
BLACKED:
One Bar Too Far
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Published by Fiction4All (4PlayPress imprint) at Smashwords
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Authors Note: All characters in this adult fiction novel are at least 18 years old.

Chapter One

Vickie Stratton was through with the museums, shopping the high-end stores in which she has spent $280 on a single blue wraparound dress that called out to her. It was her color, maybe a length that was a little young for her, but when she looked at herself in the mirror it looked so right that she reasoned it may look a little young, but not that young. It was a compromise she was willing to make to own it.

The back was open to her waist and the front collar dipped into a narrow “V”, split open and hinting at the swell of her breasts. The dress was bold for her. She frowned as she looked in the mirror. Her plain white bra overwhelmed the image she saw. She unfastened the bra and removed it, running her hands under her breasts and lifting them, as if celebrating they were free from the restriction of the bra.

Vickie always wore a bra in public, and this complication to the dress certainly limited the places she could wear it—nowhere around her hometown for sure, but she was away from home. She twisted in the mirror, worried she might be showing too much flesh. I must be sure to sit up straight, she thought.

This dress was perfect for her build in so many ways, how the gathering at her waist covered the soft tummy bulge under her navel, a souvenir of her second child that refused to go away despite hours in the gym. Her husband claimed there was no bulge, but Vickie had eyes and knew it was there.

There were reasons she should not buy this dress, limited places to wear it, too short, more revealing than any other dress she owned, the expense, but in the end, she was so taken with how good about herself she felt when she looked in the mirror that the dress overcame her typical objections. She bought it because she wanted it, perhaps as much as any dress she had ever seen.

And there was a second reason, her husband's annoying push for her to be, what he called, "sexier." It was not a big issue, there were no shouting arguments about it, but he was her husband, she did like to please him in ways when she knew what he would like, but "sexier" was an undefined term. When he said she wasn't sexy she felt he was inconsiderate and demeaning her. She in turn became passive aggressive. He would not define "sexier, other than his saying that she dressed too conservatively; most of the time. How she dressed was fine, Vickie felt, for the small town in which they lived. Well, now it would be interesting to see what he would say about this dress.

Vickie liked the dress so well she decided to wear it back, removing the tags in the store, cramming her other clothes into the shopping bag. She knew the dress would be a welcomed surprise, not only the dress itself, but her boldness in wearing it. She strode out the store to the street and hailed a cab. She felt younger than she had in years, the gust of wind cool against her typically covered boobs, and smiling to herself as she saw the doorman next door do a double take.

The cab ride to the hotel was quicker than she expected. She was early, very early.

Walking toward the elevator she passed the hotel bar, accumulating what looked like an active early happy hour

crowd. She saw four vacant seats at the end of the bar, and she felt like a drink.

Drink 1

Vickie checked the shopping bag at the front desk beside the bar entrance and took the far bar stool, on the end. She ordered a Cosmo and felt hungry, she ordered a half-dozen wings.

“Happy hour,” the bartender said, setting two martini glasses filled to the point of overflowing in front of her.

“Damn, I should have eaten something before,” Vickie thought, the drinks hitting her hard enough to give her a light buzz, what she would call a three or four drink buzz normally. When the wings came, she wolfed them down quickly, but it did not dull her buzz.

Drink 2

A slicked back hair executive type, with perfect teeth and his tie still pushed to the top of his collar, pocket square perfectly in place, appeared on the empty stool beside her. He had an Italian look about him. “Hi,” he said. “My name is Ted. Can I buy you a drink?”

Vickie half-way scowled. He was several years younger than her and she couldn’t believe that someone had approached her in a bar. It had been years. Her mood changed as she realized she should be complimented. Hell, it was only a drink. “Sure,” she said. “Thank you.”

Vickie glanced up, remaining seated on the stool while Ted leaned against the stool beside her. He was boldly eying her, an approving expression. She would sip this one slow.

“I’m married,” she said.

“I figured. Your ring. Hey, it’s only a drink.”

Vickie paused. “OK.”

Ted ordered a Manhattan and a refill for Vickie. She asked for water too and once delivered began alternating sips with a drink of water.

“I take it you are not from around here?”

“What made you guess that,” Vickie tossed out, “that I’m in a hotel bar?”

“No, not that at all, this is a pretty hot spot later in the evening, a lot of locals come here too.” Ted paused, realizing he had not answered her question. “No, it is just that you are dressed very hot for this time of the day. Most people here are coming in from office jobs and are dressed for that.”

“And how am I dressed?” Vickie asked.

Ted smiled, “Like you are going to an expensive dinner or perhaps a really exclusive upscale party—that is going to get really wild.” Vickie caught the innuendo, but let it pass. Ted was good looking, maybe a little too smooth and confident, and far too young. It was exciting to be approached, but it was time she winded it down.

“Oh,” Vickie said. “Actually, I'm waiting for my husband."

It was Ted’s turn to scowl. “Oh, well I guess that answers my next question,” he said.

“Which was?”

“Oh, I was going to ask you to join me at a table and accompany me to some other bars that are more intimate and interesting. I was hoping your husband wasn’t along.”

Vickie smiled, “Thanks, but maybe another time.”

“You come here regularly?” Ted asked.

"No, actually the first time, and no plans to return anytime soon," Vickie said. Ted took the hint, told her to enjoy her drink, and drifted away, moving to a petite curly headed girl on the other side of the bar. It was clear as Vickie watched that Ted was here working the room. She continued to sip her drink. She looked at the clock. She had been there 20 minutes and still had 50 minutes before their agreed upon time.

DRINK 3

This must be a meat market, Vickie thought after both a skinny hipster with a bushy beard offered to buy her a drink, followed quickly by an overweight older man with a goatee and the air that he was CEO and not used to being rejected. On both their offers to pay for a refill her answer, “No, I’m good. I was just getting ready to leave, but thanks,” was enough to dismiss them. She was enjoying the attention. There were other women in the bar as the bar slowly filled, but dressed down in their business attire it was Vickie that attracted the attention.

The fourth guy waited until she finished her drink. She looked up at the clock again. “May I buy you a refill?” an Australian accent voice asked. He had a nice smile as he introduced himself as Colin. She liked hearing him talk and she had time to kill. She said yes this time. Since he had paid for the drink, she thought it would be rude if she did not at least talk to him while she consumed his drink. Talking to him would keep someone else from trying to strike up a conversation. Theirs was a nice chat.

Colin was a college professor and looked it, trying to dress as young as his students and not pulling it off. In the course of a few minutes Vickie learned he taught at the local college, lived there in the city, liked it, and was something of a regular at this hotel bar, judging from the number of people that spoke to him. Happy hour was over, so this Cosmo was a single.

Vickie continued sipping, drinking more water. "I need to slow down," she said. Like Ted he was younger, but unkempt, dressed sloppy, and acted as if he already has a good buzz when he approached. She listened as he described his job, of his education in Australia and how his mother was American and brought him to the US when he was 14, having divorced his father. Colin was married for two years, divorced four. He asked no questions of Vickie, preferring her a listener to his stream of consciousness banter. He was wearing on her. She tossed back the last quarter of the drink he bought. She interrupted before he started on another tale.

“Colin, it is a pleasure to meet you, but my husband may arrive at any moment and I wouldn’t want you to become caught up in his making a scene. I’m married you know.” She twisted the gold band on her finger.

“I assumed, but you never know, sometimes you find a husband who likes to watch, or his wife is a hotwife.”

“Hotwife?”

“A wife who is free to be with other men with her husband’s encouragement. Often the husband likes to watch,” Colin said.

Vickie smiled. He was sounding like her husband on their fantasy nights. At her husband’s insistence, they had role-played many hot scenarios in the past two years, and they always ended with Vickie stressing, "I'm doing this for you because you like it, and it is just the two of us. It will never happen, understand?"

“Sorry, but I’m not a hotwife,” Vickie said, “Just a woman waiting on her husband.” She looked up at the clock, he should be here. “Who is late. Way late.” She looked at her phone. He had not texted.

Colin drifted away.

Vickie passed on the next drink offer when the bartender came around, the water not easing her buzz. She tried to concentrate through the fog. I am drifting more toward drunk than buzzed, she thought.

Vickie’s mind stayed with Colin’s references to hotwifing. She thought to herself, so that is what it is called. She and her husband had role played the theme but didn’t know it has a name.

As she recalled one of their fantasies, she giggled aloud. One of the fantasies he had brought up that they talked through centered on her sitting in a bar and her husband

observing men hitting on her. She giggled again. Shame her husband couldn’t have seen her earlier.

“OK, I have to ask, is it a good joke?” Vickie looked up and looming above here was a dark black man with a bald head and broad smile. He took the empty bar seat beside her with asking, turning to her, smiling, awaiting her answer.

"Uh, sorry, a private joke I was recalling. Personal," Vickie stammered, her eyes quickly taking in the size of this man, his confident manner, and the funny feeling he gave her, comfort and intrigue.

DRINK 4

“Oh, sorry to intrude,” He said. “My name is Winston. I’d love to buy you a drink to apologize for the intrusion, because it is an absolute crime for a woman who looks as nice as you do to be forced to drink alone. Will you allow me?”

"Sure," Vickie said, complimented at his courteous approach. "Cosmo," she said, pointing down to the half-full glass. She took another long pull of water. Winston ordered an Old Fashioned, a double. When the drinks were on the counter, he raised his glass.

“To not drinking alone,” Winston said, still with that warm smile. Vickie touched her glass to his. “What brings you here pretty lady, and by the way, that is an outstanding dress,” he said.

“Thank you, I bought it today.”

“It looks fantastic,” Winston said, pausing, “And if I dare say so, what I can see of what is inside that dress is outstanding as well.”

Vickie didn’t know how to take the compliment, but stammered out another, “Thank you.” She glanced down and gasped. She has slumped in the low-cut wrap around dress and it was only then she was aware the top of the dress had bloused out, and from Winston’s angle most of her breast was showing. “Oh, I’m sorry, I wasn’t aware,” she said, tugging the dress back into place and straightening her back, the move again covering her.

“Don’t apologize, nothing to apologize for, although I must admit I was hesitating to point it out as it was getting more interesting. I hoped that you were doing that for my benefit. My mistake.”

“Oh,” Vickie said, mumbling, “I’m married.”

“Of course, you are,” Winston said. “All the women that look like you are married to someone. That doesn’t mean you are dead. Does he know that you are sitting in this bar in an unbelievably hot dress looks super fine tantalizing all the men here?” Winston said it with a half laugh that put her at ease and did not offend.

“He has no idea,” Vickie said, “but he might figure it out if he ever gets here.” She looked up at the clock. He was almost an hour late.

"Uh oh. Leaving a beautiful woman unattended in a place like this? Unforgivable. He should serve a penance."

Vickie took a drink rather than a sip of her Cosmo. This was mixed much better than the last one. It was good. "Mmm, damn this one is good,” she said.

"Dewayne made those. I'll make sure he makes anything else you order," Winston said, motioned for Dewayne to come over. "Anything else this beautiful woman orders, you make it and make it right. On my tab, OK?" Dewayne nodded. “Matter of fact put her whole tab over on mine.”

“You don’t have to…”

“No, I want to,” Winston said. “My treat for your company. As I said, I hate drinking alone.”

DRINK 5

Winston saw her drink was almost empty and ordered another round for both without asking.

“Well, thank you then,” Vickie said as Dewayne set the drinks on the counter.

“My pleasure. I enjoy looking at you if that is OK? I’ll try not to stare or be obvious, but damn you are easy on the eyes and this has been one of those days. You are brightening what I have left of an otherwise weary day.”

“Look all you want,” Vickie said, “Although I don’t know why anyone would want to look at me. I’m older than most of the women in this room.”

“And far more attractive than any of the children in this room too,” Winston said, raising his glass. “Drink to that?”

“I guess I have to,” Vickie said, smiling, touching her glass to his. “Why are you having a bad day?”

"Let me rephrase, it was a bad day until I sat down here. Any day a beautiful sexy woman will take the time to talk to you is a good day. No, my day was just one of those days in which a lot of little things went wrong—you know, the secretary called in sick, a good client wants a perk, the company that can supply the perk is shut down for vacation, nothing major, inconveniences. And I am not even in this office anymore, only touching base."

"You knew the bartender, so this one of your spots?"

"No, I moved from here nine months ago. I was here a lot when I lived here, but this time I'm here closing on some property I sold and doing my quarterly check in with the big bosses. I did not have a choice about the move. I hated to leave. What about you?"

"On a business trip," she said. Vickie did not understand why she did not expand on her answer and say the trip was not her business, that she was accompanying her husband on his trip, but she didn't. The truth was she was enjoying playing with the attention of the men in the bar who had approached her. It has been a long time since men had approached her with such obvious intentions. They were so obvious that she had teased back to tantalize them.

Winston was different, black of course, but he was also smooth, easy to talk too, full of compliments that made her feel good. A confident black man buying her a drink was so out of her wheelhouse that it made her feel even more daring. She was having a devilish thought, as her husband was late. If she could manage it, she would like to still have Winston on the stool beside her when her husband arrived. She wanted her husband to see her being, as he wanted, "sexier."

Vickie’s cell phone vibrated; she had an incoming text. “Sorry. Meeting went far longer than I anticipated. Looking for a cab now. 45 minutes or so.” She looked up at Winston.

“Are you being stood up?”

“Just late,” she said.

“So are you are playing the girlfriend game?”

“What?” Vickie gave him a blank stare.

“You’ve never heard of that?” Winston asked. Vickie nodded no. “The wife goes into the bar, dressed supremely hot, as you are now, flirts with several men, gives them a come-on, teases, gets her a little horny from the attention. Meanwhile the husband comes in and acts as if he does not know her, sits at a distance, gets excited seeing the attention his wife is getting. He gets turned on knowing his wife is wanted by others, and then at the last minute he sweeps in, whisks her away to their room, both all hot and bothered, leaving the men in the bar frustrated, high and dry. Meanwhile she and her husband enjoy mind blowing sex.”

“I’ve never played that. It sounds a little mean. No one likes a tease.”

“Whatever works for some couples,” Winston said.

“Have you ever played it?”

“More like has it been played on me. Twice. The first time I had every indication I was going to get lucky, only to see her give a signal to her husband, who is sitting across the room, and watch him take her hand and steal her away, dashing to the elevator and vanishing,” Winston said.

“Leave you frustrated?”

“The first time, I was shocked, and a little pissed. The second time I understood, I enjoyed it. I knew how it would end so I had a good time with it.”

“You enjoyed thinking you were picking up a woman but knowing how it would end, with nothing happening?” Vickie asked.

“Yes, my second experience it was the husband who ended up frustrated. His wife refused to leave when he wanted. She demanded more time with me. All in all, it was great fun. He thought he was in control and became uncomfortable when he realized he was not."

"Interesting," Vickie said, the wheels in her mind turning. She sipped more on her drink, still alternating with water. An old friend of Winston's approached, and he turned away from Vickie to face his friend. They talked briefly. As they talked Vickie turned back to face the bar, holding her drink in both hands at her lips without drinking, thinking, processing.

“Sexier huh?” Vickie thought.

Chapter Two

As Vickie sat at the bar, she thought about what Winston had said. Couples playing the girlfriend game to spark their sex life. She smiled to herself, thankful she and her husband did not have to resort to that. They were creative and open with each other sexually, watching pornos, a nice collection of toys from wrist cuffs to dildoes and vibrators, and then there was their role-playing.

Their sex life was good, they truly enjoyed each other, making the effort to please each other, and knowing the buttons to push on the other to increase the eroticism of the moment. She glanced up at the clock. Her husband was still 30 minutes out.

Through their sexual role playing and imagining, Vickie had been kidnapped by pirates and forced to service the crew, been a secretary sleeping with the boss, a blackmailed bookkeeper, a broke tenant brokering herself in exchange for the rent, and more than once a hooker servicing her client. She and her husband found it exciting and fun.

Their role playing was always verbal, inside the bedroom, totally inside their heads. Had her husband wanted to have her stand on a corner in hooker clothes as he circled the block and came around to pick her up would have stunned her—and she would never had complied.

They talked, they didn’t act out, but now here she was in a sexy dress fending off potential suitors, and obviously having attracted the attention of this tall handsome black professional. She looked at his back as he talked to his

friend, broad shoulders, tight ass. Damn he is really hot, she thought before drifting back to thoughts of Vickie and her husband's latest games.

Most recently her husband had taken to downloading erotic stories from the internet and they would take turns reading them to each other, sometimes in bed, sometimes she would read to him as they drove to a weekend getaway.

The more she thought about it; replaying his choices of themes in her mind, Vickie recognized a pattern. The fantasies he devised usually revolved around a hotwife theme, but they never talked about them afterward. Vickie was always quick to say, "fantasy only, never," insuring they maintained control of their emotions.

As she continued sipping her drink she wondered if her husband was subtly hinting that hotwifing might be something he wanted her to do? Vickie shook her head no. That thought was preposterous.

DRINK 6

"Another drink?" Winston asked, leaning over her closer, to be better heard over the bar's increasing background noise, his arm reaching around her back and holding her at the waist for a second. Vickie's buzz was now a heavy buzz and she did not want it to fade. All she had to do was maintain. If she kept drinking water between drinks… "Sure, why not?" she said. Winston removed his long arm from around her and signaled Dewayne, the bartender again.

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“How did you frustrate the husband? In the bar? Your second girlfriend game,” Vickie asked. “I’m curious.” Winston laughed.

“Oh, he was a bit of an ass, he had been pushing his wife too hard to go into a bar and play the game, but she was reluctant. When I bought her the first drink, she confessed the entire scenario, explaining that she didn’t want to lead me on, but she was doing this for her husband, who was watching from at table in the corner. He had hounded her until she gave in to play the game to shut him up.”

“Wow.”

“I knew the evening wasn’t going anywhere outside the bar, so I told her that I understood, and if that was what he wanted, let’s turn it back on him,” Winston said.

“And?”

Winston laughed, recalling the occurrence. “It was a slow night, I was only killing time, so at my suggestion we escalated the talk, began to act like lovers, you know, touches, heads talking close, an occasional kiss, and I was coaxing her along, being more forward, certainly more forward than she was used to and her husband expected. She played the game back, little intimate things like inviting me to enjoy a quick caress of her boobs – all in clear view of her husband.”

“I can see that part, the payback,” Vickie said, “but how did this frustrate the husband? He was getting what he wanted.”

“The husband was getting what he thought he wanted. When she went to the restroom he followed, spoke to her outside the door, and she came back to her seat with me, with a big smile. ‘You called it,’ she told me.”

“Called what?”

"I suggested to her that when her husband announced he was ready to take her to the room, that it was time to end the game, that she refuse to go, to tell him she was having too much fun with me, and since this was what he wanted, that he should sit back down and be patient, she would let him know when she was ready to go," Winston said. “Then she steps up the game and gets more forward.”

“Oh wow,” Vickie said. “Just wow. So, go on, how did it end?’

"You should have seen the look on the husband's face. The control of the scene had flipped. He was speechless and had no choice without making a scene or starting an argument that would spoil the night unless he sat and watched his wife flirting with the man at the bar."

“OK. She flirted more with her husband wanting to leave?”

“Yes, and I do mean flirting. Much more flirting than he expected. We held hands, we stood at the bar with my arm around her, we kissed a few times, and at one point she took my hand by the wrist and pulled it to touch her breasts. She slid her fingers inside my pants and touched me. It got steamier as we both started to feel something, arousal, horniness I guess, and we rolled with it. She told me that she knew he was shocked at what she was doing, especially since she was at the bar with a black man.

“Her husband stood our flirting as long as he could, with us acting as if we were ready to fuck on the barstool in front of

the entire room—and not caring if we did. The husband panicked, stepped over and quietly said to her, pleading, ‘Let’s go, we really need to go.’ She and I had played the game as far as we could, but she told him OK, but to sit back down and give her a couple of minutes to say good-bye and she would be ready to go. He sat back down, and she picked up my phone and while her husband watched entered her number into my phone, asking me to call her on it then, and I did so she could enter my name on her phone contacts. It was more for his benefit and advancing their little game than anything. She gave me a bold long kiss, rubbing the front of my pants and I was fully aroused, then she left me and strode to the booth where her husband sat and led him from the bar to their room, where he got the fuck of his life.”

“You think?” Vickie laughed.

“I know, at least that is what the wife said when she texted me later.”

“You stayed in touch with her?” Vickie asked. “Her husband know?”

“Yes, they are husband and wife, they do not keep secrets. We’re all friends now. We text back and forth from time to time, him too.”

“Have they been back? Here?” Vickie asked.

“No, but they’ve talked about it. That is as far as they’ve gotten.”

“That is funny,’ Vickie said, with the liquor dulling her thoughts added, “And kinda hot.”

“Yes, it was fun,” Winston said. Vickie glanced up at the clock, her husband should be here any minute now. Winston excused himself for the restroom and Vickie lay her purse on his bar seat to prevent someone else from sitting there. She thought about the game Winston had described, and she thought back to a couple of her most recent role-playing games with her husband.

The one thing she and her husband always said to each other when they started role-playing was, as he said, “Act as if we are actors—nothing we do or say means it is something we would say or do outside our roles.” They both understood.

Their recent role-playing centered around the scenario of Vickie dancing in a club, as a stripper named Summer, and being so taken with the customer she brings him home where she tells her husband Bill that she wants to fuck the customer, and she does with Bill’s permission—as long as Bill gets to watch. It was one of their hottest role-plays to date, and she had squirted as she orgasmed, an uncommon thing for her.

Their second memorable role-play was a continuation of the first, as Bill and Summer. Vickie was surprised they would role play again as the same people, but it was all in fun. This time was more detailed.

Bill sat Summer down and said if her bringing customers home with her was going to continue to occur, they must have rules. Vickie could remember the conversation almost verbatim.

“You liked fucking that customer,” Bill said.

“He was cute, it was hot,” Summer said. “I liked you watching me.”

“Yes, it was hot. I don’t think you will stop once you’ve done it though.”

“I don’t want to make it a regular thing, some of the girls are turning tricks out of there, but I wouldn’t do something like that, I just really wanted to do him,” Summer said.

“You’re free to do what you want,” Bill said, “I don’t own you, but I would like some advance notice, maybe keep me in the loop.”

“I can do that. Text maybe?” Summer said.

“That would work. OK, the rules. I want you safe. So condoms always, OK?”

“Agreed. So keep you in the loop, always use condoms,” she repeated.

“Always come home, no overnights,” Bill said.

“Awww,” Summer said. “It would be nice to…” She cut herself off when she saw the frown on Bill’s face. “OK, I always come home. What else?”

"No more than twice a month, and I have to approve and meet any repeats," Bill said.

"Why?" Summer asked. For an instant, they reverted back to her husband and Vickie. "Because it is part of the game, Vickie," he said, perturbed. "Roll with it."

“Oh, OK,” Vickie said, turning back to her Summer role and voice. “No more than twice a month. Now I have a question.”

“Shoot,” Bill said.

“What if I wanted to do it without you watching sometime.”

Bill pondered the question for a minute, and keeping in his role said, “That would be all right, as long as I knew but you need to, but do one thing that is very important.”

“What is that?”

“Remember all the details and describe them to me in minute detail when you get home.”

“I can do that,” Summer said. “Now let’s fuck to seal the deal.” It was hot sex.

Afterward, as they recovered Vickie told her husband, "I think we've discovered the subject for the next role play, me coming home and telling you about it afterward."

Their next Bill and Summer role play was the night before they left for the city, her husband instigated it. They were having drinks after dinner, the children were already farmed out to grandparents for the trip’s duration, and they had a rare private night alone. “OK, Summer, you came home at 3 a.m. Want to tell me about it?” her husband began.

Vickie started an elaborate scenario, picking up a client at the strip club, almost fucking him in the VIP area, and him offering her a lot of money to ride with him in his limo. She had much more to add, but she didn’t get the chance to describe the finish she had mapped out in her mind for a good narrative. What she has already said was too much for her husband, who urgently stripped Summer’s clothes off her in the living room and took her there on the couch. “Bill can’t wait to put his cock in that used pussy,” he said.

Chapter Three

Winston returned from the restroom and Vickie expected to see her husband enter the bar any moment. Winston said something she couldn't make out over the noise of the growing crowd in the bar. She touched his arm and pulled his ear closer to her mouth.

"Do you want to play the girlfriend game with me?" she asked. "My husband will be here any minute."

"Does he know you want to play the game?" Winston asked.

With a drunken giggle, Vickie said, "He'll figure it out pretty quick. He's open, though, I don't think he'd pitch a jealous fit, but it will be interesting to see his reaction. Are you in?"

Winston laughed, "You are bad. Hell yes I'm in." He leaned forward and gave her a buss on the lips, sliding his arm around her bare back, inside the dress. He held it there for long seconds before removing it.

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Vickie didn't see her husband when came in. Her first indication was a text. "Who's your friend?"

"Where are you? Are you here?" Vickie texted.

"Corner booth, opposite you."

Vickie turned around and saw her husband at the back corner booth. There were no obstructions between where he sat and where she and Winston's bar stools, the area was kept clear with the kitchen entrance and the two bathroom doors facing the open area between them. Vickie realized her husband had not approached her but remained in the booth, watching.

"He's here, watching," she whispered to Winston. He smiled. Another friend greeted Winston and he asked her to excuse him for a second and turned to speak with his back to Vickie as she felt her phone vibrated. She looked down at it.

"Nice dress," the text said.

"I bought it for you," Vickie texted back. "You were late."

"Yes."

"I haven't paid for a drink yet," she said. "Suitors have bought every one. Several suitors in fact."

"And your new black friend? Who? What?"

"Winston, he's very nice, we've been talking," Vickie texted.

"Are you ready to go?"

"No, I'm having fun," she texted, adding a taunt, "You wanted sexier. How am I doing?"

"Outstanding," came the reply. "You are hot. Hang for a while. I'm ordering chicken fingers. Have you eaten?"

"Yes. Winston likes me, he says I am hot. I think he is so hot too. I've never had a black man come on to me like this. I bet I'm soaked."

“You are hot,” came the reply. She waited for a follow up text but there was nothing.

Vickie turned to Winston. “What did you tell him about me?” Winston asked. “Did he ask what was going on?”

“I told him you were nice,” Vickie said, “And I wanted to hang a while longer, I was having fun.”

“Are you having fun,” Winston asked. “What did you really tell him?”

Vickie looked up and smiled, “I told him you were hot.”

“And?” Winston asked.

Vickie caved. “I told him I was soaked.”

“Are you?” he said, his cock twitching as he felt the start of an erection.

“I’m sure I am,” Vickie said. Winston wrapped his arm around her and hugged her.

“Let the games begin,” he said.

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Vickie turned on the bar stool to face Winston. “Now what do we do?” she asked.

Winston maintained his confident smile. “We act like we’ve met in this bar and are attracted to each other, and now get beyond the innuendo.”

“As if we have to act right?” She said. “Such as?”

“Setting the mood, tell me about your sex life for a start,” Winston asked.

“It is good, very good. My husband is open, creative, always tries to keep it interesting,” she said.

“And he likes games?”

“Evidently, since he’s not come over here and interrupted,” Vickie said with a smile.

“Good, I hate interruptions when I am talking to a sexy, hot, beautiful woman,” Winston said.

“You are a charmer, for sure.”

“Glad you think so. I’m only telling the truth,” Winston said, easing closer into her space, sliding off his stool to his feet, and coming closer, almost touching her knees. “That close OK?” he asked. Vickie nodded. She remained seated and looked up at him, a shiver rushing through her.

“Do you play games about fucking other men? Role-play? Talk about it?” Winston tested, watching for her reaction to his use of “fuck.” He saw no change. Vickie paused as she took another drink.

“We have.”

“Does it turn your husband on more than other games?”

“Yes, I think it does,” Vickie said. “We didn’t do that at first, it kinda evolved.” Vickie felt uncomfortable revealing this to a stranger. She tried veer away from that subject, although her mind was racing at the consciousness she was revealing

this about herself. “What about your sex life? You want to know about mine,” she asked.

Winston laughed again. "I am divorced and do not want to make the mistake of marriage again. Don't get me wrong, it is great for some people, but I am not one of them. I enjoy the variety of life, different places, different people, doing new and different things."

“Like playing the girlfriend game in a bar in front of a wife’s husband?”

“Nothing I’d rather be doing right now,” Winston said and stopped, moving even closer, the move causing Vickie to part her legs as he moved into the space between them. Winston said low, his mouth close to her ear, “That’s a lie. What I would like to be doing is eating your pussy for 30 minutes before crawling up between your open legs and slowly easing my thick black cock into your pussy.” Winston did not change is expression or move his face near her ear. Vickie turned, and as she faced him, he kissed her, a quick kiss but one that was exciting. He raised up to a standing position and Vickie was breathing heavier.

Winston’s bold talk sent a shudder through her; for a moment she imagined what Winston described and felt a throb at her pussy. I’ve never kissed a black man before, she thought, not so different from kissing anyone else other than his lips were noticeably softer.

“I wouldn’t want to wait 30 minutes,” Vickie laughed.

“What? Before I slide my big black cock inside you?”

“Yes. Do you have a big black cock?” she asked.

"Check for yourself," Winston said, "You are so hot that I'm half hard now." Vickie' legs were open, Winston stood between her knees, their upper bodies almost touching, their faces close together as if they had just broken a kiss. Vickie was excited, this was far too bold for her, but she did it anyway, extending her hand slowly as if not to draw attention and reached for his cock. She felt a large round bulge inside his pants and took a deep breath. He was thick and long, bigger than she could ever imagine a cock might be. She let go as if burned.

Vickie wrapped her arms around his waist and pulled him hard against her, opening her legs and feeling his cock touching her pussy separated only by the fabric of their clothing. She could feel the heat from him.

“Damn,” she said. “You’re huge.”

“It will get bigger when you wrap your hand around it the first time,” Winston said. “Now my turn, something I’ve been aching to do all night.” Winston kissed her again, longer, tongue darting, as he did sliding his hand inside the open top of her dress, down until he brushed her nipple with the back of his hand, quickly, pulling away and breaking the kiss. Vickie was panting. She released hold on him and reached for her drink. Her nipples were pushing out against the thin material of her dress.

DRINK 7

“I need a drink and some more water,” she said. Winston signaled for another round.

Dewayne joked as the bartender placed the drinks in front of them. “You two – get a room,” he laughed.

“Good idea,” Winston said, his eyes searching Vickie’s face.

Vickie’s phone chirped with an incoming text. “Are you OK?”

“Yes, I’m very OK, how about you?” Vickie said. “I’m being ‘sexier’, huh?”

“Perfect, I can’t believe you’re doing this, or that I’m staying away watching you.”

“Are you enjoying this?” she texted.

“Hell yes.”

“I felt his cock. He’s huge.”

“I saw.”

“He felt my boob,” Vickie texted. “You see that?”

“Yes.”

“Are you upset?”

“No, I’m turned on,” her husband said.

“I want to stay a while. I’m having a great time.”

“OK to stay.”

Vickie was surprised he said stay, she expected him to demand she stop her public display and join him in the booth.

Winston observed the couple both looking at their phones, sizing up the conversation from their facial expressions. “So, you two like the girlfriend game,” he said.

“I’m not certain,” Vickie said. “He says he’s enjoying it. I guess he is since he hasn’t interrupted. We didn’t talk about doing this, it is so spontaneous.”

“I love spontaneous,” Winston said.

“Me too.”

“Good,” Winston said, taking both hands and starting at her hips feeling up her sides, then down the outside of her arms, moving close between her legs again. Vickie’s flesh tingled. “What do you think is going through your husband’s head right now?”

“I’m not sure. I think he likes my teasing blue dress; he’s always wanted me to wear something like this, and what we are doing here is a lot like the foreplay in some of our role-play. I suspect he is sitting there with a huge hard on, not believing this is really happening, just like I am not believing this is happening.”

“You ever role-play you with a black man?”

“No. It just never came up. You prefer white women?”

“I prefer white wives,” Winston said, adding, “But you have role-played you fucking other men?” There was the word “fuck” again, and again, no negative reaction from Vickie.

“Yes.”

“Did you ever supposed that he might want you to do it for real?”

“No…uh…,” Vickie said, “Maybe.” She considered Winston’s statement. “Yeah, when I think about it, the idea seems to excite him more than anything else.”

“Your husband might not mention it because he thinks you would be shocked or offended, that suggesting something bold and crazy like that might too far over the line and turn you off?”

“Maybe…, I can’t think for him.”

“I bet you can,” Winston said. “I bet as long as you have been together, as long as you have lived with him, you know, and it is a gnawing thought you both think about, but neither one has the strength to mention it to the other, because you both are afraid of the other’s reaction.”

Vickie breathing was much faster now, the hit of the drinks was making her thoughts foggy in some ways, but very clear in others.

“You know the aim of the girlfriend game, don’t you?” Winston asked.

“No.”

“The game is to make sure the husband believes the man and woman at the bar are yearning to fuck each other,” Winston said. “I do,” he said. “I yearn to fuck you.” The silence between them hammed on Vickie.

“I do you, too,” she said without thinking. Her answer was automatic, and true, she realized.

Winston kissed her again, his back to the room and blocking the view as he again slid his hand inside her top, this time cupping her breast and tugging on her nipple before releasing her. His touch was like a switch flashing electricity through her. The kiss was longer, she reluctantly broke it, not daring to let it continue longer. Winston back away. "Text him," Winston said when he broke the kiss.

“What do you want me to say?” Vickie asked in breathless gasps.

“Ask him to be honest and tell him if he has ever considered making your role-playing fantasies real, that this is the opportunity.” Vickie texted.

“This is an opportunity?” Vickie asked.

"Damn right." Winston wrapped her arms around her and pulled her to him in a hug, looking into her eyes. "I want to fuck you, I want to make you cum on my tongue, suck your nipples rock hard, feel you riding this big black dick until you see colors as you cum. I will make your toes curl, and when you think you are finished, I will fuck you again, longer, slower. You will lose track of time. What's more Vickie, I think you want me to fuck you, it is only your husband in the way." He released her. “Send the text.”

Vickie picked up her phone and her thumbs sought the letters, finishing and shaking as he hit the send button. She felt lightheaded.

“Wow,” Vickie said, her head spinning, grabbing the bar for support with one hand, taking a big gulp of her drink with the other. Winston did not let up and put his arm around her. She welcomed him steadying her.

“Have you been blacked?” Winston asked, looking into her eyes.

“What?”

“Have you ever fucked a black man?”

“No.”

“Are you prejudiced?”

"No." Vickie paused. "To tell the truth some of my girlfriends' dated black guys in high school. No black guys ever hit on me." Vickie closed her eyes, her mind going back to the hall at school and the black football player and blonde cheerleader friend holding hands walking down the hall. "I was a little envious, to tell the truth."

“So you have thought about fucking a black man? Don’t lie.” Winston smiled as if he already sensed her answer.

Vickie didn’t answer and took a gulp of her drink again, sipping more water, and she heard her phone chirp. She has missed three messages.

The first message was his answer to the text asking if he wanted to make the game real. “Are you serious?” the text read.

Then a minute later, as she had kissed Winston, he texted again, “Yes, I have thought about making it real.” The last text was sent seconds ago. “Do you want to?”

Vickie texted back, “Maybe. I’m not certain.” She paused and added, “No that is not right, to answer, yes, I want to, but I don’t want to hurt you. I do not want it to hurt us.”

She watched her husband look down at his phone. He jerked his face up to look at hers. She gave a slight nod. He looked back down at his phone but was not typing. There was not a quick response.

Winston moved closer. “I want you to do something for me.” Vickie didn’t respond but looked into his face, waiting. “I

want you to go into the restroom and see how wet you are. I want you to take off your panties, and hand them to me when you come out. Be sure your husband cane see you hand them to me. That is how I know for sure that you want me to fuck you. Be bold girl. Do it. Now."

Vickie contemplated refusing for only a second and reached for the glass and finished the last of her drink and said, "Excuse me. Hold my seat."

Vickie went into the ladies room, using it, and pausing, remaining seate4d, trying to clear her head and consider all the consequences of what she was considering. This was crazy. Would she do as he asked? She wanted to call her husband, but it was then she realized she had left her cell phone on the bar. Vickie could not text back and forth with her husband until she returned to her bar seat. Vickie must decide this next step on her own.

She weighed her options. She could stand and pull up her panties, walk out the door, take her husband by the hand and they could go upstairs for great hot sex. She was so turned on right now that she wanted to do that, but even more overpowering with the thought of Winston, how spontaneous, new, taboo, and exciting he would be, what a bold step for her first fuck of someone other than her husband to be this tall black man, and with her husband's acquiescence. She giggled. Earlier tonight was the first time she had learned what a hotwife was and what it meant, and now here she was getting ready to hand her panties to a black man who has told he wanted to fuck her—and she had not lied, she did want to fuck him.

Her decision made, Vickie slid the panties down her calves, stepped out of them and wadded the black lace into her palm. She touched herself, she was right, she was soaked,

dripping wet, so wet she took tissue and wiped, but it did not help. When Vickie touched herself again, her pussy was still as soaked. For a second Vickie thought about putting the panties back on to soak some of her moisture. She didn’t. Standing, she felt the cool air on her pussy. Vickie stepped out of the stall and out the door.

Her husband twisted in the booth to watch as she exited the bathroom, looking to see if she would come right, to his booth, or turn left and return to the black man holding her empty seat, waiting at the bar. Her husband watched his wife stride to the tall black man. The black man extended his left hand and she handed him something black. She let them unfold. Her husband could see they were her black lace panties.

With a big smile, the tall black man moved closer to Vickie, whispering something in her ear, at the same time sliding his hand up the inside of her thigh, in clear view of her husband.

Chapter Four

Vickie opened her legs and jumped when she felt Winston's finger touch her bare pussy, deftly parting her labia with a probing index finger and enter her. She clung to him as he did. She was panting when Winston withdrew his hand from between her legs. He looked down at his wet glistening finger as she started at it, lifting to his mouth and licking it. "Damn you taste delicious," he said.

She was amazed she was being this bold, seated in public in a bar, letting this tall black man put his finger inside her, but she did not want to be any other way now.

"Text him, tell him what you handed me," Winston said, openly sniffing her panties before cramming them into a pants pocket.

Vickie's thumbs were flying on the phone. "I just handed him my panties," she texted her husband. "I am naked under my dress. He asked me to take them off and give them to him if I really wanted to fuck him. I gave them to him. He put his finger inside just now." Again, no response. She looked across the space. Her husband was looking at her, a look of wonderment on his face, as if he was looking at a different person he did not quite recognize.

Her husband turned to his phone, texting back, "You gave him your panties so he would know you want to fuck him?"

"He asked," Vickie texted back.

"What are you going to do?"

“It depends on you,” Vickie texted. “I hope this is turning you on, it has been your fantasy for a while. I know that.”

“Are you asking my permission? You really want to?”

“Yes to both, very much on the second question,” Vickie texted. She followed quickly with a second text. “Can I?”

Winston leaned over and saw the conversation. "Tell him we will go to your room, but you want to be alone for the first hour and a half, then he can come in and watch or join in if you want to be double teamed," he said. "You know he wants you to do this, don't you?"

Vickie didn’t answer Winston. She began to text. “I will take him to our room. You give us an hour and half and join us then. Do you want me to do this?” There it was, not just what she wanted, but what did he want. Did he want a hotwife, a wife who had been blacked? Was that sexy enough for him?

Vickie’s hand was trembling holding the phone, awaiting the answer, both she and her husband frozen as if there was some forbidden space between them that they could not cross by walking across the open space and speaking to each other face to face. Vickie knew face to face if they did, one of them would balk.

Vickie’s husband’s answer said it all. “Yes. Do it. Go for it, Summer. Remember the rules.”

“Oh fuck,” Vickie said under her breath, picking up on the name he called her from their recent role playing of Summer and Bill. Her husband wanted her to do fuck someone else for real—to be blacked. All three of them wanted it to happen. Now to bring their fantasies to life.

“We’re good,” Vickie said to Winston. “We’re in room 762.” Winston stood as Vickie rose from her stool, readjusting her dress that had shifted and was close to exposing her right breast. Winston took her hand and together they left the bar. She glanced back to see her husband turned around watching her, giving her a thumbs up, and ordering another drink. We have an hour and a half, she thought as she stepped on the elevator, her knees wobbly and her body trembling in anticipation.

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In the room it was simple undressing Vickie from the blue dress, untie it at the waist and let it fall. She was nude. Winston tossed her on the bed and went straight for her pussy. She was cumming in minutes.

Winston didn’t lick her pussy for 30 minutes, but he did for a good 10. When he first spread her legs, he gazed at her pussy for a second and said, “Your pussy lips look like a wad of bubblegum, I gotta taste it.” He dove in and began licking her, bringing her to two orgasms, fucking her with his tongue first, then with his fingers for a second orgasm. He removed his own clothes as he did without her noticing. Winston rose and walked on his knees up the bed toward her head, presenting his huge cock to her mouth to suck as she lay on her back.

One of Winston’s hands was supporting the back of her head, the other was inside her pussy, fingering her with two long fingers, her legs splayed wide open to him as he did, the palm of his hand rubbing her clit. Vickie came again.

Vickie's mind was reeling. This was so fast, going into a bar for a drink and ending up a night of firsts, her first kiss from a black man, the first kiss of another man since she had been married—and more, the first man since she had been married to eat her pussy, to suck her nipples and play with her breasts, to slowly finger her to an orgasm, and now with him holding her head and his cock in her mouth, touching the back of her throat, almost making her gag. His cock was rock hard, except for the soft mushroom head. She pulled off and swirled her tongue around the head, licking up the bottom of his shaft and sucking him in again.

Vickie felt his hand move from her pussy to her breasts. “Great tits,” his said, running his hand in a figure eight from one breast to the other, the moisture on his fingers smearing on her chest, glistening on her nipples.

For a fleeting instant the thought flashed through her mind that she should not do this, she had gone far enough—but just as quick the thought vanished into certainty that she must do this now, it was impossible to stop—and she didn’t want to.

Now was time for another man's cock to go into her married pussy for the first time in 15 years, her first time to feel the sensation of someone new, different, and what's more, big thick and black. She wanted it; she wanted his black cock inside her body.

“I want you inside me,” she whispered.

Vickie trembled as Winston rose over her, the tip of his cock brushing her puffy pussy lips, the touch causing her to open her legs wider, offering herself to him. She looked down and saw his cock was bare. She remembered the rules of Summer and Bill. “Condom,” she said.

Winston ignored her and started to enter her, but she jerked away. Summer’s rule, she thought. This was not the time to mention her husband had a vasectomy. Should she tell him she was not on birth control?

“Condom,” she said louder, more insistent. “I’m not on the pill,” she said explained. Winston stopped with a scowl, reached for his pants and withdrew a Trojan XL in a gold foil wrapper. He handed it to her and waited, sitting up on his knees on the bed, his cock jutting out toward her face.

Vickie opened her mouth and sucked his cock again, opening wide to get her mouth over his bulk, working at the foil packet in her hands as she did. Once opened, she rolled it down his long cock, stroking his cock, and fully extended the condom. Fully unrolled, the condom did not totally reach the length of his cock, an inch short of the root, the long vein running the length of his pipe hard cock straining against the latex.

Vickie lay back awaiting the largest cock she had ever taken, anxious to experience a cock this big but at the same time a little fearful that as big as he was that he might tear her and do damage. “Be gentle,” she said. “I’ve never had a cock this big.”

Winston carefully inserted the head of his cock into the entrance of her pussy and watched her face as he penetrated her. She was staring down at the long black cock poised to go inside her. He moved forward and part of his cock disappeared inside her, prying her open. “You are so tight,” Winston said.

The sensation shook her. "Don't tear me. Oh my god, you are stretching my pussy,” she said, laying back with her eyes closed, absorbing the feeling.

Winston paused, waiting for her pussy to adjust to his girth and pushed forward in short strokes, each insertion an inch deeper, stretching her more until his entire girth had stretched her out and tight, gripping his cock that was almost all the way inside her with no pain. In a final hard thrust he stuck his cock all the way into the white wife spread before him and bottomed out.

“You got all my cock in you,” Winston said.

“I would have never dreamed…oh my god it feels so good.”

“Damn right it feels good, my cock feels right at home inside you, like where it is supposed to be.”

“It is where it’s supposed to be,” Vickie mewed as he made the first of a rhythmic stroke.

Vickie was gasping at the sensation; aware she had taken all of him; it was indescribable. Winston had been right, she saw reds and blues flashing in front of her eyes, turning to yellow as if bursting fireworks. There were fireworks and explosions happening between her legs. I have done it, she thought, I’m being fucked by a black man.

Winston moved slower but longer strokes, slowly and gently until he leaned over her and she readjusted her legs. Vickie could never have imagined how full she felt at this moment. Winston began a harder, steadier rhythmic in and out, soon hammering her pussy, driving his cock into her, fucking her intently. Each time he rammed home she elicited a guttural grunt, animalistic and passion filled.

“Oh my god,” Vickie screamed, “I had no idea. So good.” Vickie closed her eyes and concentrated on the feeling of that big cock inside her belly and began cumming on his cock, her words coming now as moans and whimpers.

Winston sat back on his haunches with his hand under her ass to support her as Vickie moved herself on his cock, with her legs behind his back, pulling him into her with her heels, her body controlling the penetration and fucking now, the spasmodic bursts of their bodies slamming against each other accented by moans and gasps. Vickie came again.

Winston reached for her breasts and lightly slapped each, the move startling Vickie, no one had ever done that before and it stung for a second, before he rubbed the redness and the stinging faded. Winston grabbing a nipple between his thumb and pressing it against the first joint of his index finger tugged hard, the pain again coming as a shock, but the sensations combined with his cock inside her caused Vickie to squirt as she orgasmed again. She was on a plateau, coming time after time, reveling in the continuous orgasm at every new touch, sensation, and pain as Winston played with her body like a fine musical instrument, his manipulating bringing forth a symphony of grunts, moans and whimpers.

The tall black man leaned over and wrapping his arms around Vickie and lifted her up, standing, her body still impaled on his cock, her legs extending behind him as they kissed, Winston holding her against him by pulling on her breasts, her hands around his neck, riding on his cock.

Vickie was amazed at the strength he exhibited in supporting her body as he fucked her. Winston remained standing without breaking contact with her pussy, bouncing her up and down on his cock, sliding in and out, his black cock glistening with her dripping pussy juices.

Winston walked to the wall, leaning her back until her back touched the wall and fucked her hard in that position, each thrust lifting her up and down on his cock, her back rubbing

the wall as they kissed, their tongues dancing and darting in and out of each other’s mouths, Winston began penetrating her mouth with his tongue in unison with the thrusts his of cock, moving the kiss into licking her lips with his long tongue.

Turning toward the bed, Winston lay Vickie down on her back and stood in the floor, grabbing his cock by the base and pounding her clit with his hard cock. Vickie tried to arch her body up and impale herself on his cock, relieving the empty feeling inside her pussy before being overcome by the sensations and with a scream squirting again, flooding over Winston’s lower body. He began pounding her hard, the force bouncing her breasts up to her face in one direction and on the downstroke bouncing down toward her belly in the other. Vickie reached for her breasts to stop the movement, but Winston grabbed her wrists. "Let ‘em flop, I love watching them bounce,” he said, fucking her harder now, his orgasm coming fast, evidenced by his husky breathing and grasping of her ass, pulling her hard on him with no stroking, his body quivering as it released his cum into the condom.

Winston held himself inside her, kissing until he slowly pulled out and lay down on the bed beside her. Vickie’s pussy felt empty. He made no effort to remove the condom, remaining hard, the tip filled with his cum. Vickie paid no attention. She was in afterglow bliss. She had never felt like this after a fuck.

“Well how do you like your first black cock, Ms. Hotwife,” he said.

“You stretched my pussy so far I don't know if it will ever go back to normal," she said. “But it was spectacular. The feel of your cock feels so good. You are so big you were

stretching me and hitting my g-spot at the same time. I've never felt that before.” Vickie paused, realizing she was gushing “I guess I am officially a hotwife,” she said as if she had achieved an accomplishment, staring at the ceiling as she recovered her breath, the blast from the ceiling fan cooling the thin layer of sweat on her body. She rolled back to Winston, throwing her leg over his, feeling so close and intimate with her new black lover, pressing her breasts against him, her face close to his, their lips almost touching. She looked in his eyes. “So if I am a hotwife for fucking my first man other than my husband, what do they call a woman who has her first black man? Is there a name for that?”

Winston smiled. “A lot of that depends on how much you liked it.”

“What if it was the best fuck of my life and I loved it?”

“Question is do you want more?”

“More what?”

“More black cock?”

“Yes. A lot more,” Vickie gushed.

“The first time is you get blacked is giving up your black cherry.” Winston explained, making parts of it up as he went along, hoping it was what she wanted to hear, playing on her vibe. “You are blacked, no way to change that. For the rest of your life, you will know you've been blacked, fucked by a black man. You cannot be unblacked. Other black men can tell, you will put off a vibe. You’ll see. You will have a lot more black men hit on you now. You will likely click with someone and when you do, you will fuck them too. When you do more, if you really like it, if you get to the point you

prefer black cock, you become a Queen of Spades. There are rub on tattoos and jewelry you can wear with those emblems, displaying your preference."

"That's sounds so wicked," Vickie said. "I love it."

"When you get shared, or fuck a lot of black men, you are a 'Black Cock Slut.'"

"And if I wanted to go again right now?"

"I think a white woman going black would cover it."

"I've already done that. What if I already know I prefer black cock? Does that make me a Queen of Spades?"

"It does in my book, if that's what you want." Winston said. "We have time?"

Vickie glanced at the clock, they had 20 minutes. "It was his fantasy first, but my fantasy now too, we have time, if not, he can watch me taking your big black cock," Vickie said. She kissed him and breathed, "Make me a Queen of Sluts."

"You mean Queen of Spades?"

"Yeah, that too," Vickie said.

Winston dove between her legs and began licking her pussy again. "Your tongue is almost as long as an average cock," she said, arching her back off the bed as he tongue-fucked her, removing his tongue to swirl around her clit with the tip of his cock, repeating the move over and over, not stopping until he made her cum again.

This time as he ate her pussy he reached and ran his fingertips over her breasts, then tugged on her nipples,

brushing them with the back of his hand, keeping them erect and hard as his tongue explored her pussy, her labia, her clit, devouring her pouring moisture.

“Fuck me,” Vickie said, and lay her head back and closed her eyes, giving a long sigh as she felt rather than saw him loom over her again, reaching down to part her swollen pussy lips for him, moving her hand to his ass, pulling him into her, feeling Winston’s cock go inside.

Vickie pushed up with her hips to meet his first thrust, filling the empty feeling of her pussy she had felt since he had withdrawn after the first fuck, as if her pussy was hungry to be filled with his black cock again. A tremor racked her body as he began pistoning his cock into her.

Winston was slower this time, dragging it out, holding his cock inside her without moving while they kissed, enjoying the warmth of her hot pussy encompassing his hard cock. He caressed her breasts, toyed with her nipples, sucked them, kissed her breasts, holding the cheeks of her ass as he picked the rhythm and pounded her pussy hard, the slow and soft, alternating back to hard slamming into her again, urgently. Winston held her arms at the wrists over her head as he squeezed her nipples hard, until she yelped. Vickie was unable to pull her arms down to stop him even though she tried put pull free. Winston laughed.

“Next time I’ll use rope,” he whispered as he continued their long-lasting fuck. Vickie concentrated on the sensation of that big cock flooding her body with bolts of pleasure, oblivious to everything else.

It was then almost as if their fucking went from stage one to stage two. Winston was not thrusting as much as he was moving left, right, up down, stretching her pussy even more,

talking softly, almost hypnotically as he fucked her. “I love to stretch white wives out,” he said, “make that cunt so loose that her husband will always know his wife has been blacked, and she will never forget the feeling.”

Winston pulled out, his cock trembling at her entrance, looking down as Vickie scooted down on the bed and arched her pelvis forward, putting his cock back inside her without either of them guiding it in. “Where it is supposed to be,” Vickie said, “inside me.”

The talk aroused Vickie even more, giving little credence to what he was saying other than pillow talk, and like role-playing with her husband, she would play along.

“Stretch my pussy good,” she said, “Make me loose.”

Winston started slow mini-strokes, slowing, not pounding, enjoying being inside her with the tiniest of movement, kissing her neck, whispering in her ear and waiting for her answers, leading her along, knowing now that dirty talk turned her on. “You prefer black dick now; you want to be a Queen of Spades? My Queen of Spades, want me to own that pussy?” he said.

“Yes.”

“Say it. Whose pussy is it; say it is my pussy.”

“It’s your pussy. It’s Winston’s pussy.” Winston could feel her pussy flood her hot juices around his cock. Her response encouraged him more.

“To fuck when I want?”

“To fuck all you want. Don’t ever stop,” Vickie moaned.

“My clit?”

“Yes. Your clit.”

“My labia?”

“Your labia. To do what with?” Vickie said.

“Whatever I want, they’re mine, aren’t they? To lick, to pull, to touch, to part like the petals of a flower, to taste.”

“Yes, they are yours,” Vickie said.

“The rest of you? To do what I want? It’s mine?”

“Yes, it’s all yours. Take it.” Vickie started cumming again, squirting a little. Winston’s movement slowing increased, never let up in his stroking or his steady stream of words. She flooded the bed with her squirting, screaming as she did, a sexual high she had never imagined consuming her.

Winston changed position, moved up over her, lifting the lower part of her body off the bed, her knees on her shoulders, his cock entering her at an almost straight down angle, moving faster and faster, his words coming faster too. He did not let up on the sexy banter, and Vickie was deep into as well, responding just as dirty talking as Winston.

“Your womb, it’s mine?”

Vickie was too far into her orgasm to do anything more than repeat what he said. “Yes, your womb.”

“To coat with my black seed?”

“Coat it,” Vickie said. “It’s yours.”

“To fill with my cum?”

“Fill it,” Vickie said, almost shouting, “Cum inside me, fill me up.” She was cumming again, harder than any time yet, lost in the world between the liquor buzz, reality, and the role-playing.

“Yeah, take it all,” Winston said, his body falling down to the bed with her, never breaking contact, his body jerking in small contractions, a series of quivers, and crushing her breasts between them as he hugged her tight, then released her, his cock still filling her pussy. Vickie felt as if she blacked out for a few seconds, overwhelmed with an incredible orgasm that left her entire body quivering, a full body orgasm.

They didn’t speak for long minutes, their bodies slowly recovering from the exertion spent.

Chapter Five

Winston talked softly, with his cock still inside her, surprisingly still hard, looking down at his cock still buried inside her white pussy. He looked back up at her face. "You are so fine," he said. "And amazing."

"You too," Vickie said. "The last time you came, I swear I could almost feel your cum spurting inside me. That was amazing."

“Coating the womb you said was mine,” Winston said. He paused before he continued, as if his mind was conjuring images. He spoke his thoughts. “You ever notice couples with bi-racial children?”

For some strange reason the change in the conversation seemed like a natural evolution of their talk, she fell into it easily, and truthfully. “Yes,” Vickie said. “Biracial children are so cute, and the girls grow into such beautiful women, Halle Berry, Rashida Jones, Mariah Cary, Alicia Keys. Why?”

“Ever thought about it? Having one of your own? Tell the truth.”

Vickie started to lie. She recalled one day goggling bi-racial children after an interracial couple was on a morning talk show. She looked up into Winston’s direct stare. “Yes,” Vickie admitted, “It has crossed my mind.” She paused and took a breath, “And I lied about something else, I’ve always had a black man fantasy, and now I fulfilled it. My husband has no idea.”

“Good, and what you expected?”

“Exceeded all my expectations,” she said. “So I am a Queen of Spades because I want to fuck black men more, a lot more?” she asked.

“Absolutely.” Winston made no effort to withdraw his cock, still semi-hard.

“But I’m not a black cock slut until I’ve been shared, or fucked two different black men?”

“Yes.”

Vickie paused as if she was making a decision, then taking another breath said, "I guess that's next. You'll help me with that won't you?"

“I’d be honored. But it might be difficult. I do not live here now, I only come once or twice a year."

"Us too," she said. "My husband's company has him come here for reports in person twice a year. Maybe we can coordinate. I do not want this to be a one and done with you."

“That can be arranged,” Winston said. “I’ll fly here just to be able to fuck you. You are so fine girl. I love fucking you, and you know why? Because you love fucking as much as I do. To hell with business. We will lay in bed and fuck all day while your husband is in his meetings.”

They kissed again, a consummating kiss to seal their promises. Pressing their nude bodies together, Winston still was erect enough to slide deeper in her pussy, a half-stroke.

“I love pillow talk like this, with your cock still inside me,” Vickie said. “I guess we’ve not finished our fuck as long as our bodies are connected.”

“I’ll stay inside you as long as I can,” Winston said. “I’m not softening yet.”

“Good,” Vickie smiled. She changed the subject. “You said you were visiting, that you had moved?”

“Yes, I now live in Dallas,” Winston said.

“Wow,” Vickie giggled.

“What?”

“We live in Tyler.”

There was a long pause before Winston spoke. “Two-hour drive.”

“Yes, not far.”

Winston kissed her again, whispering, “Girl I’m gonna be stretching that white pussy out a lot.”

“Promise?” Vickie said. She felt Winston withdraw and she rolled to her side to hold him. She felt wetness pouring, running down the front and back of her legs. She moved her hands between her legs, it was everywhere. She lifted it to her nose. “That’s cum. Did you cum inside me? I thought you had a condom?” In a panic she looked down at his cock, staring without speaking at the thin band of latex circling the base of his cock, his cock bare and uncovered except for that small band.

Winston smiled, "I did. I only had one condom. It must have busted before we finished the second round.” He paused before saying, half-jokingly, “I really did coat that womb of yours, the cum that was in the condom and what I put inside you when I came the second time. You got two loads of black cum in that pussy.”

Vickie sat upright with a start. “Oh fuck,” she said, thinking back to when her period ended, counting the days, and shuddering. “Fuck no. I’m ovulating.”

“Good,” Winston said. “That’s the ultimate for a black cock slut. I knew it felt so much better, there’s nothing like pregnancy risk sex,” pausing to let the effect it her. “If it took you may have earned the title without being shared.” Vickie didn’t laugh.

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Vickie reached to the nightstand and took the last pull of the drink she had brought from the bar. She sat there a long time without speaking, her mind a jumble of thoughts and what-ifs, and she glanced back at Winston who was watching her reaction. She should be angry or scared, but a feeling of calm came over her instead. Why worry? If it was meant to be… Instead she gave Winston a half-smile and a sigh. She lay back on the bed in a resigned voice, "well nothing we can do about it now. It is what it is. Your sperm is running around inside me while I sit here. I’ve let another man cum inside me."

“Yeah, they say that you’ll always carry a little of the DNA of every man that cums inside you.”

“Good,” Vickie said, “That’s kind of hot, knowing I’ll always have a bit of you inside me.”

“Maybe more that just DNA,” Winston said.

“Yeah, there is that.”

“There’s always a morning after pill,” Winston said.

"I don't believe in those, or abortions," Vickie said firmly.

Winston rose without speaking and stepped into the bathroom. Vickie saw Winston's phone laying on the nightstand, it was the same model as hers. She picked it up and added herself as a contact. She listed her name as QOS, taking a quick selfie of her topless in the bed and adding it to his phone as her avatar before he returned to the bed.

Vickie heard her husband’s key card in the door as Winston crawled back into the bed beside her, the two of them leaned back against the headboard, covers pulled up to their waists, both bare chested and looking toward the door and the entrance of her husband.

Vickie saw herself in the dresser mirror across the room, a topless white woman beside a tall black man, their skin colors in such contrast. She straightened her shoulders, lifting her breasts upward. She noticed a couple of hickeys near her nipples. She did not recall when that happened. She lifted her breast to see it.

“I’ve marked you,” Winston said. “Something to remind you, and your husband, about tonight for a few more days.

Vickie was sipping a bottle of water as her husband came inside the room. He stopped at the doorway, as if not expecting what he saw there in the bed, his wife sitting

there topless beside another man; the reality of his fantasy affirmed by his wife and her lover naked on the bed in front of him.

“Honey, I guess we need to talk,” Vickie said.

“OK,” her husband answered, his knees weak, leaning against the door frame for support. “Are we OK?”

"Very OK," Vickie said, her hand moving under the sheet to put her hand around the black man's cock, smiling as she felt it growing in her hand. "I'd like you to meet my friend, Winston, and the question is do you want to join in the next round or just watch, because Winston is going to fuck me again as soon as I finish this bottle of water.”

THE END