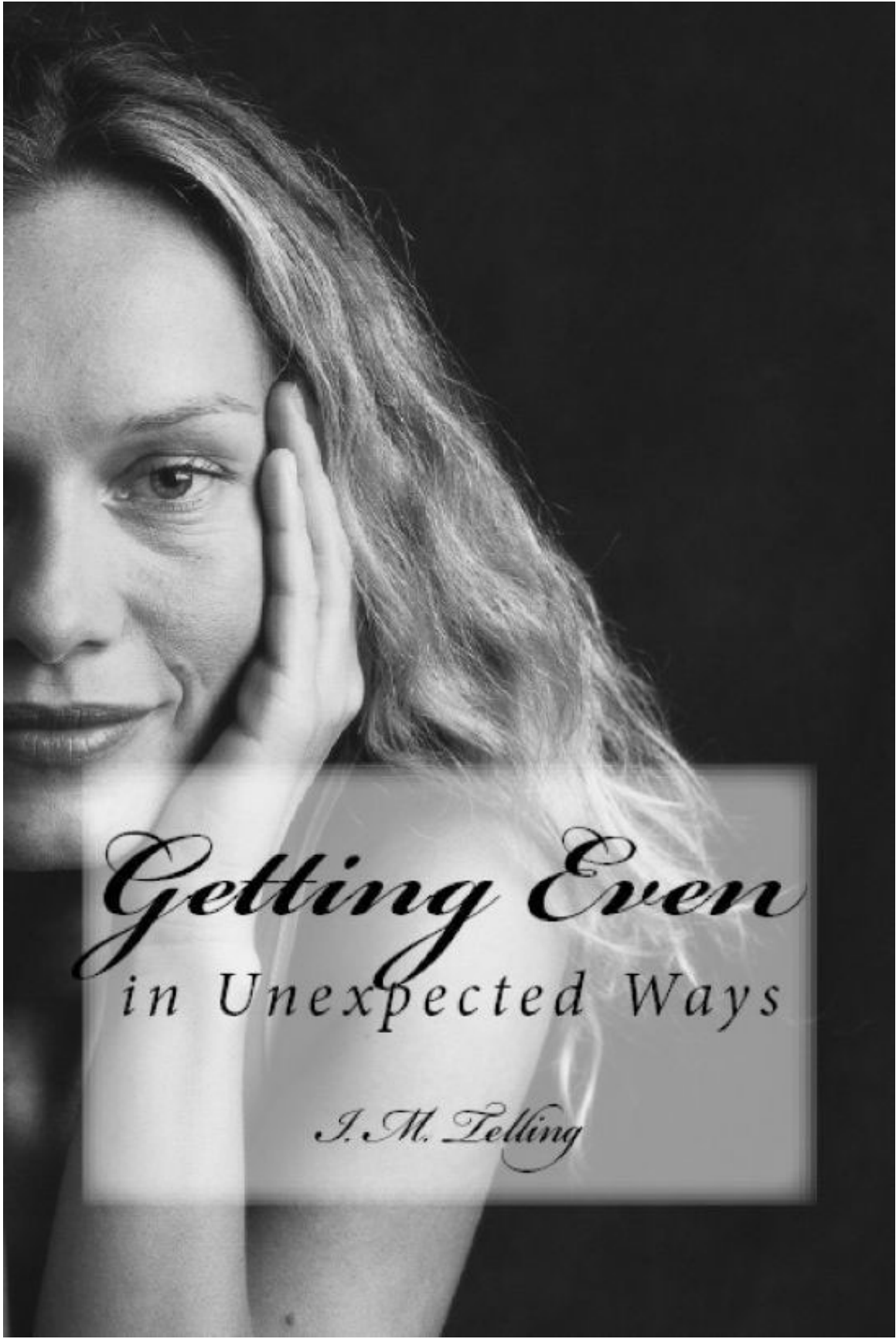


Getting Even
in Unexpected Ways

J.M. Telling



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Warning: This material is intended for mature audiences only. This story contains graphic descriptions of sexual content including adultery, interracial lust, and cuckold fantasies.

Author's note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Getting Even in Unexpected Ways

“I knew it!”

Patricia finally had enough of her husband Brad’s infidelities. The Visa bill had arrived that morning and although Patricia rarely opened billing statements, something prompted her to make an exception with this one.

Brad had been in charge of family finances from the beginning and one of his most redeeming traits was the diligence he practiced at making sure the bills were paid on time. Patricia’s parents had been just the opposite and as a young teenager living at home, Patricia’s memories of bill collectors calling were still vivid.

After her initial shock at discovering how high the outstanding balance on the account had risen, she began checking the line items on the statement. Many of them were her expenditures and as she thought back on what she had purchased, she resolved to temper her shopping habits before the balance became a real problem.

However, about ten line items into the charges, a pair of large expenditures, one for nearly seventy dollars and another for over twice that amount stood out as if they had been printed in bold red ink. Both of the charges originated from the Sheridan Hotel and Convention Center over near Four Season’s Mall.

The first charge appeared to come from one of the hotel’s restaurants but the

larger charge was with the hotel itself. Patricia sat down at the kitchen table and stared at the statement, trying to understand what she seeing. What else, she assumed, except the cost of a room at the hotel could that expense account for?

That bastard, Patricia mumbled silently, that fucking rat bastard. I knew it; I knew the son of a bitch was cheating on me.

Patricia and Brad had married during Brad's senior year at college while Patricia was still working on her sophomore classes. The couple had gone into debt as Brad completed his degree program and Patricia had dropped out of school to take on a full time job so they could eat. Times had remained tight and Patricia had not yet been able to return to school to complete her degree.

Her desire to return to school had become an issue lately, Brad continued to stress the importance of her paycheck to the family budget and his promises of "Soon," were already stretching her patience.

Our budget is tight, and that cheating bastard is out wining, and dining some other woman, spending a fortune to take her to a motel room, and not a cheap one at that, fumed Patricia. Brad had no idea how lucky he was to have already headed towards the office this morning.

Patricia grabbed the coffee tin out of the pantry and heaped in an additional two ladles of ground coffee into the coffee maker and refilled the water bin. She stood there, watching the thicker than normal brew drip into the pot. She filled her cup up as soon as there was enough to do so. She drank from it, ignoring the heat and bitterness of the brew. Patricia was hurt and angered and contemplating revenge.

Her first thoughts focused on whether to use a gun or a knife but, knowing she wasn't capable of violence, she quickly moved on to simply packing her bags and leaving her husband.

As mad as she was, the idea of divorcing him seemed like a great way to avoid certain prison time for offing him. The thought of her lawyer pleading her out on nothing worse than voluntary manslaughter by calling it a crime of passion still lingered.

Being Practical Patricia, as her mother had labeled her many years ago; she realized that financially, divorcing Brad was simply not possible. With no job, no money stuck away in her name only, leaving simply wasn't the answer.

However, Patricia knew that something had to be done. Some form of revenge or retribution was in order and she needed to vent her anger before thoughts of guns and knives returned and she did something stupid she would regret for the rest of her life.

As Patricia drained her second cup from the twice-loaded coffee pot, her fifth cup of coffee of the day, she tried to remember back to the other suspicious events that had occurred in the months before. There had been several evenings where Brad had called to inform her that he had to work late. There had also been that Saturday when she had been out in her garden and Brad came out and told her that an emergency had happened at work and he had to go in on his day off. It all started making sense to her now. She also wondered what charges on previous months she had not seen. How many other hotel nights had been paid for while the family food budget made due with cold cuts?

Glancing one last time at the array of steak and butcher knives sticking out of their wooden block, Patricia flipped off the switch on the coffee pot and headed

back towards the bedroom. She tossed her clothes onto the bed and jumped into the shower.

Patricia rarely showered, preferring the serenity of a bubble bath but now, she just wanted to wash off the dirt she felt had been heaped on her by her cheating husband.

After her shower, she simply dried herself quickly, instead of her normal post bathing ritual of wrapping herself in her towel and touching up her nail polish, Patricia tossed the dampened towel on top of her clothes, opened the closet, and peered inside. Seeing her husband's shirts and suits hanging there gave her a target for her frustration and she yanked several of them off their hangers and tossed them on the floor.

Still unsure of what to do, Patricia felt that her next step meant getting out of the house before she damaged something she would regret destroying later. It was going to be warm that day, so she pulled a light colored blouse out of the closet along with a plaid skirt and quickly put them on. She did not feel like having a tight bra on today so she left that drawer shut, contenting herself to grabbing just some fresh panties. A pair of rustic colored sandals was all that remained and she was ready to leave. She was already a mile from home when she realized she had left her purse setting on the entryway table.

Patricia considered returning home but decided against it. The likelihood of having a police car pull her over and getting a ticket for not having her license and registration information was remote at best and the envelope where she kept a pair of twenties as mad money was in the glove box. She checked, just to make sure.

She was not driving towards anywhere; she was driving from somewhere,

driving away from her home, that fucking credit card statement, her husband's clothes lying on the floor of the closet, and anything else that would enrage her again.

As she reached and passed the edge of town, she barely noticed that the strip malls and gas stations had been left far behind. Thirty minutes later however, she did come to a realization that she was far out of the city.

The tranquil pastures and forested areas she passed were having a calming effect on her and she began to appreciate the solitude of the old state highway. Occasionally, she recognized a tree gathering or an old farmhouse that she had passed on other road trips over the years.

Patricia knew that eventually, she would reach a point where it was senseless to keep driving without some idea of where she was headed. It occurred to her that perhaps a visit to her sister might give her a place to go, some purpose rather than just driving away from things.

Patricia's knowledge of the rural roads and highways was pretty good and she knew that sister Mary Ellen's farm was due west of where she was now. Although she was not absolutely positive of the best route, any road that cut across the one she was driving on now would put her in the right direction.

Her decision made and finally a purpose other than Brad's philandering to drive for, Patricia began studying each road she passed looking for the one most likely to extend the thirty or forty miles she calculated lay between her and Mary Ellen.

Even from a distance, the road that crossed ahead of her about a half mile further

on looked to be promising. She slowed down and saw that it extended in the right direction as far as she could see.

I had better call, thought Patricia, as she turned right onto the new road and headed towards Mary Ellen's farm. She reached over to grab her cell phone and remembered her purse setting on the table at home and slapped her forehead as a way of telling herself to wake up silly, the phone is fifty miles away!

"Oh well," she said aloud. "Hope you're home, Sis."

Unconcerned by her circumstances, Patricia continued down the road she hoped would connect her with the state highway that passed near her sister's place. Subconsciously, she added pressure to the gas pedal in order to speed her arrival at her destination. As expected, the road ahead remained straight and she gained confidence that she was headed in the right direction.

"Oh, oh," she mumbled, as she saw that the road curved hard to the left as she crested a hill. The road veering off did not overly concern her however, it did remind her to glance down to check on fuel levels. She was dismayed to see the orange low fuel indicator switch on just as she looked at it.

Patricia gasped as she looked at the indicator, although she did not panic. She knew that even on empty, she probably had a good twenty miles left in the tank.

Mentally, she began to form a line on an imagery map inside her head. From the city, she had stayed north for at least thirty miles, and then west for perhaps ten miles before the road swerved back north again. She noted the mileage indicator as she continued following the current road further north. It was three miles

before the old country road swung back towards the west.

At least I'm back on the right heading now, she thought, taking a deep breath. However, the realization that at least a fourth of her reserves were already gone was beginning to worry her. The only buildings she had seen for a half an hour appeared deserted and abandoned years before.

Driving at nearly fifty miles an hour, each minute she realized, was nearly another mile of her remaining fuel burned. She sped up again as if somehow, driving faster would help her reach somewhere where at least she might come across an old country store to get some gasoline. Thank God, she had those two twenties hidden in the glove box. She checked again just to be sure they were there.

Ahead, Patricia saw that the road was turning again, this time towards what she calculated was south but by now, she was beginning to lose track. She made the turn, slowed to a stop, opened her car door, and got out of her car. She walked perhaps a dozen yards further down the road to see what was ahead.

Other than being nearly out of gas and having no way to contact help, she finally realizing that she had managed to get lost. It was still just another pleasant day out in the country however. There was a nice breeze and she could hear birds in the trees. However, even the pleasantness of her surroundings came crashing down as she visualized Brad riding in an elevator with some strange woman to have a round of fucking.

"God damn him," she said, her voice frightening some of the birds who instantly flew away from sounds that irritated their ears.

Turning back towards her car, Patricia walked towards the direction she had just driven in from and began to calculate how far back she would likely need to drive to find assistance. She measured the likelihood of having another motorist drive by considering that it was a Tuesday morning, probably around eleven AM but she was not even sure of what time it was anymore.

She finally decided that the road ahead, although unknown, was a better option than attempting to return back from where she had come. She reasoned, there must be something ahead simply because behind her was nothing but trees and pastures and the most intelligent life forms most likely being squirrels.

Patricia was dead wrong with her assumptions. Twice, she had passed small country homes where if she had known, friendly people would have eagerly helped her call for roadside assistance. A third home was occupied by an elderly man who had two five gallon cans of gasoline stored in his shed that he would have willingly exchanged for one of Patricia's twenty dollar bills. However, those three small pockets of humanity had gone unnoticed as Patricia continued on her road towards an unknown and unexpected destiny.

After evaluating all of her options, Patricia returned to her car and headed further onward to see what lie ahead. As by now she had begun to expect, another turn in the road and worse, a fork, which meant she had to make a choice. Both of the two country arteries looked less promising than what lie behind however any ideas on retracing her route was completely out of the question now.

Left or right, she wondered. Hoping that 'right' also stood for 'correct', she continued her journey for another five miles with nothing to show for it but an empty gas tank.

She used the remaining momentum to guide her vehicle as far off the paved road as she felt comfortable with. She craved a cigarette but knew her Marlboro Lights were safely stored next to her cell phone. She chuckled when she realized that things could be worse. She could have cigarettes but of course, they would not do her much good with her cigarette lighter also at home.

The decision that faced Patricia now was whether to wait for someone to come by or simply to start walking. It was approaching noon and not only was she beginning to get hungry, her mouth and throat were noticeably dry. Food could wait, but liquids could become a problem. Even more pressing was a need to relieve her bladder.

Her location at least had one major advantage, isolated also meant private and looking quickly up and down the road, she reached under her plaid skirt and removed her panties and then she stepped to the side of the road and squatted down for a quick number one.

Now is not the time for someone to drive by, she thought, although she would not have minded any help that happened along. While bracing herself on her legs to urinate, the pressure she placed on her rectum triggered additional issues within her body and slightly shamed by her own body's needs, she performed her second duty.

“Oh shit,” she said, and then laughed at the appropriateness of her comment. Where the hell am I going to find some toilet paper? Thoughts of how primitive men may have dealt with cleaning themselves produced only visions of dried leaves and twigs. Patricia shook her head in disgust.

She glanced at her left hand and saw her panties rolled into a bunch and breathed a sigh of relief. At least it is something, she thought.

A few moments later, she was using the few remaining clean spots on her panties to clean residue from her fingers and then she tossed the soiled material away from her but to her horror, saw them land in a large bush where they spread out and waved in the slight breeze. She tried to retrieve them to move them to a less obvious place but they were just out of her reach, God, what next she wondered. Just then, she remembered the envelop with the two twenty dollar bills in the glove box and frowned.

Patricia tried to convince herself that things couldn't get worse but depression about her situation was mounting. Once again, she reached inside the car to insure the envelop with the money really was there and she discovered what appeared to be an empty pack of Marlboro Lights. "No way," she cried. Grabbing the package, she felt the unmistakable feel of one cigarette inside. "Off course," she signed.

However, another thought hit her and she crouched down and began to reach beneath the passenger and driver seats and to her delight, she found an old, long lost disposable lighter. In addition, she found several fast food restaurant napkins, which she quickly used to further clean her fingers, spitting on them in the hopes that she could remove the lingering smell that was becoming grosser by the minute.

She pulled the remaining cigarette from the old pack and inspected it for paper tears. Finding none, she placed it between her lips, spun the metal wheel on the lighter, and smiled as flames burst out from it.

As she took in a long draw from the cigarette, her mind briefly flashed on

conversations that she had been involved with over the years as to when was the absolute best time to enjoy a cigarette. Was it after a meal, after sex? Nope, she decided, it is when you find one when you did not think you had one at all.

Patricia had mostly stopped smoking six months before. She was down to one or two a day and she only smoked them because she was not quite ready to say she did not smoke at all.

Nicotine cravings had stopped months ago however as she realized she was getting down towards the filter, she wished she had just one more left.

Wishing isn't going to make it happen, she thought, so rather than watching it burn out on its own she took one final hard draw and then flicked it across the road.

Inventory time, she conceded. She had the envelope and twenties as well as several still clean paper napkins. A further search under the car seats revealed only accumulated dust and grim. A back seat search added two quarters and three pennies to her financial stake.

Shaking her head again at her own forgetfulness, she grabbed the keys out of the ignition and walked back to the rear of the car. She saw that she was well equipped in case she needed to change a tire but saw nothing else she thought might aide her.

Patricia returned to the driver's seat and sat down sideways, leaving her feet on the pavement and looked upwards. The sun had obviously reached its zenith and this confirmed to her that she had been heading towards the west when the gas

ran out. Thoughts of survival tactics began to form in her head. She had fire, although she refrained from spinning the medal wheel to verify it, and she had a weapon in the form of a tire iron in the truck. She could dig if necessary with her car keys. Best of all, she had several paper options should she feel those needs again.

Walk or sit, be proactive or passive, what would a frontier woman do out in the middle of nowhere, perhaps thousands of miles away from civilization. All Patricia knew was that it was time to decide on her next move. Looking ahead and towards where she had come, Patricia made her decision.

Behind her, she knew that miles away, there were people, telephones, and everything else she did not have now. Ahead, she did not know what might be even just around the next curve. No decision had ever been easier for her. This time, the devil you knew was better than the one you did not and she raised herself up to her feet and began following the road back, preparing herself for the miles of walking she knew were ahead of her.

Fate wasn't finished with Patricia however, and after the first half mile the strap on her left sandal came loose and nearly dropped her to the pavement as the bottom part caught the rough surface. Angrily, she bent over, grabbed it, and threw it with all her might into the ditch that ran parallel to the road. What next, she wondered.

Patricia's anger about her predicament focused on her husband, Brad was to blame for all of this, she told herself. If he had kept his zipper up, none of this would have happened. Ten minutes later, Patricia lost the other shoe when the pain from an uneven gait began to be felt in her lower back. Barefoot, panty-less, no bra, no smokes... I'm fucked, she thought.

Thirty minutes and less than a mile later having her progress slowed by lack of protective footwear, Patricia heard a sound coming from behind her.

At first, the sound was more of a feeling rather than something she could actually hear, a tramping sound. She turned around unaware of why and discerned a car traveling quickly in her direction. “Oh my God,” she whispered. “Thank God!”

As the vehicle approached, actual sounds began to reach her eardrums and on top of the deep vibration effects she had first noticed, she thought she could hear a voice, a voice yelling something.

She knew the sound now, although her concerns about its source caused her concern. She was hearing rap music. It was someone who had rigged up those massive bass speakers in their trunk, someone who raised the ire of normal people as they traveled on city streets, with the base thumps shaking their cars.

Helpless to do anything else, Patricia stood her ground as the noisy vehicle approached. At first, she did not think the driver was going to slow down but at the last minute; the car came to a brisk stop a few feet away from her. Inside was a young black man, wearing a skimpy t-shirt and a ball cap. She guessed that perhaps he was eighteen to twenty something.

“Hey Mama,” a deep male voice spoke, “yo chillin’?”

Patricia had difficulty understanding the young man's speech; his delivery style was what she associated with ghetto/black. His appearance scared her and the term 'gangsta' came to mind. However, what caught her attention the most was the cigarette than hung limply from his lips.

"You got another cigarette?" Patricia asked.

"Shore," he said, and he reached onto his pants pocket and pulled out a half-empty pack of Newports. He pulled one out and held it out for Patricia. "Here yo go fly-girl".

Tentatively, Patricia stepped forward to where she could reach out and take the cigarette from the young man's fingers. Before she could back away, he had produced a lighter and invited her to light up with it.

Leaning forward with the cigarette in her mouth, Patricia looked at the young man's face as he smiled and ignited the lighter's flame.

The menthol flavor from the Newport was something Patricia had never experienced before. She didn't find it distasteful, just different and took a second deeper draw as the young man's smile widened into a grin. Patricia felt his gaze, as he looked her up and down.

"My bad, Mama," he said as he looked up and down the road, "Yo kay?"

"Ran out of gas," Patricia acknowledged. "Do you have a cell phone?"

“Foreals... Yeah, yeah, I do... but it ain’t gonna help. I forget to send them a check,” the young man laughed.

Patricia was at a loss as to what to do. Despite everything she thought she should do, she asked the young man what his name was.

“Tyrone,” he replied. “Is that your ride? Back about a mile?”

Patricia nodded.

“Come on then, hop in my benz, I’ll getcha where you need to be.” Tyrone leaned over to the passenger door and pulled up the door lock.

Patricia paused for a moment, as she weighted the risk between being raped and murdered versus possibly worse things happening to her if he drove away leaving her to fend for herself. She also worried that if she refused his offer of help, he may come at her regardless.

Patricia sucked back another lungful from the Newport and nodded her agreement. She walked around the back of Tyrone’s car, opened the passenger door, and sat down.

“I ain’t strapped,” he assured her, as he returned the stereo volume back up to blasting and screeched tires as he headed down the road.

Patricia looked out her passenger window and took note at how fast the trees passed by; this was a definite improvement on the pace she had been making. She looked for an ashtray and saw that it was missing.

Tyrone had noticed several things about Patricia's attire as she sat beside him. He peered inside her loose blouse and saw the curvature of the woman's bare breast inside. Her shoeless feet aroused his curiosity. He wanted to ask but he was aware of how uncomfortable and frightened the woman was, and decided he should not press her for more information.

Tyrone was having a wonderful day, having finally reached eighteen-years-old birthday today. His brother Josh had given him permission to drive his ride that afternoon and Tyrone had plans.

He had fifty dollars in his wallet and he had already rented a hotel room at the Motel-6 out on the Interstate. He couldn't help fantasize what it might be like to share his crib with this white woman who he guessed must be somewhere in her late twenties. What he was clueless about was how to make his fantasy go down.

"Yo tight Mama," he commented.

"Thank you," replied Patricia, assuming that she had received a compliment. She was beginning to relax somewhat, although still very unsure of her situation.

"I'm Patricia," she volunteered. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she had heard that telling a potential attacker your name humanized you, perhaps

building a type of bond.

Tyrone nodded his head and reached over to increase the volume on the stereo once again. Patricia was surprised that the blaring music seemed to sound better inside Tyrone's car than when she had heard similar music coming from vehicles around her at stoplights. She began to understand why people, black people at least, played them so loudly.

Remembering the two twenties in the folder envelop in her skirt pocket, she made an offer to Tyrone.

“Can I pay you? I really appreciate you giving me a lift.”

“Nah,” Tyrone smiled and replied. “I’m just helpin ya out.”

For the first time, Patricia began to calm down. If this Tyrone fellow was going to turn down free money, perhaps her situation was not as dire as she had assumed.

Patricia continued to talk to Tyrone, asking him questions, complimenting him on the music he was playing, which actually, was starting to appeal to Patricia in a sort of jungle fever way. It definitely rocked as far as creating ripples within the nerve endings on her body. She realized that it was arousing her.

However, between the loudness of the stereo and Tyrone's ghetto-like phrasings, Patricia was only able to decipher about half of what Tyrone was saying. Regardless, she did not feel threatened by anything the young man said or did as they turned onto the state highway where earlier that day, Patricia had left to cut cross-country to her sister's farmhouse.

Being back on state roads and seeing other vehicles on the road removed all that remained of Patricia's early worries and fears. She found herself strangely attracted to this young man, despite the obvious cultural differences.

The outskirts of town could be seen dead ahead and Patricia realized that all that remained was for her to instruct this surprisingly good Samaritan to drop her off anywhere and she could call Triple-A and hitch a ride with a road service vehicle back to her car.

Life was about to return to normal but with those thoughts, Patricia remembered way she had driven miles out of town in the first place. She remembered that tenth line item on that credit card statement that looked like steak dinners for two. She remembered vividly the entry that followed; which was obviously a swanky hotel room suite. Her mood instantly changed from happy to be safe and alive to mad as hell, a scorned woman whose husband had defiled her with his actions. If her husband was going to sneak around, cheat on her, and fuck some slut, then she acknowledged that she must do the same. Patricia made the decision that she felt had to be made and made right now.

Knowing her husband's racial bigotry, Patricia began looking towards Tyrone and without further hesitation; she reached over towards him, grabbed his wrist, and gently pulled it towards her placed it on her leg, halfway up from her knee and smiled in Tyrone's direction.

Tyrone had never expected this, and he looked down towards the back of his hand in disbelief and then quickly back at the road ahead before again focusing on his where white Patricia had placed his dark brown hand. Although surprised by her invitation, he knew instantly what to do with what he had been offered. He knew he was having white pussy tonight, and from the way she had aggressively encouraged him, he knew it was going to be some of the hottest

pussy he had ever enjoyed.

He slid the palm of his hand further up Patricia's thigh until the hem of her skirt was raised up to approximately the same distance from her knee where she had initially laid his hand. Quickly glancing back towards ongoing traffic for a moment, Tyrone's gaze returned to Patricia's light beige-toned flesh. He lifted his, moved it back towards its original placement, and continued sliding Patricia's skirt higher and higher until there was no further up for it to go.

Despite Patricia's outwardly cool composure, the inside of her stomach was twitching. She had no illusions about what she had just started, and no intention of backing out of what had she had begun. Fucking a black man in retribution was half enough revenge, but it was a hell of a good start, she reasoned.

Patricia had never ever considered the idea of having sex with a black man, and in fact, she had fully intended to honor her wedding vows until death did her part from her husband Brad. This is Brad's fault, it's all his fault and he deserves this and much more, Patricia was committed.

Even her discovery of Brad's infidelities had not triggered the idea of getting even by sleeping with another man. This was a decision made on the spot, made possible by circumstances that had never been planned, nor possibly even something that could have been arranged if she had wanted to.

Patricia's only regret was that she would never be able to tell her husband, or anyone for that matter, that she had given herself and her body to this young and virile black stranger. Regardless, the revenge would be sweet. By fucking this young black Tyrone, she was fucking over her husband Brad, and after today, she would know that whenever her husband fucked or in the future, and whenever he performed oral sex on her, he would be going where a black man

had been. If her husband continued to cheat on her, she made her mind up to get herself black-fucked on a regular basis.

Tyrone had discovered the secret of her missing panties now, although he had no idea why they were not there. He certainly had no problem with a woman running around with nothing but air between the ground and her cunt. His finger was already exploring just inside of Patricia's pussy and he liked the way her cunt felt. Although dry at first, it was already loosening up from his touch. His dick began to strain against his jeans.

Patricia herself had forgotten that she had tossed her panties away in disgust after she had been forced to use them to clean herself up, however she delighted in the fact that surely, this must add to the wantonness she wished this man to feel. Tyrone's touch brought those facts into her mind and she marveled at the thought that there is a reason for all things that happen in life. Choosing to come out today braless had been another chance element that heightened the situation. Even the breaking of her sandal strap and subsequent discarding of her other shoe had combined in unexpected ways. Patricia was going to get even for what Brad had done to her.

Angling her body and spreading her legs wide for Tyrone, Patricia tried closing her eyes because the sight of a black man's bare arm reaching into her vagina was almost more than she could handle. Her parents had bred prejudices against blacks into her and Brad was an outright racist, however Tyrone's ethnicity was what would make this the ultimate revenge against Brad. She was glad a young hip-hop playing ghetto gangster had picked her up.

Patricia remembered how she had looked with disdain on mixed couples at the mall; unable to comprehend why a white woman would submit to colored men. She had at least discovered one reason.

As she closed her eyes, she wondered if there was a word that might describe something that on one hand made no sense, and on the other, made perfect sense; a paradox maybe? Regardless, Patricia had committed her body to the desires of a black man and nothing was going to stop her from fulfilling the promise she had made to this young man.

Tyrone took the first possible left turn to head towards the Motel-6 room he had rented earlier that day. He did not understand why things had suddenly gone this way but he wanted his dick in this white woman as quickly as he could get it into her.

Neither Tyrone nor Patricia bothered to speak, both realizing that nothing else needed to be said. As she felt the car coming to a stop, Patricia opened her eyes to see that they had arrived at a motel. She was not sure which one it was nor did it matter.

Taking a deep breath, she raised herself up, leaned forward towards Tyrone, and allowed him to shatter another taboo she never expected to have broken. Understanding what Patricia wanted next was easy for Tyrone and he leaned forward toward her, pressed his lips against hers, and drove his tongue deep inside her waiting and willing mouth.

That was when things changed. Patricia realized that this was not just about Brad anymore; it was about her and the man whom she would be having sex with within minutes. His color still mattered to her, but it was secondary to her lust to be taken by him.

Perhaps it had been her initial fears at being approached in the middle of nowhere by a young and potentially dangerous black gang member-looking thug who had turned out to be a perfect gentleman. Perhaps years of hearing racial

hatreds from her husband and even her own family were a part of why she wanted this. Maybe she just felt the need to be fucked and fucked-hard!

Seeing her reach her current state of abandonment, Tyrone tore himself from her lips and quickly opened his side of the car and reached for the room key card. He quickly slammed it down into the card slot and upon hearing the click of the lock, pushed the door wide open and turned back to see Patricia as she also exited the car. She rushed towards the open door and yanked her blouse off her body, tearing it and breaking the threads that held the blouse's buttons.

Tyrone was also attending to his clothing as he followed Patricia into the room. He began to pull his t-shirt up but before he managed to clear it from his head, he felt her frantic hands pulling at his jeans. In her frantic state, Patricia scratched his right thigh with her long fingernails but neither of them noticed.

With Tyrone's pants and briefs at his knees, Patricia hesitated for just a moment as she saw Tyrone big black cock for the first time. For a moment, the prejudices she had been raised with and lived with all her life returned. The sight of Tyrone's already enlarged big black cock both repulsed and attracted her. This brief moment where she wondered, what am I doing, quickly passed and she knelt down, reached out, and took Tyrone into her hands and kissed a black dick for the first time in her life.

Not satisfied to just kiss it, she began licking his shaft rapidly, trying to touch every part of it with her tongue. Still not satisfied, she cupped his balls, kissed them, and licked them as well. She delighted in the fact that she had never performed this act with Brad.

Not a word had been spoken between the two since Patricia had reached over and taken Tyrone's wrist and placed his hand on her leg until now, "Fuck me!"

she demanded.

“True dat!”

A moment later, Tyrone was complying with her request. She was definitely tight he found, but he was use to women being unprepared for what he had to offer. He knew how to moisten the outside of a woman’s vagina with his slobber and spit. Before long, his head had penetrated, as had the first of his ten plus inches.

Patricia was not the first white woman Tyrone had fucked but he was beginning to think this one was going to be his best ever. He still could not understand why she had turned from being a freighted white woman walking down a country road into a raging slut in a Motel-6 room. Turning around for a moment, Tyrone realized that the motel room door was still wide open.

Patricia protested when he rose off her but he yelled at her to “Chill!” while he ran over and slammed the door. Returning to the bed, Tyrone placed his hands under Patricia’s legs and lifted them until her feet wrapped themselves around his ears and he settled in for his favorite position.

Pressed in tightly against her now, Tyrone began to slide his dick in and out of Patricia in a slow but study rhythm. He knew he could keep this up for an hour or more at least.

Patricia also settled down to a degree, as she relished each thrust Tyrone made into her. At first, she had wondered if she was capable of handling Tyrone when their initial passions had resulted in his slamming her repeatedly. He was too big for her to handle she felt, but what could she do now but try to accept his

massive dick as best she could. However, things were much better now, and she floated as wave after wave of pleasure reverberated out of her vagina and up her legs until she felt him in the tips of her toes. Her g-spot had been hit so many times now, that his dick had become a perfect fit inside her.

Tyrone felt the difference as Patricia stopped letting her pussy be fucked to using her pelvic muscles to squeeze and grasp Tyrone's shaft as he slid it in and out of her pussy. Soaking wet now and able to accept everything Tyrone had as deeply as he could penetrate her, she was fucking him now, as she had never fucked anyone before.

Occasionally, the realization that she was having sex with a big, well hung black buck gave her pause to ponder her act however before long, the sheer erotica and naughtiness of being taken, willingly... by a black man began to replace her concerns. She realized that right now, at this moment, there was nothing more in life she wanted than having Tyrone's dick inside her. She wanted to break every taboo in the world. Tonight, she was Tyrone's slut and she loved how that sounded.

After nearly forty minutes, Tyrone reached a stage where he wanted to cum. He was not opposed to dropping a load because he was well aware he would be able to produce several more before his body refused to manufacture additional semen without having at least a few hours to rest.

Without changing his movements until the final moment, Tyrone's semen began to pulse out of him and into Patricia's pussy and he pressed forward to bury it as deeply into her as he could.

Thoughts of Tyrone cuming inside her had not occurred to Patricia and when she realized he had climaxed, it was too late to prevent it. A new fear exploded in her

mind, one driven into her by white men such as her husband and her father all of her life although they never spoke specifically about it.

“Oh my God,” she thought. “What if I’ve let him knock me up? Oh my God, Oh my God.”

Patricia tried to pull away from Tyrone but he had other plans. He used her movement as a reason to lift her up even higher and he drilled into her to his deepest point yet as his semen continued to flow and pulse into Patricia’s vagina. Millions and millions of tiny sperm dispersed to explore her insides, seeking out an egg.

Tyrone could not be happier at this moment, his semen flow so intense and voluminous that some of it was squeezing out of Patricia onto his balls. The idea of breeding with a white woman had always been something he hoped to accomplish, however this was the first white bitch that had ever allowed him to plant his seed in her. He had reasoned that if she hadn’t wanted him to attempt breeding, she would have said something about it. If she wanted to be his baby mama, why should he argue with her about it?

Years later, when Tyrone had acquired some much needed maturity, his desire to give women babies would evolve and although he would continue to attempt impregnation with willing women by going bare, he would also insure that they were either using some sort of birth control or were unable to produce children. Fatherhood was a big responsibility that as he grew up, he learned to respect. That is, at least until he met Rhwanna who ultimately would give birth to three of Tyrone’s children within the framework of a happy and loving marriage. However, this afternoon, he was excited by his prospects.

Patricia, partially in shock with the realization of what she had allowed to

happen began to try to rationalize her participation. She had not asked Tyrone to not cum inside her yet he had and there wasn't anything to be done about it now.

Patricia's anger about Brad began to crowd her pregnancy risk fears out of her mind, replacing it with an even more extreme revenge that was potentially now possible. Patricia stopped worrying about Tyrone's semen inside her, and continued to allow him to breed with her for the remainder of the evening. Something somewhere inside her actually wanted this to result in more than just sex.

The only thing she was unsure about the rest of the night was whether she would visit one of the Planned Parenthood clinics the next day to obtain a morning after pill. She knew that the timing was probably on target for her egg to become fertilized. She wondered, am I that mad at my husband? She thought, perhaps I am.

Tyrone resumed fucking her after she had assisted him to obtain another erection by sucking and playing with Tyrone's dick. Patricia's thoughts of how she had felt when she saw white women with black men strolling up and down the walkway inside Four Points Mall returned.

Patricia knew now why white women allowed themselves to be with black men. Good God, she thought, this has been the best fucking I've ever had. I just didn't know this was even possible. I just didn't know...

From that night forward, Patricia's thoughts about mixed couples would be changed to one of envy and wistfulness. She was willing to give herself totally to Tyrone that night, and as he filled her with his third load, her interest in a morning after pill vanished. She loved knowing his seed was inside her. Two more times he came in her before they both finally lay quietly, Tyrone's little

solders would spread out inside her and search for their target. If sperm could somehow understand their purpose, perhaps they might have been disappointed to learn that their task had already been completed during Tyrone's first assault.

Neither Tyrone nor Patricia awoke until the motel's Hispanic housekeeper opened their door and quickly excused herself after seeing the couple lying naked in the bed. The blankets and bed sheets lay piled up on the floor. The housekeeper took note of the size of the big black cock she saw in that brief moment, and fantasized about it for the remainder of her shift.

The awakening was rapid and Patricia took a deep breath as she realized where she was and remembered what she had done. She was embarrassed and felt shame. Not shame for what she had done, but shame about why she had allowed it to happen in the first place. She wished that she could have simply given herself to this wonderful and exciting young man rather than using him to punish her husband.

Tyrone wanted to begin again with Patricia but she politely refused although not before giving the idea strong consideration.

What happened, happened, she thought, as she waited inside the Motel-6 lobby for the service truck to swing by and take her to her stranded automobile.

Tyrone had offered to grab cans of gasoline and drive Patricia out to recover her car but she refused him. Patricia knew that her wild night of revenge and uncontrolled lust had ended and Tyrone began to understand as well.

Patricia told Tyrone to go on home, and let his mother know he was all right. He tried to kiss her however Patricia stiffened and turned her head so that only her cheek was present to Tyrone's lips. He smiled, and gently kissed her cheek with his night's passion and prepared to walk out of her life. Patricia, at the last minute pulled herself back into his arms and hugged him and whispered "Thank you Tyrone, you were magnificent." A few moments later, Tyrone's car had pulled out of the Motel-6 parking lot leaving Patricia alone with her thoughts.

Three days later, Patricia swallowed the pill given to her from the Planned Parenthood group without knowing she was terminating a child. If she had known for sure of what was already growing inside, her actions may have been different but since it was just a precaution in her mind, she allowed chemistry to avoid a drastic change in the rest of her life. Tyrone and Patricia never met each other again.

When Patricia pulled into her driveway after her wild night, Brad came rushing out of the house with questions about what happened and why hadn't she called.

With Brad's lies firmly rooted in her memory, Patricia had no problems with telling Brad the parts of the story she wanted him to hear, such as how she had run out of gas however, she told him it was much later in the day. She told him how she had walked at least three miles and was so exhausted that she rented a room and just crashed, without calling to check in. She apologized for being so uncaring for her husband's concerns.

Although Brad sought sex with her that night, Patricia refused him claiming a headache and she would repeat that excuse for three more nights before finally allowing Brad back with her. She went to sleep those four nights, remembering what it had been like to have Tyrone inside her.

Patricia's state of mind and her home life began to return to its previous state. She was still angry with her husband but she also felt that she had repaid his indiscretion many times over. She also knew exactly what she would do the next time Brad called and said he had to work late.

That first day after, Patricia had resisted the urge to throw everything into Brad's face. She wanted to tell him she knew he had been fucking around on her; she wanted to tell him she was sure he had been doing his thing for a while as well, as he claimed he had been working late. Most of all, she wanted to scream at him and tell him she had let a nigger fuck her, and that she had thrown herself into his embrace all night long.

Patricia knew that creating such a scene was unnecessary and would do no one any good. She had taken her revenge; she did not need to share her satisfaction.

By the end of the week, her nightly fantasies about returning to the arms of Tyrone had diminished substantially and she was not sure if she could even recognize him from a crowd on the street.

One thought did remain however; it was her desire to be black fucked again. She liked being a white whore in service to a black man and it did not matter if his name was Tyrone, Marcus, Jamal, or whatever.

Memories of exposing her panty-less crotch to a black stranger would ultimately

become her favorite and she would relive the experience a million times in the years to come however, she was sure that she would never act out her desires again.

It was about a week after her wild night. Patricia had given herself the task of reorganizing the refrigerator when Brad walked into the kitchen and asked if Patricia had seen the credit card bill. Of course, Patricia knew what happened to it; in her anger, she had wadded it up into a ball and tossed it into the garbage. Patricia lied and told him she had not seen it.

“Well,” Brad grumbled, “I gotta have that to get my reimbursement.”

Patricia froze, and slowly turned around and asked, “What reimbursement?”

“You remember when Murphy from home office came into town last month?” Brad said.

Patricia remembered vaguely about Brad mentioning it but she simply shook her head to indicate no, although she was thinking, oh no!

“Well, the stupid ass lost his fucking wallet, all his credit cards, and his cash. I had to buy his dinner and pay for his hotel room,” Brad laughed. “That night cost over two hundred bucks and we need that back.”

Patricia slowly turned back around and returned to her refrigerator reorganization, not knowing what else to say.

About the Author

From Simone and the Writer: It occurred to him that perhaps, he might be a better writer of erotic fiction if he targeted his craft towards one person at a time, making love to one reader at a time.

I.M. Telling lives in the southern United States, on the coast and has been a non-fiction writer for some time. He has always wanted to write erotica and is finally making that dream a reality. His writing includes everything from highly explicit erotica featuring interracial relationships, swinging, and cuckold tales to very sensual stories of bondage and examining the dynamics of open marriage. His writing has also started to extend into other genres including adventure, humor, and stories with extreme violence.

Telling states that he prefers to evolve the characters within his tales, making their journey from where they start to where they reach by the last page as the reason for the story.

"I am convinced that the mind is the most powerful sex organ in the body. I hope my stories generate stirrings within the reader, by being somewhat specific with the x-rated portions. Yet I mostly want my readers to make a journey of their own as they follow the changes happening inside the minds of my characters, who I consider to be my friends. I never judge nor fault my characters, as it is their journey and not mine."

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Bibliography

The Ebony Letter –The making of an interracial cuckold is explored in detail. It begins with an average Joe finds a journal written by a couple immersed into the work of interracial swinging.

Being Serviced– Hard core interracial, where white women are given over by their husbands to big black monster cocks at a hotel floor takeover party.

Brenda Bailey Cunningham's Ankle Bracelet– A tale of sexual obsession,

dominance, and submission. A husband buys a birthday present for his wife that contains her initials (BBC). Neither the husband nor wife are aware of the meaning if this jeweler accessory in the cub-culture of interracial sex.

The Wager: Episode One of High Stakes Erotica-A young couple, Jack and Chloe, dare each about whether the wife will participate in a gangbang. Both the husband and wife are sure that their spouse will chicken out before it is too late.

Another Wager: Episode Two of High Stakes Erotica-AfterChloe's hot night, she feels that it is hubby's night to play. She sends him out on his with strict orders to make a score.

Raising the Stakes: Episode Three of High Stakes Erotica- Tonight, Jack and Chloe will meet their first couple together, becoming full-fledged swingers.

Laying Odds: Episode Four of High Stakes Erotica-Jack and Chloe are ready for their first full-blown group orgy. Kinks neither of them knew they had are explored.

Black Jack: Episode Five of High Stakes Erotica-Theirmarriage is open now, Chloe takes a lover. Henry is an African American, and he increases many of Jack's wife's pleasures.

All In: Episode Six of High Stakes Erotica-The couple experiments with prostitution, as the Chloe becomes a paid escort. "After all," Jack says, "Why just give it away?"

Full House: Episode Seven of High Stakes Erotica-An experiment in polyamorous living as Chloe's lover moves in. But Jack's two lady friends want to join the household as well.

Hit Me: Episode Eight of High Stakes Erotica-Erotica.Dominance, submission, and other kinky fetishes from the world of BDSM are explored as Jack and Chloe visit a local dungeon for the first time.

Black Cock Lawyer– She terrorized white men by day, but her nights are reserved for the big black cocks she craves. Sheila is a slut beyond belief who brings home tasty treats for her unaware husband to enjoy.

My Knees are Knocking but You Can't Come In... Yet! – Kissed at a party by her African American neighbor Darnel, a white wife decides she wants to play. However, it is Darnel's Hispanic wife Lucinda who comes calling.

The Burglar's Surprise– A burglar, turned serial rapist, picks the wrong victim. It is a mistake he wished he had not made. Contains violent content.

The Confession– A jaded woman thinks she is hard core, until her shy friend brings her up to date with her recent experiences. The Confession is an outlandish story that will make you laugh or cringe.

Mari– An adventure tale of a woman who is seduced into a life of bondage and slavery. Does she have what it takes to extract bloody revenge from her tormentors?

Being Serviced by the Best– The sequel to Being Serviced where high profile black athletes assemble best-in- breed married white women for the ultimate party.

Indica– A BDSM fetish tale of rope bondage and submission. Indica feels it is time to kick things up a notch.

Suzanne– Exclusive to black men, and proud and content with her life, a white woman finally finds happiness.

Willy and the Couple– Widowed two years earlier, Willy decides to finally experience his ultimate fantasy. All his life, he has fantasized about being with a white woman.

I'm Telling Quickies: Volume One– Sometimes, all you need is a quickie. I. M. Telling has six maniacal and twisted sex stories to fill your needs.

Simone and the Writer– A woman in a marriage gone wrong finds excitement in explicit writings about interracial sex. She makes contact with the writer whose words take her to the next level and far beyond.

Ebony Knights and Ivory Ladies– A group of well-endowed ebony studs entertain a group of ivory toned couples at monthly parties, the fun begins when one of the ivory wives desires to be ebony bred.

Getting Even in Unexpected Ways– Patricia knew she had to get out of the house that morning; otherwise, her anger at her philandering husband would drive her insane.

Bob for Christmas– A short story for Christmas time about a woman who wants to help her daughter grow into a woman, while avoiding the mistakes her own mother made.

Visit I.M.Telling's website:

<http://www.LateNightPublishing.biz> for inside the book previews as well as buy-links to major online resellers.