

**VALENTINES ARE BLACK**



**BLACK CHRISTMAS**



**I'M  
DREA  
OF  
CHR**

**Man**

**BLACK FRIDAY**



**BLACK FRIDAY**

**Manus Dare**

# The Holiday Cuckold Collection

Manus Dare

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THE HOLIDAY CUCKOLD COLLECTION

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Written by Manus Dare.

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# **Holiday Cuckold Collection**

## **Black Friday**



# 1



**T**he alarm went off at 4:30 in the morning, ripping me out of a nice dream. I buried my head underneath a pillow and willed the damn thing to explode.

Unfortunately, it was still sitting there a minute later when I slapped it off the table and onto the floor. It didn't stop the noise, but it made me feel better. I groaned as I pulled myself to the edge of the bed, picked up the clock and flicked the switch to turn off the incessant ringing.

"Roger?" I said, looking over at Roger's side of the bed.

It was empty. I sighed. Lately, Roger had been getting up in the middle of the night, usually with the urge to pee. More often than not, he never made it back to bed, preferring to stay up. I placed my hand in the indentation left by his body and found it cold. Even though it was only 4:30, Roger had been up long enough for his body heat to have vanished from the bedding.

I sighed and brushed back my brown hair. I was not an early riser. I hated mornings and there was only one thing that could get me up this early the day after Thanksgiving.

Black Friday.

The thought of the mall, asleep and waiting for me, sent a thrill of excitement through my body. Enough to make me haul my ass up off the mattress. I quickly remade the bed, smoothing the silky down comforter I had purchased just a few months ago. It had been a real steal and I kicked myself again for not buying a second one. Still, if I was lucky, I might get a better deal today. After all, Bed, Bath and Beyond was one of the anchor stores in the mall and they always had the best sales.

The bed made, I pushed off my silk shorts and unbuttoned the top, letting the creamy fabric slide off my body. The set had cost a pretty penny, (over two hundred dollars!) but it was worth it! I loved the way the silk felt against my skin. Besides, I was so cute in them that Roger couldn't avoid touching me whenever I wore them to bed. Not that that ever led to any real action, but it always made me feel good to be noticed.

I turned on the shower and stepped under the hot spray. I washed my body, running my hands over my pert breasts and moaned as my palms passed over the hard nipples. I can't explain it, but the idea of going to the mall, braving the crowds and finding the best deals gave me an electric feeling that I can only compare to sex. I had never had an orgasm while shopping, I had never found a deal *that* good, but I had certainly gotten wet.

I toyed with the idea of masturbating, something to take the edge off. In the end, I decided I didn't have time to waste. The mall opened in an hour and I still had to get dressed, get some breakfast and, of course, find Roger.

I found Roger hiding in his study. He sat at a high table, a strong light making his balding head glisten as he looked through a magnifying glass. One hand was holding a piece of plastic and tweezers, the other applying a small dab glue.

"Roger?" I asked in my sweetest, wifey-poo voice. "Roger it's almost time for me to go."

Roger said nothing as he lowered the tweezers with the piece stuck between them. I waited as Roger held the pieces together, waiting for the glue to set. After an agonizing minute, he let the piece go and turned from the model.

I sighed as Roger put his hand in the small of his back and straightened up, his bones creaking. He looked at me over his shoulder and smiled, his blue eyes magnified under black, horn-rimmed glasses he used for reading, and model work.

That smile! It was the same smile that I had fallen in love with fifteen years earlier. Despite the age and the deep wrinkles at the edge of his mouth, I feel still found that smile attractive.

"What do you think?" He said pointing over his shoulder.

I walked over to him and slipped my hand over his shoulder, the wedding ring he had gotten me when we were married glinting in the harsh light. On our 10th anniversary, he had bought an even bigger stone to fit in the band, one that we were both proud of. It was the symbol, more than the money, that showed Roger's love for me and, if I'm honest, his ownership of me.

I know I should be bothered by that musty, old sentiment. That a ring, and a name can make you the property of someone else. However, rings work both ways. As much as Roger felt a claim on me, I held a similar claim on Roger's heart.

"That looks great!" I said. "Which one is it again?"

"It's the HMS Agamemnon!" Roger said, waving a hand at the box. "Don't you remember?"

"Of course I remember!" I said and poked him in the ribs. "Didn't I get that for you on your birthday?"

"Christmas. Last year." Roger said. "I thought Michael might like to see it when he came for Christmas."

"I'm sure he love it." I said.

When Roger turned away from me, I frowned. Roger had fond memories of he and his son, Michael, putting together models when Michael was a child. I suspected that Michael feigned interest in the hobby to make his father feel good. It was too his credit that he went out of his way to be nice to Roger. Michael was a dutiful son, but he only made the trip to see us once or twice a year.

Most of that was probably my fault. Michael and I had never gotten along and I felt that part of that was because he blamed me for Roger's divorce from his first wife, Betsy.

It was ridiculous, of course. The divorce papers had been filed months before that fateful day when I sat in Professor Roger Thompson's history class and saw the sexy, vibrant man I was to fall in love with. His divorce had nothing to do with me. But, tell that to a hurt teenager who was desperate to get his family back together.

Well, that would never have happened, with or without my presence. And I certainly wasn't going to give up the successful, brilliant man I met that day because his son couldn't accept the realities of life..

Thinking of Roger in those days made me smile. He was older, yes, but still a vibrant, sexy man. I was a hot, young coed at the time who had come off a couple of disastrous relationships and I was looking for an older, more experienced man who could appreciate me. Roger was that man.

And the sex! My God! The sex had been amazing! Roger was older and more experienced. He had done things in those days that left me wet and exhausted. We spent days just lying in bed having sex and holding each other, only to have sex again.

The amazing sex lasted for two years. Two glorious years that I had all of Roger's attention and vigor. Then, as Roger neared his fifties and finally edged over that landmark birthday, his stamina had begun to ebb. We still had sex, but it lasted only a few minutes before Roger spent himself and was asleep. Or, even worse, he removed himself to his study to work on his damn models.

Now, standing in this study looking at my husband getting excited over his precious models I suddenly wanted to tear the fucking things apart. Hurricane Jackie could make quick work of those fragile little creations.

The feeling passed as Roger finally turned his full attention to me and slid his hands over my hips.

"Off to the wars?" He asked.

I ran my hands through the hair on the back of his neck. It was still brown and wavy back there, but the harsh lights did Roger no favors as I saw the glints of his skin through his once thick locks. In another few years he would have to make a decision about whether to resort to comb overs or just go completely bald. Something about that made me sad.

"Yep." I said and I kissed him on the lips, then slid my body between his legs and felt him twitch along my thigh.

"Maybe you should stay in." Roger murmured in my ear. "Save us some money."

I giggled as his hands slipped over my ass and pulled me into him, his cock getting harder. I found it funny and annoying that he felt randy now of all times, when I actually had places to be. I looked forward to Black Friday all year long. The Lone Wood Mall

opened up at six for the annual craziness as shoppers mobbed the local shops, looking for deals. Just the thought of it made my pulse race. The crowds didn't bother me, in fact, competing with other shoppers brought out a certain competitive nature in me that I normally didn't feel. Some people climbed mountains, or rode mountain bikes down steep inclines or even jumped out of perfectly good airplanes. My extreme sport was shopping and there was no better day for shoppers than Black Friday.

"I bet you'd like that." I said, teasing him as I rolled my hips against his crotch, feeling him grow even harder.

The sad thing was, I could probably bring him off just from this simple teasing. A few rolls of my hips, maybe a quick blowjob and Roger would be sated and back to his models while I could take the Gold Card and still be at the front doors before the mall opened. The idea of it, getting him off before I could have access to the credit card made me feel cheap. Like some sort of whore, having sex for money.

Instead, I decided to tease him. I pulled back from his crotch, leaving his cock alone as my hands dug into his thinning brown hair. I kissed him forcefully and, when I felt him return the kiss, I pulled back, leaving his lips puckered, kissing the air. When he tried to pull me closer, to complete the kiss, I pulled back harshly on his hair, eliciting a gasp of pain.

"I'd love to stay." I said, letting him feel the heat of my breath against my lips. "But this is the best sale of the year."

Roger moaned as I licked at his lips, not giving him my full mouth, just the pink tip of my tongue. It was exciting, exerting just this bit of power over my normally forceful husband. He liked it, because when I slid a my thigh between his crotch, I could feel him as hard as ever. I gave his cock a gentle bump and he groaned. I bumped him one more time to hear him groan, then pulled back, leaving him slumped in his chair.

"Can I have the Gold Card, sweetie?" I said, smoothing out my dress and patting my long, brown hair into place. I stood before my husband, every inch the sexy little creature he had married fifteen years earlier.

"All right." Roger sighed as he pulled his wallet from his back pocket.

Now, I know you're probably wondering why a strong woman in this day and age has to go to her husband for a credit card. A couple of years ago, before Roger took control of the cards, I was racking up huge debt. Roger, sweet as ever, didn't say anything for the longest time. Then, he did the math. On a total of five cards, over the course of a year, I had racked up over ten thousand dollars in debt. Even with Roger's promotion from professor to Dean of Students, that was a lot of money. Too much money.

He stopped the cards and prevented me from opening any new accounts. Then, he put a limit on the cards I was allowed to carry. It was demeaning in a way I can't describe and for the first time in our marriage I had become acutely aware of Roger's age. The loss of his libido I could chalk up to time and our marriage becoming stale. Some of that was even my fault.

But, the taking away of my credit cards was an act of a father and his wayward child. A part of me had never forgiven him for it, even though the larger part of me understood his decision. After all, it was his money.

I kissed him again, a long slow kiss to show him that even though it hurt to have to ask him, I loved him all the more for it. To his credit, he kissed me back and we held each other for just a moment and I wondered it maybe I should stay. Maybe we could spend all day in bed and eat leftover pumpkin pie. Then, we could have sex again.

I knew it was dream. Even if Roger was as excited as he seemed to be, I couldn't face another disappointing time in the bed with my husband. It was heartbreaking that just when I was getting excited, Roger would cum. Gone were the days when he could get it up twice in one day and it took me more time than he had to get my engine hot.

"I may not be back when you get home." He said, turning back to his precious model.

"Why not?" I said. "Where are you going on Black Friday?"

"Well, not shopping, that's for sure." Roger laughed. "I hate shopping."

"I know." I said and slid a hand up his back. "So where are you going."

"Oh, Jensen and a couple of others want to go get a few drinks this afternoon." He said and slid his eyes over to me, grinning. "If you get back in time you can come."

"No way." I said and stood up straight. "I had to endure enough of those dirty old men and their wives this year."

"Oh, come on!" He said, chuckling. "It's not that bad."

"Not for you." I said, jabbing him in the chest. "Everyone looks at you like you're some kind of hero. Everyone looks at me like I'm a gold digging slut."

Roger said nothing, which only confirmed the things I already knew.

I don't know which was worse, being fifteen years younger than Roger, or being his former student. At the time of our marriage, Roger had been as ostracized as I had, his peers turning their backs on him. It was only after it was evident that I wasn't going away that the old bastards had let him back into the fold.

That wasn't the case for me. As the professors had gotten older, they had begun to watch me more and more and even included me in their conversations, if for no other reason than to try and look down my dress. The wives, however, had turned even colder and angrier as they watched their husbands fawn over the dean's wife. The satisfaction I got from turning the old guys' heads was easily outweighed by the fact that I would never be friends with any of those women.

And the faculty was such a huge part of being the dean's wife. It meant arranging functions, keeping everyone connected and keeping a smile on my face even when all I got for it was angry looks and snide rumors spread about me behind my back.

"Anyway," I said, brushing aside the pain I felt. I don't expect to be back before you leave."

"I know." He said. "Big plans, big sales."

Impulsively, I hugged Roger around the belly, squeezing his soft body. He had to catch the magnifying glass on it's arm before it could fall over and knock down the ship.

"Hey, watch it!" Roger said, with a chuckle.

"I love you, Professor." I said and forced him to turn to me.

"I'm the dean now." He said, frowning until his brown eyebrows touched with gray met on his forehead.

"I know." I said. "But you'll always be Professor to me."



## 2



The Lonewood Mall was less than five miles from our house on Highway 205 and at 5:30 a.m. the traffic was light, at least until I neared the mall. As always, I was surprised and angry that there were so many cars clogging up the parking lots and ramps. I would have wasted over a half hour if I had tried to find a parking spot close to the mall.

Instead, I parked in a lot across the street from the mall. Normally, it was reserved for Mailboxes, Etc. but that wouldn't apply on Black Friday. I navigated the traffic and crossed the street.

At the entrance to the mall, I saw the gathered crowd. Some of the diehards had probably been there since 4 a.m. Hell, some of them might have been camped out all night. Like Black Friday was some sort of rock band instead of a sale.

I watched the crowd as I shoved my hands into my coat, the long trench warding off the worst of the wind. I tucked my head, made sure no one was watching, and ducked down an alley between Oodles of Noodles (now serving Zoodles!) and a Starbucks which was already doing a brisk business. The caffeine junkies were all intent on their next hit and no one saw me as I slid out of view behind some garbage dumpsters.

I walked up to the employee entrance of Nordstrom's and knocked on it twice.

I waited, shivering in the cold. The trench coat I wore was more for style than warmth, even though it had cost a hundred and fifty dollars and that was on sale. I had chosen the thing from the front closet because it had an appropriate spy look to it and I thought it would be nice to wear when doing a back alley deal. I regretted that decision as I stood waiting for my contact to open the door.

I was just about to knock again, when the door opened and hit me in the chest. I stumbled backwards and fell, landing on the wet pavement in my one hundred and fifty dollar coat.

"Shit!" I cried as my hands landed in the squishy muck.

"Sorry." Came a deep voice from above me.

I looked up and watched as a huge black man reached down to help me up. I live in Portland, one of the most liberal places in the world. I believe in equal rights and I like to think that I am as open minded and non-racist as any privileged white person could be.

So it pains me even now that when the tall black man reached down to help me, I shied away. Shaken by the fall, my mind reluctantly began to process the young man's uniform.

It was blue, and had a star on the right breast pocket. Stitched above the star were the words "Lonewood Mall Security."

"Are you OK?" The large, black man said in his deep voice.

In deference to my fear, he had squatted down next to me, his muscular legs stretching the cheap blue fabric of his pants. He kept his distance, though, making sure that he didn't touch me.

"Jesus!" I said again and looked at my hands which were covered with muck and there was nothing to wipe them on but my coat.

"Damn it!"

"Here." He said.

He reached into a pocket on his shirt and came out with a handkerchief.

"A handkerchief?" I said, staring at the white cloth. "Seriously?"

"What can I say?" The black man shrugged. "I have the sniffles."

My nerves already jangling from Black Friday and running into the door, I found his words extremely funny. I laughed and held out took the handkerchief. I wiped my hands and held out the stained cloth.

"Keep it." He said, then offered his hand again. "Can I help you up?"

"It's the least you can do." I said, making the whole thing sound like it was his fault.

He took my palm in one hand then gripped me just under my bicep and hoisted me easily to my feet. I stumbled in my sensible,

but stylish shoes and fell against the man.

God! He was all muscle and had skin the color of chocolate. My hands instinctively clutched at his arms and I felt the large, round bulges of his muscles under his shirt. I let out a gasp both at my stumble and the surprise of the man's physique. He stayed there with me, not holding me any tighter than was necessary and let me collect myself.

Finally, I stood on my own two feet again and found myself patting him on his chest, unable to stop myself from seeing if his pecs were as hard as the rest of him.

They were.

"Thank you." I said, the blush rising to my cheeks.

If he had noticed that I had just taken advantage of the situation to grope him, he gave no sign. I felt a twinge of guilt at my forward behavior and that I had just touched someone besides Roger. What's more, the excitement of the day mixed with the closeness of this good-looking black man made my nerves sing.

"Is there anything else I can help you with, Mrs. Thompson?" The young black man said.

It took me a moment to realize that the young black man knew my name. I looked up into his face, searching for any recognition that I knew him.

"I'm sorry. Do I know you?" I asked.

"In a way." He said. "My name is Jason Hunter. I used to be your friend of your son, Michael."

"Oh...you mean my step son."

I don't know why it was necessary to make that distinction to the young black man, but I was still flustered by the fall and his proximity to me.

"Of course." Jason said. "You're much too young to have a son my age."

"I'm beginning to remember you now." I said.

When he was younger, Michael would come to stay for two weeks every summer. When he graduated high school and went to college, the visits dwindled off until they became almost nonexistent.

I remembered a scrawny black youth that Michael used to pal around with. My brain, however, could not connect that scrappy, young black boy with this tall, handsome young man.

"So sorry." I said. "I remember you now Jason."

"May I ask what you were doing?" Jason said in a polite, yet serious voice.

The voice of a security guard who finds a wayward Shopper trying to break in the back door of Nordstrom's on Black Friday.

"Yes." I said, trying to think. "I was supposed to meet Helen back here?"

"Really?" Jason said.

He looked me up and down and I my cheeks grew hot as his eyes scanned my body.

"You seem a little dressed up for part time help."

"Well, Helen did tell me to dress nice." I said and couldn't help but bend one leg in front of the other, turning a well shape calf so that Jason can see it.

"I see." Jason said with a little twinkle in his eye. "Well, I guess I can let you in."

He went to the door and pulled out of key. He was pushing the key in the lock and opening the door when I heard the voice behind us.

"Just what the hell is going on back here?" A raspy, high-pitched voice cried.

I turned to see a short, fat woman with shockingly red hair glaring at us in the alleyway. Her face had too much makeup caked on it and her lips were a violent shade of red to match her hair. She waddled forward to stand in front of Jason.

"Are you letting her in the back door?" The old lady said and pointed a jagged, red fingernail at Jason's chest. "If you're letting her in, then your letting me in too!"

Jason stood up straight and loomed over the old lady looking down at her with a grim smile on his lips.

"No can do, ma'am." He said and looked at me. "She's working today."

"Come off it!" The old lady said. "Dressed like that?"

I looked down at the cute little black skirt and my lace blouse. I'd picked it out without expecting to have to sell my made up, holiday help story.

I was beginning to think that I had overdressed.

"Well I am." I said, trying to sound confident.

"Bullshit!" The old lady said. "You're just trying to get in early!"

Jason had the door open and maneuvered his body between me and the old woman. Her red lips turned into an ugly snarl and I thought for a moment with that try to attack Jason to get to me. Then, I was through the door and the old woman was screeching at Jason as the door shut behind us.

"Bastard!" The old lady said. "I'm calling the police! You just see if I don't! I'll tell them you laid hands on me!"

Jason look down at me and I saw a frown touch his lips. He wasn't surprised by the old woman's threat but at the same time didn't seem too scared about it.

"If she does anything." I said. "Please let me know."

"It's all right." He said with a shrug of his impressive shoulders.

"Whatever happens, happens. Right?"

"I don't know, Jason." I said.

I didn't know what to do. My attention had been pulled away from the day of shopping. It was safe to say I was distracted by this tall, black man.

"What's your phone number Jason?" I said.

"What do you mean?" Jason said.

I pulled my phone out of my pocket and pulled up the message app. My finger hovered over the buttons as I looked up at him.

"Give me your number so I can send you a text." I said. "Then, you'll have my number in case anything happens."

Jason looked at me for a moment, obviously reluctant to give his number to some strange, older woman who had just been sneaking in to a store on Black Friday. At the moment, maybe he thought I was crazy.

I felt my cheeks grow hot under his scrutiny. Then, he made a decision and reached out and plucked my phone from my hand. It

was an oddly intimate gesture and I felt more than my face grow hot as Jason swiped into my messaging app and plugged in his number.

Our fingers touched as he handed the phone back to me. I let my brown hair fall around my face to hide my red cheeks and sent him a short text.

*This is Jackie Thompson.* It read. *Text me if you need anything.*

And just like that, I gave my number to a young black man. It would not occur to me until later what this small action might mean to Jason. How it might *look*. At that moment, I just wanted to help Jason and get back to my shopping trip.

"Jackie!" I heard a voice behind me say.

I turned around to see Helen, an older dark-haired woman wearing a sensible black sweater and slacks.

"Hey, Helen." I said.

I might not have any friends in the faculty at the university, but I did have friends. I had met Helen at Nordstrom's a year before and the spunky sales manager would always let me know when there were special deals in the store. We often got together during her breaks and she would dish on all the employees and customers that she saw throughout the day. She was the closest thing I had to a real friend.

It was sad that it was my compulsion to shop that had brought us together.

"Oh my God!" Helen said. "You look great!"

"Thanks." I said. "I think I might be overdressed for our little plan."

Helen waved my concerns away.

"Don't worry about it." She said.

Then, she looked up at Jason and beamed. That smile took ten years away from Helen's face. I knew she was married, we often talked about our husbands and their ebbing sex drive and their silly hobbies. Helen's husband was into sports and I thank God that Roger had never picked up that particular fanaticism. Still, despite her husband, it was obvious that she had a thing for Jason.

"Thank you, Jason!" Helen said effusively, taking the opportunity to place a hand on his shoulder. "This... whole thing can stay

between us, can't it?"!

I grinned and held back a laugh as Jason looked at me over Ellen's shoulder and raise his eyebrows. It was funny to see this older woman trying to use her wiles on the much younger man.

Still, Jason seem to take it in stride and winked.

"Of course, Helen." Jason said. "Anything for you."

"Oh you!" Helen said and slapped him on the shoulder, her hand resting just a moment on that thick round muscle. "You are just so sweet!"

With that, Helen grabbed my hand and pulled me into the store between the racks of dresses and winter coats. I looked behind me as she guided me through the maze of clothing and saw Jason watching me. He gave me a little nod and a smile and then he was gone as I was pulled into the chaos that was Black Friday.



### 3



**H**elen guided me through the department store and I saw excited young women and a couple of men hurrying about, making last minute preparations for the coming storm. None of them paid any attention to us as Helen walks me to the mall entrance. She held tight to my hand and pulled me to a corner just inside the entrance.

"You can wait here." She said to me, her eyes bright with excitement. "Wait until other people start to come in and you just join the pack."

"Thank you." I gave her hand a quick squeeze and let go.

"So, how do you know Jason?" She said.

At first I thought the excitement in her eyes was because of the impending rush of holiday shoppers, but as I looked at her I saw the definite blush in the older woman's cheeks. What I had thought was innocent flirting by the back door suddenly seemed more serious.

"I don't really." I said. "He's an old friend of Michael's."

"Oh. I see." She said, grinning. "It just seemed, you know that you knew each other."

"No. The last time I saw him he was probably thirteen which must be...ten years ago." Doing the math in my head hurt a little bit as I was reminded of my own age of thirty-five.

"He's beautiful isn't he?" Helen said wistfully then suddenly blushed even redder and clapped a hand over her mouth. "Shit! I probably shouldn't have said that."

"Don't worry about it, honey." I said, patting her on the shoulder. "We're married, not dead, right?"

"Damn right." She said.

I followed Helen's eyes as she looked over my shoulder. Jason was walking across the large foyer of the mall, a shorter, burly blonde guard next to him.

"Ok, they are about ready to open the doors." She looked up at me. "I have to get to my station. You ready?"

"I got this." I said.

Helen gave my hands a squeeze and nodded grimly. Suddenly, we were two soldiers about to head off to battle instead of two, unsatisfied wives at the Lonewood Mall.

Jason unlocked the doors and I watched as the doors came open. Jason and his cohort stood to the side and the shoppers dressed in their bulky winter coats of blues, oranges and the occasional pink flooded in through the doors. I waited until the first couple of shoppers came into the store, then I walked out, whipping my coat off my shoulders and folding it on my arm, revealing my lacy white blouse and short black skirt.

I caught a stream of shoppers who were spreading out along the foyer. I waited for a minute, watching as the shoppers veered left, staying on the first floor. There was some minor shoving, but nobody fell. So far in the history of Black Friday shopping ten people have died and 111 injuries associated with the busiest shopping day of the year. Don't believe me? Just Google 'black friday deaths' and see what comes up. By now, it might even be higher. That's why Black Friday shopping was so exciting.

Seeing that the majority of customers were filling the stores on the first floor, I decided to cut through the rush and hit the escalator to the second floor. Bed, Bath and Beyond was at the other side of the mall and I wanted to hit it as soon as I could, so traveling along the second floor balcony would get me there quicker.

My heartbeat sped up and I could feel the electric excitement in my body as I stepped off the escalator and looked around the second tier clicking off places I wanted to hit immediately and categorizing the others as later stops.

The next few hours went by in a rush of heady excitement as I rushed into the stores, looking for deals. In Bath and Body Works I picked up a great deal on Jasmine scented shampoo and body wash.

I asked the clerk for an extra large bag and shoved in the trench coat. The soap was a bit heavy, but the deals had been so good I had cleaned out the shelf so I wouldn't have come back later.

In Bed, Bath and Beyond I scored yet another comforter for our bed at 75% off. I also snagged a coffee cup warmer and a couple of ties for Roger to use as stocking stuffers. I even managed to find a gift for Michael at Barnes and Noble. A signed copy of *The Nowhere Bridge* a popular kids book when Michael was a child. She was sure he had a copy, probably vintage. Where his father was obsessed with models, Michael had gravitated to books. I even managed to snag a funny mug with the slogan "Office Manager, Because Miracle worker isn't an Official Job Title" for Ashley.

After the second hour, my bags were getting heavy and I needed a rest. I pondered grabbing a cup of coffee at Roaster's but decided against it. I was already hyped up enough on adrenaline. What I needed was a calm place to hide out from the crowds and as I reached the midpoint in the store, saw a sign that said *The Hobby Villa*. The store was not crowded and I decided it would be a great place to look for something for Roger.

At the back of the shop was a corner dedicated to the models. Fighter bombers flew along one wall only to meet up with a large replica of an 88 Navy aircraft carrier. I was turning away from the models when I happened to notice a large display tucked back into a small corner by the door to the back room.

After spending so many times listening to Roger talk about his models I knew at once that this was a real find. It was a beautiful double masted ship with realistic-looking guns poking out tiny little doors on the sides. The box said it was a replica of the HMS *Falmouth*, a three-masted merchant ship ship from the 1700s. The listed price on the box was nine hundred and fifty dollars. It was marked down to five hundred.

Roger was going to love it! I reached down and picked up the box and cradled it to my chest like a baby.

I was turning from the display of models when suddenly the fat, old lady with red hair was standing in front of me.

"I knew that was you!" She hissed. "I knew you weren't working at that store! You just wanted to get in early."

I looked down at her and covered my shock with as much disdain as I could manage..

"I don't know what you're talking about!" I said.

I tried to get past her, but the aisle was too narrow.

"Well, I don't think that you should get that." She said pointing her ragged, red nails at the box in my hands. "You shouldn't get rewarded for lying."

I shrank back as she reached forward to grab the box in my hands. I hugged it to my chest and turned just as her sharp nails cut the edge of my blouse. She pulled back and ripped the lace from one of the arms.

"Stop it!" I screamed and pushed her backwards.

She swung her handbag, a bulky red brick of cheap, faux leather. I managed to dive backwards just in time to avoid the worst of the blow. Still, the side of the bag grazed my cheek. My foot hit a box on the floor and suddenly I was falling.

I felt the sharp jab of the plastic shelves as I hit the wall of fighter planes. The shelves held for just a moment and then I felt them cracking and jagged bits of plastic poked me in the ass as I crashed against the wall with one arm and held the model in the other. I scrambled at the wall but the shelves gave way and I landed with my legs splayed out upon a pile of broken plastic.

"That's what you get!" The old woman was screaming, spittle flying from her red lips. "That's what you get for being a bitchy little liar!"

The clerk had come from up front back and was standing behind the old woman his eyes wide. He reached forward to place a hand on her shoulder and she rounded on him swinging the heavy red bag like a mace.

"Don't you touch me!" The woman cried. "It's her you should be mad at! She's the one! She's the liar!"

I could feel the pain in my butt from where the jagged sharp plastic bit into my flesh and yet I didn't get up afraid of what the old woman might do. Instead, I looked around at the gawking shoppers

pleading at them with my eyes for someone to stop this red-haired old harpy.

And then suddenly the crowd parted. I saw him head and shoulders above the rest of the shopper's his dark chocolate skin gleaming underneath the blue security guard uniform. In a heartbeat Jason's eyes took in the scene and rested on me, my legs spread ungracefully out along the floor. The old woman was still screaming but her words had become an unintelligible ringing in my ears.

"All right." Jason said. "That's enough of that."

The old woman turned, swinging her bag in a pre-emptive strike. It thumped against Jason's solid chest and bounced away. The old woman's arm fell, limp to her side as she stared up at the large black security guard.

"You again?" She hissed. "Are you two in this together, is that it! I will have your job for this!"

Jason said nothing. He stood with his arms crossed looking down at the old woman. The other shoppers had begun to fade away as the old woman unleashed a torrent of curses and screams.

Jason's cohort, the broad blond security guard came in and ushered people out of the store. The clerk stood timidly behind the checkout counter nervously watching the whole thing unfold.

I don't know how long we all were there, watching as the old woman vented her frustration and anger out on Jason. Finally, when she had begun to quiet down just a bit, Jason motioned for his cohort to come up.

"Excuse me, ma'am." The blonde said. "I'm going to have to ask you just leave."

"Me? Me leave?"

"Yes ma'am." He said. "You're scaring the other customers."

The old woman stopped and looked around, her eyes wide. The other shoppers found somewhere else to be and she found herself alone with the two security guards staring down at her.

"She's the liar." The old woman said and pointed at me. "You should kick her out too."

"Well," Crewcut said. "We'll have to see about that, of course. This way ma'am?"

The old woman allowed the security guard to catch her elbow and lead her out of the store. She gave Jason a wide berth and as she walked by.

Jason waited for a moment then bent down to me.

"Are you alright?" He said.

"You must get tired of asking me that." I sighed.

I groaned as he helped me stand, all the bumps in the bruises sending sharp spikes of pain through my backside. There was also a dull ache in my cheek.

Jason look down at me holding my chin gently in his hand and ran a thumb across the cheekbone. I hissed.

"We should get some ice on that." Jason said.

"Okay." I said, my voice shaky with shock.

And with that, Jason led me by the arm out of the store.



## 4



“Ouch!” I cried as Jason applied a cold compress to a bruise on the underside of my thigh.

I wiggled my ass back on the office chair I was sitting in, but Jason held me still and chuckled.

“It’s just a bruise.” He said and held the ice pack to my thigh.

My nerves were a jangle and my mind was still stirred up by the crazed old woman. Still, I was aware enough of my body to know that Jason had one warm hand on my calf and the other was holding the ice pack most of the way up my thigh.

“Bruise, my ass!” I whined.

“You probably have one there too.” He said.

I stopped for a second and looked at him wide-eyed. Jason stared at me, then had the decency to look away.

We both started laughing.

“Shit.” Jason said. “I’m sorry. That was inappropriate.”

“Maybe.” I giggled. “But not inaccurate.”

I don’t know whether it was my obvious attraction to Jason or the fact that my mind was so unstable after the encounter with the old lady in the hobby shop, but I suddenly felt a connection with Jason as he treated the cuts and bruises on my legs.

And for Jason’s part, he wasn’t shy. He held my calf and his strong, black hand moved along my thigh with a cotton ball and antiseptic, dabbing and a scratch here and there. His fingers were very close to the edge of my skirt and at one point they were almost to my ass. Just a few more inches and he could touch it, dig those strong black fingers into my pliable skin. The thought of it, of Jason taking me back here in the small little security office made me wet.

We chuckled together for a few more minutes as I tried to cover up my arousal. Finally, Jason was done and his hands were gone from my skin leaving hot spots where they had touched my skin.

"Well, that's all of them I think." Jason said, then looked at me and smile. "All the ones I can see anyway."

I laughed again.

"All right." I said in a mocking admonishment. "Now you're just being a flirt."

"Sorry." Jason said. "Just couldn't help myself."

He rose up to his full height and I was aware that sitting here in this chair if sat up straight, I would be directly at the level of his crotch.

I didn't sit up. Instead. I waited as he slowly moved backwards.

"Think you can stand up?" Jason said.

If my nerves had been jangled up before, the flirting had sent them into overdrive. I nodded and stood up, but when I did I could feel the wetness on my thighs and the shaking of my legs. All of the emotions of the last few hours ran through me at the same time and I stumbled forward.

Jason had been expecting this and was ready. He stepped in and effortlessly stopped me from falling and allowed me to lay my head against his chest.

"Woah, there." He said. "Looks like you're still a little unsteady."

I held onto his shoulders, my body trembling against his rock hard body.

He held me there for a moment longer than was proper. I felt the blush creep back to my cheeks and I forced my legs together to hold back the tingling. Finally, I was able to stand on my feet.

"Sorry." I said and patted him on the chest. "I guess I'm still a little shook up."

"That's all right." He said.

I was standing there very close my hands still on his chest looking up at him. He was a good head taller than Roger and I had to bend my neck to see into his dark brown eyes.

He was holding me as well. His arms on either hip, large black hands stretching around my waist. He wasn't holding me tightly his

forearms resting easily on my hip bones. I felt like an awkward at her first junior high school dance.

"Jason."

The voice from the doorway snapped me back to reality. I saw that my hands were still resting on his chest and I dropped them immediately taking a step back. Even though the hug had been innocent, my quick step backward and my red cheeks must have made me look guilty.

Crewcut stood in the doorway. He looked at Jason, then at me and if he thought anything improper was going on he gave no sign.

"Finally got that lady calmed down." He said. "She's left the premises as far as I can tell.

The guard looked at me.

"However, you might want to wait a few minutes until you go out to your car."

"Oh... Okay." I said.

"Hey, Luke." Jason said. "What did Ed say about the old lady?"

"Don't worry about it." Luke said. "We all saw what happened. You were just doing your job."

"Thanks." Jason said. "Hey, listen. My shift is almost over, right?"

"Yeah." Luke said.

"I think I should give Mrs. Thompson a ride home." He said, looking over at me. "She's still a little shaken up."

Luke looked at me once again at my red cheeks and trembling body. Then, he looked at Jason and I saw the edge of his lips curl up with just a hint of a smile.

"Not a bad idea." He said. "Jackson's already here so he can take over for you. Is that okay with you Mrs. Thompson?"

I look at both of them and wondered about Luke's smile. I was sure there was some private joke there, a joke that had to do with me. I should have said no, but my insides were still quivering with shock and excitement.

Plus, I did not want to walk up to my car if that woman might still be around.

"That would be great." I said.

Luke nodded and gave another meaningful glance at Jason, and then he left.

Jason looked at me and I back at him and we stood for a moment in awkward silence. Finally, Jason walked around me and I shivered thinking that he was going to take me into some sort of embrace right there in the office. It was crazy, but my mind and my nerves and all the other emotions had turned my brain into a crazy stew.

Instead of grabbing me, he reached around me, nudging me just a bit as he bent over and collected my bags and my purse.

"Your car or mine?" He said,

The clumsy attempt at a joke was not lost on me and I laughed gratefully.

"Let's take yours." I said. "Mr. Thompson... Michael can bring me back later."

At the mention of my husband I felt the first waves of guilt. It was small feeling that teased the back of my mind. After all, what had really happened? Nothing. He touched my leg? I touched his chest? Sure, there was an obvious attraction, but I hadn't done anything wrong.

Still, the guilt was there, but I pushed it to the back of my mind.

"All right, then." Jason said. "Let's go."



## 5



**W**e made it to the car without any further incident. That red-haired goblin of a woman had either left, or missed us as we exited out of the back entrance of the mall.

Jason took me to the main level of the parking ramp and hit his key fob and the lights lit up on a sensible, blue Prius. It was not the car I expected a young black man to drive, but a lot of things had taken me by surprise today and I could no longer think straight.

Jason opened the door for me and I slid into the comfortable leather seat and laid my head back and breathing in smell of the seats and interior. I sighed and closed my eyes as Jason got in the driver's side. It was crazy, but in that moment, shut inside that small car with the strong, handsome black man I felt safe for the first time since the old lady had attacked me. All of the tension I had been holding in melted away and I smiled as I let the comfortable car and the presence of my strong, black protector lull me into a dreamy state.

"You OK?" Jason said, brushing the hair back from my face.

I shivered at the slight touch and and murmured, opening my eyes to slits and smiling at him.

"Yes." I said. "Just tired."

"Well, we'll get you home and you can rest."

I murmured something and laid back against the seat as Jason started the car. The Prius was quiet, but I could still feel he hum of the hybrid motor through the seat. I sighed again and let all of my fear rush out of my mouth as Jason drove out of the ramp and away from the craziness of the Lonewood Mall and Black Friday.

I lean my head against a cool window and allowed my body to succumb to the exhaustion. My mind drifted in and out of a dreamy

State as Jason hit the freeway and drove me home.

I open my eyes once we slow down as we neared my neighborhood. Roger and I lived in a an Eclectic neighborhood in a large three bedroom bungalow nestled on a quiet little corner. We had bought the house when real estate had been depressed and the value had only begun to increase as older houses were replaced by newer construction.

Jason parker the Prius out front and as I was opening the door he was already there, holding out a hand to help me up.

I'm fine. I said. Even though my body felt tired and drained after the long day of shopping and being attacked by crazy old ladies.

All part of the service man. Jason said and I found myself giggling as I took his hand and he helped me out onto the sidewalk.

We passed under the leafy foliage of two huge Chestnut trees in front of our house. I looked in the driveway for Subaru but it wasn't there. He obviously hadn't come home from his get together with the other professors and faculty.

Jason followed close behind me up the walk and the exhaustion was pushed aside by a Tremor of electricity that started and my belly and made and spread all the way up to my head and made my scalp tingle. My heart beat a little faster as we got to the front door and I had to stop my hand from shaking as I unlocked it.

I opened the door and turned to Jason.

"Thank you for bringing me home." I said.

Sure. He said I saw him look over at the drive-in empty driveway.

I stood looking up at him and suddenly I didn't want him to leave. At the time, I wasn't sure what I wanted I just knew that in his presence I felt safe and electrified all at the same time.

Well, I guess I'll see you at the mall sometime. Jason said awkwardly.

He looked at me in the eyes and I couldn't meet his gaze. I look down at the boards of the porch and saw a spider Scuttle across the painted wood. It's skittered between Jason's feet and move quickly out of the way as he turned to leave.

I watched his boots on the top side of the steps and before I could think the words were out of my mouth.

Actually, I said. Roger's not home right now and I still feel kind of scared. Would you like to come in for a cup of coffee?

Jason stopped and turned and he gave me a knowing smile that made my whole face burn with embarrassment and shame. I might not know how I felt but Jason could read me like a book.

Sure. He said. I'd like that a lot. Mrs. Thompson.

He step towards me and before I could touch him I pushed open the door and once again found myself unable to meet his eyes. I can't explain it, even now, but the way he looked at me made me feel scared. Not of him, but scared of my own arousal.

I pushed open the door and stood leaning against the jam letting him brush by me and enter my house. I took a look on the street to see if anyone was watching. No one was. The only thing moving was a small squirrel carrying a shiny brown chestnut in its mouth and the multicolored leaves drifting down off of the branches.

I took a deep breath and stepped inside, closing the door and locking it behind me.



## 6



Jason barely waited until the door was shut before I felt them behind me pushing me up against the door.

"What are you doing?" I said, gasping as his hands gripped my hips and pulled me to him.

"What does it feel like I'm doing?" Jason said in a low, husky voice.

I could feel the wetness between my thighs, soaking my panties and dripping down my leg. All of the tension I had bottled up and was holding back shook loose at Jason's rough hands. My legs quivered as Jason pressed his hard, black body against me. A hand brushed back the hair from my neck and I felt Jason's hot lips on my shoulder, along the pulsing vein in my neck, hot breath in my ear.

"I've wanted you for so long, Jackie."

My name on his lips made me moan. I felt the tremors in my pussy, the precursor to an orgasm that I had not had for the longest time. Everything about him felt right.

Still, I could not forget that I was married. I loved Roger, I still love Roger. And it was that love that made me push against the door and pressed against Jason's body trying to create some space between us.

"Jason!" I gasped as he closed a strong hand around one wrist and bent it backwards until he was holding it at the small of my back. "We can't do this!"

I didn't say stop. I didn't scream. My voice was less of a protest and more of a plea. Jason heard it and he pushed me even harder against the door and I felt the huge bulge in his crotch press up against my ass.

"Oh God!" I said as Jason reached a hand around my body and slid my skirt up, revealing my soaked panties. "I can't do this."

But Jason already had his hands slipping under the waistband, his thick, black fingertips rolling through the wet pubic hair. The touch of his finger against my clit was like an electric shock and my body jerked against the door as I felt an orgasm rip through me.

Jason rubbed my pussy as my body jerked and trembled against the front door of my house. My legs were jelly but Jason held me up easily, pinning me between the door and that hard body.

I was sobbing, in shame and in pleasure. Finally, my body stopped quivering and I laid my face against the cool metal of the front door.

"You came just from me touching you?" Jason said.

I said nothing. It had been too long since a man had touched me with such aggression and need. It was exactly what I needed and my pussy soaked the attention up like a sponge.

Jason pulled me from the front door and turned me around facing him. I didn't want to look at him, my heart was full of shame for what I was doing, but Jason gripped my chin and forced my face tilting my face upwards and forced me to look into his eyes.

"Tell me you don't want me." Jason said. "Tell me you don't want me and I'll go."

I trembled against the door, my body so much smaller than his. Yet, it wasn't fear of him that made me tremble. It was the fear of my own feelings inside of me. I took a deep breath trying to calm my nerves. Finally, I found the strength to remain faithful to Roger.

I...

Just as I'd open my mouth to say the words, Jason thrust his tongue between my lips and forced those words back into my throat. I moaned against his mouth, but I kissed him back running my hands along his ribs and the thick muscles of his back. Any reluctance, any strength that I had felt to deny my feelings was gone with that hot, wet kiss.

Jason broke the kiss and pulled back from me. I couldn't stop my lips from searching for his and I connected with his chin and neck and along the collar of his shirt until I found the dark chocolate skin

of his chest. He dug his hand into my hair and pull my head back kissing me again.

He would have taken me right there, but as he lifted my leg to get access to my wet and ready pussy, my cell phone rang.

I cried out in surprise and pushed Jason away from me forcefully. Jason smiled and pushed me back against the door. He looked down at the floor and my eyes followed his.

The shopping bags lay crumpled on the floor at our feet, the prizes I had gained from Back Friday strewn about the floor, forgotten. My purse was open and there, his smiling face shining up at us from my phone, was Roger.

"Looks like Mr. Thompson's calling." Jason smirked and bent down to retrieve the phone.

"NO!" I cried and I tried to grab his arm, but Jason had already snagged the small, pink device from among the scattered contents of my handbag.

"What?" Jason asked, holding the phone up in front of me so I could see Roger's bespectacled, sweet face next to Jason's stunning, dark smile. "Don't you want to talk to him?"

"No!" I said, more of a whimper than a command. "Please don't!"

But it was too late. Jason's fingers swiped across the screen, accepting the call.

"Huh—hello? I said.

"Hi honey." Roger said, his voice bright and cheery in my ear. "How's your shopping going?"

Jason held the phone to my ear with one hand, the other hand worming its way back into my panties, his fingers brushing the skin just above the entrance to my pussy.

I bit my lip, suppressing a moan.

"What?" I said. "I'm sorry honey I am..."

Jason shoved his fingers into my sopping wet hole. I gripped his wrist to try and pull his arm away, but he was too strong and his fingers found my clit with stunning accuracy.

"I think we have a bad connection." I said as my body jerked liked a live wire against the door.

"Oh I'm sorry." Roger said like it was his fault. "Just wanted to call and let you know I'm going to be a little while longer."

"Oh?" I looked at Jason who was smiling, his dark eyes burning into me. His long black fingers pulled back, rubbing my lips and allowing me just a moment to breath. I felt a wave of gratitude flow through me, even though it was his fault.

"How...how long are you going to be?" I said.

"Probably a couple of more hours." Roger said. "Some of the other faculty are here and we're going to head out for a drink. You know, boring stuff."

"Mmm.". I moaned as Jason renewed his attack upon my swollen clit.

"Okay baby." I said. "I'm just going to finish up at the store and I'll see you at home. I..."

Jason began to rub me furiously and I could feel my second orgasm threatening to spill over. The sheer naughtiness and shame of talking to my husband while Jason frigged me to death only made my pussy hotter.

"Honey?" Roger said, concerned now. "Are you all right?"

"Yes!" I managed to yelp. "I just...just really tired you know."

"Oh...ok." Roger said, his voice unsure. "Do you want me to come home now?"

I looked at Jason and he smiled, shaking his head, his fingers stopping, leaving me on the edge of my orgasm.

This was the moment of truth. I could tell Roger to come home and Jason would leave me. Leave me here, high and dry and aching against the front door.

"No, baby." I said, fighting to keep a whimper of frustration from my voice. "You go have fun."

Jason attacked my pussy with renewed force. I bit my lower lip and felt wetness at the corner of my eyes. Then, Jason thrust his fingers into my sopping wet hole and I couldn't hold back my voice any longer. I had to get off the phone, but I couldn't go without responding.

"Suh...see you soon!" I said using the last bit of control I had. "I...I love you!"

"I love you too, Jackie." Roger said.

Jason hit the end call button just as my orgasm crashed over me. I screamed, holding onto my his hard muscles as my body jerked and thrashed against the door. The same I felt, cumming as I told my husband I loved him, heightened the intensity of my release. Those feelings wrapped up with the tremendous orgasm branded themselves on my brain and left me weak and shaking.

"You're such a sweet little wife." Jason chuckled, pulling his dripping fingers from my crotch and holding them up for my inspection.

"You bastard!" I moaned the rage I felt made impotent by the raw lust in my voice. "You are a fucking—"

Jason shoved his fingers into my mouth and I was forced to suck my juices off his thick digit. He worked his hand in and out of my mouth and soon I was sucking him eagerly, my tongue swirling over the tips and flicking between his fingers.

Jason slipped the fingers from my mouth and tugged my shirt up over the skin of my belly and ribs. I placed my hands on his arms realizing just how small and pale they were against his hard muscles.

"Stop." I said. "Not here."

He pulled me close and ground his body into mine. I gasped as I felt his huge cock through his pants as it throbbed against my stomach.

"Show me." He growled down at me. "Show me to your bedroom."

My bedroom. Not just any place. Not on the couch or chair or anywhere that he could take me. He wanted me in the bedroom. At the time, I didn't know why and in my confused and lustful state I couldn't think anymore. I needed to get him out of that fucking blue uniform, I needed to peel him like a fruit and discover that dark skin underneath. I had never wanted something so bad in my entire life.

"Upstairs." I murmured..

I yelped as Jason grabbed me by the hips and lifted me up. He held me easily until my legs came up and I wrapped my long legs around his hips. My arms circled his neck and I held onto him my

cheek to his. His strong hands gripped my buttocks and he carried me like a little girl up the stairs. It was something Roger would never have been able to do and it made me feel helpless and excited.

We came to the top of the stairs and he paused waiting for my directions. I could have pointed him to the spare bedroom. Should have guided him to the spare bedroom, but instead I found myself gasping in his ear.

"At the end of the hall." Jason nodded and carried me to the end of the hall to the bedroom that I shared with my husband.

The room was the same as it always was, practically the same as it had been for the last ten years. Yet now, as Jason laid me on the bed I became hyper-aware of everything that was Roger's in the room.

There was a picture of us from our wedding, me in my beautiful designer dress smiling happily. The happiest day of my life. And Roger smiling too, looking at me from the frame, making guilt spear like an arrow into my heart.

On the side of the table was Roger's alarm clock, a model of course that he'd spent hours constructing including all the gears inside of it. It never told the right time but then that wasn't the point. Next to the clock was the book Roger was reading, some new murder mystery, one of Roger's guilty pleasures. And on top of the book were Roger's reading glasses, the stylish ones I had helped him pick out just last summer and which he never wore except in bed. All of it was placed in those places to make our bedroom a home, to celebrate the place that we came to be together at the end of our day.

And here I was, lying on this bed, looking up at another man as he undid the buttons of his shirt and pulled the blue fabric over his black muscles. My mouth went dry as he revealed himself, so perfect and ridged. A slight sheen of sweat made his body glisten in the pale afternoon light.

"I can't do this." I tried to say but Jason was already moving on top of me half-dressed and kissing me again. I couldn't help but touch the smooth skin feeling the ridges and hills of his body underneath my fingers.

And he was warm too. So warm! I could feel the hot blood just underneath the dark skin burning under my fingertips. My hands couldn't stay in one place as I explored his body pulling him down on top of me so I could feel the wonderful weight of him pressing me into the mattress. The reluctance was still there, a small weak pressure in the back of my brain. That pressure was nothing compared to the electric lust flowing through my body.

We lay there for beautiful, breathless moments as Jason kissed me. Lovely moments when thoughts of Roger were chased from my brain by the feel of Jason's magnificent body lying on top of me.

Then, Jason lifted his body and stood above me, ripping at the belt at the top of his pants. I didn't protest as he pulled those pants down slowly over his hips and the biggest, most beautiful cock I've ever seen spraying forward.

"Holy shit!" I said. "It's so big!"

Jason said nothing and smiled as he kicked off his pants. He reached down and grabbed my hands and pulled me up to a sitting position my legs dangling off the bed his thick thighs between them. My nose came to his belly button and the lower half of my face was level with that magnificent cock.

So big! So much bigger than Roger. It was as long as my forearm and as thick as my wrist. It was easily the biggest cock I've ever seen in my life.

"Touch it." Jason said commanded.

Somewhere along the way the kind, boyish Jason had disappeared, replaced by this dangerous creature standing above me. I was usually the aggressor in bed. I didn't take commands. I took what I wanted.

However, sitting in front of Jason, his huge, black cock in my face, I suddenly felt timid. The commands in his voice made the burning wetness in my pussy drip onto the sheets and my whole body felt inflamed. It wasn't the reaction I was used to and for a moment I hesitated even though I wanted nothing more than the wrap my hands around that big, black monster.

"Do it." Jason commanded again.

I couldn't have stopped myself even if I wanted to. I reached up my hands and wrapped my delicate, white fingers around this thick, black flesh. Jason groaned, a low, animal growl deep in his chest as worked my hands back and forth over his huge shaft. I wrapped both hands around his cock and was amazed that there were several inches still uncovered. I watched, my mouth dry as the thick skin bunched up under my hands and I made the huge head bulge with blood and cum, then let it go, the beat of Jason's heart pulsing under my fingers.

"Look at me, Jackie."

My name on his lips made me shiver in pleasure. I tilted my head up looking past his perfect body and meeting his brown eyes.

"Kiss it." He said.

I moaned, a low, pitiful sound. He pushed his cock forward and with my eyes locked on his I opened my pink lips and gave the tip of his cock a warm, wet kiss.

"Good girl." Jason grinned. "You don't know how long I've wanted to see you do that."

The words burned inside of brain. He had been thinking of me! All these years he'd been dreaming of me, kneeling before him worshipping his cock. The thought of it made me flush with pride that this handsome, black man wanted me so badly. Did he masturbate to thoughts of me? How many times? My pussy gushed at the idea, dripping more of my juices on the my precious comforter, staining the soft fabric.

Instinctively, I knew the kiss would not be enough. I opened my mouth wide, stretching my pink lip and slowly pushed the fat, black head of his cock into my waiting mouth. Suddenly, my mouth was as wet as my pussy, my spit gathering around his invading member. Just having his cock throbbing along my tongue made my whole body throb with him. I could sense everything! The pumping blood in his veins, the slick rubbery skin sliding deliciously over my tongue, his hot, virile musk.

Jason's words had dissolved into unintelligible growls and grunts as I worked my pretty mouth along his cock. I was hungry for it, I

wanted to feel every inch of it and I shoved it as far as I could to the back of my throat.

Sucking Roger's cock could barely reach the back of my throat. But as the thick head of Jason's cock bumped against the tight opening to my neck I knew there was still more black flesh waiting to be swallowed.

I gasped and let the long length of his cock to slip out of my throat. Ropes of spit dripped from his glistening black rod and onto my chin. Good blowjobs, the really good ones, are messy, slick and slutty. And I was going to give him a *great* blowjob. A sloppier, wetter blowjob than I had ever given to my husband. Jason deserved it, with a cock and body like that, he deserved my mouth in a way that Roger did not.

Thoughts of Roger burning at the back of my mind, I shoved Jason's cock back into my mouth. Now that he knew that I could take it to the back of my throat he began to work his cock furiously in out of my lips. I choked on the thick, black flesh as it battered against the tight opening to my throat. I struggled to breathe through my nose, inhaling the musky scent of him, enjoying the sensation of hot, pulsing flesh pressing my tongue flat against the bottom of my mouth.

I was full of him and I thought that was it, that was all I could take when, with one hard thrust, my throat opened and I felt the huge head of his cock pop through the tight opening. I could feel my neck swell as the head of his cock lodged in my throat. With that one thrust, Jason took my throat as well as my mouth.

Jason held me there, my nose pressed against his stomach, his heavy balls smashed wetly against my chin. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think, all I could do was except everything he had to give me.

Finally, Jason let my head go and I fell backwards coughing and gagging. I held onto his thighs with my hand and pulled myself a back up to him, unwilling to let his cock go. I grabbed the wet shaft and stroked him and rubbed the black meat across my face licking it, savoring it. Worshipping it.

I would have gladly kept sucking Jason's cock, but he wanted more. As I rubbed my face against his heavy balls sucking the heavy flesh into my mouth, Jason was tugging at my blouse pulling the lacy cloth off of my body. I released his cock long enough for him to pull the shirt over my head, but then I was back, kissing his thighs and stomach. I couldn't get enough of his body. I wanted to keep worshipping him, showing him that all of his fantasies could never compete with the real thing.

Jason had other ideas. He gripped my head in his hands, digging them deep into my brown hair and pulling my mouth off of his cock.

I shook his hands loose and slurped the ropes of spit back into my mouth. I licked the entire length of his cock, then smiled up at him with a wet grin.

"Is that what you've been dreaming about Jason?" I said deviously. "Is that what you wanted?"

Jason pushed me back onto my bed. I lay, helpless, gazing up at him watching as he reached down and pulled the skirt and panties over my ass.

Then, he was on top of me his lips on mine as his tongue thrust deep down my throat. Our mouths battled against each other. The battle won. Jason moved his mouth down my chin and over my chest. He stopped at my breasts and pulled the Lacy fabric of my bra up and exposed my hard, pink nipples.

- He shoved the hard skin into his mouth, I moaned my hands running through the black, curly hair on his head as he sucked and bit at the sensitive skin. He took his time even though I wanted him badly. He wanted to show me he was in control as he kissed and sucked my breasts and took the other nipple into his mouth sending more electric shocks of pleasure shooting through me.

I couldn't stand it anymore and I was moaning. His mouth left my breasts and began to work their way over my ribs down my stomach and finally to my warm, dripping cunt.

The first touch of his lips against my swollen lips made shock waves burst through my body and I jerked like a live wire. Jason gripped my wild hips and held me down, his mouth locked onto my wetness, his tongue diving forward into my cunt. My hips trembled as he worked over my pussy, sucking my clit into his mouth and rolling it with his tongue.

The pressure had built up in my body again and was set free by Jason's tongue. I screamed as another orgasm burst out of me. My heels dug into the bed and my back arched as my body sought out more of his mouth even as my mind protested.

*No more! Too much!*

Jason seemed to read my mind, pulling his lips from my aching cunt, holding me in his strong grip as my body convulsed upon the bed. Finally, my body, limp and washed out by the intense orgasm, collapsed upon the now soaked comforter.

Jason lapped once more at my pussy and my body jerked as the aftershocks of my orgasm continued to light every nerve. Jason chuckled at my reaction, surprised by my reaction.

"That good, huh?" He said, standing above me.

I couldn't speak. I cracked open my eyes and looked at Jason through the slits. I nodded my head weakly.

"Well, then you're really going to love this."

I had just enough time to yelp as Jason gripped my thighs in strong hands and pulled me like a rag doll to the edge of the bed.

I watched in fascination as he laid his cock along my stomach, glistening with spit and precum, the thick, milky juices drooling into my belly button.

*So huge! I thought. It will never fit!*

But, oh fuck I wanted to try! I had never wanted to have anything more in my entire life. No meaningless purchase could ever offer me what Jason was offering. Jason pushed my thighs apart and I tensed as he lowered his cock to my pussy, and gave me one, grim look.

"You want my cock, Mrs. Thompson?"

Jason using my married name was no mistake and it was certainly not out of politeness. Jason wanted me to think of Roger at

that moment, poised at my entrance and ready to take my pussy away from my husband.

I had a sudden urge to look over at the picture of Roger and me, happy and in love. I couldn't look, but the image was there anyway. The soft glow of it, the happy faces, our kiss as we became man and wife.

All of that went through my mind as I made the decision, the decision that had been made the moment Jason had walked into my house.

"Yes!" I cried. "I want your cock!"

There was a sudden, sharp spike of pain that shot up through my loins, spearing into my stomach. I screamed as my cunt stretched to its limit and I was sure that he was tearing me apart. My head fell to the side as I grunted in agony and this time I did see the picture through eyes blurred with tears. Roger. A younger, bolder, Roger smiling down at me.

*It's a mistake!* I wanted to scream to the picture, to Jason, to God. *Stop!*

But, I didn't. There was a moment of pain and then Jason was inside of me, his cock buried to the hilt. It took a second to realize that he was inside, *completely* inside of me, the head of his cock battering at my defenseless womb.

That's when another orgasm hit me.

This was different than any orgasm I had ever experienced. I came from the pain, the guilt and the thick, throbbing flesh filling me up. The emotions made the feeling of his cock so intense, it immediately brought me over the edge.

"Holy shit!" I moaned, unable to keep from stating the obvious. Again. "You are so fucking big!"

"Bigger than Mr. Thompson?" Jason asked with an evil smile..

I moaned as he flexed his thick muscle deep inside of my pussy.

"Yes." I said. "Much bigger."

Even as I said the words, I felt the guilt churning the juices in my stomach. However, instead of dampen my pleasure, it only inflamed it. The fact that I was cheating on my husband and telling Jason about it, made me hot!

"When I'm done with you," Jason growled above me. "I'm going to own this pussy."

"Oh God!" I groaned at the thought as Jason began to pound me even harder.

My pussy stretched, then relaxed, forming a tight, hot sleeve of flesh for Jason's cock. He opened me up and forced my body to accept him in ways I had never felt before. The head battered at the entrance to my womb and soon the reluctant opening gave way and I felt like he had penetrated my cervix. Instead of pain, my whole body relaxed into him, melting around him and then tensed, waiting for release.

I had never felt so full in my life! Even before Roger, I had never had a man that penetrated me so deeply. I was filled with him, his huge cock, his sweaty musk, the deep, dark brown of his eyes. I clung to his body as his cock burned inside of me, pulling me out with his cock, then slamming me back inside.

"Say my name." Jason grunted from above me.

I didn't understand the words at first and Jason growled again.

"Say my name, Jackie!" He said. "Tell me who's fucking you!"

"You are!" I moaned.

"Look at me!"

I didn't realize that I had shut my eyes. I opened them and was looking at Jason's face. He had slowed his thrusting enough that my body was trembling beneath him, my cunt dripping around his cock.

"Say my name." He said again.

"Jason." I said.

He shoved his cock deep inside of me and I groaned as he bottomed out inside of my pussy. My whole body tensed, the pleasure burning in my cunt yet spreading out into my whole body. Jason slammed into me with furious strokes and I felt my whole body open to him, surrendering to his power.

The orgasm, when it crashed over me, was more powerful than any I had ever experienced. It lifted my body up off the sheets, vibrating in waves throughout every nerve. I was on fire, from the tips of my curled toes all the way to my scalp.

I have never had a full-body orgasm in my life, but my attraction to Jason coupled with his intense fucking, made every fiber of my body burst open and sing.

"Oh G-g-GOD!" I screamed to the ceiling.

Jason wrapped a muscular arm around me, holding me against him as I jerked and moaned. I never wanted to come down from that orgasm and yet I knew that if I stayed there I might die from the pleasure. It was that good! Nothing mattered anymore. No Roger, no stale marriage, no shopping. Nothing mattered except the intense feeling of Jason's cock and my flesh melting around it.

Finally, Jason lowered my body to the bed as I rode out the last few jerks of pleasure. Jason laid his body over mine, making me feel warm and whole as his weight pressed down upon me. We kissed and my arms wrapped around his neck, my lips thanking him for the wonderful pleasure he had given me.

The kiss broke and Jason's upper body lifted off of me. I was aware that he was still hard. Through all of that, he had not cum. I was thinking of that, of what it would take to satisfy that beautiful cock when a shaky voice spoke from the doorway.

"Jackie?"

Jason moved, looking over his shoulder and suddenly I saw Roger, standing in the doorway, his face a picture of shock and horror.



## 7



"Oh my God! Roger!" I cried.

I pushed against Jason's chest expecting him to be as surprised as I was. Instead, he lay there on top of me his huge weight pinning me to the bed.

"Jason! You have to get off!"

"That's just it." Jason said. "I'm not done with you yet."

"Oh, Jesus!" I moaned as Jason worked his cock back into me. He looked over his shoulder at Roger.

"What about it, Mr. Thompson?" Jason said, sneering at my husband. "You going to make me stop?"

Roger looked at Jason, then at me. I expected to see rage and anger on his face, but what I saw instead was shock and sadness. How long had he been there? What the fuck had I said to Jason?

"Well, don't just stand there, Mr. Thompson." Jason said, laughing. "Sit down in that chair and watch me fuck your wife."

My mind was a haze of shame and lust. I was still high from my orgasm and Jason's huge cock was working inside of me again, filling me. My pussy had long since adjusted to his cock and I felt melded to him, my flesh one with his as he pounded me back on the bed.

Roger said nothing. I could see him out of the corner of my eyes, stumbling to the chair. What had he thought when he had come home to find all of the treasures I had purchased strewn carelessly about the floor?

Had he called out for me? Or could he hear me from the front door, screaming Jason's name as the young boy murdered our marriage with his huge cock?

The thought of it was too much and as Roger flopped into the large white chair beside the bed, I came again. It was not the mindblowing orgasm of moments before, but it was enough to throw me back into the mattress and squeal in pleasure. I was sure, even as I cried out in pleasure, that I was driving another nail of jealousy into Roger's guts.

"That's it, Jackie." Jason said in my ear. "Don't worry about him. He's been watching us for awhile. Just concentrate on me now."

That was not hard to do. Already Jason was fucking me harder than ever. His body was on mine and my legs had wrapped around his thrusting hips. The weight of him felt wonderful and more than that. It felt *right*. Could Roger see that? Could Roger see how good we looked, how absolutely fucking *perfect* Jason and I were together?

My body worked with Jason, my hips rolling under his savage thrusts. All of a sudden, I needed to feel that huge cock open up and give me his cum. To flood me, to own me, once and for all in front of my husband.

Those thoughts were whirling through my brain when Jason spoke again his voice heavy with the weight of holding back his orgasm.

"Who do you love?" He said, picking up speed.

"Roger!" I cried, my mind fighting my body for control of my words. "I love Roger!"

Jason smiled.

"And who fucks you better, me or Roger?"

"Oh fuck!"

I knew what he wanted. He wanted me to admit it, that he was better than Roger, that he deserved to fuck me. That was why he wanted to fuck in my marital bed, that was why he wanted me to say Roger's name. He had something to prove. To himself, to me, and to my husband sitting in the chair, staring at us, unable to look away.

"Jason!" I moaned pitifully underneath of him. "Please don't make me say it!"

Jason stopped. Not just slowed down, but stopped completely, pulling his cock from my pussy leaving me feeling horribly empty and cold. I whimpered and my body rolled across the bed, fingers clawing at the comforter in frustration.

"Tell me, Jackie." Jason said. "Say it."

"Oh, Jesus!" I moaned. "You fucking bastard!"

"Say it!" His voice was one of icy command that made my body stop and my mind focus.

I looked up at him through the tears in my eyes. I was aware of Roger sitting on the chair, his eyes fixed upon me, waiting for my answer. How much must it hurt, sitting there, watching your wife of ten years humiliate you and degrade you? How much did it kill him to see me writhing in desire for this bigger, better man?

And yet, he was still there, watching us, his hands gripping the arms of the chair until his knuckles were white, sitting forward as he strained to hear my answer.

Given the situation, there was really only one answer I could give.

"You do!" I cried. "Is that what you want to hear? You fuck me better than Roger!"

Jason smiled cruelly, then planted a hand on my head and forced me to look at Roger.

"Tell him." He said.

"Oh god!" I cried and fresh tears rolled down my cheeks, tears that I could see were matched by Roger's own. "Baby, I'm sorry!"

"Say it." Jason snapped.

"He...he fucks me better than you!" I whimpered, then took a deep breath and a weight lifted from my chest.

All the anger and spite that I had held back from Roger, because I really did love him, came bubbling to the surface. The years of unfulfilled sexual tension, the denials, the lackluster sex. All of that pent-up rage burst out of my mouth in sharp words aimed straight at Roger's heart.

"He fucks me better than you ever could."

Roger groaned and slumped back in the chair, his arm over his eyes, the sounds of his sobbing suddenly loud in the quiet room.

“Good girl.” Jason said and speared his cock all the way into my body, his cock puncturing my body and his words puncturing my heart.

He fucked me harder than, even harder than he had been fucking me. I felt his cock again hammering against my cervix, reaching those parts of me that Roger could not reach. I didn’t think it was possible, but I felt myself working towards yet another orgasm. I had lost count by that point and I was holding on to Jason’s body weakly, the only thing that mattered to my fevered mind.

Finally, just as I couldn’t take it any longer, I felt Jason’s body tense. I couldn’t believe he hadn’t cum yet and I barely registered the swelling of his cock. He thrust deep within me and I gasped as his cock exploded inside of my pussy.

His cock was a hose and I was filled with his cum. It hit my insides like hot cream, bathing me, marking my cunt as his property. I moaned underneath of him. I had been fucked so good, I could hardly move. My arms were around his neck and he was kissing me and I was accepting his tongue, even as my body accepted every drop of cum his heavy balls could give me.

At some point, it had to end and end it did. Jason lifted his body off of mine and I let my arms fall to the bed. I was completely spent. I watched through half open eyes as Jason dressed. I didn’t want to look anywhere else. Not at the room, not at the pictures on the bedside table. And certainly not at Roger who was breathing heavily in the chair next to the bed.

Fully dressed in his security outfit, Jason held out his hand for me to take. I held my arm up and he pulled me into a sitting position. He held my face in his hands and gave me a deep, passionate kiss which made Roger whimper.

“I hope we can do this again.” He said, smiling down at me.

I smiled back, but said nothing. My life was rushing back to me and the reality of my situation was just now sinking in. Jason was lucky. He could leave me and my wrecked marriage behind, just like that. I had no illusions I meant anything to him but a hot fling on a just another Friday. He probably did shit like this all the time.

I couldn't blame him, however. It was my fault and I would have to face the consequences soon enough. I gave him one last kiss, just to prolong the moment, then he was gone, leaving me and Roger alone in our bedroom.



## 8



I sat on the bed, staring at the wall, unable to think of anything to say. What could I say? *Um, sorry you had to see that babe, but I just couldn't help myself?* It was the truth and to be honest, I didn't regret it. I had just had the greatest sex of my life and my body was still basking in the glow of Jason's fucking and the series of massive orgasms he had given me.

I wasn't ready to be sorry. Sorry was for later.

Finally, I managed to move, sliding my sore body to the edge of the bed and looked at Roger..

His glasses were hanging crooked on his face. I could see the redness of his eyes, from the tears of shame that he had shed as Jason took me on our marital bed. What I saw in those eyes made my heart ache. There was a look of such pain and loss, of sadness that I was responsible for.

"Roger?" I said softly.

His eyes cleared and I saw that he was shaking. The sadness vanished from his eyes and I saw something I had never seen in our ten years of marriage. Rage.

He was trembling with anger. I knew that he wanted to get up, knew that wanted to slap me in the face and call me a whore. Part of me wanted him to do it. Part of me wanted him to punish me.

He didn't. He just sat there, his rage as impotent as his cock had been. I couldn't hold back anymore. I needed some reaction. Yelling or screaming. Anything would do.

"I'm sorry, baby." I said and I slid off the bed and onto the floor. "I'm so sorry."

I crawled along the floor, and knelt in front of Roger, my hands running over his knees and up his thighs. Roger jerked, scared or

disgusted I didn't know which. He turned his head away, unwilling to look at me as I slid my hands up his legs.

"Roger, please." I begged. "Please talk to me."

Roger said nothing and fresh tears gathered in his eyes. I got up on my knees and gripped his chin, forcing him to look at me. I was taking a chance, putting my hands on him, tempting his anger, but I didn't care.

He was looking into my eyes when I slid my hand between his legs. Roger moaned and tried to look away from me, but my other hand held him still. My palm reached his crotch and I giggled which did nothing to calm Roger's anger.

"Sorry." I chuckled, lying my palm over his cock pressing against the fabric of his pants. "You are so hard."

He was hard. Harder than he had been in years. It was obvious that he was turned on, turned on by the rage and the shame.

"You liked that didn't you?" I murmured as my hand rubbed Roger's cock. "You liked watching me with Jason? Did we look good together?"

I knew we had. I imagined Jason's body on mine, his perfect, black physique dominating my pale form. It had to be better than any porn.

Roger did not answer. Instead, he did something even more shocking.

He kissed me.

It was wild and sloppy, but more excitement and lust than I had felt from him in years. As I kissed him, I tasted the salt of his tears, the taste of his shame and I couldn't help but feel another jolt of excitement hit my pussy.

I tried to control his movements, to slow his crazy kisses, but Roger's mind was gone. Already he was pushing me back to the floor, the cold wood hard against my back.

"Roger." I moaned as he came down on top of me, his body pressing me painfully into the floor. "Please...the bed."

Roger looked up bewildered like he had suddenly woken up from a bad dream. I used his confusion to slide out from under him. I got

up on the bed, spreading my legs, running my fingers through the thick cum Jason had left.

"Look what he did to me Roger?" I said, pouting. "Look what he did to your wife's little pussy?"

Roger lunged to his feet, pulling at his sweater, tugging them over his chest. When the sweater finally came up I had to struggle not to laugh at my poor, sweet husband.

His hair was wild, the thin strands sticking out from his head. His eye glasses had all but come off and hung by one ear. His soft chest, so much less defined than Jason's slabs of hard muscle, heaved in and out with exertion.

"It turns you on, doesn't it, knowing that my pussy is filled with another man's cum?"

"You fucking bitch!" Roger screamed.

Roger had never spoken to me like that, not even when he found out about the debt I had dragged us into. He had never been this angry and he fell upon me like a wild animal. I struggled against him, but my muscles were tired from the hard pounding Jason had given me. I couldn't stop Roger from pushing me to the bed and forcing my legs apart with his body.

I suddenly regretted the teasing as Roger held me down with an arm across my chest. The other hand was tugging at his pants and I could see his face screwed in frustration. Finally, after a titanic struggle with his underwear, Roger got his pants down over his flabby bottom and suddenly he was inside of me.

"Oh, fuck!" I moaned.

Roger was as hard as he had ever been and he slammed the full length of himself inside of me. Yet, I could barely feel it. Jason's cock had reshaped me to his size and girth and I knew that eventually I would be tight again, but the furious fucking I had gotten meant that I got no pleasure from Roger's cock.

Still, I felt a different kind of pleasure. Roger was back. Sure, his body was flailing between my legs, his attention focused solely on his own pleasure. And yes, I couldn't feel him, aside from a small presence at the entrance to my well-fucked cunt.

That didn't matter. For the first time in a long time, Roger wanted me. Whether out of anger, or jealousy, I didn't care. All that I cared about, in that moment, was that my husband was fucking me.

I tried to slow him down, moving my hips backward into the bed, but Roger's body found me. Now that he had me, he wasn't letting go. His breath huffed in my ear and I stroked his back, sliding my hand along the soft slope of his body as he bounced on top of me.

"That's it, baby!" I moaned to him. "You want to take that pussy back?"

"Fuh...fuck you!" Roger wheezed. "Buh...buh...bitch!"

"That's right." I whispered, licking sweat off his ear. "But not your bitch. Today, I'm Jason's bitch."

"Shit!"

Those words, hot in his ear almost made him blow his load. I felt a surge of excitement nearly as good as when I fucked Jason. It wasn't an orgasm, but it twitched along my insides, like an electric eel. The degradation turned Roger on and all I had to do was push my poor, little husband over the edge.

"Ooh!" I cooed. "That got you didn't it, baby?"

Roger moaned, slowing his thrusts, but now it was my turn. I began to hump my cunt on his twitching cock, my battered pussy sucking him in to my wet, gooey hole.

"It's ok, baby." I said. "It's OK to admit that another man fucks me better than you do."

"Oh, God! Jackie! Stop!"

"You don't want me to stop, do you, baby?" I teased and increased my humping. "You want to fuck me, right? To take back what is yours?"

Yes!" Roger said and hammered forward and we both groaned as our hips smashed together. "Yes, you fucking whore!"

"Good boy!" I giggled, like a mother to a little child. "That's it, baby! Fuck me as hard as you can! Take back that pussy!"

Roger abandoned all restraint and I laughed, actually laughed as he fucked me. The truth was, I could feel my own orgasm building. It wasn't as strong as the one Jason gave me, but it was there. It

was the first orgasm I was going to have with my husband in months, maybe even years.

And it was all because of the humiliation I was feeding him.

"That's it little man. Give it to me, baby!"

I continued to laugh and urge him on in a voice very much like a mother talking to a toddler. The teasing voice only made Roger pound harder. I knew he couldn't hold out much longer. Hell, he had already held out longer than he had in months.

My orgasm was close. I needed one last push to send me over the edge. My lips peeled back in an evil grin as I chose my words carefully.

Just as Roger was going to cum I pulled my mouth close to his ear so I could stab those poisonous fucking words directly into his brain.

"No matter how good you fuck me!" I grunted as Roger ground his hips against mine, his cock beginning to twitch. "You'll never be able to fuck me as good as Jason!"

Roger cried out in shock and I felt his soft, fleshy body jiggle as his cock jerked and convulsed inside of me.

At the idea of Roger cumming to that final humiliation, I came too and surprised myself by squirting around Roger's cock. The convulsion of my pussy along with the fresh wave of juices, pushed more of Jason's cum out between my legs. Soon, Roger's weak stream was completely overtaken by the better man's seed.

"Oh fuck!" I moaned underneath Roger as he collapsed on top of me completely spent. "Good boy! Such a good boy!"

Roger was crying now and I held him, letting his soft body tremble between my legs until he was still. It's funny, but I had never felt closer to Roger until that moment. That moment when he was weak and exhausted. His age, his accomplishments, his perceived power over me was ripped away revealing a sad, frightened little boy.

And, instead of being disgusted or angry, I loved him even more. This was the man I had really married, the hidden person behind all the facade and I realized that I needed that man.

"I'm sorry, baby." I said and this time, I really meant it. "I'm sorry it was so hard for you."

Roger rolled off of me, flopping onto the bed like a beached whale. I slid my body next to his and put my head on my chest, tracing circles in the thin hairs around his nipple. For a long time, Roger said nothing and I was content to let him rest, to let him make up his mind about what to do next.

"I love you, you know." He said, which surprised me.

"I never thought you didn't." I said, looking up at him. "I love you too."

"Really?" He said. "I thought...with the things you were saying..."

I rubbed my finger over his sensitive nipple, then gave it a tweak.

"Did you like it?" My tongue flicked out and Roger groaned as I licked the now hard nipple.

"Y...yes." He said. "I don't know why. I...I've never done anything like that."

"I liked it too." I said and sucked his nipple into my hot mouth.

Roger moaned. I lowered my mouth down to his belly, kissing the soft flesh. My hand grazed his shrunken penis and I felt a twitch.

I looked at him in shock.

"Oh my God!" I said. "Are you getting hard again?"

Roger looked away, ashamed of his lust.

"Yes." He said, weakly.

Roger had not been able to get it up twice in ages. Even then, he had never been able to get an erection this quickly.

"You really did like it." I said, rubbing his cock gently, marveling as his little soldier twitched back to life.

"Yes." He said.

"Good." I said and laid on him, stroking faster, my naked body draped along his body.

I propped myself on my arms and grinned down at my husband.

"Now, let me tell you what I want for Christmas."

Roger groaned and flopped his head back onto the pillows as my cruel laughter filled the room.

# **I'm Dreaming of Black Christmas**



# 1



“That was Michael.” Roger said. “He and Amber can’t make it for Christmas.”

I was in the dining room, putting the final touches on the decorations. I turned to see Roger in the doorway, his face crestfallen. I smiled, and hung up the last of the matching stockings. Ironically, it was Michael’s stocking, Roger’s son from his previous marriage. He and his wife, Amber, lived in Seattle and were making the yearly train ride down to Portland to spend Christmas with us. Even though they lived a few hours away, Roger rarely saw his son except on holidays.

Part of that was my fault. To Michael I would always be the woman who took his mother’s place in his father’s heart. The fact that I was fifteen years younger than my husband only made it worse. It wasn’t as big a deal now, but when Michael had been a teenager, it had been brutal on both of us.

“I’m sorry, babe.” I said and walked across the floor to Roger, enfolding him in my arms. “I know how much this meant to you.”

I felt a deep spike of anger at Michael. Despite the divorce, Roger had always tried to be a presence in his son’s life. Feelings about me aside, the least he could do was spend the holidays with us.

“Why can’t he come?” I said, fighting to keep the anger out of my voice.

“Amber has to work on Christmas Eve. They wouldn’t be able to get out until late and they didn’t think it would be worth it just to come for the day then have to head back on the weekend.”

“Really?” I said and I couldn’t hold back the sarcasm. “And what did you tell him?”

"I said he was right." Roger said avoiding my eyes. "He's right. By the time they came for Christmas they'd be back on the road."

"Roger! Really?" I said and I saw a trace of redness trickle into his cheeks.

I usually found that embarrassed and ashamed look endearing and, given the right moment, a turn on, but now I was just angry. He always let Michael get away with whatever he wanted. It was the divorce, of course. The guilt of leaving Michael's mother and further shaming her by marrying a former student was too much for my husband and he made up for the guilt by spoiling his only child.

"I know." Roger said to my unspoken arguments. "They're young, you know. They're trying to make their way in the world."

I heard the pain in Roger's voice and my heart went out to him. I pulled back and took a deep breath. I was only making it worse and I certainly didn't want to do that to him.

Besides, another thought was creeping into the back of my mind. An opportunity.

I rubbed Roger's cheek to let him know I was done questioning his choices. He looked up at me and I was rewarded by a lopsided smile from him.

"You know..." My voice was a soft purr and I slid my hands down the front of his shirt, toying with the buttons. "Since the kids aren't going to be here over Christmas, there's other things we can do to pass the time."

Roger grinned and slid his hands over my hips.

"Really?" He said, pulling me closer. "What did you have in mind?"

I pulled away from him and turned, letting him see how good I looked in my short skirt. He licked his lips unconsciously.

I had taken to wearing skirts around the house, to show off a little leg and let Roger see the firm curve of my ass more often. I was also wearing a sheer, red blouse, unbuttoned just enough to let my husband see the expanse of smooth skin of my chest. The buttons stopped just short of my lacy, black bra which, if I bent the right way, you could see peeking out between the folds of red fabric.

I had begun to dress sexier because I *felt* sexier. And it was all because of one person.

No, not my husband. In fact, sex between Roger and I had cooled after so many years of marriage. Not only that, but Roger's stamina had taken a hit as he left the fifty year old landmark behind and edged closer to sixty. When we did have sex, it only lasted a few good thrusts before Roger was done.

No, it was because of Jason. I had known Jason for years. He was an old friend of Michael's and I remember him hanging around the house in the summers when Michael would visit. He had been a gangly, black youth and I honestly had not given the younger Jason much thought.

However, on Black Friday, the best shopping day of the year, Jason had saved me from a violent incident at the local mall. Jason was not the awkward, skinny young man he had once been. He was a tall, athletic black man and sexy as hell. He had driven me home and one thing led to another.

It had easily been the best sex I had *ever* had. And, it only got hotter when Roger had walked in on us. Instead of yelling, Roger had sat down and watched as Jason forced me to say things that made my husband weep with despair. It had also made Roger incredibly hot.

I wore the revealing clothes not just because I felt sexier, but because I wanted Roger to see me as he had seen me that day, underneath Jason's beautiful, black body, the young stud hammering me into the marital bed. I wanted him to remember how my body had been gripped by intense orgasms and how I had screamed Jason's name. It was cruel, humiliating sex and Roger loved it.

I hadn't seen Jason since that day, but his presence was still felt around the house in the weeks leading up to Christmas. I teased Roger with my sexy clothes and we had had sex more times in the last three weeks than we had had in the last three years of marriage.

And while we had never really talked about what happened with Jason, the strong, black man was there in our bed. Every time that Roger touched me I felt Jason's long black fingers. Every time Roger

took off his clothes, I saw Jason's hard muscles and smooth, chocolate skin.

When Roger fucked me, I remembered Jason's long, black cock that touched places Roger could never hope to reach.

While our renewed sex life was wonderful, I wanted more. I wanted to see Jason again and Michael and Amber canceling on Christmas seemed a perfect opportunity to convince Roger of my idea.

I slid my hand into Roger's and I could feel him shivering with need. It was so easy to get him turned on. And yet, for years it had been all I could do to get his attention. He was always at the university, where he was dean of students, or building models in his study. And, even if I did coax him away, Roger would only last for a few minutes and I would be left a frustrated mess.

"Come on." I said, pulling Roger gently up the steps to the second floor. "Let's talk about this in the bedroom."

"Ooh! I like where this us heading." Roger chuckled as we climbed.

I gave him a generous view of my ass, swaying my hips so he could see my buttocks moving under my short skirt. From his angle on the steps I knew he could see the skin of my thighs as they disappeared under the hem of the skirt. Not much skin, just a shadowed hint of the wet, willing flesh waiting between my legs.

I pulled Roger into the bedroom and kissed him, teasing his lips open with my tongue. He kissed me back eagerly, a little too eagerly, his lips missing mine in his excitement and leaving a wet line of drool on my cheek. I gripped his chin and pulled him to the right spot and we were soon kissing like hungry teenagers.

Finally, having sucked out all of the thrill I could from kissing, I pulled back and let Roger's lips smack at the air like a puppy looking for a treat.

"Down boy." I chuckled and pushed Roger backwards.

His knees struck the edge of the bed and he fell heavily, grunting as he came to rest on the bedspread.

I stood above him swaying my hips to unseen music slowly unbuttoning my blouse as I smiled down at him.

"Do you know what I want for Christmas?" I asked as I revealed my lacy black bra.

"What do you want?" Roger asked his voice breaking on the last word like a pubescent teenager.

I let the sheer, red fabric slide off of my shoulders and onto the floor. Then, I peeled the tight skirt down over the firm, round swell of my bottom. I turned so Roger could see me in profile as I arched my back and let him take all of my curves.

"I want Jason." I said as I stepped away from my skirt and stood before my husband in a sexy black bra and panties.

The lingerie had cost a bit of money and just a few weeks ago I probably wouldn't even have noticed. I had once had an addiction to shopping but I found that addiction, that need to acquire new things, had quieted since my afternoon with Jason. I had a new obsession and its name was Jason.

"I don't know." Roger said.

I sashayed over to Roger. I pushed him back on the bed and slid down between his legs rubbing my scantily clad body over his crotch.

"What don't you know about?" I asked as my fingers pulled up his shirt and exposed the soft white flesh of his belly. "Don't you want me to have what I want for Christmas?"

Roger groaned. He was propped up on his elbows watching me in my skimpy, little outfit as I ran my fingertips along the waistband of his pants. I got to the button and popped it open with a practiced flare and heard him hiss as I unzipped his slacks and revealed a thatch of graying pubic hairs leading down to his cock.

"Mmm." I murmured as I pulled Roger's twitching cock free of his pants. "Looks like somebody's excited!"

Up until three weeks ago I had never considered Roger's cock as small. Average, sure, but certainly not small. However, looking at his pale, twitching rod, I couldn't help but think of Jason's cock, easily twice as long as Roger's and thick, as thick as my wrist. In my mind's eye it dwarfed Roger's tiny, white worm.

Roger was hard and already drooling pre-cum from the small slit at the end of his penis. It looked like it was crying.

"Aww!" I giggled as I used a finger to tease the tip and used his pre-cum to swirl my fingertip across the head of his swollen glands. "It looks like the idea is getting you excited!"

"You get me excited." Roger grunted.

"That's so sweet!" I said. "But, doesn't it get you even more excited to think of me on our bed with Jason pounding me?"

Roger's cock twitched and another dribble of precum oozed from the slit. He moaned in agony and I laughed.

"I'll take that as a yes." I giggled.

"Jesus Jackie!" Roger hissed. "Please..."

"Please what?" I said, still teasing just the tip this cock. "What do you want, Roger?"

"Please." Roger said. "I want you!"

"How do you want me?" I said. "Do you want my mouth?"

I dropped my lips to Roger's cock and and blew a cool stream of air across the red, angry tip. Roger shivered.

"No." Roger said.

I slid my body up Roger's prone form. I straddled his hips and I took his cock and slid it slowly over the wet fabric covering my crotch.

"Is this what you want?" I said. "Do you want to fuck me Roger?"

The well-timed use of the word made Roger squirm and moan. Looking down at my husband's anguish, knowing that he wanted me in the worst way, was delicious! For years I had despaired over whether Roger was attracted to me anymore.

Now, I realized, Roger had always wanted me. He just needed to be reminded of that.

"Yes!" Roger cried as if reading my thoughts. "I want you!"

"And I want Jason." I said and pulled my wet pussy away from his cock.

Roger squeezed his eyes shut and groaned as I let his cock flop down. It was oozing even more pre-cum and it dribbled out onto his belly.

"Jackie, please!" Roger begged and the sound was music to my ears.

"Jackie please!" I imitated Roger's voice in a high, girlish falsetto. "You know what I want, Roger. You know I need Jason's big, black cock. I need someone who can satisfy me."

Roger squirmed for a moment more then stopped and looked me in the eyes.

"I'm scared, alright?" Roger said. "I'm scared that you won't want me anymore."

I bent over him, covering his body with my firm, hot flesh. I trailed a finger along his face and underneath his chin. The points of my nail dug into the extra skin on his chin and poked his mouth upwards. I kissed him, shoving my tongue into his mouth, rocking my hips slowly over his crotch. I suddenly pulled back from the kiss leaving Roger wanting more. I smiled down at him, wiping a drop of spittle from my lips.

"I love you, Roger." I said. "But, I don't want you like I want Jason. I'm not going to leave you, if that's what you're worried about. But, I need Jason's body."

I hovered above Roger. I had finally admitted to him that he wasn't enough to fulfill me and he hadn't pushed me away. In fact, he was even more turned on. I had control of him now and I would use that to get what I wanted.

"Tell me you want Jason to come for Christmas." I said.

Roger moaned again and I thought for a minute that he might keep fighting, but he finally looked at me and said the words I longed for him to say.

"Yes." He said, his words heartfelt. "I want Jason to come for Christmas."

"Good boy!" I gushed like he was a beloved pet. "Such a good boy!"

I reached down and tugged the crotch of my panties aside and in one quick motion I shoved Roger's cock into that pussy he wanted so much. He grunted and I felt him tense underneath me. I was afraid that he would cum from just feeling my pussy, but he held back his orgasm.

"Oh oh!" I giggled as I felt Rogers thin cock spasm inside of me. "You're so excited! You must really want to see me fuck Jason"

again!"

"Fuck, Jackie! Fuck!" Roger cried fighting the urge to spill his seed.

"It's okay, baby." I said, cruelly grinding my hips downwards to take him all the way into my pussy. "You can come. I know you want to."

Still, Roger was holding out which I found hilarious. For years, when we had sex Roger would come right away. Now that he knew I wanted him to come he was trying to hold back.

It was so cute.

I laid my body down on top of Roger and continued to pump him mercilessly into my pussy. I kissed his neck his cheeks, then nibbled on his ear. His breathing was light and shallow each breath punctuated by a pitiful, wheezing moan.

"I can't wait to fuck him again." I whispered in his ear. "I've been dreaming of his cock for weeks. I'm thinking of his cock right now."

Roger let out a strangled cry and I laughed as his body jerked and twitched upwards inside of me. After Jason's huge cock, Roger's smaller, thinner cock was easy to handle. I felt it twitch inside of me, spurting a thin trickle of semen into my cunt. Roger's body quivered like jelly as he let go of his cum. Finally, he settled back to the bed and, with a last, little jerk, his lust was sated.

"Good boy!" I said again, patting his cheek. "I knew you wanted me to fuck him again. It's going to be a great Christmas!"

Roger groaned, but any reluctance had been washed away by his orgasm. His eyes were closed and he was basking in the glow of his orgasm. I laid down next to him, my nails slowly turning circles around one nipple. Roger's breathing was becoming slower and heavier and I realized that he was about to drop off for a nap. Cruelly, I closed my teeth on his taut nipple and bit down.

"Ow! Shit!" Roger sprang up. "What the hell, Jackie?"

"Don't think you can just go to sleep." I said, laughing. "I'm still horny."

Roger looked down at me, taking a gulp.

"What do you want?" Roger said.

I rolled over on my back and slid off my panties. There were soaked with my juices and thin streams of Roger's cum.

"Well, you can clean up your mess." I said.

"Jackie, I...I can't do that?"

"Why not?" I said. "It's OK for me to suck you off and eat your cum, but it's not OK for you to clean up this mess?"

"You hardly ever suck me off." Roger said petulantly, as if that was an effective argument.

"Come on, baby! I want you to make me feel good."

Roger looked at me, lying there, the evidence of his lust leaking out of my pussy. I saw the tip of his tongue flick out over his lips. It was quick and I knew Roger hadn't wanted to do it, but his body once again betrayed him as he stared at my wet, raw pussy.

"Just do it, baby." I cooed. "You know you want to."

Roger lowered his head to my body and I almost screamed as his tongue flicked out and connected with the skin of my inner thigh. He was going to do it! My husband was actually going to eat his cum from my pussy! The thought made me dizzy. I had never had this much control over sex in my life and I loved it.

Roger gained confidence as he became accustomed to our mingled juices and continued to eat me, his tongue bathing my tortured pussy. I laid back on the bed, content to be worshipped and cleaned by my husband.

I felt the first stirrings of my orgasm. Despite the emotions rolling through my mind, the orgasm was going to be a small one, something to relieve the tension, but it was nice nonetheless. Soon, I would be having bigger orgasms. Better orgasms.

And I thought of Jason and closed my eyes, allowing Roger's tongue to slowly bring me over the edge.

*Merry Christmas to me. I thought. Merry Fucking Christmas to me!*



## 2



The next day was spent finishing up decorations on the house. I have to say I'd never seen the place look any better.

Before Roger knew that Michael wasn't coming, he had gone all out on the outside of the house. It was one of those things that he did as a father to remind his son how much fun they had together on Christmas in the past. I don't know that Michael had the same glowing memories of Christmas as his father did. What I remember the most was Michael as a sullen teenager, forced to visit his father and his new wife at the holidays when what he wanted to do was spend time with his friends.

Of course, those could be just my memories of the past.

No matter the reason, the house looked spectacular. Roger used beautiful, multicolored lights and he transformed the front yard into a winter wonderland. Even the constant rain, which often happened in December in Portland, couldn't dampen the scene.

The inside of the house looked just as good. The pictures of me, Roger, Michael and Amber on the mantle. A glowing fire in the gas fireplace. Christmas cards and stockings hung above the cozy flames. All the trappings of the perfect family and yet, underneath it all, the excitement of what Roger and I were about to do.

The bedroom, however, was not dressed for Christmas. Instead, I made up the bed with deep, red silk sheets. The personal items from the bedside tables have been moved, including the picture of Roger and me at our wedding. This time, Roger would be watching the whole thing in person, start to finish.

The bedside lamps were draped with orange silk scarves. It took a little trial and error, but I finally found the right color to create a sensuous glow about the room. Across from the bed, on a low table

In front of a full length mirror I had set up candles. With the curtains shut, and all of the lights lit, it created a romantic, sexual scene that made me grin.

I looked at the room one, last time and felt my thighs quiver at the promise of sex.

I myself was much like the house and bedroom. I was wearing a tight, red dress that hugged the curves of my body nicely. My hair, too, had been professionally done just that morning after begging my normal hairdresser to make a special appointment just for me. On my neck was a string of pearls that Roger had gotten me for Christmas three years ago. My wedding ring glittered on my hand, reminding me that I was married and yet, I was about to give myself to another man.

And just like the bedroom, underneath that tasteful dress and perfect accessories was my new set of lingerie picked out for Jason. Well, not just for Jason. After all I wanted Roger to see me in it and, more importantly, watch Jason unwrap me like a gift.

I was just finishing up the last touches of my makeup when the doorbell rang. Fear rushed through my body. It felt like the moment before my very first date in junior high. My first real date as a young woman, the first time when you realize that the date may end with a kiss. The knowledge that this date was going to end in a whole lot more than kissing sent shivers through my body and I trembled in front of the mirror.

I took a couple of deep breaths and smoothed the dress over my body needlessly, turning in the mirror to make sure everything was perfect. And then I left the bedroom, ready for whatever the night might bring.

Roger and Jason were talking in the hall as I entered. Both men turned to me, their eyes lighting up in different ways. Jason's eyes were kind, but with an undisguised hunger in his grin. Roger, on the other hand, was looking at me with a mixture of fear and adoration.

"Hi Jason." I said a little blush creeping into my cheeks.

"Hello, Mrs Thompson." He looked me up and down. "You look great."

I took the opportunity to give Jason an appraising glance as well. He was taller than Roger by nearly a head and broader as well. He was wearing jeans and a simple black shirt with long sleeves that was tight and showed off the muscular chest and powerful arms I remembered. My stomach fluttered as I thought about what we were going to be doing, what I was going to be doing with that body.

"You look great too." I finally managed to say. "But you can call me Jackie."

It was a teasing game between us. Jason had known me for years and, I suspected, when he thought about me he thought about me as Mrs. Thompson. Michael's stepmom and the wife of Roger Thompson. He used my married name to tease me and the teasing turned us both on.

"Okay, Jackie." He said and turned to Roger. "Your house looks great Mr. Thompson."

"Uh..." Roger said, flustered by the connection that had just passed between me and Jason. "Um...thank you, Jason. I suppose you can call me Roger?"

The last was said as a question and a quick glance to me. I nodded, grinning at Roger's unease before the powerful black man in front of him.

"Well," I said, clapping my hands. "Since we've all gotten to know each other shall we move this party to the bedroom?"

Both men looked at each other and Roger shrugged nodding his head. Jason stepped forward and slipped a possessive arm around my waist.

"Show me the way." He said.

I hesitated, and looked back at Roger. His eyes stared at Jason's large arm hugging my thin waist. I believe in that moment, it was all becoming a little too real for my husband. The fact that Jason was actually going to fuck his wife tonight and he could only watch was finally starting to sink in.

"Roger?" I said and Roger's eyes lifted from my waist. "You coming?"

Roger cleared his throat and I saw the redness of his cheeks. I was throwing him a line, giving him a chance to back out. At the time, I would have backed out. If I had felt that this moment threatened our marriage, if I truly believed that Roger did not want to go through with it, I would have stopped it right there. I may not have been happy about it and things might never have been the same between Roger and I, but I would have stopped. I believed I could stop.

Fortunately, I didn't have to make that choice.

Roger nodded, unable to say anything and we proceeded up the stairs.



### 3



I led Jason up the stairs to the bedroom, Roger following closely behind. I was reminded day when I led Jason up these same steps. I'd been reluctant at the time, reluctant to show this big, black man the bed I shared my husband .

Now, the reluctance was gone. I felt more confident, more in control than I had in years.

That didn't mean I wasn't nervous. The three of us came into the bedroom, and stood there in the rosy, enticing atmosphere I had created and looked at one another in awkward silence. Roger was shifting uncomfortably from one foot to another, not wanting to look at me or Jason.

Jason, on the other hand, couldn't keep his eyes off of me. The naked hunger on his face sent ripples of pleasure through my body.

I once again took matters into my own hands. I gripped Roger's hand and led him to the chair, the same chair he had sat in during our previous encounter with Jason. I smiled reassuringly at him and he returned my smile although his was a bit uneasy. Perhaps he was having second thoughts, but it was too late. He'd already given in and what was about to happen was going to happen.

My husband safe and out of the way in his chair, I turned back to Jason.

Jason didn't need an invitation. He'd already built this moment up in his mind and had been holding himself back. But now, flush with the knowledge that it was going to happen, he stepped forward, pulled me into the arms, and planted a hot, hungry kiss on my lips.

I moaned and the sound was echoed by Roger as I opened my mouth and accepted Jason's tongue. We made out for what felt like a long time, enjoying the taste of each other. Each of us had been

been waiting for this, wanting it for a long time, and we luxuriated in our hunger for each other.

It seemed like we kissed for a long time, but it was probably only a minute. Still, no matter how long it seemed to me, it must have seemed like an eternity to Roger. He was squirming in his seat and I became aware of his heavy breathing and the groans as Jason's hand slid down over my ass and pulled me tight against his crotch so I could feel the hard cock in his pants rubbing against my belly.

I took pity on my husband and broke the deep, passionate kiss. I turned Jason slightly so that Roger could see us in profile. My firm body held up against Jason's black, muscular frame. I wanted Roger to see everything.

I wanted him to have a good view of what came next.

I stepped back and allowed Jason and my husband to see me in my dress. Then, I slowly slid the fabric down over my shoulders revealing my skimpy lingerie underneath.

The lingerie was a very skimpy see-through bra and panties. In honor of the season it was red with little bows between the breasts and at the top of the panties. I stood before Jason, his firm, tight gift to unwrap.

He took no time. He stepped forward grabbing me with his strong black hands rubbing over my body. The rough fabric of his pants and shirt rubbed against my sensitive skin. The bra came first and he yanked it down over my stomach to reveal my firm pert breasts. My nipples were rock hard and I felt shivers a pleasure as they were bared to the cool air. And then they were hot as Jason lowered his mouth to them and sucked first one then the other into his mouth. I closed my eyes, unwilling to look at Roger and break the spell as my lust for Jason poured through me. Jason worked his way down my belly kneeling before me, peeling the panties over my ass. All that time purchasing this perfect outfit and in a matter of minutes it was gone, lying on the floor in a useless pile of silk and lace.

I was left standing naked and I knew the sight was driving Roger crazy. I turned to look at him. His face was flushed and his body was rigid in the chair. I couldn't see it, but I knew his cock was rock hard in his pants and I could see the small tent in his pants.

"You can take your cock out, baby." I murmured.

Roger hesitated, his eyes flicking to Jason. He was suddenly unsure of whether he wanted to bare himself in front of this powerful black man.

"Go ahead, baby." I said. "You know you want to."

Finally, Roger began to fumble with his pants and I turned my attention back to Jason.

It was my turn to unwrap my present. I pulled up his shirt over those cut abs and the thick beautiful muscles of his chest. I managed to get the shirt back up over his nipples before I couldn't help myself and I planted my lips on that chocolate, black skin. He tasted good, sweaty and salty. I hummed with satisfaction as I trailed my lips across that smooth skin, feeling the glorious hardness of his muscles underneath.

He groaned when I latched onto one of his hard, brown nipples and sucked it eagerly into my mouth, swabbing it with my tongue.

But I didn't stop there. I needed to see him, to feel him. I didn't have time to take off all his clothes, in fact, the thought of kneeling before this powerful black man, me naked and him clothed made it feel all the more submissive. My submission would be all the more humiliating for Roger. After all, I would never worship him the way I worshipped Jason.

With those thoughts in my mind, I kissed my way down Jason's body until I came to a rest on my knees in front of his crotch. I grinned at my husband as he wanked his pale cock furiously. He was hard, as hard as I've ever seen him but I knew just underneath the fabric of Jason's pants there was something bigger and better waiting for me.

I smiled at Roger as I unbuttoned the top button of Jason's pants and slowly unzipped the zipper.

"Are you ready to see my Christmas present?" I asked Roger.

Roger only moaned and stopped stroking for a moment, holding his throbbing cock in his hand the red, angry head of it peeking out the top of his fist.

"That's what I thought." I said.

And I pulled down Jason's pants and his huge, black cock sprang free and gave me a meaty, wet slap across my cheek.

"Holy shit!" I cried as my eyes took in the full length and girth of that beautiful black shaft. "It's even bigger than I remember!"

I looked at Roger, whose hand was still frozen on his cock, his eyes wide and wet with fear.

"You see, honey?" I giggled. "Do you see why I needed this cock?"

Jason snorted and I laughed harder, making Roger burn with humiliation. I lifted Jason's heavy cock and ran my lips along the underside from tip to balls. I inhaled deeply, intoxicated by Jason's musky, manly scent.

"Mmm." I was heady with the feel, taste and smell of Jason's cock. "I've been dreaming of this cock."

"So," Jason grinned towards Roger. "You've been thinking of me huh?"

"Oh, fuck yes!" I said. "Everyday!"

"Even when you're with him." Jason said, cocking a thumb at Roger who was once again furiously wanking his cock.

"Yes!" I moaned against his throbbing shaft. "Every single time he fucked me I was thinking of you!"

Now that I had his cock out, I wanted to show Roger something special. I got up on my knees and I spit on Jason's cock. Using my spit I rubbed it up and down until the black shaft was glistening.

"You see this cock baby?" I said knowing full well that Roger had a perfect view of Jason's cock highlighted by the romantic light. Both of my hands were working that thick, black shaft, my wedding ring flashing merrily.

Roger was mesmerised by my hands on Jason's cock. His own hand had begun stroking again, in time to my own fingers massaging the slick, black flesh.

"I want you to watch me do things to this cock that I would never do to yours. Things I can't do to yours because you're too small. Be honest. If I was stroking your cock like this you would have come by now."

Roger stopped stroking again and I could tell by the way he was panting that he was close to having an orgasm already.

"Go ahead and come." I said, cruelly. "Jason can last for ages so you'll just be sitting there in your own spunk."

That got to Roger and he let his cock go and it flopped helplessly back and forth.

I took Jason's cock in both hands and I lowered it until it was pointed straight at my mouth. I looked up to Jason and held his eyes as I gave the thick, purple-black flesh a lick like a lollipop. Then, I lifted the heavy shaft and slid my lips up and down the hot, throbbing rod. Finally, I opened my mouth wide and took the engorged, black flesh deep into my mouth.

Jason dug his strong, black hands into my hair and I sucked on that cock. God, how I had wanted this! I had dreamt of his black flesh in my mouth. It was crazy! I had never been a fan of blowjobs, but the taste and smell of Jason's cock made me drunk with lust. I closed my eyes and I forgot about Roger. All of my senses were focused on Jason's pumping black flesh.

I wanted to worship his cock, to show Jason how much I truly loved it, but my need to prove my devotion warred with my need for Jason's cock in my pussy.

Jason had the same thought. He pulled my hair tightly, forcing me off his cock. He tilted my head so I had to look at him, his eyes crazed with lust.

"I want to fuck you." Jason growled. "I want to fuck you right now!"

I said nothing I just grinned and nodded. Jason hauled me roughly to my feet and kissed me. He was kissing me after I had sucked his cock, my mouth messy with my spit and his precum. And yet he did not hold back as he kissed me, despite my dirty lips.

It was my turn to moan as Jason pushed me to the bed and covered me with his huge body. He was still fully clothed. I'd only been able to pull his shirt up a little bit before I lost all control. There was a mad scramble as I pulled off his shirt while he continued to try and kiss me. Then, his shirt was off and I was

washing his body with my mouth and my tongue. I didn't look at Roger. I focused only on my big, black lover.

I heard something, a ringing sound but I dismissed it as Jason pushed his pants down over his buttocks and I saw his huge black cock rise up between my legs. I knew he was going to fuck me and I wanted him so bad. The ringing noise stopped as Jason pushed the tip of his cock down and nudged the opening of my pussy. I bit my bottom lip and moaned. I looked over at Roger to see his reaction as Jason took me for a second time on our marital bed.

Rogers eyes were on me but then I saw something in his hand, something impossible. His fucking phone! He was talking on his fucking phone while Jason was about to fuck me!

"Roger!" I screamed. "What the fuck are you doing?"

Roger held up a finger as if to silence me. Silence me! What the fuck was going on?!

"Yes, Michael." Roger said. "We'll be ready."

Michael? What the fuck was Michael calling for? And why the hell did Roger answer it?

Roger hit the button on the phone and looked at me. From my spot underneath Jason, I watched my husband as he zipped up his pants. I couldn't read the expression on Roger's face.

"What the fuck are you doing?" I asked again.

"That was Michael." Roger said. "He and Amber decided to fly down from Seattle to surprise us. They just pulled up outside."



## 4



“Holy fucking shit!” I yelled.

I pushed against Jason's chest but he was already rolling off of me. Ironically, both of the men were still partially dressed. Jason pulled up his pants and grab his shirt while Roger looked on helplessly, the phone in his hand.

“Don't just stand there you two!” I yelled at them. “Get out of here and let me get dressed!”

The two men scurried out like little boys and I sat on the bed, naked and feeling completely frustrated. My pussy ached and I pondered jacking off quickly to relieve some of the tension. Then, I looked down at my body and realized I need to get changed and check my makeup and hair.

I scooted out of bed and wondered what we were going to do? Jason should leave, that was obvious. But there was no time to sneak him out the back. In my current state, there was nothing I could do. My best bet would be to take a shower and change. I got myself out of bed and I walked into the bathroom.

I expected my face to be a mess and I was surprised by what I saw in the mirror. My face was looked healthy and glowing with the excitement of being turned on. If anything, I looked younger than I had in a long time.

As I stepped into the shower, I felt excited. The prospect of Michael and Amber finding out about Roger, Jason, and I made my heart race but not a bad way. It was a thrill, like riding a scary ride at an amusement park. It was the thrill of the thing that made it so much fun.

I know it's crazy, but I felt more alive in that moment that I had in years.

I did not tarry in the shower, however. I did not trust Roger and Jason to maintain a proper fiction that would explain why we had a young, black man in our house. I also ignored the dull throbbing between my legs. To say I was frustrated by the interruption would be euphemistic. My body needed what Jason had to offer and again I thought of bringing myself off in order to relieve some of the tension. But, the tension added to my excitement and as I stood in the shower I begin to think of ways that I could make sex with Jason still happen even though Michael and Amber were here. The challenge of it, the sheer evil of it, made my body shiver with anticipation.

Finally, I got out of the shower and dried my hair. I considered dressing in a pair of jeans and a sweater, then stopped myself. Why should I go back to wearing boring clothes just because Michael and Amber showed up? Roger and Jason were both out there, waiting for me.

A wicked little thrill ran up my spine and instead of my boring cotton bra and panties, I put on my damp Christmas panties and the bra. I looked at the dress and decided it was too wrinkled to wear.

Part of having a shopping addiction was that I had a closetful of clothes to choose from. I flipped through my things and found a cute little red dress I had purchased a year ago. It was short and showed a lot of leg, but that made it perfect. I wanted my men to be squirming in their chairs when they saw me.

I was met by laughter as I came into the dining room. I was surprised. I had expected awkwardness and silence, instead I found Roger, Jason, Michael, and Amber all sitting around the dining room table enjoying a glass of wine.

"Hi everybody!" I said, brightly. "What a wonderful surprise having you two here!"

Michael and Amber stood up and Michael gave me a dutiful hug. Amber shorter than me and with a full figure barely contained in her jeans and sweater, gave me a more loving hug.

"You look great!" Amber said, admiring my dress. "We should have called sooner. Michael just wanted to surprise Roger."

"It was definitely a surprise." Roger said, eyeing my legs under my dress.

I looked at Roger over Amber's shoulder and smiled conspiratorially. He smiled back his face flushed.

"You look great, too!" I said.

In our brief hug, I was suddenly aware of Amber's body. I've never really looked at Amber in an appraising sort of way. Now, I felt the soft pliable flesh under her sweater. She was full-bodied and as she pressed her chest against mine I realized that she was round and soft in all the right places. Perhaps my arousal from my session with Jason made me more sensitive, but I suddenly noticed that Amber was a sexy, little creature married to the rather nebbish, straight laced Michael.

It was not like Michael wasn't handsome in his own way. In fact, Michael probably looked like Roger twenty years earlier. He was a little taller and thinner, his thin nose he'd gotten from his mother but his eyes were all Roger's. He wore glasses, stylish retro horn rims. He too was dressed in a sweater that matched Amber's, which I found at once cute and annoying.

"Well," I gushed. "We are so glad to have you!"

My act worked on Amber, but Michael had known me long enough to recognize the hint of sarcasm in my voice. I didn't care. I grinned and sat down next to Jason instead of opposite Roger at the other end of the table. He looked less like a husband and more like an aging patriarch presiding over a meeting of two younger couples.

Roger looked stricken for a moment and I grinned, daring him to say anything. It was cruel and looked suspicious, but the idea of embarrassing my husband in front of his son was such a thrill, I couldn't help myself.

"So," Michael said, breaking the awkward silence. "Dad was just telling us about Jason."

"Oh really!" I said eying my husband who was smiling nervously. "What was he saying?"

"Just about that accident at the mall." Roger said.

"Accident?" I said and looked at Jason. "That crazy woman attacked me."

I put my hand on Jason's strong, black fingers.

"If it hadn't been for Jason, I don't know what would have happened."

Jason smiled and placed a warm, large hand over mine.

"I didn't do much." He said. "It was mostly over by the time I got there."

"Oh, don't be so modest!" I swatted him playfully on the arm.

"You saved my life!"

"Come on, Jackie!" Roger said. "It wasn't as bad as all that!"

I glared at Roger at the end of the table my hand still on Jason's arm.

"Well, you weren't there where you?" I said, to which Roger didn't have an answer.

We sat there for a moment and I looked around the table. I saw Amber's bewildered eyes looking at me. Michael's eyes were narrowed and his mouth was set into a thin line as he looked at my hands on Jason's black skin. I held my hand there for a moment longer, smiling at Michael to let him know that I was aware of his disapproval, then moved my hand to pick up my glass of wine.

"Well, whatever happened we were just so happy to see Jason again!" I said. "When you canceled at the last minute we decided to invite Jason over for dinner."

Michael took the criticism silently and I looked at Jason.

"After all, you were going to be all alone for Christmas, right?"

Jason looked at me blankly for a moment and I thought that he might miss the hint. I smiled encouragingly trying to communicate my thoughts telepathically through my eyes.

"Uh...yeah that's right. My family doesn't actually live in Portland and they're going to be staying down south this summer." Jason said.

I had no idea about Jason's family. I didn't even know if they lived in Portland or if they actually live 'down south' as he called it. I resolved to ask him about it later, if there was time.

It didn't really matter in the end, because he had backed up my lie and I knew that he would follow along with whatever I had planned.

"So, Roger and I just felt so awful that he would be all alone for Christmas so we invited him to come over here for Christmas Eve Eve dinner."

Christmas Eve Eve dinner, the dinner the Night Before Christmas Eve, It was a long-running tradition in our household whenever Michael could make it for the holidays. In truth, I had not even thought about that this year. I had taken Michael and Amber's absence as a chance to start our own Christmas tradition, one that included Jason's hot, black body.

"Well, that's great!" Amber said. "I don't see why we can't all have dinner together."

She looked at Michael for confirmation, but Michael remained quietly petulant.

"Well, that's just great!" I said. "The only problem is, I didn't make enough food for everyone."

In fact, I had not made food for anyone. I assumed if we got hungry we would just eat whatever was in the kitchen. To be quite honest my thoughts had not been on food at all.

"We're really sorry to spring all this on you, Jackie." Amber said, sweetly. "It's just our plans changed and Michael so wanted to see his father for Christmas.

Amber grabbed Michael's hand and Michael sat there for a moment in stony silence glaring at me and Jason. Finally, he turned to Roger.

"What do you think, Dad?" Michael said.

Roger looked at his son and then looked at back at me and I smiled nodding. Roger cleared his throat.

"I think we better order takeout." Roger said.



## 5



**A**fter much discussion, we finally decided on food from a little Mediterranean place just down the street. Roger left to get the food and left Jason and I alone to entertain Amber and Michael.

It was an awkward scene as I looked across the table at the young couple. Amber was oblivious to any tension in the group and chattered on about her work and how happy she was to be spending time with her family for the holidays.

Michaeli was mostly silent the entire time. Even when Roger got back with the food and a bottle of wine he stopped for at our local at a liquor store on the way home.

I had my own reasons to be tense, besides the suspicious looks Michael's was throwing at me across the table. That close to Jason yet unable to touch him only brought back the frustration I felt in full force. My body felt like a magnet attracted to his warmth. I found myself coming up with reasons to touch him, to place my arm next to his, to get close and I felt like I was once again a teenager on her first date.

Jason was having the same trouble I was and I noticed the large bulge in his pants when he shifted in his seat. He was still hard just sitting there chatting with his old friend and his wife.

I couldn't stand it any longer.

I waited for a moment when there was a lull in the conversation and put my hand on Jason's leg and squeezed it. I tried to send him a silent message and at the time I didn't know if he'd received it. Then, I stood up.

"If you guys will excuse me," I said. "I need to go make up the bed in the spare bedroom."

"We can do that for you, Jackie!" Amber said. "It's the least we can do."

"No, no." I said. "You're the guests. I won't be very long. Why don't you guys open some more wine? I'll be back in a sec."

Michael's and Jason's eyes followed me as I left the room and made my way through a small hallway to the spare bedroom.

I found some sheets and I prepared the bed, my body aching with need. I wondered if Jason had gotten my silent signal. I hoped he was making some excuse to leave the table and meet me in the room. After a few minutes, I realized that Jason wasn't coming and so I headed back to the dining room.

Just as I was passing the door to the bathroom it opened suddenly and Jason was there. He grabbed me by the arm and pulled me into the bathroom.

"Holy shit!" I said. "You scared the hell out of me!"

Jason said nothing, covering my mouth with his. We kissed for a minute and Jason pulled back breathing heavily.

"I need you, Jackie!" He said in a throaty whisper.

"Oh my God!" I said clawing at his shirt. "I need you too."

I looked around the room. It was small, being only a half bath with just a toilet and the sink. Not enough room for the kind of sex I really needed. I wanted to take him to the spare bedroom, but knew that was too risky. At least in here, with the door locked, we were relatively safe, if only for a few minutes.

I kissed him some more, my lips hungrily devouring his and then I began to fall to my knees in front of him.

"Jackie." Jason said trying to grab my shoulders. "I need you."

"I know." I said. "We don't have much time!"

I tugged at his pants, eager to get at the black meat underneath. Jason grunted as his underwear pulled on his cock until finally it popped free. I gripped his huge shaft and feasted on it's massive girth and the thick, veins that pumped with blood. I lifted him and shoved my face against his ball sac, snuffling at his heavy balls, filling my senses with his wet, black flesh.

I loved his cock. And I wanted him to see how much I loved it. How much I needed it. How much I worshipped that cock like I had

never done for my husband. So, I licked his cock, lavishing his massive shaft with my mouth and tongue, giving special attention to the tip. Then, just when I sensed he couldn't stand it anymore, I took his glorious cock into my mouth.

Jason let his hands fall away and rocked back on his heels as I sucked his cock. I focused all of my energy on Jason's beautiful, black shaft and the small bathroom was soon filled with the wet slurping sounds and our mutual moans. I used the hand with my wedding ring to stroke him as I sucked, the other hand hiked the hem of my dress up and slid under the waistband of my panties.

For a moment I forgot about Michael and Amber and Christmas and anything else as I gave Jason all of my love and attention. The feel of his cock pounding the back of my throat felt amazing and I had to keep slurping to ensure that I stopped all of the spit from drooling around my hungry lips and staining my dress.

But, I wanted more. I wanted to feel it in my throat. I wanted him to own me the way he had owned me that first time. I opened my mouth wide and shoved as much as I could of Jason's cock into my mouth.

"Oh fuck, Jackie!" Jason growled as he hammered that thick, fleshy cudgel past the entrance to my throat. "Take it! Take it all the way down your throat!"

I breathed through my nose and I pushed further, willing my throat to relax. I let him pull back just a little and then I shoved him forward it has cock punched through the opening in my throat and lodged itself deep in my gullet

I felt him throbbing as my throat bulged at the intrusion and I held it for as long as I could, working my clit furiously until I was spilling over the edge, cumming as my lover's huge cock pulsed in my throat.

Finally, I threw my head backwards gasping for air. I coughed up long strands of spit that hung from my face and the tip of his cock. I laughed and wondered if Roger was back yet. If he was, even now, sitting at the dinner table with Michael and Amber while his wife's pretty face got pounded by big, black cock.

Before my spit could drip off his cock and onto my dress, I sucked it back in, my eyes on Jason the whole time as I took him back into my mouth. I brought my hand up and cradled his balls, massaging him as I worked my mouth on his cock and stroked him with the other hand. Jason couldn't hold against the final assault and soon he was groaning, his cock growing even larger in my mouth.

I pulled back on his cock until just the tip was in my mouth. I didn't like the taste of cum, but I wanted to feel Jason explode in my mouth. I wanted to show him how much his body meant to me and I knew just how to do it.

The head expanded on my tongue and I was shocked by the thick, hot jet of jism that burst from the tip and splashed against the back of my throat. The first liquid shot was followed by a second and a third until it was all I could do to hold it in my mouth.

It tasted so much different than Roger's cum. Where Roger's was often bitter, Jason's thick cream had an almost sweet taste and as it filled my mouth I felt no disgust or revulsion, only intense pleasure that I had held it all in.

Jason finally stopped cumming and I let the tip of his cock slip from my mouth. I giggled a bit, but the sound came out as a sloppy gurgle as Jason's cum bubbled in my throat. I tilted my head up to keep from spilling it and opened my mouth to my lover, showing him the gift he had given me. I even managed to roll my tongue in the thick froth, proving to Jason that I loved his cum.

It was the perfect gift for Jason. Seeing this formally unattainable woman in his life, on her knees playing with his cum was too much for him and he leaned against the sink for support.

"Fuck, Jackie!" Jason murmured as he looked down at me. "You are so fucking hot!"

I made a contented purr and did the one thing I knew would prove my devotion to this man. I closed my mouth and swallowed every last drop of his potent seed.

"Damn!" Jason moaned.

I stood up, helping Jason pull his pants on.

"I think," I said, as I zipped Jason's fly up. "That you better head back out there."

I smiled and kissed his neck and playfully bit his ear.

"We wouldn't want them to think anything was going on, would we?" I said.

"You're right about that." Jason agreed and he gave me a quick kiss on the lips. Not too deep. Evidently, kissing me after he had just cum in my mouth was a step too far.

I pulled down the hem of my dress and checked for stains. Remarkably, nothing had escaped my hungry mouth. I bent forward and checked my face, too. One drop of come was sliding from the corner of my mouth. I scooped up the thin trail, collecting it on my fingertip and sucked it off with relish.

I gave myself a self-satisfied smile. I looked perfectly ready to head back to the table like I hadn't just swallowed another man's cum.

Pleased with my subterfuge, I opened the door to the bathroom and found myself face-to-face with a very confused Amber.



## 6



"Amber?" I said, trying to appear nonchalant but failing miserably. "What's up? Did you need the bathroom?"

Amber looked back down the hallway, no doubt checking for Jason who I am sure she just passed coming out of the bathroom.

"Um..." She paused, her eyes wide, unable to think of anything to say. "Um...Michael sent me back to see if you needed any help with the beds."

"Michael, huh?" I said.

Of course, Michael would send his pretty little wife to check on me and Jason. Now all of his suspicions had been proven. Still, I wasn't going to admit to anything. Not yet.

"Nope!" I said with false cheer. "Already done. I was just going to the bathroom before I went back to the party."

I brushed by Amber, my head high even though my stomach was tense. I noticed that Amber wasn't following me. Instead, she stood in the hallway, unsure of what to do.

"You coming?" I said and felt a smile on my face as I saw the poor girl blush.

"Nuh...no." Amber said and put her hand on the knob to the bathroom. "I think I should go to the ladies room too."

Her use of the words ladies room was too precious. Was this girl that innocent? An evil thrill went through me.

"No ladies room here." I said and felt a delicious, evil thrill pulse through me. "Everybody does their business in there."

I gave her a big wink and the thrill turned into heat as the young girl's cheeks turned bright red. She couldn't get the door open fast enough.

"Oh, Amber?" I said and the girl stopped on the threshold and looked at me, desperate to get out of this awkward situation.

"Yes?" She said.

"Don't mind the mess!"

I chuckled as I left the poor girl standing at the bathroom door. I thought of her sitting on the pot, eyes shut tight to avoid seeing any evidence of me and Jason's little tryst. Of course, all of the evidence had been gobbled up by my hungry mouth, but Amber didn't know that.

I was still smiling as I came back to the table. This time, I took my customary seat next to Roger and, in front of Jason, gave my husband a deep, salty kiss on the lips.

"What was that for?" Roger asked, not noticing that I had just kissed him with traces of cum still in my mouth.

I looked over at Jason and Michael.

"Do I have to have a reason?" I said. "How about the fact that I love you? Isn't that enough?"

"Sure." Roger said, uncertain. "I love you, too."

I felt less awkward and tense the rest of the night. Amber came back later and did everything she could to avoid my eyes. However, I did notice her looking at Jason and every time she did she lowered her eyes again and flushed. I thought it was cute. Was she thinking about him in the bathroom? Thinking about his body against mine?

I filed those looks away for future reference.

Eventually, the last of the wine was gone and instead of being tipsy we were all just a little bit tired. Michael and Amber begged off and went to their room leaving Roger, Jason, and I at the table.

"Well," I said, clapping my hands. "That went well!"

Jason laughed and Roger groaned.

Roger and I walked Jason to the door. Jason staying over was out of the question, I knew that, but I wished that he could stay.

"I'm sorry it didn't work out." Roger said to him.

"I'm not." Jason said. "It was fun."

I hugged him close and whispered in his ear.

"Don't make any other plans for Christmas." I whispered so that Roger couldn't hear. "I'll be calling you soon."

Jason pulled back, his eyes perplexed. Then, he smiled and nodded to me and Roger, then stepped out into the night.

"Are you sure we can't have him stay over?" I asked as I watched the Jason walk away.

"Jesus, Jackie!" Roger said. "We barely got away with it as it is. You want to push our luck?"

"About that." I said.

"What?" Roger said. "Jackie what did you do?"

"Come with me and I'll tell you." I said with a wicked grin.

I took my husband's hand and led him upstairs to the bedroom. Before Roger could protest I pushed him to the bed and began taking off my clothes, Roger looked up at me with bleary eyes.

"Jackie, just tell me what happened." Roger said.

Naked, I pushed my husband back on the bed and straddled so he couldn't get away. I kissed him again, letting him taste my tongue where Jason had unloaded his cum.

I slid to the side, my thigh working up his leg over his crotch. I rubbed my leg across his body and felt his cock respond.

"So, when you were done and I wasn't there, did you notice Jason was gone too?" I asked.

"Yes." Roger panted, then moaned as my leg bumped across his hard cock.

"Where do you think we went?"

"He went to the bathroom? Right?"

"Oh Roger." I said in a sympathetic voice as my hand travel down his shirt to his pants. "Poor, sweet Roger."

I unbuttoned his pants and slid my hand over his cock. He was hard and I stroked him quickly, feeling his small thin shaft jerk against my palm. He was so different and so much smaller than Jason. It took only a few strokes and he was hard as a rock as I whispered hot words in this year.

"He did go to the bathroom." I said. "He grabbed me right out of the hallway and pulled me in their with him. He kissed me."

I kissed Roger and stroked him faster.

"Then, I got down on my knees and, while you were talking to your son at the dinner table, I was sucking Jason's cock."

Roger groaned and I beat him hard, the thoughts of Jason's cock in my mouth bringing him to the edge.

"Remember when I came back to the table and kissed you?" I cooed. "I had Jason's cum in my mouth."

That was enough for Roger and he humped my hand uncontrollably. His cum squirted out of the end of his cock splashing across his pants and a shirt. I laughed as he came and squeezed his cock to force the last, meager drops of jizz from his shaft.

"And you know what else?" I said as Roger's body let out a last, feeble twitch. "When I came out of the bathroom Amber was there."

It took a moment for the words to register. Then, Roger looked at me with wide eyes.

"Oh my God!" He said. "Do you think she knows?"

"Oh, she knows." I giggled. "She's probably telling Michael about it right now."

Roger groaned again and I chuckled, running my hands over his chest.

"I'm sorry, baby." I said. "I just couldn't help it. Besides, don't you think it's better if everyone knows?"

The only answer I got was Roger's tortured, pitiful moan.



## 7



The next morning I woke up and immediately felt a low hum of unrequited lust. Evidently, the little tryst in the bathroom the night before hadn't been enough to satisfy me.

I should have been worried about Amber and Michael. I rolled over to see how Roger was doing. I found the bed empty which wasn't unusual. As Roger got older he had taken to getting up earlier and earlier. Our new found sex life had tired him out and he had begun to sleep the whole night through again. I worried that the stress I had created had woken him up and I felt a sadness I hadn't felt the night before when I soothed Roger to sleep.

I went into the dining room and saw Michael and Roger sitting at the table much as they had the night before. There was no laughing now. They were talking in low voices and I couldn't make out what they said, but the talking stopped as I entered the room.

So, talking about me. Perfect.

"Good morning!" I said. "Why didn't anybody wake me up?"

"Well," Michael said, with a mean smirk on his face. "We figured you were tired from all the...excitement yesterday."

Amber spoke up from the kitchen. She had another sweater on this morning. Not a Christmas sweater but still tight fitting that showed off the generous swell of her bosom nicely when she leaned over the island.

"We thought we'd make you breakfast." She said brightly, offering me a plate of bacon and eggs.

"Breakfast, huh?" I breathed in the scent of bacon and eggs and realized I was ravenous. "Amber, you didn't need to do that."

"No she didn't." Michael said glaring at his wife. "But, insisted."

Roger looked up at me and smiled as I bent over and kissed on his cheek. He hadn't shaved this morning and his cheek was rough under my lips. He had an overall disheveled look, looking like the absent-minded professor I always kidded him about.

"Good morning, Professor." I said, using my pet name for him.

"Morning, Jackie." Roger said and I heard Michael clear his throat.

Roger looked nervously over at his son, then back at me."

"Um... Michael and I were just talking." Roger said. "He thought we might go out and do some last-minute shopping today."

Before Jason, I would have jumped at the chance to go shopping. But now, with my newfound sexual appetite, I no longer needed that rush of adrenaline I got when acquiring a new purchase.

"Oh, that sounds like fun." I said. "But, I'm a little tired and I should probably think about making something for dinner tonight so we don't have to eat out again."

"That's all right." Michael chimed in, stopping Roger from speaking."Dad and I were planning on going. Just two of us."

Michael looked at me under hooded eyes.

"We have a lot to talk about." He said.

That look was meant to be threatening, of course, but I didn't feel it. After all, Roger knew everything. He'd been along for the start of the affair and I had filled him in on all the details the night before. I smiled as I remembered him writhing on the bed, his little cock squirting cum as I told him about swallowing every drop of Jason's seed. The thought of it still gave me a thrill.

"Oh that's nice!" I said. "Are you going with them, Amber?"

I had a thought that while they were out shopping I could call Jason and he could come over. Maybe I could actually get the real gift I needed this season.

Michael, however, had other plans.

"Amber is staying here." Michael said, before Amber could answer. "She thought she'd stay home with you and keep you company."

So that was it. Amber would stay home and be my chaperone while Michael and Roger went out to discuss yours truly. Anger rose up in my chest and my cheeks burned. I looked at Roger to see what he would do, but he said nothing. He looked down at his plate and I knew that he had already agreed to this stupid plan.

I didn't let my anger show, however. I didn't want to give Michael the satisfaction of seeing me get angry. Instead, I turned in my seat and addressed Amber directly.

"So, Amber," I said taking a bite of of bacon. "Just you and me, huh?"

I stared into Amber's eyes. She gulped and looked away, guilt written all over her face. She had obviously told Michael everything and was now an active part in my "punishment."

"I...I guess so." Amber said turning back to the stove and flipping the rest of the bacon.

"Goody." I said, grinning. "Maybe we can play some games?"

I turned back to the boys who were sitting at the table. I had the pleasure of seeing Michael's smile slip a little as he wondered why I was not angry. Instead, I seemed happy about the situation.

I took another bite of bacon chewed it, relishing the salty meatiness of it.

"Well," I said. "You boys have fun. I'm going to take a shower."

I grabbed a glass of juice from the counter took my half-eaten piece of bacon and went off to go to the bathroom to plot my revenge.



## 8



**R**oger and Michael left while I was in the shower, no doubt scurrying away like rats, leaving Amber alone with me: The scheming, cheating housewife. I felt a wave of anger flash through me. Not at Amber. In my mind she was innocent. Of course, she was going to tell Michael about what she had seen outside the bathroom! Why wouldn't she? Michael had hated me for years and even though I had never picked up that particular vibe from his wife, I could only assume that she felt she was doing the right thing.

No, I felt anger at the cowardice of both my husband and stepson. Leaving Amber alone with me like some sort of chaperone was ridiculous and unfair. Not just to me, but to Amber, too.

I came out of the bathroom, still steaming from the shower and decided to confront Amber. I slid a fluffy robe over my shoulders and went downstairs.

I found her in the kitchen, cleaning up like a dutiful little housewife. I walked to the island and poured myself a cup of coffee.

"So, you blabbed to your husband, huh?"

Amber let out a small cry and I heard the sound of breaking glass as she dropped a coffee cup into the sink.

"Jackie! You scared me!" Amber said, looking wild-eyed over her shoulder.

She turned back to the sink and began to pick up the pieces of the broken cup. I set down my cup and came around the island. I slid up behind her and placed my hands on her wrists.

"Forget about that !" I said and the young girl dropped the pieces into the sink with a dull clink.

"You told him didn't you?" I said and backed away from her.

Amber sighed and dropped her head. Then, she took a deep breath, squared her shoulders and turned around to face me.

This close, I realized that Amber was an inch or two shorter than me. She was also beautiful, with lively green eyes and a scattering of freckles just across her nose. Her face was round, but not fat and she had an enviable set of full, red lips that begged to be kissed.

Right now, however, those green eyes were flashing hot as she glared at me. The girl had more spirit than I had given her credit for.

"Of course I told him!" She snapped. "He's my husband and this is his family. If something's going on, then he has a right to know."

"And what's going on, hmmm?" I hummed like a Disney villain. "What exactly did you tell him?"

Amber paused, unable to think of a suitable response and I had the pleasure of seeing the freckles grow red across the small bridge of her nose. God! The girl was even cute when she blushed.

"I told him you two were in the bathroom together." She said, finally. "That he came out just before you did."

"And did you hear anything?" I said, grinning. "Did you listen at the door like a naughty, little girl?"

This last I said as I reached a finger forward and caressed her round cheek. She turned her cheek away and stepped away from me, but didn't leave the kitchen.

"No!" She said. "I wouldn't do that!"

"Then how do you know anything happened?" I said, enjoying the young girl squirming under the pressure.

"You were in the bathroom together!" She cried out. "Jesus, Jackie! Are you actually trying to tell me that nothing was going on between you and...and..."

"Jason." I said, stepping closer to her, making her step back. "His name's Jason. Don't tell me you forgot his name. Not the way you were looking at him over dinner."

"What?" Amber said and I heard the note of forced outrage in her voice. "I was not!"

"Sure you were honey." I said, inching closer, my hand sneaking across the counter towards her. "And why not? He's hot! Tall, dark and handsome."

My hand was on her's, holding the trembling white fingers against the cool, marble of the counter, keeping her from backing away.

"Don't you think his skin looks like chocolate?" I murmured, pressing my face close to Amber's.

"No." She moaned as I took my other hand and gripped her hip.

"Yes you do." I said and pulled her close, feeling her round, soft body pressed against mine.

I had never been with a woman, even in college. I had never felt the stirring of lust needed to try. But now, talking about Jason and feeling the girl tremble in my hands, I wanted nothing more than to kiss her, to feel her soft, round body with my tongue. To make her scream.

I held back. The moment wasn't right, but I knew the opportunity was there. I just needed to get Amber ready.

"Do you want me to tell you what we were doing in the bathroom?" I said.

Amber said nothing, which I took for assent.

"I didn't fuck him." I whispered to her.

Amber's cheeks reddened at the lewd word. So cute.

"But, I did suck his cock." I laughed as Amber gasped and I knew the moment had come. "And I swallowed every drop."

Amber let out a moan and I planted my lips on hers. She mewled in surprise, a small whine in the back of her throat. Then, she was kissing me back, her tongue swishing across mine. She tasted sweet. like strawberries and her hair smelled like honey. I let myself get carried away kissing her, pulling her forward so I could slide my bare thigh between her legs and grind the firm muscle into her crotch.

She fell backwards against the counter and I continued to kiss her lips as my hands reached up to grab those full, round breasts.

"Stop." She gasped. "Please, stop."

I stopped abruptly leaving her breathless against the counter. She looked at me and I had never seen her looking so full of hunger.

"I know what you really want." I said, grinning.

I reached out and I took her hand and pulled her from the kitchen. She was reluctant at first, then gave in as I led her down the hall and up the stairs to the main bedroom.

"Jackie what are you doing?" She asked in a frightened voice as I pulled her through the door.

"I know you don't want me." I said chuckling. "I know you're just turned on because you're thinking about *him*."

By him I did not mean her husband. Amber was filled with thoughts of Jason. Jason touching me, Jason pulling my hair and shoving his cock down my throat. Amber couldn't help it just like I couldn't help wanting to feel him inside me again. It didn't even matter which hole just as long as I got to feel that beautiful, thick flesh.

I led Amber to the bed and made her sit. Then, I got down on my knees in front of her, but instead of spreading her legs I bent down and dug underneath the bed and pulled out a long, rectangular box.

"That day Jason saved me," I said. "I fucked him."

I gazed up at Amber and locked my eyes onto her green ones. I put the box on the bed beside her, but did not open it.

"We were fucking when Roger came home." I said.

"No!" Amber said.

"Oh yes." I said. "And you want to know the funny part?"

Amber said nothing, but nodded faintly.

"Roger didn't even get mad. In fact, he got more turned on than I've ever seen him before."

Amber moaned and I slid my hands up her legs to her hips.

"I don't believe it." She said.

"Believe it."

I rose up and kissed Amber again, pushing her back onto the bed. As my tongue thrust into her mouth, I pulled her sweater up over her round fleshy tits, revealing a rather tame, white cotton bra. Her sweater hiked up over her breasts, I yanked down the cotton cups and watched as the red, puffy nipples sprang free.

"Look how excited you are!" I laughed and before Amber could protest I latched onto one her nipples.

Amber squirmed and instead of pushing me away she dug her fingers into my brown hair and pulled me in tight. I sucked and bit her plump nipples, enjoying the feel of her pliable flesh in my mouth and the wonderful scent of her honeyed hair mixed with the musky scent of sex.

Reluctantly, I let her nipples go and pulled her up to a sitting position. I tugged at her sweater until she helped me take it off. She unhooked her bra and let her breasts free.

"God! You are so beautiful!" I said, as I dove into feast once again on her tasty, plentiful flesh.

I explored her body with my mouth and hands. She was so hot! Her body was round and plump in places where mine had grown firm and hard with age and exercise. I kissed the huge swell at the bottom of each breast, then kissed down her stomach until my mouth stopped at her jeans.

I smiled up at her and she was watching me as I unbuttoned her pants and saw the soft, curly red hair sticking out from above the waistband of her panties.

"A natural redhead." I said and grinned as I pulled her pants down over her hips.

"Jackie!" Amber moaned as I freed her beautiful bottom and sopping pussy from the confines up their cloth prison. "We shouldn't!"

"I know." I said as I removed her pants altogether. "It's going to be okay."

I murmured appreciatively as I slid up between her legs and took my first long look at a pussy that was not my own. I knew what to do. I had played with my own pussy enough to know where to go, what to tease, how to please her.

Still, everybody is different. And as I teased her pussy with my mouth, I used her moans as a gauge for what was working and what wasn't. I peeled back her puffy, pink lips with my tongue and teased the moist inner flesh until she was wet and sobbing. Only when she was trembling did I latch on to her clit and suck in the hard, round nub.

Her whole body quivered beautifully as she gave in to her first orgasm. My mouth was flooded with juices, the first time I had ever tasted a woman's cum. It was tangy and delicious and I lapped it up eagerly as it dripped down over my mouth and tongue.

I was as turned on by my control of the young girl as I was by my control over Roger. I realized that I needed this, this sense of control, and I plunged my tongue deep into her pussy again and brought her to a second orgasm.

"Oh my God!" Amber said, "Oh my God! Jackie! I'm...I'm coming again?"

She said it like a question, like she couldn't believe that her mother-in-law was making her come for a second time. Then, her words were lost as she succumbed to the pleasure and I chuckled as her beautiful, round body bounced up and down on the bed.

As Amber laid splayed out on the bed recovering from her orgasm, I pulled the lid off the box.

"If you like that!" I said. "Then, you're going to love this."

I pulled out the huge black dildo. I had bought it as a Christmas present to myself and I had been waiting to surprise Roger in one of our moments together. It was even bigger than Jason if that was possible, as thick as my wrist and as long as my forearm. It was a realistic replica of a black pornstar and I was mesmerized by rubber veins snaking through it to give it the appearance of life.

There was even a huge set balls at the base of it, big and round and black which also made it a convenient handle for when I was pleasuring myself. However, I wasn't planning to pleasure myself with this monster, not at the moment.

Instead, I held it up for Amber to see it. I showed it to her like an interrogator showing the victim their torture device before using it. Amber's eyes widened with fear as she realized that I was going to punch this huge, black weapon into her helpless body.

"Jesus Jackie!" Amber panted in fear and anticipation. "That's so big! I won't be able to take it!"

"Bigger than Michaels, huh?" I said as I lowered the huge, rubbery head to Amber's swollen opening.

"Oh God!" She moaned. "So much bigger!"

I teased her lips and her clit with the thick head of the dildo, running it back and forth using her juices to make the hard rubber slick. She moaned working her hips up and down on the head, her body opening for the dark intruder.

When she was wet and ready, I slowly worked the big cock into her pussy. I remembered the first time Jason plunged his huge, black dick inside of me and I felt a bit of pity for her as her pussy was stretched wide by the thick weapon I was yielding.

"Jackie it hurts!" Amber cried and I shoved in another inch as I latched my mouth on Amber's swollen, hard clit.

When Jason fucked me I was so turned on that the pain quickly turned to pleasure. I realized I needed to get Amber excited too. I sucked her clit into my mouth, squeezing it between my teeth, as I pushed the big, black dildo in her pussy. The cries of pain quickly changed to moans of pleasure and with one, final effort, I shoved that cock into her all the way up to the hilt.

Amber screamed as my mouth and hands worked together reaching places inside the hot, young wife that Michael never could,

Amber came again. This time her orgasm was huge. Her whole body lifted up off the bed and her hips smashed painfully against my mouth. I jerked back laughing, holding the black cock deep inside of her as her orgasm burst around the invading member.

She bounced back to the bed her body jiggling like jello. She twitched a few more times and finally lay still, breathing heavily, her eyes staring at the ceiling.

I pulled the cock out of her pussy and she grunted at the loss. I laid down beside, her placing the dildo in front of her face and kissed cheek, tasting tears of pleasure and pain.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Amazing!" She said breathlessly. "That was amazing!"

"I know." I said and nibbled her ear. "Just imagine what it will feel like when you get the real thing."

Amber moaned in defeat and I giggled evilly in her ear, already imagining how much fun we were going to have together.



## 9



There was a brand new tension at dinner that night. Amber couldn't look at me. Reminded I am sure, of each time I had made her cum that afternoon. The thought of shoving that big, black cock into the young, round wife made my thighs hot. I had to squeeze my legs together to try and fight back my own arousal. After all, I had not gotten off all afternoon, despite the naughty things I had done with Amber.

Still, the denial of my own pleasure only heightened my tension and I had ideas on how to relieve the tension.

It was all going to happen tonight, on Christmas Eve.

I didn't want to be nice anymore.

I wanted to be fucking naughty. I was going to bring this young couple kicking and screaming into my fantasy. All I had to do was push the right buttons.

Amber was almost there, of course. Even though she couldn't look me in the eyes, I knew she wanted Jason and if I dangled his big, black fruit in front of her face, it wouldn't take a lot of convincing to get her to take a bite.

Michael was the worry. He was staring daggers at me as Amber stayed silent beside him and Roger did his awkward best to lead the conversation. I finally decided to cut through the tension and I chose to target Michael.

"So, boys!" I said cheerily as I cut into a bite of ham. "How was your shopping trip? I hope you got Amber and I something nice."

Roger said nothing and Michael looked down at his plate. It was reheated ham and mashed potatoes. Leftovers that I had thrown together at the last minute. He poked his fork through a limp

asparagus spear which I thought might be appropriate for him considering his wife's pent up lust.

"It was fine." Michael said, biting into the stringy vegetable. "We had a nice, long talk."

He looked meaningfully at Roger. I watched as Roger reddened, suddenly very interested in his own plate.

"Well, that's good." I said, smiling at Amber. "I think holidays are a great time to catch up on each other's lives. Right, Amber?"

Amber choked on the forkful of mashed potatoes in her mouth and had to drink some water to wash it down so she could speak.

"Um...sure, Jackie." She managed to murmur. "It is."

"Sorry about the leftovers." I said to Michael as he finished off the asparagus with a lack of enthusiasm I found annoying. "Amber and I had so much fun talking that we completely lost track of time!"

Amber was hiding her flush behind her glass of wine. I stared at Michael and had the satisfaction of seeing him look away. He dug around on his plate for a slice of ham.

"It's good." Michael said without feeling.

"I think it's great!" Roger said trying to lighten the mood.

The poor man! Here he was, stuck between his hot wife and judgmental son. It is not a position Roger wanted to be in. Still, I could tell that he spent most of the day agreeing with Michael and not defending me. So his comfort was the least of my worries.

No, I had other things on my mind. It wasn't ham and it certainly wasn't little Roger.

I looked at Michael again and caught his eye before I took my napkin from my lap and dropped it on the table. I had teased the younger man and woman enough and felt this was a time for a tactful retreat.

"I need to go to the bathroom." I said and stood up. "Nobody talk about me while I'm gone!"

I headed off to the bathroom, closing the door. I didn't need to go, not really, although I was hot and bothered. I wanted to touch myself but knew I didn't have time for a really good masturbation session. Besides, what I really needed wasn't available.

No, I had come to the bathroom for other reasons. As I stepped out of the bathroom I saw that reason standing in the hallway, waiting for me.

"Hi, Michael!" I said brightly. "Do you need to use the bathroom?"



OF COURSE HE DIDN'T need to use the bathroom! He had come to talk to me and I was shocked when my younger step son took my arm and led me down the hall to the spare bedroom. Instead of feeling outraged, I felt amusement.

"Ooh, Michael!" I said as he pulled me into the bedroom and shut the door. "Are we going to talk, or do something else?"

"Jesus, Jackie! Get a hold of yourself!"

"Me?" I said, putting on my best innocent expression. "I'm not the one pulling people into bedrooms, Michael."

"No, the bathroom is more your speed."

"Ooh! That's a low blow, Michael honey!" I said, laughing. "I guess it's so low because it's true!"

"What? So you admit it?"

"What did your father say?" I asked. "You did talk to him about it, didn't you?"

"You know Dad." Michael said with exasperation. "He wouldn't talk other than to say you two were working it out."

"Working it out?" I said. "Oh, we're working it out all right."

"What does that even mean?" Michael said and his voice broke with frustration.

"It means," I said, sliding up to Michael and hooking a hand between two buttons on the front of his shirt. "That your father lets me fuck Jason and he gets to watch."

Michael pushed himself back and hit the door with a thud. For a second, I thought he might run away. Instead, he pulled himself up straighter, smoothing the front of his shirt.

"No." He said. "You're lying."

"Am I?" I said and moved closer to him. "Ask your father? Ask him right now. You know he won't lie to you. Not if you ask him

directly.”

I was close to Michael now, my hands on his chest.

“But, why?” Michael asked, his confidence wilting. “Why Jason?”

Something in the desperate way he asked the question made me take a pause. I looked down, saw the hard-on in his pants and I suddenly realized that Michael was turned on!

“Wait? I said, incredulously. “Are you jealous?”

“What?” Michael said, but he refused to meet my eyes. “No!”

“Oh my God!” I laughed. “You are jealous!”

It all made sense and I wondered why I hadn’t seen it before.

“Have you been jealous all these years?” I asked.

Without realizing it, my voice had descended into a low purr. The exact same voice I used to tease his father.

“No.” Michael said and he backed up flat against the door as I ran my nails over the collar of his shirt.

He wanted to run, but didn’t want to look weak. After all, he was the injured party. Maybe, just maybe, he wanted to stay for another reason.

“All those times you were locked in the bathroom and yelled at me to go away.” I murmured and Michael hissed as I slid a nail down his cheek. “I knew boys your age masturbated and you jerked off a lot. I just never knew you were jerking off thinking about me!”

I giggled and Michael moaned, I knew I was right and I slid a hand up over his mouth and pinned him to the door. The thought of it, Michael jacking his little young boy cock while he was thinking of me in the next room. Thinking of me naked. Thinking of me fucking his father. The idea of it sent a wicked thrill through my pussy.

“Shh!” I whispered in his ear as my hand found the little bulge in his pants. “You wouldn’t want your pretty little wife to hear you, would you?”

Michael moaned and I gripped his little cock harder, rubbing him through his pants.

“I bet you wonder why I fucked Jason when I could have been fucking you all those years, huh?” His cock jumped in his pants and told me I was right. “Well, maybe I would have if you hadn’t been such a chicken.”

His eyes shot open wide and I laughed.

"That's right. Maybe you had a shot."

I felt wetness begin to seep through the fabric of his pants. He was so turned on, he was going to cum and just from me stroking his small cock through his pants!

"Of course," I said, breathing wet, hot words on against his cheek. "I can feel through your pants that you're nowhere near as big as Jason."

There were tears in his eyes as he no doubt imagined me being fucked by Jason's huge cock. Just as his pretty, little wife had imagined it earlier that day. He tried to move backwards, but I had him pinned with my words and my hands.

"You know what they say, baby." I purred. "Too little, too late!"

I jerked him hard and as I felt him tense, I shoved my hand downwards and gripped his thin shaft tight at the base of the balls. He screamed against my hand, my fingers constricting the flow of his cum from his smaller balls to the shaft. My fingers held back the roiling sperm in his balls until it finally spurted through the small gap I had left for it. The backed up jizz rocketed down his shaft and shot into his pants. I laughed as I held him there, his body bucking helplessly against the door as my firm grip increased the sensation of his orgasm until he nearly passed out.

I watched with an evil glee as the front of his pants blossomed into a thick, wet stain. And he was still cumming! By the time he had finished, the poor boy looked like he had wet his pants.

"Oh my!" I cried as I pointed at his wet crotch. "It looks like you had a lot of cum built up for me!"

He moaned something against my hand and I let his mouth free.

"Please..." He murmured.

"Please what?" I said.

"Please...don't tell Dad."

"Why would I want to tell your Dad?" I said, chuckling. "Maybe I should tell Amber."

Michael's eyes widened.

"No! You wouldn't!"

"Well, she's going to find out if you don't do something about that mess." I pointed again to his crotch which was now soaked through with his cum.

"Oh God!" He moaned in humiliation and hid his eyes.

I finally took pity in him.

"Oh, quit your whining!" I said and reached down to his waist.

He flinched as I touched him and I laughed.

"Relax, I'm not going to rape you!" I said, although I wasn't entirely sure that that wasn't what I had just done.

I pulled Michael's shirt from his waistband and spread the tails over the wet spot. It covered him up nicely, although I was sure he was going to be very uncomfortable the rest of the evening. The idea of it made me happy.

That's what he got for judging me!

"There." I said patting him on the cheek like a child. "All better!"

Michael said nothing. If anything, his holiday had just gotten a whole lot worse.



Dinner after that was a quiet affair. Michael and Amber were both uncomfortable in their own ways and neither of them could look at me anymore. I took pity on them and soon called it a night.

Roger helped me clear the table. I sensed that he wanted to ask me something, something about all the tension. He remained quiet, however, possibly scared of what the answers might be.

"So, uh..." Roger said, finally summoning up a little courage. "Did you and Michael have a nice chat?"

"Well I don't know, Roger." I said, putting the plates in the dishwasher. "Did you and Michael have a nice chat?"

"I'm sorry, Jackie." Roger said, pouting. "This whole thing is all new to me. I don't even know what we're doing anymore."

I got close to Roger sliding my firm body up against his and gave him a deep kiss on the lips.

"We're exploring, baby." I said. "And it's not Michael or Amber's or anybody's business what we do. Do you agree?"

Roger said nothing, looking down at the floor.

I lifted his chin so that he would look into my eyes.

"Don't you agree?" I said.

"Yes." Roger said. "I do."

"You like what we're doing right?"

"Yes. It's just..."

"What?" I said and kissed him again. "What is it?"

"I'm just worried about losing you."

"Why would you lose me?" I said. "You make me happy Roger. You've always made me happy!"

Roger kissed me back in full force with wet, sloppy kisses. It amazed me that Roger, a man of advancing years and experience, was not as good a kisser as Jason. No Instinct for it and, truth be told, no one had ever taught him how to properly kiss a woman. He meant well, however, and I let him have his fun. Still, there were other things I needed from Roger to continue to make me happy. Right now, I needed him to be asleep and I knew the best way to make that happen.

"Come on baby." I said, rubbing his thin, little cock through his pants in much the same way that I had rubbed his son's just an hour earlier. "Let me show you how much I love you."

We went to the bedroom and I took my time, slowly undressing Roger and pushing him to the bed. Roger had been so great the last few days, I decided that he deserved a special reward.

"How long is it been since I gave you my mouth, Roger?"

"Jackie!" Roger gasped. "Jackie, I don't know."

"I do." I said and slid my hand over his balls and up his cock. "It was last Christmas. Don't you remember? You let me go crazy with the credit card that year and I bought all kinds of sexy things. As a reward I let you come in my mouth."

Roger moaned as he remembered my hungry mouth on his cock, focusing only on his pleasure. Maybe, he was also remembering Jason's long, black cock in my mouth as I sucked him off.

I held his cock firmly in my hand as I opened my mouth and breathed hot, wet air over the tip. Roger shivered as I stroked him and I knew from past experience he would not last long. His eyes were shut tight and his head was rolling back and forth on the pillow.

"Your cock is so much smaller than Jason's." I teased. "I can hold it in one hand!"

"Jackie... Don't..." Roger said.

It was too late. I opened my mouth and shoved his cock in. His whole shaft fit along the length of my tongue and just barely touched the entrance to my throat.

I didn't even need to suck or stroke. Instead, I cradled Rogers balls and he moaned. A second later his cock was jerking in my

mouth and I felt a thin blast of cum spurt out on my tongue. Where Jason's come had been thick, like cream, and even tasted a little sweet. Roger's came out in a thin, bitter stream that slid easily down my throat.

I didn't swallow it all, however. Instead, I kept a little on my tongue and I leaned over Roger's face.

I collected my spit and what was left of his thin drizzle of cum and I let it ooze from my lips just before I kissed him. Roger moaned as my tongue speared his mouth and I pushed cum and spit onto his tongue. He resisted at first but then he was kissing me back deeply and I wouldn't let him go until his tongue had been in my mouth long enough to taste the last drops of his lust.

I broke the kiss and laughed as Roger's tongue continue to lap at the air.

"You like that huh?" I said. "Did you like the taste of your own cum?"

Roger groaned again, but said nothing.

"That's OK, baby!" I said "I thought it was kind of hot."

"Really?" Roger said.

"Fuck, yeah! Nobody's ever tasted their own cum for me, Roger. That was amazing!"

Roger hadn't considered that. He was too wrapped up in his own humiliation to realize how much he was pleasing me. His mouth widened into a grin and he smiled like a grateful child. I gave him a sweet, tender kiss.

I really did love my little teddy bear.

"Why don't you get some sleep, Professor?" I said using my pet name for him.

"Are you sure?" He said. "Can I...do anything for you?"

"That's sweet baby, but it's been a long day. I think we both need some sleep, don't you?"

Roger sighed and I could see that even now his body was relaxing, the tension from the day having been eased by his orgasm and his body was worn out. I was reminded again, looking down at him, how much older he was than me and how his endurance must

have been tested by all of the drama today. It took my husband no time at all to roll over and fall deeply asleep.

I myself had no intention of sleeping. I picked up my phone and went into the bathroom. I sat down on the edge of the tub and texted Jason. I smiled as I got his response moments later. I felt the excitement surge through my body.

Just like Santa, I had a long night ahead of me.



## 11



**W**ith Roger sated, I was able to quickly and quietly dress in my sexy, red lingerie. I slid a see-through red robe over the ensemble and looked at myself in the mirror as I tied it off with a satin belt.

I looked great! Like a sexy Mrs. Claus about to have a rendezvous while St. Nick was out on Christmas Eve. I felt that delicious, evil thrill snake through my body.

Still, I had to wait as the house quieted, until not a creature was stirring.

Except for me.

Finally, my phone buzzed and I checked it. Saw that it was almost midnight and Jason was waiting out front. I hurried to the door and quietly opened it. I held my finger to my lips as Jason came into the entrance. He nodded, swept me into his arms and gave me a strong kiss.

"I missed you." He murmured softly.

"Later." I said. "Follow me."

I led him through the dining room and the kitchen. At the back of the kitchen was a door that led to the basement. The basement had been finished when we moved in. When Jason and I crept downstairs, we entered the small hallway that led to two additional bedrooms and a small living area. The rooms were sparsely furnished with a couple of beds and chairs, but that was about it. I had made the spare bedroom up for Michael and Amber because it was easier than having everyone on different floors. However, in the back of my mind, I had also been thinking of a scenario just like this, leading my black lover into the basement where we could be alone.

However, no matter what dirty, little rendezvous I had imagined, nothing could compare to what was about to happen.

I stopped Jason outside the bedroom door and stood on tiptoes to kiss him again.

"You want me, right?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah!" He said, his voice husky with lust.

"Do you trust me?" I said, my hand on the door.

"Yes." Jason said and his eyes narrowed. "Why?"

"You'll see." I said and opened the bedroom door.

Inside, the room was lit only by the streetlights outside and the merry reds, blues and greens of Christmas lights outside the bedroom window. On the bed, illuminated like a lewd Christmas statue, was the round, soft form of Amber wearing only a thin nightie. It wasn't sexy, like mine, but with those large tits and round curves, Amber didn't need it. She exuded innocence and sex and I felt a surge of lust for her.

Judging from Jason's eyes, he was feeling the exact same thing.

"Jackie? Is that you?" She said, squinting at us. "Wh...Who is that with you?"

I moved aside and Jason's huge frame filled the door, blocking the light. I shut the door behind him, allowing the cheery, holiday glow to bring him into focus for the younger woman.

"Oh, no!" Amber cried, scooting towards the edge of the bed.

"No, no, no."

I hurried forward and stopped Amber from leaving.

"Relax!" I said, slipping a hand over her shoulder and another across her stomach. "It's all right."

"No, Michael—"

"Is asleep upstairs right?" I asked.

"Yes, but...but he'll find out!"

"Did he find out about what we did today?" I said, moving my hand on her stomach lower and eliciting a gasp of excitement from Amber.

"No! Of course not! But he's right upstairs!"

"Don't worry, honey." I said, motioning Jason forward. "He'll never know."

"Oh, Jackie! I can't! I can't cheat on—"

Amber's words stopped abruptly and her eyes drifted over my shoulder. I looked back and smiled, watching as Jason peeled off his shirt, revealing his sculpted abs and the large muscular slabs of his chest. He removed his pants and underwear, stood up straight and presented his enormous, black cock for our examination.

Amber's mind went blank. The sight of Jason had forced the name of her husband completely from her mind.

"Oh my God!" Amber gasped and I could hear the fear and the excitement in her voice. "I can't do this!"

She pushed against me and I placed my hands on her shoulders and forced her to sit. She struggled and I kissed her, forcing any arguments back down her throat with my tongue. I waited until she was kissing me back before I stopped and gripped her chin in my hand.

"You have to do this!" I said. "Just look at that cock!"

Jason was beside us now and Amber turned and faced the thick, pulsing flesh, highlighted in green and red.

"It's so big!" She moaned.

"Bigger than Michael's." I said. "Isn't it?"

"No." She moaned, more because she didn't want to admit it than the fact that it was much larger than her husband.

"Bullshit." I said and I grabbed her hand and raised it up until she was gripping Jason's cock. "That's it, girl. Much better than that silly dildo, right?"

Amber nodded absently, unable to look away from Jason's beautiful cock just inches from her face.

"And a whole lot better than Michael's." I said.

"Oh God, please stop it, Jackie!"

"I'm not doing anything, Amber. You're the one stroking another man's cock!"

Amber gasped and looked at her hand stroking along the thick, fat shaft. She hadn't been aware that she was stroking it. She dropped her hand in shame. I gripped it and put it back on Jason's hard shaft.

"You know you want it." I spat in her ear. "Why fight it?"

Amber moaned and began to stroke faster and looked up at Jason, pleading at him with her eyes. If she expected any help there, her hopes were dashed as Jason grinned down at her.

"Why don't you kiss it Amber?" Jason said.

Amber looked at the purple-black head, glowing in the Christmas lights. I saw her tongue flick across her lips as she unconsciously wet them. I held my breath as I saw the war of emotions on the young woman's face.

Then, slowly, tenderly, she leaned forward and placed a wet, open-mouthed kiss on the head of Jason's cock.

"That's a good girl." I murmured to her and brushed back her red hair, keeping it from getting caught between her lips and Jason's thick flesh. "Now, why don't you put it in your mouth?"

Amber pulled back and looked at me in fear.

"Do you ever suck Michael's cock?" I asked, watching as the shame passed along her face when I mentioned her husband's name.

"Yes. Sometimes."

"I'll bet if he had a cock like this, you'd be sucking him all the time." I laughed as Amber looked at Jason's cock and imagined sucking it everyday. "Well, you know the basics, just open your mouth wider. A lot wider."

Amber moved forward and opened her mouth. I helped her, pushing her head forward as Jason grunted and shoved his cock past her lips. I knew how she felt. The thick head was in her mouth, throbbing against her tongue. Nothing Michael could do would compare to having her mouth completely full of Jason's hot flesh.

Jason was halfway in when Amber choked and pushed back off of his cock. Spit spilled from her mouth and soaked the front of her nightie.

"It's too big." She moaned.

"No, it's not. You were meant to suck this cock." I murmured in her ear. "Put it back in."

Gently, I guided the pretty girl's lips back onto Jason's cock. They opened and wide and accepted Jason's thick black shaft.

"Now," I said. "Breathe through your nose."

When she was breathing, I pushed her head gently, forcing more of Jason's cock into her mouth. She accepted it. Only stopping when she felt the thick, black head hit the tiny entrance to her throat.

"Relax baby!" I said as I felt her tense. "Just relax. I promise you've never felt anything like it!"

Amber fought to relax her neck muscles as Jason bumped the back of her throat, trying to gain entrance. I put one hand on the back of her head and one hand on her throat. Jason pulled back, letting Amber take a quick breath, then shoved into her hard! Amber grunted and gurgled and I could feel her neck bulged obscenely as she took every inch of his cock.

Amber moaned and tears dripped onto her cheeks. She tried to pull back but I held her there. I knew she could feel all of Jason's wonderful, fat shaft throbbing with blood against the wet flesh of her mouth.

Finally, I let her go and she pulled backward gasping for air. A strand of drool spilled out of her mouth and onto her chin. She coughed up even more spit. I wiped her chin and massaged it onto Jason's cock until he was wet and glistening.

I looked at her, unable for a moment to gauge her feelings. Then, she looked at me and her lips curled into a smile

"You were right." She said. "It's amazing!"

I couldn't help myself. I kissed her and we made out in front of Jason, his cock bobbing up and down just inches from our faces.

"I told you so." I said. "Now, just wait till you get that thing inside your pussy."

Amber groaned in anticipation. I pushed Jason's cock back into her mouth. Gently shoving her face down on it on it until she began to suck on her own.

"That's right you beautiful little slut!" I whispered in her ear. "Get that thing nice and ready to stretch out your pussy."

Amber gave a pitiful sob of shame, but it didn't stop her from gurgling on Jason's cock. I watched her suck. Her eyes rolling up into the back of her head as she savored every black inch.

When I sure she was thoroughly into worshipping Jason's cock I stood up and kissed Jason.

"I want you to fuck the shit out of her." I hissed in his ear. "You good with that?"

Jason looked at me for a second his eyes wide, but then Amber's slurping lips made him groan and his eyes shut.

"Oh, yeah!" He grunted. "I can handle that."

"Good." I said. "Enjoy yourself, but save some for me."

I left them there: The once innocent, little wife slurping and sucking on the black stud's cock. Jason dug his hands into her red hair and let himself go to the pleasure.

Neither of them noticed when I left the room.



## 12



“Ho ho ho.”

Michael, woke with a start and I pushed my hand over his mouth to keep him from yelling.

“Jackie?” He said. “What are you doing?”

I slid my body up against Michael’s thin form and kissed him.

Michael pushed against me, his eyes wild. He looked at Amber’s empty side of the bed and let out a sigh of relief.

“Jackie!” He hissed in a harsh whisper and I ginned as his eyes fought to keep from staring at my near naked body. “What the hell? What if Amber had been here?”

“Well, she’s not is she?” I said and slid my hands along his thighs pushing my lips against his neck. “It’s just you and me.”

Michael surprised me by pushing me away again even though I could tell by the little tent in his boxers that he was already hard for me.

“Where’s Amber?” He said.

“You want to know?” I said and slid a hand down over his crotch. “I guess you’ll have to come with me to find out.”

I hopped up in my little, red outfit and held out a hand to Michael. He scowled for a second and I expected him to slap my hand away. Instead, he looked at me, rally looked at me for the first time since I had woken him up. Hungry eyes took in my long legs and pert little breasts covered only by the thinnest of red silk.

This was what he had been dreaming about for as long as he could dream about women. Here I was, the embodiment of all his teenage fantasies, dressed in skimpy lingerie and reaching out for him.

He couldn't resist. He put his hand in mine and I pulled him up. He stepped forward, expecting a kiss. I turned my face at the last minute, giving him just the cheek.

"Not that way." I teased and pulled him by the hand to the door.

I made a show of making sure the coast was clear even though I knew everyone else in the house was busy. Then, I led Michael through the house and to the steps leading down to the basement. We could hear muffled noises coming up from the darkness below.

"What is that?" Michael asked.

"Shhh!" I said, placing a fingertip on his lips. "It's a surprise."

"Jackie, I don't know." Michael said.

I pushed him up against the door to the basement and gave him another deep, tongue-swabbing kiss.

"Come on, baby." I said. "We have to go downstairs so you can see your surprise."

I gripped his hard, little cock through his boxers and felt him twitch.

"Just one more thing." I said. "You have to put this on."

I picked up a small piece of cloth from a shelf by the door. It was a sleeping mask, one that I sometimes wore during the summer months.

Michael looked at it confused.

"What do I have to wear that for?"

"For the surprise, silly." I said.

I turned him around and I slid the silky mask over his eyes. Then, I took his hand and led him down into the darkness.

On the steps we could hear the sounds of Jason and Amber from the room below. You couldn't make out specific voices but I could definitely tell by her cries that Amber was having a grand old time.

"Is that Amber?" Michael asked when we got to the door. "What is going on?"

"Shh." I said in his ear. "You don't want to disturb them do you?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Michael said but we were already in the room.

That's when I pulled the blindfold off of his head.



## 13



**I**t took a moment for Michael's eyes to adjust to the dark, but there was no way that he could ignore the sounds assaulting his ears. I watched kneeling down beside him as he took in the sight of his lovely wife, her legs stretched back until they were pushing her breasts flat against her chest. Bent almost double it offered a wonderful angle to accept Jason's huge, black cock as he attempted to drive the pretty, little wife clean through the guest bed.

Looking at her bent like that. Her legs splayed backwards in an almost impossible position, I whispered in Michael's ear.

"That girl must do yoga." I said.

"Amber?" Michael said. "Amber! What... what the fuck are you doing?"

The distressed cries of her husband forced the poor girl to look away from Jason.

"Muh... Michael...I—!" She was trying to form the words but they deserted her as Jason pounded her helpless white body even harder.

The room was filled with her screams as she cried out in ecstasy, coming on Jason's huge cock while her husband watched. It was a wonderful sight seeing all of her beautiful round flesh trembling. Her toes, impossibly positioned on either side of her head, clenched into tight balls and then released as her whole body enjoyed an immense orgasm.

"Oh my!" I said as I slid my hand over Michael's crotch. "I'll bet you've never made her come like that!"

"Jackie! Why are you doing this?"

"Why?" I said and pushed Michael into a chair that I had placed next to the bed for this moment. "Because I want it. Amber wants it."

I rubbed his throbbing cock through his pants and he squirmed in his seat.

"And you want it!"

"No! No I..." His words ended in a guttural grunt as I unzipped his pants and shoved my hand down his pants, tugging on his thin, white root. "Nuh...not like this!"

"Come on, Mikey! Just go with it!"

Michael tried to screw his ass into the chair, but I kept hold of his thin, little cock and began to beat the tortured shaft with savage intensity.

"You're such a fucking hypocrite!" I hissed in his ear. "Judging me and your father for what we do. You actually thought you were going to get lucky with me? Well, you're fucking lucky all right!"

Amber and Jason were still fucking. Amber had finally dropped her legs and wrapped them around Jason's thick, black body. Her ankles had locked over Jason's ass and she clung to him as he rammed into her over and over again.

"How do you like it Amber?" I called over the sounds of their furious fucking. "Tell your husband how much you like it!"

Michael's body tensed I gripped his cock tightly, holding him on the edge forcing his come to halt its journey from his tiny balls. Michael grunted and humped against my hand in vain as I held him on the edge.

Amber heard my words and she turned her head, tears of pleasure on her cheeks.

"I love it!" She cried. "I'm sorry, Michael, but I fucking love it!"

Her cries dissolved into yet another scream as her body once again succumbed to that big, black cock.

I jerked Michael's cock hard and fast. He was crying in pain and humiliation as I brought him over the edge. I laughed as his little cock jerked in my hand and squirted a thin stream of jism over his boxer shorts. The second time in a day that he had messed up his pants with his own cum.

"Oh, look at that!" I gushed in his ear. "You came together! Isn't that the sweetest fucking thing?"

Michael continued to grunt as I squeezed his cock, forcing a last, teardrop of cum from his wasted flesh. Finally, I let him go and watched as his little man deflated in a puddle of his wasted seed.

"That was quick." I chuckled, wiping my hand on a dry portion Michael's boxers. "Well, I guess it's true what they say."

I gripped the hair on top of Michael's head, pulled his face up to look at me and gave him a deep, wet kiss.

"Like father, like son."

Michael groaned as I let his head fall. I left him there, slumped in complete and total defeat.

I wasn't done with the couple, however. I stood up and bent over in front of Michael. I saw his head nod a bit as he watched me. I peeled the panties over my hips and gave him a generous view of my firm, round ass. An ass he would never have. Then, I looked down at him, smiled cruelly and unhooked my bra and let it fall to the floor.

"You see this, Michael." I said. "You will never have this."

Michael groaned even louder again and he was unable to look at me any longer. However, his ears could still hear what was about to happen to his pretty, young wife.

I went over to the bed and I scooted on top of it, positioning myself next to Amber's head. She was coming down from yet another orgasm and I lifted her head into my lap.

"Hi baby." I said, brushing away a strand of hair. "How're you feeling?"

Amber's head lolled back and forth for a moment as my words penetrated her fucked out brain. Then, her eyes opened. I saw that same smile that she had when she realized how good it felt to taste Jason's cock.

"It's amazing!" She murmured and I laughed. "So amazing!"

"Even though your husband's over there crying?"

Worry creased her brow as Amber remembered that Michael was in the room watching her. I saw the shame on her face trying to penetrate through the haze of lust.

I didn't want that humiliation to last long. I rubbed her cheek and gave her a reassuring smile.

"Don't you worry about him." I said. "I just jerked him off and he's fine. For now."

Amber didn't know what to do with that information. Jason's cock had at some point exited her well fucked pussy and was lying on her belly, throbbing from her crotch to her belly button. And here I was, naked, telling her that I had just made her husband cum. The information was coming too fast and too furious for her mind to make much sense of.

"You know," I said, brushing a loose strand of red hair from her forehead. "I haven't really gotten off all day long. I think you owe me a favor, don't you?"

Amber nodded absently.

"Good girl." I said rubbing her cheek. "You just forget about your little hubby over there and focus on me."

With that, I rose up on my knees and I straddled Amber's lovely face. Suddenly, I was looking at Jason over the pale, fleshy body of my daughter-in-law .

"Hey there." I said to Jason with a smile as I felt Amber's mouth nuzzle my sensitive pussy. "I've been waiting for you all day."

"Me too."

Jason leaned forward and we kissed, all of my hunger that had been denied transferred to my questing mouth and probing tongue. I moaned against Jason's lips as Amber shoved her tongue between my puffy, wet lips.

Rocking my hips back and forth along my young daughter-in-law's face, I reached down, took Jason's pulsing shaft in my hand. I guided it once again to Amber's well-fucked pussy. I watched mesmerized as that big cock slid into her. The sight of it, coupled with Amber's tongue on my pussy made my orgasm boil over and I squirted all over the young wife's pretty face.

Amber gurgled in my cum for a minute then tilted her head and took in a deep breath. Jason hammered her into her pussy and his heavy balls smacked against ripe flesh or her upturned ass. Amber suddenly let out a soul-piercing scream letting me, Jason and the whole neighborhood know that she was cumming again.

We continued to fuck her like that for several minutes, using Amber's pretty, white body as our own personal sex toy. I came again on her face and the last time I sat down on her face, covering her mouth and nose as I rode out my orgasm.

Finally, I rolled off of her face and she gasped for air and clutched at Jason's body. I couldn't help but envy her plump, white flesh, her ample form seemed made to take Jason's furious pounding.

I didn't feel jealous for long. Amber needed this, that much was obvious, She might have even needed it more than me, although my pussy was throbbing for Jason's cock.

Finally, Amber's body twitched to a rest and Jason slowed his strokes. I realized Jason was holding back, trying not to cum. I was impressed with his stamina and self-control. Two married white women worshipping his body and he was still able to hold back.

"He's going to come, Amber." I said in her ear. "He's going to come inside you."

"No!" I heard Michael scream. "Jackie, no! She's not on the pill."

"No shit." I said looking down at Amber who continued to hump Jason's slick cock. "Are you two trying to have a baby?"

Amber moaned and gritted her teeth Jason was fucking her again and I realized that her mind was almost completely gone.

"Yes!" She murmured. "Yes, we are."

"Well, then, Jason I guess you better stop."

Jason hammered the young girl hard for a couple seconds, pounding Amber to the point of orgasm. Then, just as she was tensing for another orgasm, Jason pulled his cock out, leaving her twitching and helpless on the bed.

"No!" She cried. "Don't stop!"

I stayed on the bed and put my face next to her cheek and whispered hot words in her ear.

"You want Jason to keep fucking you?" I asked.

Amber nodded her head, furiously.

"You want him to come inside you?"

Amber hesitated and bit her lower lip, looking at me with wide, wet eyes. I held her gaze for a moment and finally, she nodded.

"You are such a slut!" I said laughing. "Did you hear that Michael? Your wife wants to have Jason give her a Christmas present!"

"No!" Michael cried. "Amber, don't!"

But Amber was already passed hearing because Jason had shoved that big, black cock back into her pussy and was hammering her for all he was worth. I once again cradled Amber's head in my lap and continued to talk and tease her as Jason neared his orgasm.

"He's going to fill your pussy, baby!" I said. "You should thank me."

"Thank you Jackie!" Amber cried. "Thank you!"

"You want to thank me too Michael?" I called to Michael.

Michael was slumped in his chair his head down as Jason pounded his wife into another massive orgasm.

They were beautiful together. Amber's white body wrapped around Jason's black, muscular form. Her ankles were hooked around his back and pulled him even deeper inside of her. They came just seconds apart, Amber's pale round body quivered and her mouth screamed Jason's name. Then, Jason's black muscles tensed and his perfect ass clenched as he shoved his cock in all the way to the hilt.

"God!" Amber cried. "I can feel it! It's so hot!"

Jason stayed inside of her but he was looking at me as he came. His eyes boring into me and I knew that it was me that he actually wanted to be fucking right now. I smiled at him and nodded, acknowledging his feelings.

And then it was done. Amber's legs fell, splayed wide as her body relaxed into the comforter. Amber's head went limp in my lap, her mouth continuing to mutter and moan as her feverish brain tried to process all that her body had just gone through.

"Amber?" I murmured, brushing her wet, red hair from her face. "You in there?"

Amber's eyes opened slowly and her vision cleared. She grinned sleepily as she looked up at me.

"Jackie." She said and hummed with contentment as I rubbed her head.. "Mmm. That was so good."

"I know." I said. "Now it's my turn."

Jason knelt behind her and we helped her to a sitting position between us. Jason pulled her face to his and kissed her and she murmured to him as they made out. I watched Michael, still wrung out from his emotional orgasm. He said nothing, but I saw the torture of emotions in his eyes. I smiled at him, blew him a kiss, then pulled Amber away from Jason and placed my own lips on Amber's mouth, keeping my eyes on Michael the whole time.

She tasted amazing. A heady brew of sweat and cum assailed my senses as I sucked her tongue into my mouth. She accepted me willingly, any and all reluctance pounded out of her by Jason's magnificent body. At that moment, I think I could have done anything to that young girl. She was mine, maybe not forever, but in that moment, I had all the power.

And I only wanted one thing.

'It's my turn." I whispered to Amber. "Jason is mine now."

Amber gave out a whimpering little moan of pain. She wanted Jason again, I could tell, but she wasn't going to get him.

"You should really go and comfort your husband. He's been through quite the ordeal."

Amber groaned and I think, in the moment, she had forgotten all about poor, little Mikey watching helplessly as his small, thin cock twitched in despair. I laughed at her expression of fear and confusion.

"I'm sure it'll be alright, honey." I said, patting her cheek. "I mean. How bad can it be? After all, you only fucked a big, black cock like a cheap, little slut! I'm sure he'll forgive you!"

Amber was in tears as I shoved her off the bed towards her husband. I smiled as she stumbled towards Michael, walking bowlegged like a cowboy who just got off a bucking bronco. It was cruel, I know, and not keeping with the season, but I felt justified. After all, both of them had judged me despite their own repressed sexual desires.

Have you ever noticed that it's the most repressed people in the world that judge the sexual appetites of the rest of us?

I crawled over to Jason and tugged on his huge cock, pleasantly surprised to find it still hard. The combination of Amber's plump, white flesh and my own firm body was enough to excite him. Especially when he was taking us in front of our men.

"Got some left for me?" I asked.

"Always." He grinned and we kissed, deeply and lovingly.



## 14



I decided it was finally time to give Roger his Christmas present and I led Jason up both sets of stairs to our bedroom. Roger was sleeping peacefully, a small, childlike smile on his face. I grinned and pulled Jason into a loving embrace and we stood next to the bed, kissing as Roger snored softly next to us.

The sheer naughtiness of it. Of finally touching the man I had been dreaming of for weeks while my husband slept oblivious beside us was too intense to describe. It lit up my whole body, from a tingling in my scalp all the way to my toes. My body was now a throbbing, hungry sex organ and I revelled in that hunger.

I dropped to my knees wordlessly. Content to let Roger sleep as I lifted Jason's huge cock. I weighed it in my hands and rolled the flesh between my palms. It was sticky with his cum and Amber's juices and the scent of their lust made my mouth water. I stuck my tongue out and lashed the tip of his cock. Lapping up the stickiness, cleaning Jason's cock with love and attention.

Jason moaned and rocked back on the balls of his feet, the floorboards creaking under his heels. I hummed in satisfaction and took him into my mouth. Once more filling my hungry orifice with his pulsing, black flesh.

The taste of him was wonderful and I licked the sticky frosting of he and Amber's combined lust. Swirling it with my spit and swallowing the heady mixture down my throat. I worshipped his cock the way I had wanted to do in the bathroom, lifting his heavy shaft and burying my face in his balls. Amber's cum was there too, as well as the musky smell of Jason's scent. I stuffed my face into Jason's wet sac, rooting like an animal.

Jason groaned louder and I chuckled at his excitement. Despite the fact that he had just cum in Amber's fertile womb, he still wanted me. I took his cock in both hands and it was then that I glanced over at Roger and noticed my husband, his eyes open, watching his wife worship another man's cock.

"Merry Christmas, baby!" I grinned. "I hope you like your present!"

I had just enough time to hear Roger groan and then I attacked Jason's cock. I showed Roger, for the first time, how I sucked a real man's cock. In one, sharp thrust I lunged on Jason's cock and pounded the huge shaft until it battered my throat. Sliding past the tight ring of muscle and cartilage and lodging in my gullet which was now accustomed to Jason's huge head. It was home.

I relished Jason's tense growls as I held him in my throat and I hummed with happiness. I vibrated my throat and mouth, turning my wet hole into a human vibrator.

The vibrations ran through Jason's whole body and rocked him to the core. Roger too could feel it. The tremors making his breath stop as he watched my lips stretch wide and my throat bulge with my lover's black flesh.

I held Jason there for what felt like an eternity. When I could stand it no longer, I threw back my head and coughed up huge gouts of spit. I slurped up the ropy strands and sucked Jason back into my mouth. Soon, Roger and I's bedroom was filled with bubbly gurgles and wet slurps as I gave Jason the sloppiest, nastiest blowjob I could.

I looked at Roger, my face wet and sloppy. I pushed my face into his and laughed as he tried to pull away from me. I locked my hands behind his head and forced him to kiss me, really kiss me. I rubbed my wet face over his, forcing my tongue into his mouth. I drooled Jason's precum into Roger's mouth and soon he was kissing me hungrily, unable to resist the force of my lust.

I pulled back from my husband, leaving him hungry for more. His face was a mess, Amber's juices, the remnants of Jason's cum and my spit were dripping from his cheeks. I laughed at the hunger in his eyes, but I didn't want his body. I wanted his humiliation, just as

I had wanted Amber and Michael's humiliation. It was feeding my lust for Jason and I was not going to be denied any longer.

Roger tried kissing me again, but I turned away cruelly and gazed up at Jason, stroking his cock just inches from Roger's face. My husband's eyes crossed hilariously as he tried to take in the enormity of Jason's shaft.

"I need to fuck you, Jason." I said to him, ignoring Roger as I gazed into Jason's eyes. "I need you to fuck me right now."

"I need you too, Jackie." Jason growled, his voice heavy.

He gripped my shoulders roughly and pulled me to a standing position. I turned so my back was pressed up against his beautiful body and I rubbed my naked skin across his sweaty muscles feeling every ridge against my back. His cock slid between my tight buttocks and I arched my back so I could grind my ass against his shaft and give Roger a good view of my body just moments before I gave it to another man.

Jason locked his lips over mine and we stood in that position, hovering over my tortured husband. Even though I wanted Jason with every raw nerve ending, I wasn't going to hurry. I wanted to extend this moment. Just Jason and I enjoying each other while my helpless husband looked on.

Then, before Roger could move, I threw my upper body over Roger's head, trapping him, my belly pressing down on his cheek.

"Jackie?" Came his muffled cry. "What are you doing?"

"Hush!" I said and covered his body. "Move under me."

Roger didn't know what I wanted so I had to push him to the side. He scooted his fat bottom over the sheets until the small tent that had grown in his pajamas was under my face. His head was between my legs, his mouth and nose pointed directly at my wet slit.

"You see that pussy?" I said, wiggling my hips and shaking my wet cunt in my husband's face. "You want that pussy?"

"Oh yeah." Roger moaned. "Please Jackie, I want it."

I looked back over my shoulder at Jason. He was breathing heavily, barely able to hold back his own lust. That's just the way I wanted him. I hadn't know if the young man was going to be comfortable fucking me with his cock so close to Roger's face, but I

had him so hot, he would have fucked Roger if I asked him too. The thought had crossed my mind, but I wanted Jason all to myself.

"Well, too bad, baby." I said. "Jason is the only one who gets this pussy, but you should have a great view!"

Jason couldn't hold back any longer and he plunged his cock deep into my sopping pussy. I cried out in ecstasy. I had been waiting all day for this cock. No. I had been waiting all week for this cock. Finally, I had it. Feeling it pumping inside of me and I came almost immediately as I felt it's girth fill me, stretch me open, then slam into my cervix.

I hammered my hips back against Jason's hard stomach, looking over my shoulder at my lover as he pumped into me. I couldn't see Roger's face, but I imagined him, face between my legs, watching as Jason's glistening black shaft assaulted my tender opening. I lowered my hips and I felt him there, his nose snuffling at my pussy.

"Jackie!" Roger moaned in a muffled voice. "Jackie, his bah...!"

I laughed as I realized what Roger was trying to say. Jason's cock was so deep inside of me that his heavy balls must be hitting Roger in the face. The thought of my husband, servicing my pussy as he was being hit with Jason's balls made my whole body tremble suddenly. I screamed, a mixture of crying and laughter, as I rode out my orgasm.

"Oh, shit, Roger! That is so fucking hot! Fuck eat that pussy, baby! Eat it!"

And Roger did, like a good, little husband. I felt his lips and tongue in my pussy even as my pussy poured juices into his waiting mouth. It was too much for me and I came again and Jason pumped in and out of me the whole time, not caring that he was slapping his balls against another man's face.

I looked down at Roger's crotch, saw the small dot of precum spreading into a stain. Taking pity on my husband, I pushed down his pants and took his smaller cock in my hand. I jerked him in time to Jason's furious pounding.

I relished the feel Jason's cock, taking me, stretching my pussy until I my body formed into the perfect receptacle for his superior manhood. Roger was eating my pussy eagerly now and I knew that

he must have abandoned himself, burying his face in mine and Jason's wet flesh. It didn't matter, I could barely feel his mouth, my pussy only able to sense Jason's expanding flesh and feel him as he neared his limit. Still, the fact that my husband was trying to please me filled me with love.

"Cum inside me, Jason!" I screamed. "I want him to see it when you cum inside me!"

Jason gripped my hips and fucked me harder, his body a rock hard machine and his shaft a burning piston hammering inside of me. He battered my cervix, but I had opened for him and there was no pain, only intense, overwhelming pleasure as he fucked me.

"Fuck!" Jason screamed and he buried his cock in me all the way to the hilt.

My body slipped and I realized that my hips had fallen and my cunt and Jason's balls were smashed against Roger's face. He was jerking on the bed, trying to push me up even as Jason's cock exploded inside my cunt, filling me up with his seed. A second later, I met him with my own orgasm and another wave of my juices met his and I felt heavy and pregnant with our combined fluids.

"Jason!" I moaned. "Stand up, baby! Roger can't breathe!"

Jason stood up and I came back on my hands and knees. Roger took in a ragged breath and his body relaxed. He only had a moment's respite, however, because when the seal of my tight pussy was broken by the removal of Jason's cock, a river of cum spurted out of me and covered Roger's face.

"Oh, shit, baby!" I moaned as Roger tried to move away. "Look what he did to your wife's pussy!"

Roger was trying to move, but I held him in place by his cock and moved my gushing pussy closer to his mouth. He was forced to suck at Jason's thick, white cream and my own viscous cum. I could smell the rank, musky scent of my cunt as Jason's seed invaded me, changing the smell of me until it was something animal and alien.

Roger was reluctant to clean me at first, but then he began lapping at my pussy. My burning hole fucked beyond sensation, I was unable to get pleasure out of my husband's sucking mouth. Still,

that feeling of overwhelming love as my husband cleaned up my lover's mess made my whole body warm.

"That's a good boy, Roger!" I cooed and turned my attention back to his lonely cock.

For once, Roger was the last to cum and I took him firmly in hand. My lips curled into a smile as I stroked him.

"You're so good to me, baby!" I murmured. "Cleaning my cunt after a real man fucks me."

Roger moaned, and continued to lick. His cock twitched in my hand, letting me know that he enjoyed the humiliating words.

"You know, I can never be happy with your cock again, right?"

He said nothing, but he knew what was coming. His body tensed, but I wanted him to wait. After weeks of teasing my husband, I knew when he was on the edge and I let his cock flop against his belly.

I climbed off his face and turned to him, lying on top of him. He had drops of Jason's cum on his cheeks and chin and I lovingly scooped them up and put them in my mouth. I swirled them with my spit and kissed him, spitting the cum and saliva cocktail onto his tongue. Roger took it eagerly and swallowed it, his mouth wanting more.

"I'm going to keep fucking Jason." I said, gripping his cock and stroking it fast.

I looked at Jason smiling. He was exhausted, but happy and nodded to me in agreement.

"I'm going to fuck him anytime I want to." I said. "And, if you're a good boy, I'll let you clean me up."

"Jackie, fuck!" Roger twitched and I let go of his cock.

I mistimed the release and watched in amusement as Roger's gray-haired ball sac spasmed and his cock twitched. He grunted and rolled on the bed, jerking his hips upwards, seeking my hand, my mouth or maybe just God to finish him off.

That's when I saw it. A thin dribble of cum oozed out of his slit, formed a single drop and plopped onto his stomach.

"Oh my God!" I giggled. "What the fuck was that?"

Roger groaned on the bed. Up until that point, I had never seen a ruined orgasm before, but that was what it was. I had gotten Roger over the edge, but removed stimulation at the exact right moment. His body felt like he should cum, but he got no pleasure out of it. None. In fact, his sperm was even now boiling in balls, expecting at any moment to be released.

"Jackie..." Roger moaned. "Please...more..."

He was begging and I was stunned. I didn't know what had happened and was more than a little concerned about a heart attack. But, he seemed fine, he was breathing all right. He was just really, really frustrated.

"Tell me you understand." I said and I scooped the dollop of cream that had escaped his cock and lightly rubbed it into the head. "Tell me you want me to fuck Jason."

"Please!" Roger moaned. "Please!"

"Just say it Roger!" I snapped, using my thumb and forefinger to stimulate his tortured cock.

"I want it!" He cried.

"Want what?"

Tears of frustration and shame poured down Roger's cheek's but I took no pity on him. I continued to lightly tease his cock, watching in amusement as it twitched and jerked like a pale worm, leaking thin tears of cum.

"I want you to fuck Jason!" He screamed and I smiled, lying my body next to his and taking a full grip in his cock.

I let him kiss me and hump my hand, his spent cum easing the way for his thin shaft to beat itself against my palm.

"Tell me you love me!" I commanded, spitting the words in his ear. "Tell me you love me, baby!"

"I love you!" Roger gasped. "Jackie, I love you so much."

I beat his little cock furiously, my hand a blur on his tortured shaft. Roger was grunting, doing a weird, little half situp, his belly fat crinkled up. His breath was coming out in quick puffs and there was sweat breaking out on his forehead.

He looked a woman trying to give birth.

"Say it again!" I demanded, ramming my hand downward in quick jerks and battering the base of his penis. "SAY IT!"

"I LOVE YOU!" Roger screamed and his body crashed back against the mattress.

His hips jerked upwards, every muscle straining. With all of that buildup, I was surprised when a small, thin stream of cum squirted onto his belly and gummed up his belly hairs.

Still, the release had obviously been good for him. I had never seen him react like that before.

"Feel good?" I asked, chuckling.

Roger nodded weakly, unable to speak. I laid down beside him and Jason got up from his chair and came over to me. Roger watched as we kissed again. Jason's strong, black hands groped my body and I moved over so that we could lay next to each other, forcing Roger to the edge of the bed.

"Merry Christmas." I murmured to Jason.

"Merry Christmas, Jackie."



**A**t some point Roger left the bed, perhaps because he needed to pee. Or maybe he wanted to give me and Jason a moment to enjoy each other in silence. I never found out.

Whatever the reason, I confess I did not notice Roger's absence. Instead, I was completely absorbed in Jason's body and the luxury of sleeping with my lover. We had done something tonight. Something hot and wrong, but he had been with me the whole way. I felt a bond to my young, black lover I had never felt with Roger. Sex was part of it, but it was also something deeper.

We fucked...no, that was the wrong word. We made love that night and again the next morning, the sun shining brightly in the normally overcast Portland sky. We tenderly enjoyed each other in the brilliant Christmas sunshine.

I have to admit, it was the single greatest Christmas memory in my whole life.

Michael and Amber snuck off sometime in the night. I did feel a little bad for that, but I wasn't too worried. They would come around. Just to make sure, I gave Jason Amber's number. You know, in case they wanted to keep in touch.

That next morning, however, Jason only had eyes for me. It gratified me that I had surprised, excited and ultimately satisfied a young man like Jason. Not many women could say that.

Jason and I came out of the bedroom hand in hand and were greeted by a Christmas breakfast of bacon, eggs and hash browns provided by my darling husband. Roger left us alone for the most part, letting Jason and me eat together like real couple. It was odd, but exciting. Not just for me, but Roger too. More than once I saw

him watching us from the kitchen, tracking each laugh and touch of our hands. I made a note of it so I could tease him about it later.

Then, Jason was leaving. I gave him a last, loving kiss at the door and Roger even gave him an awkward handshake.

And just like that, we were alone in our big house, staring at each other in awkward silence.

"So.." I started.

"Well..." Roger said at the same time.

We both laughed, as giddy and tense as school children on their first date.

"You first." Roger said.

"I was just going to ask if you wanted to open Christmas gifts."

"No." Roger said. "I really don't feel like it."

"Really?" I said slyly. "I have a special gift for you."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Come on."

I grabbed his hand and we went into the living room and sat among the packages.

"What are we going to do with the kids' packages?" Roger asked, eying Michael and Amber's stack.

"We'll mail 'em next week." I said and reached behind the tree.

I pulled out a box gaily wrapped in red paper, Christmas wreaths covering the gift.

"What's this?" Roger said, looking at the small package.

"Something to...add a little excitement to our sex life."

"Jeez Jackie! I don't know if I can take anymore excitement."

"Don't worry." I said, leaning against him, rubbing his shoulder. "Just open it."

Roger ripped through the packaging, revealing a small, purple box. He opened the box and pulled out a metal contraption.

"What is this?" He said.

It was a chunk of cold, gleaming metal in the shape of a small, flaccid penis. Attached to the metal tube was a ring to hold the device around his balls..

"It's a chastity device." I purred in his ear. "It's for you...so you don't get overexcited."

"A chastity device?"

"Yes." I murmured to him and took the cold metal from his shaking hand and knelt before him.

I unbuttoned his pants and Roger looked in fear at the front window that peered out onto the street beyond.

"Jackie! Stop! Someone might see!"

"See what?" I said as I tugged his pants down, revealing his cock which was already starting to harden. "This thing? Maybe if they had a telescope."

"Jesus!" Roger groaned and his cock twitched as the words bit into his brain.

I slapped his cock and he yelped in pain.

"What the hell was that for?" He cried.

"You can't get hard now." I said.

I caught his cock in my fingers in a clinical way and quickly slid the tube over his cock. Roger hissed.

"Jesus, it's cold!" He moaned and wiggled, but I slapped his balls and he stopped.

I caught his balls in slipped them through the metal ring. Then, I hooked the two pieces together. I took a tiny gold lock from the box and snapped it shut, securing my husband's cock in its metal prison.

I looked down at his shrunken penis and I thought of a medieval torture device.

The cock in the iron mask.

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

"No, it's just cold. Why am I wearing this?"

I picked up a fine golden chain from the box. Strung on the chain was a tiny, golden key. I unclasped the necklace and hung the key around my neck.

"Now, you can't jack off unless I say you can." I grinned.

"Jackie, seriously. Please take it off." Roger begged.

"If you're a good boy, I'll let you take it off at New Year's. Won't that be nice? Instead of a New Year's kiss, I'll let you cum."

"Oh my God!" Roger moaned, touching the metal cage experimentally.

"Quit whining." I said and climbed up between his legs.

I kissed him, drowning any other resistance. I giggled in his mouth as he writhed upon the couch, his poor cock straining to harden against its metal prison.

"Merry Christmas, baby!" I laughed and knew that this was going to be one exciting new year.

**Valentines are Black**



# 1



“Rebecca? Have you seen Roger?”

I called to the young woman from across the living room. She smiled and shrugged.

“I haven’t seen him for about an hour, Jackie.” She said. “He must be hiding.”

“That little shirker.” I said and Rebecca laughed.

I passed through the living room as the caterers put the finishing touches on the house. Every year it was the same thing. The caterers would arrive and set up the portable bar with bottles of champagne and other liquors. A banner with shiny gold letters was hung above the fireplace, replacing the Christmas decorations that had been up just a week ago.

Happy New Year!

Every year, one of Roger’s duties as the dean of Westerly College was to host the annual New Year's Eve party. It was always a dull affair, with the older faculty members and their wrinkled wives showing up to eat catered food, drink champagne, and put on fake, happy faces. Still, as the dean’s wife, I was required to make nice with the faculty at least once a year.

That didn't mean I had to do it all by myself.

I found Roger alone in his study, working on a model of a ship. He did this when he wanted to hide from me and the rest of the world. The former professor of history would retreat into his fleet of old, Napoleonic warships, to relive the ancient, dusty battles in his mind.

I watched him for awhile, hunched over the small bits of plastic, peering at his fleet through a magnifying glass on a metal arm. He was older than me, the hair on his head receding along his scalp like

an army in retreat. He was thin around the shoulders and back, but his belly had gotten bigger with age. As I watched my husband, I realized, not for the first time, that he was becoming an old man.

I walked across the floor and quietly slid my hand up his back. Roger flinched as I looked down at the model he was working on.

The HMS Falmouth. The same model I had bought for him on Black Friday. The very thing that had changed our lives forever.

I felt a shudder of electricity flow through my body as I remembered the day I had bought the model. The day I had met Jason.

Jason. My young, black lover. Jason was a security guard at the local mall and had saved me from a crazed customer on Black Friday. I had been blown away by the sexy, black man and when he drove me home, one thing led to another which, ultimately, led to the master bedroom

That was where Roger found us, fucking wildly on our marital bed.

Our sex life had been stagnant for years. His age and his tendency to shoot off prematurely me put a lot of strain on our marriage. A strain I had relieved by shopping.

Jason and his beautiful black body had taken the pressure away. Even better, after Roger saw us together, I found that my husband liked to watch. Oh, he might squirm and deny his feelings, but I knew that he liked it.

"So," I said, fondling a tiny ship mast between my fingers  
"You're putting this together?"

Roger reached out and snatched the piece away from me. His breathing was shallow and he was sweating like a horny teenager.

"Are you all right?" I said, rubbing his back. "You seem...tense."

"Oh, really?" Roger snapped. "I wonder why."

"Aww!" I pouted and turned Roger around on his stool to look at me. "Are you feeling neglected?"

Roger hissed as I shifted my body so that my thigh slid between his legs, rubbing up against his crotch.

"Yes!" He groaned. "Jesus, Jackie! You don't know what this is like! It...it's torture!"

"That's what makes it so hot!" I purred and gave Roger a kiss, prying his mouth open with my tongue.

I moved between his legs and I felt the hard, metal cage against my thigh. Along with the HMS Falmouth, I had given Roger another, naughtier Christmas gift.

A chastity cage.

"I'm sorry, baby!" I simpered. "I know it's hard. Oops! I mean, it's not hard, I guess that's the problem!"

I laughed and gave Roger's cage a tug. He cried out in pain. The device enclosed his cock in metal secured with a small, golden lock. Roger was unable to touch himself, unable to get an erection. It even made it hard to go to the bathroom.

I had given it to him on Christmas Day after Jason had left. That was the last time I had touched him. The last time he had been able to touch himself.

My felt a little bit of wetness build between my legs. The very idea that I had complete control over Roger's small manhood made me hot.

"It's just I've been so busy getting the party together, I just haven't had time for widdle, old you."

"Jackie, stop!" He whined, but I only snuggled up closer to him.

"Aww, Roger. You know you don't want me to stop!"

I pulled the key from between my breasts, dangling it in front of Roger's eyes.

Roger looked at it with excitement and fear, his tongue flicking out to lick his lips.

"Do you want me to let you out, baby?" I giggled, running the gold chain across my teeth. "Or do you want to stay in there for another week?"

"Yes. I want you to let me out." He moaned.

"Not until midnight!" I laughed and danced away from him.

Roger groaned and threw his head back, going limp in the chair. I felt a little sorry for him. After all, I still loved him and while I loved to see him in emotional agony, I didn't really want to hurt him. Not permanently anyway.

"Listen." I said seriously, patting his leg. "If you're good tonight, I promise we'll have some fun after the party."

"Me be good?" Roger said, sitting up in his seat, regaining a little of his old confidence. "What about you?"

"Me?" I said, innocently. "What kind of trouble could I possibly get into?"

"Do I need to remind you of what you did to Michael and Amber? Michael still won't return my phone calls."

I wasn't surprised. The events of Black Friday had reinvigorated our sex life, but that one time wasn't enough. I craved more. When Christmas came around, I thought I had found a perfect opportunity for a rendezvous with Jason.

Unfortunately, Roger's son, Michael, and his wife Amber had shown up at the last minute. That didn't stop me. I helped Jason seduce Michael's lovely wife. Then, I tricked Michael into witnessing the whole, torrid affair.

It was a Christmas memory none of us would ever forget.

Needless to say, we hadn't heard from the kids for a week. That didn't bother me. I knew that they would call. It was just a matter of time.

"I'll behave." I giggled. "Besides, I wouldn't want any of those old professors to touch me."

"Watch it." Roger said. "I'm an old professor."

"Oh, sweetie!" I said and kissed him on his nose. "You're *my* Professor. You know that!"

That was the pet name I had used for Roger ever since we had started dating twelve years earlier. And, he was still that to me, even though he was dean now. Roger would always be my sweet, loving Professor.

"That reminds me." Roger said, snapping his fingers. "There's something I have to tell you."

"What's that?"

"There's a new professor coming tonight."

"Really?" I said. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"The school board just told me last week and I've...been a little preoccupied."

Roger scooted on the stool, reminding me of the cage I had forced him to wear.

"Well, I'm sure it will be fine." I said. "What's his name?"

"Malcolm Brown."

*Great. I thought. Another old white man. Probably has a shrivelled up wife who will hate me too.*

"Jackie?" Roger said.

I looked down at him as he shifted uncomfortably on the stool.

"Yes?" I smiled, knowing what Roger was going to ask.

"Do you think we can remove this? Just for tonight?" There was a plea in Roger's voice, like a child hoping to get a treat. "It's not like I'm going to have time to touch myself."

I leaned forward, dangling the key in front of his face.

"No." I said and he slumped into his chair again. "You know it doesn't come off until New Years!"

"Jesus Jackie!" He groaned. "This thing is fucking torture!"

"I know." I whispered, leaning close to him, letting my thigh graze the hard metal cage through his pants. "Just think how good your little dick will feel when I take it off?"

I licked his ear, then his upper lip, teasing him until his tongue responded. His hands slid up my ass, gripped my cheeks and tried to pull me close. I pulled back, prying his hands from my buttocks.

"Don't!" I panted, getting turned on. "You'll wrinkle my dress!"

Roger was breathing heavily, obviously turned on despite the cold, hard cage on his cock. The fact that he couldn't have me made his lust all the more potent. It was quickly becoming the only way he could get off.

I loved it. It made me feel younger and sexier. All the things I had been when Roger and I had first gotten together.

"You should get ready." I smiled and ruffled his hair. "Our guests will be here soon."



## 2



The guests began to file in around 7 PM. Portland bills itself as a place of diversity and liberalism, but you certainly couldn't see that in the faces of the faculty of Westerly College. All of them were white men and not one of them was under the age of forty.

Roger's circle of friends, his closest colleagues, all had wives. All of them were at least fifteen years my senior and they all looked down their noses at me as they said their hellos.

I was what each woman feared most. I was younger and sexier and, worst of all, a former student. They all feared me, or women like me. I was gold digger, a temptress.

A slut.

The truth was, I had married Roger out of love, pure and simple. Money or power had never figured into it until our sex life began to wither and die like fruit on the vine. It was only then that I acquired my shopping addiction. It was that addiction, and my sexual frustration, that had led to my affair with Jason.

I smiled inwardly as another wife came in the front door. She was dressed tastefully, even sexy, despite her best years having passed her by long ago. In her day, Madeline Corday had been stunning, a model somewhere in Georgia, before meeting her husband, Jack. Jack was a tall, elderly mathematics professor who was still quite dashing for his age.

"Madeline, nice to see you." I gushed.

Madeline matched my wide smile with one of her own, her leathery cheeks cracking up to her eyes. Decades of sun, smoking and scowling had turned that once beautiful face into a withered, old prune.

"Jackie, how nice of you to have us again." She said and planted dry, pruny kiss on my cheek. "You must get tired of doing this every year."

"Well, I guess that's what being the wife of the *dean* will get you." I grinned as I watched the deep wrinkles on Madeline's cheeks slip just a bit.

Madeline laughed politely, but I could see she was ready to spit nails. Still, she was experienced enough to let it go, pasting another practiced grin on her face.

"Jackie." She said, moving aside as someone else moved in behind her. "I wanted to introduce you to someone. This is Malcolm Brown."

I looked up at the newcomer and was shocked to see an older, black man smiling at me, his eyes twinkling at my surprise. It took a moment for the name to register. Finally, it came to me.

Malcolm Brown. The new professor. Roger hadn't mentioned that he was black, Had he done that on purpose? To surprise me? Or did he think it wasn't worth mentioning?

When I didn't offer my hand, Madeline laughed.

"This is Jackie Thompson." Madeline placed a hand on my shoulder like we were fast friends. "Dean Thompson's wife. She's not usually at a loss for words."

"I... I'm sorry." I said, holding my hand out for him to take. "I just didn't..."

Didn't what? Expect him to be black? I stumbled for the right words, but Professor Brown threw me a lifeline.

"Didn't expect me to be so...different?"

He looked pointedly at Madeline, then at the group of white professors queueing up to the bar for the first round of drinks.

"Um...yes." I said and grinned as Malcolm took my hand and kissed the top of my knuckles, never taking his eyes off of me. "That's exactly what I was thinking!"

I marvelled at Malcolm, instantly comparing him to the only other black man I knew. Jason. He was shorter than Jason and, for lack of a nicer term, ugly. His skin was a dusky, charcoal where Jason's was chocolate brown. I couldn't tell his age, but he looked older than

Roger with a bald, black pate framed by a frizzy crown of pure, white hair. His nose was wide and squashed onto his face, the huge nostrils flared as he took in my scent. Yet, when he looked at me, something in his eyes seemed younger than my husband and the other, wizened faces of the crowd.

Faces that were now turned towards us. Malcolm and I stood, frozen in a tableau of watery, aging eyes fascinated by our interaction. They were marking us, those eyes. Two outsiders having an epic first contact.

Madeline's smug smile slipped off her face as her joke fizzled out. She stepped forward and grabbed Malcolm's arm, ending the moment.

"Malcolm is here to shake things up." Madeline tried in vain to restore her superior smile. She failed.

"Shake things up?" I raised my eyebrows and looked at Malcolm.

"Of course." Madeline hugged Malcolm closer. "After all, things have been altogether too rigid. The faculty felt it was time to add a new face. And maybe get rid of some of the old ones."

I did not miss the ominous tone in Madeline's voice.

I didn't know what that meant. Did she mean me? How could she get rid of me?

She couldn't mean Roger! Roger had tenure at Westerly and he was dean. There was no way he could be replaced.

"Well, it's always nice to have some fresh blood around here." A cold smile slid across my face. "Lord knows the college could use it."

Malcolm stood looking at us, an amused smile on his face. He was smart enough to feel the tension between me and Madeline, but was missing the subtext. Still, the sight of us, two white women fighting over the new black professor, must have been a lovely image.

"Come on, Malcolm." Madeline said finally accepting defeat. At least for now. "You should meet the rest of the faculty."

"A pleasure meeting you, Jackie." Malcolm said, giving me a grin. "We should talk. Soon."

He gave me a look that made my heart stop. There was a promise in those words. A promise of something more.

It was crazy. Just because I was having sex with Jason didn't mean I was going to rip off my clothes for any black man that happened across my path. Jason and I had something special and if Malcolm Brown thought my flirting was anything but harmless, he was mistaken.

Beides, he wasn't even that good-looking! Even in his nicely tailored suit I could tell that he was smaller and skinnier than Jason. Definitely less sexy.

Still, that final look sent a shiver through me. I shook it off, laughing to myself as another guest came through the door.

Roger and I worked separate areas of the house, talking to colleagues and mostly enjoy the evening. I caught a sight of Roger a few times during the night and I grinned smiling as I watched him move a little awkwardly about the room. His suit jacket hit the crotch of his pants well enough, but I imagined him with that cold, metal cage flapping between his legs. He did a good job of hiding it, but every time I caught his eye I was rewarded by an embarrassed flush of red in his cheeks. He could still blush even at his age and I laughed each time I saw it.

The amusement I got from my husband's discomfort helped me get through the night. I had long since learned to ignore the jealous looks of the older women and some of the more lascivious stares from their husbands. Still, the older the old goats got, the more blatant the stares. It was really no wonder why their wives hated me so much.

However, there was one person's stare I couldn't ignore. Malcolm Brown always seemed to be behind me, but I could feel his eyes on me. When I turned, he would be there, on the opposite side of the room. He never failed to make eye contact and smile before moving away. It was obvious he wanted me to know he was watching.

I wondered what Madeline Corday had told him about me to make him act so forward. Nothing good, that was sure. Still, I wasn't going to rise to the bait even though his eyes upon me made a warm feeling burn in my belly.

So, to pass the time, I played a game. I wove through the crowd, making the elderly black man follow me. I made a point of ignoring

him, but I knew he was watching me, like a wolf tracking a fat deer he wanted to devour.

I flirted more with the other professors, teasing Malcolm with my body, but always staying just out of reach. Then, I spent some time hanging on Roger's shoulder as he talked shop with the other professors. Roger was flush with confidence despite his caged cock. He had his pretty wife on his arm and his colleagues listening to him pontificate. He was at the height of his power.

And all the while, Malcolm Brown lurked on the edge of the crowd, ready to make his move. The thought of it excited me, I have to admit. Even though I wasn't particularly attracted to him, having the older, black man following me with such obvious desire made me feel powerful. I was in control.

I was feeling so confident that I finally returned Malcolm's looks. I smiled at him and moved away from Roger who was debating some point or other with Jack Corday.

Malcolm join me at the bar a moment later. He ordered a gin and tonic from the bartender and settled in beside me.

"You seem very popular."

"Hardly." I snorted.

"Really?" Malcolm took a sip of his drink. "Madeline speaks very highly of you."

I turned him and searched his face for any sign of sarcasm.

"Really?" I said. "I doubt that."

"Well," Malcolm chuckled. "She hasn't stopped talking about you since I met her."

"Now that I believe." I laughed as bubbles from the champagne tickled my nose. "These women all hate me."

"What about the men?"

I looked at him in the eyes, his black pupils holding me fixed. I put a teasing smile on my face and said softly,

"What do you think?"

"Oh, I think they see a sexy woman they can flirt with, but never have." He turned away from me and scanned the crowd. "And every one of them is glad that they aren't married to you."

I nearly choked on my champagne. I felt a flush of heat rise to my cheeks and looked around the room. A couple of professors caught my eye and gave me knowing smirks, as if they had just heard Malcolm and agreed with him.

I was angry. Angry at Malcolm for saying it.

Angry at him because he might just be right.

"They're just jealous." I spluttered, champagne bubbles burning my nose and throat.

"Oh, I don't doubt that they envy Roger." Malcolm said, nodding in my husband's direction. "But, they pity him too."

"Why...why would you say that? Roger married me. I'm his wife and I love him."

"Because they know the truth, Jackie." Malcolm slid up to me, his breath hot in my ears. "They know they aren't man enough to truly own you. That Roger isn't man enough."

I stepped away, his poisonous thoughts working their way into my mind.

"I suppose you think you're man enough?" I spat through gritted teeth.

"Oh, I know it." I felt his hand brush my thigh, sending an electric shock through me.

"Stop." My voice was too loud and eyes began to turn towards us. I fought to keep my voice low as I glared at Malcolm. "You don't know me."

I turned on my heel, putting distance between myself and the elderly, black professor. Anger was churning in my gut as his words hit home. I wasn't angry at him for that. I wasn't even angry at his words.

He'd gotten close. Too close. Not just with his body, but with his words.

I needed some air, so I ignored the looks from party-goers and walked out the front door into the cold night.

I shivered, not wanting to go back into the house for a coat. My breath puffed fog into the air as I fumed about Malcolm Brown. Maybe he did see through me. Roger wasn't enough, at least not

physically. That didn't mean I was going to sleep with a man like Malcolm. I wasn't even attracted to him.

Instead, I thought of Jason's firm, fit body and chocolate skin. I hugged myself, imagining his strong arms wrapped around me. I stood there shivering in the cold, thinking of Jason, until I could no longer stand it. Finally, I took a deep breath and turned to go inside.

Just as I was turning the handle, I heard a voice behind me.

"Jackie?" The voice said. "What are you doing out here in the cold?"



### 3



I stood on my doorstep, the chill in my body forgotten as I struggled to believe what I was seeing. As if by magic, Jason stood before me, my secret wish made real.

"What are you doing here?" I said.

"I missed you!" Jason said, grinning at my surprise. He stepped forward and gripped my shoulders.

"Jason!" I pushed my hands into the thick muscles of his chest as he tried to draw me into a kiss. "I can't do that here. Not now!"

For the first time, Jason seemed to notice all of the lights on in the house, the cars filling up the driveway. Just a few feet away from us, people mingled in the large bay window that looked out onto our front yard. For now, they all seemed distracted by the party, but if just one of them turned around, they would see us. A thrill of lust shot through my body and before I could think about it, I grabbed Jason's hand and pulled him around to the side of the house.

I tugged him up against my body, the heat of my flesh steaming in the cold, night air. I kissed him then, forcing my young lover to push me up against the house. I could hear the music from the party, the tinkle of glasses and under that, the low mumble of voices. I kissed my lover hungrily while, my husband and his colleagues enjoyed their party. The thought of betraying Roger while he chatted, oblivious to Jason's hands groping my body, sent a surge of excitement through me.

"I can't stop thinking about you!" Jason groaned in my ear. "I need you."

As Jason rubbed his body against me, a fleeting image of Malcolm Brown flashed through my mind. His teasing words and his knowing grin had gotten to me more than I cared to admit.

A wicked, dangerous idea forced its way into my brain. I had the sudden urge to show Malcolm my hot and sexy lover. I wanted him to see how much a younger, stronger man wanted me. That would show that old bastard!

It was only when I grabbed Jason's hand and pulled him to the front door that I thought of Roger. If I did this, it would only inflame the already heated rumors about me among the faculty and their wives. Instead of making me stop, The thought of Roger's humiliation as I paraded my lover in front of his colleagues only made me hotter and wetter.

As luck would have it, the first person to see us when we entered the house was Madeline Corday.

"Why Jackie!" She asked looking down at my hand gripping Jason's long, black fingers. "Who's this?"

I felt a thrill of fear mixed with excitement. Madeline had spoken louder then was necessary and all of sudden all everyone at the party seemed to be looking at us. I didn't really care, I was only concerned about one pair of eyes.

And I saw him, looking at us from across the room. Professor Malcolm Brown was smiling as I was suddenly engulfed by a sea of eager, old hens waiting to find out what Jackie Thompson was up to now.

"This is Jason." I said and to add even more fuel to the rumor gossip mill, I hugged his thick arm tight. "He's a friend of the family."

"Oh really?" Madeline said squinting her eyes up at Jason's face. "And how do you know Professor Thompson and Jackie?"

Jason, to his credit, didn't miss a beat.

"I'm an old friend of Professor Thompson's son, Michael. I just came by to..." He looked down at me and grinned. "Pick something up."

"I'm so sorry, Madeline." I said. "I simply must have a word with Jason before he leaves. Will you excuse us ladies?"

Without waiting for an answer I pulled Jason through the living room The sea of bodies parted for us with a low murmur of titters and gasps. I was aware of Malcolm's eyes following me from across the room, but I ignored him.

I had just made it down the hall and was pushing Jason into the first room I found. It just happened to be Roger's study.

Perfect.

"Jackie!" Roger's panicked voice came from behind me. "What the hell are you doing?"

I closed the door behind Jason and turned to face my husband.

"Who me?" I gave Roger a broad, innocent smile.

Roger got close to me, his face a startling shade of red.

"Jackie!" His voice was filled with a desperate anger. "You can't do this! There are people here!"

"Oh, baby." I pouted and patted Roger on the cheek. "You should know by now I can do whatever I want."

I left him standing there in the hall. The desperate look on his face made me giggle as I shut the door.

Roger was balanced on that precarious peak between rage and lust. I knew from experience that the anger he felt only fueled his desire and I felt a small touch of pity for him. His wife was going to fuck her black lover at his party, with his friends just down the hall, and it turned him on. What was even worse was that he couldn't even get a hard on.

I was still giggling as I locked the door and turned to Jason.

"Well," I said, leaning back against the door. "You got me. Now, what are you going to do with me?"



## 4



Jason gave a wolfish grin and covered the space between us in two steps. He shoved me up against the door with a solid thump that I felt through my buttocks and back.

Then, his mouth was on mine and I was lost in his rough, wet kisses. His strong hands explored my body, sliding over my ass and up to my breasts. The dress I had worried about Roger wrinkling was forgotten as Jason crushed the fabric between his greedy fingers.

I didn't care. In fact, wrinkles that would appear in the rich fabric would only make the busy bodies out in the living room ask more questions. Not to mention, it would make Professor Malcolm Brown green with envy.

"God, I missed you!" Jason growled between hard kisses. "I want you."

I was frustrated by his words. I knew he wanted me.

"Well, then take me already." I bit his lower lip and drew blood.

Jason jerked back and put a finger on his bloody lip. Then, he grinned, grabbed me by the neck and pulled me over to the table where Roger assembled his models.

He threw me across the table. My arms pushed outwards trying to gain purchase. I carelessly knocked aside Roger's painstakingly crafted ships like a tidal wave. I saw the HMS Falmouth tilt dangerously on the side of the table. Part of me wanted to reach out and grab it and pull it back. That urge was driven out of my mind as Jason pulled up the hem of my dress over my ass.

I looked back at Jason, whipping my hair out of my face.

"This what you want, Jackie?" Jason grunted as he shucked his long shaft, filling the head with hot blood.

"Just shut up and give it to me!" I hissed and saw the look of surprise cross Jason's face.

I was in control. I had been in control ever since the first time Jason and I had had sex in front of Roger. At that moment, however, I didn't want to be in control. I wanted Jason to take me hard and rough right here while my husband and his colleagues were outside.

The puzzled look passed quickly from Jason's face replaced by grim determination. He raised his hand and slapped my ass hard making me squeal. Then, he pulled the thin band of my panties down over my buttocks until they were strangling my knees.

He entered me in one savage thrust that made me cry out in pain and I felt the tears in my eyes. Tears because it hurt as he stretched my tight pussy to accommodate his girth. But, they were also tears of pleasure. I had missed him just as much as he had missed me.

When he heard my pained cry, Jason stopped, buried to the hilt inside of me.

"Are you all right?" He asked concern on his face.

That concern was *not* what I needed right now. I didn't need a careful lover. That's what Roger was for. What I needed was a rough, forceful fucking.

"Just fuck me you black bastard!" I cried and I knew that if anyone was listening at that door they would have heard every word. I hoped Roger was listening.

A look of confusion and pain showed up on Jason's face. Had I actually hurt his feelings?

Then, all the that was gone as Jason grunted and began to fuck me as hard as I had ever been fucked. The tops of my thighs banged against the table. With each thrust the ships listed to their sides capsizing along the varnished wood. The bangs and rattles created a loud noise that was only drowned out buy my own enthusiastic cries.

"Yes!" I cried looking over my shoulder Jason. "Take that pussy! Just fucking take it!"

My cries urged Jason on with an even greater intensity. His thick cock expanded in my pussy and I realized that he was already close to orgasm.

I wasn't there yet, I needed more, and usually Jason could provide it. However, this time with the combination of all those party-goers outside as well as my own lusty cries was bringing Jason to the point of no return.

I began to move my own hips backwards, fighting to get off. The table shook even more and I watched as the HMS Falmouth rolled over on its side and off the edge of the table. I couldn't save her because my own hand was between my thighs rubbing furiously at my clit in an effort to match Jason's impending orgasm.

Somehow, I heard the crack as the ship hit the floor. The sound of it sent an evil thrill through my body that sent me over the edge. My orgasm ripped me moments before Jason grunted like an animal and buried himself inside of me. His cock grew, stretching to fill me, and then exploded in a hot, thick burst of liquid heat.

We trembled together for a few moments as our orgasms subsided. I lay across the table breathing heavily amongst Roger's ruined fleet.

Jason pulled out of me and I felt the thick trickle of cum escape from my pussy. I reached back and pulled up my panties over my ass to catch most of the flow. Still, by the time I stood up and pulled my wrinkled dress back into place, my lingerie was soaked with Jason's seed.

When I turned to him Jason was looking at me with an expression that I can only describe as intense love.

"That was great!" Jason said pulling me into his arms.

I pushed lightly against him and give him a small peck on the cheek.

"Yes." I said. "It was. But, you have to go."

"I could stay." Jason said. "Go out the back and come in through the basement?"

I smiled sympathetically.

"Not tonight baby." I patted his cheek. "After this, I'm going to have to deal with Roger."

And that's when Jason surprised me.

"I love you, Jackie." He said.

I should have seen it coming. The sudden concern over whether he hurt me during sex. The need to hug me and reassure himself that I was his, the look in his eyes as he held me against the table so I couldn't get away.

Still, I was shocked. What Jason and I had was...fun. It wasn't love, at least not the kind of love that I was used to.

"That's sweet." I said and I could tell by the look on his face that he was crestfallen. "We can talk about it later."

Jason stood up and his hands fell woodenly to his side.

"No, I get it." Jason said, his voice suddenly cold. "After all, what could a black bastard like me possibly offer you?"

"Jason, that's not what I meant."

Jason turned away from me.

"I know what you meant." Jason said. "Don't worry, Jackie. I'll show myself out."

Jason unlocked the door and pulled it open. Roger stood outside his face even whiter than usual. He looked up at Jason with wide, wet eyes.

Jason cocked his thumb over his shoulder.

"She's all yours, Professor Thompson." Jason's voice was thick with emotion. "Have a happy life".

And just like that, Jason was gone.



## 5



I waded back out into a sea of startled, disapproving faces, still in shock at Jason's sudden departure. Someone, probably Roger, had turned the music up to try and drown out the noise, and the classical piano music tinkled through my ears, but did nothing to calm my jangled nerves.

Turning up the music hadn't worked. I could tell from the looks of the faculty members and their wives that they suspected something had happened. I straightened my shoulders, held my head high, and forced a smile on my face.

I walked through the crowd, every eye upon me, but I took no notice. I went to the bar and took a glass of champagne, taking a big gulp. When the crowd realized that no new drama was about to unfold, the whispered conversations began.

The alcohol lit up my body as I looked around the room and realized no one could meet my eyes. I smiled. A feeling of superiority over those gossiping faculty hens washed over me.

I truly didn't care what Madeline Corday and her ilk thought of me. I had only fulfilled what they had assumed about me all along.

I was a slut.

The fact that I had not been this way before meeting Jason didn't matter. My actions today justified what they had whispered about all these years.

*Well, I thought, draining my glass. It's about time I earned my reputation.*

While I didn't care what the faculty or their wives thought of me, I did feel bad about Jason. I had always assumed that he was just in it for the fun, like me. That I was just another conquest. In fact, I had conquered Jason. I didn't know how I felt about that.

I looked around the room, searching for Roger and instead saw Malcolm Brown. It was easy to notice him, a black island in a sea of white bodies. Our eyes met, and despite the sadness I felt about losing Jason, a forbidden thrill shot through me as Malcolm smiled and raised a glass of champagne in a toast to me.

Given my reputation with the staff, no one usually stayed until the ball dropped. There was a silent contract among the faculty. They would come pay homage to their dean and then they would fade away into the night, leaving Roger and I to enjoy the New Year together.

This year, however, was a mass exodus. Madeline and her cadre of wrinkled wives left almost immediately. Some stayed, just to see what the next scene in our little drama would be. However, when Roger never emerged from his study, the other faculty made their awkward goodbyes and left.

And suddenly, I found myself alone in the living room with Malcolm Brown.

"Bravo." Malcolm said, grinning. "You sure know how to clear out a party."

"I do my best."

I tried to meet his light, teasing tone, but my own voice was shaking. In fact my entire body was trembling. No matter how I thought this night might turn out, I never imagined that I would be alone in my living room with this flirtatious, older black man.

Malcolm stepped forward, uncomfortably close.

"I do hope that show wasn't for my benefit." Malcolm said and raised his hand, running a fingertip down my cheek. I turned my head to avoid his touch.

"I don't know what you mean." I said, the blush in my cheeks showing the truth to my lie.

"Sure, sure." Malcolm said. "I just hope your little black boyfriend wasn't too upset about being dismissed."

"He's just a friend." I said, feeling a stab of guilt. "I have lots of friends."

"Oh, I'm sure you do." Malcolm said, looking around the empty room.

"What's it to you?" I snapped, stepping away from him.

Malcolm gripped my wrist and whirled me around. His arms, incredibly strong for his age, hugged me so tight I could barely breathe.

He was shorter than Jason and I found my face inches away from his. He smelled different, too. A mix of aftershave and a musky, manly scent that slithered past my nostrils and into my brain.

I struggled weakly against him. One powerful hand was pressed against the small of my back while the other gripped my chin firmly and tilted my head up so he could force his lips over my mouth.

I was suddenly powerless as his tongue pierced my lips, penetrating me. I tried to fight it, but it was too much and I suddenly found myself responding to this powerful man.

Was this really going to happen? Was I really going to let this stranger do this after I had just had sex with Jason?

The saner part of me rebelled and I tried to push away from. His body was smaller, but his muscles were as hard as Jason's. I moaned in the back of my throat as I felt just how powerless I was against him.

It wasn't just his strength. It was also his pure, primal manliness. It scared me how quickly I could respond to another man even with Jason's cum filling my panties. I realized that Malcolm wasn't just a man who wanted me. He was a man who would take what he wanted and this sent shivers of excitement coursing through my body. My reactions for him were totally unexpected and it told me all I needed to know about this older, black man.

Malcolm Brown was dangerous.

Fear lent me strength and I was finally able to peel myself away from him. In my confusion, I lashed out, my palm cracking against his cheek. I stepped back, breathing heavily as Malcolm rubbed his cheek, grinning.

"What the hell are you doing?" I said, rubbing my bruised hand. "My husband is just down the hall!"

"Somehow, I don't think that matters." Malcolm said. "But you are right. Now's not the time."

"The time for what?" I asked.

"You know what." Malcolm said as he brushed by me.

"Wait!" I grabbed his arm without thinking. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about us, Jackie." He said, smiling.

"There is no us." I said.

"Oh, you know that's not true." He turned and walked away.

"But, when the time comes, you will be on your knees, you will be naked, and you will be begging!"



## 6



I was flustered and angry as I watched Malcolm leave.

*What the fuck was that all about?* I thought to myself as I walked on shaky legs to Roger's study.

Not that his words hadn't had an impact. Perversely, I felt the rush of fluid between my legs, Jason's cum mixed with my own lust. The thin panties could do nothing to stop the thick liquid from dripping down my thighs.

Malcolm's words had shaken my sense of control. What with Jason's protestations of love and Malcolm's crude confidence, I need to regain my balance.

I needed Roger.

I found him, sitting in his study, the broken mast in his hand. Beside him on the table was the wrecked remains of the HMS Falmouth. I felt a sharp sting of pain as I watched him looking sadly down at the broken ship, probably wondering how his life had become so fucked up in just a matter of hours.

"I'm sorry." I said and he looked at me. "I didn't mean to break the ship."

"But, you did." Roger said. "You did break it."

I slid up to him, pulling his legs apart and pushing my body between them. Despite the sadness, I heard him take in a harsh, rattling breath. He looked at me, hot tears of anger in his eyes.

I had hurt him. I had been taken in the one place in the house that Roger felt safe. I had ruined something, something important and the evidence was that pitiful, broken mast in his hand.

Yet, despite all that, Roger still wanted me. I could see it in his eyes. After a week of not being able to get a hard on how could he not want me? The fact that he knew I had just gotten fucked in his

study coupled with the knowledge that everyone he worked with knew that I had just gotten fucked, only added to the humiliation and the excitement.

"That turned you on, didn't it?" I plucked the broken piece of plastic from his fingers and placed it on the table. "Admit it."

Roger wanted to say no, but I could see the need in his eyes.

"Do you want me to touch you, Roger?" I purred, unzipping his pants..

"Jackie." He said. "Please. This has to stop."

"But you don't want it to stop." I said and jerked open his pants. Roger groaned as the heavy metal cage popped out and hung, swinging between his legs.

I laughed when I saw his poor, shrivelled cock stuffed in the cold, hard metal. I unlocked the cage and threw the two pieces to the floor. I placed my hand on his cock and felt his little shaft twitch against my palm.

I palmed his cock hard and fast. Roger moaned, giving into the sensation of my warm hand on his tender flesh after so many days trapped in a cage.

I leaned in close to him, letting him feel my breasts against him.

"That's it!" I whispered. "Just give in to it!"

Roger shivered as the hot words tickled his ear.

I moved my hand roughly across his shaft, cruelly bringing him pain and pleasure at the same time. He began to huff and wheeze and I knew he couldn't hold out for long.

One hand on his cock, I used the other hand to pick up the precious ship that had been broken by Jason's rough, superior fucking. I gripped his shaft and pointed the head at the deck of the ship

"Jackie!" Roger tried to speak, but I gave him such a savage tug he groaned and fell back against the chair.

"Cum now!" I hissed and gave him a few more cruel, hard jerks.

Roger couldn't speak. The humiliation had to be terrible, but after a week in chastity he could not hold back. His ass bucked against the chair and his belly fat jiggled like jello. Finally, his little cock

exploded in a nice, thin jet of cum. It spurted across the deck, splashed against the remaining mast and dripped over the sides.

"Thar she blows!" I laughed as his little cock let out a few, last weak dribbles of cum before finally falling limp in my hand.

I put the spoiled ship on the table and leaned back against it. Roger huffed out the last of his orgasm and looked at me with heavy lidded eyes.

"My turn."

I pulled up my dress, revealing my dripping panties. Roger gulped as he saw the mess between my legs. Jason's thick, frothy cum swirled together with my own juices oozing out from around the edges of the silky fabric.

Oh, the smell! Even I could smell it as Roger sank slowly to his knees in front of me. Sour and rank, not at all my usual scent. Jason's cum had changed my pussy, destroying its womanly aroma and replacing it with the pungent odor of sex.

I moaned as Roger pulled down my panties, revealing my swollen lips and dark pubic hair, gummed together with Jason's sperm. It had been almost an hour since he had left, an hour for the cum to congeal, making it difficult for Roger as he bent forward and buried his nose in my pussy. His tongue worked hard as he pushed through my sticky entrance and peeled away the gooey layer of cum and juice until he found his way to my warm, wet center.

"That's it, baby! Clean me up, Roger. Just like that!" I urged him on and Roger did as he was told, rooting at my pussy like an animal, filling his nose and mouth with my dirty, sticky flesh.

Finally, I came, gripping the side of the table and once again shaking the broken fleet. My thighs trembled and I sighed as all of the tension that had been building inside of me burst in a wave of fresh fluid from my swollen lips and into my husband's waiting mouth.

Roger continued to nuzzle me as my body relaxed. I scooted over to the chair and sat down, patting Roger on the head so he could stand up.

"That is better." I said, giving Roger a kiss. I could still taste Jason on his lips. "Much better."

And it was. Once again, I was in control. Roger still worshipped me, Jason's outburst seemed little more than a tantrum, and Malcolm Brown's threats were nothing more than hot air.

In my mind, all was right with the world.

I couldn't have been more wrong.



## 7



**I** found out how wrong I was two days later when Roger came home from the school office.

"What's wrong?"

Roger's shoulders were slumped and his skin was pale and sickly. He walked into the living room and slumped down in a chair looking like a man who had just lost a loved one.

"I just spoke to the faculty board." He said looking up at me. "They're convening an emergency meeting."

"Meeting? For what?"

"To examine whether I'm fit to continue serving as dean."

The sentence hung in the air. I couldn't make sense of it and tried to turn the words over in my mind.

"No!" I said finally and placed a hand on his shoulder. "They can't do that!"

"They can." Roger said, shaking off my hand. "That stunt you pulled at the party finally pushed them over the edge."

"What are you talking about?"

"There's a decency clause in my contract. You know, the one that talks about conduct unbecoming of a faculty member of Westerly College. I imagine that goes triple for the dean."

"No. That's only for faculty members that mess around with their students."

Roger gave me a meaningful look.

Suddenly, Madeline's veiled threat at the party made chilling sense. After all these years I had finally given the old bitch the excuse she needed to get rid of me.

"I've embarrassed the institution." Roger said. "That's why they brought in Malcolm Brown. They want him to replace me. To 'put a

new face on the college'. That's what Jack said anyway."

"This isn't Jack." I spat. "This is Madeline's doing."

"Does it matter?"

"No." I said, softly. "No, I guess not."

I looked at Roger, a wave of sadness washing over me. That scene with Jason had been fun. A way to stick it to Roger, to Malcolm, to all of them. Now, it seemed, there was a price to pay for my pleasure. A price that could ruin my husband and probably our marriage.

Unless I could figure out a way to stop it.

"I'll go." I said.

"Go where?" Roger said. "No one will listen to you. You'll only make it worse."

"I'll talk to Malcolm."

Roger gave a hollow laugh.

"What good will that do?"

I thought of Malcolm's words at the end of the party. His lewd, hot promises. An empty hole opened up in my stomach as I realized what he wanted. What I could give him in order to save my husband.

"He...he spoke to me at the party." I told Roger.

Roger looked up at me, his eyes searching mine, looking for the hidden meaning in my words. I felt wretched. My own needs were one thing, when they were confined to the privacy of our home, but I had made them public. I had brought Roger's shame out into the open and while he may get off on the humiliation, this was his *life*. And here I was, his willful, slutty wife about to take that all away from him with a single act of impulsiveness.

I had to stop it.

"He wants me." I said finally. "He made it pretty clear at the party."

"Jackie? You didn't!"

"Didn't' what?" I said coldly. "Fuck him? Of course not!"

I saw Roger's shoulders relax visibly as he slumped in his seat. I didn't tell him the feelings that Malcolm had elicited in me that night.

"So, what are you going to do?" Roger asked.

"Whatever I have to." I said, leaning forward and kissing Roger on the lips. "You know I can be very persuasive."

Roger groaned.

"Jackie, I don't want you to do it. Not with him." He looked up at me pleading. "Please, anyone but him."

I had never seen Roger so worked up before. He had protested with Jason at first, but had quickly come around. With Malcolm it was something different.

"Why don't you like him?"

"Jesus, Jackie!" Roger cried and took my arms in a painful grip. "He's trying to take my job! My job! And now he wants to take you too!"

Roger was crying and I saw real fear in his eyes. This was different than Jason. I had felt that same fear when Malcolm had kissed me the night of the party. Malcolm was dangerous.

But this! This could affect everything that Roger and I had built over the last twelve years. I couldn't allow my mistake to ruin everything.

Besides, it was only sex. If there was one thing I could handle, it was that.

"Oh, Roger!" I said and I kissed him softly, trying to drive away the tears. "He's not going to take me away from you. I love you."

Roger quieted after a time and settled into my arms. I hugged him, really hugged him, for the first time in months. I had forgotten how much I missed the easy intimacy of our days before Jason, before I had started to stray. Maybe, after all of this, Roger and I could spend some time just to ourselves and really figure out what we were doing. As I held my husband, I the need for for a vacation from all of this was a dull ache in my chest.

But, I didn't have time for that now. I had to handle this first. And to do that, I had to make a deal with Malcolm Brown.

I rubbed Roger's cheek and kissed him on the lips.

"Don't worry, Professor." I said, smiling. "I'll take care of everything."



## 8



**W**esterly College is a beautiful campus nestled among the tree lined streets of Portland. Modelled after the Ivy League universities back east, the main building is a wonderful, brick structure with neo-Gothic arches and decorative stonework that made me feel like going back to college every time I came to campus.

I had thought long and hard about what to wear to this meeting. I had decided on a tight, black dress that hung down to the knees, showing off the curve of my calves, but little else. I wore heels in order to accentuate the leg and give my ass a nice shake. My hair was up and a silk scarf was wrapped over my thick, black tresses and tied under my chin. I had finished off the outfit with a stylish overcoat and a pair of black sunglasses.

I was going for an Audrey-Hepburn-Breakfast-at-Tiffany's look and as I saw the stares I was getting on campus I knew I had succeeded.

Looking good made me feel confident. I stood straighter and walked like a woman with a purpose. Still, as I passed under the ornate arch into the main building, I felt a shiver of fear. I really didn't know how I was going to handle Professor Malcolm Brown. That he wanted me had been obvious at the party, but was that enough? I knew I was beautiful, I'm not too proud to admit it. Still, I couldn't believe that this might be some plot just to get me into bed. There were easier ways to accomplish that. A little wining, a little dining and I might have allowed myself to be seduced. Especially considering that I had one lover already.

*If I even have a lover.* I thought as I crossed the marble floors, to the steps leading up to the second floor and Malcolm's office.

I had not spoken to Jason since New Year's Eve. I had expected him to call and apologize for walking out on me, but he hadn't. Then, with all of the worries over Roger's career and my own part in it, there had been no chance to reconnect. I would just have to try after this was all over.

Because, whether I wanted to admit it or not, I craved Jason's touch and the feel of his thick flesh inside of me. I dreamed about it. Although, those dreams were now jumbled up in a confused mess with Malcolm. I wanted Jason, now more than ever. I didn't know if that was love, but it was certainly a powerful emotion.

That, however, was a worry for another day. I stopped in front of Malcolm Brown's office and examined the door, stalling for time. Professor Wilbert Manderley's name had been carefully scraped off and replaced by Malcolm's on the milky glass of the window. I took a deep breath as I placed my hand on the knob and opened the door.

The office was comprised of two rooms. A small, outer room with an ancient wooden desk and chair. It was a chair where the secretary usually sat. I had arranged this meeting with Gladys, Professor Manderley's spinsterly, wizened assistant and was surprised to find her seat empty. There wasn't even a coat hanging on the wooden stand behind the desk.

I wondered if I had gotten the wrong time when I heard a voice from the door to the inner office.

"Hello, Jackie." Malcolm said.

He was dressed casually in dark, gray slacks and a white button-down shirt which contrasted beautifully with his coal-black skin. He was darker than Jason, which made him seem all the more dangerous.

"Hello, Professor Brown." I said, trying to keep things professional.

"Come now, Jackie." Malcolm grinned, his teeth dazzlingly white. "Why so formal?"

He moved to the side and gestured for me to come into his office. I stepped forward, straining to keep my back straight and my head up. He didn't move from the doorway and forced me to brush by his body. I smelled his manly scent hiding underneath the woody

aroma of his aftershave. My arm bumped against him as I passed by and I felt him shift, forcing me to feel the warmth of his body through his shirt.

Finally, I was through the door, trying not to pant. I felt the shiver of fear and excitement I had felt after the party sparkle through me like electricity.

"May I take your coat?" Malcolm said from behind me.

I toyed with the idea of keeping my coat on, but decided against it. I didn't want him to see the power he had over me.

"Sure." I said, keeping my tone even and unworried even though my heart was thumping against my chest.

Malcolm slid the coat over my shoulders. It was warm in the office, but I still felt a chill on my bare skin. Goose pimples ran over the length of my shoulders and down my arms making everything tingle.

"Please, have a seat." Malcolm said.

I sat in a wooden chair, part of a duet that were arranged facing Malcolm's huge wooden desk. The desk was clear except for a laptop.

He sat down in a padded office chair. Other than the laptop, it was the only thing in the room.

"It's a lot cleaner than I remember." I said, smiling.

Malcolm grinned.

"I'm still waiting for my things. It seems the truck from New York got stuck in the mountains on the way here."

He pushed the laptop to one side and folded his long, dark fingers on the desktop.

"So, Jackie." He said. "To what do I owe the honor of your presence? I'm sure the dean's wife doesn't personally call on every new professor."

"You know why I'm here." I said coldly the anger forcing back the nervousness I felt.

"Oh, you mean the emergency meeting of the faculty staff?" Malcolm said. "I don't know what you think, but I'm new here. I certainly don't have enough weight to throw around to make something like that happen."

"Bullshit!" I said. "I know the administration brought you in to shake things up. Now, it seems that they want you to replace my husband."

Malcolm leaned back in his chair and stretched his legs out to the side. He clasped his hands, extended both index fingers, and rested them on his chin. He sat there, thinking for a moment, then turned back to me.

"So, let me get this straight." Malcolm said. "The board brought me here to shake things up. As part of that shake up they want me to replace your husband as dean. Is that right?"

"Well." I said, feeling less confident by the minute. "Isn't it?"

"Did the board also make you act like an utter fool at New Year's?"

I opened my mouth to speak, then closed it again.

"What do you think the board is meeting about?" He said. "Sure, the board hired me to bring new blood to the university. And yes, possibly replace your husband after he retired. That's not what this is about."

"What's it about?" I said, although I already knew the answer.

"You, Jackie. It's about you."

Malcolm leaned forward.

"I have to admit, i was surprised that you acted like a complete ass at the party. I hadn't planned on even putting my name forward for dean until I saw the faculty's reactions to that little stunt you pulled with your boy toy."

"Jason's not my boy toy."

"Oh come now, Jackie." Malcolm said looking me up and down. "A woman like you. Beautiful, intelligent. Powerful. Are you telling me that when you say jump that dumb nigger doesn't ask how high?"

"It...it's not like that." I said, shocked by his vulgar words.

"Bullshit." Malcolm said and sat back in his seat again. "That is *exactly* how it is. You have everyone around here dancing to your tune. The faculty humps, your black boy toy, even your husband. Shit, especially your husband!"

I couldn't respond. I remembered Jason at the party and his protestations of love. I thought of him at Christmas, the way I had used him to manipulate Roger and his son.

I did have control of him, just like I had control of Roger.

"What do you want from me?" I said.

"You know what I want, Jackie."

"If I let you...you fuck me, you'll go to the board? You'll withdraw your name for dean?" Saying the words out loud, I knew it couldn't be that easy.

Malcolm stood up and rounded the desk. He sat, perched on the edge and I could not help but look down at the front of his pants. I could see a bulge, but I couldn't tell how big it was, or if he was hard.

He reached out and gripped my chin in his bony fingers. He forced my face up to look at him.

"Fuck you?" He sneered. "Shit, Jackie! I don't want to fuck you."

He stood and leaned down, still holding my chin. I smelled his sour breath as his hot words blew against my face.

"I want to own you."

I shook my chin free of his hand. So, that was it. He didn't want to just fuck me, he wanted to shame me, humiliate me, own me. My stomach knotted up in anger, but there was something else. Underneath the tension, there was a tremulous quiver of desire swirling up from a spot between my stomach and my groin. A quiet tremble of interest, a frisson of lust that frightened me.

I refused to give in to that tiny spark of desire. I focused on the rage, trying in vain to use the fire of my anger to quench that other fire deep inside.

"That will never happen." I hissed.

"Just because it's never happened before, doesn't mean it won't now." Malcolm said. "Now, why don't you get on your knees and show me what you've been saving for your little boy toy."

My cheeks grew red and I felt the rage rising inside of me. I may not love Jason, but we had something, a connection I could never feel for a man like Malcolm. To have that connection denigrated by this disgusting black man only made my humiliation worse.

"If I do this, you'll withdraw your name?"

"If you do it right, I'll think about it."

"Not good enough." I said and got up from my seat.

"What choice do you have, Jackie?" He stared coldly into my eyes and I had to suppress a shiver. "If you walk out that door, you'll be taking Roger's job with you. Do you think he'll forgive you for that? You've put him through a lot, but I doubt he could handle it. A man can only take so much."

I bowed my head, a tear slipped from my eye and dripped hot and wet on my cheek. He was right. I knew he was right. I had to do this. If Roger lost his career because of me, he would never be able to look at me again, let alone love me. I didn't even like myself.

I looked into Malcolm's eyes. I hated him. That smug, cocky smile, that calm self-assurance. I glared at him and willed his heart to explode in his chest.

Malcolm just laughed.

"Oh, that's nice." He said. "Keep looking at me like that! It makes this so much better."

I tried to hold his gaze, but the fact that he was getting off on my defiance made it impossible to keep my head up. I looked away and he stopped laughing.

"Now," All the humor was gone from his voice, replaced by icy command. "Get on your fucking knees."

His voice was like a cold whip cracking against my heart and I let out a moan as if he had struck me. Slowly, I slid to my knees. This was really happening! I couldn't believe it. I was kneeling before this bastard. What was worse was that my body was responding. I could feel it as I crouched on my hands and knees on the cold, marble floor. Wetness, creeping like a silent traitor through my swollen lips and moistening my inner thighs. The movement of my legs worked the thin fabric of my panties upwards, rubbing across the sensitive skin of my clit.

Malcolm smiled knowingly, as if he knew what I was feeling.

"Good girl." His patronizing words burned in my ears. "Crawl to me, bitch. Put on a show for your new master."

"You aren't my master." I spat, looking up at him.

"Right now, I am." He picked up his cell phone.

For a moment, I thought he might take a picture. Instead, he swiped through his contacts. He showed me his phone. On the display was Madeline Corday's name followed by her cell phone number.

"Unless you want me to call Madeline right now. Maybe we could do a video call? How about that?"

"No." I moaned and hung my head. "No, don't."

"Then crawl to me, Jackie."

I crawled slowly towards him, working my way across the hard floor.

"Move that ass for me, bitch." He growled and I felt my cheeks flush at the insult. Reluctantly, I swayed my ass back and forth as I crawled. Despite the humiliation, I could feel the excitement building inside of me with a wet heat. I was so turned on! All of my senses were heightened and I could feel everything with a power I had never felt before. The cold, hard marble against my knees. Beads of sweat tickling a path between my breasts. The scent of Malcolm's musk. My body was attuned to every sensation.

Why was this exciting me? Was I really getting off by being treated like a slut?

"Good girl." Malcolm said again as I came to rest in front of him. For the first time in my life, I felt like nothing more than a piece of meat, a sex toy to be used by a man who cared nothing for my feelings, my thoughts, or my desires.

"Now, slut. Take out my cock so you can see what you're working with."

I reached up slowly, my hands trembling as I unbuckled his belt. I could see from the bulge that he was big, but the khakis were baggy enough that I couldn't tell how big.

I opened the fly and found that he wasn't wearing any underwear. My mouth went dry at the sight of the base of his huge cock lying in wait, the rest of his shaft hidden by his pants.

I was scared. Scared of seeing someone bigger than Jason. And, I was terrified of the traitorous feelings whirling through my body.

"Don't tease me, bitch!" Malcolm's cold voice snapped me out of my reverie." Pull down my pants and look at your master's cock!"

I obeyed, feeling disgust as I did so. I had no choice. Not because of the blackmail. Not because of Roger, or my marriage. I had no choice because I needed to see it.

I needed to know just how big he was.

I pulled down his pants slowly, peeling them over his ass and hip bones. I kept expecting the cock to pop free, fully engorged, but it kept going until it was a third of the way down his thigh.

Finally, it sprang free of his pants and bobbed upwards for a moment, but it's massive weight made it fall again, bouncing off the thick muscle of his thigh.

I couldn't help myself. I moaned at the wonderful, awful sight of that monster.

It was bigger than Jason's, bigger than anything I'd ever seen! And it wasn't fully hard yet. The blood had so much thick flesh to fill it would take a long time for it to grow, but when it did I knew that it would go on forever. It would stay hard as long as Malcolm wanted it to. It would tear me apart.

The thought of that monster inside me made tears leak out of my eyes. I was wrong. This wasn't a cock, this was a weapon. A hammer, a cudgel to beat my poor body senseless.

"Touch it!" Malcolm ordered and again I was helpless to resist.

"Holy shit!" I murmured as I measured the weight of his cock.

I needed both hands to lift it, it was that long and that heavy. I heard Malcolm grunt as he watched my little, white hands struggle to handle his thick, black flesh

"That's right, slut!" Malcolm moaned as I stroked his throbbing meat with both hands. "What do you think of that? I'll bet your little nigger boy toy doesn't have a cock like that, does he?"

I didn't answer. I didn't need to. Everything about his manhood was oversized and built for sex. From the fat, rubbery head to the hairy ball sac holding testicles the size of small oranges. All of it was larger and more powerful than Roger and Jason combined.

And the smell! It was a rank, animal smell so unlike Jason's clean and musky scent. This was a primal smell and even though it

repulsed me, it called to a deeper animal portion of my brain. That lizard brain recognised it for what it was: a superior organ meant for sex.

It was ugly, smelly and too big for my hands, but my body wanted it anyway.

Angry that I hadn't answered, Malcolm pulled his cock from my grasp.

"Say it!" He ordered. "I want to hear you say it."

"What?" The rush of endorphins we're crashing inside my brain and I honestly couldn't remember what the question had been. "What do you want from me?"

"Tell me it's bigger than your little boy toy."

I gulped and tried to grab his cock. He continued to pull away from me.

"It is." I moaned as I felt shame fill my heart. "It's a lot bigger."

"Bigger than who?"

I look down at the floor. He wanted me to say the words. He wanted me to denigrate Jason, to put down my young lover. I couldn't do it.

"We're done here." Malcolm said and pulled up his pants.

I watched in silent agony as his cock disappeared under fabric. I was shocked. Just like that he turned away from me as if I was nothing. As if I meant nothing. And maybe I didn't. Maybe I really was just a worthless slut.

However, that meant he would call Madeline. He would take Roger's career and probably destroy our marriage in the process. Plus, there was something else that screamed at the back of my mind. Another thought fighting to break free even though I tried to stop it.

If we were done, truly done, I would never get to experience that amazing cock.

"Wait!" I cried out as Malcolm was turning to walk back to his desk. "Please!"

"Yes?"

"You... your cock." I murmured to the floor. "Your cock is bigger than Jason's."

"Who?" Malcolm said, unbuttoning the top button of his pants.

I swallowed my bitter humiliation and looked into Malcolm's black eyes.

"Your cock is bigger than my little boy toy." I choked back my tears.

"There." He said, flashing a paternal smile. "Was that so hard?"

Before I could answer he opened his pants again and revealed his flesh to me. I reached out automatically and lifted it. It was harder now and I realized that this little scene, this humiliation, had turned him on. That sense of power excited him more than my body ever could. He needed to humiliate me. It didn't matter anymore. I needed to keep touching this cock, to see where it would go and what he would make me do with it.

"Lift it up." I used both hands and held it flat against his rigid stomach. "Smell my balls."

I bent my face forward and inhaled the aroma wafting off of his sweaty flesh. I was overcome by that rank odor, the smell of testosterone and sweat, musk and cum. It was all right there, right under my nose.

"Bury your face in it, bitch." Malcolm ordered.

I didn't hesitate. I plunged forward, filling my face up with his wet, black flesh. My hands stroked his cock as I rooted at his heavy balls, feeling them part in the stretchy sac and fall to either side of my face.

I continued licking and, without being told, I slid wet lips up the length of his cock to the head. I felt him shudder as my tongue swirled expertly across the fat tip, scooping a tangy drop of precum from the slit, then drooled down the belly of his cock until I reached the base.

My face was covered with spit and I used it to caress him, running that hard, spongy flesh across my lips until I could stand it no longer. I had to have him in my mouth.

Malcolm, however, had other ideas. He pulled back from me and I watched, helplessly as he shifted, turning his skinny body around. Before I realized what he was doing, he had his ass pointed at my face. I had just a moment to see the round, wrinkled eye of his anus

before he reached back, gripped my head, and shoved my face between his the cheeks.

Suddenly, my face was filled with his black flesh. My nose was in his asshole, his balls bounced wetly across my cheeks and chin. Malcolm guided my hands to his cock and suddenly I was milking it as my mouth worked over his balls, over that tight hard strip of muscle, then into his puckered hole.

I can't describe the feeling. I had never done something so dirty or disgusting. Yet, even as my tongue speared through the tight ring of muscle, I felt my own pussy flood with juices. I had never worshipped a man like this, not even Jason. I was lost in the pungent smell, the sour taste and the wet feeling of his skin as he worked his ass back and forth over my face.

"That's it, bitch!" Malcolm growled. "Smother in that black ass."

And I was. I could barely breathe, yet I didn't stop. My face grew slimy with spit as I licked him from balls, to root, to ass, revelling in the feeling of his hot, slippery skin sliding across my face.

I was filled with a sudden urge to please this man. I wanted him to lose control, as I was losing control. Only then could I walk away with some wretched piece of my pride intact.

I licked his ass until my face was covered with spit and sweat and my jaw ached. He pulled away from me and swung his thick cock around. I didn't need to be told. I took the hard, black flesh into my mouth and shoved him deep inside.

It was huge! I had to stretch my mouth painfully to encompass the girth and only managed to shove half of him in before I choked on the fat, spongy head. I didn't care. I was lost in my efforts to please him so I shoved him deeper, gagging myself with his cock until I was coughing up long trails of spit which I sucked eagerly back into my mouth.

Malcolm didn't mind that I couldn't take him all. My submission was enough to push him to the edge. I felt a sense of accomplishment wash over me. His body tensed and I sucked him harder and faster, with no thought to how I must look, his rival's wife utterly debasing herself to give him pleasure.

"Aw shit!" Malcolm groaned, finally showing some emotion, even if it was only uncontrolled lust. "Look at me, you nasty, little slut! Look at me!"

I looked up at him and his black eyes bore deep into my soul.

"I'm going to make you mine, Jackie." He said. My heart leapt as he used my real name. He wasn't speaking to some slut now. He was speaking to me. "I'm going to mark you, baby!"

He pulled his cock out of my mouth and pointed the huge head at my face.

My stomach rolled as I realized he was going to come on my face. Some women will say that the most degrading, messy thing a woman can do is swallow a man's come. And, while it can taste bitter, I have always liked it. Especially when showing a man just how much I want them. Jason loved it when I swallowed his cum. So did Roger.

But Malcolm wanted to cum on my face. My face! I'd never let a man do that to me. Everything about it disgusted me. The messiness of it. The pure sluttiness of it.

I opened my mouth to plead with him not to do it. Anything, but that.. Then, I looked at his face. He was no longer scowling, no longer cold or commanding. Instead, his face had changed, becoming softer as he closed his eyes and looked away from me.

I felt an immense warmth in my chest as I realized I had broken through. I was giving him pleasure, real pleasure and the submissive slut inside of me was thrilled. The hot thrum of lust in my pussy intensified. The final wave of an orgasm was working its way through my pussy.

Malcolm gripped my face, making sure I wasn't going to move.

"That's it, baby." His voice was tender and loving and my heart responded to his words. "Hold it. Hold it right there!"

I held my body still, my wrists crossed behind my back to keep my hands from covering my face. I watched, unable to move as his bony hand pumped his cock. The huge head grew bigger, filling with cum.

Malcolm gave out a howl of intense pleasure and that cry touched off that spark of my orgasm, lighting it on fire. I found my

own mouth opening in unison, crying out with him as I reached orgasm. My body spasmed and I felt the long, ropy strands of cum shoot from his cock and splash across my cheek and forehead. The next blast plastered my eye shut with thick, white froth, burning me like acid.

I closed my remaining eye. I lost all sense of reality as hot streams of cum splashed over my lips, into my nose and dripped onto my waiting tongue. All of my carefully planned makeup and hair was ruined as Malcolm released his pent up lust all over my face.

Finally, I could hold my rigid posture no longer and I fell forward, my hands splashing into warm puddles of cum on the floor.

"Look at me." Malcolm commanded, his voice low and husky.  
"Look at me, Jackie."

If he had used anything but my real name, I might have resisted. In my fevered brain, however, his low murmurs filled my chest with warmth..

I lifted my head, now noticing the pain in my stretched jaw and bruised neck. If this was the pain I felt after he used my mouth, what would I do if he wanted to have sex?

I tried to open my eyes. My left eye was gummed completely shut by cum. Still, I did my best.

Malcolm's smile was warm and his eyes had softened as he looked down at me, obviously pleased with my submissiveness.

"I don't want you to clean up." He said. "I want you to go home just like that."

"What?" I said, shocked. "I...I can't..."

Malcolm's warm smile tightened and the coldness came back into his black eyes. I shivered at the sudden shift in his mood.

"I want you to show Roger how much of a whore you really are. At least, how much of a whore you are for me."

"Please, I can't do this!"

"Oh, you'll do it. If you don't, if I call and Roger tells me you didn't, I'll send this picture to him, to Jason, and everyone on the faculty."

"What picture?"

Even as I said the words, he raised his phone and tapped the screen. I heard the ring tone on my phone come from my purse still sitting on the seat behind me.

"I just sent it to you." He said. "Take a look when you get in your car."

I said nothing and tears of humiliation stung my eyes. I couldn't do this. I couldn't go home to Roger like this. It was too much.

"Now," Malcolm said, pulling up his pants. "Get your shit together and get out of here."

Just like that, I was dismissed. I looked around, saw my purse and my coat on the chair. I moved slowly, The pain in my neck and jaw joined by hot licks of agony in my knees and thighs as I stood up. I gathered my coat and purse, refusing to touch my face although I could still feel the sticky come congealing into rubbery strips on my chin. As I pulled on my coat I saw my dress. It was black and I realized how bad a choice that was as I saw the dots of come drying into the expensive fabric.

*I have to burn this.* I thought.

As I left, I looked back at Malcolm. He was looking at his computer, ignoring me completely.

Luckily, I had worn a scarf. I thought it had been a fashionable accessory at the time, but now it served a function as well. I tied the scarf over my head and slid my glasses loosely onto my face. I hurried through that bright day, a day that should be cold and rainy like most winter days in Portland. Instead, the sun was bright and as I walked quickly to my car, willing myself not to run. I didn't want to draw attention to myself.

I still drew looks from the students. The stares no longer seemed appraising or approving. It was as if each of them could see my cum drenched face through my thin disguise and they were sneering at me. Laughing. Disgusted.

I knew it was all in my head, but my confidence had been shattered by Malcolm Brown. I was shaking when I finally made it to the car. I sank back into the seat, panting, my heart thudding against my rib cage.

I sat there for long minutes, trying to calm my body. I closed my eyes, the thoughts and feelings whirling chaotically through my mind.

What was I doing? What had just happened? How could I have let that bastard take advantage of me so completely?

And why did it turn me on?

Even now, my body was still throbbing with my orgasm. It hadn't been earth-shattering, but the fact that I had cum, without touching myself while being painted with cum made it all the more humiliating and intense.

And now, I'd given him even more blackmail material. Remembering my phone, I dug in my purse and pulled it out. I punched the text app and pulled up Malcolm's message.

And there it was, the picture of me. My eyes were closed, a long stream of cum stretching from my chin over my left eye like a long, milky scar across my face. My cheeks were criss-crossed with more cum, the cum that was even now hardening into a crusty glaze on my skin.

But, it wasn't the sight of me covered in Malcolm's seed that shocked me. What shocked me was the look on my face. I had been caught in that moment just after my orgasm. My eyes were shut, my face wet with cum and my sperm covered lips were open in a wide, ecstatic smile.

It was a picture of a woman who loved the feel of cum on her face. There was no question about it. Here was the proof. No one would ever believe that I was not there of my own free will.

Once again, I had proved everyone right.

I was a slut. Not a slut for my husband, or Jason.

No, I had been a slut, a true slut, for Malcolm Brown.

I looked at the picture again and remembered Malcolm's command.

I turned off the phone and threw it into the passenger's seat. Slowly, deliberately, I found the keys to the car. I pushed all of my thoughts to the back of my mind and focused on putting the car into reverse, pulling out of the lot, and driving back home.



## 9



I don't remember the drive back to our house, or parking the car and stumbling through the front door.

The next thing I remember is standing in the entryway, unaware of how I had gotten there.

"Jackie?" Roger called from somewhere in the house. "That you?"

I didn't have the voice to answer. Instead, I leaned against the table in the front hall and cried, unable to make sense of the emotions flooding my body. Shame, degradation, heat, excitement. All of it was there, swimming beneath the surface of my skin.

That's when Roger found me.

I ran into his arms, still sobbing. He raised his hands and gave me a comforting pat on my back.

"Jackie? What's going on?"

I pulled back from him. Slowly, I removed my scarf and my glasses revealing my teary, streaked face.

"Look what he did to me Roger." I said. "He... he stained me."

I watched the emotions play across Roger's face. Hurt, betrayal, rage. I expected all of them because I was feeling those emotions myself.

And yet, as the storm passed I saw the same thing that was pulsing through my own body. I saw lust. Roger couldn't control it anymore than I could. He was standing there in the hallway to his home, his wife crying and showing him her tainted, stained face. He was shocked and angry. But, along with the disgust and pain, there was something else.

He liked it.

"No." He shook his head. "Not with him, Jackie."

He tried to look away but I grabbed his chin and I pulled his face forward to look at me.

"Oh, he did." I said. "He fucked my mouth and he came all over my face. And he wanted you to see it."

Roger moaned, but he didn't look away.

The surge of excitement I had felt while on my knees in front of Malcolm returned with a vengeance. That degrading, humiliating fire in my belly. I knew how Roger felt now, how good it could be to do something you knew was wrong and yet enjoy it so much.

I smiled.

"I wanted you to see it." I whispered, inches from his face. "I wanted you to look at what that man did to me."

Roger couldn't help but look. He was inches from my face could see every streak, every dollop of dried cream. He gave a nervous, hitching gulp.

Before he could think or react I pushed him up against the wall and smashed my face into his. He cried out as I rubbed my cum-glazed cheeks over his lips, forcing him to feel the mess Malcolm had made.

He tried to push back, but my need for him to taste Malcolm's seed on me was too great. He fell onto the entryway table, crushed back against the wall as I licked the sticky cum from his cheeks. Then, I forced his mouth open and used the tip of my tongue to push the remnants of Malcolm's lust into his mouth.

He didn't fight me for long. He couldn't fight me. Once the shock of tasting Malcolm on my skin wore off, he gave into his hunger.

We kissed in the hall like teenagers for several minutes. When I finally pulled back, I saw Roger's face was glazed with Malcolm's cum and my spit. Strangely, it reminded me of our wedding when Roger and I had fed each other wedding cake. I had smashed the cake against Rogers face and Roger had returned the favor and in front of our friends and family we kissed hungrily as the sticky frosting covered our faces.

Looking at Rogers face, covered with Malcolm's cum, I remembered that day and I laughed.

"I need you, Roger." I said. "I need you to fuck me."

Roger's face lit up with desperate, dopey hope. How long had it been since I said those words, since I had any interest in having my husband inside of me? Weeks, maybe a month. I honestly couldn't remember. Yet now, the humming in my body called for someone to be on top of me, inside of me. I wanted it to be Jason. No, that wasn't right.

Instead, as I gripped Roger's hand, it was Malcolm's grinning face and huge, ugly cock that flashed through my mind.

Roger fumbled clumsily at my clothes, ripping my stained dress, but I didn't care. I was going to burn it anyway. I ripped at his own clothing in turn, revealing his soft, pale body. The gray chest hairs reminded me of Malcolm's own white hair against the charcoal black skin. I shook the thoughts away as I opened Roger's pants and snorted in laughter.

"Jackie, don't!" Roger tried to hide the cage that held his little cock. "Don't laugh."

"I'm sorry, baby." I giggled and slid to my knees. "It's just so much smaller than Malcolm's!"

"Really?" Roger gasped as I grabbed the metal in my hand. "How much bigger?"

"Oh, Jesus, Roger! You don't really want to know!"

"B...bigger than your dildo?"

"So much bigger."

"Bigger than Jason?"

My cheeks flushed as I remembered Malcolm asking me the exact same question. The shame boiled up inside of me, but I forced it down.

"He is so much bigger than Jason."

Roger's face was a picture of shock, but I didn't give him time to think. Instead, I continued to kiss him, rubbing my thigh between his legs, bumping the hard cage painfully up and down. He moaned as I pulled back from him.

The key to his cage was still around my neck. It was something that I had forgotten about as I knelt before Malcolm and sucked his big, black cock. Now, however, I remembered it dangling between my breasts and I slipped it over my head.

"I need you, Roger." I said, desperately. "I need you."

Roger nodded emphatically. He didn't understand why I needed him. It wasn't for his cock, or for his body. Instead, I needed his love. I needed him to wash the memory of my humiliation from me and if I had to shame him to do it, I would.

I reached down and unlocked the cage pulling the two pieces of metal off of his cock. It took only a few strokes of my thumb and forefinger to bring Roger to full hardness. He was moaning, leaking precum and I wondered if he would come too early. After all, one of the reasons I had started my affair with Jason was because of Roger's penchant for unloading his bombs before the mission was complete.

I kissed him again tasting sweat, spit and Malcolm's cum. I pulled my husband down on top of me.

He was like a virgin. He couldn't even find the hole and I had to guide his clumsy thrusts until he finally made it inside. He was so small. After my experience with Jason and the big, black dildo I bought myself for Christmas, my pussy had been stretched out and I could barely feel Roger as he floundered away on top of me.

Still, it wasn't about Roger's stamina, or his prowess. It was the fact that Roger loved me and he would do anything for me even have sex with me after I had taken a face full of cum like a slut for his rival. He still wanted me, after all this time, and I felt that deep warmth I always felt when I remembered that Roger loved me more than anything else in the world.

The power and the excitement were having an effect on me. Even though he was small inside of me. Even though his thrusts were ineffectual, it was the emotion of the man I loved attempting to reclaim me that lit up the electric current Malcolm had already started in my pussy.

I wish Roger could have lasted. It's my own fault, really. After all, I had denied him sex for over a month. He was so excited that after just a few hard thrusts he was mewling like an injured animal and I felt the familiar tension in his body.

"Can't... hold... It!" Roger grunted in my ear.

"It's okay, baby." I said, stroking his hair. "Just come inside me. Do it!"

Roger needed no encouragement. He gave out a silly, little yelp and I actually laughed as he jerked between my legs. I didn't feel him come inside of me, not the way I felt when Jason unleashed his torrent of seed, but I knew he was squirting his thin streams inside of me as he trembled on top of my body.

His performance was not enough to erase the image of Malcolm's cruel smile. I needed more. More love and devotion in order to wipe the slate of my mind clean.

"Roger!" I whispered. "I need you to eat my pussy."

Roger, still dazed from his long denied orgasm inside of me, looked at me with stupid wonder.

"What?" He blinked twice and shook his head. "But Jackie... I just... I just came inside of you."

"Please Roger!" I said. "I need you to do it! I need you to make me clean."

Roger had eaten cum out of me before. Weeks before the party, Roger had been underneath of me when Jason had unloaded inside of me. When my lover pulled out I had straddled Roger's face until he licked me clean.

He had never, however, eaten his own cum. For a moment, I thought he might deny me, but he saw the need in my eyes and he slowly slid down my body until his face was between my thighs.

I put my hand in his thinning hair and felt the sweat on his scalp. I pushed his face into the swollen folds of my pussy.

"That's it, baby!" I moaned as I rolled my hips upward against his face. "That's it, use your tongue!"

Roger's tongue slid forward, wiping away trickles of his cum as it leaked out of my pussy. I knew it must smell pungent. And yet, he continued to lick me, working hard between my lips and then upwards, spending extra time upon the clit, straining his mouth, jaw and tongue muscles to please me.

Roger had learned how to eat pussy. He knew what I needed. And it was that knowledge that he was using everything he had to give me pleasure that finally brought me to the edge.

However, I still couldn't have an orgasm. Something was holding me back. I fought with my mind searching for images of Jason and his hot body, the way it felt when he was inside me. I tried to call them forth to get me over that last bit of tension, but it did no good.

Then, suddenly, an image of Malcolm's huge, black cock floated through my mind. Without thinking I latched onto it and the thing that I had been trying to erase from my mind was the one thing that brought me over into orgasm. I was kneeling before him again his hot cum splashing on my face while Roger's tongue licked and sucked me.

"Oh no! No, no, no!" I cried out. "Oh fuck no!"

But it was too late. My body had once again betrayed me. My ass bucked off the bed smashing against Roger's face as my orgasm splashed out of my pussy. Roger for his part stayed with me, his mouth rising and falling with the uncontrolled jerks of my hips, his tongue still licking my wet lips, hungry for my orgasm.

And all the while, I thought of Malcolm, his hot cum splashing across my face. The shame and humiliation all came rushing back and I gave into it, my brain melted by the warring emotions.

Finally, my body stopped bucking and I felt Roger slide up along my side. His body was hot and sweaty. Normally, that would have made me uncomfortable, but I was glad he was there. He held me for a long time.

"Is it over?" Roger said and I said nothing.

Was what over? My orgasm? Sex? Our marriage? I needed more information. But in my confused state, I could not form the words to ask for clarification

"Is it over with...with Malcolm?" Roger said.

I said nothing. I couldn't lie to him. Even if Malcolm didn't have enough dirt to blackmail me, I knew that I couldn't resist him, not after all that I had experienced.

I said nothing as he held me and finally, after a long time, we both fell asleep.



## 10



**T**he next few days passed by in a haze. Everytime I tried to process my conflicting emotions, my brain locked up in a muddle of shame, regret and longing.

Roger was wonderful. I didn't put him back in chastity, but we didn't have sex. I couldn't trust my feelings. Roger sensed my anguish and didn't push me. He was content to hold me when I needed to be held and listen when I needed to talk.

The problem was the waiting. I was sure that Malcolm would contact me again. Part of that was pride. I knew that the lecherous old man wanted me. The other, stronger part was fear. Fear of what he would take from me the next time he required my obedience.

I would be lying if I said that the prospect of seeing him again didn't excite me. It did and every time I thought of his wiry, black body and huge cock, my face would become warm and I would feel a moistness between my legs. It was awful. The realization that I wanted this man. I wanted the humiliation and abuse. I wanted to be controlled. I was on the edge of insanity and only Roger kept me from going off the deep end.

"Maybe you can just refuse?"

I looked up from the table. We were enjoying a breakfast of eggs and bacon. A hazy light had broken through the ever present clouds and our little dining room was warm and cozy. Safe.

"I wish I could." I said and stretched a hand across the table to touch Roger's. "You know what that would mean."

"I lose my job. So what?" Roger said with false bravado. I smiled.

"Come on, Professor." I said. "You know how much the college means to you."

"Yes. It does. But you mean more to me than the college."

"Really?" I sat up straight in the chair. "You really mean that?"

"Of course." Roger said. "It was a risk just marrying you. Remember?"

"I remember that some of the faculty were against it."

"Some of them? Almost all of them." He said. "It was only because of my tenure and the fact that you were no longer a student that kept me from being fired."

"Then, how did you become dean? If everyone was against you?"

Roger leaned forward and took my chin in his hand.

"Because I convinced enough of them that I loved you very much." He kissed me. "Even then, it took seven years before they finally made me dean."

"Seven years?" I said, blinking. "You mean...you mean you could have been dean sooner?"

Roger shrugged.

"Probably. I don't know. It didn't matter, though. None of it really mattered." He smiled, sitting back in his seat. "None of it mattered except you."

I sat back heavily in my chair, unable to speak. I had always known that some of the faculty didn't like me, but the fact that Roger had made Dean seemed to make it alright. It meant that they respected him and that there was more to his career than his marriage to me.

I had no idea that his career had been put on hold for seven years. Seven years! That's how long it had taken for those limp dick assholes to realize that this wasn't a fling. That the love Roger and I had was genuine.

I felt a sharp, hot sting of shame in my stomach. With one stupid act, I had torn down everything Roger and I had built.

"I'm sorry." I said, tears in my eyes. "I didn't mean...I didn't mean for any of this to happen. I just thought..."

"You thought you were saving our marriage." Roger said kindly. "And you did."

"So, now what?"

"Look," Roger said, gripping both my hands tight. "You know I like what we do together. I love it, in fact. It is so hard sometimes to

watch, but it still turns me on. I don't know why. I've decided not to think about it."

He smiled, but it was a grim smile.

"But not like this. Not with Malcolm. I don't like what he is doing to you. It's not the same as when you were with Jason."

"I know." Roger's fears echoed my own.

"I am afraid of losing you." He said. "Really losing you."

"You won't." I said, my cheeks wet. "I promise you won't."

"So, what are you going to do?"

"I can handle him." I said with a confidence I didn't feel.

Roger smiled and began to eat. I picked at my food. My feelings vacillating between excitement and despair until I finally gave up.

Two days later, Malcolm called.

I hesitated for a moment, my thumb hovering over his face on the small screen. Finally, I swiped across and accepted the call.



## 11



Malcolm lived in a place just off College Street. It was a beautiful, old building with a neo-Gothic facade that matched the college. I walked into the building and crossed the marble floors to an ancient elevator that looked like it was a relic from the early fifties.

The door creaked open and I punched the button for the third floor. As the ancient elevator moved slowly upwards, I began to regret my decision. I could still back out now. Roger and I could take his early retirement and run away somewhere, some place that nobody knew us. We could live on an island and do whatever we wanted in the privacy of our own home.

Roger had said that I didn't have to do this and he was right. Of course, I didn't *have* to do anything, but the scandal was just too much to bear. I knew in my heart that Roger would not be able to live with the humiliation of losing his job this way.

Still, was staying here any better? Everyone knew about the affair. Even if Roger kept his job, wouldn't the shame of everyone knowing about his wife's infidelity be too much for him?

I thought of the irony of the situation. I knew that having sex with Jason would humiliate Roger. To be taken while the party carried on around us, while his colleagues suspected what was happening, was a tremendous turn on. Still, it should have only been a turn on for *us*. Something we could do to liven up our sex life. It wasn't something that should be out in the open for the world to see.

That's the power Malcolm Brown had over me. He knew the truth, the whole truth, of our marriage and he would use that truth to destroy us. That was why I had dressed up in a tight black skirt

and silk blouse. That was why I had paid special attention to the skimpy red bra and panties I wore under my clothes. It wasn't that I wanted to dress up for that despicable man.

This was for Roger. This was for us.

At least, that's what I told myself as the door opened to reveal Malcolm Brown waiting for me.



"AHH, JACKIE." MALCOLM said, a smug smile on his face. "Nice of you to come when called."

"Shut up, you bastard." I said as I stepped out of the elevator. "Like I had a choice."

"Come now, Jackie!" Malcolm said, sliding his arm around me. "We all have choices in life. You just chose to be here. With me."

I shrugged off his arm and stepped away from him. Malcolm shrugged and continued smiling as he led me down the hall to his room.

"Please, don't mind the mess, I am still moving in after all."

The apartment was small with only a couch and small table in the living area. Along the wall were stacks of boxes, each one labeled with a little yellow tag from the moving company. Just off the living room was a small peninsula, separating the kitchen from the rest of the place.

The apartment was clean, almost antiseptic and except for the boxes, it looked as if the place was vacant. Malcolm walked to a small counter that separated the kitchen from the living room. He gestured towards a bottle of wine and two glasses.

"Drink?" He said, holding up the bottle.

"No, thank you." I said.

I didn't want to drink with this man. I didn't want this to seem like more than what it was: A tawdry blackmail scheme to get me into bed.

Also, I didn't want my senses dulled by alcohol. I needed all of my wits about me so I could prevent Malcolm from taking full control of my body.

"Right to business." Malcolm grinned. "I like that."

Despite his approval, Malcolm still poured himself a glass of wine. I wondered whether it was to fortify his own nerves, or whether he just wanted to torture me. If it was torture, he definitely succeeded.

To calm my own nerves, I looked around at the sparsely furnished apartment, noting the lack of furniture.

"Big mess." I said and Malcolm grinned over the top of the wine glass.

"Yes, well," Malcolm set the glass down and led me to a short hall just off the kitchen "I haven't spent much time unpacking. I hope to be moving to a more..,permanent place soon. Besides, I've had to focus my efforts on more important areas of the apartment."

With that he opened a door off the hallway and led me into his bedroom.

He'd lit the whole place with candles and the bed was draped in red silk sheets. It was obvious he had been attempting a sexy, warm vibe, but I thought it looked like something from a 70's porno.

I was about to make a joke when I noticed something on the bed. Two pairs of wide, leather cuffs nestled like poisonous snakes in the soft, red silk.

I felt a shiver of fear slide like icy fingers up my spine.

"I see your things arrived from back east." I said with false bravado.

"Oh, these are new." Malcolm chuckled, sliding up behind me. "I bought them just for you. You'd be amazed at what Amazon will deliver in just two days."

He wrapped his arms around my waist and hugged me close. Again, I was surprised by the older man's strength.

"Now, Jackie." Brown said as his bony, black fingers slipped up my ribs to my chest. "Now, you are mine."

"I'm not yours!" I said, peeling his fingers away from my breasts. "I will never be yours!"

Malcolm grinned at me, obviously excited by the challenge. Despite my predicament, I was still able to maintain my dignity. That turned him on.

"Oh, yes." He sneered. "Hold on to that, my dear. It will make breaking you all the sweeter."

"No." I said, a flush of anger rising to my cheeks. "You'll never break me."

Malcolm gave a low, evil laugh. I shrank back against the bed, damning myself for showing any weakness in front of this man.

"That's perfect." He giggled. "You are perfect."

He closed the gap between us. Despite my bravado, I knew I was his, at least right now. But I made a promise to myself. I would do it. I would give him what he wanted, but only at that moment. After today, I would commit myself to Roger and our marriage. I would prove to him that he was the one I loved and nothing would ever stand in the way of that again.

My body relaxed as I saw a clear path out of this mess. All I had to do was get through it. I even managed a small smile as I looked into Malcolm's cold, black eyes.

"Good girl." Malcolm murmured, taking my smile as acquiescence. "Now, why don't you get out of those clothes?"

Malcolm slipped past me and onto the bed. He was short enough that his feet barely touched the ground. He sat there, grinning. His white smile gleamed.

"Ready when you are, Jackie." He said, spreading his hands wide.

I knew what he wanted, but I was loathe to give it to him. Still, he had all the power.

Suddenly, the idea of my helplessness made my legs tremble. Never in my life had I been in such a position of weakness.

"Do you need help?" Malcolm chuckled from the bed.

"No!" I snapped angrily, then quickly softened my tone. "No."

I began to move my hips back and forth slowly, the way I knew Malcolm would like. With trembling fingers I undid my blouse.

"Move your hips more." Malcolm said, his voice growing husky.

I moved my hips faster and swayed to an invisible rhythm. As I did, I let the blouse fall from my shoulders, revealing the lacy, red bra. Malcolm licked his lips with a long, pink tongue, enjoying the show.

"Turn around." He ordered. "I want to see your ass."

I turned, shame making my body flush with heat. I bent at the waist, sticking out my buttocks as I peeled the skirt down over the lush curve of my ass. I was wearing only the thinnest, french cut panties which gave Malcolm's hungry eyes a perfect view of my firm, pale buttocks.

"Mmm, hmm!" Malcolm grunted in approval. "I do love that tight, white ass."

Even as he said the words he brought down his hand on my ass, the loud smack resonating through the room. I shrieked in pain, wiggling back and forth as he hit me again, then again.

"That's right, bitch!" He hissed and smacked me again. "Scream all you want!"

Just when I didn't think I could take anymore, Malcolm stopped. I leaned heavily against a side table, panting as the pain spread out through my ass, and traveled over my body.

Malcolm gripped my hips in his hands and I flinched, thinking he was going to hit me again, when I felt him plant his lips on the burning patch of skin.

I looked back, gasping as I watched him kiss and lick the sensitive skin. The spot he was kissing was a deep, angry red. He kissed along the imprint of his palm and fingers, his eyes locked onto mine.

"Shit." I muttered and I felt my juices flowing as the last flickers of pain disappeared under his tender kisses.

My body's response to his unexpected kindness made my shame even deeper. He had marked me and now he was kissing that wound as if to make it all better.

"You...you're sick." I moaned.

He grinned, his pink tongue rolling out of his thick lips and lapping along the reddened flesh.

"Maybe." He chuckled. "Maybe. But who is sicker? Me for doing this to you? Or you for getting off on it?"

"You're crazy." I said. "I'm not enjoying this."

"Oh no?" He said and his bony fingers hooked the strap of my panties and slowly, tortuously pulled them down over my swollen cheeks. "This says something else!"

He shoved his hand into my crotch, digging his fingers into my sopping cunt. The combination of the lewd words and the spanking worked their way into my brain. I cried out as he thrust his fingers into me, probing me, my body opening despite my disgust. Or maybe because of it.

At that point, I no longer knew myself.

He continued to shove his fingers into my pussy. There was no finesse, no playful teasing of my clit. Just rough fingers rubbing me roughly. My traitorous body continued to respond even though I tried to fight it.

"No." I grunted as I felt the first tide of an orgasm crash over me. "No!"

Then, I was crying out as my pussy spasmed around his hand. He rubbed me even faster and I exploded. My pussy juices dripped down my legs and into my panties.

I twitched and shook helplessly as Malcolm pulled my panties down and forced me to step free of the fabric.

To add insult to injury, Malcolm balled up my underwear in one hand and shoved the wet silk into my face.

"See?" He said as he pushed the cloth under my nose. "You are so wet it's ridiculous."

I moaned as I felt my juices pushed up against my nose and mouth. I breathed in the scent of my lust and tasted the tart sting of my fluid on my lips. I was wet, wetter than I had been in a long time.

"You want this, Jackie." Malcolm's voice was a pitiless growl. "Just admit it."

"No." I whined, even though the evidence of my need was literally right under my nose.

As I opened my lips to protest again, Malcolm shoved the wet ball of panties into my mouth, choking off any further denials. I gurgled helplessly as the juices squeezed out from the thin fabric and dripped onto my tongue.

My mouth full of silk and cum, I felt Malcolm's fingers dig into the skin of my thighs and pull me onto the bed. I protested meekly,

trying to spit out the words, but all I could manage were a few muffled squeals as I was forced to the mattress.

Malcolm lowered his hard, black body over mine. His face was inches from me I could not avoid the intense look in his dark, dark eyes. My mind screamed at me not to respond but my body was singing.

*I don't want this, do I?*

Malcolm pulled the panties from my mouth and before I could say anything he kissed me. I kept my mouth shut and he pinched a nipple through my bra. When I opened my mouth to cry out, he shoved his long, pink tongue between my lips.

He kissed me like that, his tongue swirling in my mouth, trying to seduce me into returning his kiss.

It didn't work. I forced my body to relax, and made my tongue stay slack. I silently refused to give in to him.

Malcolm stop kissing me. He pulled back and chuckled.

"So," He said. " You're going to do this the hard way, hmm?"

I said nothing to him. This time he grabbed my wrist and pulled my arm over my head. Instinctively, I fought him even though I knew I had no choice.

"Relax." Malcolm murmured softly, like he was talking to a skittish horse as he locked first one wrist, then the other. "Just relax and enjoy this."

"You don't have to do this." I whimpered. "I'll do what you want."

"Oh, I know you will, Jackie." Malcolm said as he locked a cuff around my ankle. "I know you will."

He locked the other cuff, securing my other legs, then sat up to admire his handiwork.

"There now." He said, rubbing his hands together. "That's much better."

I said nothing, glaring at him. I tested the bonds experimentally and found myself unable to move my hands or feet more than a few inches.

I was completely exposed to him in a way I'd never been before. I was nothing more than a piece of meat, a cow, bound and ready

for the slaughter.

I felt the flush of shame course through my body making my skin hot and my cheeks flush red. I was humiliated, humbled and helpless.

I thought that Malcolm would throw himself upon me, ravish me like a hungry animal. Instead, Malcolm took the opportunity to strip. He started with this shirt, unbuttoning it slowly..

He was no stripper. Yet, even as he slid the shirt off of his bony shoulders, I could see the wiry muscles of his arms and stomach. He was not sexy in the way that Jason was sexy. No cut muscles or smooth chocolate skin begging to be licked. Malcolm's skin was a dusky grey, and where Jason had the smooth curves of a fierce sword, Malcolm had the blunt, sharp edge of a carving knife.

I felt my pulse quicken, the heat of my blood rushing to my tingling pussy. Despite the humiliation, despite my anger. I was turned on by this man.

When he finally revealed his huge black cock, I realized what it was. It was as if Malcolm Brown's body had been stripped of all artifice. Firm, wiry muscles, thin, bony frame, even the round fat snake of a cock we're all designed for one thing.

To fuck me.

Like a torturer revealing his tools to the intended victim, Malcom Brown was showing me the weapon he would use to bring about my total destruction.

And there was absolutely nothing I could do to stop him.

Again I thought he would ravish me, fuck me with that huge, angry looking flesh that was now growing to its full proportions. Again, he surprised me.

Instead of immediately going between my legs, he stood beside me, gently caressing my helpless body. Goose pimples rose up along my arms and legs as my body responded to him.

This close, I could smell him, that musky, male scent that emanated from his crotch. That smell touched something inside of me, activated that savage portion of my brain. My mouth watered for him and my pussy was dripped.

I tried in vain to close my legs, to halt some of the sensations building inside of me. But, I couldn't move. Malcolm noticed my discomfort and chuckled. The heat inside of me bubbled together with the helplessness making a thick stew of feelings I was finding harder and harder to fight.

"That excited, hmm?" He said, cupping my breast in one, gnarled claw. "I knew you wanted me, Jackie. I just didn't realize how much."

"I...don't..." I said through gritted teeth, but Malcolm made me a liar a second later when he lowered his mouth to my exposed nipple.

I moaned, unable to control myself. My body jerked and twitched in the restraints. I longed to stop him, to push him away. I wanted to grab him and pull him closer. I wanted to sink my nails into his eye sockets and I wanted to sink my fingers into my wet cunt and search for release. I wanted to fight and I wanted to fuck.

I was going insane.

Malcolm sucked both of my nipples, running them into his mouth, biting them, feasting on my helpless flesh. The result was a pulse of lust shooting through my body like blood. Yet, it wasn't nearly enough to bring me close to orgasm. It was a tickle, a promise, with no hope of reward.

He took his time with my breasts, enjoying my groans and protests as he worked me over with his tongue. Finally, he let my swollen, pink flesh pop wetly from his mouth. He looked up at me and grinned.

"You are so fine!" He said. "So goddamn fine."

I felt gratified at his pleasure, a perverse sense of happiness that he found me beautiful. I wanted so much to squash that feeling, but no matter how hard I tried, it wouldn't go away.

"Please." I mumbled, weakly. "Please, just get it over with."

"What's the hurry?" He said, crawling onto the bed. "Got a hot date with your husband?"

He crouched between my legs. His cock had grown rock hard and stood up from the nest of white hair between his crotch like an unwholesome flower.

"No." I moaned. "Please, don't talk about him."

"Why not?" He said.

His hand moved along my thighs, rubbing them gently. Those bony fingers should not have felt good on my skin, yet they did. Slowly, he began to tease the the soft inner skin of my thighs, probing my pussy lips with his fingertips. He wasn't going for a quick round of foreplay followed by a hard fucking. He had me right where he wanted me and he was going to take his time.

"Tell me." He said and I hissed as the tip of his finger slid between my swollen lips, slipping upwards and scraping the throbbing flesh of my clit. "I'll bet Roger would have busted his nut by now. Am I right?"

He was right, but I would not give him the satisfaction of an answer.

"Shit. I'll bet even Jason would have been fucking you by now."

"Stop!"

"Those young bucks. All they care about is fucking. Who can blame them? Twenty years ago I'd have fucked you three times by now."

"Bullshit." I growled and he shoved a hard, black finger into my pussy.

I screamed at the invasion. His black digit curled upwards into my pussy, hitting just under the hood of my clit.

"Maybe you're right." He smiled as his fingers broke into my pussy, working upwards and downwards as if searching for something. "But, with age comes a certain amount of wisdom. I could always fuck you. But, I don't want that."

I yelped as his long fingers curled upwards and he hit something, a rubbery bit of muscle at the roof of my cunt. He rubbed the hard button. I jerked against the bonds as if I had been struck by lightning. He put his other hand over my hot mound and used his thumb to work my clit.

"I want to own you." His fingers working inwards and upwards, attacking my inner flesh while his other hand worked my fevered clit.

"Oh shit!" I groaned and I felt my muscles drawing in, coiling like a spring.

I couldn't help it. Just like when he made me suck him, I felt the unwanted feelings flooding through me. Waves of lust battered my brain. I didn't want to give in, but my body refused to listen.

In the end, it didn't matter. Just as I was about to cum, Malcolm pulled his fingers away.

I cried out in frustrated agony and humped my hips upwards the best I could. I flopped helplessly as Malcolm laughed, enjoying his power over me.

"You thought you wanted Jason." He said. "But, that pleasure doesn't last. You need something more, Jackie. You need to give in to a real man, a man that can dominate you. Someone to control you. To own you."

"No!"

That's not what I wanted, right? I didn't want to lose control. Yet, something inside was crying out for release.

"Yes." Malcolm said, and once again he punched his fingers deep inside my sopping flesh.

He played with my body, working me towards orgasm, lifting my body up on waves of intense lust only to pull away at the last moment. He kept me on the edge, I'm not sure for how long, but it seemed like an eternity. He kept up the constant verbal attack as well. Murmuring humiliating words that worked their way into my brain even as as talented fingers wormed their way into my cunt.

"That's it, slut. You want me to take you. Want me to take you away from Jason, from Roger. You want me to own you."

He fucked my brain with his words even as his fingers fucked my pussy. I tried to protest, but my body was on fire and I was unable to form the words.

"Just give in to me, Jackie. Just give in and I'll give you what you want. I'll give you the freedom you've always wanted."

"Please." I begged and once again he pulled away.

My body was shivering, my skin covered with fine beads of sweat. I wanted relief, I needed release.

"Please, what?"

"Please. Please let me cum."

"Do you want me, Jackie?"

I shook my head, fighting against this final humiliation. My body, however, kept up the constant attack on my resistance, yearning to do whatever it took to find release.

Malcolm pushed down on my aching mound, but did not use his fingers. The strength and warmth of his hand made me crazy. To have the object of my pleasure so close, yet unable to make that object give me pleasure was just too much.

This must be exactly how Roger felt. To be so close to me, yet never really have me.

It was torture.

"Just give in, Jackie." Malcolm murmured lovingly. "Tell me you want me."

"Yes!" My scream felt like it was ripping my throat. "Yes! I want you!"

"Ahh!" He smiled. "Poor, poor Jackie! Betraying your husband like this. It's so sad. I wonder what Roger and Jason will feel when they realize they never really had you? Not the way I'm going to have you."

"Please..." I moaned. "Please...no more."

"Oh, Jackie." He grinned as he placed the tip of his cock at my entrance. "We've only just begun."

He shoved the the fat, blooming head of his cock into my pussy, forcing the thick flesh deep into me. He was bigger than Jason and even though I had gotten used to the younger man's cock, I felt like a virgin as Malcolm ripped me open. He was tearing me apart, laying waste to me. Every crevice of my pussy filled with his pulsing, black flesh.

"Fuck that feels good." Malcom grunted. "I've been wanting to do this from the first moment I met you."

I looked up at him in a haze of pain and lust, tears stinging my eyes. With a furious growl Malcolm pushed the last few inches into my body and I screamed as he pierced my most tender place.

"I have to admit, I thought it would be harder." He grinned. "I knew I could take you from that pathetic, loser of a husband..."

"Roger's...not...a loser." I groaned through the pain.

Malcolm ignored my pitiful moans.

"Jason was the real problem." Malcolm grunted and flexed his cock, waiting for my body to relax around his shaft. "Then, I realized at the party that he didn't own you either. You were in control. Always in control."

I looked up at him, frightened by the gleam of triumph in his eyes.

"You're not in control now, Jackie. I am. And it's time to break you."

"Nuh...nuh..." I tried to spit out the word. That single, fucking word.

No. I wouldn't be controlled like this. I wouldn't give in. This was just sex, like with Jason. Just using my body to give and receive pleasure. Nothing more, nothing less.

That's when Malcolm slid his cock out of my body, leaving only the thick, spongy head between my tortured lips. Then, he thrust the entire length of his cock inside of me, stabbing me all the way to my womb.

I've never felt that much pain from being penetrated. The thick length of his cock battered the entrance to my cervix, even as its girth stretched me to my limits. Not even with Jason had I felt so full, so completely full of another man's burning, living flesh.

I continued to scream, my throat raw, as Malcolm's hard, powerful body thrust into me again and again. Each thrust brought new pain, but something else. Pleasure. Pleasure like I've never felt before. The pleasure of being filled for the first time. He laid waste to my pussy, ripping and tearing me, burning away anything else but the need for that beautiful, massive flesh burning between my legs.

I was helpless against his attack, completely helpless. I felt it for the first time, truly felt it. I was completely and utterly powerless to stop this man, this horrible, wonderful man. The thought of it made the feeling inside of me grow even more powerful, the impending orgasm more threatening. I could feel what Malcolm had been talking about. I could feel his cock burning away everything. My marriage, Jason. All of it.

"That's right, Jackie." Malcolm panted and for the first time I realized I was having a profound effect on the older man. My chest

filled with pride. "Give into it. Give into me."

I don't know if I gave in, truly gave in, by the time the first orgasm rocked my body. It was hard to think, so hard to think. Thoughts of Roger and Jason swirled about my brain right up to the point of my climax.

But, the two men in my life were blasted away a moment later when my orgasm exploded through me. It laid waste to everything until there was nothing left. Only me and Malcolm and the pleasure of being taken by this man. A real man.

Complete and total surrender. And with that surrender, there was something else.

Freedom.

I cried out to the ceiling as Malcolm punched deep inside me, impaling me on his cock as I jerked and twisted beneath him. I was pinned to the bed, like a dying animal, destroyed by Malcolm's need..

Finally, I lie still, Malcolm's cock buried deep inside of me. I was dimly aware of him unbuckling my arms. I didn't beat on his chest. I didn't fight. My will to resist had fled with my orgasm.

Instead, I reached up and wrapped my arms around his neck. I pulled his head down so I could kiss him. Truly kiss him. I used my mouth to show him my gratitude for what he had given me.

"That's more like it!" Malcolm said, rubbing his wet lips.

The last bit of resistance cried out, but it was brushed away. All I wanted was to please Malcolm and receive pleasure in return.

"More." I moaned as I lovingly kissed his neck, his chin, his lips. "Please...more."

"Of course, my dear." Malcolm said. "First, let's free your legs, shall we?"

He slid out of me and I groaned as I felt his absence like an open wound. When my legs were unlocked they instinctively lifted and locked around his waist, My strong calves hooked around his rock, hard buttocks and pulled him back to my fevered sex.

"Oh ho!" Malcolm laughed. "Eager, are we?"

"Please...just give me more."

My mind was gone. My only thoughts were of getting that cock back inside of me. Malcolm unlocked my legs from his waist and lifted them until I was bent double, until my thighs pressed against my breasts and my heels bounced off the hard muscles of his chest. My muscles screamed in pain, but I've bent back back for him, becoming what he wanted. A living, breathing sheathe for his lust.

When he entered me the second time, his wonderful cock pierced me to my very center. My muscles cried out in agony as he hammered me into the mattress, pounding me into a completely different shape. My legs were bent backwards, my feet on his shoulders. My toes curled as he thrust again and again into deepest part of my body.

I no longer cared what happened to me. I was being reshaped, moulded into the perfect woman for Malcolm. I had no power, no control and I loved it.

My second orgasm broke through me like a tidal wave and I felt a warm splash across my face. I was dimly aware that my pussy had squirted and I had just sprayed my own face with my juices. It didn't matter, nothing mattered except Malcolm's pleasure.

I was rewarded a moment later as Malcolm, my beautiful, lovely Malcolm, tensed. His grunts were primal and his thrusts savage. When I looked at him I saw naked lust staring back at me. I'd finally gotten to him and I was filled with a warmth at the accomplishment. It was a more powerful feeling than I had ever felt before. A sensation of love and lust that completely and utterly ruined me.

Malcolm sensed my surrender and gave a howl of triumph. He stabbed his cock deep, spearing my wasted body to the bed, I felt him grow impossibly large, filling me with even more of his flesh just seconds before he burst in a blast of thick, hot seed. I felt the strong blasts of cum as he bathed my womb. The thick, milky fluid squirted across the walls of my pussy and spilled between the lips. Cum filled my pussy and dripped down my ass, cleansing me with his hot lust and claiming me inside and out.

Malcolm finally let my legs go and they fell to the bed. His body collapsed onto mine. Together we melted into the mattress, both of us completely spent.

Malcolm recovered before I did and I heard his fevered whisper in my ear, his words licking my brain.

"You're mine now, Jackie." He said. "You're mine."

The words swam around my mind, mixing with the pleasure of my body. I turned my head slightly, my lips finding his ear. I nibble gently, nuzzling him like a newborn calf finding its mother's teat.

"Yes, Malcolm." I sighed happily. "I'm all yours now."



## 12



Two weeks later, I was in the kitchen, preparing Roger's favorite dish, pot roast, for Valentine's Day dinner. I basted the roast with a beef broth mixed with herbs and spices. On the spur of the moment, I decided to add wine to the broth. We'd been saving the bottle, a twenty-year-old Merlot, for a special occasion.

Tonight was definitely going to qualify.

The cork popped and I put the tip of the bottle under my nose smelling the tangy, fruity scent. That's when I felt the first pangs of regret work their way through my stomach.

I was suddenly reminded of my last anniversary with Roger. We were happy at the time, but it was a shallow sort of happiness. It was the kind of happiness you have when you think that this is how the rest of your life is going to turn out and you don't think that life can get any better.

My time with Malcolm had dirtied those moments with grimy dinge. I hadn't been happy, not really happy. I don't think Roger was either. It was a show we put on for each other and the world. The sweet, contented couple.

Sex had been an act as well. I couldn't remember the details now, just random images. A quick groping. Roger heaving on top of me. Two or three quick thrusts. His body falling away. Me restless and horny.

I had thought that was love. Thought that was all I could hope for.

God, how I was wrong.

I added carrots and potatoes to the pan and slid it into the oven. I set the timer then headed to the bedroom.

I started with a bath. I had time for a nice, long soak. I squirted some of my bubble bath into my hand and rubbed it between my legs, thinking of Malcolm and his tight, hard body that was made for sex. I didn't want to get off, not right now. Instead, I stroked my lips, teasing the berry of my clit until it had grown full and hard. I wanted to build the tension and let it simmer and cook like the roast. I brought myself to the edge, savoring that thin line between tension and release. Then, I stopped and let my body float in the bubbles. The orgasm slowly subsided and left my body awake and ready.

I got out of the bath and dried myself with my favorite fluffy, yellow towel. Then, I applied lotion to my body, rubbing every inch of my skin until I was smooth and supple. I took a deep breath and inhaled the sensual scent of jasmine and sandalwood. I had read somewhere that jasmine had been used throughout history as an aphrodisiac. It had also been used for religious ceremonies.

I grinned as I thought about it. Sex and ceremony. Tonight's plan had a little bit of both.

I thought again of Malcolm as I dressed. His firm body and of course his huge, beautiful cock. He was not the man I ever thought I would fall for. He was certainly not the man I thought I would submit to, the one who could tame the wild impulses inside of me. But, over the last two weeks, I had fucked him in every room of our house until every fucking inch had been given over to his pleasure.

He had taken me over in the same way. He knew my body inside and out, every nook and cranny twisted and reshaped to make Malcolm happy. I was his creature.

It had been easy. I had been searching for someone like him. The kind of man that could fulfill me sexually and challenge me emotionally. Someone who could master me. My lust for him was quickly turning into something deeper, something I was afraid to admit.

I wanted Malcolm inside me at that moment and felt the pull of my hunger for him as I dropped my sleek, new dress over my shoulders and settled it into place. It was form-fitting and showed off the curves of my body nicely. The hem fell to about mid thigh

with a cut up the side that revealed the tempting muscle of my leg when I walked or cocked my hip.

It cost too much. When I had been buying the clothes, I had been reminded of my shopping days. Those days when the biggest thrill I had was plopping down my credit card and charging my up my latest steal.

The lingerie and the dress were not a steal. I paid full price, with Roger's money. I still felt a thrill as I imagined what Roger would do when he saw me in the new clothes. The thought made an evil grin spread across my face.

By the time I made it back to the kitchen, the roast was ready to pull out of the oven to cool. I set the table with candles and the good china. Two settings. One for me and one for Roger. I placed the rich bottle of wine between them.

The roast was done, the gravy thick, the table set. I took pleasure in the romantic scene. It was so beautiful.

It was perfect.



I WATCHED IN GLEE AS Roger came into the dining room. His mouth fell open in shock when he saw me in my sexy dress sipping a glass of the red. The scents of jasmine and pot roast combined to entice both hungers in my husband. He blinked, the flickering candle light twinkled off his glasses. He was completely and utterly twitterpated.

"Wow!" Was the only thing he could manage to say.

"Come in, come in!" I stood up, sauntered over to him, and guided him to his seat at the head of the table.

I felt sad when he sat numbly in his chair, still in shock. How long had it been since I had done something like this for Roger?

I felt a shard of shame cut into my heart as I remembered all of the cruel things I had done to him. For all the cruel things I was going to do to him. Even if he liked it. Even if he claimed that it turned him on, that didn't make up for being a bad wife.

Still, I couldn't go back now. Too much had happened. All I could do was plow ahead with my plans. I choked back a tear as I poured my husband a glass of wine.

Roger reached out to touch my leg. I looked at him and he hesitated, his hand paused above my soft skin.

"It's okay." I giggled. "You can touch me. I am your wife, after all."

Roger gulped like a virgin on his first date. He reached out and slid a hand over my smooth thigh.

"I like the dress." He said.

"I bought it just for tonight." I made a slow turn so he could see all of me.

I leaned over and gave him a slow kiss. He kissed me awkwardly and his hand slipped under my dress. I felt the tip of his fingers as they explored the round swell of my bottom. I let him touch me, stroke me until his hand slid up to grab the firm flesh of my buttock. Just as he was pulling me closer, I danced away..

"Down boy!" I giggled, walking out of reach of his groping hands and back to my seat.

Roger's whole body seemed to pout as he slumped in his chair. I chuckled.

"Oh, come on." I said. "We have to eat first, don't we?"

Roger nodded sullenly but his expression brightened as I took the lid off the pot roast. The meat was perfect, the crust cooked to a crispy brown. Yet, when I cut into it, the flesh was a juicy pink. It's hard to cook a roast like that, but I had managed it. Roger looked on hungrily as I loaded his plate up with meat, carrots and potatoes. I topped the whole thing off with a coating of the thick, creamy gravy.

I watched him, smiling as he enjoyed the meal I had cooked for him. I felt warm inside. The kind of feeling you get when you have achieved an easy familiarity with your partner. It was a wonderful feeling, but was tinged with bittersweetness. This was our final meal together, just the two of us. After tonight, everything would change.

A part of me realized that I was being cruel. The dinner, the playacting of being a happy married couple on Valentine's Day. Still,

the cruelty only made the excitement I was feeling more exquisite. I hoped the pain would feel the same for Roger.

My stomach was going crazy with anticipation of what was about to come, so I ate little. Instead, I sat back, watched Roger eat and listened to his day. It all seemed so normal.

We both avoided mentioning Malcolm, although I could see as Roger put away glass after glass of expensive wine that he was working his way up to it. We had avoided any discussion of what had happened with Malcolm and I certainly didn't tell Roger that I had been having sex with his rival all week while he was at work. All I had done, on Malcolm's instruction, was I give him vague answers that it would all be sorted out by Valentine's Day.

So, I let him drink and watched as he gathered his strength to ask.

Finally, after his third glass, Roger put down his fork and looked across the table.

"So." He said. "Is it over?"

I smiled, blinking innocently.

"Is what over?"

"Come on, Jackie!" Roger said, the wine and frustration making his face red as a strawberry. "You know what I mean."

"What do you think the dinner was for?" I asked as I stood up.

I walked slowly towards him, swaying my hips in an exaggerated gesture.

"I don't know." He said. "I never know with you anymore."

"Awww." I pouted and moved around behind him. I leaned over and ran my hands down his chest. I leaned against him, letting him feel my breasts flatten against his back.

I breathed hot air across his ear and flicked the tip of my tongue out to touch his lobe. He jerked like he had been shocked.

"I told you I would take care of it." I whispered, kissing his ear. His chin. His neck.

As I nibbled at his neck, my hands worked their way down his belly until I laid my palm against the small bulge in his pants. Even through his pants I could feel his little hard on, straining to be free.

"Aww." I giggled. "It looks like your little guy wants to come out and play."

"Jackie, stop..." He moaned, but his little penis jumped under my hand like the weak flapping of an injured bird.

"Let's just say we worked out an arrangement that should keep Malcolm happy." I said, answering his question.

"What is it?" Rogers voice shaking with lust..

"Why don't we go to the bedroom?" I said. "And I'll answer all of your questions."

I stood up and walked around the table. I made a show of straightening my dress, wiggling my hips, knowing that Roger was staring at my ass under the tight fabric. I left him behind and walked in the direction of our bedroom, confident my poor, poor husband would follow.



WHEN ROGER FINALLY made it to the bedroom, I was standing at the end of the bed, waiting for him. He walked towards me. Well, stumbled, actually. The three glasses of wine and his own lust we're making it hard for him to walk.

I met him by the chair, the same chair he had sat in the first night with Jason and again on Christmas Eve. I kissed him, peeling off his coat. His kisses were sloppy, but passionate and I let his tongue flail against mine as I pushed his jacket off and shoved him into the chair.

"Jackie, what?" He murmured, but I silenced his fears with my kisses, unwilling to let him think too much about what was happening.

I slid down between his legs and rubbed my hands across the top of his thighs.

"Can we use the bed?" Roger asked.

"In a bit." I smiled and pushed him back against the seat.

Slowly, slowly I unbuttoned his pants, trailing wet kisses on the hairy trail from his round belly down to the gray thatch of pubic hair

poking out of the top of his pants. Roger groaned, all protests gone as I found his cock.

I had thought it was small compared to Jason's, but compared to Malcolm's it was nothing but a poor, white worm. I giggled at the thought and heard Roger groan in agony. Still, the shame and embarrassment made his little cock twitch against his soft belly.

"It's okay, baby." I shushed him, patting his cheek. Then, I slid my fingers over his lips, slipped one into his mouth as I kissed the round flesh of his belly. Finally, I put my mouth on his cock.

It was exciting, my husband sucking on my fingers as I slid my mouth over his small penis. He was hard and throbbing, the sour taste of precum on my lips.

Hidden under the chair, out of sight, were the wide leather straps Malcolm had bought. As I sucked my husband, I moved my hand from his mouth and grip the cuff. Working by touch I closed the cuff around his ankle, then locked it to another loop attached to the chair leg

Roger didn't even notice. I locked up his other ankle and the excitement was driving me crazy. I tightened my lips on his cock and bobbed my mouth up and down. He was so small, I felt I could suck all of him in, balls and all. That thought in my mind, I worked harder.

I could have sucked him off, let him release his tension inside of my mouth. An orgasm might make the rest of it easier for him, but I didn't want it to be easier. I wanted him tense and frustrated. I wanted him on the edge.

So, I sucked my husband, giving him the best blowjob I had ever given him, knowing all the while what I was about to do to him. The cruel thrill I felt at my control of him made the feelings in my body even more intense.

I felt rather than heard Roger groan and his fat bottom lifted off the seat. The sharp, bitter taste of his precum hit my tongue and I knew he was ready to blow. I judged my moment, perfectly and as I felt another drop of precum hit my taste buds, I took my mouth away.

Roger cried out in bewilderment and frustration. He flopped like a landed fish on the chair, his hips jerking upwards, involuntarily

searching for the release I had denied him.

That was when my husband finally noticed that his legs wouldn't move.

"Jackie?" He looked up at me, breathing heavily. His skin was red from exertion. "Jackie what are you doing?"

"Don't worry." I said standing over him, smiling as I watched him squirm.

I walked slowly around him, my finger trailing along one shoulder. He flinched at my touch, so turned on that his whole body was one, sensitive nerve searching for release.

"It will all be over soon." I cooed as I knelt down behind him.

I pulled his arm behind his back. He let me do it, unable to resist me. I enclosed his wrists in the leather restraints. Then, I tenderly pushed Roger's arms together and secured his wrists with a loud, final click.

I stood up, brushing my hands together at a job well done. I looked down at Roger, quivering in the chair.

I was pleased with my work.

I stood in front of him and ran my hands over my curves and struck a pose. I wanted him to see what he couldn't have.

"You didn't think I bought this dress for you, did you?" I smiled.

"Jackie, please. Don't." The blood left Roger's face as the truth of this night was beginning to penetrate his lust-filled brain.

"I'm sorry, baby" I said looking over his shoulder. "This was all part of the deal."

Roger tried to look over his shoulder but the restraints kept him from turning.

"Wh...what deal?" Roger's voice was a thin, high-pitched whine.

"Our deal." Malcolm Brown said from the doorway.



## 13



Malcolm stepped into the room, brushing past Roger and pulled me into his arms. We kissed as Roger looked on, Malcolm's hands exploring my body. I heard Roger mewling in agony as his rival, this older, black man, explored every inch of his wife while he couldn't move. The pain must be sharp, the sight sticking a steel pin into all of Roger's hopes.

Malcolm and I kissed for several minutes. Finally, I turned to Roger and locked eyes with him.

"Are you ready for your Valentine's Day gift?" Roger was frozen in shock as Malcolm once again pulled me towards him, jealous of the attention I was giving my husband.

I kissed him with more energy now. My husband fading into the background as I sucked and bit at Malcolm's lips. Malcolm pulled my dress over my shoulders peeling me like a piece of ripe fruit. The expensive dress fell to the floor, forgotten at my feet. I clung to my lover, dressed only in my bra and panties, my tongue deep in his mouth.

Malcolm push me away and held me at arm's length. I found myself holding my breath under his cold stare. My heart beat faster as I turned. Finally, he grinned and my chest swelled with pride.

"Beautiful." He said, admiring my body. "Simply beautiful."

I should have felt like a piece of meat. Or a slut. Instead, I felt happy. Happy that my man found me desirable. I so wanted to please him.

We kissed once more, briefly. Malcolm spoke in my ear. It was low, but loud enough so Roger could hear him.

"Get on your knees, bitch. Get on your knees and worship that cock in front of your husband."

I smiled, not at all upset at his insult. I knew it meant he wanted me, needed me. I nipped playfully at his lip with my white teeth, then slid down his body. I came to a rest on my knees and looked up at him, still grinning.

I ran a hand over his crotch, felt the monster lying in wait. He was huge and throbbing, even through his pants and I wanted it in my mouth so bad. But I held back. Malcolm didn't just want a blowjob. Worship it, he had said. Worship it in front of Roger. I spared a glance at my husband and saw his wide, wet eyes staring back. His little cock peeked out from the zipper of his pants waving at me like a good, little soldier.

I laughed at him, as I unbuckled Malcolm's pants, pulling open his fly. I kissed the hard muscles of his belly. The tip of my tongue scooped out his belly button.

I kissed lovingly down his muscles to the thatch of crinkly, white pubic hair. The hair tickled my nose when I kissed the base of his huge cock. The rest of his flesh was still wrapped snug in his pants, held back by the fabric. I kissed and licked his pubic hair, buried my face in his musky, animal scent. Finally, I pulled his pants down and freed that heavy monster from its lair.

"Oh my God!" I cried as it popped upwards.

I stared at Roger over the thick flesh.

"See, baby." I chuckled. "I told you it was longer than Jason."

Malcolm and I both laughed and then I proceeded to give him the worship he deserved. I started by removing his pants then running my tongue up the underside of his balls, all the way to the tip. His cock was delicious, salty and sweaty, and I slathered it with all the love and attention I could give it.

When his thick, black flesh was wet and glistening, I turned my attention to his balls. I took them in my mouth one by one and rolled them around with my tongue. I let each one pop wetly from my lips leaving trails of spit dripping down my chin.

"You ever suck your husband's cock like this?" Malcolm asked.

"Never." I said, lapping at his balls. "Only for you."

I heard Roger gasp and Malcolm chuckled at my husband's pain. It was true and Roger knew it.

"He doesn't deserve this kind of blowjob." I said, enjoying the wheezing groan from my husband. "He has never deserved it."

Malcolm groaned in pleasure and I chuckled around his thick flesh as went back to my worship.

Finally, when I had every inch of Malcolm's cock wet and dripping, I shoved his thick head into my mouth. I took him in as far as he would go. Not nearly all the way, but far enough to choke the breath from my body. I dug my hands into his tight buttocks and shoved him even further in until my mouth became a wet, hungry hole for him to ruin.

I bobbed up and down on him until my jaw ached and my face was dripping. He popped from my mouth, hard and wet. I lifted the slippery shaft up against his belly and I buried my face in his heavy scrotum. I revelled in the feel of his heavy balls rolling across my cheeks.

Malcolm shifted, lifting his cock away from me and turning his body. His slimy balls slid across my face and when my tongue hit that rubbery space between the base of his cock and his asshole I knew what he wanted.

Malcolm bent over and planted his hands on the top of my marriage bed. I grinned at Roger, moving Malcolm's body so that Roger could watch as I spread his ass cheeks, pulled them apart and exposed his dark, wrinkled anus.

"Oh my God!" I heard Roger cry and I giggled happily.

I stabbed my tongue into Malcolm's puckered hole with my tongue, cleaning him, loving him with my mouth. Malcolm reached behind him and pulled me further between his cheeks, smothering me with the rank flesh of his ass. I moved my whole face up and down between his buttocks, using my mouth to probe his hole as I passed. Both my hands, slick with spit, worked his beautiful cock up and down as I cleaned him, proving my love for him with my tongue, my lips, my whole face.

I'd never done this for anyone. Not for Roger. Not for Jason. Only for Malcolm. The idea that Roger was watching the woman he worshipped degrade herself for his rival urged me on and I dug even deeper, cleaning my lover inside and out.

Finally I fell back, gasping, my face sticky with spit. I gave Malcolm's asshole a few more loving licks, then turned over and laid my head back against the side of the mattress so he could shove his hard, black flesh into my mouth.

He crouched over me and fed me that cock until it hit the back of my throat. It stretched the spongy opening to my gullet, forcing me open. Suddenly, Malcolm wasn't just fucking my mouth, he was fucking my throat. His balls slapped wetly against my cheeks and the bedroom was filled with strangled, gurgling sounds as I smothered myself trying to please my lover.

Malcolm pulled out of my mouth and I coughed up a huge gout of spit and precum until long strands of slime dripped from chin.

"Good girl, Jackie." Malcolm said and I smiled up at him with my ruined face.

"Anything for you, baby." I murmured lovingly.

"It looks like little Roger's feeling all left out. Maybe you should give him a kiss and show him you still love him."

I looked at Roger, whose face had turned pale at Malcolm's words. I gave him an evil smile and crawled over to him, my face dripping.

"No...Jackie..." Roger shook his head back and forth as my hands clawed at his pants and I pulled myself up to face him.

"But, Roger," I pouted as he turned his face away. "I just want to show you how much I love you."

"No!"

I gripped his face in both hands and forced his head forward. Before he could protest any further, I planted my lips on his mouth.

He fought me, but I was too strong for him and my tongue speared into his mouth. I swirled my tongue around, making sure that Roger could taste Malcolm's ass and cock. Roger's need for me was too great to deny and he gave in, kissing me fervently.

I broke the kiss and sat back on my haunches. Roger was staring at me, bleary eyed, his glasses crooked. I giggled and straightened them out on his face.

"I love you, Roger." I said and patted him on the cheek.

Then, I left my husband in his chair and crawled back to my master..

"You're all mine now right, Jackie?" Malcolm said as he looked down at me. My profession of love for my husband must have made him jealous. He needed to reassert his control.

"Yes!" I said. "I'm all yours."

"Jackie! No!" Roger cried.

Malcolm laughed.

"Your husband doesn't believe you. Why don't tell him how it is, Jackie?"

Malcolm helped me to my feet and I swayed like I was drunk. I suppose I was, in a way. Drunk on Malcolm's huge cock. I looked blearily at Roger.

"I'm sorry, baby."

Malcolm sat on the bed, gripped my hips with strong hands and guided me to his lap. I spread my legs and crouched, hovering over Malcolm's black flesh. I wanted Roger to see the swollen folds of my pussy the moment before Malcolm took me. I wanted him to see all that he was about to lose.

"I'm his now. Not yours, Not mine. His."

Malcolm wrenched me downwards, impaling me on his huge cock. I screamed in pain as the thick, fat head split the folds of my pussy and pierced me all the way to my womb in one, savage push. I lost my footing and fell backwards, but Malcolm held me up with wiry arms of hammered steel. I quivered, stuck on his cock, the hard flesh stretching me, deforming me, filling every inch of me.

"Tell him to watch." Malcolm commanded. "Tell him to watch so he can see why you belong to me."

"Watch me, Roger!" I pleaded desperately. "Watch him take your wife, Roger. Please. Open your eyes."

I could see Roger open his eyes. He was transfixed by Malcolm's cock between my legs. I continued watching Roger and felt the intense pleasure as his eyes filled with tears. Still he didn't look away. He couldn't look away as his superior rival took everything from him.

And he liked it. Some primal pathetic portion of Roger loved it. He groaned and his little penis twitched violently. I felt a stab of pity for him, but the pity only turned to lust as Malcolm tore me open.

He was too big. Too fucking big and I screamed in pain as he hit the tight entrance to my womb. The huge head of his cock crashed against my cervix. Pain speared through my guts, yet my body still craved it.

I rode him in tortured agony for a few long moments. Finally, my body relaxed and accepted all of Malcolm's sweet, hard flash.

"Oh God, Roger!" I cried out to my husband. "God, I love it so much!"

"Is it better than his?" Malcolm growled and I opened my eyes without realizing they were shut.

I looked right at Roger and stared deep into his eyes. For a moment, I wanted nothing more than to be able to turn back the time and avoid all the hurt and the pain that I was causing him.

Malcolm lifted my ass upwards until just the tip of his manhood was left inside me. His hands tightened on my hips and I took a deep breath.

He slammed me back down, his thick flesh spearing me all the way to my core. The pain burst through me giving way to the intense pleasure of being filled by a man. A real man.

I screamed, no longer able to hold back the truth.

"Yes!" I rolled my hips eagerly, stirring my insides with Malcolm's huge, black cock. "So much better! The best I've ever had!"

"That's right." Malcolm grunted in satisfaction. "That's it Jackie. You tell him, baby!"

Spurred on by Malcolm's pleasure, I bounced harder on his hard flesh. Each time I stabbed myself a little more of my marriage slipped away. With each word out of my filthy mouth I saw more and more of Roger's heart break.

And I craved it! I craved that heart break. Roger deserved this for giving me away, for letting me do this. It wasn't fair, it wasn't rational, but the violent thoughts whirled dangerously through my brain.

I was killing my marriage on Malcolm's cock. I was murdering Roger's love for me with each savage thrust.

"I love him, Roger!" I screamed. "More than I ever loved you!

Malcolm's cock was so deep. My guts felt like they were being pulled out every time I rose up, only to be slammed back in with each thrust. I was being pulled inside and out. The intense pleasure was too much for my brain.

I was going to cum, but I needed Roger to know what I felt. I needed him to know his place. I needed him to understand.

"I want him, Roger! I need him!" I cried and then I looked at him and I drove the final nail into Roger's heart. "I... I stopped taking the pill!"

"What?" Roger cried. "No...Jackie...no, no, no."

"Yes!" I screamed and my orgasm ripped through me like a knife. I quivered and jerked on Malcolm's flesh, the walls of my pussy clutching at him, hugging him, holding him inside of me as the rest of my body jerked helplessly.

Finally, my body stopped moving and I fell forwards, my hands on my knees, looking at Roger through a curtain of my tangled hair.

"This is what he wants, Roger. He wants all of me."

Malcolm's strong arms picked me up. I stood up and turned around, my back to Roger leaving him to stew in his own humiliation.

I looked down at Malcolm's face and saw something underneath the gleam of lust in his eyes. It was the soft, warm look of love. I met that look with my own and gave him a wide, genuine smile.

"I love you, baby." I said to him, using words I'd only used for Roger. "I love you, Malcolm. My Malcolm. My Professor."

Then, we kissed and any hope Roger had the I would ever be his again was pushed aside by our probing tongues. My whole body was filled with love. A savage, primal love born of a need I never knew I had. Roger's affection was weak and pitiful next to this all-consuming passion.

I know it was wrong. Maybe I had always been a terrible person. Maybe I had given myself to Malcolm to prove to Roger just how

terrible I could be. To prove it to myself. The truth didn't matter anymore. I was Malcolm's, body and soul.

And if there was any doubt, Malcolm destroyed it by throwing me to the bed, spreading my legs, and burying his big, black flesh deep inside of me.

"I'm going to give you what you want, Jackie." Malcolm's whole face was intense, serious. His lust was being held back by his massive will, held back long enough to show me how much my surrender meant to him. "I'm going to take you."

"Yes!" My voice was a high-pitched, pleading whine I did not recognize. "Yes! Please take me! Please take me! I want your baby!"

I continued like that, begging him to take me. To shove his cock inside of me and give me his child. I had never wanted anything so much in my life than to feel Malcolm's cock explode inside of my unprotected body.

What did Roger see? I can only imagine, but I assume it was two bodies locked in a tight embrace that could only be called love. White, delicate limbs wrapped over ugly, black muscle. His loving wife's pleas punctuated by the wet smack of flesh as the two lovers worked in unison to consummate their union. His wife using all of the pet names and words she had once reserved for him. Using those words, to spur on her black lover.

It was too much for him, I know that now. I didn't see him suffer, but I know he was. What must have happened to Roger's mind when Malcolm cried out and buried himself inside of me. Valentine's Day, a day you spend with your true love and here I was accepting another man in front of him. Giving him my body, my heart and my womb. And all Roger could do was look on as his whole world exploded around him.

I wasn't aware of any of that at the time. My sole focus was on Malcolm's body and giving him pleasure. After several minutes of furious pounding, I felt him go rigid. There was a deep throbbing pulse as his flesh expanded inside of me. In that last moment as his body filled me, I kissed him, completing the connection so our bodies were one.

As our lips touched, I felt him groan in my mouth and I swallowed his groan, relishing the loss of control I had caused, however brief it might be. He gave himself to me, all of himself, his flesh melting inside of me in hot spurts of thick, white cum.

He was going to get me pregnant. He was filling my belly up with a baby. I cannot describe the pleasure. It lit up everything, my nerves, my skin, my brain. My womb responded and I imagine that my egg released into my womb at the moment, eager to bathe in Malcolm's potent seed.

We kissed each other for long minutes, revelling in our love, as Roger looked on. I wrapped my legs around Malcolm's waist. I wanted him to stay inside of me for as long as possible, so I could feel him as he slowly softened, my body milking the last bits of seed from his body.

Finally, our kisses subsided and that's when I heard Roger sobbing. It was a distant sound, niggling at the back of my mind as I flitted in and out of consciousness.

*I'm sorry. I thought. I'm so sorry.*

I felt the bed move, dimly aware that Malcolm was leaving me. I tried to stop him, but I was too weak from my orgasm to move.

I heard another shift on the bed and rolled my head to the side.

"Malcolm?" I murmured.

I felt something, something wet and slippery between my legs. I opened my eyes.

Malcolm was above me, stroking my hair. I was disoriented by the sight of him. If he was up here, who was between my legs?

"What?" I moaned and struggled up on my elbows, just as Roger stabbed his tongue deep inside of me. "Roger?"

After so many weeks of eating my pussy, Roger had become a master. He knew what he was doing as he scooped the thick streams of cum from my thighs, my lips, and deep inside my wet flesh. I could smell the acrid scent of my wrecked pussy as Roger opened me up and wiped me clean with his tongue.

My exhaustion disappeared as Roger worked on my pussy. He was good, but that wasn't why the orgasm began to build again. It

was the sight of my husband, my poor abused husband with his face buried in my sticky, used flesh.

Roger still loved me. Even after all of the abuse, he still needed me. Needed to taste me. Needed to worship me.

"Oh, that's it, baby!" I urged him on, heard him hum in response. "Clean me up! Please. Show me how much you love me!"

The orgasm, when it came, was hot and hard, causing a fresh wave of juices to flood my pussy and drip over Roger's tongue. I felt a whole new warmth fill my body. A whole new feeling.

I still loved Roger and he still loved me.

I pushed Roger's face from my pussy and pulled him into my arms. His face was sticky and gleaming, glazed with me and Malcolm's juices. I tasted us on his lips, Malcolm's salty cum and my own tangy juices.

"Tell me you love me." I said.

"I love you." Roger said.

I grinned and gave him one last kiss.

"I know."

I pushed him to the floor and he landed heavily. His little white cock stood up between his legs, waving for attention. I ignored it as Malcolm took Roger's place on the bed, smiling down at the man he had beaten.

"Thank you." Malcolm whispered in my ear. "You are mine now."

"Yes." I said, looking at Roger, kneeling at my feet. "I am."

We kissed again and only broke the kiss so I could say the words I had wanted to say since this day began. Words I knew Malcolm would love. The only words that could commemorate this moment in our lives.

"Happy Valentine's Day."

Malcolm laughed as he pulled me to the bed, leaving Roger alone and quivering on the floor.



I awoke at 4:30 in the morning, ripped out of a wonderful dream. I rolled over on my back, recognizing the hungry cries of the baby in the nearby crib.

"I'm coming, baby." I said softly as I rolled out of bed.

I padded over to the crib and looked down at my beautiful daughter. Even squalling like a banshee, she was beautiful, a perfect mixture of her parent's DNA. She had my cheekbones and the flashing, pale green eyes. When she was happy, she had a mischievous smile that, even at six months old, spelled trouble.

And, of course, there was her exotic, caramel colored skin that showed quite clearly she was *not* Roger's daughter.

I scooped up Malcolm's child and held her close, her small body squirming against me. My breasts responded to the cries and the smell of my milk filled the space between us.

"Hush!" I said and we sat in a chair next to the window. The same chair, in fact, that Roger had sat in that first time he had seen me with Jason.

I looked over at the bed. In what was once Roger's spot was another, darker figure. Malcolm. I had finally tired him out after three orgasms and he was at rest, a sated lion, his wild white hair spread out on Roger's pillow.

Malcolm never did move into his apartment. Instead, he had taken up residence in our home, in Roger's bed, with Roger's wife. He had thoroughly taken Roger's place as my husband in all but name.

Roger kept his job as dean. In fact, with Malcolm's help, the faculty had updated the conduct policy guaranteeing personal privacy. In other words, what happened in someone's home stayed

in someone's home. Roger and Malcolm had even passed an amendment that unbecoming conduct also included spreading salacious rumors and innuendo among the staff.

I sincerely hoped Madeline Corday spit blood when she heard about that.

I thought about Roger as Sophia ate her fill and drifted off to sleep, my warm milk still on her lips. I put her back to bed and went to look for my husband.

It wasn't hard to find him. After some cajoling and teasing, Roger had been forced to live in the basement so that Malcolm could stay upstairs with me and Sophia. However, Malcolm had let him keep his study as he preferred to work in his office at the college. That was where I found him, perched on his stool, putting together another model.

I noticed that he looked older and thinner than usual. The long weeks of chastity and the birth of Sophia had weighed heavily on him. He had retreated further and further away from me, in an attempt to shield himself from the shame and humiliation of being replaced by the new man of the house.

I walked up to him and slid a hand up his back. He shivered, his hands trembling as he tried to fit two pieces together. It wasn't fear. It was intense need.

How long had it been since I had touched Roger? At least a month. What with the new baby and the...demands...Malcolm placed on my body, there had been little thought of Roger's needs. It wasn't that I didn't care about Roger. I still loved him. But what I had told Roger in the heat of passion on Valentine's Day was true.

I loved Malcolm and his needs would always come first.

It was cruel, I know, but Roger had every chance to walk away. Malcolm would have let him keep his job until retirement. Still, Roger would have lost half of everything in the divorce, including his benefits.

Given all that, I think Roger would have walked away from it all except for one thing.

He would have lost me.

The idea that Roger still loved me filled me with a warmth I cannot explain. It was love, and sex and power all rolled up into a neat little package that was my pathetic, cuckold husband. The heat swirled in my stomach as I slipped easily between Roger's legs, sliding my nightgown clad body against his crotch and looked down at the model he was working on.

"Are you finally finishing that old thing?"

It was the HMS Falmouth, the very model I had gotten him on black friday. The same model I had broken the last time Jason and I had sex. The gift that had started it all.

"Yes," Roger said, putting his hands on my hips. He was trembling, scared of what I might do to him.

I didn't blame him.

"Well, I need you to watch Sophia tonight. Malcolm and I are going out to celebrate."

Roger dropped his hands and looked away, his cheeks red. He loved Sophia, he really did, but to be regulated to babysitter while I got dressed up and went out on a date with Malcolm still stung his pride.

"Celebrate what?" Roger asked.

"Well, I'm not sure I should tell you. You might get mad." I laughed and patted his cheek. "Still, since you've been a good boy, I'll give you a hint."

I placed his hand on my belly, the belly where, even now a new life grew. I hadn't planned on getting pregnant again so soon, but Malcolm wanted it and what Malcolm wants, Malcolm gets.

"No." Roger gasped, realization dawning on his face.

"Oh yes!" I laughed

"Jesus, Jackie!" Roger was huffing now and twisted his torso, trying to get away from me.

I moved forward, pressing my hip into his crotch. I felt the poke of the metal cage around his cock. Roger groaned in pain.

Malcolm had insisted that Roger stay in chastity. It amused him that his boss at the college couldn't even get an erection without his approval.

"So. You'll watch Sophia tonight, won't you?" I murmured. "For me?"

I bumped my hip against his tortured cock and he squirmed in his seat.

"O...ok, Jackie."

"Good boy." I said and I rewarded him with a hot, forceful kiss.

Roger moaned, his hands becoming more confident, pulling me into him even though the cage must have been causing him pain. I let him have a free grope. Then, I bit his lip between my white teeth until he squealed in pain and pulled away from me.

I walked away from him, laughing as he rubbed his bruised lip.

"Oh and Roger?" I said as I opened the door. "If you're really good, I'll let you out to play."

I pulled the key to his chastity device from my shirt and dangled it on the fine, gold chain.

Roger's mouth spread out in a hopeful grin and I laughed at the desperate expression on his face.

"I love you, Jackie." He said.

"I know." I smiled and shut the door behind me.



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