

A woman with long brown hair wearing a black bikini top. The image is used as a background for the book cover.

*Taken While
Hubby Watches*

3 BOOK BUNDLE

Manus Dare

Taken by the **JOCK**

Taken by the **RIVAL**

Taken by the **EX**

Taken While Hubby Watches: The Complete Series

Manus Dare

Published by Manus Dare, 2022.

This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

TAKEN WHILE HUBBY WATCHES: THE COMPLETE SERIES

First edition. September 26, 2022.

Copyright © 2022 Manus Dare.

Written by Manus Dare.

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[Taken While Hubby Watches: The Complete Series](#)

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

[4](#)

[5](#)

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

[4](#)

[5](#)

[6](#)

[1](#)

[2](#)

[3](#)

Taken by the Jock

"So. Jamal," I sighed as I straightened the stack of papers on my desk. "Do you know why I called you in here?"

"I don't know, Mr. T." Jamal said, stretching out his long, black legs and putting his arms over his head.

I allowed the students to use the first initial instead of my last name, Thomas. It usually made the student athletes feel more comfortable. However, hearing the diminutive come out of Jamal's smiling mouth just made me angry.

"You've been skipping English." I said and made a show of looking down at the paperwork in front of me even though I knew what it said.

Jamal Cross. Star quarterback for the small junior college where I was the academic counselor. No one knew exactly why Jamal had been kicked out of the Division 1 school he'd been attending, although rumor had it that it had something to do with the head coach's wife. I didn't know if I took that seriously, or not. I had known some coaches who would gladly give up their wives for a winning team.

Still, my job wasn't to worry about all that. My job, as academic supervisor, was to ensure this cocky, black kid passed his classes so he could keep on playing and maybe make it back into Division 1.

"Come on, Mr. T." Jamal grinned. "It's an 8 o'clock class. I oversleep sometimes."

A lot of the students at the college had legitimate learning disabilities and really needed my help. But, every year there was a kid like Jamal, coasting through school on his talent and charm.

And he had charm, there was no doubt about that. I saw the way the girls watched him as he walked the halls, admiring his trim, muscular physique and winning smile. Some of the teachers watched him as well. He wielded his looks, charm, and fame to get out of class and hop into beds with equal deftness.

"You want to get out of here don't you? I asked him. "Get to a D1 school?"

"Hell yes!" He said.

"Well then, you've got to do the work in class as well as on the football field."

"I know. I know." Jamal hung his head as if in shame. "I promise to try better Mr. T."

I bit back my frustration. I'd heard it all before. He might try for a day or two, maybe even a week. In the end, however, he would end up skipping and I would have another talk with him. I really wanted to help Jamal, but his smug superiority and his faith that the school would just cover everything up for him made me angry.

What made it worse was that there was nothing I could do about it. My job wasn't to yell or fight with the him. My job, as had been reinforced by the school's director and the head coach, was to make sure that kids like Jamal kept playing. That thought only made the rage in my gut boil up until I could taste the bile in my throat.

"All right, Jamal." I said, finally, throwing up my hands. "I'll see if I can get you some makeup work with Mrs. Hoyt. But, you've got to start going to class."

"I will, I will." Jamal said, all smiles. "Thank you, Mr. T."

We both stood up at the same time and I walked him to the door. He turned and gave me a big, cocky grin.

"Hey, I'll say hi to Mrs. T. for you when I see her."

I forced a smile on my face. Jessica, my wife, was the physical trainer for the football team. It was the main reason we moved to this tiny junior college in the middle of nowhere.

During the first game of the season, Jamal had been sacked in a bone-crushing pile of bodies. Miraculously, the young quarterback only ended up with a slightly sprained ankle. However, an injury like that could keep a player off the field. And since that was only reason for coming to the junior college, indeed the only reason he was recruited, it was my wife's job to make sure that he kept in fighting shape.

"Oh yeah? I thought that your ankle was all better?"

"Oh, you know." Jamal gave me a smile with I thought might be a hint of a sneer. "Mrs.T. just wants to spend some extra time with me. You know how she.'

"Sure." Something about his tone and that smile sent a tendril of jealousy slither like a snake through my guts.

I watched Jamal walk down the hall, pointing to a couple of freshman girls who giggled as he sauntered past them.

I went back to my desk, my mind working. Jessica had been spending a lot of late nights at the school. She told me it was to help one of the injured players. There were always one or two that she would spend extra time with after practice, so I didn't think anything of it.

Now, I realized that she'd been spending time with Jamal. Not that that should bother me, but it did. I sat down at my desk and looked at a picture of Jessica. It was my favorite. She was in a simple white dress, sitting under a tree, gray eyes sparkling with laughter as she smiled at the camera.

It was one of those rare pictures that captured the very essence of my sweet, loving life in perfect detail. It's why I'd had it printed and put on my desk, even though I am not someone that usually goes in for pictures.

I looked at Jessica's face and couldn't help but think of her her white hands on Jamal's black skin as she massaged his leg and worked his ankle back and forth, back and forth. It's her job, so she has to touch the students and this was not the first time I've thought about her with one of the athletes. The idea of her touching big, muscular black men was a turn on so forbidden, I couldn't even tell her about it. That didn't stop me from fantasizing about her white body against black skin when we are having sex. I'd even masturbated a few times thinking of my wife with a big, black cock fucking her firm, white body.

The feeling was different this time. Before, it was only been faceless black boys. Now, I could see Jamal's smug face and I felt that slither of jealousy in my stomach. Despite the anger, my cock was rock hard in my pants.

I forgot where I was and reached down to touch myself when Marlena Hoyt, the English teacher, poked her head in the door.

"Am I going to see Jamal today?" She asked.

"Yes." I said and hoped Marlena didn't notice my voice tremble.
"I think so."

"Good." She frowned. "Scott are you alright? You look pale?"

"No, no. I'm good." I said and turned the picture of Jessica aside so she was not staring at me. "I'm just fine."

I have a hard time focusing on work the rest of the afternoon. I called Jessica around three and asked when she would be wrapping up for the night and she told me she had to work late. It bothered me that she wouldn't tell me she was working with Jamal. She knew how I felt about the smug bastard, I'd complained about him often enough.

Finally, I told myself that Jessica must not have thought it needed to be mentioned. Jamal wasn't important enough. After all, he was just another student athlete.

I called her again at six and was not really surprised that she didn't answer. I sat behind my desk and wondered what to do. I convinced myself that what we needed was a night out. Maybe a quiet dinner, then some T.V. before bed. I tried to remember the last time we'd had a nice date night like that. We had been so wrapped up in our jobs, what with football season, time together had fallen by the wayside.

Dinner was a great idea. The smile that Jamal had given me when he left my office came back as I locked the door. I pushed the image to the back of my mind. It was only natural that I wanted to spend time with my wife. It had nothing to do with me being jealous of some junior college jock.

The football facilities were closed, but the back door for faculty was still unlocked so at least I didn't have to bang on the door. I walked through the state of the art athletic center and the spacious locker rooms and thought about how much money was wrapped up in the athletic programs. It drove everything. Enrollment, donations from wealthy alumni and an intense sense of pride. It is hard not to feel it myself as I walked past the huge Bulldog in blue painted along the hall, snarling down at me. And I didn't even like sports.

The locker rooms were deserted, the students either eating or sleeping or getting ready for their next classes. Some rebellious kids might have been partying, although the coach would rip them a new

one if he found out. As I passed from the locker room to the weight room I could hear Jessica's voice from her exam room at the end of the hall.

"Please, Jamal!" I heard her whine. "We can't do this again!"

"Come on, Mrs. T." Jamal's voice was low and smooth. "You know you want to."

"No, I don't." Jess moaned. "Not here. Please—"

Jess's voice was cut off by a resigned groan and then a wet, slurping sound. My cock sprang to life hard. I knew what I was going to see, even before I looked through the door.

The sight was even worse, and more exciting, than I'd imagined.

Jamal was standing over my beautiful wife, gripping handfuls of her dark hair and pulling her face into his crotch. I looked in horror as Jessica stretched her lips around his huge cock which was at least three times my length and twice as big around. With wet, eager slurping sounds she shoved him deep into her mouth until the head of his cock gagged her. She coughed around the thick shaft and a huge amount of spit and drool dripped over the black skin and down her chin. Both hands gripped the black flesh and she used the spit to lube up the enormous shaft and shove it back into her hungry mouth.

"Fuck, bitch!" Jamal says. "You suck Mr. T's cock like this?"

Jessica moaned, but said nothing. Instead, she sucked harder and I could see her wedding ring sparkling as her hands worked the thick, black shaft.

Jamal laughed and took Jessica's head in his hands. He held her still and fucked her face until she was choking. She pushed against his hips, making him pull out his cock and my beautiful, innocent wife coughed up another huge amount of spit that left her face a wet, slutty mess.

"Fuck yeah, bitch!" Jamal says. "I know you don't. You didn't even know how to suck cock before you met me."

He was right. The few times that Jessica had given me a blowjob it was nothing like this messy, hungry cock worship. Despite her earlier protest, she loved this black bastard's cock. Not only that, but

the sight of his thick, black shaft stabbing into my wife's hungry hole made my cock strain painfully in my pants.

Jamal continued to alternate between letting Jessica worship his black cock and fucking her face. I couldn't believe that he still hadn't cum. If Jess *ever* sucked my dick like that, I would have cum in seconds.

So, I was surprised when Jamal pushed Jessica back from his cock. My wife moaned, still trying to attack his dick. Jamal laughed and pulled her up to her feet. She was breathing heavily, her lips open, waiting for Jamal to kiss her, or tell her what to do. Or both. Instead, Jamal grabbed her and bent her over the exam table.

I ducked back, making sure that I couldn't be seen, but Jessica was not paying attention to the doorway. Instead, she looked over her shoulder as Jamal moved up behind her.

Jamal ripped the black tights down over Jessica's taut, white ass. She squirmed, wiggling her firm butt cheeks in front of her lover, using her body to bring him closer.

I should have yelled or screamed. Anything to stop the inevitable. I was frozen, however, and my own cock was harder than it had ever been. Like Jessica, my own body was betraying me.

Jessica looked over her shoulder, her face towards the door. For a moment, I thought she saw me. Then, I saw her eyebrows frown and I heard her groan as Jamal swabbed the thick head of his cock over my her pussy.

"Tell me you want it, bitch!" Jamal hissed and Jessica cried out as his cock bumped across her clit.

"Please, just do it!" My cock jumped in my pants when I heard those words. "Just fuck me!"

"No way, slut! Tell me you want it!"

"Oh god!" Jessica shook her head, trying to fight the pleasure.

Jamal continued his slow teasing and it was driving both me and Jessica insane. If I had been faced with Jessica's wet, willing pussy, there was no way I could have held back. Yet, this young, black asshole was in full control, manipulating my wife with his cock waiting for her to submit.

I could tell when it happened. Jessica whipped her head up, an intense look of anger and lust on her face. She looked back over her shoulder at Jamal and the words she said tore me up inside.

"I want it, you bastard!" She cried. "I want it!"

"Good girl." Jamal laughed. "Now, here's your reward!"

Jessica's scream of pain and pleasure filled the small room as Jamal plunged his cock into her firm body. I watched, mesmerized as he fucked her with, his trim, muscular form a perfect fit for Jessica's white, well-toned body. Jessica's shoved back into Jamal's black body, answering each savage thrust with a lunge of her hips. The wet smack of their bodies filled the room with a hot rhythm pounding. I was struck by how good they looked together.

They moved like they were made for each other.

"Oh, fuck, baby!" Jessica cried. "I'm going to cum! I'm going to cum on that big, black cock!"

"Fuck, yes, Mrs. T!" Jamal grunted and fucked into her even harder. "Cum for me you little slut!"

A moment later Jessica's voice reached a new pitch, one I had never heard before. I spurted out out my with Jessica's voice echoing in my ears. We came together, her around Jamal's thick, black monster and me in my pants.

"Fuck yeah, Jamal! I love that cock, baby! I love it so much!" Jessica screamed and my cock spasmed again, releasing more cum into my boxers.

Jamal laughed cruelly but he didn't let up and continued to hammer into her. A wave of shame settled over me as the pleasure of my orgasm receded. I looked at Jamal, still fucking my wife with hard, steady thrusts. I couldn't believe that he hadn't cum yet.

My wife's legs gave out somewhere during her second orgasm and she slumped forward. Her thighs quivered and Jamal shoved her down onto the table. With one strong black hand pinned my wife to the table and fucked her helpless pussy even harder.

"Oh yeah, bitch! I'm going to cum, baby. I'm going to cum inside of that sweet, married pussy!" Jamal yelled.

Jessica tried to look back at him, her eyes wide. She had just enough sense left in her fevered brain to try and stop him.

“Jamal! No! I could get pregnant!”

However, at the moment, another orgasm crashed through her body and her protests were replaced by screams of pleasure. Jamal tensed and I was sure that he was going to cum inside of her. Instead, he pulled out of Jessica’s cunt and grabbed her by the hair.

“If you won’t let me have your cunt, I’m going to take your mouth!” Jamal hissed.

“Whatever you want, baby!” Jessica moaned.

Jamal pulled her backwards off the table and she fell to the floor, looking up as Jamal shucked his cock wet dripping with her cum. I watched in awe as my wife opened her lips and Jamal shoved his black cock into her mouth.

“That’s right, baby!” Jamal growled down at her. “I’m going to cum in your mouth, bitch! Fuck yeah!”

Jessica had never done that for me before. She sucked my cock, but it had always been foreplay. She told me that she never really liked the taste of cum. I realized, as I watched her suck Jamal’s black cock, she had never wanted to taste my cum.

The jealousy tore through my body, but there was nothing I could do. I couldn’t even jerk off as I had already cum and my cock lay limp and sticky in my cum-filled pants.

“Give it to me, baby!” Jessica moaned, between slurps of Jamal’s cock. “Please give me your cum!”

Jamal let out a cry and tensed. Jessica held the tip of his cock in her mouth, her lips clamped tight against the black skin so she would not lose one drop of Jamal’s thick seed. An intense sense of loss settled over me as my wife looked up at this young, black stud with what I could only describe as love in her eyes.

Finally, Jamal’s body stopped jerking. Jessica raised her hand and stroked the the shaft, milking the last few drops into her mouth before she let him go. Jamal’s cock slipped from her lips and she opened her mouth. I saw her tongue between her poke out of her open lips, coated with Jamal’s thick, white cum. Her mouth was full of his thick seed and she was showing it to him. It was such an act of love and devotion that it made me weak in the knees. I slumped

against the door frame, watching as my wife swirled her tongue around her mouth and played with Jamal's huge load.

"Good girl." Jamal grinned and sank back against the exam table. "Now swallow it."

That's when it happened. I couldn't contain it any longer. I moaned as Jessica closed her mouth and I saw her throat work as she swallowed Jamal's thick load. Jessica didn't hear my moan, but Jamal did. He looked over at the doorway, saw me and gave me one of his cocky, shit-eating grins.

I threw myself backwards and out of the doorway, knowing it was already too late. My knees struck a bin of dirty laundry. I heard Jessica cry out even as I came crashing down into a heap of sweaty, smelly towels.

"Oh my god!" She cried. "Someone's here!"

"Don't worry, baby!" Jamal laughed. "It's only your husband."

Jamal came around the corner, still naked.

"Hey, there, Mr. T!" He said, grinning down at me. "Enjoy the show?"

I was too embarrassed to be angry. Jessica came around the corner, a towel wrapped around her naked breasts.

"Scott, oh my God!" She cries. "Oh God!"

"It's alright, baby." Jamal said. "He was watching us. Looks like he enjoyed himself too."

He pointed to my crotch. I looked down at my khaki shorts and saw the dark brown stain where my cum had soaked through my pants. I grabbed a towel, but it was too late. They had both seen my shame. Shock and rage burned in my chest.

"Shut the fuck up, you piece of shit!" I got up off the floor and pushed my close Jamal's.

"What are you going to do, Professor?" Jamal asked, not even flinching. "You going to hit a student?"

I couldn't stop myself. I swung my fist as hard as I could and felt the incredible pain as my hand hit his jaw. I heard the sharp, quick snap as my bone broke an instant before the pain shot up my arm and stabbed all the way to my shoulder. The pain made me cry out. Jamal, to my added embarrassment, was silent, seemingly unfazed by my punch.

"Scott!!" Jessica stepped between us and pushed me back from the college student.

I cradled my hand against my stomach as the pain crawled from my hand to my stomach, making me sick.

Jessica ignored me and rushed to Jamal. She reached up and cupped his chin in her hands.

"Are you alright?" She asked.

"Is he alright?" I cried. "I just broke my fucking hand!"

Jessica didn't say anything and continued to massage Jamal's jaw, searching for any broken bones.

"I'm fine, Mrs. Thomas." He said. "I get hit harder on the field."

I moaned and sunk to the floor sick to my heart as well as my stomach. This was all going so wrong.

Finally, Jessica knelt down beside me. I was immediately enveloped in the musky scent of sweat and cum oozing off Jessica's skin. Normally, that scent would turn me on, but that smell, along with the pain in my hand, just made me want to throw up.

"What did you do?" She said, trying to grip my wrist to check my hand.

"What did I do?" I said in disbelief. "What did I do?"

Jessica looked down at herself, freshly fucked and naked underneath that white towel. Her eyes widened and, for the first time, the situation finally sunk in.

"Oh God!" She cried and tears welled up in her eyes. "Oh, fuck, Scott! I'm so sorry!"

The words meant little to nothing, not with what I had seen. I looked away from her in spiteful anger.

Jamal's shadow fell over us. I looked up and was transfixed by his muscular, black body and that huge cock swinging between his legs, still dripping Jessica's juices.

"Isn't this sweet?" He laughed. "The happy couple!"

"Fuck off, Jamal." I said through clenched teeth.

"You should be nicer to me." Jamal laughed. "After all, I own your ass now."

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Shit, Professor!" He said, rubbing his jaw. "You just hit a fucking student."

I tried to reply, but my voice failed. I hit a student. Not just a student, but the star of the football team in a school that cares more about football than grades.

Who would be the one they kicked out?

"Jamal." Jessica said, wiping away a tear. "You can't mean that. He saw us together, he's upset."

"I don't need you to defend me!" I shouted at her.

Jamal leaned down, the tip of his cock nearly touching the ground. I couldn't take my eyes off of it. Neither could Jessica.

"Listen." Jamal said, his voice smooth and reassuring. "I don't want anyone to get in trouble here. But, if the truth comes out..."

He nods to Jessica and I see her go pale.

"No." She whispered.

Jamal shrugged and stood up, looming over us.

"If the truth comes out, you both lose your jobs. It's sad, but you really shouldn't be taking advantage of one of your students." Jamal looked down at us with a satisfied smile. "Still, I'm willing to make a deal."

I didn't want to ask, I knew what was coming. It was Jess who finally asked the question..

"What kind of deal?"

"Professor Thomas here is going to make sure I pass his class." He said.

"The fuck I am!" I yelled, struggling to stand up straight.

Jessica put a hand on my shoulder.

"Is that it?" She asked and I heard something in her voice, a tone as if she was hoping he would ask for more. "Is that *all* you want?"

I stare at Jessica, not understanding, but she was staring at Jamal.

"Well," Jamal smiled. "I get to keep fucking you, of course."

Two nights later, I found myself sitting on our bed watching Jessica get dressed.

"We could still call this off." I shifted nervously. "We can figure something else out."

"We've been through all of this." She bent over and my heart stopped as I got a generous, view of her ass. "We lose our jobs if we refuse, remember? Then what? Once word got out, no one would hire us."

"I know." I hauled myself up off the bed and stood behind her, looking at her beautiful body. "I just can't believe this is happening to us."

The lingerie was red, per Jamal's request, and consisted of a tight, lacy bra and panties. The sheer fabric could barely contain Jessica's round, firm breasts as well as the beautiful curve of her buttocks exposed. She looked stunning.

"Why did you have to buy new lingerie?"

"Jamal wanted me in something new." She said as she slipped her fingers into the thin straps of her panties and straightened them along her hips. "Besides, you wouldn't want me to be dressed in anything you bought for me, would you? That would just make it worse."

"Well, it doesn't make it any better." I grumbled.

Jessica pouted at me in the mirror. I looked away as she turned, but she gripped my chin and pulled my head up so I was looking into her lovely, gray eyes.

"You know I love you right, Scott?" She said. "Nothing that happens tonight will change that."

"I know." I said.

I pulled her close, unable to resist her warm body so close to mine. I ran my hands over her ass, across her ribs and finally settled on her firm breasts. I rubbed them through the bra and felt the nipples as hard as rocks under my palms.

"We can't do this." Jessica moaned and pushed against my chest. "Jamal said we can't have sex until he's finished."

"To hell with him!" I said. "I'm your husband, not him!"

"I know, baby!" She said, stroking my hair. "And I love you. But we can't take the chance. We have to play along so we can get this over with."

She pressed her hands against my chest with gentle pressure, enough pressure that I had to make the choice to use force, or just give up.

I let her slip away from me and sighed. Jessica was just about to say something else when our doorbell rang.

"Oh shit!" She said, checking herself in the mirror. "It's time. Go answer the door."

I went reluctantly to the door. Jamal had not bothered to dress for the occasion, standing outside in a pair baggy shorts and a loose basketball jersey. A flash of anger burned like acid in my gut. After all my wife was doing in preparation for the big night, the least he could do was wear something decent.

"Hey, Mr. T!" Jamal said, as if he was coming to my office instead of entering my house with the intention of fucking my wife. "Good to see you!"

"Hello, Jamal." I clenched my teeth.

We stood there at the entrance, eyeing each other. Finally, Jamal gave me that shit-eating grin.

"So, Mr. T, are you going to invite me in? "

I didn't invite him in, but I did step aside and allow him to swagger past me and into the house.

"Would you like something to drink?" I asked as we moved into our living room.

I was trying to delay the moment that I knew was coming, but Jamal saw right through me.

"No offense, Mr. T. " Jamal said, his smile turning cold. "I'm really just here to fuck your wife. "

Jessica came into the living room at that moment and my breath was stolen before I could respond to Jamal's words. My wife looked

stunning in her red lingerie walking barefoot across our living room to stand before the young black man.

"Hi, Jamal." She stood on her tiptoes, painted red to match the lingerie, and kissed Jamal on the cheek.

"Jesus, Mrs. T!" Jamal said, giving my wife an appreciative look. "You are so fucking hot!"

Jessica actually giggled and I see her blush. Jamal takes her hand and turns her around so he can admire the exposed curves of her ass.

"You really think so?" Jessica said, looking into his eyes.

"Fuck yes!" Jamal said. "You are so much hotter than the other girls at school!"

I watched my wife and saw that she felt a sense of pride that this young stud found her desirable, more desirable than other girls. Jamal Cross could have any girl on campus and he chose her.

"I want to fuck you so bad." Jamal said, pulling Jessica close and grabbing her ass in his huge black hands. "I want to fuck you in front of your husband."

Jessica moaned and looked at me, genuinely sorry.

"I'm sorry, Scott." She said. "We have to do this."

"I know." I said and watched as Jessica guided Jamal to a chair.

Jamal stopped her.

"Is that where Mr. T sits?" He asked.

"No." Jessica said. With a little shake of her head. "He sits here."

We have two matching chairs that face each other across a small coffee table. The chairs are for visitors, although they have not seen much use in the six years we have been married. On the third side of the table, facing the entertainment center, was a comfortable, blue loveseat. It was the first piece of furniture Jessica and I had bought together after we were married. It was the loveseat Jessica pointed to and it was the loveseat where Jamal dragged her.

We had spent many a wonderful evening on that couch snuggled together watching movies.

Those memories were burned away as Jamal planted his ass in my seat.

"He ever fuck you here?" He asked.

Jessica shook her head

"You ever suck him off here?"

"No, Jamal." Her voice was small and weak.

Jamal nodded.

"Well, you're going to suck my cock right here. You got that, Mrs. T?"

"Yes, Jamal." Without further instruction, my beautiful wife knelt down on the floor in front the powerful, black stud.

My guts were roiling as Jessica raised her hands to grip the waistband of Jamal's shorts. Even as rage burned a hole inside of me, I could not stop the pleasure gripping my balls and pushing upwards into my cock. I stood frozen, unable to decide whether to stay or go.

Jamal made the decision for me.

"Why don't you sit down over there, Mr. T?" He pointed at the chair, the one reserved for guests. "I know you want to watch this."

I wanted to protest and the words were in my mouth when Jessica pulled down his shorts. His big, black cock sprang from his pants like a snake, hitting my wife in the face with a meaty slap.

"Oh my god!" She said, laughing. "You're so big!"

"It's missed you, Mrs. T!" Jamal said, taking his cock in one hand and slapping Jessica across the cheek. "Did you miss my cock?"

Jessica moaned as Jamal's thick, black shaft smacked against her lips. In a daze, I walked to the chair and sank down in the seat, unable to take my eyes off of Jessica's lips as they kissed the tip of Jamal's cock. The act was intimate, an obvious sign of the devotion my wife had for this black stud.

Jessica's eyes slid over to me as her tongue licked across the huge head of Jamal's cock and my heart skipped a beat.

"Yes, Jamal." She murmured, her eyes locked on mine.. "I've missed your cock."

"Did you touch Mr. T's cock?"

"No." Her pale hand stroked Jamal's black shaft. "I did just like you told me."

"That right?" Jamal looked at me. "That right, Mr. T? Did your wife let you touch her?"

The pain hit me deep in my chest, but only added to the intensity of the lust building in my balls. I shook my head.

"No."

"Good!" Jamal pointed the bulging head at Jessica's lips. "Well, bitch! Here's what you've been missing."

He pushed the tip of his cock into my wife's mouth. Any reluctance disappeared as her lips stretched around the massive shaft and took his black meat all the way down her throat. She gripped his shaft where her mouth could not reach and I could just make out the glint of her wedding ring, covered in spit. Our living room was filled with thick wet, gurgles as Jessica throated Jamal's cock, her head bobbing up and down.

Her eyes were locked onto Jamal's now, gauging his reactions, seeking the best way to pleasure her young lover. I didn't exist in that moment, a visitor sitting in the guest chair, only able to watch as my once loving wife worshipped Jamal's cock.

Jamal suddenly gripped my wife's head and pulled her hungry mouth off of his cock. Strong arms honed by hours in the gym and sculpted to perfection drew my wife up to him and he kissed her. Jessica moaned deep in her throat and her whites hand gripped his head and pulled him deeper into the kiss. I had never gotten a kiss like that from my wife, not even on our wedding night.

"I want to fuck you." Jessica's voice was soft and low, but I could hear the words clearly. "I need to fuck you."

Jamal grinned, Jessica now completely under his control. He lifted her up, hiking his baggy shorts back over his cock.

"Let's go to the bedroom." Jamal said.

Jessica put her, small, pale hand in his big black one. As they walked to the door, Jessica turned to me.

"What about Scott?" She bit her lip and looked up at Jamal.

Jamal looked at me, grinning, enjoying my discomfort as my wife put the decision to include me in his hands. At the moment, I didn't know what I wanted him to say.

"Why don't you have him join us?" Jamal shrugged. "Don't you want him see me fuck you?"

My wife rubbed her thighs together, unable to stop the tremors that passed through her. Not only was she no longer reluctant, she was actually getting off.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, tell him what you want."

They looked down at me, Jamal a huge grin on his face and Jessica a look of supplication.

"I want you to watch, Scott." Her voice was husky and I felt my body respond even as jealousy burned like acid inside of me. "I want you to watch him fuck me."

I didn't move. I had a choice. Jamal was going to fuck my wife, whether I watched or not. I could choose to be a part of it, or I could simmer here in my living room while he had his way with her.

"Please, Scott." Jessica walked to me and knelt down beside me. She took my hand.

I could smell her scent, one so familiar to me. Sweat and sex mixed with the comforting odor of her shampoo. I had smelled this many times during our lovemaking and the aroma made me squirm in my seat.

Jessica saw my weakness and pounced on it, sliding her hand over my crotch and feeling my body's betrayal through my pants.

"Oh baby." She pouted. Pressing her palm against me and rubbing me through the fabric. "You're so hard!"

I hiccuped back a sob as Jessica stroked me. It felt so good, my wife's beautiful face breathing hot words against my cheeks as her hand worked my tortured cock.

"I know you want to watch Jamal fuck me, baby!" My cock burned, leaking fluid into my underwear. "Just come with us. Watch him fuck me the way I deserve to be fucked!"

The words struck something deep inside me and my cock twitched against Jessica's palm. She felt the twitch, felt my hips buck up off the chair. She knew I was about to cum.

She pulled back her hand and the orgasm slipped away. I moaned in frustration, not wanting to cum, but I desperately needed that release.

"Please, baby!" Her hot breath was in my ear, the words meant only for me. "Please, don't make me do this alone."

Realization struck me like a blow. My wife was still in there, the loving woman I had married, She was about to get fucked by this young, black man and I knew it. This was no longer a sordid affair. It was something new and Jessica needed me to be a part of it.

Love for my wife flooded through me, pushing away the jealousy and rage. They were still there, lurking like fanged snakes in my stomach, but the love I felt for my wife managed to calm the feelings enough for me to rise shakily to my feet.

"Thank you!" Tears were shining in her eyes. She gave me a quick peck on the cheek and then she practically skipped back into Jamal's arms. The twin beasts of anger and envy raised their heads, but I pushed them down. She was happy, she wanted him and she wanted me to be a part of it. That should have been enough for me.

She grabbed Jamal's hand and led him down the hall. The plan was for it to happen in the guest bedroom. Jessica had made the bed, even thrown some handkerchiefs over the lamps to dim the light. However, as they stopped at the guest bedroom, I saw Jamal lean into her and whisper something in her ear. Jessica looked back at me, a look of uncertainty on her face. Jamal turned her face away from me and kissed her, shoving her up against the door.

When they finally stopped kissing, Jessica looked up at Jamal her uncertainty replaced by a look of intense lust. She grabbed Jamal's hand and led him down he hall and into the the master bedroom.

Our bedroom.

"Jess?"

Jessica was already inside and I entered, helpless as she kissed Jamal, her hands lifting the jersey over his head and revealing his muscular chest. She grinned at me as she kissed the ridge of bone along his collar and down the large muscles of his chest. Jamal gave a throaty laugh when Jessica's lips closed on his black nipple, sticking the ebony flesh into her mouth.

"He wants to fuck me on our bed, Scott." Her voice sounded slurred as she continued to give Jamal wet kisses along his chest

and stomach, drunk on his black skin. "He wants to fuck me in the same bed I share with you."

"God, Jess!" I was whimpering and I knew it, but I didn't care. "Don't let him do this!"

There was so much else I wanted to say, but Jessica had already knelt on the floor before Jamal and was pulling down his shorts. All of the words dried up in my throat as Jamal's cock once again sprang out of his pants and slapped Jessica in the face. She laughed as she rubbed the ebony shaft over her mouth and cheeks, reveling in its massive size.

Jamal was done with foreplay. He pulled Jessica up to her feet and whirled her around to look at me. I shivered in lust and rage as Jamal's black hands groped my beautiful wife.

"Tell your husband to sit his ass down." Jamal hissed in my wife's ear.

"Sit down, Scott!" Jessica's voice came out in a high-pitched gasp as Jamal slid black fingers between her legs. "Fuck! Just sit down!"

I couldn't stop it. Whatever was going to happen, was going to happen. Helplessly, I stumbled to a chair next to our bed and sat down.

Jamal grinned in triumph. Not only had he succeeded in mastering my wife, he had control of me as well. He knew that I would go along with whatever made her happy and his hold over me clenched tight like a vise.

"Good boy, Mr. T!" Jamal slowly slid the red bra over Jessica's shoulders, revealing her perfect breasts. "I'm going to fuck your wife on your bed so that everytime you go to sleep you can think about my big, black cock in her pussy."

Jessica moaned, but didn't protest. Jamal kissed her again and his fingers slid underneath the triangle of fabric covering her pussy and sank deep inside of her.

"Oh, fuck, Jamal!" Jessica rubbed her thighs against his invading fingers.

"You like that idea, Mrs. T?" Jamal pulled his fingers from my wife's wet pussy and pushed them into her mouth. "You like that idea? Thinking of me when you sleep next to your hubby?"

Jessica sucked her juices from his fingers, her tongue licking between them as they probed her mouth..

"Yes." She looked at me and licked her lips. "Yes, I want to know what it feels like to fuck you on our bed."

"I knew it!" He grinned. "I'll bet you've been thinking about fucking me while you've been fucking Mr. T, haven't you?"

Jessica frowned, hesitating..

"Yes." She looked at me again and I saw tears of shame in her eyes. "I'm so sorry, sweetie!"

How many times had my wife been thinking of Jamal while making love to me? I tried to recall the last time we had sex and it comes crashing down like a bolt. The week before I discovered them at the school. Jessica had surprised me after coming home late from work. She had been wet and horny and had attacked me. It was all I could do to get the condom on and enter her. She had an orgasm immediately and although I wanted to hold out, I couldn't and came after only a few desperate lunges into her sweet, wet pussy.

All that time, she had been thinking of Jamal's big, black cock inside of her. The thought of him fucking her had made her cum harder than I could ever have managed on my own.

Jamal slid the g-string down over Jessica's hips, exposing her pussy to me, glistening with her juices. He let me have one, long look before he gripped Jessica's firm thighs and hoisted her into the air.

Jessica gave yelp of surprise, then another, louder yelp as Jamal sank her cunt down onto his huge black pole.

"Fuck, you are so goddamn big!" Jessica voice came out in a desperate groan as Jamal lifted her easily, then slammed her back down his cock.

"Bigger than Mr. T?"

Jessica clung to Jamal's muscular black frame as he pumped her up and down his cock. Jessica was unable to speak for a moment as the black flesh stabbed deep inside of her. Jamal let her fall, impaled on his black weapon as she twisted and squirmed, adjusting to his huge size.

"Yes!" She looked at me, tears of pain and lust in her eyes. 'I'm sorry, baby, but you can see it can't you? It is so much bigger!"

She was right. As Jamal raised and lowered her again, I could see that he was bigger than me. As he lifted her firm white ass up and down on his massive shaft I could see he was stronger than me.

When he kissed my wife, the deep penetration in her cunt and mouth made her moan in true ecstasy. I realized the truth.

Jamal was better than me in every way.

"Jesus, Jess!" I couldn't stand it any longer and even as I moaned my wife's name I was unbuttoning my pants and freeing my tortured cock.

Jessica couldn't hear my desperation. She was already screaming in orgasm, clinging to Jamal like he was a black pillar in an earthquake. Jamal let her twitch and quiver on his cock while she came down from her orgasm, then gently set her down on our marriage bed, his cock still deep inside of her.

Jessica's white legs came up and gripped his ebony body, heels digging into his firm buttocks. As he thrust, she flexed her strong calves and pulled him even deeper inside of her.

"You like this cock, don't you Ms. T?" Jamal growled above her.

"Yes!" Yes! I love that cock!"

"Better than Mr. T's?" Jamal grinned and looked at me, thrusting the knife deeper into my heart even as his cock thrust deep into my wife.

Jessica groaned in shame.

"I...I can't..."

Jamal grabbed her hips and drove into Jess even harder, slamming her tight body into the bed with amazing force. The room filled with my wife's cries of pleasure and the wet smacks of black muscle against helpless white flesh.

"Oh, fuck Jamal!" She cried. "I'm going to cum, baby!"

Jamal suddenly pulled his cock out of Jessica's pussy. She groaned as her climax was stolen from her. Her ass humped upwards, only finding air where Jamal's cock should have been.

"Please, Jamal! I'm so close!"

"No way, bitch!" Jamal says. "You know what I want. Now say it!"

Jessica couldn't stand it, the huge black cock was inches from her pussy but she couldn't get to it. She bit and sucked at Jamal's wrist, like a wounded animal trying to get free, but he held her down easily. She tossed and squirmed, but Jamal was not going to give her that cock.

Finally, she turned to me, tears running down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Scott!" She said. "I'm sorry!"

Jamal turned her face back to him.

"Sorry about what, bitch?"

"Your cock is better!" Jessica cried out. "Your cock is so much better!"

"Better than who?" Jamal lowered his face until he was inches from her.

Jessica let out a last pitiful moan and I felt the stab in my heart as I realized it was all over.

"Better than Scott! You're cock is so much better than Scott's!"

I watched in tortuous pain as Jamal laughed and shoved his cock all the way to the hilt in one, savage thrust. He fell on to Jessica's ravaged body like an animal, kissing her and fucking her with inhuman strength. Jessica came again, screaming and thrashing on the bed.

"Oh, god! Jamal! I'm cumming again, baby! Don't stop! Don't stop!"

"I'm going to cum too!" Jamal panted, unable to keep his orgasm inside any longer. "I'm going to cum inside you this time, bitch!"

All resistance from Jessica was gone. In fact, the words seemed to turn her on, driving her closer to orgasm.

"Yes!" My heart stopped beating as I heard her voice cry out.

"Yes! Cum with me, baby! Cum inside of me!"

I was helpless as Jamal and Jessica's bodies crashed together on my bed. Without thinking, my hand jerked my small, white cock in time to Jamal's thrusts. I was carried along by the rhythm of their bodies, unable to fight the need rising up from my balls.

I watched in helpless agony as Jamal's body suddenly tensed and he drove himself balls deep into Jessica. I could see his huge, black

testicles tense and release as he shot his cum into my wife's unprotected womb.

"Oh, Scotty!" Her words reached me even in the depths of my own impending orgasm. "Scotty! He's filling me up with his cum!"

And then, Jessica came again as Jamal's cock pumped his potent seed deep inside of her.

I couldn't stop it, any more than I could stop my own cum from boiling up from my scrotum and splashing, uselessly, out of my cock and onto my hand. For a moment, all three of us were lost in our lust, cumming, moaning, crying out in release.

Finally, the room went quiet, the only sound was the heavy breathing as we recovered from our intense, shared experience. I watched my wife kiss Jamal's lip and face. Between kisses, they whispered together, like lovers and I could just make out the words over the labored thump of my heartbeat in my chest.

"You're mine now." The words made my heart sink and my balls shrivel up even smaller. "This is my pussy."

Jessica stared into Jamal's eyes, lost in the moment.

"Yes, baby!" She kissed him firmly. "Whatever you want!"

Jamal looked at me as Jessica continued to worship his body, her lips unable to get enough of that black skin.

"You hear that, Mr. T? She's mine now."

"I heard her." My voice was weak, my will gone with my orgasm.

"From now on, I'm the only one who gets to fuck you." Jamal said, turning his eyes back to Jessica. "You got that?"

"Yes." She nodded and stopped kissing his body long enough to look up at him, her eyes filled with the love.

"Tell your husband." Jamal said.

"I'm sorry, baby!" She said, looking at me for the first time since Jamal had emptied his balls inside of her. "I love you, but I just can't help it!"

My stomach fell as Jamal laughed and kissed my wife again, their tongues lapping at each other before being swallowed by hungry mouths. Jamal was rocking his hips, grinding slow and deep against my wife and I realized that he hadn't even pulled out of her. Jessica's

hips responded to the slow grind and it became apparent that not only had Jamal not pulled out of her pussy, he was still hard.

The second time was slow and sensuous, the lovers' raging need replaced by a slow, melding of their bodies. There was less lust and more love as they both worked together to bring each other to another, sweeter orgasm.

I sat in the chair, watching through slitted eyes. Amazingly, I was able to get hard again, but was unable to cum, my lust drowned out by my feelings of shame and loss, knowing that my wife wanted this young black cock more than she wanted me.

Finally, Jamal got off my bed and pulled on his shorts and jersey. He looked down at me as he walked by, my small white cock hard and helpless, sticking up out of my pants. I tried to hide it, but Jamal saw it and grinned.

"Got to get going, Mr. T." He slapped me on the shoulder, jolting me all the way down to my butt bone. "I got an 8 o'clock class tomorrow, right?"

He laughed all the way down the hall. I waited until the door was shut before I got out of the chair and made my way to the bed.

Jessica was sprawled out along the sweaty sheets, one wet thigh crossed over the other. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was curled up in a smile of sweet serenity. I could see thick, white trails of Jamal's cum dripping across her thigh and down the cheeks of her ass. So much cum and yet, I knew that there was so much more inside of Jessica's pussy, inside of her womb, searching out her vulnerable eggs so they could invade those as well and create a baby. The thought of it made me shiver in rage and I wanted nothing more than to leave and never come back.

Then, Jessica's eyes opened and looked at me. She smiled up at me dreamily.

"Oh, Scott!" She said. "He fucked me so good!"

I said nothing. She looked at my face and saw the anger there. She reached out a hand to me and pulled my fingers close to her body.

"Oh, baby, I'm sorry!" She pulled me down, her soft voice coaxing me onto the bed. "That must have been so hard for you."

Up close I could smell Jamal's cum and her sweat, the heady mixture making me dizzy. And all the time she smiled at me sweetly, as if this was something painful that could be kissed away, like a bruise or a skinned knee.

I dropped her hand, unable to stop myself. I wanted her, even now. I wanted to make her mine again. My fingers found her abused cunt, sticky and wet. My fingers slipped into her, feeling Jamal's cum spilling out around the invading digits, dripping onto the sheets.

Jessica let me kiss her and I pushed my hips forward, letting her feel my hard cock against her.

"You're so hard!" She giggled, reaching down between us and gripping my cock in her hand. "I didn't think you'd get this excited!"

"I want you!" I panted, thrusting my hips against her hand. "I need to fuck you!"

"Oh baby!" Jessica whined and kissed my forehead. "You heard what Jamal said. I'm his now."

"But...you're my wife!" Even as I said it I felt my orgasm rising, inflamed by the thought of being denied my wife's body.

"And I love you." She kissed my cheek and I looked into her eyes, saw the love there. "I do. But, at least for now, Jamal owns my pussy."

"Jessica! I can't do this!"

"This says you can!" She squeezed my cock in her hand. "This says you love it!"

She stroked me hard and fast, my cum making me slick in her palm. She watched my face, smiling sympathetically as she jerked me off

"That's it, Scotty!" She purred. "Just give in, baby! Show me how much you love it!"

I moaned, unable to stop myself as her hand stroked even faster. My cum splashed against her hand, thin streams hit her thigh and soaked, uselessly, into the sheets. Jessica laughed as I spurted again and again, my cock betraying my lust.

"That's it, Scotty!" She cooed as I burst into tears. "Good boy!"

I buried my face in her sweaty breasts so she could not see the shame. She stroked my hair as I sobbed, holding me until I was

spent.

"It's all right, baby." She murmured. "Everything will be just fine."

I looked up at her, my face wet. She stroked my cheek, wiping away some of my tears with her thumb.

"Are you OK?" She asked.

"Yes." I said. "I think so."

"Good." She said.

She uncrossed her thighs and reached down between her legs, pushing her fingers into the sticky mess.

"I'm so dirty." She moaned and looked at me. "Look how much cum he put inside me."

She lifted her fingers and I watched as Jamal's thick cum dripped off the tips.

"You know," Jess gave me a sexy smile. "Jamal never said that you couldn't...you know..."

She nodded to her pussy which was wet, bruised and coated with Jamal's seed.

"You don't..." I murmured, feeling my mouth go dry. "You don't want me to eat you out, do you?"

"Not if you don't want to." She pouted at me. "I just thought, you know, you'd like a chance to make me feel good."

She had a lustful look in her eyes, one I had never seen before except with Jamal. The idea of me cleaning her out, licking Jamal's, cum turned her on as much as it sickened me.

Yet, something stirred inside of me, something raw and wet and full of hunger for her. I wanted to make Jessica happy. I needed to make her happy. If this was a way I could give her just an inkling of the pleasure that Jamal had given her, I had to do it.

She saw the look on my face and knew she had me. She spread her legs, revealing her soaked, sticky cunt in all of it's well-fucked glory.

"You don't *have* to, baby." Jessica said, but the implication in her voice was clear.

If I truly loved her, I would lick her clean.

I knelt between her legs and flicked the tip of my tongue along a long trail of cum that snaked across her thigh. I expected it to taste

bad. Instead, it was salty and sticky. I found, once started, if I could forget that this load had come boiling up out of Jamal's black balls, I could continue without gagging. That was the trick.

However, bad the experience might have been, it was outweighed by the reaction from my wife. She squirmed like a teenager in heat on the bed and I could smell the hot, musky scent of her aroused pussy long before my nose found the center of the wet, sticky mess.

"Oh fuck!" Jessica moaned and gripped my head, pulling me in deeper, squirting her and Jamal's juices over my lips and tongue. "Fuck, that is so hot!"

I worked harder, slurping up her juices and Jamal's cum with equal abandon. I no longer cared that I was eating his cum, that I was humiliating myself even further. I was making Jessica happy and that was all that mattered.

"Oh, baby! That's it! Don't stop until I'm clean!" Jessica cried. "Can you taste him, Scott? Can you taste Jamal in my pussy?"

"Yes." I murmured as I slurped down another mouthful of his cum. "I can taste him."

Jessica's body tensed and I knew that she was ready. I lapped furiously at her clit, focusing on her tight bud to bring her over the edge.

"Fuck! That's it, baby! I'm going to cum, Scott! I'm going to cum!"

She let loose with another orgasm. I felt a sense of pride as her pussy unleashed another wave of juices that splashed across my tongue, into my mouth and down my throat.

Jessica sank back onto the bed, laughing. She covered her mouth with her hand to stop her giggles, but her pleasure could not be contained. I couldn't help smiling down at my extremely happy wife.

"Good?" I said.

Jessica looked up at me and grinned at me with love and I thought of the picture on my desk at work. It was the same smile of love and happiness that I stared at day after day. I had helped to bring the look back into my wife's face.

"The best, baby." She said. "That was the best sex I have ever had."

I knew she didn't just mean Jamal. She meant everything. All of it had been one, hot bout of sex for her and I had made it happen simply by being there for her.

I sank down beside her, exhausted. We didn't snuggle, we were too hot and sticky for that. We just laid beside each other and listened to one another's breathing. I was just drifting off to sleep when I heard Jessica murmur.

"I love you, Scott." She put a hand on my chest. "You know that, right?"

"I know, Jess." I said and patted her on the thigh. "I know."

“Congratulations, Jamal.” I said. “Looks like your going back to Division 1.”

Jamal smiled, not his usual shit-eating grin, but a genuine smile. It was almost enough to make me forget the months of torture and humiliation the black bastard had put me through.

“Thank you, Mr. T.” Jamal said. “I couldn’t have done it without you and Mrs. T.”

He reached over my desk to shake my hand. I hesitated, searching his face for any sign of sarcasm. There was none.

The truth was, since Jamal started having sex with Jessica, he had calmed down and actually began to apply himself at his studies. It was as if being with Jess calmed him and made him want to try harder. I didn’t think I would ever understand it, but it had worked. Jamal was leaving.

I shook his hand as we stood up.

“So, we’ll probably never see you again, huh?”

I could not stop the hope from leaking into my voice. I was glad he was leaving, although I have to admit, the games we had been playing over the last six months were as arousing as they were humiliating. Still, this was a chance to have Jessica to myself, even if our lives had been changed forever.

“What are you talking about?” Jamal said. “I’ll be back in December. For Christmas break.”

December, just after the baby was due.

Jess was still working, but in a few months, she would be taking off for maternity leave. We had no idea what we were going to do when Jess had a black baby. When that happened, the evidence of my wife’s infidelity would become visible to everyone.

The humiliation of it enraged me and, at the same time, filled me with a perverse arousal. Jessica had been seeded by another man and I was going to raise the child, a constant reminder of Jamal’s superiority would be in front of me every day of my life.

“Should I get you a present?” I said trying to hide my discomfort behind a lame joke

Jamal saw through me, as always.

“I think I’ll give you a present, Professor.” He grinned. “After all, what would be a better gift than giving Malik a new brother or sister?”

“Malik?” I asked.

“If it’s a boy.” He said. “Could be a girl. Mrs.T and I have been talking about names.”

Even though he had a grin on his face, I realized that he was not joking and the final truth came crashing down. Jamal would never be out of our lives.

As he left the office, laughing, I stumbled back to my seat, my cock suddenly rock hard as I thought of Jamal back at our house for Christmas, unwrapping presents under the tree. Later, after the baby was put down for a nap, he would unwrap Jessica and fuck her on our bed.

I looked at Jessica’s picture, smiling up at me. I could no longer look at it without seeing Jamal on top of my wife and Jessica screaming his name. He was a part of our lives now, for better or worse. I could either fight it, or accept it.

I got up from my desk, crossed to the door and checked to see if there was anybody waiting outside. Sure that the coast was clear, I shut the door and locked it.

I went back to my desk and placed the picture of my wife in the center of it. I opened my pants and let my cock free. With Jessica watching, I stroked my cock and made my decision.

••••

Taken by the Rival

“Oh my god!” Natalie said, giggling behind her hand. “Is that Jack?”

I turned around, watching as Jack sauntered through the door. He was tall and as good-looking as ever, his black skin gleaming in the lights of the bar as he scanned the room looking for us.

“Yep, that’s him.” I said and watched my wife’s face, the way her eyes lit up and her mouth fell just slightly open.

A dagger of anger sliced through my bowels. She turned to me and laughed at the expression on my face.

“I thought you said he was good-looking.” She joked, placing her cool hand over mine.

Natalie stroked the back of my hand and let me know, in her own teasing way, that I was the only one for her. As I looked into her lovely green eyes my chest swelled with pride

I smiled sheepishly, the sudden anger slinking away. Of course she thought Jack was good looking. Everyone did. He was tall and muscular, his ebony skin complementing his athletic physique, like a dark, perfect statue come to life.

Natalie wasn't the only woman in the bar who noticed. I watched several heads turn to take in the black man as he made his way to our table..

I gripped Natalie’s hand tightly. There was a possessiveness to that grip, one I had not felt in a long, long time. A primal, neanderthal need to protect what was mine from an invading alpha male.

Jack never failed to bring out the worst in me.

“Hey.” Jack said, a winning smile spread across his face. “Don, you look great!”

I stood and we locked hands, Jack’s strong fingers gripping me tightly. He was wearing a white button-down shirt, open at the neck to show off the muscles of his chest covered by glistening, black

skin. It was obvious from the grip and the way his clothes fit to his form, that he still worked out.

As our hands fell, I was suddenly aware of my own body. I was still strong, but with marriage came a certain amount of comfort. I had stopped working out and had begun to notice a thickening around the middle. Natalie always laughed and said it was cute and that one day I would be a sexy old man with a potbelly and bald head.

And I probably would be bald and potbellied, even though I didn't like to think about that. Along with my growing spare tire, my hair was thinning at the top. All of my deficiencies seemed to be heightened by the presence of my former roommate and rival.

"So." Jack said as I hesitated. "This must be your wife."

"I'm Natalie." She stood up and held out her hand.

My wife was shorter than Jack and she was forced to look up at him as he took her hand in his.

Instead of the normal handshake, Jack dipped his head and kissed Natalie's hand, staring into my wife's eyes.

"A pleasure."

"Ooh!" Nat said, looking over at me and rolling her eyes. "You never said he was such a charmer, Don."

I laughed at Natalie's teasing. She knew all about Jack. How he was my roommate in college and we competed at everything. Football, academics, girls. Especially girls.

Jack just smiled at my wife's laughter, as calm and cool as ever.

"Well," Jack's smooth voice made Natalie look at him again and for a moment he held her gaze. "I knew you'd be beautiful, Natalie, but you are even more gorgeous than I could have imagined."

Natalie smiled again and I thought she might laugh in Jack's face. Instead, her eyes widened, captivated by Jack's intense stare. I saw a slight blush blossom on her cheeks.

I wanted to break it up, to step between them. I knew what Jack was doing. He had been doing the same thing since college. No matter what girl I brought back to our room, Jack would always try to seduce her and it usually started with an intense look like this

one, to give the woman the impression that Jack thought she was the only person in the room. More often than not, it worked.

I felt the jealousy build up inside me like a train gathering steam. Still, I held myself back, waiting for Natalie to do something. A part of me needed her to break the spell, needed her to see through Jack's bullshit.

Suddenly, Natalie laughed. Just like that the spell was broken as she gave Jack a friendly fist bump to the shoulder.

"Does that shit ever work?" She giggled.

For a second, Jack's calm, cool smile faltered. Natalie took my hand and pulled me down to a seat beside her, snuggling in close and letting Jack know that she was unequivocally mine.

Jack's smile returned as he looked at us.

"I see my reputation precedes me." He said and flopped down into a seat across from us. "Just what exactly has this asshole told you about me?"

I smiled and raised my hand to catch our waitress's attention. She was a pretty blonde, probably ten years younger than us, with a shapely, pert figure under her black uniform. She gave Jack a smile as she placed a drink napkin on the table in front of him. Jack barely looked at her, intent on my wife's answer.

"Jack and coke." He said and the cute waitress's professional smile frowned in disappointment as Jack focused on Natalie.

"Oh, you know." Natalie waved her hand airily. "He said you were quite the ladies man."

"Me?" Jack said innocently. "Me?"

I smiled and took a drink of my gin and tonic. Any threat I had felt from my old, college roommate had been thoroughly disarmed by Natalie's deft handling.

"Come on, Jack." I said. "You worked your way through half of our class senior year. The way I remember it, you'd done a pretty good job with the sophomore and junior classes, too."

"Really." Jack said, with mock indignation. "Aren't you forgetting about the freshman class?"

I laughed and held up my glass in a salute and took another drink.

"Jesus!" Natalie said, her wine glass paused on the way to her pink lips. "Is that all the girls were to you, Jack? Just some fucking conquests?"

"Oh come on!" Jack said. "It wasn't like that!"

The waitress had returned and Jack took the glass from her hand without a glance. I saw the smile stuck on her face as she nodded to the table and made a quick exit.

Jack took a drink and looked over at me, a sly smile on his face.

"I supposed old Don here has forgotten to tell you about his girls?"

I spluttered as the gin hit my tongue, but the tonic squirted up my nose.

"Now, Jack..."

"Wait." Natalie said, leaning forward. "What are you talking about?"

"Nothing." I said, suddenly wanting to steer the conversation away from me.

Natalie knew about my past, of course. I never had the masculine sex appeal of Jack, but I was attractive in my own way. While Jack had his tall, muscular body and ebony skin, I relied on my boyish good looks and geeky wit to seduce women. At one point in my life, before I met Natalie, I treated women in much the same way as Jack, as conquests, experiences to brag about. It wasn't something I was proud of and not something I really wanted to talk about.

"Should we get some appetizers?" I said, trying to get the waitress's attention again.

I got the distinct feeling she was ignoring our table.

"No." Natalie demanded. "I want to know."

Jack looked at me and shrugged as if to say 'What am I supposed to do?' and grinned as he leaned towards Natalie.

"Hasn't Don told you about Tammy?" Jack said.

"That was a long time ago." I said, my voice cracking.

"What?" Natalie said, her wine forgotten. "How come I've never heard about this?"

I stopped trying to get the waitress's attention and turned back around. Time to face the music.

"It's not something I'm proud of, Nat." I said.

Jack sat back in his chair, his long legs stretched out under the table, one foot close to Natalie's calf. Natalie had become oblivious to Jack's flirting, the wine making her cheeks flush and the scent of an interesting story about me igniting her curiosity.

"I thought I knew about all of your girlfriend's!" She slapped me playfully on the arm.

"Don and Tammy were inseparable. Really annoying about it too." He took another drink of his Jack and Coke. "I don't know how many times I came back to the room, only to find the old sock stuck on the door knob."

"Sock?" Natalie said in confusion.

"It's-" I started, but Jack broke in.

"An old argyle sock. Really ugly one Don found in the dorm laundry. Anyway, when one of us was...indisposed...we'd hang the sock on the door knob. You know, so one of us wouldn't walk in on the other. Don't tell me a girl as pretty as you didn't have something like that?"

Natalie blushed, the spattering of freckles across her nose turned red.

"A pink headband." She murmured and I looked at her in shock.

"Natalie!" I said.

"What?" She shrugged. "It's not like you were my first."

It was true, but evidently both of us had kept some secrets from each other. The thought of my lovely wife putting a pink hair band on her doorknob, preparing to fuck some college guy, made my cock harden involuntarily. I saw her hands wrapping the fuzzy hair band on the knob (in my mind it was fuzzy) close the door and turn to a college hunk, who looked remarkably like Jack, sitting naked on her bed.

"You slut." I said, only half-joking.

"Me? Mister argyle sock?"

I nodded in acknowledgement of my double standard. The fact that we both had sex lives before we met was not a secret. It was

just that we had never shared too many details and, sitting there half-drunk, I wondered why. It was exciting.

"Anyway," Jack said. "If you two are done flirting, can I get back to my story?"

"I'm all ears." Natalie said and put her chin in her hands and gave Jack her undivided attention.

"Where was I? Oh, yeah, Tammy. Well, Tammy was a very pretty girl. In fact," He gave Natalie an appraising look. "She looked a lot like you."

"Really?" Natalie eyed me and grinned. "What was she like?"

"Oh, perky and happy." He winked at her. "Real cheerleader type, you know. Actually, wasn't she a cheerleader?"

"Pep squad." I said.

"There's a difference?" Natalie said.

"Not that I could see." I agreed.

"So anyways," Jack said, leaning forward. "Those two were really into each other. And it was constant. I could barely get into the room. So, one day, I had had it. That's when I made the bet."

"The bet?" Natalie frowned. "What bet?"

Jack looked at me and raised his eyebrows.

"Hey, it's your story." I said, unable to meet Natalie's eyes. "I'm sure I'll have a chance to give my version of it later."

"Your choice." Jack leaned closer to Natalie and spoke in a low voice, forcing her to move forward.

Face to face like that, they looked for all the world like lovers and I was the third wheel. I glanced over Jack's shoulder and I saw our waitress staring daggers at my wife. Our eyes met for a fraction of a second and then the waitress looked away.

"I made a bet." Jack said. "I bet Don that I could seduce Tammy."

"No!" Natalie said.

"Yep!" Jack said and sat back up, laughing. "Five hundred dollars that I could fuck her in our room. All he had to do was come up with a reason to leave her there and I would do the rest."

"What the fuck?" Natalie said and punched me a little too hard on the arm. "You agreed to that?"

"Ow! Hey, I was young, and stupid!" I said. "I'm not proud of it!"

"No shit!" Natalie said. "What happened?"

Jack grinned, enjoying my discomfort and got real close to Natalie again.

"Well, Don told her to meet him in our room. Of course, when she got there, he was gone. It was just little old me and wouldn't you know it? I had just gotten out of the shower and only had on my towel."

I watched Natalie's eyes widen, her tongue slip out and lick her lips. She was enjoying the story, but I also thought she was imagining Jack in nothing but a towel, his huge, ebony muscles glistening with water.

"She came in the room, very nervous. Very cute. Of course, I acted all nonchalant about it, like it was no big deal that she was there. I said she could wait. Then, I walked around the room and every now and then I looked at her and caught her staring."

Natalie was breathing quicker now, her whole attention on Jack as he told his story.

"Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I turned and let my towel drop."

"No way!"

"Oh yeah!" Jack said, proud of himself. "She couldn't help but look then, I can tell you."

I squirmed in my seat, imagining the scene. Jack standing in front of my girlfriend naked, his huge, black cock swinging between his legs and Tammy looking at him, her own eyes wide, like Natalie's, her breath wheezing in and out in quick, hot gasps.

"What happened then?"

Jack looked right in Natalie's eyes, grinning wickedly.

"Well, I leaned in just like this." Jack said, their noses nearly touching. "And I asked if she wanted to touch it."

"You did?" Natalie said, not backing away, Jack holding her with his eyes.

"Oh yeah." Jack said. "And you know what she said?"

Natalie shook her head slowly.

"Nothing." Jack said and sat up in his seat. "She fucking slapped me and high tailed it out of the room like a scared rabbit."

Jack and I both burst out laughing at the look of shock on Natalie's face.

"What?" Jack said, wiping a tear out of his eye. "Did you actually think she had sex with me? What kind of guy do you think I am?"

Natalie looked at Jack, then at me. Finally, her own face broke out in a huge grin and she punched me in the chest.

"Hey!" I said. "What are you hitting me for?"

"Was any of that true?" She said.

"Yes." I said, rubbing the spot where she hit me. "Unfortunately, it is true. Including my part in it."

"What happened to Tammy?" Natalie asked.

"What do you think happened?" I said. "We dated through college and then we graduated. And then I met you."

Natalie took my hand and squeezed it.

"And you never told her about the bet?"

"No." I said.

"You want to know the really funny thing about it?" Jack asked.

"What's that?"

"She never told him that I showed her my cock!"

"Really?" Natalie looked at me for confirmation.

"Nope." I said. "Not once."

"Well, she must have been embarrassed." Natalie sipped her wine, thinking.

"Or..." Jack said, winking. "She just didn't want to tell Donny how much she liked seeing my big, black dick."

He said it too loud and I saw not only the waitress who was passing by react with widened eyes, but also an older couple at the next table.

"Jesus, Jack!" I said. "Keep your voice down!"

I expected Natalie to be angry, or at least pretend some mock outrage at Jack's lewd behavior, but she was half in the bag and only giggled.

"You think that's it, huh?" She grinned. "What do you think Donny?"

"Yes, Donny!" Jack said, grinning at me. "Why do you think she never said anything?"

I shrugged. I honestly didn't know. Even after we broke up, I never said anything. I never wanted her to know that I had been complicit in the scenario and I don't think I would have been able to hide the truth if I talked to her about it.

The whole thing had become a big joke to Jack. Jack maintaining that Tammy always wanted him, but was just too afraid to do anything about it. That's why she never said anything. And, to be honest, the idea stuck in my brain for months, eating at me every time Tammy mentioned my roommate's name. It even crept into our sex life as I imagined Tammy thinking about Jack's huge cock while fucking me. Was she imagining touching Jack's cock? Did she really want him, but settled for me?

The worst part was that every time I replayed that fantasy in my head, I came almost immediately. The idea of it was just too much to handle. It turned me on to think of my girlfriend with my big, black roommate and those thoughts filled me with self-loathing and shame.

I never told Jack, but it was one of the things that ended my relationship with Tammy.

All of these thoughts ran through my brain and my cock crawled in my pants, hardening at the very idea of it even though it had been almost ten years since I had seen Tammy. I felt the same feeling of self-loathing lurch in my stomach. I couldn't say all this, not to Natalie and certainly not to Jack.

Instead, I shrugged.

"I guess we'll never know."

"Yeah, right." Jack sniggered and knocked back his drink.

Natalie watched as Jack raised his arm, giving the tall, black stud her full appraisal. I even saw her eyes flicker down to his crotch trying to peer at him through the table. She licked her lips, but when Jack turned around she was all sneers and mocking derision.

"So, you really think you're all that, do you?" There was a challenge in her tone, one that Jack immediately responded to.

"What?" He said as his eyes narrowed and his nostrils flared.

"You're not impressed?"

She snorted and tapped me lightly on the arm.

“Not that much, no.” She said. “How could you live with this guy?”

At the time, I didn’t recognize it for what it was and I may regret that lack of clarity for the rest of my life. To me, it appeared that Natalie was sharing a joke with me, teasing Jack to prove to me how much she preferred me over him, that she was mine.

It was fun, watching my wife put my black roommate in his place. Jack, however, was not amused at our teasing and I could see him working something out in his mind, the alcohol driving all thoughts of caution out the window.

“You want to see it?” Jack said.

“What?” Natalie said, shocked. “No! Ugh!”

“Jack, stop it.” I said, sitting up as straight as I could.

The gin and tonic had hit me like a freight train and the world slipped a little as I sat up. I watched Jack leaned over again, but this time more aggressively, his deep set eyes locked onto Natalie’s pretty face.

“What?” Jack said, not looking at me, but focused clearly on Natalie. “She’s the one that brought it up. I just wanted to show her what we’re talking about here. Add a little visual aid to go along with the story.”

Jack pushed even closer to Natalie and for one strange moment, I thought he was going to kiss her. Instead, he put his lips close to her ear and even over the din of the bar I could hear his heated words.

“I could show you what you’ve been missing, baby.”

I heard a low moan come from my wife’s throat and for a moment the two of them were locked there, Jack’s thick lips at Natalie’s white ear, hissing lewd thoughts directly into her brain. My world was turning topsy turvy and I held on to the table to steady myself.

“I really should break them up.” I thought, but I couldn’t move.

A part of me wanted to see how this played out. The deep, dark shame I felt in my guts crept back and with it, I felt my cock harden in my khaki pants. I had a sudden image of Tammy sitting on our dorm room bed, staring at Jack’s thick, black cock. Then, Jack

moved into my sightline and when he moved out, Tammy had changed to Natalie and it was no longer my old dorm room. It was our master bedroom.

"Oh shut the fuck up!" Natalie burst out laughing and her pretty, white hands pushed Jack's shoulders away from her.

Jack let himself be pushed back from her and grinned, still acting nonchalant, but I could see that Natalie's teasing had hurt him. And, if I knew anything about Jack, I knew that that challenge couldn't go unanswered.

"Aren't you going to defend my honor here?" She said, turning to look at me for the first time in what seemed like minutes.

"Sorry." I mumbled. "You looked like you were doing fine."

Natalie laughed and gave my hand an affectionate squeeze. Jack eyed us again, and I could see under the coolness, something else that I had not often seen in my college roommate.

He was jealous.

I couldn't help it. I had to turn the knife just a little bit more, to show Jack that I had one thing in the world that he couldn't have.

I leaned forward and kissed Natalie. She didn't usually like public displays of affection and I blamed the liquor and the sexy teasing with Jack for the force of her return kiss. She thrust her tongue into my mouth and we sat like that, sucking each other in, our wet mouths connected. When we finally broke the kiss, not only was Jack staring at us, but the couple next to us were looking at us in wide-eyed surprise.

"Wow." Natalie said, ruffling my hair with her fingers. "Maybe we should get a room."

"Maybe we should." I said, grinning.

"Hem, hem!" Jack cleared his throat. "Did you guys forget I was here?"

Natalie blushed.

"Sorry." She said. "Couldn't help it."

"Uh huh." Jack said, clearly not liking the attention being diverted away from him. "You are a lucky man, Don."

"I know." I said.

"You know, it's probably just as well that Tammy didn't fuck me." Jack said.

"Oh yeah?" Natalie said smiling slyly. "Why?"

"Because, after I was done with her, she wouldn't have wanted old Donny again."

"Jesus! You are so totally full of yourself!" Natalie said. "So, what is it? Once you go black you never go back?"

I snorted in shock. I'd never heard my wife use language like that. Where had she even heard it?

"No." Jack said with an evil grin. "Once you go Jack you never go back."

"I can't believe this guy!" Natalie said. "How could you have stayed friends?"

I shrugged again. Right now, I didn't really know.

"He didn't seem so bad in college." I joked.

"Well, that's probably because you were an asshole too."

Couldn't deny that. After all, I had set my girlfriend up to be seduced for \$500. That wasn't exactly the act of a gentleman.

"Listen." Jack said and reached out to grab Natalie's hand.

Her tiny white hand lay palm up in Jack's huge black paw, like a defenseless white bird. Natalie gasped involuntarily as Jack ran a thick, black finger over her lifeline, trailing it slowly up her dainty, white finger tip.

I lurched forward to stop it, but Jack's voice stopped me.

"You see, Once a woman's been with me, she doesn't need anyone else." He trailed his finger over her hand, teasing her fingers until Natalie's hand spasmed and tried to close like a venus flytrap, only to have Jack's teasing touch taken away.

"All women?" Natalie reached for her mocking tone, but her voice broke and the words came out as a desperate whisper.

"Nat?" I said, trying to insert myself in the conversation.

Natalie ignored me, intent on Jack's answer.

"Sure." Jack said. "I've never had any complaints."

"Uh huh." My wife's vice was low and challenging as she slipped her hand from Jack's. "Probably just didn't want to make you feel bad."

Jack only smiled. His smooth self confidence was back. He smelled a challenge in my beautiful wife and I knew, an instant before he said the words that my pretty, tough little wife was about to get in over her head.

"I can prove it." Jack said.

"How?" Natalie crossed her arms and glared at Jack.

"I fuck you." Jack said bluntly and Natalie's jaw dropped open.

"All right, that's enough!" I said. "Jack, you're drunk."

"See, your hubby's scared. He knows. He used to listen while I fucked girls in our room, "

Natalie looked at me in shock and her face grew hot and red.

It had only happened a couple of times. A girl would come over while I was supposed to be asleep and Jack would fuck them in the bed next to me. The girls all tried to be quiet, but that never lasted long. Soon, they were screaming on Jack's black cock, obviously cumming like faucets while Jack taunted them, laughing as they screamed, knowing that I could hear every word.

Under my covers, I hid my secret shame as I jerked off into my pajama bottoms, unable to keep my body from enjoying the thought of a big, black cock taking young, white girls in our room. I was filled with jealousy and anger, but that only fueled my arousal and I had some of the best orgasms of my life listening to Jack fuck right next to me.

That jealousy and desire was probably the reason I let Jack talk me into the bet in the first place. Part of me wanted Tammy to turn him down and prove that she was mine. But that secret, shameful part of me wanted him to fuck her.

Jack seemed to know all of this, even though we had never talked about it and when Natalie looked at me, I said nothing, the thoughts and emotions making it hard to think, let alone speak.

"See, that?" Jack laughed. "He knows! He knows that if I fucked you, you'd never be the same again. It's just biology."

"Bullshit!" Natalie said and pulled my sleeve.

"Hey." Jack held up his hands. "I'll guess we'll never know. That is, unless..."

My mouth finally started working.

“Unless what?”

“Unless you wanted to put a little wager on it.”

“What?” I could feel something was up, could feel the old feelings of fear and lust in my gut. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

My voice was loud and a few people turned their heads. Natalie patted me soothingly on the hand.

“It’ ok, honey!” She said. “We’re all friends here. Let’s see what the big, bad black man has to say!”

If Jack let the insensitive teasing bother him, he didn’t show it. He just gave a brilliant white grin, one of triumph, one I knew very well from our days at college.

He knew he was winning.

“You let me fuck your beautiful wife.” Jack said smoothly. “If she gets me off first, I pay for both of you to go to Hawaii for a week”

“What?” Natalie was shocked. “You are so full of shit! You can’t afford that.”

“Oh, I can.” Jack said. “My real estate business is doing well and I’ve acquired a few restaurants. In fact...”

He waved a hand, indicating the room.

“I own this one.”

“No way!” Natalie’s eyes widened in surprise.

I knew that Jack had been doing well in real estate. He was a natural born salesman, but I had no idea how well he was doing. Now, it seemed he had invested his capital in trendy businesses around the city.

What was worse was that Natalie and I had always wanted to go to Hawaii. It was a trip we had planned for our fifth anniversary, something we had saved up for, planned for. It was also the same time we had decided to try and start a family. We both thought it would be romantic if we conceived are first child in a lovely, island paradise.

“No way.” I said. “This is going too far.”

“Wait a minute.” Natalie said and I was shocked when she squeezed my arm. “What’s the rest of it?”

Jack leaned forward and spoke in a conspiratorial whisper.

"If Natalie cums first, she and I go to Hawaii and Donny gets to stay home all...by...himself."

"No fucking way!" I said and made to stand up, but Natalie pulled me back to my seat.

"Chill out, Don." She said laughing. "He's obviously joking."

"No, I'm not." Jack said, his voice serious. "I am not joking. Just ask your man here."

"No. Fucking. Way." I said again, but something was happening to me.

I could feel it, that strange, old sensation in my balls, making my cock lurch in my pants.

I suddenly needed to leave, to get out of there. I stood up, bumping the table and spilling what was left of my drink.

"I think it's time to go." I said and held out my hand.

Natalie looked worried and turned to Jack, who just shrugged and kept smiling. She was expecting him to apologize, to laugh it all off as some kind of crazy, drunk joke. But, I knew Jack. I knew he was serious. He wanted my wife and this was his way of letting Natalie and I know it.

Finally, she nodded and took my hand, pulling herself up and holding onto me.

"It was a pleasure meeting you Natalie." Jack said

I was pulling her towards the door, but I could still hear Jack's words shouting at us over the noise of the crowded bar.

"Think about it, Donny! It's a hell of a deal!"

“What the hell was that all about?” Natalie said as I tugged her towards the car.

I didn’t say anything, just hit the button on my key fob and the only sound between us was the click as the locks opened up.

“Don?” She said. “Are you sure you’re ok to drive?”

I just glared at her and slid into the car. I didn’t feel drunk anymore, a cold anger washing away the last effects of alcohol. Natalie hesitated for a minute, then slid into the car next to me.

Once the doors were shut and we were safely ensconced in our auto, I let out a sigh, attempting to expel the rage through my lungs. Natalie reached out and placed a cool hand on mine.

“You OK?” She said and I looked up at her, her smiling face and her green eyes filled with worry.

“Why did you have to flirt like that?” I said and could not keep the anger from my voice.

“What are you talking about?” She said. “I was just goofing around!”

“Goofing around?” I let her hand fall and gripped the steering wheel so tightly the skin on my knuckles went white.

“Yes, baby!” She said and reached up to rub my hand, massaging the knuckles until the white skin turned pink and the fingers relaxed. “Of course I was! You don’t actually think I’d sleep with Jack do you?”

I looked over at her, but could not get the image of Jack’s thick, pink lips next to her ear, whispering lewd words to her. I knew his taunting had affected her, but she was still my wife. So what if she got a little turned on?

She would never cheat on me, would she?

“It’s what he does.” I said, finally, letting my hands slip from the wheel and into my lap. “He comes on strong. It’s the way he’s always been.”

"Oh come on!" Her laugh filled the small cockpit of the car and made my cheeks flush. "You don't actually think he meant all of that, do you? About Hawaii? It was just a joke."

"You heard him." I said and punched the button to start up the car. "It's not a joke."

We drove back home in silence. Natalie stayed huddled in the passenger seat, frowning in concentration, processing the night. I wondered what she was thinking, now that she knew that Jack wasn't joking, that he had meant every word. He wanted her and he was willing to risk an all expenses paid trip to Hawaii to prove it.

At one point she turned her face away from me. I don't think she realized that I could see her reflection, because her frown lifted and I felt a heat in my balls as her expression changed.

She was smiling.

I was still angry when we got home. Natalie's smile was gone, but she wasn't frowning anymore when we went upstairs to the bedroom. She watched me in the reflection of the full length mirror, slipping off her blouse, revealing the lacy bra underneath. I watched, my anger receding as she slowly unzipped her skirt, slipping it down over her large, white ass.

Natalie thought her ass was too big, especially in proportion to her pert, round tits, But I loved the way her tiny waist flared into a wide curve that quickly narrowed over her calves and finally down to her pretty white feet. No matter how she covered herself, my wife's body was built for sex.

She saw me watching her in the mirror and I saw that smile again, the one I had seen in the car when she was no doubt thinking of Jack and his big, black dick. The thought made my cock surge again, and since I had taken off my khakis, Natalie could plainly see the tent in my boxers.

"Still angry?" She said and bent forward, hands on her knees and wiggled her ass.

"Yes." I said, but the crack in my voice undermined my words.

With her back to me, Natalie stood up straight, running both hands upwards, lifting her brown hair on her head and exposing her thin neck. The effect was mesmerizing. I could see her round, pert

tits in the mirror, the red nipples hard as erasers. At the same time, I watched the firm, white globes of her ass cheeks rise and fall as she worked her thigh muscles and jiggled the pale flesh just out of my reach.

"Did Jack really make you jealous?" She cooed and threw her head over her shoulder to grin at me, light brown hair falling into her eyes. "Does it make you mad that your old friend wants me?"

She must be still drunk, I thought. She only teased and showed off her body like this after a few drinks. Still, she didn't stumble when she turned around, showing me the naked front of her body. She let her hair fall down around her shoulders and grinned at me as she ran her hands up her belly, cupping the small scoops of her breasts and holding them out to me.

"Yes." I finally managed to say.

I stumbled to the bed and sat down, watching as Natalie turned her full attention to me. It was like being nailed to the bed, unable to move as she slowly, seductively sauntered over to me.

"You know." She sighed as she unbuttoned my shirt. "It is kind of hot, thinking about him paying him for a trip to Hawaii, just the two of us, don't you think?"

I didn't answer. I slid my hands up her smooth flesh, reveling in the firm stomach muscles, the soft ridges of her ribs, until I finally cupped her perfect breasts.

"Mmmm. That's right." She moaned as my fingers found her hard nipples, twisting them between my fingers, bringing them to sharp points.

She sat down on my lap, bumping her pubic bone against my erection. I groaned as she worked her hips in lap dance, rotating her ass slowly into me, making my cock fill with hot blood. She brought her arms around my neck and pulled me forward. Her brown hair tickled my nose and lips as she brought me to her mouth and sucked me into her mouth. My nostrils were flooded with the intoxicating aroma of her perfume, her sweat, and the hot, wet smell of her pussy as she worked herself along my crotch.

"Oh, shit." I moaned against her shoulder.

"Think about it." She panted in my ear. "Think about how good it would feel if I made him cum and he was forced to watch as we take his money and go to Hawaii. Wouldn't that be perfect?"

She slid her hand down between us, freeing my cock from my boxers. I could feel the wet heat of her pussy as it slid across my tortured flesh.

"I don't know." I groaned as she slid the tip over her slit, rubbing the head of my cock across her sensitive clit. "Wh...what if you lose?"

She laughed, still keeping my cock from entering her, hovering her heat just over my helpless dick.

"How can I lose?" She said. "You saw how much he wanted me! There's no way he gets me to cum first."

I had to admit, Natalie was hot. And Jack was obviously into her, or he wouldn't have made the bet. I also knew that she didn't always cum for me, that it was hard for her to achieve orgasm. If she fucked Jack, there was no guarantee that he could even make her cum.

"Oh, fuck, Nat." I moaned. "I don't think I could stand it."

She kissed me again, lowered herself down so the tip of my cock was in her pussy. Then, she squeezed it and the wet muscles clamped down on me like a vise.

"Feel that?" She grunted. "You think Jack will be able to stop himself from cumming?"

"No." I said, pushing myself upwards. "He won't."

"Unnh!" Natalie closed her eyes and grunted as she impaled herself on my cock at the same time as I thrust upwards.

Our pelvises came together in a delicious wet smack of flesh and bone. Natalie's cunt convulsed on my cock and she sat on me, letting the hot, wet muscles grip and to a tight sheath around my invading member.

"You're fucking right he won't." Natalie hardly ever cursed, even during sex and the lewd words made the lust rise like a monster in my balls.

"Fucking right!" I growled and I speared upwards into her, stabbing my cock deep into her fevered pussy.

Natalie's body was rising and falling on my cock, the wet slap of her ass on my thighs filling our bedroom. I lay back on the bed and let her ride me, watching her brows as they furrowed in concentration, her green eyes dark in the dim light. I reached up and worked her tits, smashing them in my hands as she moaned above me, working my cock with her hot, little body.

"Yeah, baby!" She moaned above me. "I'm going to make Jack cum baby! Just like I'm going to make you cum!"

My mind was suddenly filled with images of her and Jack together, my beloved Nat riding his huge, black cock while I watched. How would she make him cum? With her mouth working on his big, fat dick? Would he cum in her pussy? Fill her with his cum?

Suddenly, I realized that Natalie was fucking me without a condom. She wasn't on the pill, she'd gone off of it two months before, in preparation for starting a family, but we weren't quite there yet.

"Shit!" I grunted as Natalie fucked my cock harder and faster. "Nat! I don't have a condom on!"

I struggled to get her off of me before I came in her unprotected pussy, but she threw her sweaty body on top of me, her lips smashing against mine.

She kissed away my fears as her wet pussy continued to slide up and down my cock, edging me closer to orgasm. When she broke the kiss, I could hear her panting in my ear.

"S'ok, baby!" She hissed. "I want it! I want you to cum inside of me. I want to start now, so we can get pregnant in Hawaii."

She rose up on me, hands planted on my chest and hammered her ass up and down on my body, slamming me into the mattress.

"Won't that be perfect, baby? Oh, fuck! Think of the story we could tell!"

"Oh shit!" I moaned and gripped her hips in my hands, helping her down on my cock. "Yes! Yes! I'm going to cum, baby! I'm going to cum inside of you!"

"Do it, Donny!" She screamed. "Just fucking do it!"

With a final, urgent thrust I lifted my ass off the bed, catching Natalie's descending crotch. There was a stab of pain as our pelvic bones crashed together, overshadowed by the pent up cum in my balls blasting upwards into my wife's hungry pussy. The walls of her cunt gripped me tight and milked my cock of every drop of my squirting seed.

Natalie fell across me, her body heaving and sweaty. I felt my cum succumb to gravity and drip around my pulsing cock and coat my balls in sticky sap. I worried suddenly, if I had indeed impregnated my wife.

Did my seed get far enough into her womb?

"It doesn't matter." I told myself. "We'll have plenty of time to try after she won the bet."

Together, we decided that it would best for Natalie to call, but she wanted me to be there. We sat on our bed and she looked at me, frowning.

"Are you sure about this?" She said, holding her phone in her hand.

My heart picked up speed as I realized we were really going to do this thing.

"Yes." I said. "Let's do this."

"Ok." She said, her pretty face lighting up in a huge grin. "What's his number?"

I gave her Jack's number which and she tapped the numbers into the phone. When the phone started to ring, she set it on the bed between us and hit the speaker button, the blaring digital tone violating the quiet coziness of our bedroom.

"Hello, Natalie." Jack's smooth, deep voice boomed out of the phone's speaker, filling the space between me and my wife.

"Oh?!" Natalie squeaked. "Uh, hi Jack! H-how'd you know it was me?"

"Caller ID silly. I've had your number for awhile. Just never had a reason to call."

Natalie was instantly thrown off by the fact that Jack had her number. She looked at me and I shrugged. I had never shared her number with Jack. Why would I? What possible reason could Jack have to speak to Natalie?

Except maybe to arrange a fuck date, of course, but that was a fairly new development.

"How'd you get my number?" Natalie asked, her eyes narrowing in suspicion. "I know Don wouldn't have given it to you."

Jack chuckled.

"No. You got that right." He said. "You know, I think for some reason Donny-boy doesn't trust me around you."

"I wonder why." Natalie said, giving me a malicious smile. "He knows you too well."

"That he does."

"That still doesn't explain how you got my number." She said.

"I have my ways." Jack said and left it at that. "Come on now, Nat. Is that the real reason you called?"

Natalie paused and looked at me again. We sat in silence for a moment, letting it sink in. We were about to invite Jack into our bed and, more importantly, into Natalie's body. The idea of it turned me on and, in that moment, that arousal drove away all of the fear and the shame. I gulped and nodded.

"We want to take you up on your offer." Natalie said. "We want to take the bet."

"We?" Jack said. "Is Don there with you?"

Natalie raised her eyebrows and looked at me. I shook my head and she grinned.

"No, baby." She said sweetly and the sexiness of her voice shook me to my core. "It's just you and me right now."

"That's good." Jack purred. "So, you been dreaming of my big, black cock?"

Natalie giggled girlishly and laid down on the bed, her mouth close to the phone.

"Not a bit." She said and Jack laughed.

"Liar." He said. "I'll bet you've been thinking of me. I'll bet you've been thinking of my cock when you're fucking your husband."

Natalie looked over at me, her smile cruel and beautiful. She beckoned me over as she unbuttoned her shorts. I got the idea and slid quietly over the bed, gripping her the waist band and tugged them down over her flared hips.

"You got me." She cooed as her shorts slid over her pretty white feet and I threw them on the floor. "I've been thinking about you. You're big, black body is sooo sexy!"

She winked at me again and I felt that she was laying it on a bit thick. It seemed to do the trick with Jack because when he spoke again, his voice was heavy with lust.

"And my cock?" He said. "Have you been thinking of that?"

"How could I?" Natalie teased. "I've never seen your cock."

"You want to?" Jack said.

Natalie slid her hand down between her legs, spread the puffy pink lips of her pussy and showed me the wet, hot inner flesh. She licked her lips and this time there was no put on as she panted hot words of lust for me and Jack to hear.

"Oh yeah, baby!" I didn't like her calling him 'baby' but the stab of jealousy only added to the burgeoning hardness of my cock. "I do want to see it."

"You want me to describe it to you, Natalie?" Jack said. "You want me to tell you about it?"

"God yes!" Natalie moaned and slid a slender finger into her wet pussy, gasping as she hit her hot center. "Do you have it out? Are you looking at it?"

"Way ahead of you, baby." Jack chuckled. "How about you? You touching yourself?"

"Yes." She grinned. "It's so wrong. Donny's not even here! I shouldn't be doing this, but I can't help it!"

"Fuck Donny!" Jack growled. "What he doesn't know won't hurt him!"

Natalie grinned at me and beckoned me forward. I scooted up between her legs as silently as I could, overcome with excitement. My wife teasing Jack over the phone, all the while sharing her deception with me made me so hot, I thought I was going to cum in my pants.

"You're right, baby!" Natalie gasped and gripped a handful of my hair as my mouth touched her sensitive cunt. "What Donny doesn't know won't hurt him!"

"That's right, you little slut." Jack's voice was a the growl of an angry predator. "The sooner you get over that shit, the sooner I can win the bet."

"Uh uh!" Natalie moaned as my tongue slid up her wet slit. "You're never going to win that bet."

"We'll see, baby, we'll see." Jack huffed. "You playing with yourself? You want more?"

"Oh yeah, baby!" Nat. said and pulled my face into her pussy, smothering me with her wet, pink flesh. "Tell me about that cock, baby!"

"It's big." Jack said. "Bigger than Donny's, I can tell you that. Right now, it's so hard for you, baby. It's at least twice as long as his."

Natalie's eyes widened and she looked at me for confirmation. To tell the truth, I had never measured our cocks side by side, but I knew his was bigger than mine. I shrugged, not able to tell her one way or the other.

"I don't believe it!" She said, but shoved me back into her pussy, humping her crotch into my face.

"Believe it, bitch!" Natalie's pussy spasmed and she moaned as Jack's words entered her brain. "It's twelve inches of hard, black cock and it wants to fucking ruin your little white pussy."

"Oh fuck!" Natalie said and I focused on her clit, my finger thrusting into her pussy as she writhed on the bed. "Oh, shit that is so hot!"

"You don't even know, bitch!" Jack spat out the words. "When I'm done with you, you're going to be my little slut!"

"N-no way!" Natalie said and her cunt contracted on my fingers.

I sucked her clit into my mouth and bit down, feeling the pulsing button swell between my teeth. Natalie cried out, pulling her hips back, her body tensing for release.

"That's it bitch!" Jack grunted. "Cum with me, slut! I want you to cum thinking of my big, black cock in your pussy!"

"Fuck yes!" She cried and I pressed my attack on her pussy.

All technique was abandoned as I savaged Natalie's cunt, driving my tongue into her sopping hole and sucking at her swollen clit. Jack's own grunts echoed over the speaker and our bedroom was filled with the sucking, grunting sounds as we worked together to orgasm.

"I'm gonna' cum, bitch!" Jack said. "Cum with me. Cum with me!"

"Yes, baby! I'm cumming, Jack! I'm cumming!"

"Fuck!" Jack groaned as Natalie's body exploded upwards, jamming my lips against my teeth and knocking me backwards.

Despite the pain, I dove again, mouth and fingers working furiously, making my lovely wife squirm on the bed, her body convulsing again and again as she was buffeted on wave after wave of pleasure.

Jack was groaning too, his grunts unintelligible, but I imagined him, sitting by the phone, his huge, black pole squirting out thick, white cum all over his hand. A wave of satisfaction came over me as I thought of him, all alone in his bedroom, jerking off while I secretly made my wife reach a mind-blowing orgasm. What a fool Jack was if he thought he would ever be able to make my wife feel the way I felt.

My own cock had reached a breaking point. I rose up between Natalie's legs, tugging my pants down around my ass. No time to get naked, I was ready to explode and I had a driving need to thrust it into my wife's pussy, to once more prove my dominance over Jack.

"Uh...Jack?" Natalie said as my cock sprang out of my shorts, pale and stiff. "I have to go. Donny just got home."

"Sure." Jack sighed, still coming down from his own orgasm. "You be sure to give him my best, sweetheart. "

"Oh, I will." Natalie grinned. "I'll see you on Friday."

"Can't wait."

"Me neither." Natalie groaned as I shoved my hot cock deep into her sopping pussy. "S-see you!"

No doubt Jack thought it was thoughts of Friday that made my wife groan because he was chuckling as I reached over and punched the End Call button on Nat's phone.

"Can't wait." I mocked and slammed home into my wife's pussy.

Natalie laughed and raised her legs up over my hips, pulling me into her.

"What a cocky bastard!" She grunted as I buried myself to the hilt.

"Wh-who?" I grunted, pulling out to thrust back into her again. "Oh fuck that's good. Who's the cocky bastard, huh? Me or Jack?"

"B-both of you, you son of bitch." Natalie moaned as I slammed into her again. "Both of you!"

There were no words after that, just the sounds of our wet flesh smacking together as I did my best to drive my wife into the bed. She moaned underneath of me, her hands rifling through my hair, rubbing up and down my back.

"That's it!" She cooed in my ear. "Give it to me, baby! You're my man, Donny! You'll always be my man!"

Again the image of Jack sitting at home, thinking of my wife while I got to fuck her hot body came to me. I groaned, the powerful thoughts pushing me over the edge. Natalie wrapped her legs around me. There was no talk of condoms, no talk of pulling out. I grunted as I came inside of her and Natalie accepted it with cool, comforting grace, murmuring to me as my body shuddered on top of her.

"My man." She said, over and over again. "You'll always be my man."

"Are you sure about this?" Natalie asked me again for the thousandth time as she cupped her breasts in a lacy, white bra.

I held my breath as she pulled white panties up over the luscious curves of her ass and it was all I could do not to grab her and pull her onto the bed with me.

We had gone together to the mall, sneaking into the Victoria's Secret store. At first, I felt like a pervert, walking around amongst the bras, panties and other assorted lingerie. My worries quickly disintegrated when Natalie came out of the dressing room and began modeling different sets of lingerie. I got hard, watching her as she turned in front of me, displaying her lush ass and curving form in a series of tight, skimpy bras, panties and various negligees. Knowing that she was buying the lingerie to excite Jack made it even better, especially when I thought of him blowing his load early and losing the bet.

In the end, we settled on a simple white bra and panty set. The only decoration was a cute, little bow between the breasts, like Natalie was a gift waiting to be unwrapped. The contrast of the white fabric and Natalie's long, light brown hair was simply too sexy to pass up.

"Jesus! You look gorgeous!" I said.

She grinned at me in the mirror and blew me a kiss.

"Thanks, baby!" She cocked a hip like a lingerie model. "Do you think Jack will like it?"

"Oh yeah!" I said. "He'll probably blow his load in his pants just looking at you"

Natalie laughed.

"That's the idea." She said and I watched her frown in the mirror, straighten the strap of the panties along one hip and nod to herself.

"Ready?" She said.

I gulped as my wife turned to me, so beautiful and sexy. I had thoughts of backing out, calling the whole thing off. Then, I thought

of Jack's mocking smile and the way he had insulted me. I wanted to see him fall tonight, to realize who the better man really was. There was no way I could back out now.

"I'm ready."

Jack was lounging on the sofa in the living room, sipping a glass of Jack Daniels (no Coke this time) smiling to himself and thinking his own thoughts. I cleared my throat and he saw him grin, not startled at all by my presence. Expecting it, in fact.

“Don.” He said, throwing back the last of the whiskey and stood up.

He towered over me and his large, muscular presence filled the room. I looked up at him, forced to acknowledge the beauty of this man. His broad shoulders, the well-proportioned physique, the rich, chocolate hue of his skin. What woman wouldn't find him sexy?

If there was ever a time that I wanted to back out of that crazy, fucked up arrangement, it was that moment. That moment when I realized that Jack had a chance, just a slim chance, of winning.

Then, the smug bastard smiled down at me and spoke to me as if reading my thoughts.

“So, we going to fuck or are you going to back out?”

“Fuck you.” I muttered, but turned around and led Jack down the hall to the bedroom door.

Natalie and I had discussed many scenarios for where the actual event would take place. I had suggested we do it at a neutral sight, like a motel, but Natalie insisted we do it on our home turf, in our bedroom. It would keep her focused on the goal and it would put Jack on the defensive. I wasn't so sure that Jack would be that easily rattled, but I could tell it put Natalie's mind at ease.

Ditto on the lead up. We had discussed drinks, maybe even dinner, something to ease the tension. Again, Natalie demurred, claiming that all that would do was torture her. Instead, she wanted to just get on with it, skip the foreplay and get right down to business. Again, I didn't know if that would disturb Jack in the slightest, but I let Natalie have her way.

After all, it was Natalie who had to fuck this big, black man, not me.

I knocked on the door and heard Natalie's shaky voice call out.
"Come in."

I opened the door to the sight of Natalie in her skimpy white lingerie sitting on the end of the bed. Jack edged me out of the way, not touching me, but nudging me aside by his presence. I walked over to the chair that we had moved into the bedroom, just for this night.

Natalie looked over at me, trying to give me a confident smile, but I could see through the act. She was nervous, I could tell by the way her her breathing sped up and small, glistening beads of sweat appeared on her upper lip. All of the little things you learn about someone after you have spent day and night with them for ten years. She was nervous, but I could see something else, something else I am sure that Jack could see too.

She was excited.

She pulled her eyes away from me and looked up at Jack. He loomed above and she gaped in awe at his big, beautiful form as he bent down, gripping the bottom of her chin so that she was staring into his eyes.

"Hello, Natalie." He said his voice soft, low and mesmerizing.

"Hi, Jack." Her voice came out weak and high, like a little girl's voice. "I've been waiting for you."

"I know you have, baby." Jack said and tried to place a kiss on her lips, but she turned away at the last second, giving him her cheek instead.

Natalie grinned at me and I smiled back as Jack growled in frustration.

"No kissing." Natalie said when Jack tried again.

"You all are adding rules?" Jack said.

"That's right." I said from my chair. "I'm sure you wouldn't want to make Natalie uncomfortable, would you Jack?"

Jack's face grew grim for a moment, and then his thick lips broke into a wide grin.

"Of course not." He said.

Natalie reached up and began to unbutton Jack's shirt. She pouted her lips.

"Sorry, Jacky." She whimpered. "It's just...kissing you would be too intimate. I'm sure you understand."

"Oh, I get it." Jack said.

He stood up over Natalie and pulled off his shirt. Natalie gasped as she gazed at his large, black chest and the rippled abs. Without thinking, she reached out her slim, white fingers and traced the ridges of his muscles, following the harsh, cut lines down his stomach and the thick 'V' of muscle that beckoned to his crotch. I saw Natalie swallow hard, gulping back her fear and her excitement.

"Also," I said. "You have to use a condom."

"Didn't bring one." Jack grunted, not looking at me as he ran thick, ebony fingers through Natalie's brown curls.

Natalie gazed up at him, a teasing smile on her lips as she regained her confidence.

"That's alright. " She said. "We got some for you."

She bent forward and placed her lips on Jack's stomach, kissing downwards along the thick muscle, stopping at the waistband of his pants. Jack groaned as her tongue flicked out, licking the chocolate skin like a treat.

"Take it or leave it." Natalie said.

Jack growled, a low, dangerous sound that made Natalie giggle. She had him right where she wanted him.

"Fine." Jack grunted.

She reached up and gripped the buttons of his pants and popped it loose. She gave me a confident smile as she pulled down the zipper.

"I got this, baby!" Her grin said. "Don't you worry."

She tugged down Jack's pants, still looking at me, when Jack's huge, black monster cock sprang free and slapped my pretty wife right in the face.

"Holy shit!" Natalie cried as Jack's huge black snake flopped over her face, bounced up and down, and bopped her soundly on the nose. "You're so big!"

I didn't remember Jack's cock being so huge. It was easily as long as Natalie's face, stretching from chin to hairline as she let the thick, black muscle roll across her nose and down her cheek.

It wasn't just long, either, but thick. I groaned in agony as I watched Natalie's small, white hands wrap around the shaft, her slim, pale fingers barely meeting as she stroked him. Jack groaned as Natalie slid her hand up his cock, feeling the length and weight of it.

"Bigger than Donny's, huh?" Jack laughed and pulled the fat weight of it from Natalie's hands.

Natalie chased it with her fingers and mouth and Jack let it go, once again letting it smack against her cheek, leaving a thick tear of precum on Natalie's pale skin. She looked at me over the glistening black shaft.

"Is that what you want to hear?" She smiled then gave the underside of Jack's shaft an opened mouth kiss.

"You know it." Jack grinned over at me. "I want Donny to hear you say it, too."

My cock throbbed, scraping against my boxers. I could already feel the precum seeping from my tortured flesh and I wasn't even touching myself.

"M'sorry, Donny." Natalie murmured, tongue lapping up that huge, black shaft. "It's so much bigger than your cock."

The words seemed to have the desired effect on Jack. He gave a helpless moan as Natalie lifted the Jack's shaft, holding the thick, round shank against the hard muscles of his belly and sucking one of Jack's plum sized testicles into her pretty pink mouth. Jack made low guttural noises as Natalie hummed contentedly on first one, then the other testicle, slavering over them until they were glistening with her spit.

Her eyes never left Jack's. She looked for all the world like a hot, little slut trying to please her black lover, but I suddenly realized that it was an act. The humiliation, the slow teasing blowjob, all of it was designed to get Jack horny as hell so that there was no way he could hold out against my wife's skills.

The cold, calculated attack on Jack's balls made me at once proud and horny. I could no longer hold back and I unzipped my pants, letting my cock free of its cloth prison. I couldn't help measuring myself against the Jack's huge, black cock, now wet and

gleaming from the spit Natalie was squirting over it's ebony surface as she moved her lips and face up and down the shaft. Even hard, my cock was only half Jack's size and as I took a firm grip on my hot shaft, I knew that I was nowhere near as big around.

"Fuck, I hope he cums from her mouth." I found myself thinking as Jack groaned and Natalie grinned.

This was the moment she had been waiting for. Jack's cock was drooling a huge glob of precum from the tip and I watched as Natalie's tongue slid into the slit, scooping out the thick dollop of cream. Jack's eyes closed for a moment and Natalie's eyes narrowed as she gave Jack a predator's glare.

She had him. I wanted to cheer for her, but I didn't want to destroy the moment my wife had created. Instead, I breathed hard, pumping my thin, white cock.

Natalie eye's locked onto mine and she yawned her mouth open impossibly wide and shoved Jack's big, black monster down her throat.

"Fuck yeah!" Jack groaned, his dark hands tangling themselves in Natalie's hair. "Suck that big, black cock, baby!"

Natalie need no urging as her lips stretched around his massive meat. She could only take the huge shaft halfway in before it hammered against the back of her throat, gagging her with it's incredible size before she let it free. Thick streams of spit collected as the thick, black tip appeared at her pink lips. She sucked the spit into her mouth, then used it as lubrication, shoving the huge, black pole back into her lips.

Spit and precum coated the black flesh and I watched as my wife's pale fingers slid through the wet mess, both hands working furiously on the dark shaft, the wedding ring I had slipped on her finger ten years ago now coated in wet, slippery juice.

Jack and I groaned together, my own hand working my cock while my wife's mouth and hands worked his black shaft. It was hot, seeing my wife use her mouth to please this big, beautiful black man. I wondered, was she turned on by sucking his cock, or was it just an act? Was she merely acting like a whore to get Jack off that much quicker?

I wanted to believe it as Natalie looked at me, the head of Jack's cock stretching her cheek into an egg shape. I wanted to believe that she was putting on a show for Jack and me, wanting to get us both off, while remaining above the lust herself. However, when she closed her eyes to take Jack's cock again to the back of her throat, she moaned in pleasure too obvious for me to ignore. Natalie couldn't remain unaffected by the moment, only a robot could remain aloof with a monster cock like that in her mouth. And my wife was no robot.

This had to be turning her on.

It was definitely turning me on. I stroked my cock harder. I wanted to cum, but I swallowed hard, holding my orgasm back. I wanted to wait until Jack came, until he lost the fucking bet so I could fuck my wife and release my seed inside of her. Like a real man, like a real husband.

Jack moaned again and my wife wrapped both hands around his thick shaft and pumped her mouth back and forth on his black cock, like a piston driving some terrible engine. She made wet gagging sounds and I heard her whimper as she fucked her face on Jack's monster cock. Her eyes were shut tight, ignoring the spit drooling off the black shaft, over her chin and dropped in thick rivers down her chest. Wet tears of spit and precum drizzled down her cheeks. I had never seen Natalie so possessed, driven by a need to pleasure a man.

My own orgasm was near the edge. Any minute now, Jack would give in and release his pent up seed into Natalie's hungry mouth. I was ready for that moment. I didn't even care if my wife's face was covered with his cum. I would fuck her right there, on our bed, in front of Jack. I would cum inside of her and knock her up.

That's when I heard Jack laugh, a deep throaty chuckle. Natalie stopped sucking him, gasping against the thick, black meat.

"Nice try, bitch!" Jack said. "But, you'll have to do better than that!"

To prove his point, he wrapped his hands in Natalie's brown hair and pulled her head backward until her face was looking up at him. He placed the huge tip of his cock against Natalie's lips and she had

no choice but to open them to receive his offering of solid, black flesh. Holding her head in place by her hair, Jack rammed his cock into my wife's mouth. Natalie's eyes flew open as the thick head hammered at her throat. Jack pulled back then thrust again.

"Now, this is more like it!" Jack cried.

Natalie's eyes were no longer on mine. It was all she could do to breathe as Jack pummeled her pretty throat with his cock, Natalie's desperate, wet gurgles filling the room. Then, his huge black hands tilted Natalie's face upwards at an angle and I saw his huge, black shaft bend as her the head of his cock battered against the small opening of her throat.

"Just relax, baby." Jack said, his voice now soothing. "Just let it happen."

Natalie fought the urge to gag, looking up at him with wide, wet eyes. Then, with a squelchy, wet gurgle, the muscles of her throat relaxed and I saw her pale neck bulge as her body accepted every inch of his black meat. He fucked her throat with his cock, and my heart fell as my wife accepted all of the hard, black flesh that he had to give.

My hand fell away from my cock, numb with shock. She had taken him all, every inch. Her pretty white face was shoved into his black belly, white nose hidden by his curly pubic hairs. Jack's heavy, ebony balls rolled wetly against her chin. My wife's hot canal, from lips to throat, was completely filled with Jack's black, pulsating flesh.

Jack held her there, letting my wife feel the his throbbing meat, until Natalie could hold it no longer. She pushed her hands against Jack's thick thighs, digging her nails into the hard, black flesh. Her wedding ring gleamed against the dark skin as my beautiful wife fought for breath.

Jack let her feel the wonderful, thick flesh for another second before he let her go. I watched in disbelief as inch after inch of Jack's black flesh burst from Natalie's pink lips as she belched up another stream of spit. She reeled back on her haunches, looking up into Jack's eyes, her fingertips lightly rubbing her bruised lips.

"It's so big!" She said in awe. "I've never had a cock that big!"

I couldn't help but look at my thin, white cock, still so hard, yet so small compared to what my loving wife had just taken down her throat. What was worse was that this was not over. Jack had not cum. In fact, he didn't look close to cumming, his mouth split into a grin as he scooped Natalie into his huge, black arms and planted an open mouthed kiss on her lips.

Natalie moaned deep in the back of her throat., a moan of frustration and lust. Bile churned in my throat as I watched Natalie's mouth open to accept Jack's probing tongue. Her tiny, white hands explored Jack's huge chest, running over his muscles, unable to stop. Jack dug hard black fingers in to the lush flesh of her ass and pulled her forward, grinding her against his thigh. His black shaft slid up Natalie's body, leaving a trail of slime from stomach to rib cage.

For long, agonizing moments I watched as Natalie kissed Jack, truly kissed him. It was the same way that we used to kiss when we first met, when that feeling of lust was so overwhelming that you could kiss for hours and only come up for air when your jaw and tongue started to cramp. I sat there, alone and scared, my cock still hard, but my heart breaking with each moan of lust from my wife.

So much for the rule about no kissing.

It was Jack who finally broke the kiss, my wife mewling in disappointment, slumped in Jack's arms. His throat fucking and the subsequent kiss had made her legs weak and rubbery and Jack held her, helpless, her eyes slitted and her mouth hanging open. Jack grinned down at Natalie, then turned his eyes onto me.

"Now, that's more like it."

In one quick movement, Jack swept Natalie up into his powerful arms. She let out a cry of surprise and clung to his thick muscles, looking at me over his huge black shoulder. The look said everything. Lust and fear stared at me out of those lovely green eyes.

For the first time since we made the bet, Natalie realized that she might just lose.

Despite his obvious need, Jack laid Natalie gently on the bed, lowered his huge, black body over Natalie's tiny, pale form and kissed her. Natalie accepted his kisses with an undisguised hunger. Jack murmured in my wife's ear and I heard Natalie reply in a voice weak with desire.

"Yes."

It maddened me that I couldn't hear what she was agreeing to. A second later, however, the mystery was solved when Natalie sat up and pulled off her bra.

Jack let out a low, deep growl and attacked Natalie's breasts. Natalie looked at me over Jack's broad back, her mouth opened in pleasure, her eyes filled with an intense lust that she struggled to control.

Then, her eyes closed and she let herself feel Jack's mouth as he slurped on her nipples, his huge black hands exploring the rest of her petite, pale body. Natalie moaned with surrender and fell back to the bed.

Jack worked his way down her body, feasting on her pure, white flesh. He left a trail of hungry kisses across her ribs, over Natalie's firm stomach, finally ending up with his face hovering above her crotch.

Natalie squirmed on the bed, her ass bucking upwards, anticipating Jack's kiss. Jack left her there, wriggling with lust, and gripped her panties, pulling them down over Natalie's round ass, past her strong calves, and, finally, slid them off her feet. He threw the panties over his shoulder and I moaned as they landed at my feet.

Jack stood up to his full height, his tall black form looming over Natalie. Natalie gazed up at him, her eyes misty with lust, one hand sliding down to her clit, working the swollen bud as Jack slid his pants off and kicked them to the side.

"You are so hot." Jack murmured.

Natalie cried out as Jack bent over and gripped her thighs, pushing her legs back until my wife's pink slit was completely exposed. Kneeling between her legs, he ran his tongue from the tight, pink bud of her ass all the way up to her clit. Natalie gasped as Jack's mouth lingered on her the swollen nub an extra second before he rose up, the huge head of his cock poised at Natalie's unprotected opening.

"Wait!" Natalie moaned, attempting to hold back Jack's body with her small, pale fingers. "You have to wear a condom!"

Jack grunted, sliding the thick shaft up Natalie's slit, rubbing it over her clit, letting her feel its full, throbbing length. Natalie moaned in desperation, but kept her hands on Jack's chest, resisting the urge I knew she was feeling. She wanted that big, black cock. Right now, she needed it and I was proud of her for resisting, happy that she wasn't willing to risk getting pregnant for a moment of lust.

Maybe, just maybe, there was enough of Natalie still present in her desire-filled brain to win this contest.

"Up to you." Jack said, still rubbing his cock up and down Nat's fevered slit. "Just so you know, I can barely feel anything with a condom on. It'll just make me last longer."

"Oh, fuck!" Natalie cried in frustration.

We both knew she was close, too close to losing. She looked over at me, tears in her eyes. I couldn't tell whether it was frustration at not being able to have Jack's cock, or fear that she might lose.

"How 'bout it, Donny?" Jack said, still looking at Natalie as she squirmed helplessly in the bed. "Want to take a chance?"

I nodded, my head moving all on its own. Natalie sighed in relief. I realized, perhaps too late, that this might not be about the bet at all. Maybe, my loving wife just needed to feel Jack's bare cock inside of her body.

And I wanted to see it too. My own prick was as hard as it had ever been. It throbbed in my hand as Jack shoved the big, purplish tip of his cock deep into my Nat's unprotected pussy.

"Slow! G-g-go slow." Natalie gasped.

Jack gritted his teeth and stopped with just a couple of inches of his cock inside Natalie's swollen lips. He stayed there and I saw his

muscular buttocks contract and release as he flexed his black muscle inside my wife's cunt. Natalie moaned and squirmed as her body tried to stretch to take him.

Jack grunted and slid in a couple of more inches. He repeated the process again and again, stretching my wife's pussy until every inch of his throbbing, black cock was embedded inside Natalie's white flesh.

"Oh fuck!" Natalie groaned. "Fuck it is so big!"

"That's right, slut!" Jack said. "And just think, you get to have this big, black cock all week long!"

"N-No that's n-" Natalie's protests were cut off as Jack pulled his cock out a few inches, then hammered them into Natalie's body, spearing her to the mattress.

I thought Natalie might cum right there, the contest over. She surprised me again. She looked at Jack, gritted her teeth, and hissed.

"I'm going to be with my husband all week." She said. "While you stay home with your hand."

Jack laughed, a full, deep laugh. I saw Natalie's smile slip a fraction as Jack called her bluff.

"Aw shit, Nat!" Jack wiped a tear from under his eye. "I won the minute you let me put this fucking cock inside you!"

"No!" She looked at me in desperation. "That's not true! Donny! I love you! I-"

Natalie was again cut off as Jack took the full length of his cock out of her pussy and slammed it back in. I watched, amazed as Jack's huge, black rod slowly emerged from Natalie's cunt, her pink lips clinging to it as he withdrew the monster, only to be snapped back into place as he hammered my wife again and again.

How could Natalie take that monster? But, take it she did and pretty soon her luscious ass was lifting off the bed as she met Jack's cock thrust for thrust.

"That's it, slut!" Jack growled. "Just give in."

"Oh no, no, no." Natalie chanted, but I could see her will dissolving in front of me. "Please, no more."

Jack didn't listen, but renewed his attack, spurred on by Natalie's pleas. Black fingers dug deep into the flesh of her thighs as he used her legs to pull himself into her pussy, huge black balls slapping against the ripe, white flesh of her ass. His cock must have been hitting her cervix, battering at the entrance to her unprotected womb. I had heard that it hurt when a cock penetrated that far, but Natalie's body accepted the pounding with a hunger I had never seen before.

My own cock was joining her in her lust, my hand tugging at the thin shaft. A part of me realized with horror that she was going to lose the bet. That she was going to be Jack's sex toy in Hawaii while all I could do was jerk off.

Those scared thoughts were shoved to the back of my mind as my desire took over.

"Oh, shit!" Natalie cried in despair and looked at me, her eyes wide as she realized what was about to happen. "I'm so sorry, Donny. I-I can't! I-I'm--"

Natalie suddenly tensed, muscles compressing, her whole magnificent body a coiled spring. She stopped bucking, her mouth open in a silent scream as Jack's big, black cock forced her over edge.

Natalie let out a scream that filled my ears. Her body leapt off the bed, back arching as every muscle and nerve ending burst in the most powerful orgasm I had ever seen.

I had never imagined, not even in my wildest dreams, that Natalie could ever cum like that.

As Natalie's screams echoed in my ears, my own cock burst, cum splashing in thin streams over my hands and stomach. I grunted, unable to look away from my wife as we came together.

Jack's strong, black hand reached down and gripped Natalie's neck, pulling her face to his. Locked, forehead to forehead he gazed deep into my wife's eyes.

"You're mine now, Natalie." He growled.

Natalie nodded and managed to let out a small, tortured gasp.

"Yes, Jack." She panted. "Oh, yes."

Then, my lovely wife was giving him hungry, passionate kisses, her calf muscles flexing as she tried to climb Jack's body to continue pumping herself on his cock. They held each other like that, kissing and moaning. The sight of my wife not just fucking, but making love to my powerful, black rival filled me with horror. This wasn't just sex, couldn't be just sex if Natalie had cum like that. For Natalie, this was something more. And it wasn't over.

"Again." I heard Natalie murmur, a sweet, loving plea in Jack's ear. "Do it again, Jack. Do it again."

Jack smiled, realizing that he had won more than just the bet. With Natalie's legs wrapped around his waist, Jack drove himself into her body again and again. There were no more words, just grunts and moans of pleasure, punctuated by the wet sounds of Jack's heavy balls slapping against Natalie's ass.

"Shit, baby!" Jack groaned. "I'm going to cum!"

"Don't stop, Jack!" Natalie whimpered. "Please don't stop!"

Jack looked into her eyes.

"I'm going to cum inside of you, Nat. That what you want?"

Natalie, caught up in the moment, nodded.

"Yes, baby! Cum inside me. Cum with me, baby! Please!"

Their eyes locked onto each other as Jack screwed Natalie with reckless abandon, no longer worried about the bet, or Natalie's unprotected womb. They gazed into each other's eyes until the final moment when their bodies surrendered to their intense, shared release.

My tortured ears were filled with Jack's grunts and Natalie's screams. I watched, unable to look away, Jack's ass clenched, his balls contracted and he shot his heavy seed deep into Natalie's pussy. They continued to look into each other's eyes until their bodies relaxed, their lips met and the two lovers melted into more deep, passionate kisses.

I sat there, watching them bask in the afterglow of their love making, bodies joined together, black and white skin so beautiful. The shame I always felt after enjoying this fantasy, now a reality, reared its ugly head like a hungry dragon attacking my soul.

I had watched Natalie have sex with another man. Worse than that, I had done nothing to stop it. I had even been complicit in the whole thing.

And worst of all? I had enjoyed every goddamned minute of it. Even when Jack claimed Nat's pussy with his seed, possibly creating a new life in her belly, I had felt intense pleasure. Pleasure at seeing my wife taken, dominated and seduced into surrendering her womb to another man.

What kind of husband did that make me?

The first tears hit my cheeks, stinging like acid. I wiped them away, afraid that Natalie or Jack might see them. I needn't have worried, the two of them were reveling in each other's bodies too much to notice me sobbing quietly in the corner.

I suddenly needed to get out of there, to go somewhere else and hide my shame from my wife and my college rival. Just as I was about to bolt, Jack lifted his body off of Natalie and she gave a cute, little gasp as Jack let his dripping black snake slip from her body.

"Oh shit." Natalie murmured. "I am so full."

Jack was soft now, but even soft his black monster was bigger than mine. His cock had plugged Natalie's hole and when he withdrew I heard a small belch deep in Nat's pussy, and watched in awe as thick, white cum squirted from her swollen cunt, dripped down the cleft between her butt cheeks and soaked into the sheets.

"There's more where that came from." Jack grinned, pulling Natalie to a sitting position, giving her another kiss. "Just wait until Hawaii. I'm going to fuck you like that all week long."

Natalie murmured and her eyes slid over to me. She took in the sight of me, disheveled, my cock out, watching in what must have looked like desperate lust. She looked up at Jack, smiling.

"I don't know about that." She said. "I think that was a one time thing."

"We'll see." Jack said, kissing her again. "We'll see."

I slumped in the chair, defeated. Jack gathered his clothes and dressed, Natalie's eyes on his sleek, black body the whole time. Finally, Jack leaned over and gave Natalie a last, hungry kiss and promised to call her later with the details of the trip.

As Jack passed me on his way out, I covered myself up, but it was too late. Jack had seen my shame and lust, just as Natalie had. He looked down at me with a mocking smirk.

"Looks like you enjoyed yourself too." He said, slapping me on the shoulder. "I hope you liked it, because you're only getting your hand this week, Donny boy."

I suppressed my moan as Jack left the room, shutting the door behind him.

"Donny?"

Natalie's voice was soft and concerned, calling me from the bed. I couldn't look at her, not after what had just happened.

Natalie slid off the bed and padded across the floor, slipping her naked, sweaty body down between my legs until she was kneeling in front of me.

"Baby?" She said and placed her cool, white hands on my cheeks, lifting my chin until I was looking in her eyes.

There she was, my beautiful, loving wife. Her eyes stared into mine, her brows knitted in concern. My caring wife.

Except she wasn't. Not anymore. Her light brown hair was disheveled, the bouncy curls hung limp with sweat. The mascara she had so carefully applied was running at the corners of her eyes, like black tears. My mind was assaulted by the image of her struggling to force Jack's pumping mass of black muscle down her gullet. My hand reached out and grazed the spot on her pretty white neck where it had been distended by the meaty tip of Jack's cock.

"I'm so sorry, baby." She said and kissed my lips.

I could smell sweat and cum on her body as she kissed me with the same lips she had used on Jack's body. I should have been disgusted, but I felt something as Natalie placed small, plaintive kisses on my cheeks, trying to earn my forgiveness. It was a hot, assertive feeling in my balls and as I allowed Natalie's tongue to spear into my mouth, my cock twitched back into life.

I'd never been able to get hard twice in one night before, not even when Natalie and I were a new couple and our bodies fascinated one another. Yet now, as we kissed, my brain was filled with thoughts of Jack's big, black cock hammering her pussy. Part of

it was lust, my dirty wife kissing me after she had been pleased by a black man, by a real man who had made her feel better than I ever could. However, with those thoughts came a rage I had never felt before and it only made my desire stronger, my cock harder than I had ever experienced.

Natalie noticed my hard on and looked down, shocked.

"Oh my god!" She laughed and looked at me. "I thought you were mad!"

The look on my face must have been ugly, because her laugh stopped and I saw fear in her eyes as I gripped her shoulders and pushed her roughly to her feet. She cried out, but did not resist as I pulled her to the bed and threw her to the mattress.

I tried to pull my pants off, but in my anger and lust, I stumbled, falling on the bed as I ripped the pant leg off first one foot, then the other. Natalie giggled as I tripped, her fear gone as she watched my hard cock bouncing uselessly in the air as I fought to rid myself of my clothing. I grew angrier as she laughed at my fumbling awkward movements.

My legs finally free of my pants, I crawled onto the bed, pulling my wife's legs apart. Natalie was still smiling. I hesitated as the head of my cock bumped the entrance to her pussy.

She was so wet, Jack's cum oozing out of her pussy, still warm and gooey. I paused as I realized what I was about to do. I was going to fuck my wife's pussy even though it was full of another man's cum. The thought of it lubing up my thin shaft made me crazy with lust. What the hell was wrong with me?

"Aren't you going to fuck me, Donny?" Natalie teased. "Don't you want to take back what Jack took?"

"You fucking bitch!" I screamed and all hesitation was gone.

I shoved my hard cock into Natalie's pussy and was shocked by how wet she was. Her juices, mixed with Jack's cum, squirted like hot oil around my thin cock, splashing against my balls as I drove my whole length into her with one, savage thrust. My shaft felt like it was swimming in a warm, wet pool and I wondered if Natalie's cunt had been stretched beyond my ability to feel her.

I longed to see that teasing smile slip from her face as I drove into her. Instead, she let me rail at her body, her mocking green eyes staring into my soul.

"That feel good, baby?" She cooed. "Does it feel good to fuck me after Jack came in my pussy?"

"Fuck..." I managed to grunt, my thrusts wild and crazy, all finesse driven out by my rage.

Natalie's legs wrapped around my shaking ass and pulled me even harder into her, as if trying to help me penetrate as deeply as I could.

"He fucked me so good, Donny!" She whimpered. "He was so, so good!"

I groaned and her heels dug into my ass, her eyes on my face.

"So much better than you." She said with an evil smile.

"Please...stop..." I moaned.

Natalie knew I was turned on, knew that I couldn't take much more of her teasing and the feel of her warm, sloppy cunt on my thin shaft.

"He's going to fuck me every day, baby." She said. "I won't even be able to feel you when I get back."

"No!" I turned my head, trying to avoid her mocking eyes.

"He might even get me pregnant!" She gripped my head fiercely and forced me to look in her eyes. "That turns you on, doesn't it?"

"No!" I cried, but my body betrayed me as I thought of Jack's thick, seed already inside of her, crawling towards her unprotected egg.

I wanted to hold back my orgasm, to give her at least a little of the feeling that Jack had given her, but the thought of Jack's fertile seed attacking Natalie's unprotected womb pushed me over the edge.

My body convulsed as all of my rage and lust burst out of my cock. My thin shaft twitched and spurting, adding my juices to her already full pussy. I thought of my cum pushing against Jack's thick seed and I pumped again and again into Natalie's body, trying in vain to push my seed deeper into her womb.

Finally, I let out a long, pitiful whimper and collapsed on top of Natalie, my chest heaving as if I had just run a fifty yard dash. My breath caught in my chest and I realized I was sobbing again, adding my salty tears to the sheen of sweat between Natalie's breasts. My cock gave a last weal twitch, then slipped easily out of my wife's battered pussy.

Natalie reached up and stroked my hair, which only made me cry harder. All of my rage and lust had been washed away by my orgasm to be replaced by the familiar shame and humiliation.

"Shh." She cooed in my ear. "It's OK. Just let it out."

After some time, my sobs dwindled away and I lay there, exhausted, content to be nurtured by my wife. I had earned it.

"It's going to be all right, baby." Natalie murmured. "I love you, Donny. I'll always love you. *Even* when I'm in Hawaii."

I moaned as I remembered the bet.

"You don't have to go." I said, hating the desperation in my voice. "He came inside of you. He broke the rules."

Natalie smiled like a mother indulging a child.

"Oh, babe! You don't mean that do you?" She tousled my hair. "You don't want to give Jack the satisfaction of fucking me, then renege on the bet."

I didn't care, but I knew that something had been unleashed tonight, something that I was helpless to stop.

"Besides," She said with a knowing smile. "It turns you on doesn't it? Thinking of me with Jack?"

I couldn't deny it. I had never cum like that before and she knew it. Even if my mind wanted to fight it, my body had betrayed me.

And my mind didn't want to fight. Cradled on top of Natalie's body, knowing that she still loved me, soothed the feelings of shame.

"It does turn me on." I said. "D-do you think I'm a freak?"

"What?" Natalie said. "No! I don't think you're a freak at all. Jack's a god. What man wouldn't get turned on watching me with him?"

I didn't like her referring to Jack as a god, but what she said was true. Jack was beautiful and so was Natalie. It made perfect sense

that I would enjoy seeing them together.

I began to relax, the love I felt pushing away the last remnants of my shame and fear. My body felt heavy and my eyes slipped close. Just on the edge of sleep, Natalie nudged me awake.

"Donny." She giggled. "Don't go to sleep!"

"Huh?" I groaned. "Why not?"

"Because silly!" She laughed. "You never made me cum!"

I lifted myself on my elbows, looking down at Natalie.

"Babe I don't think I can get hard again." I said and even as I said the words I felt sick knowing that Jack would probably have been able to go again. Who knew how many times he could fuck in one day?

"Who said anything about getting it up?" She said and I saw that mocking gleam in her eyes. "There's other ways you can please me."

"No way!" I groaned. "I can't do that."

"Really?" She pouted. "Don't you want to make me happy?"

She pushed against my shoulders with gentle force. I resisted for a minute and she pouted, the mocking look in her eyes dissolving away to show her real need. She needed me to please her, not only to get off, but to prove that I was all right with this new version of our relationship. It was that fact, that she needed me to prove my love, that made me slip down her body.

She opened her legs and I gasped as the smell of her used pussy burst up from her crotch and assaulted my senses. The musky, slightly sweet smell of my wife was gone, destroyed by the cum Jack and I had released inside of her. It was replaced by a sour, dirty smell that made the gorge rise in my throat.

My wife's beautiful, tight pussy had been destroyed as well. Her pink, puffy lips were stretched open to reveal the oozing cream dripping out of her hole. My throat went dry as I looked at our juices pooling together. I reached forward and pushed an experimental finger into the sticky, gooey mess. Natalie hissed in pain. I heard a deep squelch in her womb and a bubble of white cum slid out of her cunt to join the river that was snaking its way down her ass to the sheets.

“Not like that.” Natalie said through gritted teeth. “It’s too sensitive. You have to lick it.”

I withdrew my finger and stared at the thick seed dripping from my knuckles. My tongue flicked out without thinking, suddenly wanting to taste it.

Like everything else about this evening, it was not what I expected. Our combined juices weren’t bitter or salty. Instead, they were kind of...tangy.

The texture of it took some getting used to as the heavy stream of slime slid over my tongue. Before I could think about it, I forced the cum to slide down my throat and, just like that, I had swallowed a man’s cum for the very first time.

It was easier after that. I knelt between Natalie's legs, the thick, musky smell of her cunt nearly overpowering me. All three of us were there, between my wife’s legs and our combined juices gurgled into my mouth as I dug into Natalie's well-fucked pussy.

“Oh fuck!” Natalie groaned and ripped at my hair. “That is so fucking hot!”

I dug harder, my nose buried in the frothy mess squirting out around my tongue. I moved my mouth upwards and my tongue caught on the swollen bud of Nat's clit.

“Can you taste his cum, baby?” Natalie gasped. “I couldn't help it. I just *had* to feel him cum inside me.”

I groaned, knowing that this thick, pungent stench and the sharp tang of our cum would brand itself on my senses. The smell and taste of Natalie’s pussy would be with me every day they were in Hawaii.

Suddenly, I was desperate to leave my own imprint on my wife’s mind. I dug forward with a renewed hunger. I might not be able to fuck her like Jack, but I would prove myself by giving her the hottest orgasm I could manage.

My mouth fastened on her clit and despite her protests, I curled a finger inside of her, feeling my way upwards until I hit the rubbery flesh of her G spot. Together with my mouth, I forced Natalie to lose all of her composure and she flopped back on the bed. Her body

tensed and she drew into herself, just like she had when Jack fucked her. This time, however, her orgasm was all mine.

"Oh fuck!" Natalie cried and her hips jerked upwards as her body was overcome by her intense climax.

Fresh juices flooded her pussy, washing even more of Jack's cum into my waiting mouth. I swallowed everything she had to give me with gratitude warming my heart as the liquid proof of our lust warmed my belly.

Slowly, Nat came to a rest, her hips giving some final twitches before her ass settled back onto the stained sheets. She pulled at my hair, tugging me upwards, moaning as I laid down beside her.

"Jesus!" She said. "You've never made me cum like that!"

I laid back and she put her head on my chest. I was flushed with pride, having given my wife an orgasm equal to the one she had with Jack. I rubbed her shoulder, a burning question on my lips.

"It made it better, didn't it?" I said. "Thinking about Jack while I...you know."

Natalie hesitated. Now sated, perhaps she was feeling her own sense of shame. I didn't want to make her feel that way, but I needed to know.

"Yes." She said in a small voice. "I'm sorry, Don. He just got me so...excited."

"Excited enough to get have his...?" I gulped. "To have his baby?"

She hesitated again, searching for the right words. Finally, she sighed, making a decision.

"Yes. I just couldn't help it." She looked up at me. "It turned you on to, though. Didn't it?"

She hadn't lied to me and I couldn't lie to her, especially considering my own, intense orgasm.

"You know it did." I said.

"What do we do now?" She asked and I realized that she was leaving the decision up to me.

I didn't know what to do. I was worried that the moment she set foot on the plane to Hawaii, I would never see her again. At the very least, she could come back pregnant with Jack's baby.

Yet, I knew that she wanted to go, maybe even needed to go. If I stopped her she might resent me and that might just be another way of losing her.

Also, the familiar shame and humiliation I had felt was gone. Natalie didn't think I was a freak. In fact, she shared my fantasy. Something I had always been ashamed of was acceptable, even desirable.

Suddenly, after all these years, I was free to admit what I really wanted.

In the end, there was only one thing to say.
"Let's get you packed for Hawaii."

••••

Taken by the Ex

"So, Derek is back in town."

Rachel didn't look away from the television screen as she said the words that made the breath catch in my throat. The growls of the zombies on the screen faded away as the rush of blood swelled in my ears.

I stared at her profile. I saw the small smile that crept to her pink lips, showing me she knew exactly what she had said and exactly the effect that it would have on me.

"Oh, really." My voice broke like a nervous teenager.

Rachel's smile quirked up into a teasing curve. She turned her blue eyes towards me.

"Yes." She said, and shifted a little on the couch, turning her body into me so I could feel the warm swell of her breast against my arm. "He called me today."

Whatever was on the screen was forgotten. I felt the warmth of my wife's body rub against me. I saw the glint in her blue eyes. Her pale face was outlined by a wave of, dark auburn hair. Plus, that smile. That teasing curve of her lips that drove me crazy and she knew it.

Even though Rachel was only wearing a pair of comfy sweats and a tank top, she still maintained a wild sexiness left over from her life before she met me. A life of parties and drugs and tons of hot sex. Hot sex with her black ex-boyfriend, Derek.

"H-he did?" I croaked as Rachel put a hand on my thigh, inching towards my cock which was twitching in my shorts. "For...for real?"

"Oh, yeah!" She said and her hand pressed against my crotch. My dick sprang to life under her firm touch. "This is for reals."

I groaned and Rachel giggled as she rubbed me hard and fast through my shorts.

The first time I had met Rachel was because of Derek. She had stumbled into Suzie's Diner. She drug one high-heeled shoe across the floor the second, broken shoe in clutched tightly in her hand. It

had been raining outside and Rachel's auburn hair was wet and clinging to her head. Her heavy, black eyeliner ran down her cheeks in dark tears. A skimpy black blouse hung off her shoulder, revealing a red bra underneath. The whole tattered ensemble ended in a skin tight mini skirt, and ripped, fishnet stockings.

Suzie's Diner was one of those cozy places where the coffee was cheap and the waitresses still wore uniforms and name badges. Rachel stood in the middle of the restaurant, a puddle of water collecting at her feet. She looked so lost and broken, that a waitress came around the counter to help.

"You OK, honey?" She said and Rachel had looked at her like she didn't understand what the older lady was saying.

The waitress, a portly middle-aged woman appropriately named Madge, helped Rachel to a seat. She poured a hot cup of varnish that passed for coffee at Suzie's. They spoke softly for a few moments and Madge nodded.

"You just take your time, honey." Madge said and patted her on the shoulder. She walked over to me to freshen up my cup.

"She OK?" I asked, watching Rachel as she stared out the window.

"Oh, you know," Madge said, topping off my cup. "Boyfriend trouble. Kicked her out of the car on a night like this. What an asshole!"

"Boyfriend?" I said, taking a sip of coffee and wincing at the taste.

Madge caught my obvious interest and frowned.

"You stay away from that one, Ben." She said. "She'll just break your heart."

"Hey, I just asked a question." I said, but Madge had already moved on.

I looked at Rachel. I saw the scared little girl underneath the slutty clothes and running mascara. She didn't look my way, just stared out the window, seeing nothing, thinking nothing. I was sure she wanted to be left alone, but I just couldn't help it. Something made me get up and walk over to her. Call it love or lust, whatever you want. I was drawn to her.

She looked up at me with her pale, blue eyes. Flecks of gold sparkled around the pupil, like the sun glittering off the surface of a mountain lake. I looked into those eyes and knew there was no going back.

"Hi." I said. "My name's Benjamin. Benjamin Thompson."

I held out my hand like I was trying to sell her a car or something. It didn't seem to matter. She held her fingers up, placing them into my hand like she was expecting them to be kissed. For one crazy moment I almost did. Then, her fingers slipped away from me and she smiled. A weak version of the teasing smile I would come to love.

"Rachel." She said. "Rachel Winston."

I stood there, awkward and unsure of what to do. Finally, I summoned enough courage to speak.

"May I sit down?" I asked.

Rachel shrugged and looked away.

"Sure, Benjy." She said, pointing at the booth across from her. "It's a free country."

Not an auspicious start, I admit. Still, it was a start and things progressed quickly from coffee, to dates and finally, after a year of dating, we got married.

Rachel had been looking for a way out of her old life. She wanted, no needed, someone stable and nice. Someone like me. She took to the comfortable, safe little life we had created like a fish to water. She got a job in an office. She switched from fishnets and short skirts to businesslike blouses, long skirts that came to her knees, and sensible panty hose.

However, just because she had changed into my sweet, lovable wife didn't change the fact that she could still be a wicked, little mynx.

"He wants to see me, Benjy." She said. The only one besides my mother who got away with calling me that.

"He...he does?" I stuttered as she pulled down my pants, letting my cock free.

"Yes." She said and took my cock in hand, stroking it in long, slow strokes. "In a bad way."

Talking about Derek had become a game between us, something she did to get me wound up. It had started as a driving need to know what she had seen in her asshole ex-boyfriend. However, when she talked about him. How strong he was. How hot he had made her with his black skin and muscular body. The jealousy and anger I felt had turned into lust. Rachel had seen that lust and had known how to turn it into hot, wild sex. It had become a regular game between us. Despite the fact that the dirty talk was about Derek, the sex was something we had together. A secret we shared in the privacy of our own home.

This was different. A variation on our usual game that felt dangerous. Yet, I was still hot and, despite my fear, I wanted to see where this was going to go.

"What did you say?" I gasped as she drooled spit between her lips and slicked my cock down, swirling her manicured fingers over the swollen head.

"I said I'd have to talk to you, of course." She smiled, still stroking me and looking up at me with the blue eyes I had fallen in love with that first night. "Do you want me to see him, Benjy?"

"Ahh...fuck!" I was too excited, Rachel's expert stroking bringing me right to the edge. "No! I-I don't want you to!"

Rachel laughed and let my cock go. She watched with malicious glee as thin shaft bounced up and down, slapping wetly against my stomach.

"Are you sure, baby?" She said. "It looks like your little man wants me to see him."

"Jesus, Rachel!" I moaned, unable to keep the whine from my voice. "Is this for real? Are you just messing with me?"

"Aw, poor Benjy!" Rachel pouted and ran a finger up my cock, giggling as it twitched. "You don't know if this is a game or not, huh? Well, it's not, baby. Derek really wants to see me."

"You can't." I said, scooting up to a seated position. "You don't want to see him, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know." She said and followed me up the couch. Her fingernails tickling the hairs on my thigh as she moved them up towards my crotch. "I've been thinking about him alot, you know."

I grabbed her wrist and moved her hand away from my fevered cock. I looked into her eyes to see if she was joking. Hoping that this was just another game to get me hot. I could see the spark of lust, the dilated pupils, the flaring nostrils. She was turned on, but she wasn't playing.

"Oh my god!" I yelled, pushing her hands away. "You're not kidding are you?"

I saw the teasing smile slip and her eyes looked away. She didn't deny it, which turned up the heat of jealousy in my heart to a full flame. It did nothing to stop my raging hard on. If anything my cock was getting even more excited, which only made me angrier.

"You want to...to be with him?" I couldn't stop my voice from rising with my anger. "What the fuck, Rachel?"

"I thought..." Her voice was a murmur. "I thought, you know. I thought you'd like it."

"Like what? You seeing Derek?" My guts twisted in knots. "Or you fucking him?"

Rachel shrank away from me and hugged herself against the end of the couch.

"Both, I guess." She said.

My anger melted away as I saw my wife, huddled and trembling. I reached out to touch her and she flinched. I had never raised my voice in real anger the entire time we had been married.

"I'm sorry." I said, sliding over to her.

She turned away from me and wouldn't look at me. However, when I reached out to rub her back, she didn't flinch.

"Have you really thought about it?" I asked. "Being with him?"

She let out a little sniff and I knew she was crying. I leaned into her, letting her know it was alright. That I wasn't mad.

"Yes." She sniffed again. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I just thought...with all of the games we've been playing..."

She had really thought I would like it. It's not like I hadn't imagined Rachel being seduced by Derek.. I'd only met Derek once and he was everything I feared. Tall and muscular with firm, black flesh decorated with tattoos along his arms, accentuating his strength. The thought of that dark muscled body overpowering my

wife's pale, lithe form filled me with anger, but also arousal. No matter how jealous I got, the thought of Rachel doing things with her ex, things she wouldn't do for me now that she was 'respectable', made me crazy with lust.

But, the fantasy had been just that, a fantasy. A game to increase our excitement when things got a little vanilla in the bedroom. We didn't travel in the same circle of lowlifes and partiers that Derek and Rachel used to belong to. As far as I knew, Rachel hadn't even spoken to Derek in six years.

The idea that our fantasy could become reality was terrifying. At the same time, the most exciting thing I had ever experienced.

"It is exciting." I said and she finally turned and looked at me. "You know...in theory."

"Really?" She reached down between us and felt my rock hard cock. "You're still turned on?"

"Yes." I admitted to her, closing my eyes as she felt my cock. "It's just, I never really believed you wanted him back. I thought you loved me."

"Oh, Ben! I do love you!" She placed both of her palms on my cheeks and stared into my eyes. "Baby, I love you so much!"

"D-do you still love Derek?" I asked.

"What? No!" She hugged me close. "It-it's just sexual you know. I just thought, if you were OK with it, that I'd fuck him. That I could still fuck him, but not have to be with him, you know? Does that make sense?"

My stomach relaxed.

"You don't want to leave me?" I said and was ashamed that I had even thought of it.

"No!" She cried. "I would never leave you, baby! It's just, I can't stop thinking about him and I thought, if it turned you on, that you could be a part of it. That we could share it and I wouldn't be pulled back into whatever crazy shit Derek is doing. It would still be just you and me. Derek would just be...flavor."

"Flavor, huh?" I said and almost made a crack about Derek being pepper and I was the salt, but I knew that was in bad taste.

Plus, I had to admit to myself the idea of Rachel fucking Derek, but only giving him her body and leaving her heart for me was kind of a turn on.

No matter what hold Derek had over my wife, she was mine now. He couldn't take that away.

"I don't know, Rach." I said. "It turns me on, but I'm still scared."

Rachel smiled that teasing smile and pushed me back on the couch.

"What are you scared of, baby?" She said, grinning. "That he's better than you?"

"Yes." I moaned.

Rachel pulled her tank top up over her head, revealing her pert, round breasts. Each perfect scoop of pale skin topped with a red, rock hard nipple.

She shook her hair out, letting the auburn waves fall gracefully against the pale skin of her shoulders.

"Well, he is stronger than you, Benjy." She said and the jealousy stabbed a shot of lust through my balls. "Bigger than you."

"Bigger?" I gripped her hips and pulled her onto me, the heat of her flesh in stark contrast to the pale, cream of her flesh. "His cock is bigger?"

"Oh, baby!" She pouted down at me, putting her hands on my chest. "He's bigger than you in every way!"

The words penetrated like a knife into my chest, but the dirty talk drove me crazy. My lust was heightened by the fact that Derek was suddenly real. My cock twitched at the idea of making the fantasy become a reality.

Rachel saw it and laughed.

"Is your little guy excited, baby?" She lowered her hips and my cock hit the soft fabric of her sweats.

"Jesus, Rachel!" My voice came out as a whine as she ran her crotch over my tortured cock, dry humping the turgid flesh against my stomach. "You are driving me crazy!"

"I know." She said. "Think about how much crazier you'll get when you see Derek fuck me!"

I was close to coming. I had to stop. I had to fuck her.

Rachel sensed my despair and slid off me. She yanked her sweats down over her firm, round ass. She wiggled her buttocks in front of my face, holding them back from me so I couldn't touch them. She looked over her shoulder at me and grinned.

"You like?" She giggled.

"I love it! I love you!" I said and reached out to touch her buttock only to have her wiggle away from me.

"I love you too, Benjy." She grinned and bent over, showing me the curve of her ass. I followed that curve as it flared out at the hips, then narrowed to firm calves and finally ended at her dainty, white feet.

She stayed bent over and opened the drawer of the side table, pulling out a small wooden box with a heart carved on the top. She rummaged in the box as I stroked my cock, focusing on the slit between her legs, just able to make out the swollen pink lips of her pussy through her thighs.

She stood up and turned, holding up a condom in her hand.

"Found it!" She bit the the package with perfect white teeth and tore it open in one quick flash.

Rachel wasn't on birth control. She had never liked the way the pill made her feel and for her, condoms were effective enough. Plus, a rubber had the added benefit of keeping the mess I made contained in a nice, little package.

Rachel could even make condoms sexy. She spat the ripped foil out of her mouth and held the package in her lips as she sashayed her way over to me, giving her hips an extra shake. She slid between my legs. Her beautiful ass hovered in the air behind her.

"Look how excited your little cock is!" She grinned. "You really like the idea of me fucking Derek, don't you baby?"

She held the foil between her pink lips, withdrew the condom, and spat the package to the side with a practiced poof of air. I hissed as she placed the cold rubber against my hot glans.

"Oh fuck, Rachel, I-" My words were cut off as Rachel lowered her mouth on my cock.

I never knew where she learned the trick, but I suspected that Derek had taught it to her. With her lips tight against my flesh, she

pushed the condom down over my shaft. I was enveloped in her heat and wetness, even as my cock was encased in its rubber prison.

"Fuck!" I moaned as Rachel sat up, a satisfied smile on her face.

"You never answered me." She said. "It really turns you on thinking about me fucking Derek, doesn't it, Benjy?"

She rose up between my legs like a goddess, the soft, wet folds of her pussy tickling the tortured flesh of my glans, making me groan in frustration. She plopped down on my groin, trapped my cock under her hot pussy, and rubbed the puffy, pink lips along the shaft.

"Ahhh...fuck yes!" I moaned trying to rock my hips to get my tortured cock into her pussy.

"Not yet!" She giggled and flattened her body against mine. She slid her warm, wet flesh along me. She was teasing me with her closeness, yet not letting me have her hot, wet sex.

"You afraid he's going to fuck me so good that I'll leave you for that big, black cock?" Her lips were right next to my ear.

"Yes!" I hissed.

I needed her now, needed to sink my tortured flesh into her willing body. She wiggled her hips, squashing my cock against her wet pussy. The connection between our bodies made sticky squelches as she ground her hips against me.

"I love you, Benjy." Her tongue flicked out and licked my ear lobe. "If you loved me, you'd let me fuck him."

"Fuck! Rachel, I don't think I can."

"Aw, c'mon, Benjy!" She sat up, her pussy just out of reach. "You want me to be happy don't you?"

She lowered her pussy and let me have a small, tantalizing touch of her lips before she withdrew, teasing me. She had changed from a wounded, ashamed creature into a confident, slutty woman before my eyes.

I wondered if it had all been an act, to get me here, helpless and compliant beneath her. The thought burned hot in my mind, jealousy eating away at my gut. Yet, I knew that if I could just feel her pussy

on my cock, if I could just get some release, the feelings would be washed away with the release of my balls.

"Admit it Benjy." She gripped my cock and rubbed it across her wet slit. "You want me to fuck him, don't you? You want to see just how good his black dick can make me cum. Isn't that right?"

The tip of my cock hit her clit and she moaned. I knew what she wanted to hear and at that moment, I wanted to say it. I wanted to prove to her how much I loved and trusted her.

"Yes." I moaned.

"Yes what, Benjy?" The tip of my cock slid just inside her puffy lips and my cry was ripped out of my throat.

"I want you to fuck Derek!"

"Really?" She said and she looked at me with such joy, such lust, that I couldn't take it back.

"Yes!" I moaned and when I thrust my cock towards her hovering pussy, she guided me between her lips.

She let out a little yelp of surprise as my cock speared into her. My raw flesh was suddenly gripped by the amazing heat of her cunt. There was a wet smack as our bodies met and I was buried to the hilt inside my beautiful wife.

I knew she could take more. Had taken more. Was she comparing me to Derek's black shaft, even as she rode me? The thought made me even harder and I jerked upwards and trying in vain to penetrate deeper, to show her I could fuck her just as good as her ex.

"Oh, fuck, Benjy!" Rachel moaned as she rode up and down on my stiff cock, her hips rotating each time I stabbed inside of her. "Derek will be so happy you said yes!"

I slowed my thrusting. Even through the haze of my arousal, I sensed something wrong with her words.

"What?" My voice was a breathy whine. "Y-you talked to him about it?"

"Of course, Benjy! He's wanted to fuck me for awhile, but I said only if you agree." She smiled down at me, her hands rubbing across my belly. "Wasn't that nice of me?"

“What the fuck, Rachel?” I grabbed her wrists, holding her away from me so I could think. “You’ve been planning this? With him?”

“Aww, Benjy!” She laughed and rotated her hips slowly along my pelvis, moving my cock inside of her tight, hot hole. “It wasn’t like that, baby! We were just talking!”

I didn’t believe her. She had planned this, this whole thing. Planned it with Derek. I wanted to be angry, but the anger only fueled my own desire. My beautiful, auburn haired wife looked down on me with a look of malicious glee in her blue eyes. Her hips moved against me and I tried to screw my ass into the couch to get away. She giggled in delight, squeezing the muscles in her cunt, her pussy urging me on to orgasm despite the emotional turmoil in my heart.

I held out as long as I could, but Rachel didn’t let up on me. She fucked me hard, forcing the tension in my balls to climb towards the surface. Her eyes closed and I saw her concentrating on her own pleasure. Once again, I imagined her thinking of Derek. My mind conjured up details of him even though I barely knew him. Thick, black arms, broad chest and most of all his huge, ebony cock, so much bigger than my own. That big, black muscle that would stretch Rachel’s tight pussy until she was molded and pulled into the perfect receptacle for his meaty flesh.

I couldn’t hold back anymore, even if I wanted to. I grunted as my buttocks bucked off the couch. Rachel cried out as she felt me tense and shoved her ass down against me, grinding her pussy against my pelvic bone in a last ditch effort to achieve her own pleasure.

I was too far gone to care. My balls clenched and I howled as I my cock exploded in Rachel’s pussy. My body jerked like a landed fish and I squirted cum into the rubber tip of the condom. Rachel moaned in frustration, and rode my cock, trying to get her herself off. It was too late. My cock was still jerking, but I had no strength left to move.

“Rachel.” I moaned, my hands on her shoulders. “Rachel, stop! It hurts!”

Rachel’s eyes remained closed and she gave me one last hump that reverberated through my cock and made my raw flesh sing with

pain. She looked down at me, her brows knit together in frustrated anger.

"I'm sorry." I said. "I couldn't help it."

She said nothing. Her body rose up off of mine and my cock plopped out of her sopping pussy, the slowly wilting shaft still encased in its condom. Rachel crawled up my body, spreading her thighs. I didn't realize what she wanted until she planted her knees on either side of my head and pushed her dripping, pink lips over my face.

I tried to protest, but suddenly I was being smothered in warm, wet flesh. I grunted as she rubbed her lips over my chin, nose and mouth. She worked her engorged clit against my lips until I responded. I stabbed my tongue deep into her hot, moist center. A torrent of her juices filled my mouth, ran down my cheeks and into my nostrils.

"That's it, Benjy!" Rachel moaned, rocking her hips back and forth along my questing tongue. "Eat that messy pussy, baby!"

My senses were filled with Rachel's flesh. The tangy, sweet taste of her cunt and the thick musky scent of her pussy threatened to drown me. I fought upwards, taking in great gulps of air, only to be plunged back into the darkness of my wife's weeping pussy.

"That's it, baby!" She cried. "I can't wait for Derek's big, black cock!"

I moaned, but I was urged on by her words, wanting to show her how much pleasure I could give her. Her body tensed and I felt her shiver. Her pussy clamped to my face.

"Shit!" She groaned. "I knew that would turn you on, Benjy. Now, make me cum, you bastard. Make me cum knowing the next man to fuck this pussy won't...be...you!"

I ate her pussy like mad. My only thought was getting her off. She tore at my hair, pulling me deeper into her pussy. My tongue was useless now, she was humping my whole face, using me to get off as she dreamed of Derek's black cock inside of her.

Finally, she screamed and her hands let my head fall back to the couch. Her body shook and I watched as her fingers worked her clit, eking every ounce of pleasure from her orgasm. I continued to lick

her pussy and tasted a fresh wave of juices coat my tongue. I opened my mouth and let her fluids flow into my mouth, eating her hungrily until she finally relaxed and let her ass settle against my chest.

She was still dripping and I pulled her forward to lick her clean, shoving my nose into her dark, red pubic hairs. I savored the taste and smell of my freshly fucked wife, knowing that I had satisfied her.

"Oh my god!" Rachel moaned when she was finally able to speak in full sentences again. "That was amazing!"

I was gratified to hear it and lapped at her cunt a few more times to catch the last drops of her lust, then let her go. She moved along my body, sweaty and exhausted, finally lying on top of me, her head on my chest.

"Woo hoo!" She laughed. "That was hot!"

I chuckled.

"Yes. Yes it was!" I said.

She looked up at me, her eyes bright, gold flecks twinkling among the pale blue irises.

"I guess this means you really want me to do it." She said, her mouth frowning, suddenly afraid I might say no.

"Yes." I said.

Her face lit up with glee, like a little girl who had just gotten a pony for Christmas.

"Thank you so much, Benjy!" Rachel said, kissing my cheek. "You won't regret this!"

I laid back on the couch. Rachel snuggled in my arms and I wondered if that was true.

So, how do you prepare to have another man fuck your wife? The answer? Invite him over for dinner and drinks, of course. At least that was Rachel's brilliant idea. Not only did she want to have Derek over for dinner, she wanted me to be a part of everything. I could tell she was excited by the idea of me helping her prepare for her big night. A night that would culminate in her ex-lover entering her, fucking her. My participation increased the desire that Rachel was feeling.

It was certainly driving me crazy.

"Derek will be over any minute, sweetie." Rachel called from the kitchen. "Can you come and get the wine?"

I shuffled to the kitchen, once again blown away by the beauty of my wife. The prospect of her being with Derek, and not me, increased her allure. She was lit by a hot, sensual glow from her glistening auburn hair, right down to her toes.

Rachel had bought a new black, strapless dress that hugged her curves like a second skin. The hem of the dress rode up her thighs as she reached for a high shelf. The sight of her round, pale ass cheeks peeking out from the bottom of the dress made my cock itch, followed closely by a flare of jealousy. It would not be me enjoying Rachel's hot, little body tonight. I would only get to watch.

"Let me help you." I bit back my pain as I moved to help her.

She stepped backwards and tripped on my foot, falling into my arms. She was warm and soft against me. Her ass, wrapped in that tight, black dress, rubbed against my cock and it responded, growing rock hard against her buttock.

She pushed against me, trying to escape my arms, but I held her tight. This was the last time I was going to hold my wife like this. After tonight, everything was going to change for us and I needed to feel her body against me. To smell the sweet scent of her perfume. The perfume she only wore on special occasions.

I guess, in her mind, tonight qualified as special.

"Benjy." She said as she wriggled in my arms, giggling. "Stop it. Derek will be here any minute."

I let her go. Suddenly, I was embarrassed, standing there with my pants tented out like some horny teenager.

"Sorry." I mumbled. "I just wanted to hold you. You're so hot."

Rachel smiled at me and put a warm hand on my cheek.

"Aw, I know, baby." She said. "But, you'll have lots of time to touch me. You know...after."

After Derek. The thought of it made my guts churn, but I could no longer deny the lust I felt inside.

"So." I said, trying to get past the awkward moment. "The wine."

"Oh, yes!" She said and pointed to the shelf with the wine glasses. "Can you get the good ones, the crystal?"

"OK." I said.

I opened the cupboard and took out three of our best glasses, the ones that we never used. When I was back on the floor, Rachel set out a bottle of wine.

"This looks fancy." I said, looking at the tasteful label, a far cry from the cheap bottles we got at the grocery store. "When did you get this?"

"Today." Rachel said over her shoulder as she checked the steaks under the broiler. The smell of roast meat filled the kitchen. "The guy at the liquor store said it was the best."

"We're serving your ex the best wine?" I said, trying not to sound bitter. "And steak?"

Rachel shut the oven door and turned, her smile replaced by a frown.

"Benjy." She said and took my hands. "We've been over this. I want this night to be special. For all three of us."

I looked down, unable to meet her eyes. I had agreed to all of this and had no right to try and sour the moment now. Still, I couldn't help but feel resentful of my wife cooking a special meal for another man.

"Besides," Rachel said as she hooked a finger under my chin and lifted my face until our eyes met. "I want Derek to see how well you

provide for me. He never could have given me a dinner like this when we were together.”

“OK.” A swell of pride drowned out my less charitable emotions. “I understand.”

“Good.” She said. “Now, can you take the wine out to the table and open it up? The guy at the store said it needs to breathe.”

I did as I was told and took the bottle out to the table. Just as the cork came out with an audible ‘pop’, the doorbell rang. My heart began to beat faster in my chest.

Was I supposed to answer the door? What the hell would I say?

Rachel was ahead of me. She came rushing into the room.

“Oh my god!” She gushed, straightening her dress. “How do I look?”

I looked at my beautiful wife in her tight dress, her cheeks flushed with excitement. She looked at me with the same pleading eyes she had on the night we met. The night her boyfriend had left her out in the rain to find her own way in the world. Now, here she was, excited to see him again, looking at me for permission to let him back into our lives.

“You look...” I hesitated searching for the right word. “Perfect.”

“Aw, Benjy!” Tears of happiness made her blue eyes glisten.

“Thank you, baby!”

She gave me a peck on the cheek. Then, she was gone, hurrying down the hall to greet the only man that she had ever loved besides me.

My heart lurched in my chest as Rachel led Derek into our dining room. He was wearing a pair of tight black jeans that hugged the muscles of his thighs and buttocks. The blue t-shirt he wore looked like it was painted onto his body. I suspected that he wore a size smaller to accentuate the thick muscles of his arms and chest. Circling each, massive bicep was a dragon tattoo that snaked up the black skin of his arms and disappeared beneath the cotton of his shirt.

He was large. So much larger than my petite, white wife. His ebony skin was a deep contrast next to Rachel's pale flesh. I had to admit, as they walked hand in hand into the dining room, they looked beautiful together. Like a real couple.

"Ben." Rachel said, unable to keep from grinning like a nervous schoolgirl. "You remember Derek?"

"Yes." I said and walked over to them.

Derek was at least a foot taller than me and I had to look up to see his face. I held out my hand and he took it in one, huge black paw. When he squeezed, I could feel his awesome strength radiate up my arm.

"It's good of you to have me over." Derek said and smiled, like he was just a regular houseguest instead of someone who would end the night inside my wife.

I was about to say 'My pleasure' but realized that would be going too far. If Derek could play it cool, so could I.

"N...no problem." I finally managed to say and Rachel laughed.

"Come on, Derek." She said and Rachel hugged his muscular bicep as she showed him to a seat at the head of the table. My seat. As I looked at this hot, black stud sitting in my seat, a sliver of doubt slipped like an icy finger across my spine. This was a mistake, the shiver warned me. Probably the biggest one of my life.

Once he was seated, Rachel turned back towards the kitchen. I watched Derek as he eyed the shapely curve of my wife's ass

moving under the tight fabric of her dress. He looked up and caught me staring at him. He gave me a cocky grin and shrugged as if to say, 'How can I help myself?'"

"Ben?" Rachel said, drawing my attention to her. "Can you help me in the kitchen?"

I hesitated, looking between Rachel and Derek, unsure of what I wanted to do. My stomach was twisted up in painful knots.

"Sure." I said.

I followed Rachel to the kitchen, unable to stop seeing my wife the way Derek had seen her. Her firm, round ass moved deliciously under her tight, little dress. Only a thin layer of fabric hid bare skin from view.

Suddenly, the realization sank in. Rachel was going to fuck Derek, right here in our house, and I had agreed to it. I felt the fear rise up like bile in my throat.

"Rachel, I-"

"Can you grab the salad?" She said, not noticing my discomfort. "I'll get the potatoes and steak."

"Sure." I said.

I crossed to the counter and picked up the salad. Rachel moved behind me, slid her arms around my body and hugged me tight.

"I love you, you know that, right?" She whispered into my back.

"Yes." I said and rubbed the smooth skin of her arms. "I do."

"Thank you for this." She said.

I turned around and looked at her. I could see the lust in her eyes and I knew that it was not there for me. Instead, it was for the man in the dining room. The thought of it made me crazy with jealousy. However, at the same time the thought of that big, black man with my wife made my cock throb in my pants.

"My pleasure." I said and forced a smile to let her know that I was still OK with all of this.

We came back out into the dining room. Derek was sitting at the head of the table his strong arm over the back of the chair. His masculine presence seemed to fill the space. I sat at the foot of the table and, after setting down the plates of food, Rachel sat in a chair between us. The seating was unbalanced, Rachel the fulcrum of an

invisible teeter totter. I could see her drifting downwards to Derek's side as the wine was poured.

Derek held up a hand as Rachel tried to pass the bottle to him.

"No, thanks." Derek said.

I was surprised. From what I knew of Derek, he was a hard-charging drinker and drug user.

Rachel was surprised too.

"I'm sorry." She said.

"No, it's alright." Derek said. "I never told you. I've been clean and sober for six years."

"Six years?" I said, the timing seemed too specific to be a coincidence.

"Yes." Derek said. "After...after you married Rachel, I realized that I had real problems. It woke me up. So, I got clean."

He shrugged his large shoulders, as if it was no big thing to be an addict who had been on the wagon for six years.

"Oh my god!" Rachel said and leaned over to him, her eyes wet. "You never told me!"

Derek smiled and took Rachel's small white fingers in his large, black hand.

"I was ashamed." Derek said, looking into Rachel's eyes with deep regret. "I was a bastard to you. I know that. So, I needed to change."

I watched as Rachel melted. She was moving closer to Derek, his frankness drawing her to him like a moth to flame.

It was not what I expected. I had hoped that Derek was still a bastard. That he would be high or drunk, that he would be nothing but a hard body and quick fuck for Rachel. IN the back of my mind I had hoped that we might be able to use this experience to add fire to our own sex life. Instead, I saw the connection. The spark between my wife and her ex filled our dining room with electricity.

I gulped back my own jealousy, determined to power through this for Rachel's sake.

"So, Derek." I said, raising my own glass to my lips and taking a long, slow slip. "What are you doing now?"

I knew it was petty, but I couldn't hold back the spite. Rachel had told me often enough that Derek was never able to keep down a job. Back in the old days, he had made a meager living by selling weed to local college students and yuppies.

"Oh, you know." Derek hedged, his hand slipping from Rachel's fingers. "This and that."

I smiled, took another sip of wine. It was a low blow, but I felt a surge of satisfaction at my minor victory.

"This and that?" Rachel huffed, slapping Derek playfully on the arm. "Didn't I tell you? Derek owns a string of nightclubs all over town!"

My stomach fell. Not just the fact that Derek was suddenly more successful than I had thought, but that Rachel knew about it and hadn't told me. She hadn't known he was clean, which I thought meant that they were not as close as I had previously thought.

But, she knew he was a successful businessman. Also, she had talked to him about tonight. She had planned it with him before she had even mentioned it to me. Now, she was defending him, as if he was her boyfriend and I was her cautious father reluctant to allow her to go out with this dangerous young man.

Just how close was she to her ex-boyfriend?

"A string is a big word." Derek gave a self-deprecating laugh that made him even more endearing. "I have two clubs and a restaurant. It's not an empire."

"Still, it's impressive!" Rachel gushed.

After that, I fell out of the conversation as the two of them talked. I watched in near silence. My growing unease and jealousy made it hard for me to eat. Instead, I drank more wine, showing Derek that I could drink and he couldn't.

The fact is, I never drink much and soon I was drunk. The world began to tilt, like I was on a ship rocking on the ocean. I rolled about on the waves for a bit, watching as Rachel leaned closer and closer to Derek. Her whole body was turned towards him, opening up to him. I watched, helpless as Rachel turned all of her charms upon her black ex-lover. Her eyes fluttered, her mouth opened into sweet, high pitched giggles. Her small, pale hand stroked the dark

skin of his forearm. Her red nails slid up his arm and stroked the blue-black ink of the dragon tattoo that curved around his massive bicep.

I didn't really notice the shift in conversation until I saw Derek looking at me, a wide grin on his face. He leaned over to Rachel and whispered something in her ear. She looked at me too, and smiled dreamily.

"Yes." She said to Derek's whispered question.

Derek turned her face to him with strong, dark fingers. His lips covered her mouth and she moaned in the back of her throat. It was a low, hungry sound like she had been waiting for this the entire night. Now that she had what she wanted, she was thirsty for it. She gnawed at Derek's lips and sucked his tongue into her mouth.

Derek's large, black hands were all over her body. He was hungry too, and he growled as he kissed her and clutched her breasts through the tight, black dress. Rachel smiled at his obvious lust and murmured to him between deep, passionate kisses.

"I missed you so much, baby!" Rachel's white teeth nipped at Derek's chin. "So, so much!"

The world was swaying back and forth. The wine in my stomach churned and boiled, threatening to come out of my mouth. I fought back the gorge in my throat and clasped at the table while the two of them made out in front of me, oblivious to my discomfort.

Suddenly, Rachel let a little yelp of surprise. I knew that sound. It was the same sound she made when I entered her pussy.

Rachel moaned and her hips bucked. Derek pushed Rachel in her seat so she was facing me. I watched as Derek hiked up Rachel's skirt and pushed her black panties to one side. Thick, black fingers invaded Rachel's swollen lips. Derek smiled at me as he gave me a ringside show of him working my wife's pussy with one strong hand.

"Oh god, Derek!" Rachel gasped. "I love the way you touch me, baby!"

"So you really missed me, huh?" He grinned and worked his hand faster between her legs. "Show me how much, baby. Show me how much you missed me."

He must have hit her clit because Rachel's body trembled and her voice reached a higher pitch. She bent her head forward and her body tensed, anticipating the impending climax. Derek was going to give her an orgasm with just his fingers at our dinner table.

Rachel screamed as her body jerked. Her head thrashed up and down, her auburn hair whipped about her face. All of the careful curling and primping was undone in an instant as her body convulsed in one, huge orgasm.

"Oh, fuck!" She cried. "Fuck, I missed you so much!"

Her body trembled, but Derek didn't give her a chance to recover. He worked his hand even harder into her and she pulled her skirt up and spread her legs to allow him better access. Derek watched me, a grin on his face as my wife ground her crotch on his black fingers searching desperately for a second orgasm.

"You see that, Benjy." He sneered. "She ever cum for you like that?"

"Please..." Rachel moaned. "Please don't hurt him!"

"Me?" Derek asked, all innocence and mock pain. "You're the one getting off in front of him."

"Oh god!" Rachel moaned. "I know, it's just...oh fuck! It's been so long!"

"You don't want me to hurt him, then you tell him, bitch! He ever make you cum like I do?"

My stomach was a knot of pain and anger. I knew I had never made Rachel cum like that. Not in all of the years we had been married. Not even the other night when she was straddling my face and thinking of Derek. Nothing I could do could ever compare to the real thing.

To have Derek make her say it, though, was the final humiliation. Still, despite the jealousy stabbing me in the guts, my cock sprang up hard in my pants.

She managed to hold out until she was on the edge. Derek slowed his fingers, holding her back from her orgasm as he taunted her.

"Come on, slut. Just admit it. You can say it. Look at him. He wants you to say it."

Rachel looked at me, tears of shame on her cheeks.

"I-I'm sorry, Benjy." She moaned. "I can't help it!"

"Does your husband make you cum like I do, Rachel? Does he?"

"NO!"

The scream burned in my ears even as Rachel's body convulsed in another violent orgasm. I heard a loud squelch as Derek's hand plunged into Rachel's open hole and her juices washed over his invading fingers. Rachel cried out and I watched her tense again. Suddenly, her pussy exploded as long streams of cum squirted out of her pussy and splashed across Derek's arm. Derek let out a yell of triumph as he jammed his black fingers into Rachel's gushing pussy. His fingers coaxed still more geysers of hot juice to spurt from Rachel's pink slit and arc high into the air.

I had never made my wife squirt I was not even aware that she was even capable of such a thing. Yet, in a matter of minutes she had cum so hard her pussy juices were dripping off the chair and collecting in a thick puddle on our dining room floor.

"Oh fuck!" Rachel moaned, squirming in her own juices. "I've never cum like that before!"

"I know." Derek said with a cocky grin, thrown my way. "You needed that!"

"You're right." Rachel moaned, still jerking on the chair as her body rode out the last few electric jolts of her orgasm.

Derek stood up, scraping his chair back across the floor. Rachel gazed up at him as his tall dark figure loomed above her. I saw my wife's tongue flick across her lips, getting them wet. I thought he might undo his pants, right there in the kitchen. Instead, he held out his hand to Rachel.

"Let's move this to the living room, shall we?" Derek said.

Rachel nodded, mesmerized by Derek's voice. She slid her pale fingers into his black palm. Derek helped her up and she stumbled, her legs still weak from her massive orgasm.

They walked past me, hand in hand and I thought that was it. Rachel had forgotten all about my presence. Just as she was walking past me, she stopped and touched me lightly on the shoulder.

I looked up at my beautiful wife, who was smiling down at me. She stretched out her hand to me. A rush of gratitude washed over me, settling my raging gut. Rachel still wanted me, still needed me to be a part of this. I grabbed her hand and got shakily to my feet.

Rachel gave me a grin and a quick peck on the cheek. Then, Derek led us both into the living room.

The living room is by far my favorite room in the house. Rachel and I spent a lot of time on the gray overstuffed couch, watching television, or playing board games. When I thought of home, the living room is what immediately came to mind.

Now, there I was, standing awkwardly in my favorite room as Derek turned to my wife and pulled her into another, passionate embrace.

They stood there for long minutes, kissing and feeling each other's bodies like lovers. As Derek kissed her, I saw Rachel's blue eyes slide over to me. She smiled against Derek's open mouth.

"Why don't you sit on the couch?" She said, helpfully. "You can get a good view from over there."

Like a puppet, I walked jerkily over to the couch and slumped down into the cushions. Rachel and Derek stood in front of me. Rachel turned around and now her eyes were on me as Derek's thick, dark fingers gripped the shoulders of her black dress and ripped it down to her chest. She laughed, her pert, round breasts heaving under the black bra. She turned her head and kissed the black skin of Derek's jaw as he pushed the dress to her hips.

Rachel wiggled her hips and helped the dress the rest of the way to the floor. I watched as it slid off her hips and fell, a pile of useless, black fabric, around her ankles. She kicked the dress away and stood there in front of me, grinning.

"God, Benjy, I've missed him so much!" She gushed as Derek slid his hands up Rachel's naked flanks and cupped her breasts. The sexy contrast of his black skin against her pale, white flesh made me throb with lust. "So goddamn much!"

Derek pulled the straps of her bra over her shoulders. Soon, it lay on the floor next to the crumpled dress. Rachel turned away from

me, showing me the firm, pale curve of her ass as she reached up and kissed Derek again.

Derek's hands moved down her ass and claimed her pale buttocks, pulling my petite wife even further into his massive body.

"I'll bet you missed this too, didn't you, slut?" He said, pulling her hand down to his crotch, to feel the bulge in his jeans.

"Oh, I did." Rachel whined. "I missed your big, black cock."

Derek looked over at me, sitting there, numb on the chair. I wanted to get up, to run away, but I was mesmerized by my wife's obvious desire for this bigger, stronger man.

"What about Benjy?" He sneered and turned Rachel's body so she was facing me again. "Doesn't he satisfy you?"

Rachel wriggled her ass backwards against Derek's crotch. Her whole body alive with lust.

"I love Ben." She said.

"That didn't answer my question." He growled. One huge, black hand gripped her neck the other one under her belly, holding her still against his body.

"Does he satisfy you?" He hissed in her ear.

A low groan emanated from Rachel's throat. A heartbreaking, tortured sound.

"Not like you do." She whined. She looked me in the eye, then dropped her head in shame. "He doesn't."

"Oh shit, Rachel." I moaned in frustration.

My small cock was rock hard and pushing painfully against the fabric of my pants. It wanted to get out, but the shame I felt stopped me from opening my pants.

With a wrench of her shoulders, Derek whipped Rachel around, pulling her to her roughly. She swooned in his arms as they were once again joined in a passionate kiss.

"Why don't you show him why he doesn't satisfy you, baby?" Derek said when he broke the kiss. "Go ahead. Show him that cock you missed so much."

Rachel's blue eyes burned into my soul as she slid down Derek's body. A coy smile on her appeared on her lips. She came to a rest on her knees in front of him. Derek grunted happily as Rachel

pushed her face against his crotch, nuzzling the huge shaft through the rough fabric of his jeans. Then, her trim, white fingers unbuttoned Derek's jeans. She looked up at him with wide, pleading eyes, spread open his fly and planted a kiss on the huge tent in his cotton briefs.

"Mmmm." She murmured happily, running her face up and down the huge, fat shaft. She reveled in the feel of his cock pumping hard through the thin cloth.

She looked at me, a look of lust on her face, There was no going back after this, that look told me, but she didn't care. She wanted me to see it. The cock that had made her so happy. The same cock that she could never forget.

We both held our breath as she gripped the waistband of his jeans and worked his pants down over his muscular buttocks. His underwear came away with the jeans. I could see the thatch of wiry, black pubic hair at the base of the thick V of his abdominal muscles. Nestled amongst the jungle of black hair was the wide base of his cock, impossibly huge. With a final tug, Rachel got his pants down over his cock and the black monster sprang free from its cotton prison.

And what a monster it was! It shot upwards and smacked Rachel in the lips. Her eyes widened in surprise, then crossed as she tried to take in his girth. It was easily the length of her forearm. It was beautiful, even I could see that. Like a sculpture of the perfect cock carved from onyx. Even the thick, pulsing veins were beguiling as they snaked over the flesh and accentuated the massive girth of it.

"Oh my god!" Rachel laughed. "It's even bigger than I remember!"

She looked at me over the thick, black rod a lascivious grin on her face as she saw me staring at her. Her wedding ring, the one I had slipped on her finger six years ago, flashed in the dim light as she stroked the ebony shaft.

"Kiss it." Derek commanded.

Rachel looked at me, her blue eyes filled with lust. She puckered her lips, then planted them on the end of the huge, black tip.

I expected him to shove his cock into her mouth, but Derek had other ideas. He pulled the tip back and Rachel looked up at him, a hurt look in her eyes. He grinned cruelly down at her.

“Stick out your tongue.”

Rachel did as he commanded and opened her mouth wide. Derek slapped his cock against her tongue and made Rachel squeal in delight as he teased her with the tip. Spit dripped out of her mouth. I could hear wet, meaty smacks as Derek pummelled her mouth with the massive, black shaft. Rachel moaned eagerly, her mouth open wide to accept his abuse.

He slapped his cock against her mouth a few more times, each smack making my heart pound harder. Then, he pushed the the full weight of his cock against her lips and slid the meaty length of it along her face. The fat shaft left wet trails of precum and spit from her chin to her forehead.

Rachel’s instincts kicked in when she realized what Derek wanted. He wanted to be worshipped and Rachel was all for it. She lifted his cock and gave it a long, wet lick across the underside. As she reached the base, she opened her mouth wide and sucked in first one, huge testicle, then the other. She stroked his cock with her tiny, pale hand while she worked her mouth over his fat, black balls until she was panting with the effort.

“You’re cock is so big!” She moaned, after giving it another, loving lick. “I’ve dreamt about this cock for so long!”

“Yeah?” Derek said. “Did you dream about me when you were fucking your husband?”

“Mmhmm!” Rachel moaned, slavering all over Derek's shaft. “I’m sorry, Benjy. I did.”

The words burned themselves into my heart. Rachel continued working Derek's cock, using her mouth and hands in unison. Soon, her face was slick with spit as she rolled Derek's black meat over her lips and cheeks, savouring every, hot inch of his dark flesh.

“Good girl!” Derek said. “Now, suck my black cock, slut. I want you to show Benjy how much you love it.”

Rachel took one last look at me and opened her mouth wide. Derek’s cock was so big compared to Rachel’s pink opening. Still, she

stretched her lips around his massive muscle. She looked up at Derek with her flashing blue eyes and watched her lover as she pushed inch after inch of his huge, black meat into her hungry maw.

She could only take half of him into her mouth before she reached the back of her throat and gagged on the huge head. Both hands stroked him as she let him slip from her mouth, gasping.

"Oh my god!" She moaned, running her mouth along the length. "It's been so long since I had such a big cock in my mouth."

Derek sneered.

"Benjy's cock is small, huh?"

If I had been going to pull out my dick and stroke it, I couldn't now. I couldn't show this bastard how much bigger he was than me. I was jealous of him. Of his beauty. Of his huge, black cock my wife so obviously needed. Of his complete and utter mastery of her.

"So small." Rachel murmured, sucking affectionately on the tip of Derek's cock. "So much smaller than you, baby!"

The words stabbed into my heart as she called him 'baby' and piled humiliation on top of humiliation. Unable to move, unable to speak, I sat helplessly as Rachel attacked Derek's cock with a hunger I had never seen. Her pink lips stretched until her mouth was distended and she sucked on his black flesh while she worked the shaft with both hands. Our cozy living room was filled with her moans and wet gurgles as Derek hammered the huge tip of his cock into the back of her throat. I watched in horror as Rachel's pretty blue eyes rolled up in the back of her head and she completely lost herself in the feverish need to satisfy her lover.

Derek held out for a long time. Longer than I ever could have lasted. Finally, he closed his eyes and began to moan. Rocking his hips back and forth, eager to reach his orgasm.

Rachel knew his moans and way he rocked his hips. She was as familiar with Derek's body as if they had not been parted for six years. She hummed happily on his cock and sucked harder and faster, urging him towards climax.

I thought she might stop and jerk him off. She had never swallowed my cum. Not once in our marriage and claimed that she didn't like it. It was too slutty. I had believed her and I had always

been a little reluctant to treat my beautiful wife like a whore. I loved her too much. She used blowjobs as foreplay and on those rare occasions that she did suck me off, she always pulled back at the last moment and let me cum on my stomach so that it would be easy to clean up.

Now, however, she sucked Derek's cock and showed no signs of stopping. Instead, she seemed eager to taste him.

"Oh, yeah, bitch!" Derek moaned. "I'm going to cum! You remember how I like it, don't you?"

Rachel murmured an affirmative and locked her eyes onto his face, gazing at him with a look of pride as she finally gave Derek the ultimate pleasure.

Derek's ass clenched and Rachel let out a surprised squeak as the first shots of cum hit the back of her throat. Still, her pink lips kept a tight seal on Derek's throbbing, black flesh. She held him in her mouth until his buttocks relaxed and he pulled his dripping ebony cock from between her lips.

"Show me." Derek said as he looked down at Rachel's shining, upturned face.

I was shocked when I saw that instead of swallowing his cum, she had kept his load in her mouth. I groaned as she opened her pink lips wide and showed Derek that she was full to the brim with his thick, white seed. Her tongue, coated in goo, swirled around in the thick mess, poking up through the froth. One heavy drop escaped and dripped down her chin.

"Good girl." Derek said. "Now swallow it."

Rachel closed her mouth and I watched as she struggled to swallow the huge load. After a moment, she opened her mouth and showed Derek that she had swallowed it all, like a good girl.

"You missed a drop." Derek said, pointing.

Rachel laughed and scooped the last drop of Derek's cum onto her finger and sucked it into her mouth with relish.

"You taste amazing!" She laughed. "I'd forgotten how good you taste!"

"Maybe you should give Benjy a taste." Derek grinned. "How about you give him a kiss?"

Rachel looked at me with an evil grin. She crawled slowly over to me and climbed up my leg like a cat.

"No." I whispered as she pushed her body against me, her face inches from me. "Please don't."

"It's OK, baby." Rachel murmured. "Don't you want to kiss your wife?"

I could smell her perfume, but it was drowned out by the scent of sweat and cum. A heavy film of Derek's spunk coated her lips.

I opened my mouth to answer and Rachel lunged forward and smashed her lips against mine. I cried out in surprise, but Rachel's tongue stabbed into my mouth and forced the cry back down my throat.

I resisted as long as I could, but Rachel's hand was on my crotch, stroking me, her tongue working in and out of my mouth in time to her fingers. Suddenly, my own tongue moved forward and tasted her. Her spit was mixed with the salty thickness of Derek's cum. Soon, I was licking eagerly and my need for my wife overcame the revulsion of licking the black man's sperm off my her lips.

She held me there, working my mouth even as I felt her body shift. Her fingers moved away from my cock and she planted both hands on either side of me.

She groaned into my mouth and I opened my eyes.

"Oh shit!" She panted in my face. "Fuck, baby, he's still hard!"

Derek had moved behind my wife. It was obvious that he had pulled down her panties and was working his still hard black monster against my wife's defenceless pussy. I suddenly realised that Derek was going to fuck her while she was leaning against me. Hot words spilled out of her mouth as she cried out just inches from face.

"Oh, Benjy! He's fucking me with his big, black cock! I've wanted this for SO long!"

Rachel's body lunged forward and she banged into me, losing her grip on the cushions. She fell forward, holding onto me as Derek fucked her. Each thrust drove her into my body. I looked across her back and Derek's glistening black body stood tall and powerful

behind my wife. His large hands gripped her white hips and drove into her with deep, angry thrusts

"Fuck yeah!" Derek said and flashed me an evil grin. "You're pussy is so fucking tight, Rachel! Benjy must have a really small cock!"

"Oh god!" She moaned in my ear, her fingernails digging into my shoulder. "I'm sorry, Benjy, but it's true. You're cock is so small!"

I was crying now, but Rachel took no notice as she jerked against me. Her tight body was wracked with waves of pleasure. Derek hammered her mercilessly. The couch underneath me squeaked in protest as our bodies were slammed against it. Rachel's body was slumped against me and prevented me from moving my arms. All I could do was sit there, trying my best to prop my wife up as Derek's black body fucked her senseless.

When she came, her cries were a string of unintelligible curses and I watched as she had another powerful orgasm right on top of me. Her whole body convulsed. Every muscle tensed and released. The only sounds I could hear were her cries of pleasure ringing in my ears.

"Tell Benjy the last time you felt this cock, Rachel." Derek said, when Rachel had finally come down from her orgasm to slump against my body.

She lifted herself up on her arms and looked back at Derek.

"Please don't make me say it!" She pleaded. "I can't say it."

"You want me to stop, bitch?" Derek said.

"NO!" Rachel cried. "No, I want you! Please don't stop!"

"Then, tell him. How long has it been since we fucked?"

"Oh god!" She turned back to me, tears running down her cheeks. "It's been six years."

"Yeah." Derek said. "Six years. And when did you fuck me? What day was it?"

"October 28th."

My stomach fell as I realized what October 28th meant. October 28th. Six years ago. The day of our wedding.

"No." I whispered.

"Oh yeah, Benjy! I fucked your little wife on the day of your wedding! Didn't I slut?"

"Yes!" Rachel cried as Derek thrust hard into her pussy. "Yes! He fucked me that...that day!"

"Rachel, no!"

"Yes! I'm sorry, baby!" She rocked back and forth as Derek picked up steam. "I just couldn't help it! I needed him!"

"That's right!" Derek said and hammered away at my pretty wife, each thrust burning away more of our marriage in front of my face. "Tell him where I came?"

"Oh god!" She cried. "He came in my mouth, baby!"

"Where else, bitch?" Derek growled. "Where else did you beg me to come?"

Her body was responding to the vicious thrusts and I knew the lewd words were only adding to her arousal. Despite the tears, she was getting off on my torture.

"Oh my God!" She cried and Derek increased his pace, forcing her to the edge. "He came inside of me! He came in my pussy!"

"Please, no!" I moaned.

The words stabbed my heart like daggers. On the day of our wedding, my wife had walked down the aisle in front of all our friends and family, Derek's cum was in her pussy. When she said her vows and kissed me, symbolising our new life together, her black boyfriend's cum on was her lips.

"No!" I cried and tried to look away, but Rachel gripped my face in her hand and pulled my eyes forward.

"Yes!" She moaned. "I'm sorry, baby! But it's true! I couldn't help myself!"

"NO!" I screamed, but I could not block the image of her in her wedding dress and the happiness I had felt when I kissed her.

The happiness was burned away by the awful truth. She had come to me that day soiled and stained, Derek's big black cock having just filled her with cum. I would never be able to think about our wedding day the same. The rage burned inside of me, but the worst part was that my cock only got harder. The pain of it straining against my pants. The knowledge that, even on our wedding day,

my wife was thinking of Derek's hard, black body made me sick with desire.

Rachel's cries of pleasure reached a fevered pitch, punctuated by the wet smacks as Derek drove his cock into my wife's body. I watched in horror as her eyes rolled up into the back of her head. Her pink mouth, still sticky with Derek's cum, opened into a perfect 'O' of pleasure and she screamed.

"Oh, Derek, baby! I'm going to cum again, baby!"

"Oh, fuck, Rachel!" Derek groaned. "I'm gonna cum in that pussy, baby! I'm gonna make you mine!"

"Yes! Take that pussy!" She cried and then I heard the words that broke my heart. "I love you, baby! I LOVE YOU!"

The cry of devotion was ripped out of her by yet another intense orgasm. Derek moaned and thrust himself deep into her pussy. Rachel's arms gave way as she succumbed to the pleasure and she fell into me, sobbing and jerking.

I sat there, stunned and broken, my wife convulsing against me as Derek emptied his huge, black balls deep into her helpless pussy. Somewhere, deep in my despair I realised that he could get her pregnant. Even now his hot cum was inside of her, searching out her defenceless egg. She had never let me cum inside of her before and I realized that she didn't want my cum. That she had been waiting all this time, since the day of our wedding, to give her most valuable possession to Derek.

Everything I thought I had with Rachel was a lie. All of the deception had been ripped away by this irrevocable act.

Slowly, Rachel's body relaxed and she slumped to the floor, her head in my lap. Derek backed away from her, his body slick with sweat. His cock hung between his legs like a huge, black eel. I couldn't look anymore and closed my eyes, wishing the whole scene could be forgotten, but the image of my wife being fucked in front of me, screaming her love for her ex-boyfriend did not disappear in the darkness.

4

For long minutes, the only sound in the room was our heavy breathing, all three of us exhausted.

Derek moved first. I heard the rasp and shuffle of his clothing as he dressed. The floor creaked as he knelt down and whispered softly to Rachel. I could not hear the words, but the tone was soothing and calm. There was a soft, low moan and a quiet, sucking sound. I realized that Derek and Rachel were kissing.

After what seemed like an eternity, I heard Derek stand and felt his heavy footsteps stalk across the floor. The front door opened, then shut. The room was quiet.

Rachel's weight moved off of my lap. She put her hands on my shoulders, rubbing my tense muscles.

"Benjy?" She said, slipping her hands up my neck to my cheeks.

Reluctantly, I opened my eyes and there she was, my beautiful wife smiling at me.

"I'm sorry you had to see that." She said. "It's just... I couldn't lie to you anymore."

"Why?" I said, it was the only question I could think of. "Don't you love me?"

"Oh, baby." Rachel moaned. "Of course I love you! But...but I love Derek too."

"Are you going to leave me?" I said.

Rachel knelt down between my legs. She began to unbutton my pants, looking up at me with those beautiful, blue eyes.

"Do...do you want me to leave you, Benjy?" Her fingers unzipped my pants, pulling open the flaps and revealing the boxer shorts, my cock hard and weeping inside of the loose cotton.

"No." I gasped as she ripped at my pants, pulling them roughly over my ass.

My cock hooked painfully into the waistband of my boxers and I groaned as she yanked them down. My cock, so much smaller than Derek's, sprang free of my shorts and flopped against my lower belly.

"I don't want to leave, you Benjy." She said and gripped my cock in her hand. "You're my best friend. You always have been."

She dipped her head, her tongue flicked out and licked the head of my cock. I moaned and laid back on on the couch as she spit on my cock and used her spit to make the tortured shaft slick.

"You give me so much." Her hand moved faster, her fingers swirling expertly over the tip. "Emotionally, you are everything I need."

"Oh God!" I moaned.

"But, Derek gives me everything I want." She said. "He is everything I want in a man. I'm sorry, but it's true. Are you sure you don't want me to leave?"

"I...don't..." I moaned, my orgasm close. "I don't know."

I didn't know what I wanted. I was hurt and jealous, but I still loved her, no matter what she had with Derek. I just didn't know if that was enough.

"I'll make you cum." She smiled. "That way I know you want this every bit as much as I do."

"No!" I cried.

But, she was right. My body wanted this, no matter how much my mind resisted. I tried in vain to squirm back against the seat, trying to prevent the inevitable. Rachel giggled at the challenge and jerked me harder and faster.

I wish I could say I held out, that I was able to deny the pleasure building in my body. That would be a lie. Rachel's masterful hand brought the cum boiling up out of my balls and my ass jerked on the couch. I squirted a thin stream of cum across my stomach and it splashed onto my chest. She kept jerking me, even after my orgasm had subsided, milking every last drop from my tortured flesh.

"I knew you wanted it." She said and slid up my body, planting a deep kiss on my mouth.

Despite my anguish, I responded to her kiss. I no longer cared if she had Derek's cum on her lips. I needed to feel her, needed to show her that I still loved her.

She broke the kiss, humming happily deep in her throat. She moved over on the couch and came to a rest in the spot where we

always snuggled to watch television. She spread her legs and motioned to me with a one finger.

"Since we know you aren't going to leave me." She said, grinning. "Why don't you come over here and show me how much you love me."

"Rachel...what?" I said, but she was already spreading her lips, revealing the wet, sticky mess between her legs.

"I think you know what I want, baby!" She said. "Don't you want to make me happy?"

I moaned, but I couldn't deny it. I did want to make Rachel happy. A part of me wanted to walk away, but that would mean losing whatever was left of our love. The other part of me wanted to prove to her that I could make her happy. Maybe not as happy as Derek, but I could still give her pleasure.

I stood up and walked woodenly over to her. She looked up at me through slitted eyes.

"Go ahead, Benjy." She said, her voice husky. "Show me how much you want this."

I sunk slowly to my knees between her legs. The musky, sweaty smell filled my nose as I bent forward. I pushed apart her lips. My mouth went dry as her pussy contracted and let out a small belch. A large dollop of Derek's cum spilled from her stretched cunt and oozed down over the pretty pink flower of her asshole. Everything was covered with cum. Her red, puffy lips. The wet folds of her pussy. Even the auburn pubic hair was matted together with thick, white jizz.

Above me, Rachel's breathing was coming heavier and faster. She was panting in anticipation of my mouth on her pussy. I flicked out my tongue, licking up between the lips and scraping across her engorged clit.

She jerked on the couch, groaning loudly. I licked again, holding her thighs in place so I could attack her cunt. I tasted Derek again. The cum was thicker this time, but the salty taste, mixed with the tang of Rachel's cum did not repulse me. This was what Rachel wanted and her pleasure made it possible for me to lap up Derek's spilled seed and swallow it down my throat.

I attacked her pussy like I never had before and my face was soon covered in Derek's cum and Rachel's leaking juices. I worked my tongue against her clit as I shoved a finger into her, cleaning the place where Derek's thick, black cock had been only moments before. I imagined I could taste it, that black flesh and smell Derek's thick, manly scent. There was another loud squelch. I was rewarded with another stream of thick sperm which I eagerly lapped away from her pink pussy, making my dirty wife clean again.

"Oh, Benjy!" She cried as her hips bucked frantically against my hungry mouth. "Fuck, that is so good!"

I said nothing, concentrating on her clit. My jaw hurt from the pain, but there was no way I was stopping. Not when I was giving Rachel so much pleasure.

"Oh shit, baby!" She moaned. "You like this, don't you? You like cleaning up my pussy after Derek fucked me so good?"

I let my tongue do the answering as I bore down on her pussy.

"Fuck!" She cried. "I knew you wanted it! That's good! That's so good! Because I'm Derek's woman now! I'm going to fuck him anytime wants!"

The words burned like acid on my heart, but I kept lapping. I felt her body tense and I dug my finger deeper into her pussy and sucked on her clit. Her body tensed and I tasted a fresh wave of juice even before her hips bucked into my face.

"I'm cumming!" She screamed. "I'm cumming!"

She didn't squirt,, but I knew this was an orgasm she she needed, so I didn't let up. I kept tonguing her cunt, working my finger inside of her. I drank all of her juices until she finally pulled away from me.

"Jesus Christ!" She laughed, gripping a handful of my hair painfully in her fist. "You've never done that before!"

"I know." I said. "I just wanted to show you how much I love you."

"Thank you." She said and she gripped my face and pulled me up so she could kiss me again. "I'm so happy."

"I know." I said, but couldn't bring myself to say the same.

I was sated and relieved that I still had my wife. However, I didn't know if I was happy.

She continued to kiss me, not noticing that I did not share her sentiments. We stayed like that for a while, kissing like teenagers on the couch.

I wondered if this was what awaited me. Like a horny teenager, would I be consigned to third base. Only allowed to kiss my wife and lick her pussy? Would Derek be the one who got her true, unbridled passion and, with it, her fertile womb?

Would my nearly chaste love be enough for her or would she eventually realize that she didn't need me?

All of these questions whirled through my fevered brain as Rachel sighed and rested her head on my chest. Her naked, bruised body was relaxed by my presence. Soon, her breathing became slow and regular. I looked down and saw her sleeping a peaceful smile on her lips.

As I looked at her and stroked her hair, I decided that this was enough. I loved Rachel so much, that I would let her have Derek, as long as I could have her afterwards. I may not be able to satisfy her the way Derek could, but I could her give her all of the love I had.

It may not be everything that I thought our marriage would be, but I loved my wife.

I would take whatever I could get.

END

••••

If you enjoyed these stories, try out my newest interracial cuckold series, His Black Bully Takes Everyone. Books 1 and 2 are now on sale!



<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0BD5KCHDT>



<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0BGFDGTJ3>