



# MOLLY

BECOMES A HOTWIFE

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Sally P

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A Hot Taboo, Interracial, BBC, Cheating,  
Cuckold, HEA, Romance Erotica Story

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# CHAPTER 1:

*The car sliced through the night, its headlights cutting through the darkness that enveloped the streets. The rhythmic hum of the engine created a backdrop to the silence that hung heavily between us. Steve's hands gripped the steering wheel, knuckles white, and I couldn't help but feel the tension that radiated from him.*

*"So, uh, you sure about this, Mol?" Steve's eyes flickered towards me, searching for reassurance. The weight of the upcoming conversation hung in the air, a palpable heaviness that pressed against our shared history. "We've talked about it enough, right?"*

*"Yeah," I replied softly, my gaze fixated on the passing streetlights outside. The low hum of the car seemed to amplify the unspoken questions that lingered between us.*

*Steve nodded, a half-smile appearing on his lips, though there was an underlying seriousness in his eyes. "We have, Mol. But you know, talking and doing are different. Once we step into this, there's no turning back. You ready for that?"*

*The gravity of his words hit me, and I swallowed hard, my fingers tracing patterns on the hem of my dress. This wasn't just another conversation; it was a pivotal moment that could redefine us. I avoided Steve's gaze, unable to express the tangled emotions within me.*

*"I love you, Mol. No matter what happens, you're the most important thing in my life." Steve's voice softened, and he reached over to squeeze my hand. "This isn't about me not wanting you; it's about us exploring something new. But I need to be sure you're all in. No pressure, Mol. If you're not ready, we can turn around right now."*

*I took a deep breath, the air thick with anticipation. Steve's love and concern were evident, and I looked at him, searching for a connection in the familiar contours of his face. The idea of exploring uncharted territory with him was both exhilarating and nerve-wracking.*

*"I'm ready," I admitted, my voice gaining a newfound strength. "I want to do this, Steve. I want to make you happy, okay?"*

*Steve's gaze held mine, a mixture of relief and excitement dancing in his eyes. "Alright, Mol. Remember, it's about us. Whatever happens tonight, it's about deepening our connection. And if you feel uncomfortable at any point, we stop. Clear?"*

*I nodded, a swirl of emotions churning within me. The road ahead seemed both daunting and inviting, a metaphor for the uncharted territory our relationship was venturing into. As we neared Luke's apartment, the anticipation built, each passing streetlight casting fleeting shadows on Steve's face.*

*The car glided to a stop outside Luke's place, and the engine fell silent. Steve turned to me, his eyes reflecting a mix of love and anticipation. "Mol, I love you more than anything," he gives me a small kiss that sends a cold shiver up and down my spine.*

*The memories of our marriage flooded my mind as we stood outside Luke's apartment. Steve and I had built something beautiful together, a connection that went beyond the physical. Our love was based on trust, communication, and an unspoken understanding that transcended the mundane.*

*I thought about the countless moments of bliss we'd shared, the laughter that echoed through the walls of our home, and the warmth of Steve's embrace that had been a constant source of comfort. Our marriage was far from perfect, but it was a testament to our commitment to each other.*

*One particular memory stood out, a conversation that had sparked a deeper exploration of our desires. It began innocently enough – Steve had asked me about my ex-boyfriends, an amusing game of "20 Questions" that took an unexpected turn.*

*"So, any of them black?" Steve had raised an eyebrow, his tone playful. Little did I know that this casual question would unravel a series of revelations and open the door to a new chapter in our relationship.*

*I chuckled at the memory, recalling how I'd answered honestly, sharing glimpses of my past without reservation. Steve listened attentively, his curiosity giving way to a deeper understanding of my*

*experiences. It was during that conversation that all of this even started.*

*What struck me most was Steve's genuine interest in comprehending my perspective. His love wasn't conditional on conforming to any societal norms whatsoever, and he never judged me for my past choices. Steve's acceptance of me – flaws, history, and all – had been a cornerstone of our connection.*

*I remembered the vulnerability in his eyes as he shared his own insecurities, especially concerning the physical aspect of our relationship even before we started dating. Steve was aware that he might not fit the stereotypical image of an alpha male, but he never let it hinder our intimacy.*

*His willingness to explore, to communicate openly about desires and fantasies, only strengthened the bond we shared.*

*"Why does it matter if any of them were black anyway, babe?" I had asked him innocently.*

*"You're right, I guess it doesn't. I just find it really hot." Steve had shrugged, a slight flush coloring his cheeks. I had raised an eyebrow at him.*

*"Hot? Are you telling me you have a thing for black guys, baby?" I teased.*

*Steve laughed and shook his head, running his hand through his hair. "No, no, it's nothing like that. Forget it," he looked away with an awkward expression on his face.*

*"Hon, you know you don't have to be that way," I had giggled finding his expressions cute. "I'd never judge you."*

*Steve had glanced at me, a contemplative expression on his face. I could see a mix of emotions, the struggle to articulate thoughts that were perhaps buried deep within.*

*\*\*\**

"I want us to be completely open with each other, Molly. No secrets, no judgments."

"And I am," I smile at him. "I am being open."

"I know," Steve finally spoke, his eyes peering into mine. "I've been thinking, babe. I want us to explore new dimensions in our relationship."

I was curious, eager to grasp the essence of what he was proposing. Steve took a deep breath.

"I've just been thinking about these-things, these fantasies-."

I blink. "Go on," I nod, a small, confused smile spreading on my face.

Steve shifted on the couch, clearly uncomfortable.

"I just feel like we're-I'm not doing enough-."

"You're doing just fine-."

"No," he cuts me off. "No, Molly. I-."

"You what?"

"I think there are ways we can add more-."

"More?" I ask him.

"More-more-spice, you know?"

I was confused at this point. Was Steve trying to bring up the subject of us seeing other people? I felt something heavy in my stomach.

"I don't understand."

"I just want to spice things up a bit," he said, his eyes pleading. "Is that bad?"

Was I not good enough? Maybe I wasn't. I don't think I've ever left Steve unfulfilled. In fact, it's me who can't reach that peak sometimes, no matter how hard he tries. And then there are the times when he can't, either, but that's okay, too. I don't-I've never put myself or my needs over him.

"It's not bad," I said softly, a sudden chill running up my spine.

"It's not. Because we're not bad," he smiled. "I'm not bad and you're not bad, Mol."

"I didn't say that we were bad-."

"No, you didn't," he nodded. I couldn't tell if he was agreeing with me or just saying it to say something. I wasn't even sure why I had said that, or why he was saying this. I wished that Steve would just get this over with.

"Look, what are you trying to say, hon?"

Steve sighed. "I just feel like we-I think-."

"What? Are you breaking up with me or something?"

"No! Of course not," he said, horrified. "God, no."

"Then what is it? You wanna see other people?" I ask with a tone of anger and frustration in my voice.

"JESUS!" he throws his hands up. "No, babe. God, what are you on about?"

"Well, you're not making any sense."

"Okay, look, maybe I am not expressing it well," Steve looked at me, his eyes full of love and concern.

"Maybe," I nod.

"Okay, what I mean is, I have a fantasy," he says finally, looking away from me, his gaze fixed on the wall opposite.

"A fantasy?" I ask, incredulous.

"Yeah, a fantasy. I've thought a lot about it and I think it will help us," he says and turns to look at me.

"What is it?" I ask, still bewildered. "You wanna fuck one of my friends? Is it Penny, that bi-."

"No, can you let me finish? I just want you to, well, I-I'm not asking you to fuck a random dude or anything-."

Oh.

"You wanna see me with another guy," I say quietly, realization dawning on me. "You want to watch me-." I couldn't bring myself to say the word.

"Yeah," Steve nodded, his eyes wide and innocent. "Well, no. Not at first-."

Steve's silence was answer enough.

I knew where this was going. It had always been there, that undercurrent of desire. An undeniable need, a craving, that we had both buried and ignored. It had been brewing within us, slowly, steadily, and now the time had come to confront it. I never complained or brought it up but I knew this was there, and Steve, too, must have been waiting for the right moment to broach the subject.

"You want me to be with another man," I say slowly, tasting the words, the images flashing in front of my eyes. Anger boiled inside me.

"You think that I'm not satisfied. You think I'm not-," I pause. "You think you're not good enough-."

Steve still remained silent.

"Well, I don't need this," I snapped.

"Please, let me-."

"Let you what, Steve? Let you see me with some dude? I don't even know anyone. I'm not-," I didn't know how to complete the sentence. "Oh, this was what the twenty-one questions was for, was it?"

"Just-please-just listen to me-."

"I'm listening. Go on," I spat.

Countless thoughts raced through my mind. How could Steve view me as such? Did he not love me anymore? He was enough for me; I don't even remember once when I've even suggested otherwise. Sure, things could be better.

But they weren't bad. I loved him. He was enough for me. For God's sake, he was my husband. I loved him till the moon and back. I could never even look at another man. Tears begin welling up in my eyes at the mere thought of it. Yep, that's how much I love my

husband. I would die for him. My loyalty to our marriage and to Steve was absolute.

What Steve was suggesting seemed like a scary step into the unknown. A giant leap that he expected me to take for him. The thought was overwhelming. What had gotten into his stupid brain to think I'd give it a shot? I mean, hadn't I-our sex-life wasn't that dead. Things were absolutely not dull, at least not on my end. I have always, ALWAYS been up and down and open minded and experimental.

Sexy lingerie? Yep. Extra loud moaning and fake screaming for his and even the neighbor's benefit? Check. Blowjob, facials, anal and all the sorts. I had no qualms. I don't even like the taste of semen. It grossed me out.

Ugh. But hell, yeah. I've done it. I've done it all just for the happiness of the only person I truly cared for and loved for.

"And you're okay with... me doing this?" I questioned, searching his eyes for any hesitation. Maybe this was a test? I think it must be. Was he questioning my faithfulness to him, or did he genuinely want this kind of adventure with me, our marriage life taking the next level.

Steve's shoulders heaved.

"More than okay. I want us to step into this together, Molly. No judgments, just love and exploration."

Together? He wouldn't have any part to even play in this. What-maybe he was seeing someone else and wanted to use this as an excuse-that I could potentially have feelings for, maybe even fall for-someone else and justify him cheating.

"Are you seeing someone?" I voiced my opinion with a thorough nagging sensation.

"Are you-jeez. What the-is this the basis you assume-."

"That would explain everything, you idiot," I shrugged struggling to fight back the tears. "You're testing me, aren't you? This is a test. Fuck you, Steve-."

Steve looks taken aback.

"What? No, Mol. Can you calm down-."

"Don't you dare tell me to calm down, you asshole-."

"Hey-let's not-calm down, sweetheart," Steve touches my forearm.

"Just listen to what I have to say?"

I shake his arm away and glare at him. "Don't touch me."

"Listen, Mol," his fingers curl around mine and I snatch my hand free, scoffing. "Trust me, it's nothing like that. I, um, I mean, not to make it awkward, but I just wanted to maybe explore something related to... size, you know?"

I raise an eyebrow at him. What was he on about? Size?

Then it struck me. Asking me about my ex-boyfriends, asking me if any of them were black-Steve wasn't exactly hung, or even big. Or even average.

But I was completely fine with it. More than fine. His cock never failed to hit all my spots. It was the perfect fit. It felt amazing every time.

"I-I think I understand," I nod my head. "But... I don't get it. Why?"

Steve's insecurity had transformed into something twisted. And this was his way of coping, I guess. By making me cheat on him. I was not going to let some insecurity ruin our relationship. The sanctity of our marriage simply couldn't be compromised.

"You're perfect the way you are, hon."

"I know," Steve sighs, exasperated. "It's not about that."

I stared at him, a million questions rushing through my head. I thought when he asked me about my previous experiences, he was looking for reassurance, but now he seemed to be seeking something else entirely. His gaze fell to the floor as he gathered his thoughts, and I couldn't help but wonder what had brought him to this point.

"Mol, you know I love you, right?" Steve began, his voice gentle. I nodded, still puzzled by the whole situation. I felt a knot forming in my stomach, still fully unsure of what he had in mind. The room

became charged with tension as Steve took a deep breath, preparing to lay it all out. I knew what was coming but I just didn't know about the details.

"I want you to explore your desires, Molly. I want you to be with another man."

I say nothing. I wait for him to continue.

"I know it sounds unconventional, but I want to ensure it's done respectfully and in a way that adds to our connection, not diminishes it," he explained, his eyes searching mine for understanding. I was silent for a moment more, processing his revelation. My initial anger shifted into confusion and a hint of sadness. Did he doubt our relationship? Was our love not enough? The tears threatened to spill, but I held them back.

"Steve, I love you, and I've never felt the need for anything more than what we have," I said, my voice tinged with sadness. "This fantasy of yours, it's... it's a lot to take in."

He reached out to hold my hand, but I pulled away. The distance between us grew as I struggled to comprehend the implications of his desires. As he spoke, I couldn't help but feel a sense of discomfort. The fantasy seemed to revolve around his insecurities about size, and he believed this exploration could alleviate those concerns.

"I want us to navigate this together, Molly. No secrets, no judgments," he implored.

"Can you promise me that our love won't be overshadowed by this?" I asked, searching his eyes for sincerity. My lips trembled while I look into him pleadingly.

Steve nodded earnestly. "I promise, Mol. This is about us, no one else, okay?"

I nod before burying my face in my hands. The tears that I fought back to hold, flowed freely down my cheeks. I could sense Steve moving closer to me, his arms enveloping me in an embrace that both soothed and unnerved me.

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# CHAPTER 2:

*I was fresh out of the shower.*

*Tonight was the night. I was finally going to see Luke again after years of separation. My heart raced wildly in my chest. Butterflies danced merrily within the pit of my stomach. A familiar warmth spread throughout my core causing tingles to erupt across my skin.*

*Steve was waiting patiently downstairs in our living room watching TV while I finished getting ready.*

*I stared at myself in the full length mirror admiring my reflection. My figure was simply divine. Curves in all the right places. Lush pink lips slightly parted revealing perfect white teeth. Long lashes framing gorgeous blue orbs staring back at me. My long black locks cascaded down past my shoulders flowing freely over my bare backside. I wore nothing but a black lace bra and matching panties. My breasts were large yet firm. My nipples protruded prominently through the thin fabric covering them. I ran my fingers through my silky smooth hair before turning around slowly checking out my rear view in the mirror.*

*My ass cheeks were more plump than they'd ever been before. They jiggled ever so slightly when I moved. I loved the way they bounced up and down ever so gently with every step I took. I couldn't help but smile at the sight before me. Luke would love my*

*ass. He would love all the weight had gone to the right places.*

*I slowly begin applying blush to my cheeks highlighting their natural rosy color. Next came the mascara followed by a touch of eyeliner giving my eyes an exotic look. Finally, I added some lipstick finishing off my makeup perfectly. My lips were painted red with cherry flavored lip gloss making them shine brightly like polished rubies.*

*As I studied myself one final time, I realized that my body was exactly the same as it was ten years ago. Maybe a bit more mature now, more voluptuous, curvier, womanlier, but basically unchanged since the last time Luke had seen me naked. I remember how excited he used to get whenever he watched me strip off my clothes in front of him. How he would lick his lips hungrily as he undressed himself exposing his hard muscular physique. His large erect cock throbbing between his legs aching desperately for release.*

*I slip into the black gown that I had chosen specially for tonight's occasion. It hugged every curve of my body accentuating my curves beautifully while still allowing freedom of movement. The hemline fell just below midhigh showing enough skin to tease without revealing too much at once. Perfectly sexy yet elegant at the same time.*

*I smiled proudly at my appearance satisfied with how everything turned out. Tonight was going to be one to remember for me and Steve.*

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"I hope you're excited, Mol," Steve gives me a handsome smile. His voice was laced with the eagerness of a child's on Christmas morning. I couldn't help but smile back, despite the lingering apprehension. The tension in the air inside the car was palpable.

"Is this like the tenth time you've asked me? Yeah, I'm excited, hon. Are you?" I chuckle.

Steve grinned, his eyes sparking with excitement, "Hell yeah, I am. Can't wait to hear all about it later tomorrow."

I raised an eyebrow, "Enjoy myself? You're the one who's been daydreaming about this fantasy for who knows how long."

"True," he laughed, reaching over to caress my cheek. "But tonight's about you, Molly. It's about helping you fulfil your own needs too, you know."

"Aww," I kiss his hand and nuzzle it lovingly, my lips pressed against his wedding ring. "I love you, babe."

"I love you too, Mol," Steve smiled before turning his attention back to the road.

As the car rolled on forward to our destination, my ex-boyfriend Luke's house, I just couldn't help but think of him. Luke, I hadn't even spared him a thought in-how many years has it been? God, it's been so long. I was now thirty-two and Steve almost forty.

We hadn't seen each other in years, our lives diverging after college. The prospect of reuniting with him stirred a complex blend of emotions within me, like a storm brewing beneath the surface. Like an old flame that had been buried deep within the recesses of my memory, now ignited anew.

The last time I'd spoken to him was years ago, when I bumped into him at the mall. He was still the same, jacked, tall and muscular guy with his neatly trimmed hair and black eyes. Luke was a successful medical trainer now working for a popular NFL team.

Luke, the very name evoked a vivid mental image. Tall, dark, and irresistibly handsome, he was a force of nature. The kind of man who effortlessly captured attention as he entered a room, commanding an aura that drew people towards him like moths to a

flame. I recalled the way he carried himself with an innate confidence, an easy charm that left an indelible mark on those around him.

In college, Luke had been a star player on the football team, his prowess on the field matched only by his popularity off it. The ladies were drawn to him like magnets, each vying for a moment of his attention. He effortlessly navigated through the social scene, a charismatic figure with a magnetic allure that left both men and women captivated. Even the guys couldn't help but adore him so. His physique was nothing short of extraordinary. A black Adonis, sculpted by the Gods themselves. Every inch of him radiated strength, an athleticism that manifested in the chiseled contours of his body. Broad shoulders tapered down to a narrow waist, a testament to the rigorous training and physical prowess that defined him. His muscles rippled beneath his skin, a living embodiment of power and grace. He could lift me up with one hand by my hips and throw me like a football if he wanted to.

Even now, I could still recall the way his muscles flexed as he moved, the raw power that emanated from him, an intoxicating energy that had been both thrilling and intimidating.

My mind keeps looping through the old times with Luke. It's like a movie reel playing in my head, and I can't help but focus on the spicy bits.

Now, Luke was something else in the bedroom, just as he was on the field. The guy knew his way around a woman. It wasn't just about the physical stuff; it was like this dance we had, a rhythm that was just ours. In bed, he had this confidence, this swagger that came from knowing exactly what he was doing. His touch was like an artist's brush, drawing lines of pleasure all over. His hands were strong, sure, and they knew every inch of me. And the kisses? Oh, they were something else. It wasn't just about the lips meeting; it was like this delicate balance of softness and passion.

But Luke wasn't just about finesse; the guy had strength, too. You could feel it in every move, like he was still on the football field, but with a whole different game. Our bodies moving together was like

this dance we'd practiced for years. I would find myself screaming mindlessly as he had his way with me. And then there were the whispers. Intimate talks in the quiet moments. His voice was like a melody, full of desire and secrets. Even after everything, his words stayed with me.

Our moments together were more than just physical; they were like this deep connection, a shared history that went beyond the everyday stuff. In the quiet after, lying there with Luke, it felt like we'd created something special.

I sigh. Now, thinking about seeing him again after all this time, it's like heading back to a place filled with echoes of our past. It's exciting, sure, but there's also this mix of emotions, not knowing exactly what's waiting down the road.

I wouldn't even walk straight, I recall. My mind goes back to one specific night back in college that I was pretty sure I'd never forget. The night we first hooked up.

We were both seniors at the same university, and we were planning to move in together after graduation. One night, after a party, we decided to spend the night in a room upstairs. We had both been drinking, and the alcohol had made us even more horny. We had sex like animals, and I can still remember how amazing it felt when he was inside me.

I recounted all of this to my dear husband only weeks back in our living room, who basically salivated at each and every word of my recollection.

"So, what happened next?" Steve asked, his eyes wide with excitement. "You guys hit it off?"

"Well, after that night, we started hooking up more and more often," I explained, feeling my cheeks flush as I remembered the details.

"We couldn't seem to get enough of each other, and soon we were having sex practically every day."

"Wow," Steve breathed, clearly turned on by my story. "I need more details, tell me about the first time-."

I laughed at his eagerness, and I was more than happy to oblige. I knew that he loved hearing about my past sexual experiences, and I loved sharing them with him. The memories of those nights with Luke were some of my most cherished, and I wanted to share them with my husband. I knew that he would be just as turned on as I was, and I couldn't wait to see how this played out.

"Well, the first time was at this party like I said," I began, remembering the anticipation and excitement I had felt. To think that I was first put off by Steve's admission of wanting to see me with another man. Now, I was getting just as excited as him. "We were both pretty drunk, and we had been flirting all night. By the end of the night, we were both pretty horny, so we decided to go upstairs and continue the party there."

I smiled as I recalled the feeling of Luke's strong hands on my body, the way he had teased and pleased me in ways I had never experienced before.

"How did you two flirt?" Steve asked, his voice low and husky. "At the part, did he make the first move?"

"Hmmm," I try to remember. "I guess he did. He kept teasing me, saying things like how he wanted to fuck me, and how he couldn't wait to have his big black cock inside me. I remember laughing at that, but also being turned on."

Steve's breath hitched, his hand coming down to his crotch to palm his growing erection through his pants. "Did you let him know how much you wanted him too?"

"Yes," I whispered, my own arousal building as I remembered the look in Luke's eyes when I had told him how much I wanted him.

"He asked me if I'd ever been with a black guy before."

Steve groaned, his hand now gripping his cock through his pants.

"What did you say?"

I smiled at the memory, knowing that Steve was almost beside himself with anticipation. "I said no, but that I was looking forward to it."

"Fuck," Steve muttered, his voice thick with lust. "Then what happened?"

"Well, he wasted no time," I continued, my voice low and seductive as I painted the picture for Steve. "We started kissing on the dance floor. He cupped my ass in his big hands and pulled me close to him. I could feel his hard cock pressed against me, and I knew he was just as turned on as I was."

"We're almost there, Mol," Steve's voice reaches my ears snapping me out of my reminiscing. "Bet you can't wait, huh?"

I turn towards him and smile.

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"Tell me more, Mol," Steve pleads. "Fuck, you are so hot, you know that? Did you like kissing him?"

"I loved it."

The details of the night were still fresh in my mind, and I could almost feel Luke's hands on me again. "His tongue was so big and powerful, and he kissed me like he was starving. I melted into him, giving him everything he wanted."

Steve was breathing heavily now, his hand stroking his cock through his pants. "Then what?"

"We moved upstairs to one of the rooms, and the minute we got inside, we were tearing each other's clothes off. We were still kissing, there was something animalistic about it, like we couldn't get enough of each other."

I remembered the way Luke's muscular body felt pressed against mine, the contrast of our skin tones, the heat of his touch. We managed to sneak up to the bedroom, and he closed the door behind us. As soon as the door was shut, we were all over each other. It was like we couldn't get enough of each other, our hands roaming all over each other's bodies. His black hands felt so different from Steve's pale ones, rougher, more insistent, like he was claiming me as his own. The sound of his deep voice whispering filthy things in my ear as he kissed me was unlike anything I had ever experienced before. He smelled so nice too. Luke was tall as hell,

towering over me. When he picked me up, it was like being lifted by a giant, and his strength was intoxicating. He carried me effortlessly to the bed, laying me down gently before climbing on top of me. I remember the feeling of his weight on me, how it made me feel safe and protected. I had never felt so desired in my life.

"So then he started going down on you?" Steve asks, his eyes burning with desire.

I nod, smiling at the memory. "Yes, he ate my pussy so good, just like you do," I say teasingly.

"No, I don't," Steve says, shaking his head.

I laugh, "You're right, babe. No one eats pussy like Luke does."

Steve looks shocked as I admit it. But his face changes from surprise to excitement when I begin to explain.

"He spread my legs open and buried his face between them. His tongue was like magic, licking and sucking my clit like it was his job. I was a writhing mess beneath him, moaning and begging for more. He knew exactly what he was doing, bringing me to the edge over and over again, only to back off at the last moment. It was maddening, and so fucking hot."

The memories are flooding back now, and I can't help but get lost in them. My arousal is growing, and I'm sure that Steve can tell. His breathing is heavy, and he's rubbing his cock through his pants like his life depends on it.

"What next?" he asks breathlessly. "Slow down, I want all the details."

"Okay," I purr as I reach between my husband's pants but he swats my hand away.

"No," he shakes his head. "We have a deal, remember, Mol?"

I roll my eyes and pout.

"Then he fucked me. God, Steve," I give him an annoyed look.

"Don't be like that," he smirks. "Now, go on. He went down on you, how? Slowly, with all the finer details, please."

"Fine!" I sigh.

I run my fingers through my hair. I had to tell Steve everything. I could feel my pussy grow wet with excitement too so I definitely would have been happy if Steve let me play with his cock while I recounted everything.

"He teased me a lot," I breathe out. The heat was climbing up inside my body. "Like, he'd stick his tongue deep into my pussy, then lick all the way up to my clit and then start all over again."

"Fuck, Molly," Steve mutters as he continues stroking himself. "Keep going."

I smirk, "It was driving me crazy. I needed him to make me cum, and he knew it. I could see the look of satisfaction on his face as he teased me."

My heart rate increases as I remember the feeling of his strong hands on my thighs, holding me in place as he devoured my pussy. "I finally gave in when he started sucking on my clit. I was so worked up that it only took a few seconds before I was exploding in his mouth, screaming his name as I came harder than I ever had before."

"Don't stop."

"Well, when he finally let me cum, and it was like nothing I had ever felt before. It was like a tidal wave crashing over me, taking me under. I was shaking and screaming, and I thought I was going to pass out. And then, when I was coming down from that high, he was still lapping up at all the juices slipping out, it was intense. I don't think anybody's ever eaten me out like that."

"God damn," Steve groans, clearly getting close to the edge himself. "Did you return the favor?"

I nod, biting my lip as I remember Luke's huge black cock in my mouth. "Yeah, I did. I couldn't wait to taste him, and he didn't disappoint. His cock was so big, and it tasted so good. I couldn't get enough of him in my mouth."

"Did you swallow him?"

"Every last drop," I reply, my voice thick with desire.

"Tell me about it, babe, please," Steve pulls his cock out. It was throbbing in all its erect glory. "Please, don't rush-."

"Okay, I'll give you aaaaall the details, hon," I smirk and lick my lips. "I was pushing his face into my pussy as I was coming down. My legs were shaking, and I could barely breathe, but I wanted more. He seemed to sense this because as soon as I released him, he was kissing his way back up my body. His tongue found mine, and we kissed passionately for what seemed like hours. I could taste myself on him, and it turned me on even more."

"Oh, fuck," Steve moans as he strokes his cock faster, the tip already glistening with pre-cum.

"Luke moved lower, his lips finding my neck, sucking and nipping at the sensitive skin there. You know how sensitive I am there, don't you?" I giggle. "He was driving me crazy, and I couldn't help but beg for more. He was teasing me, taking his time, drawing it out until I thought I was going to go insane. I was insane, honestly. Being teased like that. I just wanted him to shove his dick in me and fuck me then. So I reached between us and guided his hard cock to my wet pussy. Finally, he positioned himself between my legs and slid his cock inside me. The feeling was indescribable, like nothing I've ever experienced before. He was so big, stretching me open in a way that made me feel full, complete."

"You told me you sucked him off-."

"Babe, let me finish."

Steve apologizes. I smile, remembering the feeling of Luke's hard cock pressing against my entrance. "He entered me slowly, filling me up inch by inch until he was completely buried inside me. I had never felt so full in my life. It was so thick that I could barely wrap my hand around it, and I knew it was going to fill me up better than anything else ever had. I was dripping wet and ready, and I needed him inside me. I begged him to fuck me, and he obliged."

"How big was he?" my husband's voice was barely a whisper now.

"His cock was massive," I recall, my pussy getting even wetter at the memory. "I remember looking down at where we were joined,

watching him slide in and out of me, my tight white pussy stretched around his thick black cock. Watching him fuck me was the hottest thing I'd ever seen."

I close my eyes, letting the memories wash over me. The feeling of his body pressed against mine, the heat of our skin, the sound of our moans mingling together, it was all so erotic. My wet, sweaty skin with a mild tan rubbing endlessly against his charcoal dark one. It was the most sensual experience I've ever had. "It's like he was so big that I could still see most of his cock while he was inside me," the words blurt out of my mouth. "The sight was mesmerizing, and it only added to the pleasure I was feeling. The feeling of his strong hands gripping my hips, pulling me closer, deeper, was intoxicating. He was in complete control of my body, and I loved it."

"Don't hold back," Steve bites his lips as he slowly strokes his cock up and down. I could see the tip of it glisten. "Please, babe. I won't get upset-."

My heart races as I think back to the way Luke had taken me that night. "He was fucking me like a man possessed, thrusting into me with wild abandon, like he wanted to ruin me for any other man," I confess. And the look on my husband's eyes at that moment, Lord, he was lapping up every word. I just had to take a moment to relish his expression. What was going on with me? This was exciting as hell for me too, but wasn't this wrong? Seeing my husband get turned on while I tell him all this, especially adding in details like wanting me to ruin me for any other man. It was true, wasn't it, Molly? Steve's eyes said it all, they screamed with desire and lust and jealousy and pride. I didn't know how to react to that. But he nodded, encouraging me to continue. Was he proud of me for telling him all this? That I had a black ex-boyfriend who fucked me-I-fuck, who fucked me much better than he ever did in all our years of our marriage?

"I can still feel the way his cock rubbed against my spot, sending shockwaves throughout my body. It was like he knew exactly what he was doing, and he wasn't going to stop until I had cum again. His thick cock filled me up like nothing else, and I could feel myself

getting close to another orgasm. I was screaming, begging him to keep going, and he didn't disappoint."

"Fuck."

"I couldn't take it anymore; I needed to cum so bad, so I begged him to let me. He kept pounding into me, harder and harder, until I finally lost control, screaming his name as I came. Luke, Luke, LUKE!" I close my eyes and breathe deeply. I'm so turned on now that I can't help but touch myself. Steve moans loudly as I begin to rub my clit through my panties. He watches me pleasure myself in front of him like this. It was crazy hot, the whole situation. I felt like I was in college again, hooking up with Luke. My clit was throbbing with need, and I could feel my wetness soaking through my panties. I had to slow down for a second. Steve was getting really worked up, and I didn't want him to finish before we'd gotten to the best part. Neither did I. I wanted this to last as long as possible. Luke, oh, Luke. My sexy black stud.

"What did he say?" Steve asks, his voice thick with arousal. "What did Luke do when you started screaming his name?"

"Oh God," I moan as I think about that night. "He told me to keep saying his name because he loved the sound of me screaming it."

"And did you? Wha-what did he call you, did he call you any names?" he stutters out, the tip of his cock was swollen, oozing pre-cum.

"Yes, he called me a filthy little white slut," I admit. "It made me so hot."

Steve looks shocked.

I continue with more names he had for me. "He called me a dirty white bitch, and a nasty whore. He said he was going to fuck me until I forgot my own name. I loved every minute of it, I wanted him to use me, to make me his. I was gripping the sheets beneath me, screaming his name, begging him not to stop. He just kept thrusting into me, harder and faster, until I couldn't take it anymore. It hurt so good."

My husband's mouth hangs open as he listens to me describe the experience. He was so turned on; I could see his cock throbbing in his hand oozing.

"Then what happened?" he asks breathlessly, his voice barely audible. "H-How loud were you-."

"I remember feeling like I was on fire," I continue, lost in the memory. "My body was shaking uncontrollably, and I was completely overcome with pleasure. My mind went blank as I gave myself over to the sensation. I was floating on a cloud of pure bliss, and nothing else mattered. Luke continued fucking me, biting me everywhere as he thrust-."

The heat in my body increases as I recall that night, my skin burning with desire. The sensation is almost too much to bear.

"Keep going, Molly," Steve groans. "Please. Did you cum?"

"I was begging for him to fuck me harder," I continue not paying heed to my husband's question. "I wanted to feel all of him inside me, every inch of his cock. Luke didn't disappoint. He gripped my hips tightly and slammed into me with a force that shook my whole body. I could feel myself approaching the edge again, and I knew it wouldn't be long before I was falling over it. I told him how badly I wanted to cum-."

"Did you come together? Tell me!" Steve demanded.

"The pleasure was intense, and it didn't take long for me to reach the edge again," I have my eyes closed now. My fingers frantically fly as fast and wild as they could while my face contorts into one of sheer ecstasy. "I was screaming Luke's name, begging him to let me cum. He told me to wait for him, but I couldn't hold back anymore. I screamed as my orgasm washed over me. It was the most intense orgasm-."

"Oh, fuck!!" Steve grunts and lets out a whimper.

"-I'd ever experienced. My whole body was shaking, and I felt like I was going to pass out. I could feel Luke's cock pulsing inside me, and then he started filling me up with his hot, sticky load-inside me," I squeal while bucking my hips at the mere thought. I was going to

come too. The memories alone was bringing me to an earthshattering orgasm. But the way I told it to my husband made me cum even harder. Like I was living through my own recollection.

"Fuckfuckfuckfuck...FUCK!!!" Steve grunts loudly, his breathing heavy and ragged.

As I open my eyes, I see my husband's face scrunch up in concentration as he pumps his cock furiously. His grip tightens around his shaft, and his body tenses. His cock was red and bulging at the tip. "Uh, uh,uhh, fuckkkk," Steve hisses as he finally loses control.

Suddenly, streams of white, gooey cum shoot from the tip of his cock, coating his hands and stomach with thick ropes of seed. I watch in awe as he continues to pump himself, emptying his balls onto his lap. The sight is enough to push me over the edge. As I let go, my legs begin to shake, I continue with a wavering voice.

"I-I fuckiing-I'm-I came-I'm cumming, I'm cumming, Steve, Steve,-."

"No, say his name-not mine-."

"STEVE!" I cry out as I roll my neck back. "I'm FUCKING CUMMINGGGGGGG!"

My legs give out as the cushion beneath me becomes drenched in my juices. I ride the wave of pleasure, lost in the moment. The feeling of release is incredible, and I can't help but bask in it. My body trembles as the orgasm course through me, and the vivid image of Luke lingers in my head. My lips form into a smile as the warmth of contentment wash over me. I slowly come down from my high. I open my eyes, and I see my husband looking at me with love and admiration.

"God damn," he mutters, still trying to catch his breath. "That was intense."

"You're telling me," I laugh, still a little shaky.

"Show me how much you came, Mol," he asks with a tremor in his voice.

I look away and spread my legs like he wants. Embarrassment courses through my veins as a lone, thick, creamy ooze dribbles out of my pussy.

Steve says nothing but holds his dick in his hands. The living room was now eerily quiet. We were just breathing so hard after that exchange. The air was heavy with our scent of sex. The smell of it seemed to permeate the whole place.

We both look at each other sheepishly, almost embarrassed by what had transpired between us. We had never done anything like this before. I wasn't sure how I felt about it, but there was no denying that it was hot as hell.

What caught me off guard was what Steve did next. I expected the both of us to wind up for the night and head on upstairs but Steve crawls on his legs over to me and buries his face in my pink pussy.

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# CHAPTER 3:

*"What did you tell Luke?" Steve asks me as we streak through the highway.*

*I sat in silence, thinking about all the things that would happen tonight. The anticipation was killing me. I fidgeted in my seat, my legs crossed tightly together as the familiar tingling sensation began to grow between them.*

*"Nothing," I say quietly. "I just texted him, told him that me and Steve were in town, and I'd like to drop by if he had time."*

*Luke's response was almost instantaneous, his excitement evident in the way his words spilled out across the screen of my phone. He was eager to see me again. I couldn't help but smile at the thought of being reunited with my old flame. It had been years since we'd last seen each other, and I was curious to see how much he had changed. I wondered if he still looked as good as he did when we last met. A part of me knew he would. He only lived a couple of hours away so it wasn't that big of a deal.*

*"And then what happened? What did you two talk about?" Steve asks eagerly. His curiosity piqued; he couldn't wait any longer to know everything. "You know, Mol, after tonight is over, I wanna hear every detail."*

*I smile coyly at him, "Oh, you'll get the details later, don't worry."*

*"Did you tell him about me?" Steve asks, his voice barely audible over the hum of the car engine. "What did he say?"*

*"I told him that Steve would be dropping me off at his house," I stare out the window at the passing scenery. "He said it was fine. In fact, he asked if you wanted to come in too."*

*"Oh really?" Steve raises an eyebrow at me. "That's nice of him. I mean, it's been a long drive, and I wouldn't mind having a drink or two at his place. Maybe next time," Steve winks. "I'll bring a bottle of wine."*

*I laugh at my husband's attempt to mask his excitement. "You're so adorable, hon."*

*Steve would drop me off at Luke's and hang out, in his own words, at a bar gulping down a couple of drinks fantasizing about me*

*getting the brains fucked out of me before coming back to pick me up.*

*Something about it all seemed too good to be true. I never expected to be put in this situation. Not once. Steve was the perfect guy for me, but I always felt like there was something missing. Like I needed more than he could give me. Luke might fill that void. The excitement and passion I felt with him so many years ago was unlike anything I'd experienced before. He made me feel alive in ways that Steve never had. It was wrong, but I couldn't help myself. There was no denying it. But it didn't mean that I felt unsatisfied with my husband. I loved Steve deeply, and I knew he cared about me. He'd been nothing but supportive and understanding throughout our relationship. So, even though I wanted to explore this newfound desire within myself, I couldn't risk hurting him. I promised myself that I'd be careful. That whatever happened between Luke and me would remain strictly physical. I would make sure to keep things on a purely sexual level. This was just for fun. Nothing more.*

*I glance over at my husband, admiring how handsome he looks driving the car. I loved him with all my heart.*

*But what if all of this goes horribly wrong and I-I end up hurting Steve somehow? What if I break his heart? What if I do something stupid, horribly stupid that jeopardizes our marriage? What if I end up leaving Steve for Luke?*

*Suddenly, a wave of anxiety washes over me. I can feel the panic rising within me, threatening to overwhelm me. I close my eyes and take a deep breath, trying to calm myself.*

*"Everything okay, Mol?" Steve looks at the GPS. "Just got a minute or two left."*

*Don't be silly, Molly, I tell myself. You're overthinking things. This is just a casual encounter. It's not like you're going to fall head over heels for Luke all over again or anything. Besides, Steve is my husband and the only love of my life. Everything's gonna be fine.*

*I repeat these words over and over again until they finally sink in. I let out a sigh of relief, feeling my body relax.*

*"Yeah, hon, I'm fine," I reassure my husband with a smile. "Just excited to see Luke."*

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"Honey, what the hell are you doing?" I grab a fistful of Steve's hair. "God, it feels so good," I moan out loud.

He's lapping up all my cream like a dog drinking water from a bowl. "It's just..." he raises his head and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. He smiles sheepishly. "I really liked the way you told me that story, babe," he says in a low voice. His pupils are dilated, and his cheeks are flushed pink. He looks adorable. "I wanted to show you how much I enjoyed hearing it."

I giggle in excitement. Steve digs right back in. The slurping noises as he feasts on me send chills up my spine. My toes curl into balls as I ride the waves of pleasure coursing through my body.

"Molly, God, you taste so good," he murmurs between licks. "You have no idea how hot it makes me to hear you talk about fucking another man like that."

He pulls away and looks up at me again with those big puppy-dog eyes. There's a mischievous glint in them. "A black man at that. Fuck, baby, I wanna see you with someone else so bad. Please, promise me you'll convince him, Luke-."

I look down at his glistening face and run my fingers through his messy hair. The sight of him between my legs sends shivers through my core. "Okay, honey," I reply softly. "I'll do my best."

Steve gets up on his knees. He grabs hold of my thighs and yanks me towards him making me yelp out loud. Then he buries his face back in my pussy again, licking and sucking my clit while staring deep into my eyes. I bite my lip. Here we were two old married folks still so crazy for each other after all these years. And now here was my husband asking me to go fuck another guy. Was this real life?

His tongue delves deeper inside me and hits the spot. The sudden pressure causes me to arch my back off the couch. "Fuckkkk!" I groan loudly.

"That's right, baby," Steve growls against my skin. "This is how I'm going to be licking your pussy after you've been fucked by another man. This is how I'll be licking Luke's cum out of your wet cunt."

Jesus Christ, Steve.

"Oh, fuck, Steve," my fingers dig into his scalp. "You're so fucking dirty."

Where did that come from? The mere thought of my husband tasting Luke on my body makes my juices flow even more freely. The idea excites me beyond belief. It was so, so, so wrong. Terribly taboo. But the truth is that it turns me on. Knowing that Steve wants to enjoy the taste of another man's seed dripping out of my pussy makes my heart race with excitement. It makes me feel sexy and desirable. If only he knew what thoughts ran through my mind right now, what secret desires lingered within my soul.

My hips begin moving involuntarily against his face, grinding my wetness against his lips and teeth. I throw my head back and let out a scream of ecstasy.

"Please, honey, keep talking dirty to me," I beg him breathlessly. "Talk dirty to me, Steve."

"I want to taste every last drop of his cum in you, Mol," he says huskily. "I want to lick it all up until there's nothing left."

I grab two handfuls of Steve's hair and pull him closer to me. I had never felt more alive than in this moment.

"I still didn't finish the story, you know," I whisper. "There's more-after I came, a-after Luke came inside me, ohhh, fuck-," my fingers quake and grip the hairs tighter as Steve continues eating me out. I could barely concentrate on my own words because of the way Steve was devouring my pussy. My breath hitches in my throat, and I feel myself getting close again. His tongue explores every inch of my flesh, sending shivers throughout my body. The sensation is overwhelming. I writhe underneath him, trying desperately to hold on to reality. "He pulled his cock out and slapped it all over my pretty face," I continue.

"Tell me more, baby," Steve says in between licks. "Keep going. Tell me how it felt when he rubbed that black dick your face."

I bite my lip hard and whimper softly. "It-it felt amazing, Steve," I confess. "It was so hot, so dirty, so wrong. Like I was being used-."

"You liked being used, don't you?" Steve murmurs. He pulls away slightly and looks deep into my eyes. "Did you enjoy getting used like that, Mol?"

My cheeks turn crimson red. A wave of shame washes over me. I look away in embarrassment. How could he ask me such an intimate question? How could he expect me to admit these things out loud? It was so embarrassing. So, humiliating. Yet it aroused me greatly.

"Answer me," Steve orders sternly. Fuck.

My heart pounds in my chest. I take a deep breath before finally whispering, "Yes..." I cry out in pleasure. "God, I couldn't help it. I opened my mouth and took-his fucking-cock inside it."

Steve groans loudly. I feel his grip tighten around my thighs as he drives his tongue deeper into my cunt. My hands tremble uncontrollably, and my breathing grows heavy.

"Do you have any idea how much that turns me on, babe?" Steve whispers seductively. "You sucking off another man's dick after getting fucked by him. Fuck, that's so hot, Mol."

His words send chills down my spine. I can hardly believe what I'm hearing.

"I licked all the cream he pumped inside my pussy off his shaft," I gasp as Steve flicks my clit with his tongue. "I swallowed his cum. I ate it all up."

"Fuck, Molly," Steve growls. His fingers dig into the soft skin of my thighs.

"It just wouldn't fit in my mouth, the first time," I throw my hair back and buck wildly against his face. "I had to suck on it for a few minutes, to get him all hard again."

"You're such a dirty little whore, baby," Steve laughs devilishly.

"I know," I moan. "I had to get him hard again. I wanted more of him inside me. I wanted his dick deep in my throat-Ohhhhhh!" My voice trails off into a loud cry of pleasure as Steve bites lightly on my clit.

"And did you get him hard again?"

"I did, hon," I gasp. "I felt his cock go stiff and solid inside my mouth. I sucked him till I could feel his cock throb on my tongue." Steve buries his face between my legs once more.

"And what did he say when you were sucking his cock?"

"He said-oh fuck," I squeal as Steve runs his teeth gently over my swollen bud. "Said, told me to keep sucking on his big black cock-."

"Say it to me like he told you-."

"Babe," I gasp.

"Say it!" Steve pinches my clit hard causing me to yelp. "Tell me how he talked dirty to you while you slobbered on his dick."

"Suck my cock, white bitch," I gasp. "Do you love sucking my b-big," I mutter. "Babe, I-I can't."

It just felt so wrong. So filthy to talk this way about Luke with my husband. This wasn't something we had done before. It was new and exciting, and terrifying, and taboo, but so hot at the same time. Every time I uttered the words, a surge of electricity shot through my body. It was exhilarating. It made me feel alive like nothing else ever had before. It made it even hotter that Steve was digging his tongue deep within my folds as I spoke them.

"Keep going," Steve says gruffly. "I want to hear it."

"-big black cock, w-white bitch," I shut my eyes tight in shame. "He kept calling me a white bitch. A fucking dirty, filthy white bitch."

"Did you like being called that?" Steve asks curiously. His breath is hot against my skin. Nasty warmth spreads throughout my core.

I nod weakly, biting my lip. "Yes," I reply softly. "It made me feel sexy and dirty at the same time."

"How much do you want Luke's dick inside you right now?"

"So fucking much," I breathe heavily. "But I'd rather have yours in me now, baby, please-."

Steve kisses the inner part of my thighs. He nibbles lightly on the soft flesh sending chills down my spine. I squirm beneath him, moaning loudly as he continues to tease my sensitive spot with his tongue. My lips tremble, and my body tingles. The pressure builds

inside me, threatening to explode at any moment. I need release desperately.

My juices flow freely from my pussy onto Steve's face. His tongue slides effortlessly across my wetness, tasting every inch of my womanhood. My throbbing womanhood stood erect and swollen, aching for attention. I could tell he enjoyed making me feel this way because he never stopped licking me even once.

"Fuckkkk!!"

"And what did he do after you got him hard again-."

"He-He flipped me onto all fours," I blurt out. He pushed me forward so my face was in the pillow, ass high in the air. Then he grabbed my hips and slammed his cock back inside me," I groan. "Babe, I'm gonna c-cummm," I squeal. "Honey, please. No more," I cry.

"Turn around, Mol," Steve instructs me. "Get on your fours-."

I don't complain or question. My husband was giving me orders. And I loved it. I obey without hesitation. I quickly get on my hands and knees facing away from Steve on the chair. My ass and hips pushing out towards him. I could hear the sloppy juices fall down my thigh and drip onto the floor.

"God damnit, Molly," Steve growls. "Your fucking pussy is dripping wet, babe."

The moment Steve's lips touches the pinkness of my soft pussy lips, I let out a bloodcurdling scream. I grab hold of the couch cushions and dig my nails into the fabric. "Ohhhh...fuck...mmmmm," I shudder. My whole-body trembles uncontrollably as Steve laps up my juices. I can't take it anymore. "I'm gonna cum, Steve!"

"Not yet," he grunts. "Not until you finish telling me everything."

His words send shivers through my core. I bite my lip hard and try to fight off the urge to orgasm. It hurt to hold it in my stomach. Like I was trying to keep a water balloon from exploding. But somehow, I managed to continue talking. "Then he fucked me doggy style while pulling my hair, grabbing my tits and slapping my ass, saying nasty things to me-," I pause. "Nastiest things like-like telling me how tight my pussy was, calling me his white bitch, that I had such an

amazing body, how he loved fucking my wet pussy with his big black cock," I stammer out breathlessly. "He asked me if I've never been fucked before-Ah!"

My back arches sharply as Steve drives two fingers deep inside my sopping cunt. His thumb brushes lightly against my clit sending sparks flying through my nerve endings.

"I-I told him I'd been with a couple-Luke laughed and spanked my ass telling me I was lying," I whimper. "That I couldn't be this tight if I'd ever been with another man," I manage to say between moans. "I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum, I can't-."

"Don't you dare-."

"Ahhhhhhh!!" I let out a squeal of literal frustration. "He-Luke started fucking me again, even harder than before. My face was buried in the pillow, muffling my screams as he took me from behind. He was pounding me like an animal," I gasp. "And I loved every second of it. I was losing myself in the pleasure, letting go of all my emotions surrendering completely to him "I squeal again.

My entire body shook with pleasure, and I thought I was going to pass out from the intensity of having to hold it in. "I can't, babe, honey, Steve," I whimper as I bite my lips. "I wanna cum so fucking bad."

Steve continues eating me out, lapping at my juices hungrily while simultaneously fingering my pussy furiously. The combination is too much for me to bear. My vision blurs and my knees buckle. My voice sounded utterly pathetic and weak in my ears as I begged him to let me cum. But it didn't stop there.

"Tell me more," he growls.

"He was fucking me so hard and fast," I whine. "His balls were slapping against my ass loudly as he thrust his thick cock deeper inside me. He was so rough with me," I gasp. "Spanking me, hurting me while I moaned like a little bitch. I couldn't take it anymore. I felt like I was going to pass out from the screaming. He just kept fucking me harder and harder until I finally-fin-finally-."

"Did you beg him?"

"Beg him what?!" I cry.

"To stop-did you beg him to stop fucking you like that?"

"NO!" I yell defiantly. "Never! Not once did I tell him to stop!" I scream. "I was begging him, yes," I continue to wail uncontrollably. The words simply wouldn't stop falling out of my mouth. "Begging him to fuck me harder and faster, to use me like his dirty white bitch. He knew exactly what I wanted because he started calling me a filthy white cunt. Telling me how much he loved fucking my tight pink pussy with his big black cock," I groan as Steve pushes a third finger inside me. I feel tears welling up in my eyes from the overwhelming stimulation. It hurts so good. "I begged him not to stop. Ah, Luke, fuck me harder. Fuck me harder with that big black cock, I begged him. Please, don't ever stop. Oh God, I need a fucking dick in me so much, please-please-please-," I sob. "I-I-I'm gonna cum, I can't-."

"Don't-."

"No, STEVE!" I shriek. "I fucking can't. I'm gonna-."

Steve slaps my bare ass hard with his free hand causing me to yelp loudly.

"That's right, you'd better hold back till I say otherwise," he says sternly. "Do you understand, Mol?"

"Yesss," I hiss through gritted teeth. "Spank me more, please!"

Steve's palm connects with the flesh of my ass cheeks. The pressure builds within my core until it feels like I'm going to burst at any moment. It was pure torture to have to hold back. My whole body quivered with pent-up sexual frustration.

"Fuckkkk!" I scream. My hands grip tightly onto the cushion as I writhe under Steve's tongue. "It hurts so fucking much. I can't take it anymore. I swear to God I'm going insane, babe, honey, pleeease! Please let me cum. I'll do anything for it, I'll suck your dick, lick your asshole, whatever you want, just let me cum!" I say wildly. "Please, please, please-oh, shittttt," I groan as Steve brings his palm down hard on my rear end again. I could feel my ass stinging and

throbbing from the spanking. The pain only served to intensify the pleasure coursing through me.

"You know what happens next, Molly," Steve says huskily. "Tell me how he made you cum, baby. Tell me how deep he was inside you." My mind flashes back to that night. The images of Luke fucking me senseless on my fours come flooding into my brain. The memories are so vivid that I feel like they're happening right now. I'm completely lost in the fantasy world I've created around us. Everything else disappears except for Steve's voice and the sensations shooting through my body. "Luke fucked me deeper and harder than anyone has ever fucked me before," I whimper softly. "He was so fucking deep. Luke filled up every inch of space inside me. He stretched me out completely, I was taking his dick all the way in," I tremble. "It felt incredible. His cock felt like heaven inside me. So thick and long and hard. I never wanted him to stop. I wanted him to keep pounding me forever. I begged him not to pull out."

I was cramping now. My thighs, my groin, my abdominal muscles all hurt from having to resist the urge to just blast my cunt juice all over Steve's face. The buildup was excruciating.

"I can't anymore. Honey, Steve, I can't-I-I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum, oh, oh, oh, OH, OHHHHHHHH, OH, OHHH, UH, FUCK, STEVE!!" my hands reach for Steve's head behind me and pushes him onto my now primed up cunt. The fuse was lit and it was only seconds before I explode like some sort of manic volcano. "I'm cumming, I'm cumminnggg, I'm cummingggg!"

"Cum for me, baby," Steve orders all while refusing to give his tongue or fingers any rest at all.

The moment those words leave his lips, I let loose the torrential flood gates. My entire body convulses violently as waves of ecstasy wash over me. I throw my head back and scream at the top of my lungs. My legs quiver uncontrollably as my pussy clamps down on Steve's fingers. My words dissolve into a mindless shriek as a terrific orgasm rips through me like a tsunami crashing into shore. A million

explosions go off in my head simultaneously. All I can see is white light. I feel nothing but absolute bliss. It feels like every nerve ending in my body has been set ablaze by pure pleasure. My screams echo throughout the room, filling it with sounds of joyous passion. I was seeing stars. Steve continues lapping up my juices, licking and sucking on my clit while fingering my pussy furiously. My cries of ecstasy ring out loud throughout the room as another wave crashes over me. The intensity of my releases nearly overwhelms me completely. I couldn't believe how much I came. How hard. My juices flowed freely from between my legs splashing against Steve's face and dripping down onto the floor. I had never felt anything quite like this before. Nothing even remotely close to it. The pleasure lasts forever. My orgasm stretches on and on for what seems like an eternity. Eventually, though, it subsides. Slowly but surely, my senses return to normal. I slowly come back down to earth.

"Uhhhh, uhhh, uhhh," my throat sings in ragged gasps.

I ride out the last few tremors of my climax before collapsing forward onto the floor panting heavily.

Steve slowly pulls his hand away from my still dripping wet folds.

"That was amazing, Mol," he says breathlessly. "You were incredible, Mol."

My entire body goes limp as I collapse onto the couch, utterly spent. My muscles ache from being held tensed for so long. My skin glistens with sweat. I can barely move. I just lay there panting heavily trying to catch my breath. My chest heaves up and down rapidly while my heart pounds fiercely within its cage. Every fiber of my being aches. I was totally drained.

"Wow," I murmur softly. "Mmmm, mpphmm, ummm," I hum lazily.

I'm too exhausted to speak properly. My eyelids flutter as Steve holds me down from behind. His strong hands grip my hips firmly while his cock slides into my slickened hole. I groan weakly as I feel his thickness stretch me out once again. I am now sore from cumming so hard that his penetration hurts slightly, yet I don't complain. I merely moan softly and allow him to fuck me slowly and

gently. He moves inside me with a steady rhythm, telling me how wet I was.

And as Steve begins to increase the pace of his slow thrusts, my mind can only think of one thing; how badly I needed Luke's dick right now instead of my husband's.

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# CHAPTER 4:

*"Good luck," Steve kisses me full on the lips. I can feel his excitement as he gazes into my eyes. "Just remember what we talked about, okay?" he says nervously. "If you don't feel comfortable at all at any point during this-."*

*I smile warmly at him and nod my head.*

*"Don't worry," I assure him confidently. "I know exactly what I'm doing."*

*With those words, I step out of the car and make my way towards Luke's front door. Steve waits before driving off without any hesitation whatsoever. As I approach, I can feel butterflies dancing in my stomach. I take a deep breath and my finger lingers over the doorbell button.*

*Was this really happening? Am I actually going to go through with this? A thousand thoughts run through my mind as I contemplate what might happen next. Could I really do something like this? Should I even be here? What if Luke doesn't want anything to do with me anymore? And what if he does? Can I handle the consequences of my actions tonight? Will it destroy my marriage? Is it worth risking everything for one night of pleasure with someone else?*

*My finger presses hard down on the doorbell before I have time to think twice. I hear a faint ringing sound coming from somewhere inside. A few seconds later, footsteps approach the door. It opens revealing Luke standing there wearing nothing but a pair of shorts and a loose T-shirt. He looks absolutely gorgeous. His muscular physique is still evident beneath the fabric of his shirt. His face is clean shaven which accentuates his strong jawline nicely. His dark black eyes stare intensely at me as he smiles broadly.*

*"Heyyyyy," he hugs me into a nice embrace. He smells so good. I can't help but smile.*

*"Heeeey, Luuuuke," I let out a soft giggle. I had missed him so much over the years.*

*"Come on in," he says excitedly, leading me inside his house. "How long has it been since I last saw you? Jesus, Molly, you look great!" he takes hold of my hand and leads me deeper inside his place.*

*"Thanks," I blush slightly at his compliment. "You're looking pretty good yourself, Luke."*

*The interior of his house is simple yet stylish. The living room contains only minimal furniture consisting mainly of a couch and two chairs set around a glass coffee table. The walls are adorned with pictures of landscapes and abstract art pieces. There's a flat screen TV mounted on the wall opposite the couch facing towards where most people would sit while watching television. It was obvious that Luke took pride in decorating his home.*

*And of course, all those memoirs, those photographs from college, pictures taken with NFL star, the trophies on display in their glass cabinets, they all reminded me of just how successful Luke was in life. It made me feel proud to be associated with such an amazing individual. Even more so that I know him a bit personally.*

*We sit down together, me on one side of his couch and Luke on a chair to my side.*

*\*\*\**

Luke offers me a drink which I graciously accept. We chat about our lives for a while catching up on what happened since graduation. I tell him about Steve and how wonderful he's been to me throughout the years.

"I wish he could have visited," Luke shrugs. "Steve sounds like a great guy."

"Thank you," I smile. "He said he'd like to come over with a bottle of wine sometime, too."

My crystal blue eyes wander all over every detail of his handsome, black face. Those dark eyes, those full lips. He hasn't aged a bit. If anything, he looks better than ever before. My heart skips a beat when he smiles back at me. His pearly white teeth glisten under the light above us. I feel myself getting aroused by his mere presence. Just being in close proximity to him makes me tingle between my thighs.

I take a sip from my glass of red wine. "It's so nice to see you again after all this time," I say shyly. I brush my hair behind my ear nervously. "You still look the same," I sigh. "Can't say the same for me," I laugh awkwardly.

"Molly...you're beautiful," he says softly. "Always have been."

My cheeks flush hot as I blush uncontrollably.

I turn away slightly embarrassed by my reaction. "So," I clear my throat trying desperately to change the subject. "Do you live alone?" I ask curiously.

"Yeah, I do," he chuckles slightly. "Well, except for the occasional female company, that is," he laughs and gives me a wink. I laugh back and give him an understanding nod.

"You never had problems with having female company ever," I admit.

"True. But yeah, I've never really had much interest in settling down or starting a family yet," he continues. "I enjoy having the freedom to do whatever I want whenever I want without worrying about anyone else."

The lipstick on my glass leaves a bright red mark on the rim. "Are you sure it's not because no woman can handle you?" I tease him playfully.

Luke scoffs and shakes his head dismissively. "Nah, I'm sure there are plenty who could keep up," he replies arrogantly. "It's just that none of them were worth the trouble. Maybe a few," he looks at me and takes another sip from his own glass before placing it back down onto the table beside him. Then he sits back into the couch and crosses one leg over the other. His eyes slowly, ever so slowly travel across my body. I feel a tingling in my stomach as his gaze lingers over my breasts before returning to meet my eyes once more.

I finish my drink with one last sip and as I lean forward to set the glass on the table in front of me, I couldn't help but notice his eyes linger right on my tits. I acted like I didn't notice but I loved it. He still had that hungry look on his face when I first walked in. Like a lion, a big animalistic beast ready to pounce on its prey. The thought made me shiver with excitement. I was dressed to impress after all. A shimmering, black dress that showed off my cleavage perfectly while hugging my curves in all the right places. My hair was tied into a tight bun at the back with only a few strands falling loose to the sides. I knew what Luke liked, and this outfit definitely wasn't meant for hanging out with girlfriends. I could tell that he approved of my choice of attire judging by the way he kept glancing at my chest every chance he got. That's right, keep ogling at me, you naughty black stud, I said to myself.

Luke notices me staring at him intently. "Would you like another glass?" he asks.

"No, please," but he refuses to listen. "Are you trying to get me drunk?" I giggle as he pours me another full glass of wine and hands it to me. Our fingers touch briefly causing sparks to fly between us. My skin tingles as our gazes lock once again.

"Why would I do something like that?" he smirks mischievously. "If I wanted to have my way with you, Molly, do you think I'd need to get you drunk?"

I take a sip from the new glass he'd offered me with a seductive smile on my face. I say nothing but I absolutely adored this man sitting next to me. Everything about him turned me on like crazy. The fact that we hadn't seen each other since college suddenly made him seem so much more appealing. On top of all that, there was the whole promise that I made with Steven...but if Luke was going to make the first move then who am I to stop him?

"Well, you never know," I tease him playfully. "You might be surprised."

Luke leans in close to me and whispers huskily into my ear. "Molly, baby, you're playing with fire," he warns me. "You don't want to start anything you can't finish."

My heart flutters inside my chest as his warm breath tickles against my skin. He was so close to me that I could feel his hot breath on my cheek. It made me shudder with anticipation.

"Maybe," I breathe back while looking into his eyes. "Maybe, I do, Mr. Quarterback," I purr softly.

Luke stares deep into my eyes and smiles devilishly. His gaze drops down to my lips before slowly rising back up to meet mine once again. I swear there was an electrical current flowing between us in that moment. I could almost taste the raw lust emanating from his body. I had never felt such desire in all my life.

"You shouldn't tease men like me, Molly," he says in a low growl. "Not unless you intend to follow through. I'm sure you know that by now," his hand slowly moves up along my leg towards my inner thigh. His touch sends shivers down my spine as his fingers lightly brush across my bare flesh. My breathing becomes shallow and ragged as I struggle to control myself. I felt a fire ignite instantly within the pit of my stomach. Every nerve ending in my body tingled in excitement. I tried desperately to remain calm yet my mind raced frantically. A thousand thoughts raced through my brain at once. My eyes were simply fixed on his. My eyelashes fluttered in all their mascaraed glory.

"I don't think I do," I reply softly. "Would you care to remind me?"

His hand slides higher still, creeping under the hem of my skirt until his fingertips reach the edge of my panties. "I thought you'd never ask," he replies huskily.

His fingers trace patterns against the soft fabric covering my mound causing goosebumps to erupt across my skin.

"Ah," I moan quietly as the pleasure builds within me. I should be stopping him. I should be telling that I was a married woman. But instead, I found myself unable to utter any form of protest whatsoever. My entire body ached for him. I needed this so badly. And so, I merely sit there motionless allowing him full access to do whatever he wants with me.

Luke leans forward and kisses me hard. And all the breath in me leaves me in one fell swoop. Our tongues intertwine passionately while our lips lock tightly together. I kiss back fervently, relishing every second of contact between us. He tastes so sweet. Like honey mixed with vanilla ice cream. His lips feel amazing against mine. The sensations coursing through my veins send jolts of electricity through every fiber of my being. I can barely contain myself anymore. This was what I had wanted. I was glad that the build-up was as short as I expected it to be. This was Luke after all. A man that I knew so well. A man that I loved and trusted. A man that I could easily give myself over to completely without fear. A man that I could surrender everything to, completely.

His hand reaches for my face. Luke caresses my pink cheeks gently while we continue making out heatedly on his sofa. He nibbles lightly on my bottom lip before trailing soft kisses down my jawline towards my earlobe. He takes the sensitive flesh between his teeth and bites down firmly causing me to gasp loudly in surprise. I feel his tongue swirl around the shell of my ear sending tingles running throughout my body.

"Molly," he whispers seductively in my ear. His warm breath tickles my skin sending shivers down my spine. "I missed you so much."

"I have a husband, Luke," I whimper weakly in response. "And he knows I'm here-and why..."

"Doesn't matter," he growls possessively. "He's not here right now, is he?"

His words cause my heart rate to increase significantly. I'm not sure what to say to him. I know I shouldn't be doing this but I want him so badly. I crave his touch more than anything else at this moment. If only Steve could see how turned on I was right now. He would probably think it was hot that his wife was all over her ex college flame. He would probably encourage it even if he knew just how badly I needed this.

And so did Steve.

I bite my lip nervously as he continues kissing along my neckline slowly trailing towards my collarbone. "What are you doing to me?" I moan softly.

"Showing you how much I missed you," he replies confidently. His hands slide under the hem of my dress lifting it higher up over my hips exposing my black panties underneath. His fingers dance across the elastic band teasingly before slipping inside my underwear.

"St-hHH," my breath hitches when I feel them brush against my clit. Luke rubs circles around my sensitive nub sending waves of bliss washing over me.

"Did you miss me?" he murmurs as he slides two fingers deep within my folds. I cry out in pleasure as he begins pumping in and out of me quickly. He knows exactly where to touch me. This was all happening way too fast. I whimper with my eyes closed and my lips quivering.

The heat radiating off of his body is almost palpable. The scent of his cologne fills my nostrils making me lightheaded. My head spins wildly as I fight to regain control of myself.

"Ahhh," I moan loudly as he pushes deeper into my pussy hitting that special spot inside me perfectly. "I-I-I can't," I shake my head. "You can't-."

Luke silences me by covering my mouth with his own. Our tongues dance together hungrily while his fingers continue thrusting deep inside my dripping wet cunt.

"Uhhmmph," I groan desperately trying to break away from him but unable to do so. His strong arms pinning me firmly against the couch. It's painfully obvious that he's enjoying himself immensely taking full control over the situation. And I want nothing more than to give in completely to his desires. I want to let go. But I can't. I was holding back. Was it guilt? Or was it fear of losing myself again? I wasn't sure which emotion was winning, but they were both present in equal measure.

I tried one last time to resist his advances but my efforts proved futile. I was weak against Luke. Always had been, always would be. Especially when he touched me like this. I could never refuse him anything when he put his hands on me. Even if I wanted to.

"Stop fighting it," he whispers huskily between kisses. "Give in to me. You know you can't resist," he taunts me.

My pussy reacts almost as if he recognizes his fingers. Almost as if it knew that it wasn't my dear beloved husband that was working magic inside me right now. Instead, it felt more like an old lover that I'd forgotten existed until just recently. An old flame that I could easily relight any time I desired.

Luke moves faster inside me, slamming hard against my g-spot repeatedly causing me to gasp loudly with each contact.

"Ohhhh," I moan loudly arching my back slightly raising my hips up off the couch cushion allowing him better access. "That feels amazing," I whisper breathlessly.

"Do you like it?" he takes a soft bite of my chin. "You knew this was going to happen when you walked in here-."

"No," I lie. "This is wrong," I breathe out shakily. "Please stop."

He ignores my pleas completely and continues his ministrations upon my body. I feel his lips trailing down my neck towards my breasts where he bites gently onto the fabric covering my nipples. I whimper pitifully as he sucks hard through the thin material sending sparks flying throughout my core.

"Mmmm," he growls with satisfaction after releasing my tit from his mouth leaving behind wet stains. His hand reaches up to cup my

face tenderly stroking my cheek lovingly. My eyes flutter so weakly before I lose all sense of reality. Luke holds my head steady forcing me to look directly at him as his thumb traces circles around the outline of my mouth. I stare deeply into those beautiful dark irises feeling completely mesmerized by his gaze.

"Look at me," he demands softly. "You're mine tonight," he says firmly. "Look into my eyes."

His words hit me deep inside my chest. My heart beats wildly within its cage as adrenaline floods every inch of my being. The urge to submit completely overwhelms me. It's all I want. All I ever wanted from the moment we reconnected. To be his. And his alone.

I obey without question.

My arms fling themselves around his neck pulling him closer to me. Our tongues wrestle hungrily as we kiss passionately. He pulls away momentarily gazing intently into my eyes once more.

"Good girl," he praises me sweetly before leaning back in claiming my mouth again. His hands explore my body freely now touching, caressing, massaging every inch of flesh available to him. I writhe beneath him desperately seeking more contact between us. I run my fingers through his hair tugging lightly causing him to growl possessively. "You're daddy's good little white girl," Luke reminds me. I nod my head weakly unable to speak coherently due to the overwhelming sensations flooding my brain.

"Say it," he commands sternly.

"I'm daddy's good little white girl," I repeat brainlessly.

Nearly a decade after we graduated, I was still Luke's woman. Even if I had a husband waiting for me back outside somewhere.

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*TO BE CONTINUED...*

## BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR:

### **Becky Goes Black!**

[Read here!](#)

Sophomore student Becca Channing's summer break vacation in Miami goes better than expected when her best friend Mikayla Monroe gets VIP passes for the both of them at a high-end nightclub in town! What was supposed to be a normal night out with her bestie turns out to be the wildest night of her life as innocent Becky falls for the charms of Jerome, an acquaintance of Mikayla at the club. Jerome's muscled stature, his height, and beautiful dark skin are too much for Becky, and she ends up falling head over heels for him the same night they meet. What follows is a whirlwind story of the sexual awakening of a young woman who just didn't know what her body or mind were capable of! Will Becca regret cheating on her faithful yet nerdy white boyfriend Tim? How will her life change after sleeping with a black man for the first time? Will she hide her infidelity from her boyfriend and continue to pursue this illicit affair with a powerful black man like Jerome?

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### **Blacked! By the Boxer Who K.O'd My Boyfriend!**

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In the aftermath of a tragic boxing match, Katherine grapples with the loss of her boyfriend, Mark. The ring was meant for glory, not tragedy, but when Mark faced off against the formidable Demarcus, fate dealt a cruel hand—Mark was dead, killed by a fatal blow from Demarcus's fist. Now, left to navigate the void that Mark's absence has created, Katherine seeks solace. As grief intertwines with desire, she discovers unexpected avenues for healing, drawing her into a world where pain and pleasure collide in ways she never imagined.

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## **Molly Becomes a Hotwife**

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Steve, harboring a fantasy he's hesitant to unveil, broaches the subject of introducing another man into their intimate world. Intrigued yet unsure, Molly's curiosity sparks as Steve's inquiries delve into her past, igniting a conversation that leads them down a path neither had anticipated. They find themselves drawn to Luke—Molly's black ex-boyfriend from college. Despite initial reluctance, Molly agrees to Steve's fantasy, and what unfolds is a journey that neither of them could have predicted.

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## **Cheerleader Stacey Betrays White Cuckold Boyfriend to Get Blacked!**

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In the pulsating world of college rivalries, Stacey, the cheer captain, cheers on her beloved team from the sidelines. The underdog football team, led by the charismatic Tyrese, faces overwhelming odds in the state finals. Stacey, convinced her team won't win, agrees to a date with Tyrese if they do. To her shock, they claim victory! But now, with her insecure white boyfriend Patrick unaware, Stacey must navigate the growing attraction she feels for Tyrese, the man who just led his team to glory.

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## **Blacked! On My Wedding Day by My Black Ex-Boyfriend!**

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In the moments before her wedding, Cassandra stands at a crossroads. About to marry Jason, the epitome of stability, she is haunted by memories of her passionate past with Darius, her black ex-boyfriend. When Darius shows up unannounced, the flames of their old relationship ignite again. Today, she must choose between her safe, predictable future with Jason and the raw, untamed passion she once shared with Darius.

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## **Jessica's Night Out! Blacked by the Rapper! And His Friend!**

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Jessica is swept up in the energy of the concert, thanks to her best friend, Mackenzie, who surprises her with tickets to see the famous rapper ZeeJay. What starts as a night of dancing and fun soon turns into a night of temptation, as Jessica finds herself grinding on a black stranger who awakens her inner desires. Caught between her stable boyfriend Brandon and the allure of the night, Jessica must decide how far she's willing to go.

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## **A Black Thug's White B\*\*\*\***

[Read here!](#)

I am Molly White. A 49-year-old conservative Christian mother of two, living a boring life in Illinois. I was faithful to my husband, Mark... until I met him. The thug who awakened a carnal pleasure inside me. I don't regret submitting to him, nor do I regret the dozens of encounters we've had since. My marriage? The sanctity of it all? Thrown away, all thanks to him. And I feel sorry for none of it.

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## **Blacked by Her Bully Ex-Boyfriend!**

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Timmy, a nerdy white guy, is thrilled to be dating Stacy, a stunning blonde from his class. But his excitement quickly fades when Rashad, Stacy's charismatic black ex, reappears. Timmy's insecurities about Rashad fuel his desire to please Stacy in ways he never imagined. As Stacy rekindles her relationship with Rashad, Timmy is drawn into a cuckold fantasy that pushes the boundaries of his comfort zone and leaves him questioning his place in Stacy's life.

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