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EXPLICIT!**

**My Innocent Hot Wife
Was Seduced By Her Rich,
Hung, Black, LA Boss!**

MC Sizematters

My Innocent Hot Wife Was Seduced By Her Rich, Hung, Black Boss!

A busty horny babe gets a dream job working with a hot Hollywood agency and becomes addicted to weed, hot sex, bisexual beauties, and the biggest ebony shafts imaginable.

By MC Sizematters

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Table of Contents

[Two Minute Hero](#)

[A Little Help From A Trophy Wife](#)

[Finding The Right Girl](#)

[First Day Feeling Up](#)

[Post-Orgasmic Ride](#)

[A Fantastic F-ing Promotion](#)

[Hard Black Muscle](#)

[Working Late, Working Hard](#)

[Big Trophy For An Even Bigger Star](#)

[Call Me Daddy](#)

[Steve the Little Stud](#)

[Costume Cum Loudly](#)

[Oiling a Black Beast](#)

[A Big Black Addiction](#)

[Welcome to the BCC](#)

[An Oral Obsession](#)

[Mandingo Charity Bang](#)

Two Minute Hero

“I got it! I got it!” Paige exclaimed, jumping up and down, phone in hand. She had just re-read the text three times to be sure. Her voice rose higher in excitement. “I got the job! I did it!”

“That’s wonderful!” Steve jumped up from the couch, smiling proudly at his beautiful wife. He crossed their small living room to the kitchen and put his hands on her shoulders. “I’m so proud of you! This will really help things around here. What does it pay?”

“Oh... Um... you know, I was so focused on getting the job, I didn’t ask.” Paige said, blushing. “I’m sorry, I was so happy to get the job, I didn’t think to ask. But it’s an expensive firm, so it’s got to be good, right?”

“Oh, honey...” Her husband shook his head. Silly girl. He let his hands slide down from her shoulders, over her breasts, and down to her hips. “It doesn’t matter. Anything helps.”

“I feel silly now.” She said, looking down at her feet. Then she turned her big blue eyes up at her husband. He could never stay mad when she looked at him like that. “You’re not mad at me, are you?”

“Mad? No. I’m in the mood to celebrate!” He said, eyeing his excited wife lasciviously. He pulled her against him, and she could feel what kind of celebration he had in mind.

Still, it was hard to resist. Paige was a normal twenty-seven-year-old woman, with normal sexual urges. Maybe a few more urges than normal. She was a sucker for her husband’s erections, finding her arousal quickly triggered, they still had sex like newlyweds, even a few years into their marriage.

Despite her excitement over her new job, the pretty brunette felt a different kind of excitement begin to well up. Putting her arms around Steve’s neck, she pressed her lean body against his, her lips inches from his. “I can feel your need to celebrate.”

"Oh yeah, I really need to celebrate you." Steve said, his lips teasing hers. He let his hands slip from her hips, around to cup her firm ass. Squeezing her butt elicited a seductive "ooh" from his wife as she leaned in to kiss him.

"Take me to the bedroom then, stud." She replied, pressing herself against his hardened erection. She was hooked now. Once she was horny, there wasn't much stopping her. Steve had learned this on her first visit to his mother's place for thanksgiving dinner when she dragged him into the downstairs powder room for a quickie during the football game's halftime. With his mother and father ten feet away, squatted down and blew her then boyfriend until he was hard, then bent over the counter, flipped her dress over her ass, and looked over her shoulder using the gaze she was using on him now. Despite his fear of being discovered, he frantically fucked his cute brunette girlfriend. He lasted two minutes. That was when he decided he was in love. "I want you to celebrate me hard."

"How about I just celebrate you here?" He said, pulling her T-shirt up over her head, grabbing her breasts while she disentangled her arms from the shirt. Pulling her bra to the side, he quickly sucked her nipple into his mouth.

Paige gasped with the sudden stimulation, and wrapped her arms around his head, holding him close while she pulled him backwards until her ass leaned up against the marble island. She pulled up her yoga pant clad leg against him, urging him to grasp her firm thigh, and pressing himself against her heat.

Paige fumbled with Steve's slacks, pulling open the button, and reaching down to grasp his hard cock. She slowly stroked it, egging him on, her pussy wet and aching to be fucked. She groaned in passion, "I want you in me."

Looking up, his gaze heavy with lust, he pushed in to kiss her hard. Then, leaning back, his erection pressed against his wife, he let his eyes rove down her body. Her full, firm breasts, nipples pointing stiffly, her toned tummy, and the gentle swell of her hips

encased in tight spandex. Hooking his thumbs under the elastic waist, he pulled the tights down her slim, shapely thighs, sliding off her calves. Paige held herself up, perched on the counter as Steve pulled the pants free from her feet.

Paige spread her legs in anticipation, her well-trimmed pussy a wet, pink target for Steve. But even on his toes, Steve wasn't quite tall enough to fuck her on the counter. Her husband only had an inch or so over her own five-foot-eight height. He may have been able to fuck her on the counter if he had a foot-long penis, but Steve was extremely average in that department. Still, Paige smiled inwardly at the idea of such an impossibly huge organ hanging from his slim frame.

"Come here." He said, smiling through gritted teeth. Putting his hands on her ass, he pulled her off the counter and pressed against her. Pulling her thigh up in his hand, he thrust, trying to slide his hard cock into her wet pussy. After several attempts, she reached down and positioned him at her opening, guiding him into her tight folds.

A moan of pleasure escaped her lips as he began to eagerly thrust, sliding his cock as deep as he was able with every stroke. It felt wonderful, and in her euphoria over her new job, Paige quickly felt an orgasmic tension begin to build in her legs. She put her arms around Steve and held him close, urging him to fuck her harder. She didn't orgasm easily, but it happened usually when he was aggressively pounding her pussy. The only drawback with that was...

"Oh fuck yeah..." Steve groaned, thrusting hard, his body tensing. He was going to cum soon. And Paige wasn't quite there yet.

"Not yet... Don't cum yet... Fuck me..." Paige pleaded, trying to push back along his cock, hitting her clit against his body. But it was quickly apparent that he wouldn't last long enough for her to cum.

"I'm gonna fucking cum..." He gasped, pounding his hard cock as fast as he could. He was beyond control. "Are you close"

Paige was close, but not that close. But she was a dutiful wife. Her mother advised her before she got married that a good wife *a/ways* came. So, Paige pulled her husband tight against her breasts, enjoying the sensation of his mouth on her nipple as he sucked on it. "Yeah baby, come on, give it to me..."

Steve let out a shivering moan as he thrust, pressing himself as deeply as possible, his cock twitching in her tight pussy as he pumped his semen into her. Paige, for her part, gasped and moaned, matching his orgasm with cries of passion.

She held him close, making noises as his orgasm subsided, his thrusting slowing to a stop. A few moments later, he pulled his deflating cock from her, cum drooling down her thigh as he did.

"That was fucking amazing, babe. You felt so good. Did you cum too?" He grinned through the glow of his orgasm.

"What do you think, stud?" Paige said with a sexy smile. But her smile wasn't a result of his sexual performance, it was a result of what her finger was doing to her engorged clit. Maybe Steve didn't last long enough to do it, but she was going to cum one way or another. She decided to keep up her little white lie. "You were so hot, I need to cum again. Ooh... Wanna lick my pussy, stud?"

"Eww, no!" Steve said, looking at his cum still dripping from his wife's pussy. "That'd be gay!"

"You're loss, stud." Paige sighed. She hadn't expected him to go down on her. He rarely did at the best of times. But it didn't matter. She could feel her orgasm building again, her fingers working their magic on her hard clit. She could hear the sound of her wet pussy as she rubbed herself.

Closing her eyes, her lips opened in a gasp of ecstasy as she brought herself, legs shaking, to an orgasm. She whimpered in pleasure, her fingers still rubbing her clit. This felt so good. The fit brunette needed the release.

When she opened her eyes again, her finger still delicately sliding over her wet pussy, she saw Steve a few feet away, distracted by the television. He was munching on a tortilla chip, his pants still around his ankles, and his flaccid dick hanging in the breeze. With a sigh, she hopped down from the counter and grabbed her yoga pants, before heading off to take a shower. Grabbing her waterproof vibrator, she brought herself to another orgasm waiting for the water to warm up, followed by two more in the shower. *Fuck Steve*, she thought to herself. *I'll celebrate myself for landing that job.*

A Little Help From A Trophy Wife

Three weeks ago

"You're making us look bad!" Called a stunning forty-something from blonde across the street. Jane Goldman had taken to Paige as soon as she'd moved in, and not just because the pretty, young brunette was around during the day. The two felt an instant rapport and had already spent many afternoons getting day-drunk on her collection of fine wine.

"Jane! You make all of us look bad!" Paige called back, looking both ways before crossing the street. It was difficult not to stare at the stunning woman.

Jane Goldman could rightly be called a trophy wife. When the twenty-four-year-old Jane Schmidt married her older husband, David Goldman, his still youthful looks belied their twenty-year age gap. Despite their honest love affair, Jane was most definitely also his trophy wife. She knew David wouldn't have looked at her twice at the country club summer picnic had she not been looking young and hot in a short skirt, and low-cut bare-midriff top. She hadn't been looking to land a rich husband, but her mother made sure she was always dressed to lure one in all the same.

"Says the young hottie dressed in spandex." Jane laughed, holding her arms wide to give the younger woman a hug, air kissing next to her cheek. "How are you Paige? I mean other than slightly sweaty."

"I'm OK. Kind of bored, so I thought I'd go for a run." Paige answered as brightly as she could, trying to hide her stress at their money situation. She always ran when she was stressed. There was something about the regular cadence of her footfalls that calmed her. Since moving to California she'd worked ten pounds off her already slim frame.

"Bored? Well why didn't you call me?" Jane made a show of thinking, finger on her chin. "We need to go out for lunch, and drinks, or just drinks. Go home, get showered, and I'll meet you at Deep in a half-hour."

“Oh, I’d love to...” Paige was suddenly embarrassed. “It’s just I’m a little short on funds this week. I have to pass.”

“Nonsense! I’m buying.”

“That’s so sweet Jane, but I can’t ask you to do that.” Paige answered, her cheeks reddening

“Hon, you know I’m rich, right?”

It was true, Jane’s husband was a very successful business lawyer working in the entertainment business. They lived in one of the few multimillion dollar houses in the area.

“Yes, Jane. I know you’re rich.” Paige replied, grinning. She knew where this was going.

“And you know I get what I want, right?” Paige nodded, the grin getting wider. “Well, what I want this afternoon is to take my best friend out to lunch. After all, I need to fatten you up. I spent an extra hour at the gym this week just to keep up with you.”

“Thank you, Jane.” Paige said, eyes still downcast, but a smile on her face. Jane always made her feel better.

“Don’t think a thing about it.” Jane put her hand on the other woman’s shoulder, pulling it back in distaste. “Oh my, you are sweaty. Yuck. Let’s make it forty-five minutes at Deep. I’ll bring the girls.”

Paige jogged home to shower. She paused in front of the mirror to admire how her added running had leaned out her body that extra little bit. The slight weight loss had accentuated the lower part of her face and made her neck look a little more graceful.

But the change was more dramatic on the rest of her body. Her shoulders and arms were more defined. And as she pulled off her running bra, the sheen of sweat on her tanned skin accentuated her lean frame, slim waist, and gently sculpted abs. And even better, it made her boobs look bigger, and better. Her C-cup breasts already looked large on her slim frame without being ungainly. But with the

additional weight loss, the firm globes looked even more defined and shapely. The only problem, she lamented as she pulled off the tight running pants, was that her already tight glutes seemed even smaller, giving her a bit of a flat ass. But she decided that this was balanced out by the well-defined gap between her fit thighs.

Showered and changed into a comfortable tank top and shorts, Paige headed out to Deep, a local bar and restaurant favored by the local wives in the afternoon.

"Took you long enough!" Jane said from the patio as Paige looked around inside the patio.

"Sorry, I was stinky." Paige laughed, taking the fourth seat at the table.

At the table with the blonde were Rachel Baum and Kim Kreuller. Rachel was a pretty, thirty-year-old with expressive brown eyes, long black hair, a round booty, and great boobs. Kim Kreuller was a petite Thai woman who happily showed off her petite, lithe body in shiny little dresses, especially when they showed off her surgically enhanced breasts.

It was the trophy wives club. Well, not exactly. Rachel was just a hot wife, marrying her high school sweetheart. And Paige didn't consider herself a trophy wife by any comparison. And of the four, only Kim admitted to have been looking to snag a rich husband.

Paige found a tall Mimosa waiting for her. Toasting the others, she downed half of the drink in one sip. Two more sips and it was empty, but the pretty waitress arrived moments later with a refill for all four women. More toasts, and the glasses were quickly empty.

Two hours later, and the four women were happily tipsy, munching on hot wings, rating the asses of men and women walking and jogging by. There was much giggling.

"OK, Paige, spill." Jane said, her straw slurping in her empty glass. She started to look about for the waitress.

"It's nothing, honest." Paige answered, turning her eyes out to the pathway that wound through the little green space behind the bar. "It's fine."

"Martinis!" The shapely blonde said suddenly as she saw the waitress. Waving to get her attention, Jane held up four fingers. "Lemon-tinis!"

Another half hour and Paige was drunk enough to open up. "OK. Here's the problem. We're broke. Well, not broke, but after the mortgage and bills, we have nothing left."

"Well, Steve must be hung like a horse." Kim said, her dark eye glassy from the alcohol.

"No. I mean, what? He's fine, but, what?" Paige asked, confused.

"Well, there's no way I'd hang around if my man had no money unless he had a huge cock!" The perky Asian laughed, slapping Paige's shoulder playfully. "A really big one!" She held her fingers apart seven or eight inches as she laughed.

"It's not like that!" Paige laughed.

"Too bad for you!" Kim quickly retorted.

"But you said Ray was a very-average five inches." Rachel poked at her friend. "My bubbie's longer than that!"

"Yeah, but Ray is *thick*!" Kim said proudly, holding her finger and thumb together to form a large circle. She turned to Paige with a wicked grin. "What about Steve? Hung? Little white dick?"

"What? What does that matter?" Paige answered, laughing nervously. She never talked about this sort of thing.

"It's little." Kim pronounced, turning away dismissively, pausing before breaking out in laughter.

The lemon-flavored martinis arrived and Paige quickly took a sip. She was getting downright drunk. Steve might get lucky tonight.

Jane leaned over to talk to Paige. "OK, now will you tell me what's wrong?"

"Oh, Jane... It's the money." Paige blurted. "Steve doesn't make enough and I can't find a job."

"How much trouble are you guys in?"

"We're paying the mortgage and bills and everything." Paige continued, the words slurring out of her lips. "But we have no spare cash. We can't afford to go out, can't afford to shop, and I'm getting sick of spaghetti every night. I've been trying to get a job, but I'm a couple credits short of my Paralegal. So, they say I'm too qualified for, like, a receptionist, but underqualified for anything better! So instead I hide at home, run, and then hide some more and Steve cums too quick so I don't!"

Paige stopped, taking a deep breath. It had all kind of flown out of her mouth. It felt better to share her shame. She looked down and took another sip of her Lemon-tini.

"Paige." Jane started sternly. "Why didn't you come to me sooner? If you need money, I got it. If you need a friend, I got two shoulders. If you need to relieve some, um, frustration, I got you. And if you need a job... Give me a couple of days. I think I know someone..."

"Really?" Paige said, suddenly brightening.

"There's an agency my daughter used a few times, I've become friends with a couple of the people there..." Jane explained, thinking out loud. "Now it might be more like a receptionist or an ass..."

"Anything! Anything will help." Paige said, interrupting. This meant light at the end of the tunnel. She felt hope for the first time in months. "I don't care."

"Let me make a call." Jane said, excusing herself from the table.

Paige found herself watching the woman's denim wrapped ass, wondering how she could get hers to look as sexy.

Finding The Right Girl

The traffic into Beverly Hills was brutal. Had Paige not been the sort of person to leave doubly early for anything, she wouldn't have made it. Still, she hurried up to the door with only a few minutes to spare. She stood outside for a moment to gather herself.

Checking her reflection, she adjusted her grey pencil skirt, pulling it down closer to her knees. She thought it was a too short and too tight for an interview. She had borrowed it from Kim, who was a little skinnier than Paige, but she didn't have the cash to buy a new one. It was sexy, but maybe too sexy. On top she wore a white blouse with a delicate lace collar, covered by a jacket matching the skirt. It was businesslike, but kind of made her boobs look like they were popping out.

You're worrying too much. You look fine. She thought to herself as she straightened up, smiled, and walked into the building.

Inside the building was a cavernous round room, a receptionist behind a big white desk and, well, nothing else. The room was bare, except for a curved, glass-sided staircase winding its way along the wall to the second floor. There were no signs.

"Hi, um, is this Masters Artist Representation?" Paige asked sweetly to the cute, busty receptionist. She was wearing what appeared to be a designer dress that perfectly hugged her curvaceous form while showing off her cleavage with a daring neckline. The dress looked more like something a movie star would wear, not a receptionist. The blonde looked up and smiled. Paige was briefly mesmerized by the beautiful woman. She should be an actress.

"Paige Milne?" She asked, consulting her screen then looking back up. Paige nodded. The receptionist clicked something on her screen and looked back up. "Welcome. Felecia will be down in a moment to take you upstairs."

“Oh, thank you.” Paige replied, taking a step back to stand awkwardly in the foyer. It smelled wonderful in here. There was some kind of a spicy smelling incense. It lent an exotic feeling to the building. She inhaled deeply, and found the smell calming. After a few seconds, she heard the click of high heels on concrete at the top of the stairs.

A mocha skinned woman appeared at the top of the stairs and confidently began to descend, circling the tall, round chamber. Paige was watching; the tall, slim woman was wrapped in a short grey and gold dress that clung to her modelesque figure, and plunged daringly at the front to enhance her shapely bust-line. Paige just stood there, watching until the woman hit the bottom of the stairs.

“Hi I’m Paige Milne...” She said, confidently stepping forward.

The woman shook her hand, appraising Paige. Eyes roving over Paige head to toe, she made eye contact and smiled. Paige had to look up at the tall woman. “Paige, welcome. My name’s Felecia, I’m head of HR, and I’ll be doing most of your interview today. Why don’t you follow me upstairs?”

Dutifully following, Paige thanked the receptionist and followed the woman up the stairs. She couldn’t believe the outfit that clung to the slender, shapely woman. It was almost like it had been custom made just for her. It hugged every curve, cut short, about two-thirds up her firm thigh, and clinging to her ass. Paige wore three-inch heels, thinking them high. But the woman in front of her, mounted stair after stair in two-inch platform black pumps with at least six inches of heel. As they reached the top of the stairs and walked over to a large, mahogany door, Paige decided that she’d look great in taller shoes, right up to the point she teetered and fell over while breaking her ankle.

As they sat down in an opulent, modern office with a view of the Hollywood hills, Paige did her best not to stare at the woman’s stunning breasts, very visible in the low-cut dress. She closed her eyes briefly, inhaling deeply.

"I brought a copy of my resume." She said, composing herself, trying to look professional.

"No need. I'm aware of your background. But what I need to find out is *who* you are. This job is mostly about people. Your legal background is a nice addition, but we need to talk about how you would deal with highly confidential matters, and very, well, eccentric clients."

"Certainly. Confidentiality is key. Client, attorney privilege." Paige answered; she'd been expecting this question.

"Are you a lesbian, Paige?" Felecia asked.

OK, Paige hadn't been expecting that one. About to answer an emphatic no, she paused for a second, then smiled. "I don't see how someone's sexual orientation comes into the discussion."

Felecia smiled and nodded. "Good answer. Keeping someone else's confidence is no different than knowing when to keep your own."

"That's always been my thinking." Paige smiled, glowing in the compliment.

"We need to talk about hours." Felecia said, switching gears. She always found it helpful in an interview to keep redirecting to keep the applicant on their toes. "We put in a lot of them. We work with celebrities, and they don't tend to be morning people."

"So, lots of evening work?"

"Yes. We have a lot of dinner meetings, and a surprising amount of work gets done at cocktail parties or Hollywood events." Felecia explained seriously. "I can promise you'll attend some wonderful events, and meet some famous people, and I can promise you'll be well taken care of. But I can also promise you'll be working all the time."

"Well, I'm not afraid of hard work, or long hours. I don't have kids, or even a cat. And my hubby is out in the evening half of the

week anyway.” Paige explained earnestly. “Frankly, it sounds exciting.”

“It is.” Felecia smiled oddly. “It’s beyond exciting. You’ll never be the same.”

The conversation continued, talking about several potential client problems, how to handle them. Paige asked some questions about day to day operations, her basic job duties. Paige handled the questions easily.

“Drug use?”

“Who’s doing the drugs?”

“Client.”

“None of my business, unless that’s what they need help with.”

“Covering up dirty photos?”

“Who’s to say what’s dirty? I’m here to help, not judge.”

“Windows or Mac?”

“Don’t care.”

As they chatted, Paige couldn’t help but notice the number of incredibly attractive women working in the firm. She felt like she was sitting in the middle of a fashion show. It made her feel a little timid.

“You seem to have a number of young, beautiful women working here. Is that on purpose?” Paige finally asked.

“Entertainment is about young, beautiful, and hip. It’s not that we hire exclusively young and beautiful women, but I admit, those candidates tend to fit our business model as long as they’re qualified.” Felecia explained candidly. “Is that a concern?”

“No! No, not at all. I’m just not sure I... measure up.” Paige said, blushing.

A seductive smile spread across Felecia’s beautiful mocha face. Paige couldn’t help but be attracted to her. There was

something electric about her.

“Paige. You’re intelligent, engaging, and beautiful. You’ll be a perfect fit.” She said, her eyes looking the brunette up and down.

“Thank you...” Paige blushed more at the compliment. But at that moment she was distracted by a tall black man walking down the hallway, followed closely by a stunning woman, obviously his assistant. He was striking. Close cropped hair, a handsome, masculine face, and a long, lean body in an expensive, and perfectly tailored suit. Paige couldn’t take her eyes off him.

Felecia turned around to see what had captured the interviewee’s attention. Seeing the handsome man, she paused, taking a deep breath.

“Is that...” Paige started to say, slowly.

“James Masters, yes.” Felecia completed the thought, her voice warm in attraction. The man was captivating.

“Senior partner, right?” Paige finally asked as the man turned the corner out of sight.

“Good, you do your homework.” The exotic woman answered. “Senior partner handling some of our highest profile clients.”

“Would I be working for him?” Paige asked, still under the spell of the captivating man.

“You might be on his team... I hear he’s signed a couple hot new clients.” Felecia said, standing. Paige couldn’t help but look at the beautiful woman’s shapely body as she stood to shake her hand. “I have to run this by the partners... But...” She paused, a spellbinding smile coming across her face. “I’m sure you’ll get the job. I think you have everything we’re looking for.”

“That’s wonderful, but...” Paige stopped, trying to hold back a sudden rush of sadness.

“What’s the matter, Paige?” Felecia said, concerned, putting a hand on the brunette’s shoulder. She leaned in close, talking quietly.

“I thought you’d be happy.”

“This seems like a wonderful opportunity...” Paige started, trying to smile. “But it’s just... You all look so beautiful, I mean, you’re stunning. But I don’t have these kinds of clothing. I can’t afford to dress like this.”

“Oh, no. You don’t have to. I forgot to tell you.” The beautiful woman said, smiling. “We’re paid well, but not that well. The company dresses us.”

“The company? Really?” Paige was stunned. The last place she worked at a company that provided clothes, it involved burgers and deep fat fryers.

“Really. Just one of the perks.” Felicia said, her smile warmer, remembering her interview. “We deal mostly with rich celebrities and entertainment executives. We need to present a certain image. We have a designer that dresses us every day.”

Paige couldn’t believe it. The designer outfits she saw on Felicia and the receptionist must cost thousands each. The thought that she might be able to dress in them too made her almost giddy. She couldn’t help it. She embraced the beautiful black woman, stifling a sob of joy. This was going to change her life!

Gosh, this hug feels really good, and her perfume is heavenly...

First Day Feeling Up

After a seemingly sleepless night, Paige was almost manic with excitement. She had awoken, unable to get back to sleep, two hours early. She enjoyed a particularly long shower, being so excited about starting work, she couldn't stop herself from masturbating. So, when she finally emerged, dry, hair done, makeup applied, and wearing the same tight outfit she went to the interview in, she felt pretty good about herself. She still felt the glow from three successive orgasms.

"Ta-da!" She sang, striking a pose for Steve. Her husband had just dragged himself out of bed after a sales dinner last night. He looked like he had a few too many martinis and cigars. He smelled like it too. "So how you like your wifey now?"

Steve looked up from his coffee and did a double-take. His eyes opened wider, and a smile came across his face. "You look fucking hot!"

"Why thank you. I feel hot." Paige said, twirling for his enjoyment, finishing with her hands on her hips, feet apart.

"I think you need a special breakfast before you go." Steve said, a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh? Are you cooking me bacon and eggs? Pancakes? French toast?"

"Sausage." Steve replied, moving to show his erection poking out from his pajamas. He smiled up at her expectantly.

"Steve." Paige said, crossing her arms. "I did not spend almost an hour doing my hair and makeup to ruin it all with you cumming on my face! Ew!"

"Ah, come on. You could swallow?" He tried. His wife looked incredibly sexy, and he really wanted a piece of that ass.

"No! I know you. You like to smear." She said defiantly.

“Well, you can’t leave me like this! You’re just too sexy!” He tried, one more time. Pouting at his knockout wife, his hard cock straining with need.

“OK, I guess *maybe* I can jerk you off.” She said with a grin. The afterglow from her recent orgasms made her a bit, well, horny. Once she came, she immediately craved more. Shower orgasms rarely happened in singles.

Stepping over to stand in front of her husband’s stiff spike of a cock, Paige went to squat down. But looking at the pre-cum already drooling from the tip, she decided that she might be in the spray zone. So, clearing her throat, she walked around to the side, and bent over at the waist.

Taking his hard cock in her hand, she started to slowly stroke it, her fingers curling around the shaft. She smiled as he slid his hand up the back of her leg and between her thighs, rubbing her pussy through her pantyhose. It only took a moment before he was breathing heavily, and after about two minutes, he groaned, cum slowly pumping out of the tip and over her hand.

“There you go, all better.” She said, standing up to wash her hand. “Now, if you don’t mind, I have a job to go to. And, if I remember correctly, so do you!”

“How are you getting there? Bus?” Steve asked, slowly getting to his feet, his deflated penis dripping on the front of his pajamas.

“Didn’t I tell you? They have a shuttle service!” Paige said absently, collecting her purse, phone, and keys. “So, *you* don’t have to drive me to Beverly Hills and back.”

“Huh? Oh, hey, great.” He said, still staring at his wife’s tightly wrapped ass. He started to walk over to give her a kiss.

“Uh-uh sparky.” Paige said, waving him away. “You’re still all drippy.”

Paige blew him a kiss and quickly skipped out the apartment door. It was a pity, she was horny again. His fingers absently rubbing

her pussy through her pantyhose and panties still made her wet.

She found herself on the sidewalk a few moments later looking for the shuttle bus. She was to be picked up at eight-thirty, she was two minutes early. So, she stood out front waiting, and watching. She began to get worried after a few minutes that the bus wasn't coming and she'd be late. She looked up and down the street, stepping around a black Mercedes to get a better look.

"Miss Milne?" The driver of the car said, stepping out. "Paige Milne?"

"Yes?" Paige answered, finding herself looking at a handsome black man dressed in an expensive suit. *Does he need directions? Wait, how does he know my name?* She thought. "Do I know you?"

"Oh, no. I'm Marcus. I'm your driver?" He answered, smiling, reaching for the door. "Allow me."

"What? I mean... I thought you were a shuttle bus..." She said, dumfounded, as the tall man opened the car door. A huge smile spread across her face as she realized that the office had sent her a car and driver, a *Mercedes* and a driver. They must do this for the first day employees. "Marcus. Thank you! And call me Paige."

Climbing into the sumptuous black leather interior of the large sedan, she found herself sitting next to Felecia.

"Good morning Paige. Welcome to the firm." She said warmly. She was dressed in a short red dress that, again, showed off her fine form, and shapely chest. "Sit down, relax. You and I are spending the day together while I get you settled."

"Wow. This is amazing." Paige beamed, her body tingling with excitement. "I expected a bus or something."

"No, Marcus will be your driver in the morning. He'll normally pick and another girl up every morning to drive you into work." She said, nonchalantly, as if she were only discussing lunch hour. "Sit back and relax. When we get to the office we'll have a bite to eat,

you can sign a few things, and we'll get you fitted. It'll be fun, you'll see."

Paige leaned back in the form fitting seat, looking around the expensive car like a kid in a candy store. It even smelled wonderful here. She felt herself push back into the welcoming leather before turning to see the stunning black girl holding a glass of champagne for her.

The car took them directly into the parking garage under the building. They got out next to an elevator door with no buttons.

"First thing. This is your security badge." Felecia said, handing Paige what looked like a black credit card. The beautiful woman nodded to the metal square in the wall next to the elevator. "Try it."

Paige held the card up to the plate. A soft tone came from the elevator and the door slid quietly open. The elevator was trimmed in dark wood and smoked mirrors. The pair stepped in and the door closed. The elevator didn't move. There were no buttons, just a flat screen.

"Go ahead..." Felecia prompted.

Holding the card up, Paige gave an excited little jump when the screen lit up with the words *Welcome Paige* appeared on the screen along with three selections. *Parking* was greyed out. That left two options, *Reception* and *Executive*.

"Reception?" Paige asked.

"Oh no, you're going to the executive floor." The confident, beautiful woman directed.

Paige tingled with excitement. This was almost like a Cinderella story. Poor Paige, picked out of the common people, and given the keys to the kingdom. She pressed the *Executive* button, grinning as she did. She was vaguely aware that, with all the excitement, the heat hadn't dissipated from between her legs, and that her nipples had hardened and were visibly pressed against her blouse.

When the doors opened, the young brunette couldn't help but stand and stare. The office looked even more luxurious now that she was going to be working here every day. She inhaled deeply, the subtle, spicy smell was sumptuous and enticing.

Felecia introduced Paige to the beautiful, Latina receptionist at the main desk. "This is Vera, she knows where everyone is at any second of the day."

"Welcome Paige," She said, standing, her large chest prominent in her low-cut dress. "If you need anything, any questions, whatever, come to me."

Next on the tour, Felecia brought her sexy charge into the break room. The room, appointed in fine wood and leather, looked more like the Ultra First Class lounge at LAX. Several beautiful women, and one somewhat foppish man were picking their breakfast from a selection of fine pastries, and hot plates of food. Paige noticed flutes of orange juice set out.

"Hey! You must be Paige! Welcome!" A gorgeous blonde, sporting a beautiful tattoo sleeve on one arm, said, putting her hand on Paige's shoulder. "Go for the ones with bubbles."

Taking a closer look, Paige noticed that one set of glasses had a sign labeled with a picture of an orange, the other set, labeled with a cartoon of a champagne bottle popping its cork. She turned to Felecia. "Mimosas? At work?"

"Sure! This is Beverly Hills!" Felecia said, taking one of the glasses. "I mean, it's not mandatory, but you're welcome to have one... or two." She giggled.

Already a little buzzed from the car ride, Paige took a glass followed by slice of bacon. Felecia waved over the one man in the room, a geeky fellow, probably in his mid-thirties. He was dressed in a short-sleeved bowling shirt and baggy jeans.

"This is Wally Clark, he's our IT guru. He'll be setting you up with your laptop, a new smartphone, and all of your accounts."

Felecia said, presenting Paige to the slightly disheveled man.

“Oh!” Paige started to say, shoving the bacon into her mouth to free up her right hand. Reaching out to shake his hand, quickly chewing the bacon, she noticed his eyes seemed to be fixated on her breasts. He looked up when she spoke again. “Nice to meet you Wally. You know, I already have an ePhone.”

“That’s OK, we’ll give you a brand-new Constellation Nine. Hottest phone on the market.” He said, meeting her gaze as he shook her hand. His touch was warm and clammy. His eyes seemed to drift back down over her body as he asked, “Do you want to keep your number or do you want a separate one for work? I can always just have your current number forward to the new one if you want.”

“I don’t know that it matters, maybe forwarding is best. I don’t know if I’d rather keep two phones, one for business and one for personal, or if one will work best.”

“OK, I’ll just set your old account to forward for now.” He said, grabbing another donut as he went to leave. “I’ll have the new phone on your desk this afternoon.”

Felecia continued to show Paige around the office, pointing out the bathrooms, printers, and executive offices. Then she showed Paige her desk. It was located in a cube of four desks, but the tall walls made them feel almost like private offices. As promised, her phone sat in front of the razor thin laptop, both pieces of expensive technology reflected the office lights like precious metal.

“Now it’s time to get you fitted.” Felecia said, looking up and down Paige’s tightly wrapped figure. She held out her hand for the other woman. “This is cute, but we need to get you with the program.”

Paige blushed a little as she was led into what looked like an office. But once inside it looked more like a high-end boutique filled with expensive clothing, shoes, and accessories. In the corner was a lit area with a camera and several background curtains.

“Phillip! Fresh meat!” Felecia called when they entered.

A head appeared from behind a rack of clothes. Moments later, a short black man came, well, prancing from behind the rack. He was dressed in expensive slacks and a floral print designer shirt. His eyes widened at the sight of Paige’s outfit. He immediately started tsking and fussing with her jacket.

“Oh dear... Oh my...” He fretted at her, looking her over. He had a slight Caribbean accent to his voice. Paige didn’t know what to think about the flamboyantly gay man. He was handsome, broad, muscular, and attractive, but more like an overexcited puppy at the moment. His cologne surrounded her, tickling her nose, making a subtle smile spread across her lips. He finally stopped and looked her in the eye. “Oh dear, you are so beautiful, and in need of so much help. But don’t worry, Phillip will fix you... Strip!”

“What?” Paige asked, somewhat incredulous. It was also strangely thrilling to be commanded to strip in a business office.

“Girl, how can I size you if you’re all trussed up like a turkey?” The compact black man said, hands on his hips. “Don’t worry, I won’t bite.”

“It’s OK, Paige.” Felecia said, putting her hand on the young woman’s shoulder. “He’s done all of us. Trust me, it’s worth it.”

Paige shrugged, and looked around for the change room. Phillip sighed and pointed to a French screen. “They’re all the same the first time. So timid. Strip down to your undies behind that, then come see me.”

“Phillip, be nice. It’s always weird the first time. Pretty soon she’ll crave her dressings.” Felecia scolded playfully. “You know she will.”

“Oh, I know.” He smiled conspiratorially while he grabbed a measuring tape and a tablet. “You all do.”

Paige took off her clothes behind the screen, embarrassed. She knew this was part of the deal, and the idea of being dressed in

the designer clothes was very exciting. Taking a deep breath, she stepped out from behind the screen, hands clasped nervously in front of her.

“Oh lord.” Phillip exclaimed immediately upon seeing her. “No, no, no! No pantyhose! You must take them off right away. It makes you look like a sausage.”

Blushing, Paige hooked her fingers under the tight waistband to pull them off.

“Turn around, I want to see how much booty I’m working with.” Phillip ordered. Paige, pantyhose half pulled down her ass, turned around. “Not bad... You’re no J-Lo, but nice for a white girl. Firm, good muscle, a few dozen squats a day will round that butt out nicely. OK, come over here, let me measure.”

Paige found it unnerving to have the black man kneeling so close to her nearly naked body. She hoped he couldn’t smell her earlier arousal. He quickly and efficiently measured every inch of her body. It was strangely exciting.

“So?” Felecia asked, returning with another pair of mimosas, handing one to Paige.

Phillip looked at Paige for a moment, holding her gaze. “Absolutely beautiful. Paige, I am going to make you look like a model by the end of the day, maybe even better.”

Paige couldn’t help but break out in a huge smile. *Beautiful? Me?* She thought, unsure why this validation felt so important. She had been stressing about fitting in with all the beautiful women in the office, this was like the passing grade.

“But, we have work to do, you and I.” He said, shooing Felecia away. “Come back in an hour.” He said, regarding Paige standing in her underwear. “Make it hour and a half. Seriously girl, did you grow up on a farm?”

“I’ll come get you for lunch!” The slim, curvy Felecia waved to the nearly naked new employee, leaving Paige alone, in her

underwear, with the flamboyant black man.

“Wait here.” He said suddenly, rushing over to a rack of clothes. He looked through them while he talked animatedly on his phone. He gesticulated madly several times before disconnecting. He had several outfits set aside, but try as she might, Paige couldn’t get a good look at them. Phillip returned and stood in front of her.

“OK, we have to do something about those granny panties. How do you feel about going without underwear?” He asked frankly.

“What? No panties?” Paige said, taken aback. It was a good thing he was gay, otherwise she’d have slapped him for looking at her that way, and talking like this. Still, he was the expert. Every woman in the office looked stunning.

“Commando, my dear. Most of the girls do it.” He said, appraising her. “And those are pretty good tits, do you really need a bra?”

“What? Yes!”

“Oh, just take them off, let’s get you something better. These are terrible.” He said, waiting.

Paige realized he was serious. *God, he smells good.* She found herself thinking. *I guess it’s no different than getting naked in the ladies’ locker room.* With a huff, the pretty woman pulled open her bra, and slid out of her panties. She stood there in front of the man she’d met only a few minutes ago. She began by covering her crotch with her hand, and her breasts with her other arm. Realizing how pointless this was, she dropped them and stood for him to see.

“Good, you trim. Nobody likes a messy pussy.” He started walking around her. He gently probed the bottom curve of her ass. She jumped at the initial touch, but actually found his gentle touch pleasurable.

“OK, now let’s figure out the right cup size.” He said and, without warning slid his hands around her to cup her firm breasts.

A quiet moan escaped her throat as he took them, weighing them in his hands, caressing them. She closed her eyes and licked her lips. She hoped he wasn't offended that she was getting turned on. She could feel her nipples hardening against his touch. Then as suddenly as he had touched them, he let go, heading over to a dresser.

"You have wonderful breasts; firm, full, but still yielding. Amazing." He said as he looked through the drawer before pulling out a few bras. "What about panties? I know that face, no commando. You will soon enough, mark my words."

Reaching for a pair of panties, he motioned her over, watching her breasts move as she walked. Holding up the three bras against her breasts, he considered each in turn. "So, you're either a large C or a small D. You're firm and perky though... You really don't need a bra, I think they move nicely without one, but..." He pulled out one of the three bras, tossing the other two onto the dresser. "But try this, it's a C. I think this one will give you light support, good projection, natural movement. Try this G-string. Panties will wreck your profile. You have a tight little ass, that calls for a tight dress, panty lines will kill you. Oh..."

He ran over to grab something else from the dresser. He returned with a pair of elastic topped stockings. "And no more pantyhose! If I catch you in pantyhose, I'll tear them off you myself. Now put them on and tell me how they feel."

Paige took the delicate garments, surprised by how soft they were. Noticing the label, she realized that this lingerie was worth as much as all of her underwear at home put together. She fumbled, trying to figure out how to put the garments on while standing in the middle of the room.

"Oh, just use the screen. You look like a giraffe trying to learn a clog dance." Phillip laughed, returning to the clothes racks. "I'll figure out this week's wardrobe."

Paige retreated to behind the screen to try on the expensive lingerie. She started with the panties. They could barely be called panties. They consisted of a tiny 'V' of material that dwindled into a ribbon of material. Still, as she slipped them on, the quality and fit were apparent. Adjusting it, it pressed against her pussy just right. And, although she was aware of the thin strip held between her butt cheeks, against her anus, it was incredibly comfortable. She did find the fit of the panties to be, well, a little stimulated. Maybe it was the mimosas talking. Maybe it was just the excitement of the new job.

Slipping the bra over her shoulders, she was amazed at how well the silky garment molded to her breasts. His sizing technique was a little unorthodox, but it worked. Her breasts felt gently swathed, yet as free as if she were naked. The gossamer material was so sheer that it almost looked like she wasn't wearing anything at all. She liked the way that her stiffened nipples poked up in the material instead of the bra flattening them. It felt oh so good.

Finally, she pulled on the stockings. They weighed nothing, but ensconced her fit legs perfectly, the tops holding them up without binding or pulling. As she smoothed them along her leg, she couldn't resist letting her finger stray between her legs to tease her aroused clit. There was something supremely stirring about expensive lingerie, she decided. Looking at herself in the mirror she was surprised at how sexy she looked.

"These are wonderful!" She said stepping back into the middle of the room.

"Paige... I'm speechless. You look like a centerfold." He said, appraising her. He held out a hanger. "Here, this will do for today. I'll have a wardrobe for you by the end of the day."

Paige took the clothes and was surprised. "Yoga pants and a sports jersey?"

"My dear, after Felecia wines and dines you, she's taking you to Rinaldi's for hair and a makeup do over." He said, waving to Felecia as she returned, as if on cue. "And I'm not sending you to get colors

done in a five-thousand-dollar dress. Come back later, and I'll hook you up."

"Wow..." Felecia said, openly appraising Paige's body. Oddly, Paige wasn't offended, in fact, she liked the attention of the exotic woman. "You better get dressed while I can still control myself." She purred, grinning predatorily. "Come on, I'm starving."

Paige pulled on the outfit, grabbed her new phone and purse, and the pair headed out for lunch in an expensive Beverly Hills café. After a heavenly bowl of crab bisque, and two martinis each, Felecia guided a tipsy Paige to the exclusive salon owned by "Stylist to the Stars" Rinaldi. At the door, they were met by a beautiful, tall Asian woman with, of course, a glass of champagne.

They spent the afternoon remaking Paige, or at least, enhancing her in every way. First, with a fresh champagne in her hand, she spent an hour and a half in the chair of an hourglass shaped black woman with huge breasts, and matching hips. She carefully put three different shades of streak into Paige's naturally brown hair.

"Now, you two go, enjoy a massage while your color set." The woman said, pointing them down the hall to a candle-lit room. "I'll come get you when the timer goes off."

Felecia and Paige were met by a pair of exotic, attractive twins. Her Indian accent suggested they'd grown up in India, but had lived in the US most of their lives.

"Go ahead and disrobe." She said matter-of-factly. "Would you like a cocktail?"

Paige's head was already light from all the drinking today. "Thanks, but I think I'm..."

"Going to have a Moscow mule!" Felecia butted in. She started to pull down the zipper on her dress. "It's OK Paige, it's your first day, enjoy the party. The work starts tomorrow!" Paige nodded, tipsy,

looking around for a change room. "Don't be shy. These ladies see more pussy than a porn star."

By the time the brunette looked up, careful not to dislodge the slips of foil in her hair, Felecia had pulled her designer dress from her slim frame. She stood there in a nearly see through bra, and pull up stockings. As Phillip had suggested, she had gone commando. Paige couldn't help but notice that Felecia's pussy was shaved. She found herself staring at the woman's perfect breasts as she pulled off her bra.

"There you are..." The one twin handed her a copper cup filled with the cocktail and ice. Drops of condensation clung outside. "You know, this works much better if you take off your clothes."

"Oh, right..." Paige laughed nervously. She looked for a place to put the cup down.

"Here..." Felecia took the copper cup, smiling at the inexperienced woman's embarrassment. "Don't worry, it's fine."

Pulling her yoga pants off, Paige tried to figure out how to get her shirt up over her hair. The other twin stood behind and guided the shirt over Paige's hair. The three women waited. It took a moment for Paige to realize that they were waiting for her to take off her bra. Reaching behind, she unhooked the lingerie and let it drop from her breasts.

"Beautiful." Felecia pronounced, enjoying the sight of her new employee's perfect tits. Finally turning away, and lying down on the far massage table, propped halfway up, her own stunning breasts sitting perfectly. "If you ever decide to bat for the same team, I'm first in line."

"Come on over, lay down, I promise, you'll enjoy this. No need to be embarrassed." She said, putting Paige at ease. Actually, the booze coursing through her did most of the work at putting her at ease. The second twin pulled an embroidered screen between the two beds. "Roll over, let's start on your back."

Paige complied, the woman's lilting accent calming her. She felt something warm drip onto her back, followed by the surprisingly powerful hands of the young woman. She heard Felecia let out a groan of pleasure as she, presumably, was receiving the same treatment. The sensation was compelling, feeling her work every muscle down her spine.

"You should be feeling all of your tension working its way out of your muscles and into your core. Then we will work on that." The masseuse murmured quietly, shifting from Paige's back to her legs.

There was another loud groan from beside them, making it sound more like Felecia was having sex than a massage. Paige giggled quietly to herself. But moments later she found herself making the same noise as the dark, shapely woman slid her strong grip up Paige's leg, over her thigh, ending her push at the bottom curve of her buttock. She couldn't help but spread her thighs in response. She felt the tension being forced from her thighs, but she could also feel it building somewhere else. She groaned again as the woman repeated the treatment on her other thigh, hearing Felecia moan in unison.

Paige's back arched as the woman started working on her ass, kneading the muscle, her strong hands sliding over the smooth, firm muscle. She felt a whimper escape her lips as the masseuse slid her oil-slicked hands between her cheeks, gently rubbing along the edge of her anus, causing it to tense. Her head was spinning from the drinks, and from the irresistible pressure growing in her pelvis.

"OK, roll over for me." The strong woman whispered.

Breathing heavily, Paige complied. She couldn't think straight, this was all so strange, and so arousing. She hoped Felecia wouldn't notice and be upset with her. She lay there, her body shaking a little, while the beautiful woman dripped more warm oil onto her breasts. She moaned again as her skilled hands worked the oil into her breasts, circling her nipples with her fingers, making them stiff. Then,

eliciting a moan of pleasure as she pinched Paige's turgid points before working her way across her shoulders and down her ribs.

Gently massaging her tight abs, the woman leaned in to whisper in Paige's ear. "You should take off your panties, I don't want to get oil on them."

Paige couldn't resist. Her whole body was trembling. She reached down with shaking fingers and pulled her panties off, pivoting at her hips, legs in the air. She couldn't help it, as she dropped her expensive panties to the side, she spread her legs, writhing as the masseuse started working lower. She felt a drop of wetness drip from her pussy, trickling down towards her pink asshole.

Paige had a problem, well, not really a problem as such, but a peculiarity. When started to get horny, it was like a roller coaster. Once she hit a certain level of arousal, there was no stopping her. She would do almost anything for pleasure, her body driving her to fuck, to cum. And once she came, she needed more. And right now, she was beyond horny.

The woman moved down, working on Paige's shaking thighs. They were aching with sexual tension and need. The young brunette couldn't help but thrust her pelvis in reaction. Quiet whimpers escaped her parted lips in between quick breaths every time the woman's skillful touch reached the top of her thighs, sliding next to her dripping pussy.

"You need to stop..." Paige whispered breathlessly, her body grinding against the Indian's touch. "You're going to... I mean... I'm going to..."

"I know. How else can we release all this tension?" The exotic masseuse said with a sly smile, holding Paige's gaze as she slid her hands over the brunette's trimmed mound.

"Ugh..." Paige whined, unable to resist her body's cravings. She pressed against the woman's slick fingers. "Don't stop..."

On the other side of the divider, Paige could hear Felecia receiving the same sort of treatment. Raising her head, she could see the reflection of the beautiful, mocha-skinned girl in the glass of a photograph. The beautiful woman had her shapely thighs spread wide, her back arched, and her pussy thrust high as the other twin used one hand on the woman's clit, while the other had two fingers fucking her wet cunt.

But as the masseuse slid her oiled fingers over Paige's engorged clit, the young woman couldn't help but closer her eyes in ecstasy. She was a slave to the other woman's touch. Her hushed moans became louder as the woman slid the fingers of the other hand over Paige's ass and into her wet pussy. A sudden explosion of pleasure overwhelmed the young brunette as the woman's skilled fingers quickly found her G-spot.

Paige thrust, riding the woman's fingers, humping her, desperate to orgasm. Nothing would stop the inevitable explosion. With two fingers deep in her pussy, rubbing her G-spot, and the other hand sliding over her erect clit, almost as if she were jerking it off, Paige succumb. Her entire body tensed, arching, straining as she orgasmed. No longer caring about how much noise she made, the young woman cried out in bliss. Her body shook with pleasure, convulsing uncontrollably, her eyes rolling back. She rode the woman's hands for what seemed like an eternity of orgasmic paradise, the skilled masseuse's touch intensifying her mind-blowing orgasm, and making it last longer than she'd ever experienced.

It took at least ten minutes for Paige to come down from her orgasmic high, writhing on the table while the beautiful Indian stroked her body, keeping her level of arousal up, while providing her with incredible pleasure. It took that long for Paige to be able to speak.

"That was amazing." She said, stretching, sliding her oil slick thighs together. "Where did you learn to do that?"

“We trained in Jaipur in massage and orgasm.” The woman explained as she helped Paige up.

“Massage and orgasm?”

“Yes. Massage to loosen the body, orgasm to expand the mind.” She said, absent-mindedly stroking Paige’s nipple, eliciting a shiver of pleasure. “Did you like it?”

“I loved it.” Paige purred, sitting there in pure comfort and pleasure.

“Excellent. Then I hope you’ll let me and my sister give you the same pleasure every time you visit. Your body is truly wonderful to work with. You are very firm, and responsive.” She said, eyeing Paige. “Oh, here is Laverna to check your hair. Thank you for letting me please you.”

The plump hairdresser came in, oblivious to Paige’s nudity, and checked her hair. “Well, you look like you enjoyed your massage.” Paige could just nod her agreement, the Indian masseuse running her fingers over her nipple, keeping it turgid. “OK, give me one minute, then you can hit the showers to get washed off, then I’ll style you, and Luna can do your makeup. Paige sat dreamily as the large black woman pulled out the slips of material from between her locks. “There you are, go rinse your hair, there’s a bottle of shampoo for you.”

Paige looked up, having lost herself in the masseuse’s gentle touch. She couldn’t believe this was happening. It was like an erotic daydream. Sure, she was drunk, but this was far beyond that. She couldn’t resist, her body craving more, her mind overwhelmed. She found Felecia standing right in front of her.

“Hey sweetie... Come on back to reality...” She said, smiling, a sloppy, post-orgasmic grin apparent on her symmetrical features. Paige focused on her and smiled back. “Where did you go? Come on, let’s get washed.”

Felecia took Paige by the hand and led her down the hallway to the shower room. The young brunette couldn't help but follow, watching the other woman's ass sway seductively, her dark, oiled skin highlighted in the lights. They entered a large, luxurious locker room with three open, glass sided showers. An attendant started two of the showers, handed each woman a towel, and stepped to the back of the room.

Felecia led her new employee to the first shower, then entered the second. She watched the young brunette slowly walk under the water, the spray walking up her nubile body, over her perfectly shaped breasts, and over her face. Unable to resist the other woman, the dark-skinned beauty stepped out from her shower, and into Paige's.

"Oh... Hello..." Paige said, turning around to find herself inches from the enticing, mixed-race beauty. She was frozen, not sure what to do, but her body yearning for touch. Without thinking, she raised herself up a couple of inches by standing on her toes and kissed Felecia.

It was wonderful. Paige had never kissed a girl. She put her hands on the other woman's hips, pressing against her. She tasted of bourbon, mint, and lipstick. Feeling their breasts pressed together was heavenly, and it was unusual to press her pelvis against her without feeling a hard cock in between.

Paige felt the taller woman gently slide her oil-slicked thigh between her legs, pressing against her pussy. She couldn't help but rub her pussy against it.

"I'm not usually like this..." Paige said, delirious with pleasure. "I mean I've never been like this..."

"It's the massage, and the special oil. It just makes you so..."

"Horny." Paige finished for her, moaning as Felecia slid her fingers down her back, over her firm buttocks, and between her legs. "Oh god..."

Felecia kissed her again, harder this time, while teasing Paige's wet pussy with her fingers. The brunette didn't know whether to push her hard clit against the woman's thigh or press back onto her fingers.

"Turn around, I want to make you cum." Felecia said, feeling the other woman's confusion.

Paige turned in the woman's arms, leaning against the darker-skinned woman. Felecia let her hands roam across the lightly tanned skin of the girl, concentrating on her perfect breasts. "You have beautiful breasts. They're amazing."

"Th-thanks..." Paige said, moaning, the touch of the dominant woman making it hard to concentrate on anything other than pleasure. She couldn't help but press back against her, yearning to feel a hard cock sliding into her needy pussy. "God, I want to fuck."

"Let me see what I can do." Felecia purred in her ear, sliding her hands over Paige's lean body. She put her hands on the woman's hips and thrust her hips as if she were fucking the brunette. Then her fingers slid between Paige's thighs.

"You have a big clit, I like it." The experienced lesbian said, feeling Paige's knees buckling. "That's it, come for me. I know you want to."

"Oh yes... yes..." Paige cried out, a slave to the woman's fingers as they slid over her sensitive clit, and into her pussy. It felt as good as the massage she'd just experienced, but different. She was getting fucked, by a girl, without a cock. It was irresistible. "Don't stop... don't... fuck me... fuck me... Shit! Fuck! Don't..."

Paige leaned against the shower wall, pushing back against Felecia. She was coming, hard, and her body was shaking in ecstasy. She was in heaven, her pussy gushing as her orgasm overtook her, making her cry out like an animal.

Slowly lessening her touch, Felecia brought Paige back down from her orgasm. The brunette spun around and kissed the coffee

colored woman with a desperate passion she'd never experienced. When she finally broke the embrace, she was expectantly emotional.

"That was, I don't know... mind blowing. I don't know what to say..." Paige stammered, overwhelmed. "I don't know how to do that to you..."

"Oh baby, that's OK. Today is about you." Felecia said lovingly. "We don't have time for me to teach you how to eat pussy today. But I'd be happy to do it another time."

"I think I'd like that..." Paige said, a little relieved, still completely overwhelmed. "Does this mean I'm, um, lesbian?"

"I don't know, are you attracted to men?" Felecia said. She'd heard this question many times.

"Oh, yes."

"Could you still go for a big, hard cock right now?"

Paige's eyes lit up at the thought "Definitely."

"Me too." Felecia giggled. "Listen, I like both. If you're hot, and you are definitely hot, I probably want to fuck you, male or female. I guess you would call me bisexual. Maybe you're the same. I'd be happy to help you explore the possibilities."

"I'd like that." Paige said, smiling, a little relieved. It's not like she had to pick one side or the other. She wondered what she'd tell Steve.

"Turn around, I'll wash your hair for you." Felecia said, gently touching the brunette, eager to play. But she had a schedule to keep to.

"You can make me cum one more time if you want to..." Paige said, grinning over her shoulder.

Post-Orgasmic Ride

“So? How would you rate your first day at work?” Felecia asked, relaxed and drunk, as the car pulled into the Playa Vista neighborhood.

“It was heavenly.” Paige replied with a slight slur. She was definitely well past the tipsy point.

“Good. Now, not every day is a party like today, but we have our fun.”

Paige ran her fingers along Felecia’s thigh. “It was more than fun. It was... amazing.”

“Well... We’ll have to revisit that sometime soon, if you want to.” Felecia smiled, biting her lower lip. “But tomorrow, we’ll get you started. I know they already have a truckload off work ready back up and dump on your desk.”

“I can’t wait.” Paige said, eager to start her new job in the wondrous office. Right now, anything seemed possible. “And thank you for today.”

“My pleasure, well, mostly your pleasure, but you are more than welcome.” She said as the car pulled up to the curb. “Now go show your hubby your sexy new look.”

“Oh, he’s going to get lucky tonight, maybe in the next ten minutes.” Paige climbed out of the car, a little unsteady on her feet. She turned around to see Felecia climbing out behind her. “You don’t live around here, do you?”

“Hmm? Oh, no, I’m just going to sit up front with Marcus. I’m going to give him a, um, performance evaluation.” The shapely woman said, sliding into the front seat while the tall, slim black driver closed the door. She rolled down the window. “See you tomorrow!”

“See you tomorrow...” Paige said. But as soon as she did, the tinted window started to roll up and Felecia turned around and bent

over. Paige figured she must have dropped something in the foot-well.

Paige didn't think a thing of it, and headed towards her front door. Once inside, she was a little disappointed not to find Steve. She was looking forward to telling him about her first day, well, at least some parts of her first day. She still wasn't sure if she would mention her new-found interest in women. She wanted to figure out her own feelings about it.

Even thinking about her orgasmic experiences earlier was turning her on. And as much as she pictured Steve's hard cock standing tall for her, she pictured Felecia's soft, feminine body, alive with sexual mystery.

Checking her phone, she saw she'd missed a text from Steve.

Have to take Net 7 out for dinner and drinks. Be home late. Hope your first day was good. Kisses.

Fine. Thought Paige. She decided to keep her buzz going with a glass of wine, paired with... she searched the fridge... leftover Thai.

She sat on the couch and pulled up the latest Housewives of Hollywood reality show. As she finished her food, she couldn't help but notice how much skin the "housewives" showed. No real woman wore outfits cut that low in the front, did they? Then she thought about the outfits she'd brought home this evening. Four designer outfits for her to wear through the rest of the week. At least a couple were as revealing.

Sitting back to enjoy the mindless entertainment, she found her attention more and more drawn to the female flesh on display. She found herself getting more aroused as she watched, her hand straying into her yoga pants. A few minutes she was eagerly masturbating to her first orgasm. Despite the ecstasy of the day, and the multiple orgasms, she found herself incredibly horny.

After an hour of playing with herself, the crotch of her pants wet from her orgasms, she made her way to bed. She thought absently of masturbating again while she drifted off to sleep.

Paige didn't stir when Steve staggered into the bedroom several hours later. He was drunk and horny, but he didn't want to wake his wife so late, so he jerked off into his sock and went to sleep.

A Fantastic F-ing Promotion

Awaking just before her alarm, Paige sat up and stretched. Her body was a little tight, probably from the many orgasms the day before. She smiled at the memory, that is, until she smelled Steve.

Her husband lay on top of the covers; his penis was erect. He was snoring. She might have considered a quick morning fuck, but the smell of booze and sweat killed the mood faster than a cold shower.

Dressed, makeup and hair done, Paige waited out front for Marcus. He pulled up right on time, climbed out, and opened the door for Paige.

“Good morning, Marcus.” She smiled as she got into the car. “I trust you got Felecia home OK last night.”

“That I did, Miss Paige.” He replied with a broad grin. “I drove her all the way.”

Paige used her pass to take the elevator up to the office, and made her way to her new desk. She was greeted by Felecia. She felt the urge to embrace the tall, shapely woman, and to kiss her. But the demure, knowing smile on the woman’s beautiful face let her know that there would be no playtime in the office, at least not today.

As promised, there was already a pile of work lined up for Paige, and she quickly set to work. Her first assignment? Contracting rights between a porn company and a waning teen pop star who was aging out of her demographic. She needed a career boost, and a “stolen” private sex tape was her ticket to publicity. They were in the middle of deciding on a partner, location, and how hard she would fight the release of the tape before acquiescing.

Paige’s eyes widened as she looked through the pictures of potential “boyfriends”. They were all attractive enough, but it was when her gaze lowered that she couldn’t believe her eyes. *They’re huge!* She thought to herself, amazed. *I mean, Steve is a good size,*

these guys are like horses! Must be Photoshop! Still, she felt a heat building between her thighs as she looked. She tried to cool herself down with a sip of her morning mimosa.

And so began her first three weeks of work. She managed to contribute on a number of interesting cases, not all as titillating as the teen queen's porno debut. Several trademark cease and desist orders, a Hollywood breakup, a background check on a new girlfriend who turned out to be a gold-digger, the aftermath of a drunken brawl, and even a sex contract between an actress and a director.

There was never a dull moment. Especially when James Masters walked in the room. Young, intelligent, tall, handsome, charismatic, and black; James Masters was the lead partner in the firm, and by all accounts, the partner with the highest account portfolio. When he walked into the room, usually in an impeccably tailored outfit, every female eye was on him. Paige couldn't help but find him attractive and commandingly masculine. Plus, he smelled so good! She'd been lucky enough to work with him on several important cases.

And Paige worked; a lot. Evenings and weekends were quickly filled with work, meetings, and more work. But at least she and her fellow employees were well fed with gourmet meals brought in, and an open bar policy. It was work, but it was also a party.

Life at home was improving, especially after her first paycheck arrived. Her salary turned out to double what she expected, and more than half of what Steve made. It's true that money can't buy happiness, but it makes life much more tolerable. The only problem between her long hours, and his business travel, they barely had time to see each other. Worse, their sex life had almost evaporated, only a few hurried fucks. Paige was climbing the walls.

After only three weeks, Paige got her first promotion. Masters' personal assistant was pregnant. The company allowed maternity leave to begin at five months. The beautiful, slim redhead still looked

stunning in a tight, designer dress, her growing belly becoming quite obvious. She looked absolutely radiant during her good-bye party.

Paige sat down at the big desk in her own office, located outside of Masters' palatial office. The brunette felt confident dressed in a low-cut, red lace dress that showed off her breasts, and her legs with a very short hem. She couldn't help but smile.

"Nice. The office really suites you." Felecia said, walking around behind the other woman, running her fingers over Paige's bare shoulder, eliciting a shiver of pleasure from the young woman. "Now, there are a few things you need to know here."

The beautiful woman saw on the edge of the desk, crossing her legs, exposing most of her fit, shapely thigh. Paige couldn't resist looking, loving the way the dark stockings ended a few inches from the hem of the skirt. Felecia leaned over to show Paige the phone system, and the office computer. But the way she was showing off her full breasts was of much more interest to Paige.

"Now, the phone is the same except it's got eight dedicated lines. It also interfaces with the computer, pulling up client information and allowing both you and James to place them in the order he wants to deal with. Oh, and this button lets you silently sit in on calls if he needs you to take notes or do things in the background." She explained, pulling her hair back over one shoulder. "Now, this screen is the interface with the phone system, it gives you all the call information, gives you access to James' calendar, and will interface with the app Wally installed remotely on your laptop. Oh, and also, the system has a peek function." Felecia pressed a function key on the keyboard. On the screen, a window appeared showing a security feed of Masters' empty office. "This lets you know for sure if James is with a client. You might use this to gauge the room before going in to offer coffee, or drinks, or snacks. You'll get the hang of it."

"Paige, welcome! Felecia!" Masters said, striding into the outer office. Felecia stood to embrace the tall man, holding him tightly.

Paige stood, unsure of what to do. She finally let go of him, standing close, his long arm around her slim waist. He spread his other arm inviting an embrace. "My favorite woman, and my new favorite woman."

Paige smiled, a little unsure, but stepped forward to hug her boss. It happened so fast, but she found herself clinging to the tall, slim, wonderful smelling man. His muscular body felt wonderful pressed against her. It took a real force of will to let go. She stood, looking up at her new boss, enamored by his handsome features, enjoying the feeling of his arm around her back, his large hands on her waist.

"You look stunning today, Paige." He smiled, looking down at her. Paige felt a thrill at the compliment, smiling, looking away momentarily.

God, he smells good. She thought, inhaling the mix of expensive cologne, fine wool, and something else that she couldn't quite place. *Cigar? But it's missing the burnt ash. Not cigarettes. Who cares, it smells great.*

"Thank you for this opportunity." She said, flashing her smile. *You're flirting!* She chided herself. "I'll do my best to take care of all your needs."

"I'm sure you will." He smiled even broader, squeezing her. Paige suppressed the desire to giggle. "Now, we have a... challenging client coming in. You're familiar with Megan Kelsey?"

"Yes, she the..." Paige started to call her by her derogatory nickname. "I mean... on the right-wing news station? Fast News?"

"Yes, the Nazi Ice Queen herself. We don't pull punches in private. We need to call it like we see it." Masters said, letting go of the two beautiful women he'd be holding. Paige was sure she saw his hand slide down Felecia's round ass as he let go. She immediately missed his embrace. "That's her problem. She's become so identified with her far-right news persona that she's made

herself a stereotype. She's just found out that she's going to be unemployed, right after sweeps."

"Why? She's the face of the network?" Paige asked, surprised. It was true, she was always the sexy blonde standing in the middle of the fat, shouting, racist male anchors. "They can't get rid of her, can they?"

"That's what she thought. But her job description... changed." He said, pausing briefly. "The president of the network, Robert Ames..."

"Ew, he's disgusting." Felecia interjected. The distaste was real, she'd met him at a party. He'd decided that grabbing her pussy was a good way to introduce himself.

"And he's decided that Megan needs to do more than look pretty while reading a teleprompter to earn her multimillion dollar salary." Masters sighed, shaking his head. "He wanted a more personal service, every Friday night after the newscast."

"And she wants out." Paige added.

"Exactly. But she knows that becoming the face of the white supremacy news network... will limit future opportunities."

"So, she needs to rebrand." Paige concluded, smiling coyly.

"Exactly. Any ideas?" Masters asked, clearly impressed with how quickly she caught on.

"Damsel in distress?" Paige offered.

"Hard to be a damsel when you're a news anchor worth a hundred million dollars isn't it?" He pushed back. But he liked where she was going.

"Gilded cage." Paige continued, thinking out loud. "Poor Megan, trapped in a gilded cage. She just wanted to report the news, but pressured farther and farther down the male dominated network rabbit hole. Putting up with the male abuse, insults, sexual harassment. She's desperate to escape."

“Very good, Paige. Just what I was thinking.” He concluded. Paige felt absolutely giddy at his praise, this was fun. Masters pulled out his cell phone. “OK, that was her assistant. She’ll be here in a couple of minutes. Now, stay out of her way, she’s going to come storming into my office. Then she’s going to tantrum for about twenty minutes. When she’s done, bring in two glasses of the twenty-one-year scotch, ice, and the bottle.”

“Stay out of the way, let her blow, bring the booze, got it.” Paige repeated, paraphrasing. She returned to her desk and sat expectantly while her charismatic boss headed for his office. She rolled her eyes and stuck out her tongue at Felecia, happy, relieved, and a little giddy. “Phew. Talk about trial by fire.”

“You’ll do fine.” Felecia said. “Just smile, and try to look subservient. He’s a great hugger, huh?”

“Is he ever!” Paige whispered back as the mocha-skinned beauty left, her hips swaying suggestively.

“Fuck! He’d better be in. Is he in?” The blonde ice queen arrived moments later, storming into the office. Paige started to answer, but the stunningly beautiful news presenter wasn’t waiting for an answer. “Never mind. Hi, you’re new, cute. JAMES!”

Paige watched as the woman burst through the door, a loud string of expletives shooting from her red lips. She was surprised at just how beautiful the woman was. A Nordic beauty, Kelsey had slim features, severe blonde hair, and big breasts. Everything her older, male, racist viewers craved. She was also incredibly loud. Paige quietly closed Masters’ solid door.

She was amazed to discover how soundproof the office was when the door was closed. She took a peak at the hidden camera to see if she suddenly quieted down. But the image showed the newswoman shouting and gesticulating as she stomped around the office. Masters sat quietly on the edge of his desk, letting her vent.

Paige sat down at her desk and checked the Megan Kelsey file to see if she could come up with any further ideas to help. She kept an eye on the time.

At exactly twenty minutes, Paige checked the camera and saw that Kelsey was still going. She watched for a moment and saw Masters spread his hand into a clear five-fingered sign. Paige understood. Give them five more minutes. Standing up, she made sure everything was ready. At the five-minute mark, she dropped a large, round ice ball in each glass and poured a health glass of the premium scotch.

“Perfect timing!” Megan said, finally seated in Master’s leather covered club chair. She was still flush from her tantrum, her cleavage glistening. She took the full glass from Paige and smiled. “I like you. Now shoo.”

Paige smiled, putting the silver tray on the coffee table, and quietly backed out of the room. Closing the door, she let out a sigh of relief, and sat back down at her desk, spinning around in her chair.

The meeting took forever and Paige was starting to get bored. She checked her email for the umpteenth time, looked over Masters’ schedule, checked email again. Finally, she clicked the icon to bring up the office camera.

Paige gasped, eyes wide, and quickly closed the window. *Did I just see what I thought I saw?* She thought. She hovered her finger over the icon, looking around her office as if to see if someone is watching. Finally, she pressed on it, opening the window on the screen.

Holy fuck! She thought, her hand over her mouth. *He’s totally fucking her on the desk!*

On the screen, the stunning blonde was laying on Masters’ massive wooden desk, skirt hiked up to her waist, her thighs spread. She had her large breasts in her hands and her eye locked on the tall, muscular black man sliding his cock into her blonde pussy.

Masters was naked, wearing only his socks. Paige couldn't help but stare at his muscular buttocks and powerful thighs as he drove into the Nordic beauty. Paige couldn't believe what she was seeing. She felt herself becoming flush, her pussy getting wet from the show.

Reaching over to touch the window, the image jumped to full screen, bringing her a high-resolution image that filled the large screen. She couldn't look away. Her own legs slowly spread, her clit starting to ache with need, watching the beautiful woman spread her own wider. She was crying out in ecstasy, even though Paige couldn't hear the woman crying out only a dozen feet from her.

Paige found her hand slowly sliding from her knee, and up her thigh. She couldn't resist. Her fingers found her warm mound, and her sensitive nub. A groan burbled up in her throat, her other hand finding her breast.

I can't believe I'm doing this. She thought, but she couldn't stop watching her boss fuck the icy blonde. The contrast between his dark skin and her fair skin was striking. She watched as Masters used his large hands to pull the woman closer to the edge of the desk, pulling her to the side. *Holy shit. That can't be real!*

The tall, dark boss had turned to the side, and was holding the sexy, white newscaster's leg against his chest. A huge, black shaft seemed to split the Nordic beauty's pussy, filling it, as he slowly stroked in and out of the writhing woman. Paige wished she could hear Kelsey's cries of passion, but all she could do was watch the woman's perfect face twist in ecstasy.

And she touched herself. She couldn't help herself. Watching the monster, black, cock drive the stunning Nazi pin-up into throes of pleasure. It felt so good to touch herself. The itch was back. She needed this. She needed to cum. She closed her eyes and groaned in pleasure as she slid her fingers around her erect clit.

I should probably lock the door... She thought. It was closed, but anyone could walk through. *They can't see what I'm doing*

behind my desk. She convinced herself, not wanting to tear her eyes away from the incredibly erotic display. She rubbed her clit, and slid two fingers into her tight, wet pussy.

On the screen, the blonde flashed her teeth, and animalistic expression on her face. Reaching up to grab Masters' muscular arm, she shouted something at him. With a long thrust, he buried the massive organ deep into the woman causing her to close her eyes and hang her head back in a cry of pleasure. Flipping her head forward, she watched as the muscular stud slowly slid his long, thick shaft from her, pausing with head lodged in her stretched opening.

Paige was going to cum any moment, she couldn't stop herself now. Even if someone walked through the door at that very moment, she wasn't sure she could resist the overwhelming need. She continued to watch the screen through heavily lidded eyes, listening to the wet sounds coming from her pussy.

The blonde news star appeared to let out a cry of ecstasy as Masters slowly slid the huge organ into her tight body. Her face was a mask of supplication, desire, and bliss. Her red painted mouth remained open as she appeared to gasp for air while the huge cock slid in and out of her wet pussy, her labia tight around the shaft.

Masters pace increased, the shaft turning rock hard as it pistoned in and out of the beautiful woman. Paige's fingers matched his tempo as her own touch brought her over the point of no return. Her body shook as a whimper of pleasure came unbidden from her lips. She started to cum just as she watched Masters' thick shaft begin to pump his seed into the blonde's shaved pussy. Kelsey sobbed in ecstasy, slowly falling back onto the desk, unable to remain upright. She thrust her hips, urging the big, black man's cum deep into her folds. Her fingers grasped the edge of the desk as he finally pushed his giant, spewing organ deep inside her, pushing his cum to her deepest recesses.

Paige's head spun as she came, her fingers flashing over her clit as her pussy dripped onto the rich carpet. The experience left her

drained, panting, unable to think straight. Well, to be honest, cumming always left her a little disoriented and scatterbrained, except when it came to the desire to orgasm again. That was always crystal clear.

She looked up at the screen to see the blonde on the floor, her hand stroking the massive, black shaft while she sucked on the fat head. It was incredibly sexy to see her enthralled by Masters overwhelming masculinity. It took every ounce of control for Paige not to keep touching herself.

You were lucky this time. Dummy! You could have totally got caught. She chided herself, standing up to pull the short hem of her red dress back down over the top of her thighs. After another minute of watching the woman service the impossibly huge cock, she closed the window, not trusting her self-control.

Shaking, she realized it had been days since she'd last had an orgasm, and over a week since she'd been fucked. She walked over to the bar to pour herself a big drink, bourbon on ice. She sipped it as she walked around the office, the shaking in her legs slowly calming. Finally, she sat back at her desk, took another sip, and checked her email. Taking care of a few scheduling issues for an upcoming awards show after-party, she leaned back in her form fitting chair.

It was then that she hazarded a peek at the video window. *They must be dressed again by now. It's been twenty minutes.* She convinced herself. The pretty brunette was wrong though.

Much to Paige's surprise, the window popped open to fill the screen again. Masters was seated on his sumptuous leather couch. Straddling him, the blonde was riding up and down on the massive black cock. It looked absolutely huge, filling the beautiful Ice Queen's tight body, making her shake with pleasure. Paige found the urge to masturbate returning with a vengeance.

"Hey! How's it going?"

Paige started, quickly closing her legs again, minimizing the window. She looked up to see Felecia standing at the door, grinning.

"What?" The beautiful woman asked, puzzled by Paige's jittery manner. "Are you OK?"

"What? Me? Fine!" Paige stammered. "I mean, it's going good. Why? How are you?"

"They've been in there for a while?" The sexy woman came in and sat on the desk again. Her perfume enveloped Paige, making her heart beat faster. It held a similar note as Masters'.

"Yeah, hours. He's, um, keeping her fully, ah, engaged, I guess." Paige stumbled. *God she's hot, and I'm horny, fuck. She knows I was peeking.*

"We can check out his monitor..."

"No! No, it's good, just checked it." Paige interrupted, quickly putting her hand on Felecia's thigh. "They're, you know, talking..."

"OK." The beautiful woman said, a knowing grin on her tempting lips. "Well, I just wanted to make sure everything is going OK. Megan can be a wildcat."

"You're telling me." Paige let slip.

"OK, well, hang in there. James will want to make notes after she leaves." Felecia said, smiling, leaning close. After pausing for a moment, she closed the distance and kissed the younger woman. The kiss continued for several seconds, growing in heat, before she leaned back. "Girls night out soon?"

"Uh-huh..." Paige murmured, enthralled, her mouth remaining open. "Soon?"

"Soon." The taller woman purred, standing to leave. "Good luck."

"Thanks. How long does she usually last?" The brunette resisted the urge to pop open the video window.

“Oh, she can go for hours. A lot of our clients do. You’ll get used to the length. See you later!” Felecia finished, bouncing out of the room.

Paige wondered if they were talking about meeting length or the length of Masters’ prodigious cock by the time the other woman left. *Does she know? She must know. Does she know if I know?* Glancing around her office to make sure she was alone, in case someone had snuck in and was hiding in the corner she guessed; She hit the window to bring it back up.

News anchor, and Nazi Pin Up Megan Kelsey lay bent over on the desk, gasping for breath. Masters’ huge cock was buried in her quaking body. Putting both large hands on her ass, Paige’s black boss slowly pulled his long, thick, ebony shaft from the helpless woman. Finally, free of her tight confines, the slowly softening cock slid from her pussy, followed by a gush of his semen dripping between her shaking thighs. The huge black organ swung between his powerful legs, more than half way to his knee.

She stared in amazement at the size of the sex organ. It couldn’t be real. It must be a trick of the camera. She couldn’t resist sliding her fingers back along her stocking-wrapped thigh to touch her wet pussy. As if to reward her, she watched as the huge cock tensed and lengthened a little, spitting a huge stream of cum onto the floor. Paige couldn’t believe it, shuddering with arousal. The thing was massive, and the post orgasm ejaculation, usually a dribble with Steve, looked to be more copious than her husband’s entire output. It had to be a trick of the camera.

“Is he done yet?”

Paige looked up languidly, her fingers slowly retreating from her pussy. Peeking in the door was Cassidy, the cute, slim blonde marketer. She was wearing a sixties era miniskirt and cropped blouse that exposed her tight abs while playing peek-a-boo with her cute breasts. Paige resolved to lock the door next time.

“Huh?” Paige said, recognizing the perky blonde.

“Is he done with the meeting? I need to know what way we’re going.”

“Oh, the meeting. Done his meeting?” She glanced down at her monitor again to see Masters helping an almost comatose Megan Kelsey get dressed. “Ah, I’d give it fifteen, twenty minutes.”

“OK, see you then, call me if you need me sooner.” The blonde chirped, running off.

Paige couldn’t resist, she slid her hand between her thighs to give her clit a good rub. She didn’t think she had enough time to orgasm, but she definitely needed a little relief. Pressing against her hand, she watched Masters’ huge, black cock sway between his muscular thighs as he moved. That was all it took to make her slam her thighs together in a sudden, powerful orgasm. She felt her pussy warm as her juices flowed.

The next ten minutes were spent sitting back in her chair, sipping her drink, and staring dreamily into space as her orgasmic high slowly melted. She kept an eye on the screen, but not too closely. Watching the massive black cock was just too tempting. She put down her drink and straightened her dress as she saw Masters walk the blonde “Ice Queen” to his office door. Paige quickly stood and smiled.

“Thank you, James” She beautiful blonde said, turning to hold both of his hands in hers, her smile lighting up the room. “You’re completely talked me off the cliff. I know I’m in good hands.”

Kelsey turned to face Paige, staggering a little. Her cheeks were flush, and her eyes glazed. She appraised the young woman, eyes flashing at Paige’s cleavage. She found herself straightening, arching her back subtly to enhance her bust line.

“And it was such a pleasure to meet you.” She embraced Paige, holding her tightly. A little too tightly, Paige felt the rush of almost uncontrollable arousal return. She inhaled the woman’s scent deeply, a murmur of appreciation coming from her lips as their

bodies pressed together. Paige noted that the woman's perfume held the same scent as Masters' cologne. It smelled enticing, making her tingle. Finally, Megan broke the embrace, holding Paige by the shoulders. "James told me you were the one that came up with a solution. What did he call it? Gilded cage? You are as brilliant as you are beautiful."

She leaned forward and kissed her. Paige was powerless to resist her, kissing her back. They kissed for several seconds before the blonde released her. Then, spinning on her heel, she headed out of the office, staggering a little drunkenly. Paige looked over at her boss, expecting him to be angry. But instead he smiled, watching his new executive assistant. She had a hard time not looking between his legs to see if she could see any hint of the massive organ she had seen minute ago.

"OK, let's get to work!" He said, breaking the spell. He walked over towards the far wall. Paige wondered what he was doing until he pressed something in the wall to open a door. Through the hidden portal, was a conference room that was attached to his office. "Call Cassidy in, and Felecia."

A few minutes later, Masters was seated at the head of the conference table, a fresh glass of scotch in his hand. To his side sat Felecia, also drink in hand. Paige and Cassidy sat across the table.

"OK, Paige, what do we do?" Masters said, putting her on the spot.

Paige felt her boss' eyes on her. She was terrified, and thrilled at the same time. She cleared her throat and stood. She watched as Felecia slid her hand onto Masters' thigh. She felt the warmth return between her thighs. A tingle of arousal crept up her spine, and she felt her nipples harden against the thin material of her dress. She couldn't help the smile that crept across her lips. She knew at that moment she looked sexy, and that made her feel powerful. It was a wonderful feeling. She could imagine Masters' massive, black cock hardening over her.

“OK, here’s what we do...” She said confidently, slowly pacing the room.

Hard Black Muscle

“I’m climbing the walls!” Paige said, gritting her teeth. “Steve is spending more and more time on the road. I can’t get laid!”

“This job has made you so horny. How does that happen?” Jane said, pulling her tight workout top over her surgically perfected breasts. “I will say, this job suits you. You look stunning.”

Paige straightened her spandex tank top over her own shapely form. The top clung to the curve of her breasts perfectly. It was cut short to show off her tight abs. One of the first things she did with her new paycheck was to join the gym, and the benefits were showing off. She had dropped that last ten pounds, accentuating her curves. She loved the way she looked.

“Well, thank you.” She said, checking herself out in the mirror. She had eschewed her yoga pants for a pair of running sport-shorts that showed off her lean, fit legs, and highlighted her well-formed booty. Those squats were paying off. She gave her ass a sharp slap. “And you try working in a sexy office, with hot coworkers, and literal sex-symbols walking in every day, all dressed in revealing, designer outfits, and see if you’re not horny all the time!”

“Honey, I am horny all the time.” Jane laughed, checking herself out in the mirror. Paige thought she looked amazing, like a centerfold fitness model, if there was actually such a thing. The blonde applied gloss to her full red lips. “Time to build the booty.”

The blonde trophy wife had her own personal trainer. Jimmy was a muscular, athletic black man with long dreadlocks. He was dressed in a one-piece spandex outfit that showed off his impressive musculature, and a thick bulge between his muscular thighs. He looked like a Rastafarian superhero.

He had the women warming up on a pair of the treadmills. The gym had the treadmills lined up along a second-floor balcony that overlooked a park across the street, and out to some attractive

townhouses. Both women were already in excellent aerobic shape, so had no trouble keeping pace.

“So why do you need a personal trainer for, if all you do is run on a treadmill?” Paige asked, her breathing even, and a thin sheen of sweat on her skin. She looked back to see Jimmy eyeing the blonde’s round ass. “I think he just does this to stare at your ass.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing!” Jane laughed, looking over at Paige, eyeing her friend, then glancing back at the trainer. “Besides, he’s checking your tight, little ass out too. I’m jealous.”

Paige felt herself smile at the thought of the handsome, dark-skinned man looking her over. She liked the way she looked now more and more, so much so that she was slowly upgrading the rest of her wardrobe. And she discovered that she liked it when other people admired her body. It made her feel beautiful, and strong, and sexy.

“Yes, he’s definitely admiring the view.” Jane followed up. But before Paige could ask her what she meant, Jimmy called them over to the weights.

“OK ladies, it’s time to get pumpin’.” He said, his island accent apparent. He watched as the two women towed off, walking over towards a private workout room. He made little attempt to hide his appreciation of the two beautiful women.

“See?” Jane said, nudging her younger companion. Paige’s eyes bugged out when she saw it. The bulge in Jimmy’s tight outfit had become more... pronounced. The young wife could clearly see the man’s thick penis outlined in the tight spandex. More than that, although it was still soft, it was easily six inches long. It was huge.

“Do I ever!” Paige whispered as the strong man lifted a set of weights with ease. “Are they all hung like this?”

“All? How many black cocks are you checking out?” Jane nudged her.

“Oh, none, I’m not...” Paige was flustered, still, she found it hard to look away at the big penis. “I mean, you know what they say, right? About black guys? That they’re all hung?”

“Oh? I’d never heard that.” The blonde replied, feigning innocence. “But I’m pretty sure Jimmy is hung like a horse.”

Paige stopped and covered her mouth, hiding a gasp. “You’ve seen it?”

“I’ve more than just seen it, dear. It’s awe inspiring.” Jane purred, lying down on the weight bench, her big breasts standing high. “Ready when you are Jimmy!”

The handsome, athletic black man stepped up behind Jane’s head and held up two fifteen-pound weights for the beautiful blonde. Paige could have sworn she saw his cock twitch and grow a little in proximity to the stunning woman. She took the weights and let them stretch her arms back.

“Now remember, keep your shoulders back...” He said, his hands on her shoulders, thrusting her breasts upward. Paige was sure his cock had thickened a little. She watched as he stepped around her, straddling her legs, and pressed down on her thighs, slowly sliding his hands up over her pelvis. “See, arch your back, keep your thighs tight, breath deep.”

If she breathes any deeper her top will explode! Paige thought. She watched his hands move over her friend’s perfect body. She couldn’t help it, it was making her horny. Then it was her turn. She stood by the other weight bench while Jimmy walked around her, appraising her. She couldn’t help it, she loved him looking at her. And she loved that his cock seemed to grow in response to her. She swore it was an inch or more longer. Finally, he nodded.

“OK, Paige, you are clearly in excellent shape, but I see two areas where I can definitely work you.” He said cheerfully. He put his hand on her waist and guided her to put one foot up on the bench. He handed her a twenty-pound weight like it was nothing, until he let

go and Paige thought her arm was going to fall off. "OK, let your arm hang, just hold the weight."

"I can't lift this." She said, a little flustered by the weight, and his closeness.

"All you have to do is hold onto the shaft. You'll be doing the work with your thighs." He said, putting one hand under her thigh on the leg on the bench. He put his hand over the top of the other hand. This put him very close to her. "Now slowly lower yourself down, let me guide you."

She felt her thighs stretch, her ass work, his hands controlling her. It felt wonderful. Everything from her waist down was pulling and stretching. He moved his hands to the small of her back and her pelvis, tilting it slightly as she dipped. She almost groaned as the small change in angle sent a thrill of pleasure through her clit. Five more reps and she was starting to breath heavily.

"OK, very good. How does it feel?" Jimmy said, taking the weight from her. She had almost forgotten it in her hand.

"Wow, it feels good, tight." She said, before realizing that calling it tight could have more than one meaning. *Well, it's true, isn't it? I am tight there.*

Jimmy switched over to Jane. He had her doing squats, also while holding a twenty-pound weight in both hands. Starting at a squat, she would slowly stand until she was straight. Through the first few reps, Jimmy was touching her back, her thighs, and her ass, correcting her posture, or at least that's what he claimed he was doing.

Paige thought the growing organ in his spandex suggested his interest was not purely professional. She watched in fascination, enjoying the sensation of her tight shorts against her tingling clit. But more arousing, was the sight of the stunning trophy wife, her perfect body bending and stretching, displaying her athletic form for the handsome, black stud. She stared as the dark-skinned man let his

hands roam over the blonde beauty, his cock more and more evident. She hadn't realized that she'd stopped her exercise.

"Enough of that?" Jimmy said with a smile. He stepped over to Paige, apparently completely comfortable with his growing erection on display. Paige wasn't complaining. "You do that every day, and you'll have a bangin' booty like Miss Jane. Let's work your shoulders."

Paige smiled when she saw his gaze drop to her chest. She found herself pulling her shoulders back, thrusting her breasts farther out. Putting his arm around her waist, he turned her around, and guided her onto her back on the weight bench. He picked up a pair of ten-pound weights and handed them to her.

"OK, now hold your arms out straight, let the weight pull them down." He instructed, placing his strong hands on her shoulders.

Paige found herself looking up at the muscular man as he leaned over her. She was very aware that his hands were inches from her breasts as they thrust up towards him. In a way, she felt restrained by the weights. He could do whatever he wanted to her. She yearned to feel his large hands slide down from her shoulders over her breasts.

Her gaze shifting, Paige realized the black man's huge cock was only inches from her face. It was clearly outlined against the stretchy material. *Holy fuck it's big!* She thought to herself, staring at the organ. *It's so much bigger than Steve's.* She licked her lips.

"OK, now try to lift the weights, keep your arms straight with your shoulders." Jimmy instructed.

Paige wanted to please him. She did her best to lift the weights, concentrating on the sensation of her shoulders, and of his hands on her chest. He shifted his hands, leaning over her, his hands running up her sides from her waist all along her ribcage, brushing the side of her breasts. She realized his huge cock was right above her face. She felt a thrill as the fat head tensed and thickened.

“There, do you feel it along here?” He asked, his hands at her sides, his powerful body above her.

‘Uh-huh.’ Was all she could say. She was having a lot of trouble concentrating with the massive shaft slowly thickening before her very eyes.

“Excellent! Let me take care of Miss Jane for a minute, and I’ll be back with something new.” He said, standing up.

This only served to give her a better view of his long, thick shaft from below. Paige inhaled his masculine scent. If she wasn’t married, she was pretty sure she would have already had her hands on his cock... or her lips around it.

A few feet away, Jane was on her back raising herself up on her feet and hands, arching her back, looking like a crab. Well, a crab with great tits. Jimmy knelt at her head, holding her hands in place. Jane’s head leaned back, rubbing against him, until she faced back. This put her mouth in line with his engorged organ. Paige noticed a dark spot between Jane’s thighs, shaking with effort, that looked a little too specific to be sweat. She was so horny her pussy was dripping. Truth be told, Paige was wet too. She imagined Jane’s full lips wrapped around the thick, black cock.

Jane collapsed, laughing. “Oh my god! That was a killer! I’m tapping out. I don’t want to be too stiff!”

Jimmy laughed and slapped the blonde on the ass. Paige couldn’t tell for sure if there was a wet spot over his apparent cockhead. Jane grabbed her water bottle and took a big gulp. She glowed from the exertion, beautiful, looking over her shoulder coquettishly. “Give Paige the treatment, she’s ten year... I mean five years younger.”

“OK, sure.’ He said, smiling, regarding Paige. “Let’s try something a little different, it’ll trim your waist and accentuate your hips. It feels great.” He said, standing up and walking over to take

her weights and return them to the rack. She watched the muscles of his ass move under the tight material.

“Oh, uh, yeah, sure.” She said, taking a deep breath, afraid he could hear the quaver in her voice. *This is unreal! Here I am, staring at another man’s giant penis a few inches from my nose, letting him move me around. I’m getting so fucking horny, I can’t believe I’m doing this. Holy shit, it’s gotten bigger.*

Jimmy had turned around, and his cock had indeed become longer. It must have been a solid, thick, eight inches long, and it still bent down the leg of his tight outfit. He seemed completely unconcerned, openly enjoying the sight of Paige’s tight body barely covered in the shorts and cropped tank-top. She felt herself striking a subtle pose to show off her cleavage. He reached out for Paige’s hands. “First, we need you on the mat...”

Paige took his hand and let him pull her up from the weight bench. He was so strong, she felt weightless. She was really glad she wore her tight, revealing outfit. She liked looking sexy for men. She liked making his cock grow. She let him guide her until she was laying on the mat, arm at her side, legs tight together.

Jimmy stood above Paige, his impressive cock outlined in his outfit. Paige felt a shiver go up her spine. She felt like the almost irresistible urge to spread her legs for him to take her.

“Are you going to do that thing you did to me?” Jane said, perching on the weight bench, watching intently.

“You know it.” Jimmy replied, reaching down to take Paige’s left ankle.

“You are going to love this. It’s like a massage and yoga all in one. It’ll blow your mind.” Jane said eagerly. “I just have to watch.”

“OK, now keep your leg straight until I tell you.” Jimmy said, slowly bending her at the hip, lifting her leg. “Let me work you.”

Fuck he’s hot. Yeah, work me, Jimmy. God, I’m wet, I hope he can’t tell. Fuck his cock is huge. She thought, trying not to stare at

his magnificent sex organ. *Oh, shit, that does feel good. I shouldn't be doing this...*

"Very good, Paige..." He said with a smile, holding her leg up with a light pressure. His body was inches from her. "Now let's see how far we can push." He gently applied pressure, pushing her leg up towards her shoulder. "Keep your leg straight, feel the tension..."

Paige could feel the tension all right. Jimmy gently pushed her leg about two-thirds of the way to her shoulder before her thigh started to protest. She liked the feeling of her thigh stretched like that, her legs apart, the tension between her legs, right through her pussy. She couldn't resist the need to move her hips, her clit rubbing against her tight shorts. She felt that shiver run through her, the shiver that told her there was no going back.

"You're very flexible, but your muscles are tight." Jimmy said, running a hand over Paige's taut thigh. "May I go farther?"

"Yes, please do." Paige answered, her breathing increasing. *"Yes, please do". You sound like a dummy. Oh shit that feels good. He's looking at my tits. He likes my tits.*

Jimmy knelt over her flat leg, pinning it down, his huge cock only an inch or two from her pussy. She could feel his hardness against her thigh. He slowly pushed her leg back up towards her shoulder. As her leg stretched back, her hips opening slightly, he could feel his thick shaft pressing against her pussy, separated only by two thin pieces of fabric. His cock felt warm and firm against her pussy. Without realizing, she was tilting herself against him, each movement allowing her leg to get closer to her shoulder.

Then, he released her. Her leg relaxed, and draped back against his shoulder at about a ninety-degree angle. She felt her pussy press against his huge cock, forcing a moan from her lips. She lay there for a moment, breathing heavily. She couldn't help but push against him, instinctively, another moan escaping.

“Excellent, now, are you ready for the other leg?” He asked, kneeling on one knee, pulling his wonderful cock away from her hot, aching pussy.

“Oh yes, definitely ready for the other side.” Paige said, rolling her head on the mat. *This is crazy! He’s almost fucking you! You’re a married woman. Besides, he so big he’d split you in two! God, I wish I could fuck him right now! I’ve never felt anyone that big!*

Jimmy repeated the process. This time Paige knew what to expect, and enjoyed it even more. By the time he had her leg pinned up against her shoulder, she was openly rubbing her pussy against his stiff monster of a cock, enjoying every moment. By the time he relaxed, she was nearly orgasmic, panting with pleasure. Looking at him through heavily lidded eyes, she let her gaze fall to see his cock standing stiffly against his body, held in place by the spandex. The massive organ was clearly outlined, even to the point of seeing the veins feeding the monster.

“Holy shit...” Paige groaned, her head spinning. It was all she could do not to grab the impressive organ. It was only her commitment to Steve that stopped her.

“Now comes the good part.” Jane purred. She was obviously enjoying the sight of her friend succumbing to the handsome black man’s touch.

“The good part? There’s more?” Paige laughed, her heart beating in her chest. *Fuck yah!* “I don’t know if I’ll survive the *good part.*”

“Trust me, it’s worth it.” Jane said, her eyes roving up and down her friend’s nubile body, landing on Jimmy’s hard organ. “He likes you.”

Paige looked at the hard cock, impressed, tempted. “He’s not going to fuck me, is he?” She asked, unsure if she could resist his compelling animal magnetism.

“Oh, I’m sure he’d like to, wouldn’t you, Jimmy?” She said, looking at the trainer. Jimmy just smiled back at her, and Paige noticed his cock twitch, and harden a little more.

“I mean, I can’t, you know, right?” Paige answered. She was unsure if she meant it, or if she was asking permission to cheat.

“Don’t worry, no, he’s not going to fuck you. I mean, unless you want him to.” Jane said, eyeing the black stud. “Besides, this is my session you’re butting into. If he’s going to fuck anyone, it’ll be me. But he will make you feel ecstatic.”

“OK. I mean sure, right? Go ahead, I think.” Paige said, turning to look into Jimmy’s dark eyes. “What do I do?”

“No worries, Paige. You’re safe in my hands.” Jimmy said with a big grin, openly eyeing Paige’s body. Having the hung young trainer looking at her body like that made her feel sexy, beautiful, and confident. She liked the feeling. He backed up a foot or so. “OK, now pull your legs straight up, and put them together.”

Paige did as she was instructed, but wanting to tease the attractive man, she started by spreading her legs wide to either side, almost as if she was doing the splits. She felt a warm glow cross her as she watched his eyes lower to her crotch, and saw his cock tense again. Like a gymnast, she slowly pulled her legs together until her feet were pointed at the ceiling.

Jimmy moved in closer, pressing his groin against her ass. She could feel his huge cock against her. Slowly, the muscular black man pushed her legs back towards her, arching her back, her ass pressing against his hard shaft. As her legs approached her chest, she could feel him pressing against her. She really did want him to fuck her; to fill her tight pussy with his thick, black meat. As the tension grew, she felt her clit compressed between the muscles of her thigh. She could barely control herself, her hips subtly grinding against him.

Shifting his grip, Jimmy spread her legs a little, his cock suddenly pressing against her warm, wet pussy, her hard clit throbbing as it was released from confinement. Her back curved, thrusting her pelvis against his hardness, and he pushed her quivering thighs to either side.

“Now, hold your arms above your head.” Jimmy whispered, his eyes mesmerizing her. She did as she was told. She couldn’t stop herself from pressing against his huge cock, trying to rub against him. He pressed her legs back another inch or two, the tension driving her pussy wild with need. “OK, now lower your arms over your legs...”

Paige did it, feeling her entire body tense with sexual excitement. Her breathing increased, and her heart beat against her chest. She could feel a growing need, like a wave bearing down on the beach, irresistible, unstoppable. She lay there for a moment, her heart racing, panting with arousal. She looked down to see her pussy, defined in her tight shorts, with the massive shaft lodged between her pussy lips, it’s incredible length hinting at how deeply he could fill her. It was so much bigger than Steve’s, longer, thicker, harder. She wanted it. She...

“Oh shit... Oh god... Holy... I’m gonna...” Paige panted, unable to comprehend what was being done to her. She was going to cum. The handsome black man with the huge cock was going to make her cum without even sliding an inch of his huge, black shaft into her tight, needy, little pussy.

Her body was shaking, her thigh jerking, held down by her arm. Her movements rubbed her pussy against his hard shaft, a long moan escaped her lips. She was so close to orgasm, she needed release, her body was ready to explode.

Pressing the base of his shaft against her one final time, Jimmy leaned back, releasing the tension on her thighs. Paige gulped, trying to speak, her entire body shaking with pent up arousal. She

was hanging over the edge of an orgasmic cliff, and she needed to let go.

But Jimmy helped her legs back from her shoulders, and held out his hand to help her sit up. She looked at him, her body still humming with sexual tension. Paige had trouble focusing, her breathing still coming in pants, her heart beating wildly. She found herself standing in front of the black stud, shaking, unable to stand up straight. In fact, she was barely able to stand, her body jerking and shaking. Her head spun.

She felt the as when she was getting fucked, well fucked, about to cum fucked, but there was no cock in her pussy, and she wasn't masturbating. Paige couldn't understand what was happening, but the sensation was growing as if someone was bringing her to orgasm.

"You should grab my cock." Jimmy said, a smile on his face.

"Wha...?" Paige slurred, unable to concentrate on what he said.

"You should grab his cock." Jane repeated with an aroused laugh. "You're about to cum."

"I am?" She replied, her brain slowly catching up. She stared at his massive cock, pushing against the thin, black material. *I need to grab his cock. I'm going to cum now. Holy fuck it's huge...*

She saw her hand reach out and grasp the long shaft. The flesh was so firm, so hot, and so thick. She began to shake. Throwing her arm around his shoulder, Paige embraced him, pressing herself against his firm body. The shaking intensified. She felt his huge cock against her.

"Oh... Oh! Oh fuck... I'm... I'm cumming...Oh fuck I'm cumming!" The shapely brunette cried out, clinging to him, rubbing against his hardness. She held onto his shaft, her knees giving out, barely able to remain upright. She managed to keep her hand on the

black man's massive cock, stroking it through the spandex, pressing against it, as her entire body succumb to an overwhelming orgasm.

Her words dissolved into quavering, animalistic moans of pleasure as the powerful contractions. The mind-blowing sensation of her entire body spontaneously orgasming was overwhelming until she found herself clinging to the man, her fingers as far around his thick shaft as she could, rubbing against his powerful body. She slowly sank to her knees, unable to stay upright, overcome, she leaned her head against his massive cock. She could smell her own juices mixing with his masculine smell. She found herself putting her lips over the huge organ. She couldn't help herself.

"Oh, god, I'm sorry..." She said finally, leaning back, slowly regaining her senses, letting her hand drop from his erection. She wanted more. She wanted the huge black cock now standing hard in his body suit. It was massive. Commanding. Masculine. She had to get out of there. In her post-orgasmic bliss, she knew she couldn't resist the huge fuck organ any longer. "I need to, um go..."

Paige grabbed her towel and water bottle and then paused, staring at the outline of over eight inches of thick, hard, black cock. She had done that. Made him hard like that. She felt a wave of pleasure wash over her at the thought of her body making such a huge, impressive shaft that hard. She loved being beautiful. She adored feeling sexy. She felt guilty. She made him hard, and now she was leaving.

"Hey, um, I'm sorry. That was amazing and, wow, why does everyone want to make me cum so much? But, um, I... I... I just can't. I don't mean to leave you this way. But I'm married... I want to... I really, *really* want to... but I can't..." Paige smiled, trying to look sorry, trying not to stare at his huge organ.

"Oh, don't worry, your old friend Jane will take care of him." Jane said, hopping off the weight bench, a wry look on her face. "It's a burden, surely, but I'm sure I can handle it..." She looked lustily at the huge erection. "Every, single, inch of it..."

The young, shaking beauty watched her more experienced friend lower herself, kneeling before the hung black man. She ran one hand up the long shaft. She looked like a perfect doll, her firm, fit body, her large, shapely breasts, her long blonde hair and her beautiful face, all ready to service the black stud. She turned to face Paige.

“Run along.” She shooed Paige away, smiling. “You’re in or out. No spectators. I know you need to run home to poor *little* Steve.”

“Oh, yeah... right...” Paige agreed, a little disappointed. She had wanted to see the huge cock in the open, and she really wanted to see Jane’s beautiful mouth working around the big, flared head. “Thanks Jane. And...”

Paige ran up to Jimmy, her hand on his cock, and kissed him. What was meant as a brief kiss, quickly became one of passion. She was quickly enveloped in overwhelming desire again. It took all of her will to break away and step back. “Thank you.”

The brunette ran for the door, opened it enough to slip out. She looked back only briefly to catch a glimpse of Jane’s full red lips slipping over the massive black cockhead. She ran all the way home.

Steve didn’t know what hit him. His beautiful wife came bursting into their home, and went right for him like an uncaged tiger. “I need your cock!” She yelled as she pulled off her shorts. Moments later, she was on her knees sucking on his penis, making it hard. He’d never seen her this eager.

As soon as he was hard, Paige climbed onto his lap and slid his hard cock into her tight pussy. She was incredibly wet. Groaning, she started slamming herself onto his cock. Pulling her top off, she pressed her breast into his mouth. “Suck on me! Fuck me hard!” He took her hard nipple into his mouth and sucked, gently biting it. He heard her moans start to build. She never came this fast.

Moments later he heard her cry in his ear, and felt her juices run onto his lap. That was all it took. Before he could do anything

about it, his cock started spurting. Rather than ride it out, however, Paige quickly slid off his lap and started jerking his cock onto her face. She'd never done this before. It made him cum even harder. She kept stroking his softening organ until she had milked every last drop of his ejaculation from him. Then, sucking the length of his flaccid penis into her mouth, and pulling her head back until it popped out from her lips, she stood up and headed towards the bathroom.

"Uh, honey?" Steve called after his suddenly slutty wife. "Good work out?"

"You have no idea." Paige replied over her shoulder, bouncing down the hall. The truth was, it was a life changing workout. And she needed some alone time to think about it. Plus, the fuck was good, but she was nowhere near done cumming for the day.

Working Late, Working Hard

"You're working late again?" Steve whined, the sound made him even more grating tonight.

"It's pilot season, honey. You know we have all these events to go to." Paige repeated, exasperated. She didn't need to have this argument again. She was standing in Phillip's dressing room, trying to pull on her boot. She had to meet Masters in the limo in five minutes. "You've been gone for four days this week, three last week, and four the week before. This is no different."

"Yeah, I guess. But I barely see you, anymore." Steve acquiesced a little, his voice still whiney. He switched to a whisper. "We haven't had sex in weeks."

"I know, babe. It's tough." Paige said, talking him back down from his stressful state. She was horny too.

She didn't have the heart to tell her husband that she was having semi-regular sex with Felecia, and had been back for two more of Jimmy's workouts. She decided that it would have to be the last time, though. She didn't trust herself around the big black cock. And she'd bought a big black dildo that she now kept in her desk. She was really getting off on watching her hung boss fuck woman after woman, clients and employees. His potency was stunning. Still, she was in desperate need of a real fuck. "Listen, I have to go. See you tonight?"

"Maybe. I have an early flight to Denver. Are you going to be late?" Steve said, resignation already in his voice.

Paige inhaled slowly, enjoying the spicy scent of the office smell. It always relaxed her and made her feel better. "Probably. Don't wait up. Maybe I can give you a little surprise when I get home."

"OK, yeah, that'd be good." He said, melancholy.

“OK, bye babe.” Paige said, pressing the red, disconnect icon. She took another deep breath, feeling a slight smile return to her visage. She pulled her other boot on, sliding the soft, black suede up to her knee. Straightening her stockings, she checked herself out in the mirror.

“Stunning!” Phillip pronounced, rushing over to fix the details of her outfit.

Paige was dressed in a black, velvet dress, hemmed high on her shapely thighs. He reached into her top to adjust her breasts in the low-cut top to make sure they were full and round looking. She was used to his touch, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t pleasurable to feel his fingers slide over her nipples. She wondered if he had a huge black cock in his slacks. She gasped when he pinched one nipple, and then the other.

“Perky is perfect.” He advised, making a few last adjustments. He smelled so good. She wanted to find out what cologne the men in this office wore, but right now she had to hurry to meet up with her boss.

“Thanks Phillip, I feel like a movie star.” She said, kissing him on the cheek. He turned and rushed for the door, almost colliding with Vera, who was waiting at the door. “Whoops! Sorry, Vera!”

“No problem, Hon. I’m just here to mess up my dress” She said with a toothy smile. Her eyes looked glazed. Paige wondered if the beautiful, busty receptionist had enjoyed a few too many mimosas today. Still, it was effectively quitting time, so what the hell, right? “You look hot, Hon.”

“Thanks!” Paige gushed; she loved the compliments. They only served to boost her self-confidence and make her feel even sexier. It took many years, but she finally realized that she was beautiful. “Good luck getting the stain or whatever out.”

“Oh, Phillip is going to have to work it hard.” The Latina laughed over her shoulder as she strode to the muscular black man,

arms wide for a hug.

The evening progressed as expected. One of the studio executives who was in charge of casting the pilots for the ABS network was hosting a showing of his wife's photographs. It was hard to call them art; they consisted mostly of selfies of her in front of iconic and interesting locals in Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and the coast. The party was a not so subtle hint that buying a few of his pretty trophy wife's overpriced snapshots could help their fortunes during the upcoming pilot season.

Masters attended to try to broker some deals and support their clients. It was largely about stroking the wife's ego to make the exec happy. *It could be worse.* Paige thought, watching sexy actor George Coony walk over to beautiful woman to flatter her about her photographic skills. *Strong drinks, sexy company, and the best sushi in Hollywood. It sure ain't digging ditches.* She did notice that her eyes were following an almost equal number of sexy male and female actors all vying for attention. She would have gladly snuck into a back room with any of them. *God, I need to get laid more often.* She chided herself.

As Paige returned from the bar with fresh cocktails for herself and her handsome boss, she saw Coony finally make some excuse, looking at his watch, to pull away from the young, hot wife.

The sexy blonde looked lost for a moment, dressed exquisitely in pink-gold sequined dress that was cut as low in the front as the slit was cut high over her left thigh. Obviously drunk, or stoned, or both, she spotted Masters and her face lit up. She quickly made her way over, almost falling only four times in her six-inch heels.

Paige whispered in her boss' ear, "If she falls and breaks an ankle, do we have to shoot her?"

"CJ only does that if she's over thirty." Master quipped back, enjoying his assistant's sense of humor. "Here she comes, be nice..."

Malibu Robertson, the woman of the hour, stopped briefly to take another glass of champagne from one of the waiters. She was a stunning blonde with big blue eyes, a slime nose, and full lips. Her sparkling dress was cut from her tanned shoulders in a wide V that went almost to her belly button.

Paige couldn't help but stare at the woman's large, tanned globes. They were big, round, and firm. She suspected they had had help from one of Beverly Hills' top plastic surgeons, perhaps the one she saw talking with a young actress by the bar. Paige was instantly envious.

Her tits are amazing! Paige thought to herself, instantly jealous, and attracted to the shapely woman. *I wish I looked that good. Maybe I should talk to that surgeon, get these girls pumped up. And look at that waist; slim, flat, and how does she have hips like that without an ounce of fat? God, I'm getting wet just looking at her. And what the fuck kind of name is Malibu? Was she named after the Malibu Barbie doll?*

"James!" She cried out in her high voice. She spread her arms wide for a hug. This did wonders for her large breasts, exposing her globes, her stiff left nipple just peeking out. Paige licked her lips.

"Bu, you look spectacular!" Masters said, holding her at arm's length, looking her stunning figure. Paige found herself feeling jealous. She wanted him to look at her like that. The tall, powerful black man embraced the beautiful, slim blonde. Finally, she let go of him.

"And this..." Masters said, putting his hand on Paige's shoulder. Just this touch sent a thrill through Paige. She felt herself warm. She wanted him to touch her more often. "Is my brilliant and beautiful new assistant, Paige."

Malibu turned to face Paige, her long blonde hair falling across her striking features. The thick locks just seemed to accentuate the young woman's sparkling blue eyes. Those eyes briefly appraised

the brunette. Apparently satisfied, the rich, trophy wife displayed a dazzling smile.

“Paige! What a wonderful pleasure to meet you.” She stepped forward. Paige found herself in a wonderful embrace, the woman smelling of expensive perfume, her perfect body pressed against hers. She never realized just how good it felt to embrace a beautiful woman, to have her breasts pressed against the other woman. Malibu released her slightly to plant a kiss on each of Paige’s cheek, right at the back by her jaw. She smiled at the flushed brunette, glancing down. Paige followed her gaze to see their large breasts pressed together. They looked mouthwatering pushed together. She looked up to see Malibu smiling at her.

“I am looking forward to getting to know you, Paige.” The entrancing blonde said with a coy smile. She stepped back, her eyes still roving up and down Paige’s body. “But right now, I need to borrow your boss. I need his input on some nudes I’m working on.”

“How can I turn that offer down?” Masters smiled, raising an eyebrow at Paige. “Paige, relax, mingle, get to know some people. It’s a party, have fun. I’ll come find you when we’re done.”

Paige watched as her charismatic boss put his strong hand on the beautiful blonde’s back. She was somewhat hypnotized by the seductive sway of the young woman’s hips. *I really have to keep working on my butt.* She thought, admiring the swell starting just below the edge of the low cut back.

Paige started to mingle, talking to a few of their clients ranging from an actress, a comedienne, two pop stars, a local and a national news anchor, and a celebrity doctor. She even ended up spending a half hour talking with George Coony. He turned out to be an intelligent and introspective man. She loved it when his eyes kept being drawn down to her chest. The food was terrific, the company fun, and the drinks strong.

By the end of an hour, Masters and Malibu had not returned. Nobody seemed to mind. Her husband was being wooed by several

up and coming actresses, in fact, he had disappeared with a couple of them about a half hour ago, returning five minutes later. And the rest of the guests were just there to eat, drink, enjoy their favorite drug, and be merry. She had already walked in on an older director rubbing against a pair of tween genre actresses who looked to be high on ecstasy, and a pair of aging sex symbols snorting coke, at least she assumed it was cocaine, off each other's tits.

She ended up talking with one of her favorite hip-hop artists, the pneumatic Nicci Minor, on a patio awash in smoke of every kind. Nicci, herself, was happily sucking on a big blunt. It was probably her second or third of the night.

"Come on girl, take a toke wit' a sista!" She encouraged, her curly black hair shrouded in smoke.

Paige, more than tipsy from the drinks was tempted. In fact, she was tempted to do anything the boisterous, dark beauty wanted. In fact, she was sure she was already a little high from all the smoke already. "I never tried it before. Besides, I'm technically at work..."

"Yeah, and you drunk!" Nicci pointed out, laughing. She leaned close to Paige, her large breast pressed distractingly against the white girl's arm. She leaned close, tantalizingly close. "Come on, have a toke wit' Nicci."

"Well, um..." Paige was really tempted. She'd always wondered what pot was like. She watched as the cute, dark skinned woman slowly put the blunt to her lips and inhaled. It smelled... good wasn't the right word, the smoke was heavy and musky, but it was certainly tempting.

"Yeah, you gonna do it." Nicci said, her voice cracking in the characteristically mischievous way she was known for. She held the joint up to Paige's lips. "Dat's it, go slow."

Paige leaned forward and let the other woman put the smoking cylinder between her lips. The young brunette tentatively inhaled, not wanting to start coughing like crazy. She felt some smoke enter her

lungs and quickly jerked her head back, quickly inhaling fresh air. She didn't know why she did it, but she'd seen in in a movie once.

"Dat's it... Ha, ha, ha!" Nicci laughed, encouraging her new friend. "Now, hold it in."

The tipsy brunette thought she was doing pretty well. That is, until she started to cough. She covered her mouth as she coughed non-stop for probably ten seconds.

"Sorry." Paige said, smiling in embarrassment.

"You white girls can't hold your smoke." Nicci laughed, putting her arm around Paige's slim waist and hugging her. "No, serious, you did great for a first time. You feel it?"

"No, I don't feel..." She started to reply, but then she did feel it. She wasn't quite sure what she felt, but she felt good. It was a similar feeling to when a man kissed her neck. She felt lighter, happier, sexier. "I do. It's nice."

"You want another?" The vivacious woman asked as she exhaled a huge cloud of smoke.

"Um... Yeah... Maybe one more..." She wondered if it was the drinks talking, or the pot, but she was suddenly feeling quite wonderful. She felt quite...

"Am I high?" She asked, unable to keep from grinning.

"Maybe? A little. You should take another hit." Nicci smiled, holding the blunt for Paige to take.

"I think I'm high..." Paige said, taking the joint. She was trying to do a mental exploration to quantify her state. *Am I high? Am I getting high?* She thought as she put the brown wrapped blunt to her lips. She inhaled a little more confidently, ready for the tickle in her lungs. Instead of sipping air through her lips, she slowly followed the smoke with a slow inhalation through her nose. *Oh my god, I'm getting stoned, at work, at a Hollywood party. I hope James isn't mad...*

She felt the pot slowly sink in. She started to smile as she exhaled. *I feel really good.* She handed the blunt back to Nicci. This time the drug washed over her. It left no doubt that she was stoned. She quickly took a sip from the straw of her drink.

"I definitely think I'm stoned." Paige said conspiratorially.

"If you ain't, then this stuff is shit." Nicci joked, laughing at the first-timer. "Oh, you stoned alright, girlfriend."

"How do you know?" The shapely white girl asked.

"I know... Because you're staring at my tits." Nicci replied, good naturedly. "That's OK, I don't mind. I like 'em too."

"They are really great tits." Paige said, admiring the dark globes. She was definitely high. And, she discovered, it made her horny.

Paige and Nicci chatted about music, her career, their tits, and being stoned, while Paige acclimated to her altered state.

"Are you OK, Paige? I need a bounce." Nicci asked, appraising the young woman. "I got an early shoot tomorrow for the new album. And you need to go find your boss. If he keeps that Malibu Bimbo busy much longer CJ will notice. And you don't want that."

"Oh, shit, right." Paige replied, glancing around the room as if Masters would suddenly appear. "Do you think he's fucking her? I do. I'd fuck her if I were him. She's hot."

"Go get your boss, girl. I'll buy you a little time." Nicci said, kissing Paige on the cheek. "Let's you and me hang when I get back from my tour. I'll get you really stoned. It'll be a blast."

Nicci made her way through the crowd towards CJ, while Paige headed the other direction looking for Masters, or Malibu. She quickly found herself in a quieter part of the palatial house. She headed up the sweeping staircase and started searching through the numerous bedrooms on the second floor.

This first thing she discovered, was just how rich someone like CJ could get making shitty sitcoms for network TV. The second thing she discovered was just how many people liked to hook up at parties.

The first bedroom she checked in contained the two tween TV stars. The pretty Asian was on her back, legs spread, head back in ecstasy while her pretty redheaded costar buried her face between her shaking thighs, eating her out. Both girls were clearly a little older than their teenage characters, or at least Paige thought so anyway. Across the room sat the older director, jerking off madly. Paige had arrived just in time to watch his master shot dribble from the bright red tip of his cock. The two lithe women took no appreciable notice.

The next room revealed a kitchenette, kitchen really. Paige guessed that rich people didn't like to have to walk all the way downstairs to have a midnight snack. The kitchen was still bigger than hers and Steve's. This "small" kitchen sat eight comfortably. On the large table lay the hot new action star, Greg Cross, while one of the pretty waitresses ground down on his cock. Paige waved as she closed the door, she liked his last movie.

This is so fucked up. She thought, giggling to herself as she moved across the hall to the next door. This time she stumbled into the private office of CJ McMaster himself. She almost fell over trying to stop herself at the door. But the middle-aged man was otherwise distracted by the busty black woman she'd shared a joint with fifteen minutes ago.

Nicci's large, natural breasts were freed from her tight corset, and CJ was thrusting his hard cock between her warm mounds. Every now and then, Nicci would grab his cock, jerk him off, and suck on it, keeping him on the edge of orgasm. But it was clear she couldn't hold him back much longer.

The bubbly pop star put her finger to her lips to indicate that her coconspirator should remain silent. Then she pointed in the direction

down the hall, then flashed two fingers twice indicating, Paige thought, *That way, fourth door.*

Paige quietly backed of the room, closing the door as she snuck out. "Yeah baby, I want you to cum on my tits. Paint naughty Nicci's black boobies white, baby." Drifted from the crack of the door as she closed it.

Paige headed down the hall only to be presented with a choice. She found herself at the end of the hall, and there were two doors across the hall from each other. One of these was the fourth door, but which one? Paige guessed the right door.

Well, I guess that settles that rumor. Paige thought to herself, peeking through the door. There had long been rumors surrounding TV star, turned song and dance actor, turned action movie star Vinnie Rizzoli, that he was really gay, and that his marriage to Kelly Willis was nothing but a cover.

In the corner of the bedroom, at a small coffee table, sat Willis, poking away at her phone. She was probably updating her social media. On the bed lay a petite Asian girl, a heavily sweating Rizzoli pounding his cock into her as she held her pert breasts. The thing was, the slim girl also had a cock. A long, slim erection sprouted from the diminutive woman.

"Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Rizzoli panted, grabbing the transsexual by the hips, slamming his cock deeper into her ass. The pretty young dickgirl reached down to stroke her hard cock. The long, dark organ started to spurt just as the aging actor groaned in orgasm. Paige was amazed at the volume of cum, and the distance it flew, coming from a woman, er, transsexual. His wife didn't even bother to look up.

Smiling at her celebrity discovery, Paige quietly closed the door and went across the hallway. She bent over, quietly inching the door open a crack. She wasn't sure why she was bent over, it's not like it made her any quieter, or made the open door any harder to see.

The door opened into an outer sitting room, opulently appointed. The room had a thin haze of smoke, not tobacco, but not smelling like the pot she had shared a short while ago. It smelled familiar, and pleasant, but she couldn't quite place it. At the far end was another door, open only a crack. This is where the smoke was drifting from.

"OK, Malibu, this is the last round." Masters could be heard saying.

"OK, just please cum in me. I love it when you fill my slutty little pussy." Malibu pleaded, breathing heavily.

"Last time you told me you loved it when I covered in my *hot white cum*." Masters said teasingly.

"I know, baby. I just love making you cum. Oh shit, I'm gonna... I'm gonna... Oh! *Fuck yes...*" The beautiful blonde dissolved into cries of ecstasy.

Paige tip-toed closer, opened the door another inch or two and tried to peek in. She was rewarded with a perfect view of Masters' massive, black shaft stretching the stunning blonde's trimmed blonde pussy. Malibu was on her hands and knees, panting with exertion, driving herself back and forth onto the thick, powerful shaft. *Holy shit it's huge. I mean, I knew it was big on the monitor, but it's fucking massive in person.*

Unable to take her eyes off the pair as the shapely, young woman moaned, pushing back, impaling herself on the huge cock, then leaning forward until just the fat cockhead remained tightly lodged in her pussy. The dark skin of the fuck organ glistened with her wetness making it look like polished ebony. Paige felt a trickle of arousal drip down her thigh. She shivered as her need to cum kicked in.

I'm just going to watch for a minute, then I'll get him. That's not bad, is it? Paige knew the answer, but was too enthralled to resist peeping. *Just for a minute... or two... While I play with myself...*

Placing her feet apart, Paige couldn't resist slipping her fingers under the short hem of her black dress, and into her dripping wet pussy. No teasing herself this time, just two fingers deep into her opening. She let out a whispered groan, hoping nobody heard her. But given the cries of passion coming from the beautiful blonde fuck toy, she could have sung the Star-Spangled Banner and nobody would have noticed.

The effect was instant. Paige went from horny and stoned, to desperate to cum. Alternating between running her fingers over her erect clit, and sliding them into her pussy, she stared intently at the huge black cock as it drove the exquisite blonde wild.

Malibu couldn't stop herself if she tried, even if CJ walked in with a shotgun. Masters' cock was so big, it filled her completely, totally. It stimulated parts of her no other man ever could. It was just completely overwhelming, driving her body to cum over and over. At this moment, this was why she existed, to service the massive black cock, to make him cum, to fill her tight, little cunt with his seed. To breed with him. This need drove her to copulate on a subconscious, animal level. Her body knew what it craved, and she could no longer control the outcome.

Speaking of cum, Paige was getting close. Every thrust of the massive, ebony shaft pushed her closer. She wanted to be the blonde, craved the thick organ. Her legs shaking, she sunk to her knees, almost mimicking Malibu's position. Her eyes were locked on the long, hard, veined shaft filling the centerfold-gorgeous woman.

"Oh God, you're so hard!" Malibu cried out. "Fuck me hard! Give me your cum!"

She let out a squeal of pleasure, her arms giving way, as Masters put his hands on her shapely hips and pulled her against his cock, burying himself, his large balls slapping against her clit. Head against the pillow, face turned to look back at her lover, white teeth glinting as she gritted them.

Masters smiled, enjoying the sight of her shapely ass spread, back arched to give the black, Alpha-male even better access to her tight, wet pussy. Masters slowly thrust, stroking the entire length of his huge cock in her pussy, the organ becoming rock hard, veins sticking out in hard relief.

“Oh God, yes, Yes! Give it to me! Give it to me! Fill my pussy!” She cried out.

It was all Paige could do not to cry out in unison. She was seconds away from cumming, her body jerking, the rhythm of her touch faltering as she lost control.

After a few massive, deep thrusts, Masters pulled his cock back, only a few inches still buried in the writhing blonde’s pussy. Malibu’s pink ass twitched as she started to cum, her body desperate to milk the seed from the black stud’s balls. It worked.

“Fuck yeah...” Masters groaned, his balls rising, his shaft stiffening, before it began to visibly pump load after load of cum into the beautiful, young Malibu. Feeling his cum splash into her pussy, the blonde began to sob, her orgasm redoubling, overwhelming the young woman.

Paige’s fit body thrashed and jerked as she came. Her back arched and she humped the air while her pussy dripped in orgasm. She did her best to whimper quietly as she came. She had very little control over herself.

With a groan, Masters pushed his massive, foot-long cock all the way into the shapely artist, his hot cum splashing against her cervix, filling every fold with his thick seed. His mighty shaft pulsed, stretching Malibu’s pussy even tighter, driving her to another orgasm even as her previous one was waning.

Seeing him fill the orgasmic beauty with his thick cock meat sent Paige to the floor, pressing her hips against the floor, her body yearning for a big cock for herself. She watched Masters powerful ass flex as he pumped the remainder of his load into the delirious

trophy wife before slowly sliding his cock in and out of her quivering body, overflowing cum streaking his black shaft.

He slowly fucked her with his slowly softening cock, allowing her to recover from her overwhelming series of orgasms. This also helped Paige recover her senses, first sitting up, then standing to straighten her outfit.

She watched her boss pull his long cock from Malibu's perfect body, leaving her pussy agape. She initially collapsed, rolling onto her back and spreading her long, shapely legs, sliding her fingers over her cum-filled pussy.

"Come on baby, one more fuck?" She said eyeing the long, thick organ hanging stiffly between Masters' strong thighs.

"Not tonight, Malibu. I think your husband will begin to get suspicious if I keep you away for much longer." He answered warmly, but with a firm note in his voice. Paige had no doubt, looking at the still stiff cock, that he could easily go another round, or two, or three.

"OK, well, let me clean you up, before you go." Malibu said, sitting up to take the fat cockhead in her mouth.

"It won't work Bu." Masters laughed. "Not that I mind you trying."

Paige coughed. *Nice going, that didn't sound at all fake.* "Is that you in there Mr. Masters? I can't see what you're doing, or anything." *Real smooth Paige, real double-O spy material.*

"Hi Paige, yes. Give us a couple of minutes" Her boss replied.

"OK, cool, I'll just be out here." Paige said, rolling her eyes. She couldn't help but watch as Masters allowed the busty hot wife to lick his cock clean of overflow cum, and her own juices, before he held her back to let her know playtime was over.

Malibu pouted, but acquiesced, sliding back into her designer sequined dress. Despite being fucked for an hour, she looked picture

perfect. If anything, her slightly disheveled hair made her look even hotter. Paige tried to look surprised when they appeared at the bedroom door.

"I don't know how I lost track of time!" The stunning woman said as she walked through the door. She walked up and gave Paige a hug. It was a very warm hug, a long hug, a long seductive hug.

I would love to play with you. Thought Paige as they broke their embrace. She was surprised when the young woman leaned in and kissed her. It wasn't a kiss on the cheek. It was a full on the lips with tongue kiss. Paige couldn't resist returning the kiss, holding the woman closer. She tasted minty, and something else, something a little more savory. *Holy shit, I can taste James on her. I'm tasting his cum. And it tastes really good. Fuck I need to go home, I need Steve's cock.*

"Thank you for finding me Paige, great work." Masters added, putting his arm around her waist, gently pulling her from Malibu. "I have a couple of meetings still to go tonight, and I can't help but lose track of time around our lovely woman of honor."

"Oh, yes... In fact, I was just coming to get you, your meeting is waiting for you downstairs." *You are not getting any better at this.* Paige chided herself. But Malibu looked pretty out of it, stoned, post orgasmic, she was flying high and probably would have believed her if she said they had a rocket ship to catch.

It was just then that CJ popped his head into the room. Seeing his trophy wife with Masters, he initially looked annoyed. But then seeing his hand on Paige's hip, he seemed to relax. "There you are!" He said, striding over to Malibu taking her hands in his, eyeing her suspiciously. "People are asking where you were."

"CJ, it's all my fault." Masters spoke up. "I asked her to give Paige a tour, and I'm afraid we lost track of time. I hope you're not mad."

CJ looked up at the tall black man and seemed to acquiesce, cowed by the dominant male. He put on a broad smile. "Mad? Of course not. I know my wife gets distracted." He looked at Paige lasciviously. "Especially around other beautiful women."

Paige raised an eyebrow slightly. It sounded like Malibu liked to play with girls too. Thoughts of her own naked body intertwined with the trophy wife flew through her mind. She smiled.

"Well, I need to get Mr. Masters downstairs to meet with, uh, Isla Calry." Paige offered,

"Thank you again for the tour, Malibu. It was wonderful." Masters said, guiding Paige out of the room, his strong arm still around her. She would be very happy if he left it there for the rest of the night.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt, um, whatever you were doing in there." Paige apologized as they beat a hasty retreat. "But I saw him start to look for her and I thought, not that there was anything, I mean, I just thought..."

Masters laughed and hugged a little closer. "No need to apologize, Paige. You did perfectly. And we both know what I was doing in there."

Paige felt a warm glow at the compliment, and at the feeling of his embrace. She wished Steve felt this strong, this comforting, this masculine.

They spent the next three hours schmoozing with clients, industry contacts, and power brokers. In the end, Masters bought four of Malibu's prints. During the car ride back to the office, Masters and his assistant shared the information they'd gleaned from drink-lubricated guests, talked about several new prospects, and generally strategized on how to best position several of their existing customers. They returned to the office a few minutes after midnight.

"You were terrific tonight, by the way, Paige. Can I interest you in a nightcap?" Masters said, pouring himself a drink. Paige glowed

with the compliment. Still a little drunk but too wound up from all the excitement. She took Masters up on his offer of a drink and they took their amber filled tumblers out to the balcony to look at the lights of Hollywood.

“You did everything perfectly at the party, Paige.” Masters said, sitting in the large, fabric chair next to hers, putting his feet up on the matching futon.

“Why thank you, Mr. Masters.” Paige aid, smiling, tingling with his approval. She smiled, settled herself in the chair, and put her high-heel shod feet on the large, fabric covered cushion next to her boss’ size thirteen shoes. “I really enjoyed myself.”

“First of all, call me James.” He said in his rich baritone. Another thrill went through the pretty, young wife. “And I saw how much fun you were having.”

“I hope I didn’t go too far...” Paige said, suddenly concerned that Masters wasn’t happy with her.

“Not at all. This is a social job. You won’t gain our clients’ trust if you sip club soda all night.” He explained, instantly assuaging her worry. He reached into his jacket and pulled out a small box. “You work well drunk, and a little stoned. It makes you sexier, yet more approachable at the same time.”

“Sexy? Wow. Me?” The young wife replied, surprised, but glowing from his compliment. She felt her skin tingle, and her nipples harden. She wasn’t sure if it was the over-proof scotch making her warm, or her boss. “I never thought of myself as hot.”

“Well, you are. There’s a reason Felecia chose you to be my new assistant. I mean, first of all, you’re brilliant and you have the right temperament. It’s a plus that you’re stunning. You’re the whole package.” He said matter-of-factly before sipping his scotch. Putting it down on the thick arm of the chair, he popped open the silver case. “Nicci said she got you stoned. You look very sexy high. Do you smoke regularly?”

“My first time.” Paige answered, blushing. She remembered how good she felt stoned. It made her wet. She really wanted to touch her pussy right now. The fact that Masters thought she was stunning was a surprising turn-on. “Was that OK?”

“Oh, yeah, it’s cool. I like to smoke too. I have my own special weed.” He said, smiling, pulling a thick joint from the expensive, silver case. “Would you like to share?”

“Um, sure?” She said, a little unsure. It was strange to be drinking with her boss, let alone smoking a joint with him. She pressed her legs together to assuage the growing need between her thighs. “I liked it last time.”

“Excellent. It’s always better to share a joint with a pretty woman.” He said, lighting the tip, and inhaling enough to make sure it’s lit. “I know you’ll love my herb. It grows only on my family’s island.”

Paige took the joint delicately. *Am I getting myself in too deep? Is this a bad idea? Getting stoned with James?* She smelled the burning joint. It was enticing, spicy, and not at all like the joint she’d smoked earlier in the night. *What the hell, right? I look hot stoned. It smells so yummy.* Holding it to her lips, she did as she had before, inhaling part way from the joint, then pulling cool air in through her nose to mix with the hot smoke. *Oh, I like this stuff. It doesn’t burn. It doesn’t make me cough.*

She handed the joint back to Masters, still holding her breath, and watched him inhale deeply. He was obviously an expert. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes, a grin spreading across his lips.

Paige felt a smile appear on her face as well, along with a rush of pleasure that quickly spread through her entire body. She couldn’t help but moan as she slowly exhaled a big cloud of smoke.

Fuck that’s good. She thought. It was as if she could actually feel her mind expanding. Everything felt warm and bright. *It’s like*

someone took my mind out of my head and was gently blowing cool air on it. God, it's making me horny. It feels like my clit is getting hard. A little clitty erection. She giggled.

"You like it?" James asked, holding the joint back to her. His brown eyes were heavy lidded, and she saw he was definitely checking her out.

"Uh-huh..." She purred, the weed going to her head. She shifted a little to give him a better view of her cleavage, and raised one leg slightly to hike up the hem of her dress, and show off more of her thigh. *What are you doing? You're a married woman. A wife. OK, you're a hot wife who's getting stoned with her hung boss in the middle of the night sitting on a balcony overlooking Beverly Hills.*

Paige inhaled again, deeper this time, enjoying the taste and the fragrance. She realized, that Masters weed also smelled a little like his cologne. She watched him take another hit from the joint before arching her back and moaning as her full lungs transferred their drug to her brain. It felt wonderful. She couldn't help but grab her breast with her hand. *Fuck, this stuff is making me so horny.* She rubbed her legs together. *I'm so fucking wet, I'm gonna leave a spot on the chair. God he's hot. He makes Steve look like a little boy.*

"What is this stuff?" Paige finally asked as she let the smoke go. She was so horny now, she didn't know what to do.

"It's called Devil's Weed. It grows only on my home island. It's very powerful." He said, taking a tiny little hit from the joint. "Would you like some more? Be careful, it can get you into trouble."

I'm already in trouble. Paige thought to herself. She looked at her boss. His glazed, brown eyes, his wide nose, his powerful jaw. She couldn't help but be attracted to his masculinity. "Maybe one more..." She replied, staring at him like a schoolgirl with a crush. *God, I want more. It feels so good!*

Masters handed her the joint, then stood to take off his suit jacket. Paige inhaled deeply, and watched him move. Her eyes

roved over his broad shoulders, his muscular chest, and his slim waist. By the time she felt the next rush of bliss from the Devil's Weed, her eyes had settled on the bulge in his expensive, Italian-made slacks. She handed the joint back to him, unable to take her eyes off the huge lump hanging down one leg. Exhaling explosively, not realizing just how long she'd held the exquisite smoke in, she blurted out what was in her mind.

"Can I see it?" *Holy shit. Did I really just say that?* She froze, her eyes slowly raising to meet his. The thing was, she really wanted to see it. Her entire body was tingling at the thought. She licked her lips and looked at her boss.

"Can you see what?" He asked, bemused, a mirthful glint in his eye. This wasn't the first time he'd been asked this question.

"You know... *It.*" Paige said, giggling, one hand subconsciously on her breast. She sat upright on the edge of the chair. Her eyes slowly sunk down his long body to the bulge in his pants. She raised her hand and pointed. "*That...*" She said, eyes widening in emphasis. She again giggled, stoned, and put her red nail between her lips. "Please?"

"Oh, that." Masters said, looking down at the beautiful, young brunette. Suddenly, he laughed, showing his straight, white teeth. He handed the joint back to Paige. "Well, I have a rule about taking my dick out and showing it to my employees. But..."

Paige stared at him, letting the wave of pleasure wash across her. She moaned, and grasped her breast, shifting in her seat. Her pussy needed attention. She exhaled, waiting for him to continue. "But?"

"But..." He said, smiling, taking a few steps closer. Paige's eyes followed him, turning up from the bulge to look into his captivating eyes. "If you wanted to take it out yourself, I wouldn't object. I'm always happy to share."

Paige held his gaze for a moment to make sure he was serious. She held the joint up for him to take, then let her focus return to the *thing* in question. The big, black thing hanging between his legs.

You're crazy! You shouldn't do this. What about Steve? Fuck Steve. She thought, her mind racing almost as fast as her pulse. *You can't turn back now. Fuck I'm horny. I just want to see it... touch it.*

"I am so stoned..." She said with a big grin, slowly, gently reaching toward the zipper a few inches from her. She tentatively reached out, quickly drawing her hand back as she touched the fine wool. She giggled again, then reached out. She hesitated only briefly before taking the flap between two fingers, and the zipper with the fingers of her other hand. She slowly pulled the fly open.

She wasn't sure if she expected it to pop out at her. But she stared at the dark opening for a moment. *You need to reach in and get it, dummy.* She glanced up at Masters again, relieved to see that he was enjoying her confusion.

"Go ahead, don't be shy." He said, giving her permission.

With another giggle, she slowly reached past the opening. She quickly found what she was looking for, putting her fingers around the firm, warm flesh. He wasn't hard, but the shaft felt firm and soft. She could feel the heat coming off of it.

Adjusting her grip, she discovered that, even flaccid, she couldn't get her hand all the way around the organ. *Holy shit, it's even bigger than it looked on the monitor. It's massive.*

She licked her lips again, gently pulling the long sex organ from the confines of his pants. She let out a quiet gasp as the flesh of the shaft became visible. It was apparent that his girth was much thicker than she could imagine on a man, and as she pulled it farther out, she couldn't believe how long it was, even soft.

By the time she revealed the entire length of the organ, she was enthralled by its size. It was massive, almost completely

blocking her hand as she gently held the bottom of the shaft. She could feel his large balls pressed against her knuckles.

It's huge... She thought, staring at the thick, dark flesh. She felt it move, growing a little. *It's thicker and longer than Steve's, even when he's totally hard. Compared to him normally, well, it makes him look like, well, a little boy.* She gently lifted the weighty organ in her hand, admiring it. It was quite heavy. She saw it tense, growing a little in her grasp.

"It's... beautiful..." She said, holding the slowly lengthening shaft up.

"Well, thank you." Masters said, his eyes heavy from the weed, an aroused smile on his lips. "It likes you too."

Paige smiled, looking back at the huge cock in her hand. *You went too far. What are you going to do now?* She thought. But just as quickly as she started to stroke the thick shaft, mesmerized as it continued to grow. Her other hand had found its way between her firm thighs, and to her wet pussy. She couldn't help but touch herself.

Masters held the joint down for her, letting her lean forward and suck on the drug without needing her hands. They appeared to both be busy. Paige sucked deeply. She loved the taste, and the euphoric, arousing effects.

Holding the smoke in, she watched her hand move along the soft, dark skin of the huge shaft. *It must be seven or eight inches long, maybe longer, and it isn't even hard yet.* She loved how the cock would bend under her grip as she slid her hand up the shaft.

Fuck, I'm going to cum... Paige suddenly realized. *I can't not in front...* But it was too late, she couldn't stop herself, her fingers sliding over her clit. She cried out, falling forward against her boss, her face against his thick cock. Her body convulsing, she pressed her face against the thick base of his cock, her hand sliding along his hardening cock, jerking him off. She couldn't resist; a slave to her orgasm.

As she recovered, she looked up at him, happy to see him grinning back at him. She was finally able to right herself, stroking him, very aware that his huge sex organ had grown and hardened considerably. She let go of his cock, brushing her hair from her face. "Sorry. I... That was wild... I don't know what... Wow, I'm so high. That stuff is great. I just came so hard..."

"I gathered." He chuckled, his cock twitching, bringing Paige's attention back to it. "Where I come from, orgasms are a gift from nature. They're something to be enjoyed, and shared. There's no need to be sorry for that." He said with an aroused grin. His cock was standing straight, the long shaft curving downward from its own weight. "I'm always happy to give orgasms, not that I don't enjoy receiving them myself."

Paige just stared at his massive organ, her mind soaring with ecstasy. She lifted her hand to the long shaft again, marveling at how much it had grown during her orgasm. It must be as long as her forearm. She noticed that the veins along the long shaft seemed to be much thicker, standing out along the long, dark flesh.

Using her other hand, she wrapped it around as much of the shaft as she could, only about half way around, and put it against his muscular body, she wrapped her other hand next to it. She moved the first hand above the other, and repeated. Moving one last time, her hand just barely covered the fat cockhead, still shrouded in foreskin. Four and a half hands of long, thick, black cock. Steve's little cock didn't fill both her hands.

Licking her lips, Paige slid her hands back down the shaft, pulling the soft foreskin back to reveal the fat, chocolate-brown, cockhead. It glistened with moisture as it was revealed. There was a gentle, masculine scent. She wanted to taste it. Leaning forward, she paused, looking up at Masters for permission. "Can I taste it?"

Her handsome, rich, black boss seemed a little surprised by her question. He cleared his throat. "Of course. It would be criminal to stop you now."

Her gaze returning to the turgid organ, captivated, she tentatively leaned closer. Then, with a moan, she closed her eyes and took the fat glans into her mouth. She was almost overwhelmed by the taste; manly, spicy, savory. She felt compelled to suck on the huge cockhead, licking it, savoring the flavor, making it grow even more. Her hands slid up and down the hardening shaft as she moved her mouth back and forth over the end.

Finally, with a loud slurp, she leaned back to look at her handiwork. The cock in her hand was massive, long, thick, and hard. The thick veins stood out in relief against the dark skin. The shaft was rock hard under her touch, heat radiating off the firm meat.

“God, you taste good.” Paige slurred, completely enthralled by the huge phallus. It made her quiver with need.

“It’s the Devil’s Weed, or so I’m told.” Masters said, clearly enjoying her attention. “The flavor and spicy notes carry through, and the other effects.”

“You mean if you cum in me, I get stoned?” Paige asked, eyeing the tip of the cock. “Wow. Sounds good to me...”

The thick rim of his cockhead seemed to be expanding. She continued to stroke the long shaft. She felt it stiffen and the tip raised up towards her face. A thick stream of creamy white gushed from the fattened glans, and dripped from the end. She stroked, waiting for the next ejaculation. After a moment, she leaned in, licking the head of his huge cock like an ice cream cone.

“Did you cum?” She asked, embarrassed. Could it be even possible that his huge, commanding cock only gave one spurt when he came?

“No, no.” He laughed, smiling at her. “It does that every now and then when a beautiful woman services me. And you are very good, by the way.”

“Oh, oh, phew...” Paige said relieved. *Holy shit, that was just pre-cum? Steve produces a drip or two. Of course, he would have*

cum by now. What is this monster like when he really cums? It must be like a firehose! Her head spun at the thought of the giant organ pulsing and gushing load after load of cum. *It must be epic!* “I mean, not that I doubted. I’m good? Really? Not that I think I’m bad, but...”

“You are very good.” Masters corrected. Paige felt a nearly orgasmic wave of pleasure course through her at his approval. “You’re a natural. I’d love to fill you with cum...”

Paige almost fainted with desire for his cum. She’d never felt this way before. She enjoyed making Steve cum, it was fun, but this was different. She needed it, she craved it. The overwhelming desire frightened her. She was quickly losing control of the situation.

“I can’t... I want to, but... I mean, I’m married...” Paige blurted out, still stroking the huge shaft, another drool of pre-cum drooling from the tip. She couldn’t resist leaning forward to catch it on her tongue, sucking on the head. She pulled back, breathless, looking up at Masters. She didn’t think she could resist.

“I understand, Paige. I would never expect you to do anything you didn’t want to.” He said, taking her hands and guiding her up. It was hard to ignore his massive cock as she did though, her hand still on the shaft. “Where I come from, pleasure isn’t necessarily restricted within married couples. But it is completely consensual. Besides, I have an engagement in a few minutes. Aren’t you supposed to be handling my calendar?”

“Oh, my God, I completely spaced it.” She said, almost giddy with relief. He had broken the spell, or at least enough that she felt a modicum of control. She looked down at the huge cock. She still wanted it. “I shouldn’t have...”

“I was teasing you.” Masters smiled. “First of all, you did amazing tonight. Second. I have a phone to remind me of my appointments. Third. You’re done for the night, this is purely recreational. Fourth. I smoke a number of times every day, and you are welcome to join me any time you wish. You can also do this any time you want, too. In fact, I encourage both.”

Paige followed his gaze down to her hand, still stroking his hard cock. She smiled, a little embarrassed.

“But, I do have an appointment with Anna Veracruz...” He said.

“Anna Veracruz? Anna V?” Paige asked, amazed. Anna V was one of the world’s hottest designers. She was also one of the designers that dressed the women of the office. “Holy crap!”

“Yes, that Anna V. We trade services. Representation and personal services, in return for wardrobe consulting.” He explained, with a knowing smile. “So, call my car service, they’ll get you home safe and sound, and then they can come back and get me. Take a joint for later if you like, and I’ll see you tomorrow, say, around noon?”

“Sure, yes, noon.” She said. But she was so high, it didn’t quite dawn on her to actually go and do it. She just gazed adoringly up at Masters.

“Um, you’ll probably have to let go of that first.” He said, chuckling, nodding towards his hard cock, her hand still stroking its length.

“Oh... shit... sorry.” Paige said, letting go of the massive, hard organ. She stood there for a moment, biting her lower lip. “Can I give you a kiss?”

“Any time you want.” The handsome executive smiled, opening his arms.

A second later, the beautiful, young brunette bounced up on her toes, throwing her arms around his powerful neck, pressing her firm body against his. She looked at him adoringly.

“Thank you for letting me play with your big cock.” Paige giggled. She kissed him.

The kiss quickly intensified, a moan escaping her throat, her lips parting for him. She pressed against his hard cock, pressing it down. The thick hardness drove her to press harder against him.

Spreading her firm thighs allowed the thick organ to spring up between her legs, pressing against her dripping wet pussy. Now she knew why so many women went “commando” in their expensive dresses.

The sensation of the massive, hard flesh against her pussy made her press harder against him, rubbing herself against the turgid shaft. She couldn't resist how good it felt. She pulled her face away, staring intently at him.

“Oh God, you're so fucking big...” She gasped, her legs shaking. “I think I'm going to...”

Her words were cut off by the compelling, black stud's lips as he kissed her, his hands sliding down her back, with each hand taking her ass. He held her close, and slowly thrust his huge cock between her thighs, pressing hard against her slippery pussy.

Moments later, she began to whimper, kissing him back, her tongue intertwined with his, her body tight against his. She came, crying out in mind-splitting ecstasy. Her thighs clamped together, holding his cock tightly, her hips thrusting against him. The thick meat between her legs drove her to the most powerful orgasm she'd ever experienced. Her inner thighs were wet by the time she was done. She had to cling to Masters for a few minutes before she was able to stand on her own.

“Wow. Um... I mean... Thank you.” She slurred, staggering a little, pulling her short dress down. She was really having a difficult time focusing. “What was I doing?”

“You were going to call the car service to get them to take you home.” Masters said, enjoying the sight of his incredibly competent assistant so completely discombobulated. “Then you're going to go home and sleep. Oh, and you can let Anna in.”

“I let myself in.” A voice came from the other side of the door.

Paige spun around, surprised, embarrassed, and completely star-struck at the sight of the famous designer. “Oh, Miss Veracruz,

I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to make Mr. Masters late." She quickly gathered her purse and her phone, straightening her clothes a little, pushing her hair from her face, and rushing to the door. "I was just, um, that is... It's such an honor to meet you..."

"Anna." She said, stepping in front of Paige. The younger woman stopped short, looking like a deer in the headlight.

Anna Veracruz was a stunning Latina who had made a splash as a designer at the Montblanc fashion house before starting her own label. She was standing a foot away from Paige. What struck the young woman first was Veracruz's long, black mane of hair, her dark romantic eyes, and her full, expressive lips. Stretched over her large breasts, clinging to her slim waist, and showing off her full hips, was one of her latest designs.

Anna took the assistant's hands in her own. "And you must be Paige. James has already bragged to me about you. It is a pleasure to meet you."

"Oh... Oh?" She glanced back at Masters for a moment. He had already poured a drink for them and was seated in his chair. His huge cock still stood proudly, Paige's juices shining from the thick shaft. "I mean, thank you..."

"I can see why he likes you. And no need to apologize. That cock of his tends to distract a girl from the time." The Latina leaned forward, her gentle hands holding Paige's face still while she kissed her. Paige kissed her back, closing her eyes. When she finished, the brunette slowly opened her eyes, gazing into Anna's sexy gaze. The Latina licked her lips and smiled. "And I can taste just how distracted he had you."

Paige nodded, her cheeks reddening. She didn't know why, though. Anna had clearly seen her a few minutes ago. She stared at the dark beauty.

"Oh my, you are beautifully high, aren't you?" Anna smiled. She walked past Paige, giving her a pinch on the ass as she passed.

“Now you, James... I hope you’re still up for our meeting?”

Paige shook her head to clear it, unsuccessfully, and headed for her outer office. When she pulled the door closed, Anna V had snuggled down beside Masters in his chair, drink in one hand, and his huge black cock in the other.

Big Trophy For An Even Bigger Star

Steve had already left when Paige arrived home. He left a note,

*Miss you tonight. Let's take a long weekend, just you
and me. It's been too long. All my love - Steve*

The note broke Paige's heart. Here she was, playing around with her boss' huge cock, stoned out of her mind on weed, ignoring her poor husband. She felt terrible. But she also knew she couldn't help herself.

The young wife still felt uncontrollably horny, and as sad as she felt, she was more upset that she had no Steve's cock. She was quivering with need after having Master's huge, bull cock in her hand; after tasting his masculine, copious pre-cum.

With a groan, she grabbed her vibrator from the shower, peeled off her clothes, and pressed the little device against her sensitive clit. Moments later, she found herself on her knees, then lying on the floor as her body convulsed in orgasm so strong that anyone watching would have thought she was having a seizure.

It was amazing. It was so amazing, that she had to repeat the process, picturing Masters' massive cock filling her, stretching her tight around his hard girth. By the time she was done, she lay on the bed, a large wet spot between her shaking thighs.

She awoke the next morning at eleven, naked, splayed across the bed much in the way she'd passed out. She expected a hangover, but instead she felt wonderful. Not as wonderful as when she smoked Masters' Devil's Weed, but wonderful nonetheless. Her only problem was that she was still horny. Oh, and she was late for work.

Leaping out of bed, rushed into the shower long enough to wash off her makeup, rinse her hair, and get generally cleaned up. On the plus side, it was casual Friday, so she opened her outfit bag and pulled out a pair of torn jeans that would hug her every curve,

and a tight white jersey top that would cling to her breasts, but fell open around her middle giving a peekaboo look at her tight abs.

She was relieved to see that Marcus was outside, waiting for her. Hopping into the Mercedes, she was out of breath, and a little disheveled.

“Oh Marcus, you are a life saver!” She said, gratefully. “I’m so late.”

“No worry, Miss Paige.” The handsome dark driver said with a big smile. “Miss Felecia already warned me. You’ll be fine. We got you.”

Mid-day LA traffic is never cooperative, and Paige arrived at the office at twelve-thirty. Rushing into the elevator she almost ran into her office. She quickly checked Masters’ calendar to see that he should be in a meeting with Billy Rebel. A quick check of the camera showed the meeting in progress.

And by meeting, apparently Rebel wants to a beautiful Latina to jerk him off while Masters fucks his girlfriend, or wife, or whatever she is. I have time for coffee. She thought, inhaling deeply, feeling the stress melt away. Her pussy was already getting wet from the brief look at the video feed. This was going to be a long day. Masters had a packed calendar, and he was heading out to what was described as a “small, intimate” party tonight in the Hollywood Hills. “Small”, probably meant less than fifty attendees, and “intimate” meant no press.

While waiting for the coffee machine to make her latte, she admired her reflection in the mirror. She stood tall, thrusting her breasts forward. *Not bad!* She thought, appraising herself. *The workouts are really doing the trick. Now that’s a tight ass.* The workouts put muscle on her ass and thighs, making them fuller, and making her ass bubble out nicely. She ran her hands over her thighs, unable to resist sliding a hand between. The seam of the skin-tight jeans kept rubbing on her clit, making her groan, but also making it

difficult to stimulate with her fingers. It was driving the beautiful brunette nuts.

She turned to regard her profile, running her hands up her body, pulling her jersey top up. She had a slim, flat stomach that boasted a soft hint of a six-pack. Any thinner, and she thought she'd look too hard. And she loved how her breasts looked. Losing that little bit of weight everywhere else, and working her upper body in the gym, made her tits stand even more firmly, drawing the eye to her cleavage. Every day, she was making herself better, more perfect.

Paige really liked being sexy. She liked it when people looked at her. She loved to see the lust in their eyes when she looked really hot. She looked at the curve of the bottom of her breasts, admiring their smooth shape. Unable to resist, she pinched her nipples, eliciting a sharp inhalation of breath and a purr of pleasure. Pulling down the top, she decided that she much preferred the effect hard nipples gave through the thin cotton.

With a shiver of delight, she sifted the little pink envelope of sweetener into her steaming coffee. With one more glance at her firm behind, she walked back to her office. Merely sitting down sent a rush of pleasure through her as the tight denim pressed against her clit. She quickly discovered that crossing her legs had an even more arousing effect.

Checking for any messages from James, she flicked open the camera screen. *Oh my!* The thought, putting her hand to her mouth. On the couch was seated Masters, Rebel's significant other was riding his massive cock, the ebony shaft glistening from her wetness. Paige licked her lips at the sight of the huge organ sliding in and out of her tight opening. But what really surprised her, was that the beautiful Latina impaled on Rebel's stiff cock, was sporting one of her own! What was it about Hollywood and trannies?

The full-breasted, well-shaped woman was apparently a man. *Transsexual?* Paige thought to herself, rode the rock star's cock, her

own cock swaying stiffly. She was surprisingly well-hung, nothing like Masters' monster meat, but long and hard. Paige could tell by the look on the transsexual's face that she was going to cum.

By this point, Paige was squirming in her jeans, wishing she could play with herself.

Rebel's wife, or whatever, grinned, looking at the other woman's rock-hard cock as it thrust into the air. She managed to lean over, holding the base of the she-cock in her hand, and sliding her mouth over the bucking shaft. Almost immediately, the sexy woman reared back, throwing herself up and down on Rebel's hard cock. The Shemale bucked, the woman jerking her off, her cock shooting a stream of cum up onto her shapely breasts. She slammed herself down again on Rebel's cock, making her own spurt through the air, onto her pretty face. Paige marveled at the volume and force of her ejaculation, thick ropes of cum spraying onto the transsexual woman's shapely body as her eyes rolled in orgasm.

Rebel had to grab hold of the woman, one hand on her slick breast, the other around her waist, still impaled on his cock, as she shook and jerked from her orgasm, her cock slowly softening, drooling the remainder of her load down her shapely thigh. Billy stiffened, his balls tight to his shaft as he deposited his own load deep within the writhing transsexual's ass, his hands roving her cum-slick body.

Next to them, the woman tensed on Masters' huge fuck organ, her legs shaking, her entire body in paroxysms as she came too. Paige could almost feel the massive cock filling her own pussy, wishing she was riding the thick shaft herself.

Envious, she watched Master's thick shaft tense, his large balls rising, pumping his copious ejaculations into the shapely woman. Thrusting, his huge cock was quickly streaked with his overflowing semen. Paige shivered with desire.

Her tight jeans pressed against her clit, driving her wild. She watched as the woman slid off Masters' thick, long shaft, dropping to

her knees to suck on the thick organ that had driven her wild. Rebel ground his softening cock against the sexy transsexual's shapely ass while he stroked her cock. It looked like the woman was ready to cum again.

Paige couldn't stand it, she quivered with need. Grabbing her purse, she rushed off to the executive ladies' room. Inside, she locked the door, and slid her jeans down to her knees, and rubbed her clit. It only took a few seconds before she was shaking, her motions beginning to falter. Moments later, she was stifling her cries of ecstasy as she orgasmed.

God, I needed that. She thought to herself, shaking, breathing heavily. She looked into the mirror to straighten her hair. She was amazed at how the right hairstyle, makeup, perfect clothing, and a little extra training had transformed her. She ran her hands over her body, slowly spinning in front of her own reflection, she loved how she looked. She was beautiful, and sexy. She knew that she was turning heads everywhere, and she found the idea supremely arousing.

Sliding her hand down her taut belly, admiring her definition, she slid her hand down her tight jeans again. The thought of watching herself orgasm, performing for herself, knowing how she looked to others in ecstasy suddenly became an overwhelming desire.

Her fingers found her erect clit, slick from her arousal, feeling her whole body tighten with pleasure. Her eyes dilated, lust overcoming her features. She couldn't help but reach up and grab her breast, her firm flesh outlined by her top. Her hard nipple pressed in sharp relief against the cotton, urging her to pinch herself, bringing another groan of pleasure.

Peeling her jeans down to allow herself access to her wet pussy, she admired her firm figure, turning as her pleasure grew. Finally, she stood and stared at herself as she came, barely able to

keep her eyes open. It was shockingly hot to watch her sexy reflection orgasm for her.

Finally returning to her desk, champagne mimosa in hand, she arrived just in time to see Billy Rebel and his entourage of beautiful women saying goodbye.

“Hey! You must be Paige!” He said, lasciviously drinking in the beautiful assistant’s body. Paige smiled, enjoying the attention of the famous rock star, arching her back to accentuate her ass and breasts. “Give us a hug, right?” He said, not waiting for an answer.

Paige found herself in the tight embrace of the thin, muscular rock star, his pelvis pressed against hers, his hands low on her back on the curve of her ass. She had to admit, it felt good, especially in her post-orgasmic glow. Then he felt his mouth on her neck. Surprised, she found her natural reaction was to tilt her head to let him kiss up the graceful curve of her neck to her jaw rather than to slap him as she would have done a month or two ago.

“Alright! You are fucking fit!” He said, stepping back, looking at her body. “Anytime you want a special backstage pass, you let me know, love. I’ll show you a party. Oy, Deidre, Carmen, c’mere and say hi to Paige.”

The bleached blonde with big, fake breasts whispered something to Masters, kissed him and staggered over to Paige. She was clearly delirious with weed, and from the effects of Masters’ massive, black cock. She paused to look the slim brunette over. “Too right. Yeah, you should definitely come by. Bring some o’ Jimmy’s weed and we’ll keep each other right entertained while Billy is out prancing about.”

The woman hugged Paige, their breasts pressed together. Paige couldn’t resist holding the woman tightly, their lips touching, sparking a deep kiss. Billy chuckled and stepped up behind his girlfriend, pressing against her ass, his hands on Paige’s hips.

“That is so hot.” He growled, pressed against the blonde. Moments later he was rushing over to Carmen, the transsexual, and pulling her by the hand over.

“Remember my offer!” Carmen called back to Masters. Paige’s boss just smiled and shook his head in amusement.

Billy pulled the two women apart. Paige was left breathless, and horny. She turned to look at Carmen. She was shocked at how beautiful the woman was, how feminine. She just couldn’t reconcile the beautiful woman standing before her in a tight mini-dress, and the hard cock she had witnessed minutes ago.

“This is Carmen, my personal assistant.” Billy introduced, his eyes flitting between the two lasciviously.

“Wow. You are fucking hot.” Carmen said, her voice giving no clue to her true nature. She slowly embraced Paige, kissing her. Deidre joined in, embracing them both. Billy joined in, grinding against Carmen’s ass, his hand grabbing Deidre’s denim encased butt. Paige was overwhelmed, kissing whoever was closest. She felt the Transsexual begin to harden against her. “Stop, Billy, I’m getting too hard. You have an interview in thirty minutes, and we have to go”

“Alright...” Billy acquiesced. He was a party animal, but business always came first. When Carmen said it was time to go, he listened. Besides, the DJ who’s show he was appearing on today had a great rack, and she was always happy to share it for a good show. “Paige, great to meet you, love. We, have to party, soon, right on. J! Mate! Thanks for fixing that little issue. Always a party with you mate.”

Paige was left standing, lost, watching the British rock star strut out of the office, his entourage of girlfriend and transsexual assistant following close behind him. She felt let down, not being the center of attention.

“What just happened?” Paige asked with a giggle, turning to Masters. Maybe she could get an hour alone with him to pick up

where they left off last night.

Stop it, you are a married woman! She chided herself.

“He likes you.” Masters chuckled, a huge boyish grin on his handsome face. “He likes you a lot.”

“I could feel ‘ow much he liked me.” Paige joked in a heavy British accent. “Seems like everyone wants to fuck me, and I’m the only one not getting any.” *Oh my god, did I just say that?*

“Everybody does.” Masters replied, looking at her, head tilted, the grin widening. Paige smiled and arched her brow, cocking her head questioningly.

Paige was about to follow his comment up when they were interrupted by one of the other senior partners. A stunning black woman named Sylvia strode in, her curves tightly contained in a form-fitting suit, the short skirt showing off her athletic legs. Paige admired her beautiful body.

“We need to talk about Sarah Stillman, now! She’s freaking out about her new special, she wants a different director. Apparently, Beaumont tried to put his little *director’s guild* in her mouth!” She said urgently.

“Ah fuck, I was afraid that would happen.” Masters replied, ushering the statuesque woman into his office. “Hold my calls, Paige, and see about some lunch for us. Sushi? OK, Syl, let’s get you calmed down, then we’ll get Sarah calmed down. Then we’ll call Michaels and fix this. No worries, we got this.”

Lunch arrived an hour later. Paige took the liberty of ordering for herself too. She arranged the tasty bites on a platter for them, and then checked the camera before knocking on the door.

“Lunch!” She said, quietly opening the door. The room was filled with smoke, and the two were standing on Masters’ balcony. Sylvia looked a little disheveled, her jacket skewed to give Paige a good view of her awesome cleavage, golden brown in the early-

afternoon sun. She had a huge smile on her face, her eyes hidden behind big sunglasses. She was smoking one of Masters' joints.

Masters, himself, was standing over by the railing, talking on the phone. It sounded like he had successfully talked their client off the cliff. Paige could see the vague outline of his huge cock hanging stiffly down the leg of his dress pants.

Paige inhaled deeply, the spicy smell of the smoke enticing. She felt her body warm, and her nipples harden, adjusting her top to make sure they showed off. She put the tray of sushi down on a bar table situated between them.

"Oh, thank you, I'm starving." The shapely black woman said. Paige couldn't help but stare at the meaty curve of her breast, the sun highlighting the deep cleft between her large globes.

I wonder if my cleavage looks as good as that? Paige thought, staring. She made a note to ask Phillip tomorrow when she got dressed for the party.

The beautiful account manager popped a bright red piece of fish past her full, burgundy painted lips. A moan that sounded almost orgasmic came from her throat. "That is so good. Paige, right?" She popped another piece into her mouth. Covering her mouth with one hand, she spoke around the food, holding the lit joint out towards Paige, giggling. "Oh, shit, I'm sorry, hon. Would you like a hit?"

"Oh, sure. I mean, if it's OK?" She said, looking over at their boss. Masters caught her eye and waved his assent. It sounded like he was wrapping up with Stillman. Paige eagerly took the joint and, trying to look casual, sucked in the wonderful smoke.

Closing her eyes, she felt the Devil's Weed slowly filter through her. She felt the tension melt away, her attitude become giddy, and her arousal flower. She exhaled, and opened her eyes to find Sylvia staring at her, her own glazed eyes obviously aroused from watching the young brunette getting stoned.

“Try the sushi now...” She said, watching the pretty assistant closely. Paige grabbed a deep red cut roll and slowly put it into her mouth. It was mind-blowing, the flavor of the gourmet prepared fish was accentuated by the weed.

“Oh my god, that is the best thing I’ve ever tasted.” Paige gushed, the flavors in her mouth, the savory tuna, slightly sweet rice, soy, and hot wasabi all exploded like fireworks in her mouth.

“I know, right?” Sylvia said, smiling conspiratorially. “Well, not as good as sex, but close. You’d be amazed at how good my pussy tastes.”

“Wait...” Paige took a second to process what the woman had said. She looked down over Sylvia’s large, brown breasts, her slim waist, and the flare of her hips, to her shapely legs. “You want to fuck me, too?”

“Well who wouldn’t...” She started to say, eyeing Paige predatorily. But she was interrupted by Masters walking up and putting his arm around Paige’s slim waist. The young brunette’s eyes lit up at his masculine presence. Sylvia turned to Masters. “How is she doing?”

“Better. She’s back to funny, wry, slightly neurotic Sarah instead of panicked, highly-neurotic Sarah.” Masters said confidently, reaching for a piece of salmon. “I told her we’d take care of everything...”

“Aaand, you got her to smoke one of your *emergency* joints.” Sylvia finished for him, taking joint back from Paige.

“Exactly. And I sent over a massage for her.” He said with a chuckle, selecting another piece of fish. He hugged his athletic assistant a little closer. “This is terrific, Paige, great choices.”

“All I did was...” She stopped. The glow of his compliment washing over her tingling mind. “I mean, thank you. Emergency joint?”

“Ha, yes. I give my clients who smoke a couple of my personal crop. If they’re freaking out, I tell them to break one open. It never fails.” He said, taking the joint from Sylvia.

“But it’s so good, don’t they just smoke them?” Paige asked, eyeing the joint as he made the tip glow bright red.

Masters exhaled a big cloud of smoke, visibly relaxing. “Who cares? Anything for my clients. Another?”

Paige took the joint back and inhaled deeply. Her clit tingled as the effects of the herb overtook her. It was only one-thirty and she was two mimosas and a joint in. She felt a shiver of arousal go through her. *Fuck, I’m way high already.*

“OK, now I gotta put on my asshole voice. Summon up the Alpha Male. Tear Michaels a new fucking asshole. He popped another piece of fish into her mouth, a cocky grin appearing. “Care to give me some inspiration Syl?”

“Hmm, gladly.” The beautiful black woman said, her gaze shifting to the growing bulge in Masters’ pants. Languorously opening his zipper with her long, delicate fingers, she reached in and pulled out his tumescent ebony organ. She licked her lips in anticipation.

“Oh, um, I can do that...” Paige blurted, licking her own lips in sympathetic anticipation. Her body hummed with desire for the massive dark cock. She was literally quivering with desire. She took a quick puff on the joint. “I mean, if you want...”

“My client, my cock.” Sylvia smiled amiably but firmly, shrugging as if the answer was obvious. She leaned forward, holding the pliable cock in her hand, and fed the thickening cockhead past her full lips. She moaned in pleasure.

“Sorry Paige, maybe next time?” Masters said, a brief groan coming deep from within his throat as his cock hardened in the shapely black woman’s skilled mouth. He smiled in realization. “She’s very good. Right now, I need you to check Sarah’s shooting

schedule, cross reference it with my list of female directors, or gay directors, and match up their schedules. Send her a list of a few options.”

“But how do I know which ones?” Paige asked, bringing the joint to her lips, watching the massive black shaft harden, giant in the other woman’s hands.

“You’ll do fine. Remember, we only represent the best. Pick a few names you like.” He said, another suppressed groan. He started to dial his cell phone “Take the joint, relax, you got this.”

Paige nodded, taking a big lungful of smoke. She stared at the thick organ, Sylvia’s generous mouth working the head and the first few inches of shaft, her hands running up the thickly-veined shaft. She was shaken out of her stupor by her boss’ loud voice. She jumped, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

“Michaels! You fucking idiot!” Masters said commandingly. Sylvia moaned in reaction to his powerful demeanor. He really did personify the Alpha Male. *Tall, handsome, strong, and hung like a horse.* Paige thought. “You’re about to lose the biggest fucking comedy star of the decade because *your* director couldn’t keep his micro-dick in his fucking pants!”

Masters punctuated by spurting a thick gush of pre-cum across Sylvia’s cheek. Paige took that as her cue to leave. Carrying the nearly finished joint with her. *Did I just smoke half of that? Fuck I think I did. I’m so stoned. And so fucking horny! Am I the only one not getting laid? Why do I have to be married?*

Paige returned to her chair and took one last, luxurious pull on the joint, stubbing it out in her coffee cup from earlier. She leaned back in her leather covered chair and enjoyed the sensation of the weed washing over her. Moments later she found her hands cupping her breasts, and her hips grinding against her tight jeans as an almost orgasmic wave of arousal made her shudder.

By the end of the afternoon, Paige was climbing the walls. She had researched and forwarded the list of directors to the comediennes' email, finished her sushi, watched her boss cum all over Sylvia's large, firm breasts, gone off to masturbate, twice, returned to find that Jenny Kim, the petite, Asian, graphic artist they used had snuck in after Sylvia and was happily sitting on Master's lap, somehow fitting his huge cock into her slim, five-foot tall body, showing him her designs for a client's 'For Your Consideration' Oscar ads. She was so petite and pretty, and looked so hot riding the thick black cock, that Paige had to go off and make herself cum again.

When she stepped out of the executive ladies' room, Paige found herself face to face with Vera. The slim Latina stood there, arms crossed under her shapely breasts, tapping her foot in mock anger.

"Horny much?" She asked Paige, raising her eyebrow knowingly. Then she laughed. "And you are baked!"

"What? Me? Pshsht, No!" Paige denied, trying to appear serious and sober. *God, she has great tits.* She thought, looking down at Vera's cavernous cleavage. She could see the edge of her lace bra peeking out under the V-neck cardigan. Paige inhaled deeply, finding the woman's perfume intoxicating.

"Sure, girl." Vera said with a sexy smile. She looked Paige over, eyes landing on her breasts. Quickly reaching out, the busty Latina gently pinched the brunette's turgid nipple.

"Oh shit..." Paige groaned, her knees buckling with pleasure. Biting her lower lip, she watched the other woman, helpless to resist, whimpering. When Vera released her, she let out a loud gasp.

"Ok! OK, maybe a little." Paige admitted, her hands on her breasts. "Am I in trouble?"

"Trouble? Oh, girl, no!" Vera laughed. "We're all half-baked and horny. Hadn't you noticed?"

"Well, I kinda wondered..."

“What do you think happens when we use essential oil from the Kali plant, the plant that becomes Devil’s Weed, as our office scent?” Vera laughed, sliding her hand between Paige’s thighs, making the perky brunette bend at the knees.

“What? You mean we’re all a little stoned?” Paige gasped, delighted, and amazed. That explained why she always felt so calm at work, so happy, and so horny. Or at least it explained some of it.

“It’s fine, relax, enjoy it!” Vera said, walking around the beautiful brunette, running her hand around her waist. “As long as our clients are taken care of, it’s all good. Now I gotta pee, *somebody’s been hogging the bathroom forever.*”

Paige stared at the shapely woman as she walked away, still out of breath from arousal.

Call Me Daddy

Finishing out the day was a long, distracting task. By the time she packed Masters into the limo, she was exhausted, and out of her mind horny. Kissing him on the cheek made her quiver.

"Are you sure you don't want me tonight?" Paige asked, hoping she didn't sound too desperate.

"I'm in good hands." He replied with a knowing smile, his hand sliding onto Sylvia's full, shapely thigh. "Get some rest, I definitely want you at Sunday night's party."

She could see just where Sylvia's hands were headed. The pretty brunette stood back, trying not to pout, watching the stunning black woman climb onto Masters' lap, straddling him, her short skirt riding up her shapely thigh, as the blackened window rolled up and the expensive limousine pulled away.

With a sigh, she headed back up to her desk to collect her things. She took a moment to pass through Masters' office to tidy up. Noticing a joint sitting on his desk, she picked it up to put in his drawer. But, pausing to look around, she decided to keep it for herself. After all, Masters had told her she could have some any time she wanted.

"I'm ready." She texted Marcus as she headed for the elevator. She knew he'd be ready.

Exiting into the parking lot foyer she almost bumped into Penny. The cute, ditzy redhead quickly apologized. Paige noticed the girl looked unusually disheveled, her hair in disarray, and her eyes glazed. *Oh well, it's kind of a good look for her.*

"All set, Miss." Marcus said, adjusting his jacket before reaching to hold open the door for her.

"Paige. I'm not Miss, or Ma'am, I'm not your boss or anything, and I'm not that old!" She teased, sliding into the back seat. She was happy to see his eyes drawn to her breasts. She liked to tease him,

she'd often play at arranging her dress, seeing how much skin it would take to distract him.

"Yes, Miss." He replied with a big grin.

On the ride home, Paige's mind began to wander back to Penny. The office social media expert was usually so put together. It was almost as if... *Oh my god, she'd been fucking Marcus. I was an hour earlier, at least, than normal. That little vixen was coming down here and fucking him before I went home. I wonder if she does that every day?*

Then Paige's mind wandered a little farther, her aching, needy pussy pushing her train of thought. *Wait, is Marcus hung like James?*

This didn't help her state of mind in the slightest. Girls always seemed to like to hang around the young, handsome driver. She pictured herself straddling him, a huge cock fucking her as he drove. It was probably impossible, physically, but that didn't stop her imagination. She imagined any number of sexual scenarios on the way home, engrossed to the point that she didn't realize she'd arrived until Marcus opened the door for her.

Stepping out of the car, she couldn't help but look at his crotch. Not immune to casual day, she saw a decidedly large bulge in his jeans. She flirted with the idea of inviting him up and seducing him.

"I think you have an admirer." He said.

"Huh?" She said. Was he talking about his cock?

He nodded behind her. Turning, she saw Steve standing in the doorway, a huge bouquet of flowers in his hand. A flood of emotions threatened to overwhelm her. She loved seeing her husband there, waiting for her, with flowers. On the other hand, she was ravenously horny and had been thinking about her driver's cock. And she was still filled with sexual frustration from the day.

Her face went through five different, distinct emotions in about a second before she rushed over to give him a hug and a kiss, bending her left leg at the knee almost as if she were in a movie.

“Steve, I thought you were travelling to Denver!” She exclaimed, accepting the bouquet of flowers from him. She put the roses to her nose and inhaled deeply, the smell sending a thrill through her. “Oh, I’m sorry, you two have never met. Steve, this is Marcus. He makes sure I actually get to work and home safe and sound afterwards! Marcus, this is Steve.”

“It’s a pleasure.” Marcus said, a big smile on his ebony features, reaching his hand out.

“Oh, hey, Marcus, nice to meet you.” Steve said, awkwardly stepping forward. He bent down a little and grasped Marcus’ hand, not in a handshake, but grasping his hand in a bro-shake. Pulling him close, he patted Marcus’ back once. The young black man went along, probably used to dorky white guys trying to look hip.

“You’re a very lucky man.” The driver said, eyeing Paige. She was sure she saw desire in his eyes. She found herself turning to give him a better look at her denim clad curves.

Steve turned around to look at Paige as well, a smile on his face. “Yes, I am.”

When they released, Marcus looked down to see a five-dollar bill in his hand. Steve had tipped him. He chuckled and shook his head. “Two o’clock Sunday, right Paige?”

“That sounds perfect, Marcus.” Paige replied, smiling. *He called me Paige!*

Once inside, Paige put the flowers in a vase. “What happened? You were supposed to be out for a few days?”

“Sudden snowstorm shut down DIA, Denver’s under three feet of snow. I don’t fly out again until Sunday morning.” He explained, eying his sexy wife. “I feel like I haven’t seen you in forever. Come on, let’s go out for dinner. Jake’s?”

“Now?” Paige asked. She loved Jake’s when they first moved to Playa Vista. It’s a cool little surf-themed place that’s walking distance from the condo.

“Yeah, why not?”

“Sure. OK, let me get ready.” Paige replied, heading off to the bedroom.

“Ready? You look great! No need to change.” Steve laughed, admiring his beautiful wife.

“Ugh, I’ve been in these all day.” Paige replied through the door. *Besides, my crotch is soaked. I’ve been horny all day.* “I want to be extra pretty for my big strong man.”



“How much longer? I’m dying here!” Steve lamented from the couch.

“Coming!” Paige called while checking herself out in the mirror. Pleased with what she saw, she applied a coat of gloss on her bright red lips. *You look goooood. Everyone’s going to be checking this hot wife out.*

“OK Tiger, how do I look?” She said, dramatically throwing the bedroom door open.

“Oh... Wow...” Steve said, his mouth open, slowly rising from the couch. He couldn’t believe it. His eyes had trouble deciding where to look.

Paige had always been pretty. Her transformation since starting her new job had been slow but steady. But this may have been the first time Steve had seen his wife fully done up. Usually, by the time he saw her in the evening, she had her hair in a loose ponytail and was hidden under sweats.

But the beautiful woman standing before him looked like a model, or a movie star. She was absolutely gorgeous. Her dark hair had grown considerably and hung in thick locks around her stunning visage, her makeup accentuating her piercing blue eyes with smoky, romantic lids. Her luxurious hair hung over her shoulders and splayed across her chest, framing her face while her bright yellow

dress plunged low, showing off her firm, full, well-defined breasts. The dress clung to her lean body, showing off the flare of her hips, ending near the top of her thighs to accentuate her long, shapely legs.

“You look... amazing.” Steve stammered. The truth was, she was making his cock hard. She was a wet dream in high heels. “Maybe we should stay home?”

“Oh no, mister. This took an hour, and you promised me dinner.” Paige said with a big smile. She loved the way her husband looked at her. She walked over to the door and waiter, looking over her shoulder. “Don’t you want to show me off?”

“Hell yeah, let’s go.”

The couple walked playfully to the restaurant, Steve hanging back dramatically to watch his wife’s ass sway in the short dress on several occasions. Paige loved the way her look turned heads, from the lascivious looks from men, both old and young, to the appreciative looks from other pretty girls, and even the disapproving looks from several unattractive women and the downright death stare from some old biddy in her fifties who felt the need to distract her husband from looking. He caught a glance anyway.

At the restaurant, they sat at a tall round table. Paige wanted to be the center of attention. Her bright yellow dress, perfect form, and exposed flesh assured that.

“Can I get you started with a drink?” The waiter asked, clearly finding it difficult to keep his eyes off her exposed cleavage.

“I’ll have a Lite.” Steve said reflexively.

“I’ll have the Grey Goose martini, a double, with a twist and a cherry.” Paige purred, toying with her hair.

“Double martini?” Steve said, eyebrows raised. His wife was usually a glass of white wine kind of girl. “Well, in that case, I’ll have a martini too, double.”

“That’s the spirit!” The stunning woman said with a million-watt smile. She turned back to the waiter. “You know what? Bring two right away, wait five minutes, and bring to more.”

The waiter nodded and went to get their drinks, peering back around at Paige as he did. He continued to eye her as he waited at the bar for the Martinis.

Paige looked around the restaurant to see several men, and a few women, checking her out. She straightened up a little more, her chest standing proudly, as she felt a wave of pleasure from the attention. She really liked it when people thought she was sexy, it turned her on.

“I’m going to go to the little girl’s room, fix my makeup.” She purred, sliding off the stool. She made sure to catch the eye of a big, athletic black man standing at the corner of the bar. It took a moment for her to recognize him as Jane’s trainer, Jimmy. She felt a tingle of desire run up her spine. Smiling, she made her stride a little longer to show off her long, lean legs in her high heels. She could feel everyone’s eyes on her ass as she rounded the corner.

In the bathroom, Paige went into one of the stalls and pulled off her panties. They were tiny, but she was titillated by the idea of being naked underneath such a short dress. She was aroused by the feeling of being accessible to any Alpha-male bold enough to take her.

Stopping by the mirror to check her makeup – the office makeup girl had certainly taught her how to do her face perfectly – she pinched her nipples to make sure they looked their best on the way back to Steve.

“Jimmy!” She said, ‘accidentally’ brushing against the muscular trainer. She reached up to give him a quick hug. She shivered slightly as his arm automatically dropped around her slim waist.

“Yeah...” His eyes nearly bugged out when he looked at her up-close. “How you doin’?”

“I’m doing outstanding!” Paige gushed, leaning into him. She felt his hand slip down onto the top curve of her ass. She squirmed at his touch, wishing his hand would slip down farther, taking her ass, sliding his fingers between her moist lips. Glancing over at Steve, she smiled at him and shook hands with the muscular black man. “Well, I need to get back to my husband, it was good to see you!”

She walked over to her concerned husband, aware of his eyes following her bouncing form. Without waiting, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, hard. She felt him push against her. But what made it even more arousing was the knowledge that she’d left her laced, and slightly damp, panties in Jimmy’s hand when she shook it.

“Miss me?” She purred, flicking his ear with her tongue. “I like it when you’re a little jealous.”

She quickly slid onto her stool and picked up her martini, holding it up in toast. She held his gaze while his expression switched between surprise, anger, and arousal. Steve, still stunned, picked his up in a matching gesture.

“Um... What was...” He started to ask.

“I’m just teasing you, silly. A girl has to keep her boy on his toes, right? Now how about a toast to your hot wife!” She said, running her tongue over her deep red lips before bringing the glass to her mouth. She downed the cocktail in one long sip and waited for Steve to catch up.

“Oh, yeah, right. To the most beautiful girl in the world.” He said, unsure, before trying to match her by inhaling his drink. He inhaled a little too deeply and ended up coughing and sputtering.

Paige grinned in amusement, and let her eyes scan the bar as some of the men chuckled at her husband’s distress. But their eyes always returned to her.

She wished Steve would come over to her side of the table, push her down, and fuck her, right there in the bar, while everyone watched. Or maybe better yet, Jimmy would slide that big, black cock in her and fuck her hard.

“As requested.” The waiter said, placing two fresh martinis on the table, condensation clinging to the bottom of the frigid glass. All of his attention was on Paige as he took in the stunning brunette. “Is there anything else I can get you?”

“Mike...” Paige said, glancing at his nametag. She put her arm on his shoulder, causing him to lean in a little closer. She felt his breath on her breast. She knew he was looking right down her cleavage. *I am so horny, maybe I should have made myself cum before we went out.* “I’m in the mood for something meaty. What’s good?”

“Tips...” The waiter replied, staring at her breasts. He cleared his throat and raised his head a little, finding himself a little too close to the provocative woman. “Uh, tri-tips. We roast a thick, juicy tri-tip steak, slice it into bite sized chunks, and then sear it in a cast-iron pan along with drippings...”

“Hmm, thick and juicy. Are you sure we’re talking about steak?” Paige teased. She liked making the waiter uncomfortable. Leaning back, giving him an even better view of her chest, she put her finger to her lips, considering the offer. “Sure! Bring us an order of your meat, and some wings, Thai. I don’t want my lips covered in hot sauce for later.”

The looked pointedly at Steve. His expression again cycled through anger, arousal, surprise back to arousal, flirted with shock, then back to confusion.

“Oh, and bring us a pair of lemon-vodka shots now, and another pair of martinis in thirty minutes.” Paige smiled. She had perfected the cadence of drink ordering while working for Masters. This got everyone pleasantly plastered, got the juices and good

feelings running, without getting everyone sloppy, at least not too quickly.

Mike stumbled for a moment, scrawling the order on his notepad. *Cute, but no game.* Paige thought to herself, mentally dismissing him. She looked over at Jimmy to see he was distracted by two attractive girls. He was clearly working both of them. She felt a brief thrill when she saw him look up at her, checking her out, followed by a quick grin before returning his attention to the two young women. Paige figured he'd take them both home.

"What is with you tonight?" Steve asked, upset, but not so much he wanted to appear angry. On the other hand, watching his beautiful wife, dressed like a movie star, teasing the other men while returning her attention to him was intoxicatingly arousing.

Paige downed her second martini in one gulp before getting up and walking around to stand with him, pressing herself close. She let her hand slip into his lap. She could feel his hardness.

"I'm sorry baby, it's just that I want to look sexy for my hubby, and I'm so wound up horny for my boy, I can barely control myself." She punctuated by squeezing his stiff penis. *God, it really does feel tiny compared to James'.*

"I want to make sure that you feel like the luckiest guy in the place when you take me home and fuck me. I like teasing the other guys, it's fun, and it kinda makes me hot, but this..." She squeezed again. "Is what I want tonight. You could take me out back and fuck me right now if you wanted."

"Wow." Steve said quietly, looking at his wife in a different light. "I like the new LA Paige. As long as you're coming home with me, that is."

"Only you baby." Paige leaned in, pushing her ass out for anyone watching, and nibbled his ear before whispering, "Unless you want to watch me fuck someone else for you."

Steve almost spit out his drink in shock. Still, Paige felt his cock harden at the idea. *Interesting.*

Two hours later, and a lot drunker, the couple paid the check. Paige excused herself to go to the bathroom before they left. It's not that she had to use the bathroom as such, but she wanted to make one more pass through the room, put on one more show.

She strutted through the room, aware of the effect her tightly wrapped figure was having on most of the male and many of the female clientele. She paused to thank their waiter, giving him a small hug, and giving him one last opportunity for a feel. She was disappointed when his hand didn't go any farther than her hip.

Jimmy, on the other hand, was happy to slide his arm around her and pull her close. She loved the feeling of his firm, muscled body against hers. She eyed the two sexy, young women he had spent the evening chatting up. They were mouthwatering.

"Both?" She asked, appraising the young flesh amply displayed in tight outfits. He had good taste. "Good thing, girls, it'll take both of you to handle this one."

"You're welcome to join us." One of the girls piped up, gazing intently at Paige.

"Ooh, I would really love to. But I have a drunk, horny husband to get home." The hot wife replied with a seductive grin. She reached forward and kissed the first girl passionately, teasing her with her tongue. *What is going on with me? I was never interested in girls before. Now I want to fuck everyone. It must be pent up horniness.*

She broke the kiss and leaned over to the other girl. The dark-haired, Arabic woman was more tentative. She accepted Paige's kiss gently at first. But after the kiss started, she let out a groan of pleasure and kissed back hard, embracing the brunette. Both girls were breathless when they parted. "Wow. You are a hot little one."

"So, when I going to see you at the gym? I'd love to give you a free session." Jimmy smiled.

"I bet you would, whoa!" Page replied, mocking a stumble to fall back against him. She could feel how hard he'd become. She made sure to press her hand against his bulge as she straightened herself. "I just might take you up on that." She teased. Glancing again at the two aroused women. "Good luck tonight, you have your hands full."

"So do you." He grinned at her, before breaking out into a huge smile.

"I know." She purred, letting go of the huge, semi-hard lump in his jeans and turning to go to the bathroom. She loved the feeling of his hand as it drifted over her ass while she walked away.

God, I want some of that. She thought as she touched up her makeup. She noticed the joint in her purse and pulled it out to smell it. Even the smell made her skin prickle. Looking at herself in the mirror, adjusted her tight little dress, sliding her fingers between her shapely thighs. She was wet, and her fingers felt good. *He'd better fuck me good.*

Rubbing her clit for a moment, until she shivered with pleasure, she quickly pulled down the hem to cover herself, and headed back to the table, slipping her finger into her mouth to lick it clean.

Striding unsteadily across the bar, Paige felt the glow of everyone's eyes on her. She knew she looked sexy, hot, and very fuckable. Judging from the look on Steve's face, he was thinking the same thing too.

"Y'ready to go home?" Steve asked, drunkenly.

"That depends..." She said coyly, pressing herself against her husband. "Are you ready to fuck me?"

"Oh yeah." He said, putting his arm around her.

The couple staggered out into the cool night air. Paige looked over her shoulder to wink at several of the bar patrons that were still watching her. *Maybe next time, fellas, if you got the balls to take it.*

“Fuck, you’re hot tonight!” Steve slurred as he walked down the sidewalk. He let go of his wife to stand back and gawk at her. She happily obliged him with her sexiest strut. “I mean, yer always hot, but, like, tonight yer hot, hot. Fucking hot.”

“If I’m so fucking hot, why don’t you fuck me right here?” Paige teased, stopping in front of a screened park. She noticed the bulge in Steve’s khakis. “Take me back there and fuck the shit outta me.”

“What, out here?” Steve slurred, eyeing his sexy wife.

“Uh-huh...” Paige purred, stepping behind the tall foliage. When she was out of sight she added, “I’m so horny, I took off my panties hours ago.”

Moments later she felt Steve pressing up against her, his hard cock poking her ass while he had his hands all over her breasts. Paige moaned and pressed back against him. She wanted to be fucked so bad.

“Fuck me!” She whispered, looking over her shoulder at him. “I want your fucking cock.”

Steve fumbled with his pants, pulling open the top button, struggling to pull them down over his hips. Finally, after what seemed like a breathless eternity, he had his pants down to mid-thigh, and his jockey shorts down to free his erection.

Paige really wished it was larger. She didn’t know the difference a few months ago, ignorance was bliss and all, but now it was abundantly clear that size did matter, and despite her level of arousal, the four inches or so of stiff pecker did little to fulfil her desire. Still, any cock in a storm. “God, I need you. Put it in, fuck me hard!”

With a groan, Steve slid his hard cock into his wife’s tight, wet pussy. Paige gasped, and pushed back against him, burying the organ in her opening. With another groan, Steve started to move his hips sharply, his body slapping against her firm ass, and his balls flying forward against her engorged clit.

“Ugh, that’s it baby, harder, fuck me harder.” Paige urged him on in a breathy moan. She didn’t care if it wasn’t huge, it was hard, and it felt good slamming into her. She even started to feel the welcome tightness of a building orgasm. “Don’t stop, don’t stop, like that, don’t...”

With a quivering, high-pitched noise, Steve pulled his stiff cock out of his wife’s needy pussy, and jerked himself off, his bright pink glans spurting thin streams of cum onto the back of her thigh. He swore under his breath. “God, fuck, shit, shit, yeah, fuck!”

“No, put it in, don’t stop!” Paige pleaded, desperate for relief. She reached back to pull her husband closer.

Steve leaned his head against her shoulder, his warm breath washing over her, while he tried to push his quickly softening cock back into his wife. But it was no use, he was done.

“Sorry babe, you’re just too fucking hot for me to stop.” He mumbled, apologizing.

Paige was conflicted. Her sexual disappointment almost made her cry, but the compliment made her glow. She was so hot that Steve couldn’t control himself, he fucked her like an animal, and came right away. The question was, could he get it up again, or was he done.

“I want to be naughty tonight...” Paige purred, turning around, and leaning up against the planter wall. She reached for the joint in her purse, palming it. She looked up at Steve and bit her lower lip. *Well, it is an emergency joint, right? And my needing to cum is a fucking national emergency.* “Wanna get high?”

Steve stared at the joint in her hand as she held it up, teasingly. He opened and closed his mouth several times. “Is that... A joint?”

“Uh-huh...” She purred, leaning close, her cheek brushing his as she whispered in his ear. “I really want to get high for you. It makes me wet just thinking about it. Just imagine how good it will feel to fuck me, stoned.”

Steve moaned, putting his arm around his wife's slim waist. "Really? When did you start smoking pot?"

"Well..." She whispered, sucking on his earlobe. "It might have come up at work once or twice. You know Hollywood types. I walk in, in my little tight dress, and they offer me a joint. I think they figure they can get their hands on me if they get me stoned. Who know, maybe they can. But don't worry baby, it's legal now."

"It turns you on, huh?" Steve thought for a moment, leaning back to look at his wife. His eyes were drawn to Paige's breasts. "OK, I'll give it a shot."

Paige pulled a lighter out of her purse, slid the joint between her red lips, and lit it, inhaling deeply. She held the joint out to Steve. He took it and stared at the curl of smoke rising from the tip.

"Is this what you do in a black office?" He joked, putting the joint to his mouth, inhaling. He tried to mimic his wife, holding the smoke in, but after a few seconds he started to cough, doubling over. He held the joint up for Paige while he hacked.

The beautiful young woman felt a flash of anger at his "black office" comment, but before she lashed out she felt the wave of elation from the weed wash over her. She exhaled into the night air, a gentle moan in her throat.

"It's just an office, you need to get over the black thing, it's 2018, we don't live in a place like that anymore. It's like any other office." She said, taking another pull on the joint. *Assuming any other office is led by a hung, black stud with more money than you'll earn in a lifetime. You have no idea, Steve.*

Steve finally stood up, looking at his wife, staring at the glowing stick between her full lips. His eyes were glazed, the drug working into his system. He giggled, snorting. "I think I can feel it working."

"Try another hit." His wife suggested, exhaling another cloud of thick smoke. Holding the joint out, she leaned back against the planter, spreading her firm, shapely thighs, her dress riding up to

expose her bald pussy. Eyeing her lackluster husband, she slid the fingers of her other hand between her labia. "Look how wet I am for you."

Steve took the joint, staring at his wife. She noticed his penis begin to stiffen, the weed taking effect. He inhaled again, not quite as deeply this time, and managed to hold it in. He stared at Paige's fingers as they slid into her vagina, sliding up to tease her exposed clit.

Paige moaned. It felt so good to play with herself. She took the joint back and sucked on it. She saw Steve's cock become stiff, the small glans engorged. It was harder than she could remember seeing it, ever.

The drug enveloped her, her mind floating, making each touch feel exquisite. She bit her lip, holding the smoke in her lungs, handing the butt of the joint back to Steve. She needed to cum, and she was almost there. One hand held her breast while the other rubbed her sensitive, needy clit.

She didn't care about being seen, in fact, she would welcome it. She watched her husband stare at her, his small hard cock sticking out from his still-open pants. So close. She couldn't help thrusting her hips, moaning as she brought herself to orgasm, her legs quivering. She watched her husband's erection tense and bob, sending several thin loads of cum onto the grass as she lost herself in orgasm. Even her pussy squirted more cum than Steve could muster.

The shapely brunette closed her eyes and enjoyed her orgasm, her fingers sliding slowly and deeply into her pussy, fucking herself. Her breathing started to slow as she basked in the afterglow, embracing her husband, holding him close, wishing he had a big hard cock to fill her pussy.

"I can't believe this..." He whispered. "You are so out of control, it's fucking hot."

“I told you it made me horny.” Paige answered, kissing him on the cheek, hiding the disappointment from her voice. “Come on, take your hot wife home.”

By the time they weaved their way home, Paige was crazy horny again. But to her delight, Steve’s cock was hard, the weed still working its magic. She wasn’t going to let the opportunity slip away again.

“My turn to fuck you...” She said, pulling his tan pants down to his ankles and pushing him back onto the bed, his cock sticking up, hard in the glow of the digital clock.

Afraid he was too drunk to keep it up, or that he would ejaculate prematurely again, she climbed onto the bed, straddling him, and positioning his hard prick against her wet opening. With a gasp of pleasure, she slid onto his hardness.

It felt good, rocking on the hard cock, but something was lacking. It just wasn’t enough. In fact, he was barely better than her finger. Still, in need of satisfaction, the hot wife bore down, pressing her clit hard against her husband, and ground her hips to slide the organ as deep as she could. She couldn’t resist it, the hard cock felt good in her tight body.

Or it did until Steve groaned and buried his face in her breasts, his cock twitching in her, depositing his meager load. She could almost cry.

Steve mumbled something in apology, quickly passing out from too much booze and weed.

With a groan of frustration, Paige climbed off her deflated hubby to grab her vibrator. Leaving him to his snoring, she went into the living room and used the vibrator to bring herself to four back-to-back orgasms, leaving her legs shaking with exhaustion.

Steve the Little Stud

Paige groaned, consciousness slowly returning. She felt Steve humping against her ass, his small hard cock sliding into her wet pussy. It wasn't bad, in fact, it was generally pleasant. But it wasn't lighting any fires of passion in her. It didn't really matter though.

"Fuck, shit, yeah baby, take it, take my load, god, shit..." Steve groaned, thrusting up against her ass, his cock twitching between her legs, squirting its slippery, warm mess onto her thigh. "Ugh, yeah, fuck, how was that baby?"

"Great, baby." Paige replied, trying to sound enthused. "Um, I gotta pee."

Steve lay back on the bed, his chest shiny with sweat, feeling like a stud. Paige rolled out of bed, a look of disgust hidden on her face, and headed to the bathroom. *I'm sorry, that's just rude. You weren't fucking me, you were using me to jerk off. The least you could do is fucking my pussy.*

Wiping the slippery stain from her leg, Paige sat down on the toilet. As she began to wonder what her outfit for the day would, she realized it was Saturday. *Fuck, the weekend? What the fuck am I supposed to do? Maybe I can make an excuse and go into the office...*

"Hey, babe, It's going to be hot, I thought we could go to Venice for the day?" Steve called from the bedroom.

Hey, now that might be interesting. I bet I can drive Steve so nuts he'll really fuck me. Paige thought mischievously, turning on the shower. "Yeah, OK, sure. Sounds like fun!"

Two hours later -- it takes time to become a hot wife -- Steve opened the door of their ride-share. As much as it's filled with music, and art, and tanned flesh, Venice is also very much like a sideshow. Also, parking is almost impossible in the crowded neighborhoods, and the private lots charged exorbitant fees.

Paige was happy to see two young guys checking her out even as she climbed out of the car. To Steve's delight, Paige decided to go full-on Venice Beach hottie. Dressed in a yellow string bikini, her large breasts were stunning, glistening with sunscreen oil. The matching bottoms were hidden under a pair of low-rise, tattered jeans with only the straps rising up over her exposed hips. The jeans were strategically destroyed showing off almost all of the front of Paige's left leg, and much of the right side of her ass and leg on the back. Honestly, the jeans were glorified short-shorts with leg decorations. And the stunning wife reveled in the exposure.

Paige loved the open, even leering attention her sexy looks generated and, surprisingly, Steve seemed to like being the guy with the girl everyone wanted on his arm. She decided to see if she could push the boundaries a little. She openly strutted along the boardwalk, watching all the eyes watching her through large, black glasses.

Venice is famous for its bodybuilders at Bicep Beach, an open-air gym that has been home to numerous wrestlers and bodybuilders over the years. Near the front of the weight area was a thickly-muscled woman stretching on a weight bench, and a massive black man on another bench press. Both wore tight spandex that showed off almost every overdeveloped muscle. When the huge black man sat up, she waited until she caught his eye, then leaned over onto the fence. She smiled as she saw his gaze drop to her breasts.

Pressing her arms against her breasts pushed them forward and together, deepening her already impressive cleavage and presenting them to the huge man. She felt her nipples hardening against the thin, yellow spandex of the bikini. She was pleased to see the man watching her as he did arm curls, the veins on his arms sticking out. Also pleasing was the bulge in his spandex shorts.

After a few minutes of posing for the bodybuilder, Paige could definitely see his cock thickening in his shorts. He didn't seem to care about the visible erection, and who was going to call a man that size on it? He was truly a hulking monster of a man. Standing to do

his next set of weights, Paige licked her lips at the sight of his thick cock growing down the leg of his tight spandex.

“Well, he certainly dispels the idea that steroids give you a shrinky-dick.” The brunette said to her husband, turning to lean on the fence and give the bodybuilder a profile view of her tits, and her semi-exposed ass. Steve was, of course, clueless of what was going on around him. He turned around to see the man’s big cock outlined in the stretch material.

“Holy shit!” He exclaimed, turning away in a mixture of shock, awe, and fear. He didn’t want to get beaten up for staring at the big man’s monstrous cock. “He’s hung like a horse. You do have an effect on men.”

“Women too. Look, his girlfriend in checking me out too.” Paige purred, smiling seductively while she adjusted her wide brimmed hat. “And yes, he’s pretty big. Can you imagine a monster black cock like that fucking your hot little wife?”

“Oh fuck, Paige, don’t even joke like that.” Steve admonished, the thought both arousing and scaring him. He shifted his cargo shorts, trying to hide his own growing erection. He turned to look at the heavily muscled woman. As his wife had suggested, the woman was openly checking out Paige while she curled weights that Steve was pretty sure he wouldn’t be able to lift with both hands. Noticing Steve checking her out, the female bodybuilder smirked, put her weights down and started walking over to the couple.

“Oh, shit, I was looking, and she saw, shit, she’s walking over, fuck!” Steve whispered, panicked, turning around and hiding his face.

“Oh, relax, Steve. She’s not going to do anything to you.” Paige rolled her eyes, turning around to smile at the woman approaching them. *I wish Steve wasn’t such a wimp sometimes.* The woman’s dark, Mediterranean skin glistened with oil. Her small breasts pressed against the small sports bra she wore, her long nipples prominent against the material. Despite the heavy musculature, the

woman was decidedly feminine and sexy. Paige did note that the woman had a large, prominent clit visible through her small booty shorts. *Maybe steroids make everything bigger?*

“Hi, I’m Tanya.” She woman said, smiling, eyeing Paige. “I couldn’t help but notice you watching, and clearly Mike is noticing you in a big way. You know, if you were interested in maybe partying with us... I guarantee, it would be life changing.”

Donna looked at the beautiful woman, then over at the hulking bodybuilder, his massive cock in thick outline in his shorts. It was easily twice the length of Steve’s, and so thick as to be incomparable. She inhaled quickly, becoming wet, her skin prickling with arousal at the sight of it. Licking her lips, she could only imagine what a huge cock like that would feel like filling her pussy, or her mouth.

But looking over at Steve, hoping he would be turned on enough to maybe go for the invitation, she knew right away that he wouldn’t allow it. The little tent in his pants told her that the idea turned him on, but there was terror in his eyes. She felt a tragic feeling of loss wash over her as she turned back to the muscular brunette.

“I wish I could...” Paige started to say.

“I’m bi.” The woman said, desire in her eyes. “I could eat you until you didn’t know your own name. And Mike will make you cum all night long... Your guy could watch, I guess.”

Paige looked back over at her husband. But Steve was pale with fear, slowly shaking his head. He couldn’t take it.

“I’m sorry. We can’t, tempting as it is.” Paige said, trying to smile. But she couldn’t help but look at the huge cock she would be missing out on. *Everyone wants to fuck me, but I’m not getting any satisfaction.*

“I’m sorry to hear that.” The woman leaned in decisively and kissed the shapely brunette. Paige moaned, opening her mouth for

the other woman, and kissed her back, breathing deeply in arousal. When the woman finally pulled back, holding the hot wife's gaze. She produced a business card and handed it to Paige. "If you change your mind..."

"Thanks... Maybe..." Paige whispered, not sure how she managed to resist. She wanted them both so much. The dominant woman, and the huge black cock. But she was married, she loved her husband. And if he didn't agree, well, she just couldn't, right?

Taking Steve's hand, she led him along the promenade. She needed a drink, and a place to sit down to calm herself. She was quivering with desire and began to giggle, pulling him towards her as she leaned against a shady wall. She kissed him wildly, pressing her body against him, grinding against his small, stiff erection.

"Holy shit!" Paige said, between hard kisses. She moaned as Steve ground into her, pushing her hard against the stucco. "That was so hot. She would have totally done me, and did you see the fucking size of his cock. He would split me in two. God, I so wanted to go with them. I wanted you to watch me while he fucked me with his massive black cock..."

Steve groaned, his legs shaking, falling against his wife as he ejaculated into his underwear. He couldn't resist grinding against her.

"That's it baby. Let it out. Think about that fat cock filling my sweet pussy. Filling me with his hot, black spunk." She whispered in Steve's ear, goading him on. "Good boy."

"Fuck, you are so fucking hot..." Steve chuckled, breathing heavily. He couldn't believe how lucky he was to have such a hot wife. He needed to pay more attention to her, otherwise some guy would scoop her up. "I thought you were going to just go with her. I was fucking terrified, but it was fucking hot too."

"I almost did. But it wouldn't be fair without your consent. You're my husband, I'm not going to cheat on you. At least not unless you want me too." Paige said as she lovingly brushed Steve's hair back

from his forehead. *I mean, a blow job isn't cheating, right? God, I needed that cock.* "Think about it. Maybe you do want to see your hot wife fucking another man? A black man? With a huge black cock?"

Steve just groaned and shook his head, feeling his soft cock tense and spit out a final drool of cum. "I don't think I can go there, babe. Fantasy is fun, but I don't think I could stand back and watch you with another man. I'd go nuts and hurt someone."

Paige kissed her husband again, hiding her disappointment. The thought of the mess of cum in his pants, all because of her flirting with a hung black man, really turned her on. It was a feeling of power.

"OK, babe. Let's see about some lunch and a few drinks. Maybe your sexy wife will make a few more cocks big and hard before the day's out." Grabbing Steve's hand, she pulled him along towards one of the ocean-facing patios. She giggled seeing him walk a little funny. "You'll have to lose those messy jockey shorts in the men's room, Steve."

"Are you sure you have to work late tomorrow?" Steve asked, eyes glued to his wife's exposed flesh.

"Hun, it's awards pre-party season." Paige shrugged. "James says this is when he signs the most new clients and sets up more new deals than any other time of year. So, you'd better fuck me good tonight, you know, to keep me in line."

Costume Cum Loudly

Paige barely stirred in the morning when she felt Steve pressing against her ass, his hard erection probing rudely. Still, her body responded, and his hard cock penetrated her. She was only barely becoming aroused, or awake, when Steve groaned, his small cock squirting into her pussy, then slipping out, and spraying her inner thighs.

“Hmm, thanks, babe. I really needed that.” He murmured as he got out of bed. Despite the slippery effluence between her legs, Paige drifted right back to sleep. He had done his best last night when they got home. She even managed to cum when he fucked her, hard, from behind. It was mostly the pocket vibrator on her clit that had done the hard work, but she liked the feeling of him slamming into her. His balls slapping against her clit brought her over the edge just before he came in her. “Yesterday was great. We need to do that sort of thing more often.”

Tease black guys until their big cocks get hard for me? Paige thought as she drifted back to sleep. Steve had to get to LAX for a nine AM flight. One good thing about where they lived, they were only about ten minutes from the massive airport. Drifting back to sleep, Paige didn’t hear her husband leave.

In fact, Paige didn’t hear anything until her alarm went off at noon. The snooze button beckoned, but she needed to get up, pee, shower, and eat before Marcus picked her up. Plus, she was horny again. Time to get up. Stretching, she enjoyed the cool air making her nipples stiff.



“I’m sorry to keep you waiting Marcus. I don’t know where the day went.” Paige said, bubbly, as she settled into the seat for what should be a quick ride into the office. *Your day went between my legs. God, I’m horny today.*

“No problem, Miss Paige. Once I drop you off, I’m off for the day. I got me a hot date tonight.” Marcus said happily, smiling at her in the mirror.

“Oh, you do? Penny?” Paige teased her handsome, dark driver. She was happy to see the young man’s gaze drawn to her amply displayed cleavage.

“No, not tonight.” Marcus laughed. “Tonight, it’s a sexy older woman.”

“A cougar? You naughty boy.”

“Ah, experience matters!” Marcus declared.

“I thought it was size that mattered.” Paige probed, mischievously. She pictured the glazed look she’d seen on Penny’s eyes, and the noticeable bulge in Marcus’ trousers.

“I’ve heard that too.” Marcus grinned, trying, but failing, to look innocent.

“I’ll bet you have.” Paige said, eyeing her driver knowingly.

The drive passed quickly as they talked. Paige, nervous and excited about tonight’s party, was in a very chatty mood.

“I can’t believe I’m actually going to the famous Nicole Kindell Costume Gala. I mean, it’s *the* pre-awards party. I’ve heard that all the biggest stars attend, and that it’s a wild party. I don’t even know what my costume is! That’s why I’m dressed like a slob. I’m getting the full package, hair, makeup, and costume after I arrive. Do you think I’ll have fun? I bet it’s full of beautiful people, dressed to the nines, or maybe barely dressed. I hope I do OK.”

“You’ll do more than OK, you’ll be great. Mr. Masters wouldn’t bring you if he didn’t think you were ready.” Marcus said, pulling up to the curb. “You will be the sexiest woman there.”

Climbing out of the car, Paige noticed her phone flashing with a text

I MISS MY HOT WIFE ALREADY! GREAT WEEKEND!

*WE NEED TO DO THAT AGAIN WHEN I GET HOME. NEXT
WEEKEND? VENTURA?*

HAVE FUN TONIGHT – NOT TOO MUCH FUN – YOU’LL DO GREAT!

LOVE U

Paige almost melted. She really felt like she reconnected with Steve yesterday. She found herself thinking about him pinning her to the bed, slamming his hard cock into her needy pussy. Maybe it was because Steve seemed so supportive, and even turned on, as she felt like she was coming into her own.

LOVE U 2

*I'M GONNA MAKE YOU SHOW ME HOW MUCH YOU LOVE ME ALL
OVER MY FACE WHEN YOU GET BACK*

VENTURA SOUNDS FUN

HAVE A GOOD MEETING U WILL DO GREAT

Putting her phone in her purse, a big smile on her face, she walked into the wardrobe room. *I think I like this...* She thought. *I'm still honoring my marriage vows.* -Her inner church girl smiled at her - *No fucking around, but I get to be a huge cock tease and drive Steve nuts.* She suddenly felt incredibly connected to her husband. That feeling lasted about ten seconds after she arrived at the dressing room to get ready for the party.

Paige walked in and quietly closed the door behind her. She was about to call out when she heard noises coming from behind the changing screen. Intrigued, the smell of weed enticing her, she decided to sneak up on whoever it was.

"Soon?" She heard a woman's voice say, followed by a wet noise. Now she was really curious. She could really smell the weed, and it made her feel good, sparking her arousal. She heard a man groan with pleasure, followed by a slurp.

"Oh yeah, soon, keep going." It was Phillip's voice.

Wait, it can't be Phillip. He's gay. Paige thought, taking a mimosa from the table and quietly stepping over to see what was behind the screen. She almost dropped her drink.

The first thing she focused on was a huge, thick, black cock with a set of red lips wrapped around it, and two hands stroking a long ebony shaft. It took her a moment to recognize a girl from the accounting office, Allie. She was slim, with long black hair, and the delicate, dark features of her native Sri Lanka. She was wearing silky tank-top and designer jeans. The thin top accentuated her small breasts and perky nipples.

She was fervently stroking the thick, black cock with both hands. And from the look on Phillip's face, he was about ready to cum. She egged him on. "Come on, big boy. Are you gonna make

me messy? Make me a messy girl who needs her clothes changed? Are you going to make my pretty clothes messy with your nasty cum?"

Paige put her hand to her mouth as Phillip's huge, thick cock exploded. A thick splatter of creamy jizz flew everywhere. Cum landed on her arm, in her hair, on her dark lips, and all over her top. The first eruption was followed by thick streams of ejaculate that painted the pretty young woman with cum, making the top stick to her chest, outlining her small, firm breasts. She giggled and squealed in delight while thick streams continued to flow from the huge erection.

Paige couldn't help but giggle to herself when she heard Phillip as he came. "Yeah, makin' you messy... You messy girl... Makin' my cock cum all over you... Fuckin' messy..."

By the time the wide black man was finished cumming, Allie was dripping, and had resumed sucking on the fat, brown cockhead, savoring the remains of his semen. Phillip dried his brow with a handkerchief.

"Why Phillip!" Paige said, slowly clapping her approval, stepping closer, a huge smile on her face. She couldn't take her eyes off the thick black cock. "Very impressive! But, I thought you said you were gay?"

"Oh, my dear Paige..." He turned to face the beautiful, hot wife. Allie let the slowly softening monster slip from her dark lips but kept on stroking the long shaft. Phillip smiled slyly. "If I recall, *you* said I was gay. I just chose not to correct you. Girl, sounding gay is just part of the job. It also helps keep you newbies calm until you're used to me dressing you."

"So, all these times you were measuring me, touching me, dressing me, you were thinking about fucking me like some dirty old man?" Paige laughed, realizing the implications. She was also aroused by the thought of his big cock engorging as Phillip touched her, watching her naked body. "Naughty!"

“Hey, I ain’t old! And hell yeah, you’re one piece of ass, girl.” He said, smiling and nodding as he lasciviously looked her up and down.

“Maybe you’d like to try this piece of ass for yourself, dirty old man?” Paige didn’t know what she was doing; it was compelling. She was drawn to the man, needing to touch the huge cock, wanting to taste it, feel it fill her. The desire was even stronger than what she felt looking at the massive bodybuilder. She slid her fingers around the thick shaft, taking the considerable weight in her hand. She was inches away, smelling his expensive cologne, and the masculine scent of his cum. The pretty Sri Lankan took a step back to let Paige have a turn. “Fuck you’re big. It feels so hot.”

“And I would love to bend you over, girl, but you’re late! No candy for you!” Phillip said, taking his cock and pushing it back into his slacks. He shooed her away. “Off to makeup and hair, I’ll have your outfit ready for you when you’re done. Shoo!”



An hour and a half later, Paige walked into Master’s office, glass of champagne in hand. She had been dressed by the award-winning costume designer that did most of the latest crop of hero movies, as the super hero Sunflair from the short lived 1972 TV show ‘Hero Squad’. It was the character that introduced actress Angie Meadows to America and made her a sex symbol throughout the 70’s and well into the 80’s. Paige wore a sexy, revealing version of the original campy costume.

Her dark hair pulled up into a high ponytail and tied with a purple ribbon, Paige was made up with matching glittery purple eye shadow and lipstick. She was dressed in a purple, long-sleeved top. The material clung to her breasts and had a deep V-neck showing off the full curve of her perfect breasts. It ended just below leaving her midriff bare all the way down to a hip-hugging purple miniskirt that just barely covered her, exposing her firm, shapely leg until her

purple stockings started half way down her thigh running into to matching boots.

She looked jaw dropping, despite the camp. *I would never have worn something like this before I started here. I wouldn't even wear a bikini.* She thought, looking at her tight, revealing costume. *But now, the more I show off, the better I feel. I feel strong, sexy, powerful, desirable. Fuck, I'm a piece of ass.*

"Welcome, fellow hero!" Masters said, striking his best hero pose. Paige burst out laughing when she got a good look at her boss.

James Masters was dressed as the leader of the Hero Squad: Jaguar. True to the early 70's, America's "First Black TV Superhero" was a slightly racist, mess of straight-laced white TV designers doing their version of "hip and wild" black dude. Standing several inches taller in a pair of black platform boots, Jaguar sported skin tight leggings with a bold yellow and black tiger print pattern to show off his muscular, athletic thighs. The bulge at the crotch was so large as to appear to a costume addition, but Paige was pretty sure it was all meat. His muscular chest, glistening with oil, was barely covered with a form-fitting safari shirt that featured a wide-open chest and ended in short sleeves tightly surrounding his biceps. Around his neck, unsurprisingly, was a tiger patterned kerchief, and the outfit was topped off by a wide-brimmed hat with teeth around the band. "You look positively ready to take down the bad guy!"

"She looks ready to get the bad guy up, if you ask me... And I know about getting bad guys up, I'm Foxy Black!" Sylvia cried out in her funkiest 70's manner, putting her fists on her waist and thrusting out her hip defiantly. Her outfit made Paige laugh even harder, it was the pinnacle of Blaxploitation fashion mixed with comic book camp. Topped with a huge Afro wig, Sylvia wore oversized gold hoop earrings, and shimmering gold eye shadow.

"Is that... Macramé?" Paige exclaimed, seeing Sylvia's top.

Held up by a golden cord, the beautiful, black woman's sizable breasts were just barely covered by a woven, macramé top made of brown and gold twine. The large holes in the weave left little of the beautiful woman's assets a mystery, but woven flowers covered her stiff nipples. As if anything could take the focus off her shapely chest, her shining gold short-shorts managed to distract the eye from her impressive top. Cut high, the shorts showed off the sexy account manager's round booty, and firm, full thighs. A zipper ran all the way from the waist in front, between Sylvia's legs, and all the way to the back, making it look like the shorts could be unzipped in half. To top the outfit off, she wore knee high black boots with six-inch heels.

"You know it, sugar!" She exclaimed to Paige, laughing at the other costumes. "And I make this shit look good!"

Paige found herself drawn closer to the beautiful woman, intimately close. She smelled her perfume, it was the same house scent, made from the Kali flower, that Phillip sprayed on her. She wanted to kiss her. "You do..."

"Why do I have to be the sidekick?" Kelly Vine, cute athletic redhead, and company talent liaison, asked incredulously. She was dressed as Hero Squad comedic sidekick and resident scientist, Whiz. Unlike the cartoon original, Kelly was dressed as a hyper-sexualized version of the campy cartoon. Her red hair was pulled up into a pair of ponytails on either side of her head. She wore heavy black glasses, accentuating her already cute freckled features. Draped in a lab coat that came to her hip, underneath she wore what amounted to a naughty schoolgirl outfit patterned after the cartoon character with a tight, white blouse that showed off Kelly's medium sized, firm breasts, cut high to expose her muscular belly, and a short, plaid skirt, topped off by visible garters, and white stockings. Her feet were shod in shiny, black combat boots giving her a slightly punk look.

"Because you're the cutest of us all!" Sylvia jumped in.

“You mean I have the smallest tits.” Kelly smirked. “By the way, I brought your utility belts.”

“No, because, um, you best represent the, um, spirit of the original character?” Sylvia replied, shrugging.

“The original character wasn’t even human, it was a space frog or something.” Kelly laughed. She handed vinyl belts to each. Each belt was color matched to the costume, and along their length were little pouches. “Here are your belts.”

“Belts?” Paige asked, putting hers around her waist. She wasn’t really familiar with the old cartoon, but didn’t remember belts being involved, except maybe for the Jaguar character.

“The belts hold everything you need to make tonight’s mission a success.” Masters announced heroically, putting his belt around his slim waist. He popped open the snap on one pouch and pulled out a joint. “See?”

Paige laughed and eagerly dug into her own belt. She pulled out a little plastic squirt bottle and stared at it. “I think I got the wrong belt...”

“That’s Kali oil, basically the same as the office scent.” Kelly explained, taking the bottle from Paige. She popped the top open and squeezed a drop onto her finger, holding it under Paige’s nose to sniff. “A little drop on your nipple will keep it stiff all night, a great look.”

She leaned in to whisper in Paige’s ear. “Put another on your clit and it’ll perk you up all night!”

Turning to Masters, she skipped over and rubbed the oil into his already glistening pectorals. “I don’t suppose you need anything else oiled up, do you?” She flirted, paying special attention to his stiff nipple. “I’d be happy to rub it in...”

“As tempting as that is, Kelly, I think that might be a little premature. We need to make it to the party, after all.” He said with a smile, looking appreciatively at the cute redhead.

“Pity.” Kelly replied with a shrug, taking her slippery finger and sliding her finger under the tight cotton of her blouse to rub the remaining oil, first onto one nipple, then the other. Moments later, her nipples hardened and pressed against the material.

“Shouldn’t we have our traditional pre-party joint?” Sylvia asked, expectantly. She held up a joint from one of her pouches.

“How about we celebrate when we get to the limo? There’s a wreck on the 10 and a premier on Hollywood that will slow us way down. Might as well enjoy the trip.” Masters said. He checked his phone. “Meet you downstairs in ten. I have a quick call to make.”

“Sounds good, we’ll see you there in a minute.” Cocktail to go anyone?” Sylvia said, turning to the girls.

A moment later, the three costumed women were holding plastic ‘to go’ cups with strong cocktails. Paige took a sip of her vodka and fruit juice combination, shivering as the premium alcohol bit her tongue. She couldn’t help staring at Kelly’s turgid nipples.

“Wanna bite?” The promiscuous redhead asked, grinning broadly.

“They’re still really hard...” Paige replied, taking another sip. “I mean, they look great, but so stiff...”

“Here, let me put some on yours.” The cute woman said, rolling her eyes. Without waiting, she pulled Paige’s purple top open and put her lips over one of her nipples, sucking on it.”

“Oh, do you have to make them wet?” Paige asked with a groan of pleasure, her eyes lowering with desire.

“No. You just have great tits, and I’ve wanted to do that since I first met you.” Kelly replied with a shrug. Without waiting for an answer, she let a drop of the oil fall onto her index finger and, holding Paige’s top open, rubbed it into the hard, wet nipple. She then repeated the process on the other nipple, sucking on it first, then applying the oil.

"I don't feel anything..." Paige said, watching as Kelly put her top back in place. "I mean, I felt you, and it felt really good, but I don't feel the oil doing anything..."

"Give it a second..." Kelly replied, watching Paige's breasts expectantly.

"Ooh..." Paige murmured suddenly. She quickly inhaled as her nipples started to tingle and harden, pressing into sharp relief through the material of her tight top. "Oh wow... Oh that does feel nice..."

Kelly gently ran her finger over the hard nubs, enthralling the beautiful brunette. She smiled predatorially, playing with Paige, toying with her.

"Ah, are you to done?" Sylvia asked wryly.

"Not quite..." Kelly said, looking Paige in the eye. She put another drop of oil on her finger and smiled.

"What are you..." Paige started to ask, but the redhead had already slid her fingers underneath her panties and rubbed the oil over her clit. She repeated the process on her own pussy. "I can't believe you just... Oh... Oh shit..."

"Nice, huh?" Kelly asked, her eyes flaring as she felt the tingle begin for herself.

Paige just nodded, biting her lower lip. It felt really good. It was almost as if someone was lazily rolling their tongue around her clit. She murmured in pleasure. She looked over at Sylvia, and noticed the woman's hard nipples, and the sultry smile on her full lips. "You already did this, didn't you?"

"Of course. But I like watching you two figure it out." The stunning black woman said confidently. "Now can we go to the car?"

"I think my way is much more fun." Kelly said as she headed for the door. "Maybe we should make that a little ritual next time."

"We might never leave." Paige added, joining the other two. A big grin on her face as her clit tingled.

Down in the car, a large SUV that had been converted into a limousine, the four sat in traffic. It was hard not to laugh at their attire. Masters pulled out a joint, larger than the ones in their belts, sized for sharing. He lit it up and handed it to Paige.

“Newbie goes first.” He said with a smile.

Nervous to be the first, Paige inhaled deeply, making the tip glow bright red. Holding in the smoke, any nervousness quickly faded away as she felt the weed infiltrate her body. She handed it over to Kelly, still holding her breath, feeling the pleasure wash into her. Pressing her thighs together in pleasure, she exhaled the thick smoke, enjoying the sight of the thick joint between the redhead’s pink lips. A moan escaped her as Kelly’s mouth tightened around the shaft, and she inhaled.

“Feeling good?” Masters asked, his eyes drinking in his beautiful assistant.

“Mmm-hmm...” Paige answered languidly. She had a little trouble focusing, her nipples still erect from the oil, and her clit still engorged, her body hummed with arousal. Slowly turning and focusing on Masters, she said the first thing that came into her mind. “Do we fuck now?”

“As tempting as that is with you three beautiful heroes...” Masters laughed, pausing to appraise the three sexy, costumed women. “But if it starts to get hard, it might not fit back in my super-suit. But keep that frame of mind. This is as much a flirting mission as anything else. You know entertainment folks, it’s all in the relationship and trust. If we go in and try to sell them with statistics and resume highlights, it won’t work. But if they trust us, love us, or as often as not, if we make them horny, they’ll sign. Paige, your job tonight is to stick with me, look beautiful, flirt, and be sexy.”

Masters took the joint from Sylvia and inhaled deeply, passing it along to Paige. Inhaling, her mind spinning with pleasure already, she handed it over to Kelly, but found her eyes drawn back to Masters, or more to the point, his crotch. Her eyes widened as she

saw the bulge growing. She exhaled, smiling, the ache between her legs only growing.

They finished the joint and chatted, laughing and giggling as the weed infected them. The three women were clearly aroused, barely keeping it together. And, although he managed to hide it better, the thick bulge in Masters' costume proved he was equally horny. With all the serious flirting going on, they barely noticed when the limo came to a stop in front of the palatial Bel-Aire mansion belonging to Nicole Kindell.

Paige was ready to get out, but she was blocked when Kelly climbed in front of her and onto Masters' leg, straddling it, and kissed him hard. Whimpers of pleasure came from the redhead as he put his large hands onto her hips, kissing her back. She ground her pussy against his firm thigh for a moment before climbing off. "Wish me luck."

"I thought that's what I just did." Masters said playfully, swatting her ass. "You don't need luck, you got this."

"What about me?" Sylvia said, quickly climbing onto Masters other leg as soon as Kelly was out the door. She too kissed her boss hard on the lips and ground against his leg. Masters reciprocated and grasped her large breasts.

"Oh, you got this too." He smiled as she climbed off. The busty black account manager paused, putting her hand onto Masters' bulge.

"Yeah, but do I get this too?" She said suggestively.

"Maybe..." The handsome black man said, making a show of thinking. "We'll see how you do tonight."

"Oh, you know how I'll do." She replied confidently. She looked back at Paige. "Well, go on girl, get your good luck kiss. It's tradition."

Paige looked over at her boss, unsure, caught between his strong animal magnetism and her sense of marital duty. Her desire for the rich, black, Alpha-male won the argument. Smiling, averting

her eyes, Paige climbed up onto Masters' thigh. Leaning forward, close to him, she kissed him, grinding her pussy against his firm muscle. Moaning, she briefly pulled away.

"I want to fuck you so much, but I promised Steve I wouldn't cheat..."

With a groan, she leaned back in to kiss her boss, feeling his large hand cup her ass. This made her grind even harder against his firm muscle. She explored his responsive tongue with her own, feeling the heat grow between her legs. She paused again and leaned back, delirious, her eyes searching his captivating brown ones.

"OK, maybe just once. But you need to wear a condom. I can't get pregnant..." She whispered breathlessly, quickly leaning in to kiss her muscular boss again, but Masters put a finger to her lips to stop her.

"That's all fine, but we have work to do." He said quietly, a big smile on his lips.

Paige turned to the open limo door to see Sylvia and Kelly watching, giggling. She realized that she'd gotten carried away, completely enthralled by her rich, handsome boss. Clearing her throat, she clumsily climbed off his leg, brushing it off, and straightening her short skirt.

"Whoops, sorry." She said sheepishly, accepting the driver's hand to get out of the vehicle.

"Welcome to the club honey." Sylvia exclaimed. Her two coworkers embraced her, laughing. Paige immediately felt better in the arms of the two stunning women, despite the funny costumes. "We've all been here. He's... Hard to resist."

"And you definitely made him hard." Kelly laughed, eyeing Masters' apparent bulge, the thick shaft pressed against the tights.

"I'm sorry, sir." Paige said to Masters, embarrassed, yet still incredibly horny. Her heart beat hard against her chest. "I... I

mean... I don't..."

"It's fine Paige, no worries." He said, embracing her. She instantly relaxed in his powerful embrace. "I'm always down for playtime, but only after business is done. But..."

Paige looked up, suddenly worried that she'd crossed the line.

"I am not a sir." He smiled. "James, or Mr. Masters if you think better in front of a client, either is fine. Now stop worrying and have fun."

A minute later the sexy group was at the front door security. A large black man in an expensive suit was supervising security and provided the four with red wristbands marked all access. Paige noted that members of the press received white press bands, and several others received yellow bands. The head of security and Masters clearly knew each other, pausing to chat for a moment before going in.

"These bands have an RFID chip in them. You'll see security and readers to give us access to some areas." Masters explained as they walked towards a red-carpet lineup to walk in front of the sponsor names for the press cameras. "The party officially started a half hour ago for everyone, press included. We'll do press photos on the red carpet as we enter. Press and the other guests are welcome for the first three hours of the party, so be aware of cameras and reporters. After that, only guests with these red wristbands will be allowed. That's when the real party starts. No press, no uninitiated. OK, now look sexy for the camera."

Almost blinded by the flashes and camera lights, Paige felt like she was in heaven. Everyone was looking at her, feverishly photographing her nearly perfect body and face for thousands, maybe millions to look at. She bet guys, maybe even women, would be jerking off to her photos tomorrow. She felt incredibly sexy, powerful, and confident. She felt like the biggest star in the world. As her eyes began to recover – now she knew why so many celebrities

wore sunglasses all the time – she found herself standing in front of the biggest movie stars in the world.

“So, this is the new girl, huh?” Beautiful blonde movie star Nicole Kindell said, her eyes clearly appraising Paige. “I heard right, she’s beautiful.”

“Paige, say hello to Nicole.” Masters said, obviously agreeing with the powerful woman’s appraisal.

“Oh, um, gosh. Hello. I’m Paige, right, you know that already. I’m sorry, I’m just such a huge fan Ms Kindell...” The pretty brunette found herself rambling. She’d already met more than her fair share of celebrities working for Masters, but none this big. This was a woman that could get a movie made with a phone call. Stars like here rarely came to the office, they came to her. She felt her cheeks reddening as she realized she was gushing.

“Oh, god, you’re sweet too!” Kindell laughed. “Paige, just call me Nicole, Nikki if we’re in private.”

“Nicole.” Paige said, taking a deep calming breath. She shook Kindell’s proffered hand. “It’s a pleasure to meet you. Sorry, I kinda spazzed out there for a second.”

“I do love her, James!” She said, pulling Paige in for an embrace. It felt good, and Paige couldn’t help but inhale the woman’s custom scent made by an exclusive perfumery in Beverly Hills. Stepping back, she took a moment to look at the movie star. Kindell was dressed as the Ice Queen from the Elven Wars movie series. Her trademark white-blonde hair was pulled up to show her graceful neck. Her sheer dress was suspended by glittering crystal straps that plunged low, showing off much of her famous breasts, her nipples covered by a smattering of crystals and sequins that shimmered into two streaks shining trails that split to cover her privates before splitting into diaphanous streaks of material that hung ethereally while showing off her shapely thighs.

“We all do.” James said, leaning in to hug the beautiful star, kissing her on each cheek, then on the lips. The kiss was definitely more than businesslike. Kindell’s blue eyes were glassy with arousal when he pulled back. “You look stunning as always my Ice Queen...” Masters made a dramatic bow. “Perhaps your highness will bestow a sword upon me tonight?”

“We both know you already have a mighty big sword.” Kindell teased. Paige wondered if Masters fucked every one of his female clients. Of course, he did, she concluded quickly. “But, I did invite Jenny tonight to meet you. She needs you to make the next step in her career.”

“Oh nuts, I have to go meet Katzewitz.” Kindell said, looking towards the back of the room. “OK, you know where everything is. Pot out back by the pool, you did bring me some of those wonderful joints, didn’t you?”

“Of course.” Masters smiled conspiratorially. “Paige has a whole pouch for you, and that oil you liked last time.”

“You always take care of me, James.” She smiled, her eyes glinting with barely contained desire. But, like Masters, business first, play later. “Coke in the pool room. Nasty stuff, but it’s still Hollywood, and no fun pills until it’s time for the press to be shown out, but I’ll have that handed out. OK, see you in a while, duty calls. Oh, drink.”

The beautiful hostess took a glass of champagne from one of the waiters circulating the room. They were dressed in tight silver outfits, men and women, with short sleeves, scandalously plunging necklines. Women’s dresses were short, showing off plenty of leg. The men’s jumpsuits left little to the imagination and clearly required careful tucking-in of their junk to avoid too much of an outline. It was an odd sort of costume straight out of 1960’s science fiction TV when everyone wore sexy silver costumes.

Paige turned to Masters. “Jenny?”

“Jennifer Lawson.” Masters said.

Lawson was the biggest young star in Hollywood, making her name in several huge hits. But she was having a little trouble shedding her teenager good-girl image to move to more mature, and award-likely projects. She'd been a bit overwhelmed by her early success and massive public exposure. The growing star needed the right kind of guidance not to fizzle out as so many others had.

"Holy shit, really?" Paige whispered. "She's huge!"

"And we're going to make her even bigger." Masters said, his eyes scanning the room. "And we're also going to meet with Bella Horne. She's going to be huge with the right help."

Bella Horne had been a child star on one of Paige's favorite shows when she was a teen. In a way, they'd grown up together. Even as a teen, Horne had a sexuality about her that managed to push through the teen-pop roles she inhabited. Lately she'd made a number of daring choices that have set her apart as an actress to be reckoned with. She's also publicly come out as bisexual, and openly flaunted her polyamorous party lifestyle.

"But, for the next couple of hours, we mingle, be seen, and generally hang out. Why don't we head over to the smoking deck and hand out a few party favors before we make sure to be photographed with our clients." He finished, holding his arm out for her to take. Paige looked around the star-studded room as they walked, beeping their wrist bands at the security station.

She noticed Kelly standing very close to Tom Holly, the latest hot Australian actor to make it big in superhero movies. He was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt emblazoned with his hero's insect logo. Tom seemed quite pleased by the close attention paid by the beautiful redhead, or at least the bulge in his jeans seemed to indicate his pleasure at the attention. She also caught a glimpse of Sylvia whispering seductively into the ear of a sexy national news personality who was dressed as a decidedly sexy evil scientist.

It turns out that handing out joints at a Hollywood party is a great way to make friends and Paige found herself passing and

puffing with several big stars she only ever dreamed of meeting. It was definitely a mind-blowing experience getting stoned with the likes of action hero Jack Latham, pop singer Aria Venti, script writer for three of the top ten movies last year, Kim Hung, comedian Katie Hill, and pro-wrestler Passion. Feeling the weed seep into her, she felt herself getting more and more aroused. She smiled, seeing Latham eyeing her breasts, nipples still hard from the oil.

“Here, take another, we have to bounce.” Masters said, smiling, shaking hands, taking hugs.

Paige, who had clung closely to her boss so as not to make a fool of herself falling all over a celebrity, found herself shaking hands with mega-star Tom Coast. When you’re a big enough star, you wear what you want. Coast was dressed in a pair of jeans and a collared shirt. He pulled her close, hugging her, and whispering in her ear. “I’d really like to fuck you. Come find me later.” He said quietly into her ear, his hand sliding down to squeeze her ass. He winked as he stepped back and lit up another joint. He was quickly replaced by Venti, the cute singer was dressed like cartoon fairy Pixie Dust with a short green skirt that popped up to show off her tight ass and slim legs, and a matching green halter that made the most of her small, pert breasts. She embraced Paige, kissing her before whispering “I’d love to fuck you and James. Come find me when the press is gone.”

Paige didn’t know what to say, but she was quickly embraced by the beautiful, busty wrestler, followed by the writer and the movie star. Apparently, she would be the very popular center of an orgy if she played her cards right. She gladly took Masters’ hand as he led her back out into the main party. Her whole body was tingling in pleasure, and she thought about holding something other than Masters’ hand as they entered the huge open entertaining area. She found the sensation of her erect nipples and clit rubbing against her costume particularly distracting.

The huge living room and dining room were bigger than her entire place. The area, including an open patio with a view of Santa Monica and the Hollywood Hills must have been over two thousand

square feet on their own. There were several local and national press cameras set up with lights, and the red carpet aimed more at still photographers. Each had the event sponsors plastered on backdrops to give the companies that paid Kindell in cash and product to have their names associated with Hollywood elite.

“Hey, can I have one of your joints? James sent me over.” It was Bella Horne dressed in nothing but tight white panties and a tank top, her breasts prominently outlined in the thin fabric. She had a little alien attached to one shoulder strap to clue people into her naughty take on Ripley from Alien.

“Oh, uh, sure!” Paige said, caught unprepared. She looked around to make sure there was no photographer or reporter watching and fumbled with a pouch. Before she knew it Horne reached over and grabbed several joints. Paige looked back up, only to be confronted with Horne’s startling green eyes.

“Thanks, babe.” She smiled, making Paige tingle with arousal. There was something incredibly sensuous and compelling about the young woman. With a wink, the pretty redhead popped a little candy into Paige’s mouth. She popped another past her red lips. She gave Paige a quick kiss. “James told me to hand these out. Come find me later. We can play.”

Before Paige knew what to do, the beautiful actress was skipping off to the back patio, pausing to pop another one of the candies into the mouth of a handsome male server. She suddenly wondered what the pretty girl had popped into her mouth. She had thought it a breath mint, or a candy, but it wasn’t. Searching for a napkin to spit it out, she felt the object dissolve onto her tongue, coating it with a warm, spicy taste that made her mouth water. *Oh shit.* She thought as she swallowed. She turned to look at Masters, only to see him smile, chuckling to himself. She went to ask what just happened.

“You should see the look on your face. Don’t worry, you’re fine.” He said, reassuringly. But there was something else in his joviality

that hinted that he wasn't telling her the whole story. "You're going to have a good time tonight, Paige."

Oh fuck, what did I do? What am I in for? She thought as she took his strong arm, pulling herself a little closer.

Masters worked the room like an expert. He intercepted many of his clients on the red carpet, making sure both he and Paige were in the picture with the celebrity, or popping his head into the shot during an interview. He even worked with photographers to set up entertaining shots and 'impromptu' moments. It was all cleverly staged and designed to support or improve his clients' images in the press. Paige was amazed at how much work it actually was to look spontaneous and beautiful at the same time. Distracted, she lost track of time, enjoying watching all the beautiful people, and all those that fawned over them. There were so many sexy, attractive stars, that Paige felt a needful ache begin in her pussy. This was the best night ever!

Soon, the press, and anyone without a red wristband, was being shooed out of the party, much to the consternation and pleading by several c-list celebrities. Paige couldn't help but giggle at their plight, watching a handsome black comedian pleading his case to the big head of security.

Pity, he's hot. Fuck, everyone here is hot. No wonder I'm so horny. Paige thought to herself. She really was, he whole body humming with arousal. She reached for a drink from one of the passing waiters and couldn't help but notice that he was sporting a good-sized erection in his tight, silver jumpsuit. The pretty brunette licked her lips.

"OK loves, let's get a real drink and get high. I'm done with playing for the public." Nicole Kindell said, interlocking one arm in Masters, and Paige's with the other. She happily joined the Hollywood mega-star, feeling wonderful, and special, and totally enamored with her. She was grinning madly as she leaned against the glamorous woman. "James, I must talk to you about a few offers

that interest me. I need your advice. But not tonight. I want to relax, smoke some of your wonderful weed, and have some fun.”

“I’m happy to oblige.” James said as they walked through the palatial mansion and out onto the pool patio overlooking the spectacular view. She led them through one sliding door, into a huge sitting room, then outside to her private balcony. It had an even more spectacular view, but offered more privacy from the main house, and from her neighbors. The moon was reflecting off the ocean serving as a counterpoint to the flashing lights of the Santa Monica Pier. Masters handed the mega-star one of his joints.

“You two sit here, and I’ll be back in five minutes. I need to get this thing off.” Kindell said, gesturing to a sectional couch that had been roped off for her and her inner circle. The couch faced a travertine fireplace with colored glass pebbles dancing with the blue flames. Past that was a glass railing allowing an unobstructed view of LA. A pretty waitress appeared with cocktails. The shapely celebrity took a tumbler, joint still in hand, and headed back towards her bedroom, pulling at her blonde hair with her free hand.

Masters took two drinks, handing one to Paige. The waitress smiled seductively at the pair as she asked if they needed anything else at the moment. Masters shook his head, and Paige just stare at the girl’s hard nipples pressing against the thin silver, material.

“Cheers.” He said, holding the glass towards Paige. They clinked the crystal tumblers together and sipped. Paige coughed and choked a little, surprised by the strong scotch. “Good huh? Probably twenty-year-old Caliphroaig. Listen. You are doing wonderful Paige, everyone loves you. I knew they would.”

Paige felt a wave of pleasure wash over her at the compliment. Maybe it was the scotch, or maybe it was because she was relaxing so close to Masters, or maybe the fog of weed smoke, but she was quickly becoming horny... really horny. Pressing her thighs together with need, she closed her eyes and took another sip of the expensive liquor. When she opened her eyes again, seeing the

handsome, sexy black man next to her sent a wave of arousal through her.

“Are you OK, Paige?” Masters asked. “Do you feel alright?”

“Definitely alright. Really alright. I don’t think I could feel any alrightier.” She said, her voice husky with desire. She shifter in her seat, sliding her thighs together as she uncrossed her legs.

“Ah, yes, that’d be what Nikki calls her fun pills. Bella gave you one about ninety minutes ago, right?” He said, a grin spreading when Paige nodded. “You’re going to feel very alright for the rest of the night, my dear. You see, what Bella gave you was a concentrated tincture made from the same plant as my herb, same as the oil you and Kelly were playing with.”

“Oh... Oh shit...” Paige started to giggle. Her body hummed with pleasure, and desire. The effects were really starting to hit her. She ached to press herself against her boss, or anyone else for that matter. She couldn’t help but look down at Masters’ pants. Looking for the huge cock she knew was waiting there. “I think I’m fucked up. I’m so horny. What the fuck do I do?”

“They’re called fun pills.” Masters smiled, pulling out a joint and lighting it. He inhaled deeply and handed it to Paige. He looked at her, causing a thrill up her spine. “So... Have fun! This is a party.”

Taking the joint and inhaling deeply, Paige looked out over Los Angeles, feeling the weed insinuate itself into her being. It was almost like the time she got nitrous oxide at the dentist. Her whole body started to tingle, her skin sensitive to the touch, her body aroused to an almost orgasmic level. She exhaled a huge plume of smoke, away from Masters, but couldn’t take her eyes off his thigh. Encased in the tight spandex of his costume, she was watching his cock grow. It slowly lengthened as he inhaled from the joint, thickening, hardening, pressing against the tight material. She watched intently, her mind floating on the weed, her body quivering with desire.

“Ah, that’s better!” Nicole said, arriving back, dressed in a red, silk nightshirt that just barely covered her ass, and hung open, providing more than a glimpse of her full, round breast. She shook her head, flinging her now short bob of strawberry blonde hair, her glorious hairstyle had been an intricate wig. She took another drink from the waitress and sat down on Masters’ lap, plucking the joint from his lips. She pressed herself into his lap, her long, shapely legs crossed at the ankle. “Look who started without me.”

“Um... I have to go... I’ll be right back!” Paige stammered, climbing out of the couch. She paused for a moment, getting her bearings. *You are so stoned.* She thought, teetering, before rushing off to find a washroom.

Making her way down a long hallway, she passed a large sitting room. Inside she caught a glimpse of a pretty young black girl, one of the waitresses, bent over the arm of a couch, being fucked by famous rom-com star Hugh Gentry, or “Huge Entry” as several of the girls in the office had nicknamed him. Now Paige could see why, watching as he slid a long, thick cock into the petite girl, making her bite her lip to keep from screaming in pleasure. Paige groaned with desire and rushed off, finding a bathroom. She quickly locked herself inside.

Pressing her back against the door to catch her breath, she looked at herself in the full-length mirror on the wall. It took her a moment to realize just how large the bathroom was. *This is bigger than my living room! Fuck you look hot.* She told herself, seeing her reflection. The tight top perfectly molded to her breasts, showed off her hard-won body, and the tiny skirt barely covered anything, and made her sleek legs look amazing in the sexy leggings.

Unable to resist the calling, she watched herself sliding her hand between her thighs, rubbing her engorged clit, reveling in her wetness and heat. She gasped, the pleasure amplified by her boss’ party favors, making every touch feel like bliss. The material of her panties was frustrating, stopping her from feeling the full sensation.

Grabbing the thin material, almost frantically, she pulled them down to her knees. This actually made her reflection look even sexier.

She posed for herself, one hand playing with her clit, the other roving her body, touching herself. She regarded her pretty face, her dilated eyes glazed with passion, her full lips parted, sliding a well-manicured finger into her mouth. She wondered what she looked like sucking on Masters' huge, black cock. Her knees buckled as she slid a finger into her wet pussy.

"Oh... oh fuck..." She groaned, her reflection looking spectacularly sexy as she gave in to her own touch. Unable to keep standing, Paige slowly slid to the floor, her legs spreading, bent at the knee. She could see her fingers as they quickly slid from her pussy, up over her clit, only to plunge back deep inside her. She could hear herself breathlessly whimpering. She needed to cum. Her face stared back at her, mouth open, panting for breath, eyelids heavy with desire.

A cry of passion tore itself from her quivering mouth as she watched her body writhe and shake, control lost to her orgasm. Her legs shook, and her pussy squirted clear cum onto the floor. This was the most powerful orgasm she'd ever had. She sat on the floor for a full five minutes before she felt confident enough to stand.

"Fuck, I'm still horny." She whispered to herself. Reaching down to pull up her still damp panties, she paused. "Fuck it." Stepping out of the thin material, the beautiful brunette dropped the small wad of material in the trash and proceeded to re-tie her hair. Giving her head an approving shake, making the ponytail swing to either side, she exited the bathroom.

No sooner had she taken three steps down the hallway, she found herself face-to-face with Jennifer Lawson. The top young starlet in the business, known for her stunning combination of classic beauty and girl-next-door sexuality. She had come off a series of huge box-office franchises and, already rich and successful beyond her dreams at age twenty-five, decided to take a year off. She was

nearing the end of her self-imposed sabbatical and was looking to the next chapter of her career.

Paige stepped to the right to let the stunning celebrity pass, only to see Lawson do the same. With a giggle, she stepped to the left, a move mirrored by the other woman. Another giggle from both beautiful women, and once again, they both stepped to the opposite side driving both to laugh.

“I’m Paige.” She said, holding out her hand, even as she threatened to be overcome by giggles. She couldn’t help but let her gaze fall across one of the most famous women in the world. Lawson was dressed as a version of the videogame princess Gilda from the Quest for Gilda line of games. Her signature blonde hair was tied back in a pony tail with a sparkling crown on her head. She wore a low-cut ball gown that appeared to be made out of a shiny pink plastic. The long gown opened in the front, almost like a theatre curtain, to show off her legs. She wore matching shiny pink high heels with oversized white bows on them.

“You’re Paige? James’ assistant? I guess I should have figured. You’re as beautiful as everyone says! Even more! Oh, I’m Jenn.” The famous woman replied, taking Paige’s hand. They shook, and stood there holding hands for a moment, Lawson drinking in the sexy hot-wife. Paige noticed the blonde’s eyes were glazed and dilated indicating that the young actress was at least as stoned as she was. Snapping out of her brief trance, Jennifer stepped forward and embraced the star-struck brunette. “It’s so wonderful to meet you.”

Surprised by the embrace, Paige hugged the beautiful actress back. She heard Lawson moan, just a little hum of pleasure really, as they held each other, pressing their bodies close. She couldn’t resist the allure, Paige kissed the blonde on the sensitive spot along the edge of her jaw. “You too...”

“Um, listen, can you help me?” Lawson whispered into Paige’s ear, still holding her close. “I need to get out of some of this costume. I could sure use a hand.”

“Um... sure.” Paige said breathily. She could stand here in the woman’s embrace forever. Her body tingled with pleasure, and desire. “Here?”

“Here what?” Jenn replied, lost in the Paige’s embrace, her hands sliding along the brunette’s shapely curves.

“Getting you out of the costume?”

“Oh, right. No.” Lawson said, loosening her hold. Paige couldn’t help but groan, wishing their embrace to continue. “Oh, how about there.”

Lawson pointed to a room, the door slightly ajar. Clinging to each other like long lost lovers, the two sexy women stumbled towards the room, giggling.

“What if someone’s in there?” Paige whispered.

“We should sneak in.” Jenn giggled conspiratorially.

The pair quietly opened the door and snuck into what appeared to be a bedroom suite. Discovering they were alone, Paige closed the door and turned on the light switch. Several table lights came on around the room, bathing it in a warm light. Turning to see the beautiful actress in the flattering light, she felt her breath hitch. Lawson was staring at Paige, entranced.

“So... um...” Paige started, unsure what to say. She really wanted to go back to holding the sexy, stoned actress.

“Oh... Wow... Shit...” Lawson said, swaying, unsteady on her feet, a smile lighting up her pretty face as she started to giggle. She put her hands to her mouth, covering her laughter. As the bout passed, she looked up at Paige again, her eyes even more glassy, wide with desire. “My fun pill just hit me. Wow, I am so stoned, and...”

“Horny?” Paige offered, watching the subtle transformation overcoming the beautiful actress. The languid, aroused expression, the flush across her cleavage, the tense, expectant look about her.

“Oh fuck, am I ever.” The blonde said, giggling again. She started struggling with her outfit, looking at Paige. “Give me a hand with this, would you? It took two people to get me in here.”

“Oh, yeah, sure.” Paige stood close, enjoying the woman’s perfume, and her closeness. She looked at the complicated dress, unsure what to do. “Um... what do I do?”

Lawson turned to face her, raising her hand to Paige’s face. She traced a finger down Paige’s neck and across her chest. Paige felt chills along her flesh in response. The blonde watched her finger slide over the outline of Paige’s hard nipple before looking back up. “God you’re hot... Um, there’s something holding this heavy skirt in place around my waist. Can you find it?”

“Let me see...” Paige murmured, entranced by the woman’s touch. She knelt down and started looking through the stiff, intricate material. She felt Lawson’s fingers playing with her ponytail, touching her hair, running along her cheek. Paige paused to press her face against the other woman’s gentle caress. A moan purred in her throat. Then she found a cleverly disguised button. “Oh, I found something.”

Distracted by her closeness to the beautiful celebrity, Paige finally managed to get the first button undone. That revealed the next, and the next, and pretty soon Paige had worked her way around Lawson. By this time the smell of her perfume, and her firm flesh, had the hot wife’s head spinning with desire.

“OK, why doesn’t it come off?” Paige asked, standing back up, looking at the outfit.

“I think you need to life the skirt part, I remember they sort of hanging it on me.” The blonde replied.

“Well, what if I just try lifting it off...” Paige mused as she stepped around behind the slim woman. Feeling around the waist, she found what felt like a hoop. Slipping her fingers underneath the gently lifted. The heavy skirt moved, but she needed to lift harder.

With a grunt, she managed to lift the thick material up and away, finding herself falling back onto a couch, half buried in the pink garment.

Lawson looked coyly over her shoulder at the stunning brunette and smiled. "That did it."

Paige looked lustily at the actress. The remaining bodice came only to her hips, revealing the blonde's frilly panties, and the garter that was holding up her stockings. She had a beautiful body and Paige wanted to feel it against her own.

"Think I should go *commando*?" She asked, casually looking at Paige. When the Brunette fell onto the couch, her short skirt had flipped up. "You have a perfect pussy. Can I look closer?"

Normally, Paige would be mortified, but with the weed and pill coursing through her, amping up her arousal, she found herself turned on by the thought. Pulling one leg up, she actually slid her fingers along her pussy, feeling her dampness. "Sure."

Paige watched as the worldwide box office star knelt down in front of her, and gently reached to touch her pussy. As soon as the blonde's fingers touched her, Paige sucked in a quick breath through her teeth. It felt so good as Lawson gently slid her fingers over Paige's sensitive clit, down between her labia. She was unprepared when the beautiful woman leaned forward and slid her lips around her pleasure nub. The hot wife moaned in pleasure as Jennifer leaned back, darting back in briefly to flick the engorged clit with the tip of her tongue.

"Oh my god, you are so pretty, so perfect, everywhere. What's that taste? Should I take off these silly panties?" Lawson gushed, stoned, and clearly aroused by the stunning brunette. The beautiful blonde was all over the place. She stood up in front of Paige while the sexy brunette pulled off her frilly costume panties. Paige was face to face with a movie star's vagina. "What do you think?"

One of the biggest stars in the world was standing before Paige, asking her opinion about her pussy. And it was beautiful. Unlike Paige's bald pussy, Lawson kept her pubic hair trimmed short, in a cute little V shape above her prominent clit. It was almost like an arrow saying *Pussy this way!* Paige took that as a direction and leaned forward to lick the pinkie sized clit. It was large and firm between her lips, and she grinned when the beautiful celebrity moaned, and pushed her head closer. Paige actually felt the clit swell and grow in her mouth. When she leaned back to look, the clit was longer and more erect, the head pushing out from the pink hood.

"Oh, fuck that feels good. God, stop, or I'll never make it to meet your boss." Lawson giggled, playfully pushing Paige away. "Help me get this shoulder stuff off."

Lawson turned around for Paige to assist, untying the garment at the neck. Paige poked around to find several fasteners along her broad shoulders. After a minute of fiddling, Paige was able to pull the costume off. She placed it on the couch next to the discarded dress. The blonde let out a long sigh of relief. She put her arms up and twisted at the waist.

"What a relief, thank you." She said, eyeing Paige lustily. "Do I look ok?"

The stunning blonde was now dressed in a lacy pink corset, ending just under her breasts, thrusting them up. Underneath the lingerie, she wore an open shoulder cotton blouse that just covered her breasts and connected to the ruffled sleeves. Below, she wore only the garters, stockings, and high-heeled shoes.

"Beautiful. Perfect." Paige appraised, honestly. Usually covered in heavy costumes, Jennifer Lawson had a beautiful, fit, shapely body.

"Thank you, you're wonderful." Lawson said, embracing the brunette. "So, am I ready to meet your boss?"

“Totally, oh, no, not quite...” Paige said brightly, reaching into her belt to pull out the little bottle of oil. “May I?”

“What is it? Do you drink it?” The blonde asked, leaning forward to sniff the bottle. “Oh! That’s what was on your pussy. What does it do?”

“It makes you tingle.” Paige said, putting a drop onto her finger. Pulling her tight top to one side, she gently rubbed the oil on her nipple. Pulling her other breast out, she rubbed it into the other. The thin top remained bunched between Paige’s full, firm breasts. She looked up at Jennifer, seeing her drinking in the sight of her breasts. “Just wait a second... Oh, yes, that’s it...” Paige’s nipples quickly hardened, sticking out firmly.

“Do mine.” Lawson said eagerly, pulling the white top down to reveal her large breasts, and her pale, pink nipples. She licked her lips in pleasure as Paige slowly applied the oil to her nipples, gently swirling her slick finger over soft nipples. “When does it... Oh...” Paige smiled, watching the star’s nipples harden as the blonde cooed in pleasure. “Oh shit, that feels good.”

“Wait’ll you feel what it does to your clit. May I?” Paige said, holding the little bottle up between two fingers.

“Oh god, really? Yes!” Lawson said, eyeing Paige lustily.

Putting a couple of drops on her fingers, Paige stood against the slightly taller blonde. She pressed their breasts together. With her hand between them, she gently slid the arousing oil against Lawson’s erect clit. It felt huge compared to Paige’s, and she found herself splitting her fingers on either side of the erect organ.

“That feels so good.” Jenn purred, slowly moving with Paige’s touch. Moments later, she moaned as the pleasurable tingles started and her clit stiffened. “Oh god, fuck that feels good. Don’t stop.”

Paige continued to work the oil into the celebrity’s sensitive clit. She wondered if a bigger clit meant bigger pleasure. If the response of Lawson was any indication, the answer might be yes.

“So... James...” Lawson began, licking her lips breathlessly. “Is he as good as they say?”

“He’s better.” Paige said, her face inches from the beautiful woman, the urge to kiss her almost overwhelming. *How did I get here? Fingering the hottest star on the planet, half naked, stoned out of my mind, at a Hollywood party hosted by Nicole Kindell?* She leaned forward and kissed Lawson, hearing her moan. “I’m sure he can really take your career to the next level.”

“No, I know that, but his cock... oh god...” She jerked, almost at orgasm. She leaned closer to Paige, their faces touching, lips brushing. “His cock, is it really as big as they say? Can he really fuck me to oblivion? Oh god, don’t stop... feels so good...”

“It’s massive, huge, beautiful... So powerful... So perfect...” Paige murmured, their lips moving against each other, almost kissing, teasing. Paige reached down to touch her own needy clit. “He’s never fucked me, but I’ve seen what he can do. It’s so fucking hot. Whatever you’ve heard, it’s more. He’s better.”

Lawson kissed her hard, the brunette’s oiled finger bringing her to orgasm. She keened quietly, muffled by the other woman’s mouth, riding her touch. After what seemed like minutes of pure ecstasy, the big star broke into giggles, kissing Paige more playfully. “Oh my god, that was amazing. You are good.”

“Thanks? I mean, I’ve never done that before, I mean other than on myself.” Paige giggled back at the blonde. She slid her oil-covered fingers over her own clit. Sucking in a sharp breath moments later when the tingling came on strong.

“Let’s have a joint, we can smoke it on the way to the patio, I’m late.” Jenn said brightly. “So, if I sign with James will I see you?”

“Oh, yeah, all the time. I’m his personal assistant.” Paige deftly retrieved a joint and lit it. Taking a small hit, she handed it to the beautiful movie star. She watched as Lawson inhaled deeply. There was something decidedly sexy watching the other woman smoke the

joint, knowing the effect the drug was having on her. Paige watched, seeing the transformation wash across the woman.

“And he has this amazing monster cock, and you’ve never, um, you know?” Jennifer asked after blowing a huge cloud of smoke into the air.

“Never. Well, I did suck on it once. I was drunk, a little stoned, horny.” Paige explained, a little sad to admit she’d never had the pleasure of the huge, black, alpha-cock. She adjusted Lawson’s top, pulling it up to cover her breasts. The blonde’s stiff nipples displayed prominently. She did the same for her top. She only then realized how silly it was given that the famous movie star had her wet pussy on display. “But, I’m married.”

“So? Lots of people are married, but that doesn’t mean you can’t have sex.” Lawson laughed, handing the joint back to Paige. “You have great tits, by the way. I mean, do you think Nikki isn’t fucking the shit out of his big cock? How do you think I found out about it?”

“But what about Joey?” Paige asked, referring to Kindell’s heartthrob husband Joey Trivioni. He had been the biggest box office draw a decade or so ago in his prime. They were one of Hollywood’s longest running power couples.

“That old queen?” Lawson laughed, putting her arm around Paige, leading her out of the room.

“He’s gay?!?” Paige whispered, amazed. Trivioni was a sex symbol and action star.

“OK, I guess he’s more Bi, but he likes his men young and hung.” The blonde laughed. “I can’t believe you didn’t know. Their marriage has been a business arrangement for years. Maybe we can sneak a peek later.”

Lawson led Paige down the hall, turning right, and past the security guard. The blonde leaned up to give him a quick peck on the

lips and run her hand along his stubbly face, down his chest, and over his groin. Paige pulled her away and into the short access hall.

“Fuck, I just want to touch everyone, it feels to good.” The blonde said, brushing her hand over Paige’s firm ass, sliding it between the brunette’s firm cheeks. It was all Paige could do not to push the beautiful blonde against the wall and finger her again. She stood up with a moan, looked deeply into the blonde’s glazed eyes and kissed her. Instantly, the two women were intertwined, kissing, moaning, touching, until finally, breathlessly, Paige pushed the movie star back.

“We can’t, I mean not right now, I need to take you to meet my boss. But I’m sure there will be plenty of touching involved.” She said, unable to resist stroking her index finger across Jennifer’s quivering lip. She took the beautiful blonde’s hand firmly, noticing the woman sigh with pleasure at the dominant touch, and let her back onto the private patio.

Walking around the corner, they found Kindell standing by the railing, looking out over the city lights. Her red silk nightshirt hung open, giving a tantalizing outline of her breast, and riding just high enough to show off her shapely ass. Her inner thighs were wet, glistening in the firelight. She was smoking a joint and looking pleasantly disheveled. There was little doubt that she was freshly fucked.

Finger to her lips to indicate Paige should be quiet, Lawson crept up behind the movie mogul and gently ran her nails along Kindell’s toned ass. The short-haired beauty let out a purr of delight as Lawson’s nails traced long lines up over the other woman’s ass, and along her back. Lawson embraced Kindell from behind, her other hand snaking around to grab the woman’s breast. The younger woman nibbled on the back of Kindell’s neck for a few moments before the two of them became lost in laughter.

“Oh yum! It’s about time you got back.” Kindell groaned with renewed pleasure. She handed the joint to Paige and embraced the

young blonde movie star, kissing her. Without thinking, Paige inhaled the weed, enjoying the sensation, feeling her arousal grow by the second.

“Hey! Don’t Bogart!” Lawson exclaimed, still laughing, reaching for the joint. She closed her eyes and inhaled deeply.

Paige stared at the beautiful, busty blonde, feeling the weed infuse with her sexual stimulation. She exhaled with a long, delicious moan. She turned to see Kindell looking at her, smiling alluringly. This was the face that sold over a billion in the box office. Wow.

“Feels fantastic, doesn’t it?” She asked, eyeing Paige. She licked her lips seductively.

“Oh my god, does it ever.” Paige ached for the woman, she wanted to be close to her, to touch her. Her mind was spinning, no, floating. It was hard to concentrate on anything but the beautiful woman, and her own body’s growing need. Her hard nipples ached, sensitive to every minor movement of the material encasing them. Her pussy ached even more, ached to be touched, and even more, ached to be filled. “It makes me feel... Well, you know?”

“Horny as fuck?” She replied, putting her hand on her hip and leaning into it, causing her red shirt to hang open enough to give Paige a view of her sculpted body. “Yeah. It does that to all of us.” Kindell stepped closer, running her fingers over Paige’s stiff nipple and over the curve of her breast, making the young brunette shiver with arousal. “God, you are a hot one, aren’t you? Turn around.”

Paige slowly spun, thrilled at the compliment, and eager to show off her body to the mega-star. She quivered, feeling the woman running her fingers over her body. She felt a smooth touch on her ass and couldn’t help arching her back slightly to show it off. A whimper of arousal came from her lips as she felt the beautiful woman’s fingers slip along the curve of her buttock and between her thighs.

“What a beautiful ass. Firm, full, like a Kardishian but without all the fat and cellulite.” Kindell purred, kneeling, putting her mouth against Paige’s right cheek and playfully biting. The brunette squealed in surprise, but the squeal turned into a gasp of pleasure as Kindell slid her fingers along Paige’s wet labia, teasing her opening.

“You’re so wet. How many of these did you smoke?” She asked, planting a kiss at the top of Paige’s ass, standing, letting her hand slip along from Paige’s pussy, and over her asshole. She gently spun the compliant, horny brunette around and gazed at Paige’s breasts. “And these are beautiful... perfect...” She said breathily, taking the firm globes in her hands, pulling the halter top into the center, between the breasts, exposing them. “May I lick them?”

Paige just nodded, nervously, unable to form the words, glancing over to see Lawson taking a drink from a young, handsome Hispanic waiter. She paused to tease his long hard cock, sticking out from his uniform. Were all men hung better than Steve? Had she been this unlucky? But her thoughts evaporated when the beautiful strawberry blonde stood even closer, holding Paige’s breast to her mouth. An explosion of pleasure threatened to overwhelm the hot wife as the other woman sucked on her nipple, teasing it with her tongue, pulling on it with her white teeth.

A cry of pleasure erupted from Paige’s lips as the movie star leaned back, pulling on her nipple with her mouth. The blonde switched to Paige’s other breast and repeated the process until Paige was on the edge of orgasm. Standing up, Kindell radiated arousal, pulling Paige close, and gently nibbling on her neck. The young, hot wife was panting, holding the older woman close, thrilling to the feeling of their breasts pressed together.

“You are absolutely fucking perfect.” Kindell finally said, her eyes dilated, roving over Paige. “So, is it true? You haven’t fucked James yet?”

Paige's head spun. She needed more, more touching, more sex. She needed to cum. But she was entranced by the beautiful movie star standing inches from her. She shook her head before answering, her voice faltering, "I'm... I'm married..."

"Oh my god, it's true? You have this perfect, sexy body, and you aren't fucking his perfect, black cock? It's a crime. No, it's a tragedy." Kindell said, eyes wide in disbelief as she continued to play with Paige's breasts. "How can you resist?"

That was the problem. Paige knew that her defenses had been crumbling, day after day. Despite her best efforts, it was a losing battle. "But I have a husband..."

"So, I have a husband. He's off fucking someone right now, probably a young guy with a big cock. Lots of us are married, but we fuck. That's what these parties are all about. Having fun, getting blasted, and fucking our brains out." Kindell took Paige by the shoulders and slowly turned her around. Sliding her hands around the young brunette, the experienced woman held her close, pressing her cheek against Paige's. "Look."

Kindell faced Paige towards Lawson, who was gleefully holding two long cocks in her hand while the owners, unable to resist, thrust through her grip against one another. Paige was surprised to see that one of them was pop star cum actor Brad Cross. It was like a contest to see who would cum first. That question was soon answered when the other man, the waiter Lawson had been teasing earlier, erupted. Cum spurted from his long, slim cock, covering Lawson's hand, and Cross' thicker cock. Before the first man was done ejaculating, Cross joined him, pumping thick creamy loads from the swollen cockhead.

"See? What about there?" Kindell said, her voice low and seductive, turning Paige around.

How had Paige not noticed all this going on? She had been so focused on Kindell, so horny, so stoned, that she somehow failed to notice naked people having sex around the room. Against a large

concrete pole was Asian star and cover girl Lucy Lee, the short skirt of her costume held up, and a man eagerly licking her pussy. Lee writhed, head back, mouth open in orgasm, her long hair swaying as she held the man's head hard against her pussy as her athletic thighs shook. When she recovered, the man stood up and turned her around. He beautiful actress, leaned against the pole and looked back at him expectantly, arching her back, pulling her skirt over her toned ass. The man lined up a thick, hard cock against her pussy and slid in. It was only then that Paige recognized him.

"Harvey Markle?" Paige whispered, amazed. Markle must be in his sixties, an actor that rose out of the crazy, drug-fueled films of the early seventies. He was definitely weird, verging on crazy. "Really? Isn't Lucy Lee married?"

"So what?" Kindell giggled, letting her hands rove over Paige's body. "Live a little. I couldn't imagine life with only Joey's dick in me. Variety is the spice of life. Look."

Spun again, Paige saw Aria Venti by the hot tub, legs splayed, while the muscular female wrestler, Passion, straddled her, rubbing their pussies together. Passion sported a huge clit, easily two or more inches long, a result of her poorly hidden steroid use. And behind them, she saw Sylvia bobbing in the frothing water, her large breasts dunking and surfacing from the bubbles, clearly riding the cock of Tom Coast. Apparently that contract was almost culminated. The pretty black waitress Paige had seen earlier, perched to the side of the tub, her slim legs spread wide to expose her bright gash of pink as she played with it. Apparently, she was next.

"*Everybody* does it, Paige. These parties have always been a fuck-fest. But, thanks to your boss' amazing weed, and those fun pills, they're better than ever. Everyone is so horny out of their mind that it's mind blowing. Way better than coke and ecstasy. I don't know why you fight it, especially given your boss' impressive cock." Nicole said, once again spinning Paige to face her. "Paige. You are so fucking hot that it's a crime you aren't being properly fucked."

Paige could only shrug sheepishly. She wanted to feel what those other women experienced. It looked like pure ecstasy. But she had to resist her body's needs, her deep desires. *It's not cheating if I'm fucking with a girl, right.* She thought.

Oiling a Black Beast

“I see you’ve gotten to know each other.” Masters’ resonant voice came from behind Paige. She felt her boss’ powerful embrace, his arms around her, his body pressing against her. She could feel his thickness pressed against her ass. He whispered in Paige’s ear, “How are you doing? Having fun? You’re doing great.” Paige thrilled at his breath in her ear. Before she could answer, he stood straighter to continue bantering with Kindell, “So, do you like her?”

“Like her? I’d like to eat her. I love her!” Nicole said, embracing Masters as he stepped around his frozen assistant. His touch made her entire body hum with desire. She noticed that he’d changed from his costume and wore a silk robe that appeared to match Kindell’s night shirt. The robe was loosely tied at the front, and Paige thought she could glimpse his massive fuck organ hanging between his thighs. “You were fucking amazing. My legs are still shaking.”

“I’m glad I could be of service.” The tall man said, putting his hand on Kindell’s ass, leaning down to kiss her.

“Ooh, you definitely serviced me.” The blonde cooed, melting into Masters. She smiled coyly, biting her lip seductively. “You are going to fuck me later, aren’t you?”

“Anything you wish, my dear.” Masters smiled.

“Does the line start here?” Jennifer Lawson interjected, slipping between Nicole and Masters, extending her hand. “Hi, I’m Jenny, movie star.”

“Cheeky!” Nicole said in mock insult, slapping Lawson’s firm ass cheek. “Jennifer Lawson, I’m pleased to introduce you to James Masters. I know you’re already acquainted with his sexy assistant. You two, um, get to know one another, or whatever. I know you’ll take my advice and sign with him anyway. I have to make good on a bet with Clive. Don’t forget, you owe me another ride, or more. You are staying the night, aren’t you?”

Lawson embraced Masters, putting her arms around his powerful neck and kissing him. It was quite the introduction, and Masters responded, pulling her close and kissing back. The beautiful blonde actress writhed, pressed against him, moaning with passion. Finally, Masters broke the embrace and stood back a few inches. Paige could see the thick dark shadow under the robe had grown.

"It's my pleasure entirely." Masters said smoothly, taking the young starlet's hand and kissing it. Lawson's eyes flared with desire. He held her with his gaze. "Now, what can I tell you about my services?"

"Honestly..." The blonde started, giggling, openly eyeing the tall, handsome black man. "I know how good you are. I just really want to see your cock."

"So, *all* you want is to see my cock?" Masters teased, laughing. The waitress arrived with a crystal tumbler filled with amber whiskey. He took a sip and turned to Paige, holding out his other hand. "Paige, would you light a joint up for me?"

"I don't *just* want to see it. But it's a start." Lawson giggled, running her hand along the visible portion of Masters' exposed chest. "I'm sure we can find something to do with it, don't you think?"

While the shapely celebrity flirted, Paige reached into a specially marked pouch on her belt and pulled out one of Masters' personal stock. Finding it hard to think of anything but seeing her rich boss' bull cock again, she held the large joint to her lips and fumbled to get the lighter. The joint was easily twice as long, and three times as thick as the party favors they'd been handing out. Finally, the expensive lighter erupted into a jet of hot blue flame. Paige couldn't resist inhaling deeply as she lit the weed before handing it to Masters.

"Well, Jenny, I'd love to show you my cock. But it seems that both my hands are full." The tall, handsome, black man said as he maneuvered over to the couch, sitting down. "But perhaps my

personal assistant, Paige, can show it to you. I mean, if that's OK with you Paige?"

Paige looked at the bulge between Masters strong thighs, swallowing hard. It twitched and seemed to get bigger as he inhaled his joint. She had decided that she was going to be faithful to Steve, but her entire body was humming with desire. She'd never felt this sexy or horny in her life. The thought of his massive cock in her hands, in her mouth, in her...

Lawson went to sit down beside the alpha-male, snuggling into his side, beaming at Paige. "You don't mind, do you Paige? I mean, for your new client?"

She couldn't resist. She wanted to feel the huge fuck organ hardening in her hands more than anything she could think of. Nodding, unable to speak, she stepped over and knelt before Masters, against his leg, pressed against Jenny's feet. She gladly inhaled from the joint as Masters held it for her. She closed her eyes to compose herself, feeling the weed make her even more aroused. Her mind was flying, as if her brain was being bathed with sunlight and cooled by a gentle ocean breeze.

Tentatively, Paige leaned on Masters leg and reached for his robe. She paused, looking up into his deep brown eyes looking for permission to continue. The look of desire she found sent a wave of pleasure crashing across her. When she looked into his eyes she saw desire, for her. It made her feel supremely sexy and confident. With a more confident smile, Paige gracefully pulled the robe apart, letting it fall to the side. Self-control gone, her desire to remain faithful to her husband forgotten, Paige reached for Masters' monstrous cock.

It was huge. Even hanging down between his muscular thighs, it was thick and warm. Another wave of desire flashed across her. She needed to see it in her hand, she wanted his flesh, she wanted to make it big and hard. She wanted to feel sexual control over his massive bull-cock.

“It’s so heavy...” She whispered, lifting the tumescent fuck organ. The thick shaft bent, making her hand looking small by comparison. She gasped as the massive shaft twitched, lengthening to her touch, making the shaft curve even more. Reaching up with the other hand, she slowly started to stroke the thick, hot shaft, watching as it slowly continued to grow.

Stealing a glance, she saw that Lawson was equally entranced at the black alpha-cock. Her eyes sparkled with desire, and she had one hand between her legs. Paige wanted to play with her pussy. Her clit was engorged and aching for attention, and she could feel a drip of arousal rolling down her thigh. But she didn’t want to let go of the glorious black cock engorging in her hands. She was doing this. She was making his beautiful cock hard. Looking up into her rich, handsome boss’ lustful eyes, she leaned forward and engulfed his fat cockhead with her mouth.

Masters let out a moan of pleasure as Paige wrapped her lips around the thickening organ. Thrills of pleasure and acceptance flowed through her. She had never felt womanlier than at this moment, stroking the huge organ to sexual arousal, performing for one of the most beautiful movie stars in the world. She could feel him hardening in her hand, his cock filling her mouth.

“You look so hot...” Lawson breathed, a whimper on the edge of her voice. Her fingers were moving faster. “Can I suck on it too?”

She wanted to say no, but Paige knew that letting the movie star suck on Masters’ cock would please him, and it would make his cock even harder. So, locking eyes with the sexy blonde, she pulled the huge organ, now nearly a full foot in length, from her mouth and leaned it towards her. The blonde fell onto the thick head with a moan, sloppily working on it. Paige stared for several moments, captivated by the beautiful pale blonde sucking on the massive black rod.

Looking up at Masters’, she saw him also watching Lawson sucking on his cock, obviously enjoying her mouth. He glanced at

Paige and held the joint up as an invitation. Eagerly, the beautiful brunette climbed up, straddling his muscular thigh. She snuggled against him, allowing him to hold the joint to her lips, and inhaling deeply. She ground her wet pussy against his leg, feeling the weed permeate her. Exhaling over his shoulder, she leaned in to kiss him passionately. Her head spun with joy feeling him kiss her back, his tongue playing with hers. By the time they parted, she was breathless, feeling orgasmic in his arms. She slowly parted from him, enjoying the sight of him glancing down at her full breasts, pressed against his muscular chest.

“I never thought this would happen...” Paige breathed, kissing him, rubbing against him, her hand reaching down the stroke the base of his hard cock. “I want you more than anything...”

“What about your husband?” Masters asked, pausing, his hand resting lightly on her ass.

Paige thought about Steve, briefly, happy times, their wedding, the sex... Then she looked at the massive black rod in her hand. It was so powerful, so masculine, so irresistible. All she could think about was that massive, black cock fucking her, making her beg for more, making her his.

“I don’t care. I need this...” Paige growled, any thought of her husband or their marriage shoved from her mind. She wanted the alpha stud, she needed his huge, black cock. “I want you.”

Throwing herself back onto him, kissing him, rubbing her pussy against his leg, whimpering as she did. Parting from him with a gasp, she looked down at his massive, hard cock and dove back down to suck on it just as Jennifer came up for air.

“Oh shit...” Masters hissed at Paige’s eager oral ministrations, gently placing his hand through her long, dark hair to encourage her. He put his other arm around Lawson’s slim waist, happily accepting her proffered breast in his mouth.

“She’s so fucking hot sucking on your cock.” Lawson purred, stroking Paige across her cheek. “Are you going to fuck her?”

“Oh yes. I’ve been waiting to fuck her since the day I saw her and had her transferred to me.” Masters groaned, gently thrusting into Paige’s warm, wet mouth. He reached down and ran his hand over her ass. “She’s exceeded all of my expectations.”

“Who you going to fuck first?” Lawson asked, her voice high and teasing.

“Tell you what, why don’t you two girls get me ready to fuck, and then I’ll decide.” Masters said commandingly, slapping both girls on the ass. Paige paused, looking up, crazy with desire. “Why don’t you rub in some of the oil, make it shine…”

Paige stood up, fishing another joint out for Masters. She knew the rich, black stud liked to smoke while women were worshipping his ebony rod. She lit it and handed it to him, making sure to take a big hit from it first. She noticed that Lawson was squirming out of her corset, electing to keep her garters and stockings on. After fishing the little bottle of oil from her belt, Paige slid off her halter top – It’s not like it was covering anything anyway – but decided to keep the tiny skirt and stay up stockings on.

Masters took a long drag on the joint while the girls undressed. As he exhaled, he groaned, his massive shaft tensing, and a single large splash of pre-cum ejaculated onto his lean belly. Lawson knelt and ran her tongue along his muscled flesh, licking the white fluid up.

Wow, his cock shoots more pre-cum than Steve cums when he orgasms. No wonder I’m not pregnant! Paige thought, a shiver of desire racing through her. The thought of that huge, black cock spewing that much cum deep inside her made her groan with need.

“I think he likes us naked.” She said, grinning up at Paige. “Oh, wow, I can taste the weed in his cum.”

“You didn’t save some for me?” Paige teased, sitting next to Masters, pouring oil into her hand. She paused momentarily to stare

at the impossibly huge organ standing before her. It was hard, but still not completely engorged. She noticed Jennifer was holding the thick base of Masters' cock, waiting for her.

Slowly tipping her hand, she drizzled oil over the fat cockhead, watching it drool down the thick shaft. As the reservoir made by her palm emptied, she slid her hand over the engorged glans, keeping her grip tight, her fingers sliding over the fat rim as she spread the oil along the footlong alpha-cock.

It was mesmerizing, feeling her hands slide over the thick, warm flesh. It felt incredibly long and thick in her hands. Once she reached the bottom of the long shaft, both she and Jennifer slid their hands along the slippery skin. The oil brought out levels of color in the huge cock, taking it from a very dark brown, to almost a polished mahogany kind of look. It was so beautiful, so powerful, and so masculine, Paige almost sobbed with desire. She could see out of the corner of her eye that the beautiful, blonde movie star was equally enthralled.

"That feels nice, ladies..." Masters groaned, his cock rigid now, veins sticking out in sharp relief, the oil showing off every line. He took another hit off the joint. Paige felt his cock tense, and watched as another long, white rope of pre-cum spat onto his belly, followed by another on his thigh.

This time Paige leaned down to lick it up, slowly running her tongue along his belly and up to where she gently bit his nipple. Her tongue almost tingling, she swallowed the creamy pre-cum. She could definitely taste the weed in his cum, it only made her crave it more. "God, you taste good." She groaned, rubbing some of the oil from her hands onto his muscular chest.

Masters grabbed the bottle of oil and playfully squirted some onto Paige's breasts, reaching over to spread it. Paige twisted, spinning around so that she was leaning back against his powerful chest while he slid his hands over her breasts, covering them in oil before sliding down over her stomach and over her wet pussy. He

slid his hands back up to her breasts just as the sensation of the oil made her nipples stiffen, and her clit tingle with pleasure. Spreading her legs, she felt his large hands slide back down her body and between her thighs. She moaned in desire as his finger slipped over her clit, and into her pussy. Helpless to resist, Paige pushed against his touch, humping his finger.

“Oh God, I’m... I’m... cum...” Paige gasped before her words dissolved into orgasm, her body shaking, legs clamping together, riding Masters’ strong fingers in ecstasy. She writhed in pleasure, the sensation of his other hand on her breast driving her wild. She keened in bliss at his skilled touch. She noticed several people watching her, this made her even more aroused as she came down from her powerful orgasm.

“You’re going to fuck her now, I can tell.” Lawson asked, eagerly stroking his massive cock. As if in response, the several thick streams of pre-cum spurted out onto his body. The blonde couldn’t resist licking it up. Moments later, she felt the effects of the weed laced pre-cum make her tongue tingle, pleasure spreading.

In a demonstration of power, Masters stood, holding Paige in his arms as if she weighed nothing, his massive cock thrusting just beneath her. He spun them around, kissing Paige while Lawson greedily sucked on the fat end of his cock. This made Masters’ shaft so stiff, that his cock rose to press against the brunette’s firm ass, urging him to thrust into her firm flesh.

Lawson hopped into the corner of the wide couch, opening her arms to receive the beautiful brunette as Masters lay her down. Paige twisted her head, looked back at Lawson. She grinned sloppily, still buzzing from her orgasm. “Oh, hey Jenn. What’s up?”

“Hey Hon...” Lawson smiled, pulling a lock of dark hair from Paige’s pretty face. “James is going to fuck you with his big black cock, is what’s up.”

“Oh... good...” Paige replied languidly, grinning up at the beautiful blonde. Then it hit her. Her head snapped forward to see

the tall, wealthy, black stud kneeling between her legs, his massive erection rock-hard in his hand as he slowly stroked it. Instinctively, she spread her shapely thighs wider, pulling her knees back, readying to take his thick cock. "Oh... fuck yes..."

"You sure?" Masters asked, settling himself between her legs, holding his thick, twelve-inch organ above her. He loved the way his huge cock seemed to hypnotize women, making them helpless to resist him. The sight of the two gorgeous women entranced by the ebony organ made the tip drool with pre-cum. He was pleased to see Paige take it with her finger and slip it between her lips. "There's no going back, or so I'm told."

Paige reached down to slide her fingers over her slippery pussy, spreading herself for his massive cock. She looked up at him coyly, holding her breast towards her mouth, licking the painted tip of her finger and nodded. More confidently than she felt, eying the sheer size of the poised fuck organ, wondering how it would fit, she said, "Give it to me, big boy."

Masters smiled. He'd been anticipating this moment for months. Lining the engorged head of his long, hard cock against her shaved pussy, he slowly rubbed it against her opening, and up over her clit. He groaned as he deposited another load of pre-cum, making his cock slide even more against her smooth flesh. He was pleased to see her eyes roll back as he did so, the young, beautiful wife writhing with pleasure and need.

It was so big against her pussy, and so hot. Steve's cock just slipped right in, but Masters was having to work it between her folds, making her body relax for him. She began to worry that her tight pussy couldn't accommodate his huge bull-cock. But her body, responding to the overpowering need to breed with the muscular alpha-male, moved just right. She cooed as she felt the huge cockhead slip into place, slowly spreading her pussy. Instinctively, she began to grind her hips, urging him deeper. "Yes... Yes... That's it... Put it in... I want it..."

Chuckling deep in his throat, Masters slowly worked his cock into the beautiful, fit woman. He could feel her tight pussy slowly allowing him deeper. He pulled himself out and slid his oil-slicked shaft along her pussy, and over her clit, making Paige gasp with pleasure, before immediately sliding the first few inches back into her hot folds.

“Ahhh! Fuck! Yes!” Paige cried through gritted teeth. Her body shuddered in pleasure as she watched the thick, hard black rod slide along her needy pussy, making her clit sing with pleasure. He repeated the process several times, almost making her lose her mind, but each time sliding his huge cock a little deeper into her tight pussy, stretching just enough to accommodate his girth. Then it happened, the fat mushroom of his dark-brown cockhead slid into her, lodging his cock in her, locking them together. Paige writhed beneath him, her body overwhelmed with pleasure from the huge stiff organ as he began to gently fuck her, sliding a little deeper with each measured stroke.

She'd never been fucked like this. She'd never experienced a cock this big. Her pussy felt completely filled, stretched, waves of pleasure flowing like never before. She lifted her head and looked down, shocked to see he had yet to use a most of his long cock. The thick, black shaft looked almost equine in size, highlighted between his athletic thighs. He slid a little deeper, his large balls swaying. She gasped, watching him pull back, revealing what must be three of four inches of hard cock, shining with her juices, the sliding back into her tight pussy, sending unbearable pleasure through her. Then the orgasm overtook her.

Paige writhed in ecstasy, impaled upon the huge, black cock. Lawson cooed in her ear while she played with the hot wife's shapely breasts, pinching the nipples. “He's so fucking huge. Look at the way he's fucking you, going deeper all the time. I'm so jealous. He's going to fucking bury that monster cock in you...”

“Oh God... so good... so big... deeper... fuck me... deeper...” Paige gasped, unable to think even as her orgasm subsided. When

she came, her pussy got even wetter, making it even more slippery, her contractions urging Masters' huge erection deeper. She was overwhelmed, unable to resist, a slave to his cock. She knew why he warned her. She knew already that there was no going back. She still loved Steve, but his little dick would never be enough. The hot wife realized she was already addicted Masters' massive, black cock. She looked adoringly into his eye. All she wanted was his cock, the handsome alpha using her body for his pleasure, rewarding her with his cum.

"Ready?" He asked, smiling.

She looked down, seeing his massive organ poised halfway in, already filling her pussy more than she could ever conceive. She realized that he was going to slide the rest of his stiff shaft into her. She groaned as she felt his cock tense, depositing another warm, slippery load of pre-cum inside her as if adding lubricant for what was about to happen. Looking back up, she swallowed, and nodded. "I'm yours..."

With a groan of pleasure, the hung black bull slid the remainder of his foot-long shaft into the beautiful, tight brunette's quivering body. He was amazed, and pleased, her body so tight that it grasped the entire length of his cock, stoking his shaft, urging him to fuck her.

Paige let out a sob of unbridled sexual arousal, her pussy rising up to meet him, sending his cock impossibly deep into her. He paused, holding his massive meat buried in her. She felt a crushing wave of pleasure quickly grow, overwhelming her, sending her into a mind wiping orgasm. Losing any sense of self, she clung to the muscular man, her hips gyrating, sliding her tight pussy along the shaft that so completely filled her. She was a purely sexual being, an orgasmic fuck machine thinking of nothing but her pleasure and the massive cock filling her completely.

Rapt in orgasm for what seemed like forever, Paige slowly became aware of herself again as Masters began to fuck her, sliding more than half a foot of cock in and out of her tight pussy with a

single stroke. Her body instinctually fell into a matching rhythm, urging him to fuck her, to fill her with every stroke. She found herself grinning madly with pleasure, making noises she'd never known could come from her mouth. Even if she hadn't realized it until now, but all the working out, making herself the best she could be, it was all leading up to this, to being his fuck toy, to making the hung, black alpha-male choose her, to breed her like a huge stud breeds a prized mare. His groans of pleasure made Paige feel like the sexiest woman on the planet. Nothing else mattered.

"She's good, huh?" Lawson asked Masters, her lips close to Paige's ear. Even the feeling of the blonde's breath on her ear added to her pleasure.

"Oh yeah, you have no idea." He replied with a groan. "So tight, she's going to make me cum, fast."

"You will save some of that tasty cum for me, right?" The blonde teased, seductively, her breathing increasing. In fact, Paige could feel her squirming beneath her, the blonde beginning to whimper, her minty breath against her ear. "Oh fuck, don't stop..."

Enthralled as she was by Masters' huge cock driving her to near endless orgasm, Paige noticed that her black bull was actually fucking her while balancing on one powerful arm, while fingering the beautiful blonde to her own orgasm. Hearing Lawson's breathy cries of climax drove her over the edge again.

Masters continued to slide his huge cock in and out of the beautiful, hot wife, a light sheen of sweat making his dark skin glow in the firelight. He was relentless.

A small crowd of onlookers gathered around, captivated, watching the beautiful brunette fucked by the massive black rod. Hugh Gentry stood in the firelight, a waitress under one arm, his hand on her ass, fingers teasing her pussy, while another sucked on his storied big cock. Tom Coast stood quietly in the back, one of the waiters holding their cocks together as they slowly thrust against one another. Aria Venti knelt on the fireplace, a waiter rhythmically sliding

his long, oiled cock into her tight ass. Even Kendell was enthralled, she embraced the big security guard, arms around his beefy neck, one long leg supported by his massive hand, while he slowly fucked her with a soda-can thick black cock. Young actress Rai Jackson giggled as veteran actor Coony's cock poured stream after stream cum, covering her small breasts.

Paige was only vaguely aware of being watched by a who's who of Hollywood, their gaze only adding to her arousal. Her mind was a white-wash of ecstasy, her body wracked by multiple, relentless orgasms, the only think that mattered to her was the huge cock relentlessly fucking her.

Closing her athletic legs around Masters' slim waist, Paige put her arms around his powerful neck and lifted herself up, clinging to the muscular black stud. His rock-hard cock buried itself deep inside her, his thrusts moving it only a few inches, keeping her tight cunt filled. She needed to feel him cum, feel the huge organ pumping his seed deep inside her. She kissed him hard.

"Please, I want you to cum..." She whispered desperately, clinging to him. She could feel his huge cock impaling her. "Need you... Need you... cum... Oh God!"

Overwhelmed by another crushing orgasm. Her entire body shaking, the fit brunette writhed beneath the black stud, fucking herself against the massive shaft. She was beyond thought, her mind and body a slave to be bred by the hung bull. She felt someone holding her down, playing with her breasts, only vaguely aware it was the sexy blonde starlet.

"Give it to her! Give her that cock!" She heard Lawson shout ferociously, her hands all up and down Paige's quivering body. "I want to see you fill that little pussy with all your hot, black cum! Fucking fill her pussy!"

"You sure?" Masters asked, looking down at Paige. He was breathing heavily, pistoning his cock in and out of the writhing woman, his large balls slapping against her little, pink asshole.

Paige could only nod, guttural cries of pleasure the only noises she could form. She licked her lips, a cry of ecstasy forced from her lips as he slowed his stroking, going longer, deeper. She could feel him on the edge, the huge organ unyielding as it stimulated every inch of her body, rock-hard flesh. Then she felt, impossibly, the massive cock stiffen and swell as he thrust all the way into her hot, wet pussy.

Masters groaned, burying himself in the sexy, hot wife, his balls tightening, hot cum rising up the length of his cock until it exploded deep inside Paige, spraying, coating her cervix, pumping into her womb. Warmth filled the hot wife, sending wave after wave of irresistible ecstasy through her. Her own orgasm milked the huge black cock, urging more and more cum from his full balls, filling her with so much semen that she could feel slipping around his thick shaft and drooling out of her pussy.

It was exquisite. She'd never felt bliss like this in her life. Steve had never even come close. He never would, she realized in a brief moment of clarity as she lay there, shaking, a thick, twelve-inch black cock slowly pumping the remainder of his seed deep inside her. She wondered, briefly, if she would get pregnant. The thought sent another shudder of pleasure through her.

Slowly, his breathing quickly returning to normal from the exertion, Masters relaxed and pulled his long, thick cock from the exhausted brunette. He let it flop down onto her belly as if to show her just how deep he'd gone. The organ shone ebony from Paige's tight, wet pussy, swelling again before sending two long strings of cum onto her belly. Even this was more than Steve produced in an entire orgasm.

Paige's mind swam in a sea of warm ecstasy, her body humming with pleasure as the weed laced cum slowly worked its way into her. She played with her breasts, watching, as the beautiful blonde shifted from under her, eager to lick his dripping cock clean, keeping him hard to service her.

A Big Black Addiction

It had been an awakening for Paige, a sexual awakening. She wasn't sure how many people she had sex with, it had all become a weed fueled rush of orgasmic pleasure. She remembered Masters fucking Jennifer Lawson, occasionally pulling his massive cock from her wet pussy to let Paige suck on it. Nicole Kindell welcoming her to the "family" by licking her pussy until Paige was convulsing in orgasm. She sucked on the cock of one of Hollywood's biggest stars, feeling supremely sexy as his big cock squirted in her mouth. And she was pinned to the couch by Bella Horn, making out, while Masters alternately slid his massive erection in their pussies until the two women clung to each other, sobbing in orgasmic delirium.

Riding home in the limo, Masters discussed how the evening went, alternately fucking each woman. It had been a successful party, they were going to sign Lawson and Horne, largely thanks to Paige. But the hot wife was mostly oblivious to the conversation, straddling Masters' lap, impaling herself on his massive bull cock. She was so cum drunk by the time she got home, she didn't really remember getting out of the limo, only vaguely aware of floating into her home in the arms of her rich, black boss while Sylvia had to get her to repeat the door code several times because she was slurring so badly. She vaguely remembered Kelly sucking on Masters' huge cock while Sylvia undressed her, washing her with a warm cloth.

She should be hung over, exhausted. Instead Paige woke up early, refreshed and energized. Laying back against her pillow, the hot brunette absently teasing her pussy, thinking about the previous evening. She had never enjoyed such ecstasy in her life. And she knew that her life had changed. *She* had changed. She loved Steve, or at least she was pretty sure she still did. But she knew she'd never be satisfied with him sexually again.

The hot wife was in love with Masters' huge black cock. It made her complete. She had never felt more confident, beautiful, sexy, or powerful than when she commanded its attention, when she made it

hard for her, or when he fucked her, filling her with his hot seed. The fact that a room full of Hollywood's biggest sex symbols were getting off watching her made it all the sweeter. *Apparently*, she thought to herself, *I'm a bit of an exhibitionist*.

Freshly showered, the naked wife went to the window and peered out. She was surprised to see the car already parked in front of her townhouse. A minute later, dressed only in a short robe, her damp hair tied back in a messy ponytail, she knocked on the window. Marcus looked up, surprised, and hit the switch to lower the glass.

"Good morning, Paige. Leaving early?" He smiled broadly. Paige was pleased to see his eyes wander down the open V of her robe to her impressive cleavage.

"Are you out here early every day?" She replied, putting her hands on her hips, making her breasts jiggle.

"Sure. I try to be here at least an hour before your expected departure time. Today, that meant ten." He said, chuckling. "But you're usually a last-minute kind of girl, I've noticed."

"Well, now I feel bad. I need to find a way to make it up to you, me making you wait and all." She saw him about to protest, but she cut him off without thinking about what she was about to do. "Listen, um, I just came down to ask you if you could help me with something. Can you come up?"

"Happy to help." He said cheerfully. Climbing out of the car, he reached his jacket.

"Oh, you won't need that." Paige said, taking him by the wrist, leading him into her home. She could feel his stare on her ass, barely covered by the short robe, as she climbed the stairs with him in tow. When they reached the kitchen, Paige stopped.

"What can I do for you?" He asked, doing his best not to stare at the barely covered hot wife.

Paige didn't say anything for a few seconds. This was it, now or never. Marcus tilted his head inquisitively at the silence. Paige took a step forward and took hold of his belt, looking at it momentarily before turning her eyes up towards his. She felt the desire well up as she gazed up into his brown eyes. She began to pull open his belt.

"You do so much for me, Marcus. I just want to show you how much I appreciate you taking such good care of me by taking care of you for a change." She said breathily.

Flinging open his leather belt, she immediately began working on his slacks, pulling the top button apart, lowering the zipper, and letting the expensive trousers drop to the floor. Underneath, he wore boxer shorts, and Paige felt a thrill pass through her as she knelt before him, coming eye level with a substantial bulge under the material. Slipping her fingers under the waistband, she slowly lowered the underwear.

"Oh, you are a big boy, Marcus..." She purred at the sight of the thick shaft as it peeked out from the waistband. The more she lowered the underwear, the more cock it revealed. He was thick, maybe not as thick as Marcus, but close. More than halfway to his knees, the brown cockhead finally popped out from the waistband. Paige smiled to see that Marcus' cock was easily two thirds as long, and almost as thick as Masters. She licked her lips, watching the cock bounce with each heartbeat as it slowly engorged. *Are all black guys hung like this?* She wondered, pulling her robe off to reveal her naked body.

Leaning forward, she kissed the fattening cockhead, then turned her head to bite the shaft playfully, feeling it twitch in her mouth. She looked up at the man and smiled, leaning forward again and taking the end of his growing cock in her mouth. She closed her eyes and moaned as she felt his cock surge and harden in her mouth.

With only a minute or so of attention, working her mouth up and down the first few inches of cock, stroking him with her hand, and he

was sporting eight thick inches of steel-hard black cock. He groaned with anticipation, watching the beautiful brunette stand up, her hand still stroking his erection. She kissed him, then led him over to the counter, turned around, and leaned onto the marble, presenting her ass for him.

“This is one hell of a tip.” The young black stud said, running his hand over her shapely ass, grabbing it playfully, lining himself up behind her. Leaning his huge cock between her shapely ass-cheeks, stroking himself between her firm globes, he pulled off his white shirt, leaving just his tie around his neck.

Paige couldn't help but push back against his hardness, loving the sensation of his thick cock pressed against her asshole. She looked over her shoulder coyly, watching him admire her firm ass – those hours in the gym worth every second - and loving the sight of the massive black cock rising proudly from between her cheeks. Taking both firm globes in his large hands, Marcus's dark cockhead fattened briefly, his cock tensing, a thick drool of pre-cum flowing from the tip and down the shaft.

Pressing his slippery shaft between her cheeks elicited a groan of pleasure from the hot wife, followed by a coo as he slid his thick cock between her buttocks. It was supremely erotic to think she was fucking a hung black stud in the kitchen she shared with her husband. She hoped he'd be proud of her, of how hot she'd become, of how she makes black cocks hard for her. Maybe she should take a picture and send it to him. She gasped as Marcus slid the head of his thick cock between her wet labia and into her pussy.

Grabbing her slim waist, Marcus began to fuck her, sliding his long cock in and out of her tight folds. Paige cried out in pleasure, urging him on, quickly mounting to her first orgasm. Marcus was tall enough, that the athletic brunette got had raised herself up onto her toes to give him better access. But now, as she approached orgasm, her legs began to shake. The shake transferred into a quaking in her voice as she keened in pleasure. The pressure to cum was so much that Paige's right leg began to bend, pulling upward, just as she was

overtaken. Her cries of ecstasy only seemed to spurn the black stud on, urging him to fuck her deeper, harder.

“Oh God yes! Keep fucking me like that with your big black cock! Ugh! You’re gonna make me cum again!” Paige growled through gritted teeth. She couldn’t believe the pace he was keeping up, his huge cock slamming into her, his balls slapping her sensitive clit. He supported her right leg as it spasmed, her body coiling for another orgasm. She looked back into his eyes. They were dark with desire. There was nothing that was going to stop his fucking her, Paige thought, even if Steve walked in the door. Just the thought of her husband bursting through the door, screaming in rage and attacking Marcus only to be thrown to the floor, bleeding, beaten by the big-cocked stud, made her cum.

It started as a moan, its rhythm created by each thrust of his large, smooth shaft, until “Oh God yes I’m fucking cum... cum... cum!” Paige dissolved into anguished cries of ecstasy, both legs rising as Marcus’ powerful hands and his thick cock supported her in the air. He grunted, not missing a stroke as the sexy, hot wife writhed, her pace pressed hard against the counter while she bit her knuckle in mind-blowing pleasure.

The powerful orgasm left her pussy dripping as she lay on the counter, panting for breath, her body shaking. She didn’t think she could keep up the pace, although she wished she could fuck him for hours. She looked back over her shoulder. She could see he was getting close to his own orgasm, a look of determination on his handsome, dark features, his flat nose flared in exertion.

“Come on baby. Give it to me. Give me your cum.” She whispered, almost pleading. She wanted him to cum so bad, needed to know her body could make his huge, ebony cock explode. She wanted to feel him flood her pussy with his hot seed, but something made her think twice. “I want to see you cum! I want you to cum all over my ass! Come on baby, give it to me! Gimme cum!”

Marcus didn't have to be told twice. He put both strong hands around Paige's slim waist and stared down at the perfect curve of her ass as he buried his cock, fucking her hard. After a few moments, he began to groan with each long stroke.

"Oh yeah... yeah... that's it... Gonna cum all over dis ass..." He groaned, nearing climax, until finally he pulled his stiff cock from Paige's tight pussy, the hot wife staring in desire and anticipation.

The huge black cock was rock hard, turgid, the skin shining from Paige's wetness. Veins rose thickly along the shaft, and the dark brown cockhead was flared and swollen. The long shaft was so tense that it curved upward. Marcus let out a grunt as he pressed the thick, black meat between the shapely brunette's firm ass-cheeks. She slid it between them once, slowly, a long drool of cum pumping from the dilated hole. He slid it one more time before, with a loud groan, the first thick rope of cum erupted from the huge stud, flying several feet through the air to land on the counter in front of Paige, the trail of the stream splattering onto her hair, and finally her cheek. It was warm, and thick.

A moment later, a second, larger ejaculation erupted, faster, overtaking the first stream and splattering farther, yet still depositing a thick, white rope of cum onto the hot wife's beautiful face. The hung, black stud started to slide his long cock between her cheeks, sliding along her tight, pink anus, a fresh explosion of cum rising with each thrust. Each load slowly diminished, but still managed to cover her back and ass with thick, hot cream.

"Young, hung, and full of cum." Paige purred, literally dripping with the black stud's cum, as she turned around and slid to her knees to swallow the last few spurts of his seed. She lovingly stroked his slowly softening cock. "You really made a mess of me."

Marcus grinned, a little embarrassed. "Yeah, it kinda does that a lot."

"Well, now you've done it." Paige scolded, standing, pressing her breasts against him, stroking his semi-hard shaft. She was

pleased to feel it twitch, surging again to her touch. “Now you’re going to have to wash me off in the shower! Every inch of me, with lots of soap. But from the feeling of this big boy, maybe I’ll have to blow you again, in case you cum all over me again after I get clean.”

Paige was wrong. She did have to blow Marcus. But apparently something about the warm shower, and the feeling of her hot, tight body in his soapy hands brought about another huge erection that only her tight pussy could remedy. Despite all that, she arrived on time in the afternoon to find a big surprise on her desk.

Welcome to the BCC

Paige squealed in delight when she saw what had been left on her desk. Sticking up from the glass top, slowly swaying back and forth, was a huge, black, vinyl cock. The huge molded balls hid a suction cup to hold the huge sex toy upright. Leaning against it was a note:

Welcome to the Black Cock Club Paige!

It took you long enough, girl!

Enjoy the ride!

Next to it was a bubbling glass of champagne, and an unlit joint. She heard laughter to her side and turned to see Sylvia and Kelly killing themselves, a half finished joint in the redhead's hand. Behind them stood Masters, casual in a pair of jeans and a T-shirt that clung tightly to his muscular chest. Paige couldn't help but stare at the bulge in the tight denim, hanging down one thigh.

"Nice of you to *finally* join us, Paige." Sylvia laughed. She looked about three drinks in, dressed in a loose-fitting sundress with a low-cut top. "Come on, it's time to celebrate our winnings!"

Both women opened their arms welcomingly and hugged Paige, ushering her into the room. Once inside, Paige turned to face Masters, her heart skipping a beat as she saw him spread his long arms. Without hesitating, she threw herself into his hold, and kissed him passionately, pressing her shapely body tight against him. She loved the feeling of his tongue against hers, and the sensation of his hands sliding down her back and over her ass. Dressed in a light, strapless, summer weight dress, Paige felt his hand glide under her ass and between her thighs.

"Oh, to be the new hottie in the office." Sylvia lamented, dramatically swooning into Kelly's arms. Paige broke off her kiss and looked at the other women, a little embarrassed.

Kelly, dressed in a short skirt, bare midriff, and flowered halter top came over to Paige and handed her the joint. "Here. Now stop

hogging him.” She said, putting her arms around the tall black man, her light, freckled skin in high contrast, especially his large hand on her pale buttock.

Paige inhaled, eager for the effects of the weed, holding onto the joint, knowing she’d want a second hit right away. Almost immediately, she could feel the drug working through her, lifting her spirits, making her pussy moist with arousal. The second hit only made her happier, and hornier as she handed it off to Sylvia. Unable to resist, Paige kissed the busty black account manager as soon as the woman had inhaled, putting her hand on her large breast. She held the kiss until Sylvia had to turn away to exhale.

“Oh, I like you.” Sylvia said, turning on Paige, pulling her close to kiss her again. But she didn’t stop there, eagerly taking Paige’s firm breasts in her hands, she massaged them, feeling their weight, and pinching her nipples to make them hard. She kissed the hot wife again, then proceeded to suck on one of Paige’s hard nipples, making the brunette’s knees weak. “I’ve wanted to get my hands on these since I first saw you. But I wasn’t sure you were into chicks.”

“I wasn’t sure either.” Paige gasped, watching the woman’s dark lips encircle her other nipple, rolling her eyes back when Sylvia gently bit the turgid flesh. “Oh fuck...”

“Not worried about what hubby will think?” She teased, looking intently at the pretty brunette.

“I don’t care... Aaaaand, I haven’t told him yet.” Paige breathed, “I never realized...”

“He has that effect.” Sylvia replied with a lick to the hard nipple. “There’s no going back, trust me, I know.”

“You?”

“What, a black woman can’t have a white husband?” Sylvia replied in mock offense.

“Are you still married?”

“Naw.” Sylvia said, a little wistfully. “He just couldn’t take it. At first he liked seeing me with a big cock in my mouth, but he just couldn’t compete. But you don’t want to hear about that, I’m far happier now. Let’s talk about how awesome you were last night?”

“Yes, let’s talk about how awesome all three of you were last night.” Masters said, interrupting the pair. He held a joint in one hand. The other was gently intertwined with Kelly’s thick red hair. The woman was kneeling beside the tall black man, her hand tracing the outline of the reaching most of the way down Masters’ denim clad thigh. “You three were wonderful. Come on, let’s relax on the balcony.”

Gathering the three women in his arms, Masters led them out to the balcony where they were greeted with cocktails and gourmet cupcakes. There was a long – easily long enough to sit five - plush, white faux-leather couch on the patio, despite being weatherproof, it felt like real, expensive leather. Each woman took a seat and picked up her glass, Kelly on one side, Sylvia on the other, and Paige in the middle. They eyed Masters lustily. Kelly already had one foot up on the couch, slowly teasing her naked pussy with her finger. The tall, handsome, black man picked a drink up off a table and held it up to the women in a toast.

“To my dream team of ladies who are not only brilliant, stunning to look at, and highly capable, but also managed to land the record number of A-list clients in the history of the firm. Congratulations.” Masters raised his glass in a toast. Putting the glass back on the small table, he picked up a thick joint and lit it, taking only enough of a puff to get it started. “That’s a good cocktail, strong, right?” He laughed, and the three women laughed reflexively with him. They were strong cocktails.

He took a deeper drag on the joint. Paige found herself watching the thick organ hanging down one leg of his tight jeans. Just the smell of the smoke made her crave more, and it made her quite horny. A smile curled her lips when she saw the long shaft

twitch and thicken in response to the weed. She couldn't wait for him to pull it out and give the girls their reward.

Masters stepped in front of the redhead, his growing cock at eye level. She gazed at the outline longingly before turning her eyes up towards her charismatic boss. He held the fat joint to her lips for her to inhale. Then, as she began to feel the blissful drug infuse her, "Kelly, for landing Tom Holly. Big star, large potential, and a huge... personality from what I saw of your, ah, sales presentation. Thank you."

Kelly leaned back and moaned as she exhaled into the sky. The moan turned into a giggle of pleasure as she slid her slim legs together, cat-like. She gazed at him through heavily lidded eyes and reached up to take the envelope, smiling. "Mmm, thank you, Boss..." Her eyes returned back down to the bulge in Masters' jeans, reaching over to brush it with her other hand.

"Now, no peeking, I want you to open them together." Masters admonished with a smile, he stepped over to Sylvia, held the thick joint to her lips. She inhaled deeply. Paige couldn't help but stare at the effect this had on the black woman's impressive cleavage. "My beautiful mocha superstar. Syl, you never disappoint." He said pointedly as she reached up to run her fingers down the long outline of his cock. "You signed Ricky Court from the Kids Channel, hottest teen heartthrob in the country. Signed Chris Wood, who we didn't even know was attending. You re-signed Nicole Kindell, and at the same time tee'd up Jennifer Lawson. The highest total potential earning acquisitions in agency history. Thank you, again."

Sylvia slowly exhaled the smoke, purring with pleasure, eyeing Masters seductively as he handed her the envelope. She sat back and ran her bare foot along his bulge. "Why don't we skip the ceremony and get to the fucking, James?"

"The ceremony is important. I want you ladies to know how important your work is, and how much I appreciate you. You are not just eye candy or sexual playthings to me, although you are good at

that too.” Masters said, letting her rub his cock with her foot. “You seem very eager this afternoon.”

“I am. *somebody*...” She stared pointedly at her boss. “...was quite enamored with the hot new girl in the office last night. I’m horny as fuck.”

“Really? I hadn’t noticed.” Masters smiled impishly before turning to stand in front of Paige. “And Paige...”

Paige looked up at her handsome, rich boss and felt her breath catch. Her skin prickled at his gaze, her nipples becoming rock hard through the light, elastic material of the top of her dress. She squirmed, her body humming with desire. She couldn’t help but glance down at the huge cock ensconced beneath the denim, the fat cockhead clearly outlined, and a damp spot of pre-cum below. She licked her lips and turned her eyes back up to the Alpha-male. He held the thick joint to her. She opened her mouth and put her lips around the shaft of the joint almost as if it were a penis and inhaled deeply. She felt the euphoria and arousal seep through her.

“On your first outing, you closed Jennifer fucking Lawson. She’s probably the highest single potential earner in agency history. I honestly didn’t expect you to close anyone at this stage. But in addition, you signed Bella Horne, the hottest Bad Girl on the scene. Bella said, and I quote, *I’m totally gonna fuck that girl. As long as she’s on my team, I’m signing with you.* Apparently, she’s also planning a three-way for our first meeting?”

Paige exhaled with a moan, her whole body writhing in pleasure for her hung boss. It felt so good. She smiled at the thought of a three-way with Masters and Horne. “Sounds yummy...” She purred, her head spinning with desire.

“And, I’ve already heard that Jack Latham, Aria Venti, Kim Hung, have all called asking about you. And Passion, you know, the pro wrestler, wants to sign with us. I’m just not sure we can handle her.” He laughed, finally handing the envelope to Paige. “I think it’s safe to say that Paige had the best freshman outing in company

history. She may be even better than you, Sylvia. Oh, and Nicole invited you to her monthly *Hollywood Sewing Circle*.”

“Her what?” Paige asked, taking the envelope, staring at it as if it were going to explode in confetti.

Sylvia explained, impressed that Paige was being invited so soon. “The Hollywood Sewing Circle is a long tradition, started in the golden age of pictures, originally to cater to Hollywood’s lesbian stars. Basically, a group of invite-only insiders spend an evening getting wasted and eating pussy. Now that Nicole runs it, she likes to bring in a few impressive cocks since most of the girls go both ways. I’m impressed, I have an associate invite, I can go if there’s a few extra slots, and I only got it a year ago. Congratulations Paige, seriously, this is huge. I’d be honored to introduce you around.”

“OK...” Masters interrupted, having taken a pull on the joint while the girls were talking. His cock tensed again, thickening considerably. He smiled at them. “Go ahead and open your envelopes.”

Paige looked over at the other girls before turning to the envelope in her own hand. Her mind was clouded with bliss, the weed well worked into her. The envelope was silky, expensive paper and Paige hated to tear it. She did her best to slit it with her long pink nail. Inside was a check. She read it, blinked, and reread it. This couldn’t be right.

“Ah, Mr. Masters, I think there’s a mistake on mine. They forgot to add the decimal point...” She looked again, at the end of the long number was indeed a decimal point and two additional zeros. Her bonus for last night was six figures! It was more than her salary for a year!

“There’s no mistake, Paige. You did a wonderful job, and you earned every penny.” Masters said, walking over towards her. He leaned down and kissed her. A moan in her throat, Paige kissed him back. Any self-control she had been exercising evaporated with that

kiss and her pent-up arousal came flooding out. She almost cried when he stood up. "Thank you, Paige."

Sitting there for a moment, Paige's head spun with desire, her body yearning for contact. Looking up, she saw Masters' huge cock outlined, engorged and extended, down the leg of his jeans. Without waiting for permission, she reached up and started undoing his leather belt.

"Oh, here we go!" Sylvia exclaimed with a laugh. She'd been through enough of these to know what was going to happen. She sat back, taking a sip of her drink, to watch.

"It's about time." Kelly added, her finger sliding into her wet pussy. She had been the new girl a year ago and knew this moment was special. She didn't care who went first, there was enough of Masters to go around. The black stud would make sure they were all well satisfied.

Pulling open the brass button of Masters' jeans, Paige pulled down the zipper and reached in to get her prize. Her hand closed around the thick, warm flesh, a sigh of need coming from her throat. She watched through the denim as she pulled his cock free, the outline of the long, thick shaft retreating. Moments later, the massive black cock hung before her, her hand at the thick base, the shaft engorged, hanging in a long curve towards her. Masters' cock seemed to expand, free from the tight confines of the heavy cotton pants. With a groan of desire, the hot wife leaned forward and engulfed the swollen cockhead with her eager mouth.

"Oh my..." Sylvia said, admiring the beautiful brunette as she quickly worked their Boss' huge cock to full attention. She held one of her large breasts, finishing her drink. She took the thick joint from Masters and leaned back against Kelly. She offered the redhead a first hit. "She's gonna to be a minute, want some?"

"Uh-huh." Kelly said, eyes locked on the erotic scene of the busty, hot wife dutifully working on Masters' stiff cock. The black bull was clearly enjoying the girl's ministrations, slowly thrusting through

the brunette's hands and into her eager mouth. The ebony organ looked huge in Paige's delicate hands. Exhaling the smoke, Kelly moved closer to Sylvia, nuzzling her, her hand sliding between the black beauty's thighs and over her wet slit. "She's so fucking hot, I hate it. I want to fuck her though."

"I know, right?" Sylvia groaned, the redhead's fingers making her squirm. She pulled the thin straps from her shoulder and pulled her dress down to unleash her large breasts, pulling a hard, dark nipple to her lips. She inhaled and handed the joint back to Kelly. Reaching over to the table, took one of the icing-topped cupcakes, turned it upside down, and smeared the icing across her breasts. "Oh no!" She said dramatically. James, I'm afraid I made a terrible mess... Wanna help me clean it up?"

"Jealous?" Masters laughed, looking up from Paige. Still, he took a step back, gently pulling his cock from Paige's lips. She looked disappointed, pouting equally dramatically. They all broke out in the giggles as his huge cock tensed, sending a flow of pre-cum from the tip, down his long shaft. "Now, you know I can't resist those big, beautiful breasts of yours, Syl."

Sylvia beckoned her horny boss over to her with a crook of her finger, playing with her breast with the other hand. Her pink tongue darted out and licked a bit of icing from her breast. Stepping out of his jeans as he did, Masters walked the couple of feet over to the beautiful account manager, bending over, and taking her large brown globes in his hands, licking icing from her firm flesh, paying particular attention to her sensitive, distended nipples. Sylvia let her head fall back with a moan of pleasure, her hand reaching out to stroke his long erection as he played with her tits.

It was awe inspiring to see the beautiful, big-breasted woman expertly stroking the Alpha-male's long, thick cock, urging him on, keeping him excited like a prized breeder. Pushing her pretty face closer, she kissed Masters, making him lean up, then pulling him closer to slide his foot-long shaft between her impressive double-D cup breasts. The tall black man moaned as his massive cock slid

between her warm, yielding flesh, the swollen cockhead sliding into her full, dark lips.

Kelly watched, mesmerized by the raw sexuality, her fingers gently fucking her wet pussy. She felt a pair of slim arms slide over her shoulders and over her breasts. Paige leaned in and pulled at her ear with her teeth, then kissed her on her neck. The redhead writhed in pleasure, inhaling deeply.

“Are you going to hog that?” She asked, punctuating the question with a lick along Kelly’s jawline.

“Huh, what? Ahh!” Kelly asked, awakening from her trance, the feeling of Paige’s tongue along her jaw made her giggle and moan with pleasure. “Oh, shit, yeah, here! Come, sit with me.”

Kelly inhaled deeply before stepping around the couch. When she did, Kelly put up a finger to stop her. Reaching up, the redhead pulled Paige’s dress off. She paused to admire the brunette’s beautiful body before quickly darting forward to lick the hot wife’s pussy. Paige’s knees buckled, and she grabbed Kelly’s head to steady herself, or to push her closer to her pussy, maybe both, her head was spinning with pleasure.

“Wow, you even taste great.” Kelly said wryly, grabbing the girl’s hand, pulling the sexy brunette onto her.

Paige held the joint over her head as she fell into the lithe redhead’s arms, Kelly kissing her passionately. Paige couldn’t resist grinding her pussy against Kelly’s firm thigh, kissing her back. Before she knew it, she was making out with the slim, athletic redhead, each girl riding the other’s thigh.

Kelly let out a groan of pleasure as Paige felt her hand slide between them and into Kelly’s wet pussy. Moments later, she felt Kelly reach around and begin to play with her pussy. She pushed back in pure, animal desire, feeling the digit slide into her tight confines, feeling the woman’s thumb teasing her asshole. She

looked down at the perky redhead, seeing her eyes closed with pleasure, her lips parted in a moan, her hands on her breasts...

"Holy shit that feels good..." It took her sex-addled mind a few pleasant moments to realize that the number of hands, and their relative positions, just didn't add up. Flipping her long, dark locks to the side, she looked over her shoulder to see that Sylvia had her hand between the two girls. Craning her neck a little more, she realized that it was Masters' fingers buried in her pussy, and his thumb teasing her asshole. She moaned, swooning, fucking herself on his long, thick fingers as she came.

"Come on, off you go, let a girlfriend have some black cock." Sylvia said, helping a quivering Paige to the side. The brunette reached behind her and put her arm around the other woman's neck, giggling, writhing in pleasure from her orgasm. Sylvia reached around to play with the hot wife's breasts. "Watch..."

It was hypnotic to watch the slim, almost teenage-looking redhead as she stared at the massive, black organ. It twitched, sending a thick drool of pre-cum into Kelly's hand. Like a preening cat, she licked her hand clean of the white cream, smiling at the weed infused flavor. Staring at the fat cockhead, her head tilting, she reached up and gently stroked the shaft on either side with just the palms of her hands. The slim, pretty redhead appeared enthralled by the huge, dark organ, and something about her touch made the cock stiffen. Turning her big, green eyes to meet Masters' gaze, she gently took the tip of the fat cockhead into her mouth, sucking on it lightly.

"Watch this, this is natural talent..." Sylvia purred, her cheek against Paige's.

Kelly moved to slide her lips over Masters' swollen glans and back again, her tongue working the bottom of the head. All the while, her hands were gently stroking the thick shaft, but never wrapping her fingers around the organ. She was the consummate tease. And it was working. The veins along Masters' thick shaft were standing out,

the fat cockhead engorged, filling the redhead's delicate mouth. Paige gasped in surprise as the long, ebony rod tensed, and again, then once more as Kelly managed to tease a mouthful of pre-cum from the turgid fuck organ.

Smiling, Kelly licked a remaining drop from the tip before sliding her lips around the head again. With a moan coming from deep in her chest as the weed-infused pre-cum began to hit her, she began to work on the head again, her hands continuing their flirtatious dance along the shaft. The other two women watched, completely mesmerized at the sight of the massive black organ in the delicate control of the lissome redhead. After another minute or so, Masters groaned, his cock beginning to tense again like he was going to cum.

Taking his heavy balls in her hand, Kelly leaned back off the swollen cockhead. Standing rock hard in the air, the shaft twitched and tensed sending a thick white rope through the air to land on the coquettish woman's pale lips. The huge erection jerked and swayed, another stream of cum flowing onto her chest followed by a third and fourth splash before abating. Masters groaned in pleasure, laughing, stepping back to take a sip of his cocktail, stroking his massive, black cock.

Kelly turned to her sexy partners in crime and beckoned them over. Not having to be asked twice, Paige slid over to her and kissed her, savoring the taste of Masters' cum on the woman's lips. She was joined a second later as Sylvia leaned in to lick the redhead's firm breast, paying particular attention to Kelly's pale, pink nipple. When Masters returned a few moments later, he was greeted by three sexy, horny, stoned women.

"Well, now isn't this a beautiful invitation." He said letting Paige take his cock in her hand while all three eager mouths descended on his cock. The three women quickly engulfed the huge fuck organ using their mouths and hands to please him, eagerly lapping up the near constant drool of pre-cum. They continued this for several minutes, making his massive cock rock hard and engorged until he

needed to fuck. "OK, OK, I can see where this is leading. Why don't you three line up for me, let's see those beautiful asses."

Quickest of the three, Kelly spun around on her knees and leaned on the back of the couch, arching her back to show off her slim, athletic ass. Bent over, she had a shapely, firm ass and a ready pink pussy displayed for the black bull. Sylvia followed almost as quickly, her beautiful, round, black booty offered for the stud's pleasure. Paige turned around, slower, more seductively, leaning on the back of the couch, on her knees, her legs spread, and her ass pushed back to provide what she hoped would be an irresistible sight for the rich, hung Alpha-male. Paige was not disappointed.

A cry of desire escaped Paige's lips as she watched Masters position his huge cock against her dripping snatch, sliding the fat cockhead against her opening, teasing her. She pushed back onto him, feeling the fat head slowly push into her, her pussy stretching around the organ to accommodate the girth. Just as before, Paige succumb to a crushing orgasm as soon as the engorged cockhead slid into her tight pussy. It was so thick, so big, she couldn't resist impaling herself on the hard shaft even as she shook in ecstasy. Masters began to slowly slide his thick, foot-long cock in and out of the tight, hot wife's wet pussy, keeping her in an orgasmic state for what seemed like a mind-bending eternity.

But Paige wasn't alone in her pleasure. The black bull had spread his long, muscular arms wide and was finger-fucking the other two women even as he maintained a steady, irresistible rhythm as he stroked his huge cock in and out of the brunette's tight confines. The ebony skin of his thick shaft glistened in the juices from her wet pussy. Moments later, Paige's whole body shuddered and tensed, as if an electrical current was suddenly firing every single nerve in ecstasy, and she cried out in orgasm.

As Paige slowly slid herself back and forth on the massive fuck organ, she could barely think. She was only dimly aware of Sylvia's purring voice beside her. "OK, my turn. Give Miss Sylvia some of that gorgeous, dark man-meat of yours."

Paige almost cried as she felt the hung stud withdraw, making her feel empty. She immediately craved more, but understood Masters' desire for the other beautiful women. She had to share, and she knew her boss would satisfy her every carnal need in due time. Looking over her shoulder, she watched as the black bull slid his massive cock between Sylvia's firm, round ass-cheeks as he'd done to her. The beautiful black woman smiled broadly as the long shaft slid along her ass.

"Do you wanna fuck my ass, baby?" Sylvia growled seductively. "Take me any way you want."

His massive cock still dripping with Paige's juices, the hung black stud needed no extra lubrication as he lined his hard cock up with the beautiful black woman's tight asshole. Pre-cum flowing from the engorged head, he slid the organ past Sylvia's tight ring. Paige watched the sexy account manager's expression change as the huge shaft filled her. At first, she wore an expression of pure sexual desire, smiling, flashing her teeth, her eyes wide and needy. As he entered her, she arched her back while gritting her teeth, a long, deep moan coming from her throat. Then her mouth opened in an *oh* as he began to fill her ass with cock, a long, wavering "Oh God" coming from her lips, her voice shuddered, and her eyes rolled in ecstasy. Paige was mesmerized as she watched the long, black cock sliding in and out of her co-worker's bootylicious ass. It was clear that Masters appreciated Sylvia's slim waist and full, round ass.

Paige reached back to grab a cupcake, biting the top half of the icing off, savoring the sweetness. She looked over at Sylvia's large breasts as they swayed, hard nipples sticking out like hard coal chalk. With a mischievous thought, the hot wife held the cupcake just below the woman's sexy globes so that as they swung back and forth, her nipples would slide through the icing, making them like large, brown cupcakes. Quickly sliding down in the couch, Paige took Sylvia's icing coated nipple in her mouth, sucking on it, holding the woman's breast. Sylvia laughed, but the laugh caught in her throat as the sensation took her over the edge to an orgasm.

Rubbing her pink clit with her hand, Sylvia's pussy squirted, dripping between her full thighs onto the couch.

Before she knew what was happening, Sylvia was on top of her, a raspy moan coming from the busty woman's full, dark lips. She was delirious with ecstasy as the huge black cock filled her tight ass. But she craved more. Deftly pushing Paige's legs apart and up, spreading them wide, Sylvia pressed her engorged, pink clit against Paige's and began thrusting in time to the huge cock driving her.

"Ugh, that's it, I've wanted to do this since I met you!" She whispered hoarsely, moaning in time to her thrusts. She turned to Masters, "Oh God, baby, you're so big in my ass. You're gonna make me cum again, gonna make me... cum... shit... shit..."

It felt good, the woman's hard clit rubbing on hers, lubricated by her dripping pussy. Paige quickly found herself matching the other woman's rhythm, both controlled by the massive Alpha bull driving his huge cock into the quivering black woman. The sensation went from pleasurable to orgasmic in moments as the black woman bore down, pressing harder as she barreled down the track to another powerful climax.

"...shit... fuck... make me... cumming... cumming... OhGodfuckyeah!" Sylvia cried, her hips shaking convulsively as she came, sliding off the massive fuck organ, her hard clit driving Paige over the precipice of bliss. Both women shook with pleasure, clinging together, humping uncontrollably as the black woman's pussy dripped in orgasm.

Masters Stood above them, nodding approvingly, slowly stroking his massive, veined shaft with one hand, before turning to the lithe redhead. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long?"

Kelly gazed up through heavily lidded eyes, exhaling a plume of pot smoke. She was reclining, naked, legs spread, the fingers of one hand gently teasing her wet pussy. She smiled, eyeing Masters rock-hard, black cock, and licked her lips. "Yes, you kept me waiting

far too long. But how could I deny my sisters *this*? Will you do *the thing*?"

"Sure, I'm always happy to do *the thing*. I know how much you like it." Masters smiled, watching the slim redhead climb onto her knees, leaning on the back of the couch, her back arched. She spread her pussy for the hung, black stud. He placed the fat head of his cock against her wet opening and began working it into her tight snatch.

"Thing?" Paige asked, enthralled by the sight of the foot-long black cock ready to fuck the slim, freckled beauty. It seemed impossible that the girl could take the huge organ, but then again, Paige didn't think she could accommodate the big bull's cock until she did.

"Yeah, just watch." Sylvia replied, snuggling with the hot wife.

"Oooh, yeah... that's it... God you're big. Did it get bigger? Oh fuck!" Kelly breathed as Masters slowly worked his cock between her slick labia, finally sliding in. He paused with just the engorged head embedded in her pussy. The long shaft tensed as he pumped several thick loads of pre-cum into her. Her eyes met Masters' as she egged him on through gritted teeth. "Oh God, that feels so good. You're so fucking huge, I want every fucking inch in me. Come on, *fucking do it*."

Masters grinned, raising an eyebrow as the redhead begged for his cock. He liked to tease her a little. He slid his cock in and out of her tight pussy, but only just a little bit, an inch or two. "You sure you're ready?" he teased.

"Fucking fuck me. I want your cock. Don't fucking tease me you fucker." She growled, arching her back and pushing back against his stiff erection. "Come on, give it to me, you fucker. Fill my fucking cunt, you fucker. Come on, fuck me!"

Her taunts dissolved in a cry of pleasure when Masters slid his huge cock into her, piercing her tight pussy on his thick, hard flesh,

burying himself in the petite redhead. Hands on her hips, he held her there, his cock fully impaling her. He didn't move. After a few seconds Kelly began to writhe on his huge cock, her legs started shaking, her arms grasping, her eyes rolling back as her mouth quivered.

"Oh, oh God, Oh God yes, that's it." Her voice shook as her breathing quickened. "Ooooooh God... fuck... fuck... You... God... God... God..."

Kelly's eyes completely rolled back, her eyes shutting, a long guttural sob coming from her open mouth. Her body convulsed as she came, the huge, overwhelming cock driving her to a mind-erasing orgasm with its sheer size alone. She swallowed hard, a huge smile painting her lips, her hands grasping the back of the couch, her legs kicking, Masters' huge, black cock holding her in place. She continued to sob with devastating ecstasy, her body unable to resist the massive, black cock.

"Holy fuck..." Paige whispered, afraid to break the spell. She wished it was her impaled by Masters' massive organ, cumming her brains out. "Can he do that to anyone?"

"Uh-huh..." The black beauty answered recovering her senses, reveling in her post orgasmic glow. She licked a dollop of icing from her breast. "Girl, nobody can resist it. It's amazing."

Kelly let out a wail of pleasure, and of relief, as Masters pulled his huge cock from her quivering body. She was so overcome from her unstoppable, irresistible orgasm that she collapsed into the couch, shaking, her limbs quivering uncontrollably. She was out of it, cum drunk.

"Who's next?" Masters asked, eyeing the other two women, his massive erection rock hard.

"Oh! Me! Do that to me!" Paige squealed excitedly, leaning back against the soft leather, spreading her legs wide, her knees by her breasts. Licking her finger, she teased her clit, spreading her

pussy for the black stud. He lined up the huge cockhead with Paige's tight pussy, but this time, the bulbous head slid in smoothly. He held it there, making the hot wife squirm with need. "Oh, God, don't tease me! Fuck! Oh, God, put it in, fuck me, do whatever you want. I just need it in me. I need to cum so bad!"

The hot-bodied brunette let out a cry of pleasure as he slowly slid his long cock into her perfect body, filling her pussy, until his balls were pressed up against her ass. She immediately began to moan, writhing, her body controlled by the huge shaft impaling her. Her legs began to shake and she grabbed her breasts, the pleasure becoming unbearable. She felt his massive organ stiffen, precum flowing into her. That was all it took. She couldn't focus, her face twisted with ecstasy, a wail of pleasure coming from her throat as her pussy contracted around the thick organ with the most powerful orgasm she had ever dreamed of. It was overwhelming, irresistible waves of orgasm crashed through her entire body. The huge fuck organ held her, prolonged her orgasm as it filled her, intensifying every contraction.

By the time she Paige felt Masters' huge cock pull back, she could barely think. She was so cum-drunk that she couldn't do anything but gasp, much as Kelly had. Her entire consciousness revolved around her orgasm, and the huge cock that was lodged halfway in her pussy. The intense, overwhelming pressure to cum was alleviated, but the thick shaft filling her kept her on the edge. She groaned in need, unable to resist the need to push back.

"Oh shit..." Sylvia said, eyes wide. "You're so tight, and his cock is so swollen, he can't pull out until he cums!"

"What? Oh fuck..." Paige slurred, bearing down, delirious with the irresistible pleasure of the massive, black cock. "It's so big... What do I do? Are you sure?"

"Try to pull off him." Sylvia said, shifting so that she was directly beside Paige. She brushed the brunette's locks from her face. "If

you're wet enough, you might be able to slide all twelve, hard inches out."

Paige took a deep, shuddering breath. The pleasure was almost too much for her. Slowly, she started to lean forward, feeling the huge, thick organ stroke every inch of her tight pussy. She let out a loud cry of anguished bliss, her legs beginning to shake, and her knees buckling. It was too big, too thick, to overpowering.

"I can't..." Paige panted, her body tightening, another overpowering orgasm quickly building. She gazed into Sylvia's expressive, dark eyes. She couldn't resist kissing her before asking, "What do I do?"

"You need to make him cum, baby." Sylvia said, her lips close to the brunette's ear, flicking her lobe with her tongue. The black woman teased Paige's erect nipples, making her whimper. "You need to fuck him, and make him cum. Then he should be soft enough to pull out."

"Oh, God, fuck, I'm cum... cum..." It was too much for Paige, the massive shaft even half filling her pussy drove her into an orgasmic explosion. She pushed her head into the back of the couch, sobbing in ecstasy, unable to control her movements as Masters slowly fucked her, sliding three or four inches of huge, black cock into her tight, white pussy at a stroke. She lay there, sobbing in pleasure for a minute or more as she recovered.

Getting back on her hands and knees, she looked over her shoulder at the tall, muscular black bull. She was determined to make him cum, to make his massive cock explode in her, not because she wanted to decouple from him, but because she needed to bring him pleasure with her body, needed to make him fill her with his hot seed.

With a groan of exertion, and irresistible sexual need, the hot wife pushed back against the swollen cock, impaling herself once again. But this time, with athletic prowess, she slid forward again, stroking his rock-hard shaft with her tight pussy. All the endurance

training was paying off as the beautiful brunette rode the huge, ebony cock, the skin shining like black rubber from her lubrication. It didn't take long before Paige was cumming her brains out again, but this didn't deter her from her goal of milking the black bull for his cum. Nothing else mattered, all she cared about was Masters' massive cock, and the ecstasy his cum would bring.

Masters enjoyed the view of the hot wife's full, firm ass as he lay his hands around her slim waist. Watching her lithe body slide on and off his thick, black shaft made him want to cum. Her pussy was so tight, stroking every inch of his cock, teasing the swollen head. With a groan, he put his large hands around Paige's slim waist, and began to fuck her in earnest, sliding his long cock deep.

To one side, Kelly was masturbating frantically, her eyes locked on the hung Alpha-male breeding the hot wife. She'd cum several times, and there was a puddle between her quivering thighs. To his side, Sylvia was running her hand over Paige's firm ass while stroking Masters' heavy balls with the other, urging him to cum. She knew that he wasn't too swollen to pull out, she did that with the new girls for fun knowing that most girls couldn't pull themselves off him, he felt just too good to stop. Plus, the beautiful black woman knew that after he was done with the sexy white girl, it would be her turn to be filled with Masters' creamy seed, so she was happy to play with the young woman.

With a groan, Masters' massive cock stiffened and bent, pumping huge loads of cum deep into the hot wife. Paige sobbed with ecstasy as she felt him swell and explode within her. Panting for air, she moaned into the couch while her black bull sprayed thick semen in her, filling her pussy, filling her womb. She'd never felt a man cum this much, or for this long.

When Masters finally finished his orgasm, the hot wife leaned forward, the huge cock sliding from her overflowing pussy to hang turgidly before him, the occasional stream of cum squirting from it. Barely conscious, Paige slid to the floor, her pussy overflowing

between her shaking thighs, and she promptly began to suck on the angry, swollen cockhead, her hands stroking the long shaft.

An Oral Obsession

"Is it hard?" Paige whispered into her phone. She was laying on the bed, naked, hand between her legs. She was already wet. She couldn't wait to tell Steve.

"Uh-huh..." Steve mumbled through the video call. She could hear his hand moving as he jerked himself off.

"OK, baby, go slow, don't cum too soon." Paige admonished gently.

"OK..." He replied, the sounds slowing almost to a stop. "It's really hard... Keep going."

"So, it was huge, longer than my forearm. It took two hands to stroke it. It was so thick and black, and my hands looked so small and pale against it." Paige described to her husband. Steve was in Colorado Springs, peddling to the hard-right religious organizations there. "Are you still touching yourself?"

"I can't, it's too sensitive." He replied, a little embarrassed.

"That's OK, baby, just listen." Paige didn't really care, her fingers were busy working her clit, sliding into her pussy every now and then to moisten them. She wasn't just telling her husband about what happened, she was reliving it. "It was so big, baby, long, thick, and black. When he put it in me..."

"Wait, he fucked you?" Steve asked, suddenly panicking. He started to sit up.

"Lay down honey, let me tell you the story. It's too late, it already happened, baby." The hot wife said, playing with her breasts, making sure the phone camera caught them. "You're still hard, aren't you?"

Steve nodded, closing his eyes for a moment to compose himself. "I can't believe you fucked him. Did you use a condom?"

Paige laughed. "You don't make a man like that wear a condom, honey. Besides, they don't make one that fits, they just break when he gets hard."

Steve grunted, he was jerking off again.

"It was amazing, he fucking buried it in me, Steve." She said, nearing an orgasm as she slid her fingers deep, stroking her g-spot. "He makes you look like a little boy, baby, I'm sorry. He was so big, so hard, he didn't even have to move to make me cum. I couldn't resist, his cock owned my body. It was beautiful..."

"Shit, I'm gonna cum..." Steve interjected, breathing heavily, wet sounds coming from the audio. His face was bright pink.

"Wait! Wait! Don't cum yet!" Paige said. She saw him pull his hands back, groaning, slamming his head back into his pillow, panting. She had stopped him just in time. Another second or two and his little pecker would be spitting its meager load and he would be done.

"Check this out" Paige said, quickly thumbing a text message she had ready.

She heard his phone bing, and watched his face as he opened the text. His eyes went wide, and he groaned. Paige was amazed to see several thin spurts of cum fly into camera, one landing on his cheek. She looked at the photo she sent him as she listened to him groan.

"Doesn't your slutty little wife look hot?" She said, slipping into her own orgasm gazing at the image of her, cum on her lips, Masters' massive cock hanging there, slick with her juices, a big dollop of cum dripping from the fat tip, the vibrant, deep brown of the shaft captured in the flash. It was a perfect shot of her beautiful, orgasmic expression as she served the big, black Alpha-cock.



“I’m not sure how I feel about this, Paige.” Steve said, once they’d recovered from their orgasms.

“Don’t you want me to be happy? I’ve never been fucked like that in my life, baby. I don’t want to be mean, really, but he did things to me, took me places that I didn’t know existed in me, places you could never take me.” Paige said, pleading her case. This was the way she was afraid the conversation would go.

“But honey, we’re married. We said our vows... in a church...” He started in, playing on Paige’s upbringing in the evangelical church.

“I know, honey. But don’t you want me to be happy? To be fulfilled?” She asked him earnestly. He took a longer to answer than she expected. He was staring at his screen, teeth gritted, his picture jiggling. “Are you jerking off to my picture again?”

Steve groaned, his small, hard cock drooling onto his stomach. Something about the picture of his beautiful, sexy wife, her eyes alight with arousal, another man’s cum on her lips, and the huge, dominating, black fuck-organ hanging an inch from her face, just made him horny. He couldn’t help himself. He didn’t remember the last time he’d cum so soon a second time.

“You are, you just came! I can tell by your face.” Paige admonished her husband, secretly thrilled that he wanted to herk off to her picture. “You couldn’t resist jerking off to the sight of me and that big, black cock. So how can you deny me?”

“I don’t know.” Steve said, agitated, feeling cornered. “I... It’s just... I don’t know. Just, don’t fuck him until I can think about this, until we can talk about it. OK? Please?”

“I’ll try.” Paige agreed, pouting. “But two days is a long time, and I’m really horny now. I think I might be addicted.”



“And you agreed?” Phillip asked, a little breathless. The reason he was breathing heavily was that Paige was on her knees, his thick cock in her mouth, and her soft hands working up and down the hard shaft. *Damn, she’s talented*, he thought. “Then why are you doing this?”

“I promised I wouldn’t fuck, I didn’t say anything about this. A girl has needs, you know.” The hot wife replied. She was dressed in a silvery dress, tight, clinging to her curves, yet thin enough that it had a translucent quality. “And, apparently, so do you. Oh!”

Paige was surprised when Phillip’s huge, black cock began to stream cum. Not a spurt, not a splash, but as if someone had opened a tap. Almost immediately her breasts were covered in his thick, warm cum. The flow paused briefly before the first actual ejaculation splattered on her chest, thick cum pumping all over her dress.

“Why Phillip, you naughty boy, you made me all messy.” Paige cooed in delight, swallowing the remainder of the stocky, black man’s cum.

“Just keep going Paige, I feel another mess cumming on.” Phillip replied, already feeling his cock hardening in the hot wife’s talented mouth.



“So you think you’re addicted to black cock?” Jane Goldman said, taking a hit off her joint. They were sitting in one of the small, private massage balconies at the fitness center. Each allowed fresh air, sunshine, and privacy for well-heeled clients to enjoy their post-workout massages. She was dressed in a bikini top, and a pair of tight booty shorts. Fresh from a massage, her skin glowed with the herbal oil. “Not that I can blame you. But I warned you this would happen.”

“It’s all I can think about, Jane.” Paige said. She and Jane had been meeting weekly for drinks, and later to share a joint too. She

had warned Paige that once she gave in to her desire for the hung, black, Alpha-males, she wouldn't be able to go back. "Steve flipped out and made me promise not to fuck other guys. But I need it. He didn't say I can't play with them, or suck on them, or rub them on my face, though."

"Slutty, I like that." The blonde grinned, her eyes glassy from the weed. "He can't ask not to give in. I mean, it's like saying you can't breathe anymore. Poor dear, though, he's just trying to deal with it. He knows he can't compete with your boss, or with hardly anyone from the way you describe it."

"I just don't know if I can keep my promise and honor my wedding vows." Paige said remorsefully, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

"Well, there's a simple test." Jane said, eyeing the young, hot wife. "We can do it now, if you like."

"What kind of a test could you give me to tell that?" Paige laughed, taking another hit from the joint.

As if on cue, there was a knock on the patio door. Moments later, in walked Jimmy with two fresh cocktails on a silver tray. He was dressed in a tight, stretchy tank-top and matching bike shorts. His big cock was obvious in the form-fitting shorts. He closed the door behind him, and put the drinks on the table. Paige couldn't help but sit a little straighter, thrusting her breasts out, her eyes locked on the big sex organ.

"Is there anything else you ladies need?" He said, smiling broadly, obviously enjoying the female flesh displayed before him. Paige noticed his cock twitch, thickening a little. She shivered, despite the warm arousal spreading through her.

"Actually, Jimmy, there is..." Jane purred, taking a sip of her tropical concoction. She ran her red-nailed finger along the shaft of his cock. "Paige and I would like your help in conducting an experiment, a test if you will."

“Oh my god, Jane, stop!” Paige laughed, realizing what her older friend had in mind.

“No, no, Paige, this is science.” She watched as the big cock twitched again and thickened. “Jimmy, and I ask this purely in the name of science, would you pull out that big cock of yours?”

Jimmy chuckled and shook his head. He looked at the two expectant women, chuckled again and shook his head. He was looking forward to this, even though he’d just finished fucking the hot blonde. Pulling his shorts off, he stood back up. Once freed, his cock slowly began to relax, hanging lower. He happily accepted a fresh joint from Jane.

It was there. It was *right there*. Paige couldn’t look away from the thick organ hanging inches away from her. As Jimmy exhaled, his cock seemed to relax, lengthening before her eyes, hanging lower, the head peeking out from his dark foreskin. She felt a shiver running through her. She was aware, out of the corner of her eye, that Jane was also watching it, hand on her breast.

“So, ladies, what are we experimentin’ wit?” Jimmy asked, his island accent coming out heavier with the weed. He appraised the sexy brunette more closely. His cock apparently liked what he saw, lengthening and thickening in anticipation. He knew where this would end up.

“Well, Paige here, thinks she’s addicted to big, black cocks, and she thinks she can control herself around long, thick ones, well, like yours.” Jane said, sipping her drink as if this were a normal conversation to be having. “I, for one, believe she *is* addicted, and will be unable to stop herself.”

Jimmy’s cock engorged a little more at the attention, the lighter head revealing itself, and the shaft hanging at least three inches below his balls. Pretty soon it would start hardening and raising up.

“I’m fine...” Paige said, a little tremor in her voice. She sat up straight and prim, but seemed unable to take her eyes off the

growing organ. She cleared her throat, but kept looking at it. Paige shifted in her seat, aware of the growing wet spot in her shorts. *You can do this. This is silly. Think about Steve. Think about your marriage.* “Perfectly fine.”

“Look at those big breasts, Jimmy.” Jane said, leaning forward to tease Paige’s hard nipples. Jimmy’s cock began to harden, straightening, lifting. “What a hot little wife she is, right Jimmy? Look at her squirm. I can tell you appreciate such a hot, tight slut.”

“Jane... Stop... I...” Paige stammered, brushing the blonde’s distracting fingers away. But Paige found her own hands replacing them, playing with her breasts in the revealing tank top, pinching her nipples. Still, she couldn’t take her eyes off the huge, black cock growing hard. It was long, easily twice as long as Steve’s, and way thicker. She licked her lips.

Jimmy’s big cock hardened until it stood straight out, bending in the middle from its own prodigious weight. He loved watching women lose their inhibitions at the sight of his dark meat. He watched the little brunette. She had been a real cock tease, and it was nice to return the favor. He was getting really hard now, it made him groan.

“Uh-oh, here we go...” Jane said wryly.

Paige’s jaw dropped as she heard Jimmy groan with pleasure, then watched as his huge cock straightened out, the light brown head emerging wetly from the foreskin. The engorged head glistened, and a white bead of pre-cum grew on the head. The hot wife sat as still as she could, despite shaking. She watched the bead grow, licking her lips, until it lost its battle with gravity and began to drool down the head, slowly falling on a gossamer string.

“No!” Paige exclaimed, leaping forward to catch the drop in her hand. She stared at it for a moment, a brief wave of sadness washing over her. She had failed. She had failed her marriage, and she had failed Steve. But she didn’t care.

“I don’t care!” The hot wife squealed. She immediately took the hard, black shaft in both hands and began stroking it. “I fucking need this.”

“And, we have another win for science.” Lane laughed, watching the pretty brunette suck on Jimmy’s hard cock. *I guess I’m paying for another massage slot today.* She thought to herself, fingers on one hand sliding into her shorts, the other intertwining with Paige’s thick, dark hair to urge her on. “That’s OK girl, Mama Jane understands. She has a plan B.”

Mandingo Charity Bang

“Tonight? But I thought we would talk tonight about, well, you know...” Steve whined, pacing the bedroom in his underwear. He’d only just arrived back home an hour ago and was extremely stressed from only moderate sales success from his religious-right megachurch meetings.

“I *know*, I’m sorry, but I have to do this. Some of my clients will be there. At least I can bring you, you’ll meet a few big celebs! Besides, it’s only at Jane’s place, and it’s for *charity*. Here, have a drink and get dressed.” Paige handed him a drink, whisky on ice, and sat back against her dresser. When Steve had turned around to grab the pants she had laid out for him, she reached into a little ornate wooden box and pulled out a joint, lighting it.

She was dressed in strapless black bustier that served more to expose as much of her full, firm breasts as it did to cover them. Below she wore a miniskirt made of sheer layers printed with petals in different hues of purple giving an illusion of transparency. It almost appeared to float, showing off her long, lean legs and was short enough that bending over would expose more than her petals. The outfit was finished by a pair of dark purple high-heels.

Steve turned around to see his wife exhaling a huge cloud of smoke. Part of him was shocked, but part of him was aroused. He clearly remembered the last time she had been stoned. He felt his cock rise. “Ah, should you be getting stoned before a work event, honey?”

“It’s OK, baby. It’s a social event, not contract negotiations. Here, take a hit.” Paige said, her eyes already glazing over. She loved the way her hardening nipples stuck out against the material of her top. When Steve took the joint, the sexy brunette let her hand slip down to her husband’s stiff cock. It felt so tiny now that she’d experienced a real man’s cock. Circling her hand around the engorged head, she stroked him. He was rock hard in seconds. Whispering in his ear she said, “Play your cards right, tonight, and

maybe I'll let you watch another man fuck me, or maybe, if you can keep me interested, you can bring me home here tonight, tear this sexy dress off me, and fuck the shit out of me like a real man."

With a groan, Steve came in his underwear. Paige pulled her hand out as soon as she felt his warm cum ooze onto her hand. She held her palm to her face and licked his cum from it, her eyes holding his, even as his cock still spat its meager load into his underwear. She deftly took the joint from his lips before turning to leave the room. "Better change your shorts, Hun. We don't want to be late, do we?"



"I'm so glad you could make it!" Jane Goldman exclaimed as she opened the door to her palatial condominium. At over thirty-three hundred square feet, it was triple the size of Paige and Steve's flat. Dressed in a strapless, floral dress that was cut low up top, and high down below, she hugged Paige as she welcomed them into the large foyer. She then turned to Steve and held her arms wide. He had a hard time not staring at her ample display of cleavage. "And Steve! It's so good to see you again, I'm so happy you came."

Steve found himself in the tight embrace of the beautiful blonde, well aware of her large breasts pressed against him in his stoned, horny state. It was funny, the way she said *came* sounded more like she was talking about his recent ignominious orgasm rather than his arrival at the party. The way her body felt, pressed against his, he felt like he was going to make a repeat performance in his linen pants.

"Thank you, Jane." He said, a little embarrassed by his growing erection, hoping she hadn't noticed it when she was pressed against him. Despite his better judgement, he had taken a few more hits from the joint and was feeling decidedly stoned, and horny. He couldn't help but stare at her ass when she turned around to grab a pair of champagne flutes.

“Champagne. Alfonse Brut '17.” Goldman said handing the couple each a delicate, bubbling glass. She looked Paige up and down, admiring the hot wife’s outfit. “Don’t you look scrumptious this evening, Paige. I could just eat you up.”

“A few more of these and I might just take you up on that.” Paige said, flirting with the beautiful blonde.

“Hey, Auntie Janey!” A voice came from behind them. “And hey to my new favorite talent rep!”

Bella Horne put her arms around Paige, hugging her tight, her hands falling to hold Paige’s breasts. “Did I tell you she’s my total fave? She’s the reason I signed with James. Well, not the only reason, but she sure honeyed the pot.”

The young, attractive, and apparently very stoned starlet came around to face Paige, giving her another hug, and kissing her. More than a friendly kiss, it went on for many seconds before breaking. Paige stared into Horne’s green eyes, thoroughly aroused and captivated. Bella was dressed in a revealing outfit with a single strap over one shoulder, a swash of white fabric over her breasts that reached down to a dress that hung off her hip, clearly showing her minimal white panties. It gave the shapely woman a sexy roman toga look.

She bounced around and hugged Jane with only a little less passion than she had Paige, grabbed a champagne, and started to skip off to the buffet table. “About a half hour before the fun starts, right Auntie?”

She was gone before Jane could answer. The blonde shook her head and laughed.

“She’s your niece? I didn’t know that.” Paige asked. “I guess I owe you another thank you for a referral.”

“I had nothing to do with it, well, OK, I suggested James to her, and suggested she find you. But you did the rest.” Goldman said,

taking Paige by the hand. "Come on, let me introduce you around. Oh, you can come too, Steve."

The guest list was made up of a veritable who's who of elite, powerful women. In addition to Horne, Paige already knew Aria Venti and Jennifer Lawson. Steve was absolutely star-struck to be introduced to "America's Sweetheart" Sandra Bullman. Paige was excited to meet Olympic gold medal winner Candy Case. The beautiful athlete was as much known for her photogenic looks and spectacular body as she was for her gold medal. Lastly, and surprisingly, former Bollywood star, and current ambassador Nilaya "Nellie" Kumar. Dressed in a sequined top that showed lots of cleavage, a bare midriff, and a flowing sequined skirt, Kumar was royally resplendent and sexy.

"Party favors!" Bella called, holding an vintage 1950's cigarette holder filled with joints. Each woman took one as Horne held a lighter for each.

"I don't know if this is a good..." Steve started to say, but his wife had already taken a joint and was holding it to the tip of the flame to light it. She inhaled deeply, a moan escaping her throat. This wasn't just regular pot, this was Masters' private stock. She closed her eyes and savored the flavor, feeling the euphoria seep through her, feeling her arousal grow. She held the joint out to Steve. He took it, regarding it warily, then shrugged. "OK, what the fuck, right? It's a party. We're three blocks from home, what could go wrong?"

Even as he inhaled, he noticed Jane winking at Paige as she handed his wife a fresh joint. He hadn't planned on smoking the whole thing himself. Still, it felt good, feeling the drug make him tingle. He couldn't help but notice all the female flesh in the room. He had a difficult time not staring. He was so enraptured, he didn't notice as the next set of guests, several tall black men being met by Jane.

“Hey, Steve, the party’s about to start.” Paige nudged her husband. “I want to introduce you to my boss.”

Steve looked up to see his beautiful wife standing next to a tall, handsome black man. He knew he was stoned, but for some reason he found it difficult to look the other man in the eye. And, to make matters worse, he was uncomfortably aroused around the man, and the way he had his arm around his wife’s slim waist.

Steve, this is James Masters, my boss.” Paige said, smiling adoringly up at the rich man. Then, without looking away from him, “And James, this is Steve.”

“Uh, I’m her husband?” Steve clarified, halfheartedly holding his hand out. He did his best not to wince when Masters’ powerful grip surrounded his. He felt himself slump a little. “Nice to meet you.”

“The pleasure is all mine.” Masters replied firmly. “You are a lucky man to have such a stunning bride, while I can only enjoy her part of the day. I would love to chat more, but apparently, I’m part of the charity drive and Jane is frantically waving me over. Again, good to meet you, Steve.”

“Isn’t he great?” Paige said, watching Masters stride to the front of the room to stand by seven other handsome black men. Paige noticed that Jimmy was there, looking great in a tight pair of jeans and a loose-fitting shirt, and Marcus was there as well, looking relaxed in a pair of khaki shorts and a Hawaiian shirt. She didn’t recognize anyone else, but one of the men bore a striking resemblance to Masters. She found her heart beating faster seeing the group of handsome black men.

“I hope everyone is good and stoned, or drunk, or whatever you prefer! I, myself, am totally baked, thanks for asking.” Jane garnered a laugh from the small crowd. She held up a big bowl in the air. “OK girls, time to pony up!”

Steve stared, surprised, when Paige stepped forward, pulling a check from her clutch. All seven women placed a check in the bowl.

Without looking, smiled at the assembled group. "I am so happy to announce that, tonight, we've just raised one hundred thousand dollars for inner city education here in LA!"

There was applause around the room as the women smiled and congratulated each other. Steve leaned in to whisper in Paige's ear. "That's a pile of money! How much did you give?"

"Fifteen." Paige whispered back out of the side of her mouth.

"Fifteen hundred? How can we afford that?" Steve whispered excitedly.

"No, silly." Paige leaned back so she could be heard over the talking. "Fifteen thousand. Five from our joint account, and ten from my own account."

"But we can't afford that!" He whispered back frantically.

"Don't worry about it. I got a bonus." Paige said dismissively.

"But fifteen thousand?"

"Steve, relax. My bonus was more than you make in a year. I got it covered." She said, turning away. Steve stared at her incredulously.

"And now..." Jane Goldman paused, quieting the room. The women looked up at her expectantly. "And now, it's time to give out your rewards for the evening. These have been chosen at random, but I'm sure you will all be pleased with your prizes. Aria, you get Marcus, Sandra? Desmond. Candy? Meet Jimmy..."

With each pairing, the woman would walk up to claim her man and take him away.

"Paige? James." Jane read off. The hot wife let out a little squeal of delight. "I don't know, that doesn't seem fair, after all, you work together..."

"No! You called my name, I won him." Paige said excitedly, rushing up to claim her tall, dark, and hung prize.

Each woman came forward to claim her prize, and Jane took the arm of a beefy ebony stud, obviously muscle-bound judging from the bulges under his suit. Paige accompanied Masters back over to her husband. Steve looked at them strangely, not understanding what was going on.

“So, um, what happens now? Do we go out for dinner or something?” Steve asked, still unable to look the dominant black man in the eye. He didn’t like the way Masters had his arm around his wife, but Steve didn’t feel like he could protest.

“Oh, Steve, haven’t you figured it out yet?” Paige said patronizingly, as one might a puppy.

“I... um...” Steve stammered. He looked around the room for a moment, anywhere but at the handsome, rich man holding his wife. He did a double take seeing Sandra Bullman flirting with her prize, laughing, and stroking his huge, exposed cock. Over by the bar Bella Horne knelt before another black man, sucking on his long, thick erection. Even the petite Aria Venti was teasing her companion, her skirt flipped up, pressing her ass against his engorging organ while he held her around the waist. Steve couldn’t believe what he was seeing, couldn’t think, couldn’t comprehend, he was having trouble breathing. “I need to sit down.”

“Oh dear, OK, let’s sit here.” Paige guided her unsteady husband to a large, floral patterned ottoman. She then followed Masters to the couch and sat down in the corner, snuggling against his large, athletic frame. The black, Alpha-male ran his fingers over Paige’s smooth shoulders. The hot wife purred in pleasure, leaning closer to the dominant man. Masters lit a joint. “You still don’t get it, do you?”

“No... I guess I don’t...” Steve whined dejectedly. He looked over to see the beautiful Indian ambassador perched on a bar seat, her glittering, golden dress hanging open, her shapely legs spread as a huge black cock slowly penetrated her. “I thought this was a charity event. Are you...”

“Steve. I’m going to fuck him.” Paige said with an aroused smile. She ran her hand along his thigh. “I’m going to get stoned, and I’m going to fuck him. He’s already getting hard. His cock is huge Steve, so much bigger than your little dick. I’m sorry, I love you, but I can’t resist it.”

Steve stared at his wife as she took a big drag on the joint held by Masters. She then reached into Masters pants and pulled out his huge, black cock and began stroking it. Steve couldn’t believe this was happening. He wanted to stop it, wanted to stand up to the charismatic black man, but he couldn’t. The sight of the man’s massive shaft in the grasp of his beautiful, white wife left him cowed, shaking. Even stranger, he found his penis was rock hard in his slacks.

Paige leaned down to take Masters’ engorged cockhead in her mouth, savoring the taste of his pre-cum. She felt the weed course through her. She glanced up at her husband to see him sitting there, dejected, yet aroused. She held his gaze as she sucked on the other man’s huge cock, feeling his shaft harden in her grasp. Masters was almost ready, but she had a wicked idea.

Taking another proffered hit from the joint, the hot wife stepped over to the hunched form of her husband. Bending over, she kissed him, teasing his tongue with her own. When she felt him exhale through his nose, she began exhaling in his mouth, transferring the smoke to him, before sealing his mouth shut.

“It feels good, doesn’t it?” She purred, stroking his cheek with her hand. “It makes me so horny. Let me tell you how this evening is going to go. James is going to fuck me, as long and as hard as he wants. But then we’re going to start swapping partners, and I’m going to fuck every big, black cock here. You can watch, or not, it’s up to you. I’d like to think you’d want to see your wife in perfect ecstasy, her tight little cunt filled with black cock, but I understand how that might be too much to stand. Maybe you can hang around with Jane’s husband, David, he’s around too. He’s more used to it.

Either way, this is beyond your control. And if you try to interfere with any of these men while they fuck your hot, slutty wife, you'll get hurt."

"Come on Paige." Masters interrupted. He had come over to the husband and wife. He had stripped off his suite, revealing his toned, muscular physique. His massive shaft stood hard in the air, swaying slightly. A drool of pre-cum fell from the tip, landing on Steve's hand. It felt hot. "It's time I fuck that tight little pussy of yours."

Without hesitation, Paige turned around and held her thick, dark hair up. She looked over her shoulder at her husband. "Undo me?"

His fingers leaden, he reached up and undid the hook at the top of her bustier, and pulled the zipper down. Without so much as a thank you, she stood up, pulling off the top to reveal her full breasts, their curve accented by her two hard nipples. With a shrug, she let her miniskirt fall to the floor leaving her naked and resplendent, her body perfect.

Masters had made his way back to the couch and was seated there, his foot-long cock standing ramrod hard. He slowly stroked the huge organ, watching Paige as she stepped over. Gracefully, the hot wife pirouetted so that she faced away from Masters. "Now, watch carefully Steve. You might want to pull your cock out to jerk off. But, I want you to see what a real man's cock does to your wife. I want you to really understand what a big, black cock does to your hot, little wife."

Spreading her feet, the sexy brunette stepped back, straddling Masters' legs, taking his stiff erection in her hand and lining the impossibly large organ with her pussy, rubbing the fat cockhead against her slit. She let out a hiss of pleasure as she began to lower herself onto him. She let out a gasp each time she took a little more of Masters' thick cock, somehow accommodating it within her slim, tight body. She grinned seeing her husband reach into his slacks to jerk himself off. It didn't really matter much, though, because any

moment she would lose whatever self-control she was currently exercising and would become a slave to the huge black cock that would soon trigger the first of what would be countless orgasms tonight.

“He’s going to make me cum, Steve. Just watch. He doesn’t have to do a thing, his huge fucking cock is going to make your hot, slut wife cum. Oh shit, God, I’m gonna cum.” Paige began to gasp, her tight abs compressing as the rhythm of her impending orgasm forced her to give in.

Her legs shook so much that Paige found herself falling back, leaning against Masters’ powerful chest. She couldn’t resist the overpowering urge to fuck the huge organ, her hips thrusting, moving her tight pussy up and down the thick shaft, slowly impaling herself with every hard inch while her husband watched, his small erection pressed against his pants. As his athletic, hot wife succumb to a crushing orgasm, sliding down onto the massive, black cock.

Paige was overwhelmed by the huge cock buried in her pussy. She felt the thick base tighten as her tight body milked a load of pre-cum from him. The feeling of the thick shaft tensing alone almost made her cum again. She looked over at her cowed husband, feeling her body tense, the massive Alpha-cock forcing her to orgasm with its sheer size alone.

“Watch me, Steve.” Paige stammered, breathing heavily, her breath shaking. She licked her lips, pushing herself onto the huge shaft. “See how fucking huge he is? He’s going to make me cum again with his huge fucking cock. He owns me, Steve. I’ll do anything... Oh fucking God it’s so good... So big... I’ll fucking do anything for him, Steve, for his big, thick cock... Oh God... He’s making me cum... cum... I can’t resist it... He fucks me so good... Like you never, ever could Steve... Oh God he’s making me CUM-OH-GOD!”

Paige’s words morphed into unintelligible moans, her entire body tensed, her legs tightening, every muscle shivering, she

couldn't stop herself from rising up, losing four inches of stiff black cock, pressing herself against Masters' muscular chest, feeling his big hands on her breasts while he slowly started to fuck her. The huge cock moving in her pulsating pussy make her cum even harder, her juices raining down his shaft.

Watching all this, her defeated husband came in his pants, his small, hard cock pulsing, filling his briefs with a thin puddle of jizz.

The hot wife finally slid off Masters' hard cock, leaving the massive organ glistening from her juices. She curled up next to the black bull and sucked on his engorged cockhead, sliding a hand along the long shaft. She watched Steve watching her.

"You like it, don't you?" She taunted, pausing to slide as much of Masters' cock in her mouth as she was able, releasing it with a moan. The handsome black man smiled, his cock pumping out a thick stream of pre-cum. "Look at that. His cock drools more than you cum. And it taste's wonderful." She paused to run her tongue up the long, black shaft, swallowing the creamy jizz with relish. "You like seeing me suck on his cock, don't you? You like seeing your pretty little wife sucking on his long, thick, hard, black cock."

Steve mumbled, unable to meet his wife's intense, aroused gaze. Still, he was mesmerized by the huge black cock his wife was attending to.

"What was that, Steve? Do you like watching your little black-cock slut wife sucking and fucking a hung black stud?" Paige spat, her hand moving quicker along the heavily veined shaft. She licked it from the base, up over the head, teasing another eruption of pre-cum from the engorged head. "Say it, Steve. Tell me that you like that your hot, little wife is a fucking sex slave to James' huge, black, fucking cock!"

"I do! Fuck!" Steve finally yelled, past his limit. He stared at his wife through red eyes. He was disgusted with himself, feeling his penis twitch, trying to harden at the sight of his beautiful wife – *My*

fucking wife! – stoned and horny, in complete adoration of the superior, black cock. “I like it.”

“Does it make you mad, Steve?” Paige continued to taunt, stroking the big fuck organ, feeling Masters slide a finger into her pussy. *God I want his cock in me. I want his cum.* “Are you going to do anything about it? Huh? Are you going to take your slutty wife away from the superior black stud who’s fucking her with his finger right now? Who’s going to fuck me in a minute and fill me with his cum? God, he feels good fucking my wet, little cunt with his strong fingers. So, are you Steve? Do you have the balls to take me back, or are you ready to accept your new reality?”

Steve looked up, anger filling him, his vision going red. *This is my wife! My fucking wife he’s fucking!* But then he looked up at Masters, into the charismatic man’s confident gaze. All the fight left him. There was no way he could beat him in a fight, no way he could overpower him. And he looked at the man’s massive, thick, fuck-organ, and knew he couldn’t compete there either. *Not even close.*

“No.” He finally whispered, utterly defeated. He felt a wave of disgust as, while he stared at Masters’ rock-hard cock, he felt his own small erection come to life.

“Good, because I still love you, Steve. But I have needs. And this... is what I need.” Paige said, a note of tenderness returning to her voice. She kissed the fat cockhead, rewarded by another load of pre-cum. Masters leaned down and whispered in her ear. “Now that we’re on the same page, James is going to fuck me and fill me with his hot, delicious cum. You can watch your wife being bred by a huge, black cock, you can smoke a joint, or just get lost. It’s up to you, but he’s going to fuck me now.”

The tall black stud guided the hot wife until she was on her hands and knees. Paige instinctively arched her back, presenting her pussy for the hung, black bull. He knelt behind her, his huge cock standing stiff and engorged above her shapely ass. It looked massive.

“Oh, God, please, put it in. Fuck me, baby.” Paige pleaded, desperate to feel his huge cockhead splitting her apart.

The busty brunette didn't have to wait. The horny Alpha-male stroked his thick shaft, the veins highlighted in the light, and lined his cock up with her tight, wet opening. Already stretched to accommodate his size, she had no trouble taking his massive organ. She immediately began to keen with pleasure, pushing back against him, fucking herself on his hard pole.

Masters didn't have to do a thing other than enjoy the feeling as the beautiful, shapely woman slid on and off his cock. But he was in the mood to fuck, and Paige's tight body was doing such a good job stroking his cock, that he felt the urge to ejaculate begin to make itself known.

Slapping Paige's ass, making her squeal in pleasure, Masters placed his large, strong hands on her firm, round ass and began to push, stroking his cock in her tight pussy. The hot wife responded immediately, the tone of her cries deepening as he took control.

Pumping like a machine, the hung, back stud brought the shapely woman to another crushing orgasm, her legs giving out. Paige fell forward onto the couch, her beatific face laying on the couch as Masters fucked her mercilessly, driving her to delirium with pleasure even as he approached his climax.

“Oh God, I can feel him getting harder...” Paige whispered, out of breath from the relentless fucking. She looked up to see her husband watching intently, his small cock in his hand, jerking off. Somewhere in the back of her mind she felt a thrill of sexual pride at watching her cowed husband masturbate while she was being serviced by her Alpha-Bull and his huge, potent cock. “He's so big, Steve, so fucking hard. He's gonna cum any moment, I can feel him swelling in me. He's gonna cum, and he's going to fill your hot, slutty little wife with his hot cum. Oh, oh fuck, so hard... Oh!”

Paige's words dissolved into a long, primal cry of ecstasy as she surrendered to another crushing orgasm. Her eyes were wide,

and her mouth in the form of an O as Masters slammed his huge cock into her shaking body. Finally, as her orgasm was at its strongest, he pulled back, leaving half of his huge cock buried in the writhing beauty. The long, thick shaft began to tense and thicken, thick loads of cum rising along its length.

The hot wife's expression turned to one of desperate need, then overwhelming bliss as the massive, black cock exploded in her. She knew that Masters was holding back, letting her husband see him ejaculate in his beautiful wife, proving his claim to her. With the message clearly delivered, the black stud pushed his jerking, spraying cock deep into the beautiful woman's tight pussy, filling her with his seed, bathing her womb in warm cum.

Biting the material of the couch, her mind and body completely overwhelmed by the huge bull-cock still buried in her pussy, Paige sobbed in pleasure. She'd never felt this beautiful, this sexy, this desirable, this orgasmic. She hadn't understood what she was missing. She knew in that instant, there was no going back. While she may remain married to Steve, her mind and body belonged to James Masters, and she knew that she was happily addicted to hung black men.

Masters rolled the shapely, hot wife onto her back, his erection still rock-hard, buried in her cum soaked pussy. The black Alpha-male was just getting started. She gasped in pleasure, purring, as he began to fuck her again. She was happy to see another black cock appear only inches from her face as Phillip joined. She immediately grabbed the thick, dark organ and pulled it to her waiting lips. She wondered how many black cocks she could make explode tonight.

"Why don't you come with me. You probably don't want to watch this." An older man said to Steve, handing him a towel. Steve looked down at his shriveled penis, and at the cum dripping from his fingers. He took the towel and wiped his hands clean. "I'm Jane's husband, Dave. Listen, you get used to it. But seeing your wife fucked over and over by a hung black dude, well, it's kinda like

getting beat up all night. I got a movie running in the back, I'll get you a drink and a sandwich."

Steve took one last, sad look at his beautiful wife. He had to admit, she looked incredibly hot servicing the two hung black men. He wasn't sure he would ever get used to it, or maybe he would. Time would tell.