suddenly knowing that if I didn't make eye contact with the pavement, my body definitely would when it fainted. I stumbled into the Jeep.

Brett got in and said nothing the entire trip home.

When he turned off the engine, I asked, "Do you want a divorce?"

He didn't answer right away.

Nia walked past us and waited by the front door.

He watched her go by and then turned back to me. "Why do you think we need a

divorce?"

As if a vault door had slammed shut, my life came crashing down onto my head. From his words and tone, he saw no reason to split up even if he had some kind of relationship to sexy Nia.

He expected me to accept it.

The awful truth was, I had no choice.

I definitely wasn't going to leave him; I loved him. Or at least, I guessed I did. No way was I going to start over. He was supposed to be mine, reserved for me. So what if I hadn't put out like some horny teenager? Surely he didn't expect that kind of immaturity his whole life, right?

Maybe this thing with Nia wouldn't last. He had to remember at some point that he was a mature man and not a wild child.

Nia couldn't win. She couldn't.

However, that was in the future and this was now.

I swallowed hard and got leadenly out of the Jeep.

CHAPTER 5

I was on my knees. "Please, don't do this."

Nia and Brett were naked. He had her arm in his hand and was going to lead her to the bedroom. His erection was standing straight out and throbbing from the oral sex she had performed.

I had watched it all, numbly, and accepting that this was inevitable. Nia showed me she had real skill that my husband desired.

She looked at me with pity in her eyes.

Mine were watered with tears.

"Oh you poor thing," she said, "You really can't handle this, can you?"

I shook my head and blurted a whimper. My nipples hurt again. My pussy was on fire and the ache in my clit was unbearable. I could still hear the slurping sounds in my head.

Nia said softly, "Brett, I don't think we should do this here. Why don't you follow me back to my place? You can meet Reggie and we can have a nice chat."

My husband's chest stopped moving and he looked disappointed. "Chat?"

She squeezed her full and supple breast against his arm. "Sure. It'll be fun."

His arm was hanging down and his fingers curled up to her pussy, giving her fleshy lips a stroke. "I was sort of hoping..."

"Not here. Maybe another time."

Yes! I pleaded silently.

He sighed. "All right."

She bounced on her feet and her breasts jiggled heavily and sexily. "You won't regret it."

They dressed and left.

I felt immense relief. Surely nothing was going to happen with her husband around.

I don't know exactly what I did for three hours, but I certainly found a measure of peace in the time alone. It gave me time to sort through in my head a plan of action.

Brett belonged to me. If he was so turned on by this slutty black bitch, then I could be slutty, too. Fine. If I had to act like some immature punk teenager and lure him back, that is what I would do.

I waited for him in bed, naked.

I might not look as lush as Nia, but at least I was bone skinny and I knew my husband preferred white girls. He had never said anything about black girls before.

When he came in, my heart sunk.

There was a spring in his step and a smile on his face. The twinkle in his eyes was unmistakable.

He had engaged in sex.

He had fucked someone.

Her.

I gasped, "Didn't you go meet her husband?"

He looked at my naked form on the bed and frowned.

The expression drove me to depths I had never known. I wanted to curl up and cry.

He said, "Yeah." He got undressed and got in bed while I tried to figure out

where he had gotten sex. In the car?

I asked, "So you guys just talked?"

He twisted towards me, his dick flopping over heavily. It was engorged still in a post-sex state. "We talked, and then had some fun."

"Fun?"

He chuckled. "Yeah, who would have thought that a black man would suck cock so good?"

"What?" I was flabbergasted.

"He wanted to suck me hard so I could do his wife."

Everything drained out of my face. "What?"

"He even stroked me and guided it inside her."

"You... you... you had sex with her?" I crawled my way up to a sitting position.

He nodded brightly and grinned. "Some of the best sex I had ever had."

I wailed in torment and ran for the bathroom. I crashed into the doorframe and careened inside. I slammed the door and collapsed down to face the toilet. I knew I was going to throw up.

My husband had not only stuck his dick into Nia, but had been sucked hard by a man! Her husband! Everything, everyone, was against me. I lifted and leaned over the open toilet.

One dry heave came. Then another. Then my forehead and scalp broke out into a dreadful cold sweat.

I shook violently and my breasts hurt. Pain in my clit made me jam my fist down there. I sobbed at all the feelings roiling around inside me and viciously rubbed my clit to relieve the itch and ache.

I gasped as the tension twisted and spread. My clit was a nub of torture and tension that would not subside. I ground my teeth and rubbed harder. Tears

streaked down my cold face and heat flared behind my clit. I felt wet. I dipped my fingers down and felt the dripping moisture on my lips. I gasped and stuffed my fingers up into the painful hollow ache inside.

What a time for my pussy to be turned on! What a disaster! My mind must be fracturing, breaking. I must be crazy. Why is my pussy so hot?

I growled low in anger and frustration and moved my hand so forcefully against my clit that I was sure it would tear and bleed. The pressure there was insane and required savage efforts to quell.

I gasped, gulped, and lifted up so my hand could work out the aggravating annoyance. Here I was trying to throw up and be mad and my pussy was freaking out. Insanity!

I lifted higher, gritting my teeth and thrusting my head back. I savaged my clit. In a burst, my thoughts turned to my husband's words. Nia's husband had sucked him? Had guided my husband's cock into the black woman's pussy?

I cried out loudly as an enormous wave slammed into me and tumbled me over. I fell over onto my side on the bathroom tile and wailed with each wave that assaulted me. The orgasm that was wrenched from me was almost painfully powerful.

I slobbered.

I wept.

I trembled on the floor as the orgasm subsided.

That's when I realized Brett was on the other side of the door. "What are you doing?"

Shame clenched me up and made me curl into a ball of shame.

I cried quietly until I fell asleep.

CHAPTER 6

I was numb the next day.

Surely it had all been a bad dream – a nightmare.

My husband had not fucked Nia.

It all must be some cruel joke.

They went to her house and he met her husband. They talked and he came home.

That was that.

It was reasonable and sane.

I was his wife and he had everything he needed with me.

No way could that have happened as he had described it.

A peace settled over me.

I didn't look at or speak to my husband when he drove me to work on Friday. I would have my car late today and Monday everything would return to normal.

Even the sun looked brighter.

Nia was even nice to me.

And then came the clouds at the end of the day.

Nia wrapped up her count and put the paper on my area of the counter.

My husband was outside waiting to drive me to the dealership.

Surely it was over.

I peeked out the window.

They were together, talking.

At first, my jaw clenched. But then it relaxed. They were just talking. Probably about meeting her husband the previous night.

Nothing to worry about, right?

I fumbled my pen. I dropped cash. I fumbled with my keys. Whereas everything inside had felt numb before, now everything did on the outside.

What are they talking about?

Are they planning another blowjob?

Something dodged and twisted in my head, trying to hide an uglier truth from me.

A blowjob, that's nothing. But I must draw the line at them going farther. I can live with the blowjob. I can handle her giving him something I wasn't giving – as long as it doesn't take that fateful step.

Surely they wouldn't. Her husband must have laid down the law to Brett. He must have. No black man would ever share his wife.

Would they?

The movies showed black men as clean, fierce, and honorable. Never would one offer his wife...

I walked out to the parking lot.

Both of them stopped talking and looked at me.

I looked away, though I continued to approach. I felt a deep press of humiliation. How many of my coworkers knew what had happened? How many suspected? Were they laughing at me?

Brett said, "I invited Nia over again." There was no hint of a question seeking my approval.

My face flushed and burned. I looked at the ground. "We need to pick up my car." My voice sounded small and girlish.

Weak.

He said, "We know."

We, not I.

Nia purred, "I can wait."

Her certainty sent jolts of terror up my spine.

The clouds thickened. Doom approached.

I tried to ignore it.

Nia said, "Let's get her car. I want to fuck you in front of your wife."

My hearing began to buzz. My breasts began to hurt and my clit started to twist inside with a deep itch. I moved woodenly to get into my husband's Jeep.

When he got inside, I said, "You can't do this."

"I already have, Katie."

Everything went blank. My vision blurred to nothing, my hearing seemed to dwindle, and all I could register was staring dumbly out of the window.

He was saying something, but I couldn't grasp it. He repeated a few things several times.

Finally I heard the word divorce.

I gasped, "What?"

He repeated pedantically, "I said, I'd understand if you want a divorce."

I panicked. Everything was just... too much. "No! I don't want that. Please, let me be..." I searched for the words but couldn't find them. "I'll give you blowjobs —"

He laughed. "You? You don't like them and you definitely don't suck as good as Nia does. I mean, wow."

Tears rolled. "I can learn. I'll suck and stroke—"

He looked at me annoyed. "No, just do what you normally do. Nia has all that other stuff covered."

I whimpered. I was being supplanted in my own home. "Please, let me prove to you that—"

Again that laugh. "Prove? You don't have the skills." He shook his head in total negation. "No way you have it in you to learn. You're not capable."

"I'm your wife! I can be your sex toy—"

This time, the laughter was louder, more amused. "What could you possibly offer sexually that Nia doesn't do ten times better?"

If I had hurt before, this was worse. I grabbed onto something – anything – in desperation. "I don't want her in my house—"

"Well, I can always go to their house. Reggie left me an open invitation considering your prudish obstinance."

"Prude? Me? You never said anything about—"

"Because I knew you didn't care."

"I give you sex twice a—"

"That's coming to an end."

"What?"

"Nia is taking over all that. She is desperate to get as much of me as she can. You don't have to bother putting out anymore."

"But..."

He looked at me, then looked away. "She's sexier than you and loves sex."

Heat blossomed up my body as I felt the impact of his words. Brett did deserve someone sexier who would do the things he wanted. It made sense. His manhood was indeed beautiful. How could I have taken that for granted? How could I have dismissed his sexual nature as immature?

I squirmed in my seat as the heat torched my pussy.

Yes, he deserves someone as sexy as Nia. Why couldn't I have been her? Too busy being the tall blonde skinny wife with a brain and not enough focus on satisfying my husband.

Everything on me began to vibrate with terror. He really had fucked her last night at her home. His dick had been inside her. The image of it made me swoon. I soaked out my panties imagining my husband on top of the sexy black woman.

At the same time, my mind was screaming with loss.

I stuffed a finger in my mouth and gnawed on my fingernail. How was it possible to be so humiliated as a wife and yet be so sexually turned on over what was happening?

I tore my finger from my mouth and stuffed both hands between my thighs.

Bad move.

My clit throbbed painfully and I wriggled my wrists to relieve the pressure building there. I gasped.

Brett scowled at me. "Need to go to the bathroom?"

I tried to answer, but my words just turned into a groaning low moan of lust and fear.

He frowned with scrutiny. "Are you all right?"

A tiny flare of warmth fanned inside my heart and my only thought was, He cares.

At the dealership, I was so unsteady and lost that I didn't even recognize my BMW. I had to use the fob to tell me which car was mine.

Nia was parked out on the street, waiting.

Waiting to get my husband home and get her mouth and hands on his dick.

Yes, he needs that...

I ground my jaws together at the unbidden thought.

It was hopeless. In the car, I drove with one hand on the wheel and the other jammed down my slacks.

He deserves a sexy woman. Someone who knows how to satisfy him. Someone young and beautiful. Someone like... Nia.

I hated myself for those thoughts. I congratulated myself for admitting it. I averted my eyes from all the cars and drivers around me. If we met eyes, they would see it all in my face.

My eyes were puffy, but no longer leaking tears. My clit throbbed with a desperate, aching lust that just could not be ignored.

I parked my car and my chest began to thump.

They didn't wait for me outside, they went in without looking to see if I was coming.

It was almost as if she and Brett were the homeowners. It was their home now. I was just... a housekeeper.

Will she approve of my work?

I could tell I was on the edge, nerves frayed to the breaking point. I feared going inside the house I had called home. I ached to know what they were doing.

I hope he fucks her really good.

CHAPTER 7

They were embracing when I got inside. Kissing.

For an instant, the old hatred rose up in me. Her stupid face pressed to my husband's... I wanted to tear her hair out. Just as suddenly, I felt a gush of wetness down below and feverishly hoped he enjoyed her.

They didn't even break apart or otherwise notice me when I came in.

I felt so out of place in my own house - an alien trespassing in my own home. Meanwhile, my pussy was on fire and soaking out my panties.

It was Nia who looked at me first. It was a lazy look that held no sympathy or contempt. I was an interloper in her sight, accepted at best, suffered at worst.

Brett looked over at me. Whatever he thought, he looked away and back to her almost instantly – as if more concerned for her input.

She glanced at me again, this time with a barely concealed sneer. Her eyes went from my head down to my feet, and then to my husband. Her face softened as she looked into his eyes.

I was dismissed with a single look in my own home and the humiliation was complete.

They began to undress each other, right in front of me.

I half-turned to go so I wouldn't have to see it. So I wouldn't have to suffer the shame of watching and saying nothing. I felt as if I should give him the privacy that he deserved. He needed her to give him what I offered with such inferiority.

He lifted her and carried her to our bedroom.

Every nerve in my body clenched and twisted. That's my room! My bedroom!
My bed!

I rushed after them, stumbling more than running.

He tossed her down onto the bed.

I pleaded with her, "Please, Nia, I..."

Her look to me burned with irritation. I was getting in the way of her pleasing my man.

I bruised my fingers twisting them together. "How can you do this? You're married."

Her tone was that of a teacher to a simple student. "I like to try out new things. My husband supports that. I am always on the lookout for a handsome white man with a good, thick cock. Your husband is perfect."

I know, that's why you can't do this! "But..."

"You're not going to stop him. Either watch quietly and cry or leave the room and let us alone."

Brett was looking down at her naked form. His dick was already half-hard and it jerked three times upward with his pulse into full hardness. My husband was looking at her and had gotten totally hard – much faster than he did with me. He was excited, breathing heavy and focused solely on Nia's pussy.

She did have a strangely beautiful one for being black. The lips were as dark as her face and mysterious at the same time. They were swollen, showing the barest hint of pink as the lips began to melt open – all in preparation for my husband's dick.

It was a gorgeous site that gnawed at my heart and thoroughly charged my pussy with some of the most excruciating aches I had ever felt.

Brett didn't even look at me. He climbed over Nia and... attacked her.

I was shocked.

He drove into her pussy with one dynamic heave.

I staggered, breathless.

His pale white cock disappeared into her black folds in a stunning display of savagery. It was the most erotic thing I had ever witnessed.

He gripped her hips harshly and rammed his shaft in and out of her, grunting with ferocity, and wild with need. His pale shaft was a blur as her black pussy took the brutal pounding with ease and perfection.

I understood in those first few seconds the magnificence, majesty, and glory of a thick white dick consummating with a black pussy.

It wasn't just natural, it was necessary.

Nia knew this, obviously. Even being in love with her black husband Reggie, she understood exactly what she needed.

She wanted and needed white cock and she had chosen my husband.

I felt honored in that moment.

The rush of wetness in my pussy and the sudden vacating absence of my qualms left me panting for breath. Overwhelmed by eroticism, I stuffed both hands down my slacks and attacked my clit with almost as much desperation with which my husband pounded Nia's pussy.

There was no tenderness in what he was doing.

My nipples were almost in agony.

Nia gasped, "You like that pussy?"

Brett grunted, "Yeah."

"Harder. Give it... to me..."

Brett never made love to me like this. Ours was more tender, slow, and considerate. I certainly could not handle the kind of brutality he was exhibiting with Nia – and yet, she was begging for more.

Insane.

Sexy.

He pulled out, totally hard and throbbing, and flipped her over. He roughly grabbed her hips again and almost lunged back into her pussy from behind. Using his hands, he hauled on her as he brutally jackhammered her black hole.

"Fuck my married pussy!" Her head flopped uselessly under his vicious violation of her wedded sanctity.

He fucked her so hard the heavy mattress moved out of place. Her head bounced and her afro curls flew back and forth, up and down. All the while, she offered him her pussy, lifted and accepting.

It was so beautiful, I sobbed. It was so sexy, I was robbed of air. The tense coil inside twisted so tight that I couldn't breathe. I quivered like a cold, wet dog. I jammed my fingers into my pussy and strained to let out the immense pressure. I trembled on my tiptoes, then slammed down onto the flat of my feet as the wave broke and drove me over. I couldn't stand for more than half a second and I went down onto my knees as excruciatingly harsh explosions of orgasm wrenched deep and guttural howls from my throat.

Each grunt from my husband and each slap of skin as his hips met Nia's upturned ass fed the symphony of my release.

She called out to me, "See this, Katie? This is what happens when you get too big for your boots." Her words were interrupted by gasps and my husband's thrusts, but she continued. "You might be skinny and successful, but I'm a bitch and a slut. Your husband cannot resist me."

I lowered my head, knowing she was right.

Brett roared with triumph and I looked up in time to see him over her on the bed, climbing with his feet as he drove his cock as far into her black body as he could. His muscles were bunched and flexing. His butt clenched and quivered with effort and strain as he blasted his load deep into Nia's pussy.

My mouth was open, my eyes large, as I willed his seed deep. I hope she felt every dominating ejaculation splash against her cervix.

My husband held her hips to him, his cock pressed forward and deep, as he

grunted with each release. His head was back and his eyes closed with effort and concentration. He emptied himself into her in a stunning demonstration of sexual supremacy.

Together, they were more than Brett and I and more than Nia and her husband.

I had to bow and submit to the supremacy displayed before me.

Nia moaned in regret. "I was almost there."

Brett pulled out and gasped, "Let me help—"

"No." Her word was commanding, despite being so easily dominated by my husband's lust. She pointed at me. "Get over here, Katie."

I rasped, "What?"

"Get over here and lick me until I finish."

My pussy flared with heat, but my mind provided the instant and typical hesitation. "I'm not going to—"

"Get over here now. Or I'll take your husband home with me and keep him overnight. Do you want that?"

My dignity tried to reassert itself. "Of course not."

Her ferocity shocked me. "Get over here!"

I was on my feet and lurched over to the bed.

Brett moved away, watching.

I saw his mess – the cum that was supposed to be mine.

Nia pointed. "Clean it and make me cum or he goes home with me."

I wasn't sure if she realized that what she was offering was a gift. How I came to that conclusion was beyond my stunned state of self-scrutiny. But his cum was supposed to be mine. That I was being offered to reclaim it was... confusing.

Nevertheless, I dipped down and began lapping up his mess.

She commanded, "The clit, Katie."

I moved up and licked over her swollen nub without any kind of hesitation or thought. I could taste him and also her. Her clit was hard under my tongue and I lashed and mashed it.

Nia's hand gripped my hair without any cruelty and moaned with imminence.

Thank you for being nice, Nia. I licked faster.

The black woman trembled and lifted her hips. "Yes! You do that good. Very good. More."

Pleased at the praise, I endeavored to comply.

Within a minute, Nia gasped, convulsed, and let out a long, breathy wail of release. She let go of my head.

Astonished that I had helped play a part in all this, I looked eagerly to my husband.

He was leaning back against the wall, staring at her and not me. His dick was so thick and engorged that I knew he might be able to go again in a little bit. He always shriveled to nothing after me. With her, his heavy cock throbbed and remained thick. He gripped it and gave it a pulling stroke.

A bead of cum oozed out of the head and he looked down at it with a frown.

He came over to me and my eyes went wide with the prospect of helping him with my mouth. Maybe now I could show that I could still be his loving, sexy wife. I could do it.

He grabbed my hair and wiped his ooze onto it, cleaning off his cock.

I trembled in the sudden shame of not even being worth licking off what was supposed to be mine.

Nia giggled.

I became wet again.

CHAPTER 8

My life was over as a woman. My maturity was robbed from me by the stripping away of my dignity. I could no longer count having sex as a signature success of adulthood.

It was as if my pussy had magically been erased.

I was a blank.

A bot with nipples and no use.

She came over again Saturday with her husband.

Reggie was not what I expected. Not muscular or tall, he was average in height and just a little thick. He had a bright look of awareness in his eyes that told me he was energetic and successful in whatever it was he did for work.

He looked at me with no interest whatsoever.

That stung my already numbed and wounded self-respect. What did I have left?

Was that a slight tremor inside me that hinted at the anticipation I might be useful?

Brett and Nia could not get their clothes off fast enough, while Reggie opened windows.

It wasn't particularly hot, so I didn't understand that.

Not at first.

In the bedroom, it became clear.

Nia settled back in my spot with her head on my pillow. She threw out her legs.

I searched their faces – all three of them. Only Reggie looked at me, but it was

with a smirk and not any interest.

What had they told him?

What did he think of me?

I wasn't even worth a wink?

My eyes kept dropping in shame, only to search again for something – anything – to validate my place as Brett's wife.

It just wasn't there.

Reggie happily murmured, "Let me get you ready."

My husband's eyebrows lifted and fell over his grin.

I said, "No, I can do that."

Brett grunted, "No, Reggie is fine. He does it better than you, anyway."

I slowly sank to a kneeling position, wanting to cry. My husband even preferred a man's mouth over mine. I felt crushed and strangely excited.

I had hoped for a little bit that Reggie being here might change things – that his presence would force a change in how Nia and Brett... sexed.

Nope.

Reggie sucked him with gusto until my husband laughed weakly. "Enough, let me get it into her."

That could have been me. Why couldn't it have been me?

Brett climbed up on Nia and forced his erection deep in the first shove. He gripped the headboard with one hand and began pushing frantically with his feet.

Over and over, he thrust so hard the headboard slammed against the wall with loud, explosive impacts.

Surely the townhouse owners sharing the wall on the other side would hear it,

even though the walls were doubled.

Now I understood the open windows.

Reggie whooped as if he were at a sporting event. "Yeah! Go Brett! Give it to her. Fuck my wife with your white cock! Do it, son!" He hooted and clapped.

The banging sounds of the headboard echoed deafeningly in the room and also outside along the patio fence. Everyone in the inner courtyard would hear it – dozens of units.

I felt my face flame and my heart flutter in fear.

Everyone was going to know. All the neighbors who were home.

Nia was clenching her teeth together, screaming through them in a gurgle. Her hips rose perfectly to his frantic thrusts as the headboard beat a tattoo of sex onto the wall for all to hear.

I rushed out of the room, hoping I was being deceived by the crescendo of noise.

Nope.

It was worse. Even if it was somewhat muted, the obvious headboard banging and fuck sounds boomed through the house. I went to the window to shut it and plastered my hand against the screen. I heard the echoes of my husband and Nia and her husband's encouragements bouncing off the walls on the far side of the complex.

A few people were looking out of their windows, my way.

I slid the window shut with a sob.

There was a commanding knock on the front door, then again, louder.

I answered it and tried to keep the door mostly shut. Maybe they wouldn't notice.

It was the neighbor, Roger and his wife Arlene. He was frowning, she was wide-eyed and ashen.

Roger growled, "What's going on in there?"

I stammered, "N-nothing—"

Reggie hooted. "Come on, Brett. Fuck that black pussy! Woo!"

So much heat came off my face that I broke out into a sweat.

Arlene locked eyes and stared at me.

I said, "It's just the TV..."

They both knew I was lying.

Arlene clutched at her blouse, though her mouth was open in a speculative pant of wonder.

My husband's growls were loud. The banging went on and on. Nia's groans and strangled wails washed around my ears and inflamed my face.

I shut the door.

Reggie yelled, "You like my wife's pussy, man?"

Brett shouted, "Oh! Fuck! Yes!"

I raced back into the bedroom, calling on the edge of hysteria, "Everyone can hear!"

My husband did not stop ramming his cock into Nia's sexy black body.

Reggie pumped his fist into the air. "Woot!" He laughed raucously.

I was defeated. Humiliated in ways I had never thought possible. I sank to my knees and hung my head.

EPILOGUE

My husband came inside Nia in another savage exhibition of primal lust.

It was so beautiful that I cried.

I knew much of the townhouse complex on this side had heard. Everyone facing into the inner courtyard that was home could not have missed it or mistaken it.

A bag over my head would be perfect for going out. Then no one can see the haunting shame on my face.

Nia had cum, too, but now she looked at me as if contemplating what to do with me. A fine sheen of sweat was on her body. My husband was dripping. The marks on the wall from the headboard would never come out and forever be reminders that it was not me who provided that evidence of supreme satisfaction.

The woman gazed at me intently. "I'm not a horrible person, Katie. I think I can allow you a little sexual release."

I looked at her with a mixture of fear and hope.

She said, "Get undressed. You're going to get fucked."

My nipples hardened. My pussy drenched with moisture. I scrambled to my feet to get rid of my clothing. I looked hesitantly at Reggie. Even if I couldn't have my husband, at least someone would value me as a sexual object.

Nia shook her head.

Reggie handed her the travel bag he had carried in with him.

She withdrew something with straps.

Then I saw the thing. A big pink thing.

Nia strapped on the contraption. In front, a big pink dildo thrust out lewdly. She

pointed to the floor.

I went down without any struggle, feeling now that my place was being confirmed.

She stroked on the dildo like it was a real cock and really hers. Her smile was not nice. "We're going to need some lube."

I looked towards the nightstand.

"No." She reached down and shoved fingers up her pussy. "I'll use your husband's cum." She withdrew and smeared a mass of goopy cum all over the dildo. "Lie down and lift your legs."

I did so, albeit slowly. I tried to suppress whimpers of defeat.

She knelt down and positioned herself. She reached again and stuffed her fingers back up her pussy. She wriggled them for a moment, and then withdrew them. Their mingled juices liberally wet her fingers. "See that? Your husband came inside me. Understand that, okay? Your husband came inside me."

I gasped as she shoved those fingers into my pussy. Then I groaned with a lust I had not known I possessed.

Nia leaned over me and crammed the strap-on into me. My pussy split open and accepted the rigid plastic hungrily. The lube of their juices eased its passage. I lifted my knees back to allow better alignment. The black woman cooed and hooted as she worked the dildo in and out, fucking me as if she were a man and enjoying it.

I was overwhelmed by a swirling tension of excitement and shame. I lifted my hips lewdly to her thrusts and took it all.

Nia's sinuous body humped on mine, driving that dildo into me with eager energy.

I convulsed, lifting my hips in a move I couldn't deny – even though I desperately fought to stop it. The cry that erupted from my mouth accompanied the first wave of orgasmic relief. Then another and another.

I squeezed my eyes shut, wanting to cry and also to express joy at getting fucked silly by my husband's lover.

There was no turning back; I could feel it in my bones.

I was a cuckquean, and it was magical.

Thank you for reading Color Blind. I hope you enjoyed it!

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