

CRAZY 141

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 141 Black Cock Worship: A Woman's Fall 4

She led me to the kitchen, poured two glasses of wine, we chatted for twenty minutes and were on our second bottle of wine already, well on our way to drunk, when she asked how my Brazilian had 'gone', so to speak. I joked, "It's as smooth as a baby."

"Yummy," she smiled, making me blush.

"You're so bad," I said playfully, somehow completely captivated by her, the image of her going down on me popping into my head.

"You don't know the half of it," she said.

"Do tell," I replied, wanting to live vicariously through her.

She downed her glass, I downed mine, and she said after pouring each of us a fourth, "It'll be easier just to show you."

"Um, okay," I said, curious and nervous.

She took my hand, like she'd done last time, and led me to her bedroom, like she'd done last time, where this time she pulled down her skirt as I stood there.

Was she expecting us to have sex?

She turned to me and said, "Sorry, I've got to get out of these stuffy clothes."

"No problem," I nodded, as I looked at her thigh high stockings and naked pussy which was, of course, hairless.

She asked with a saucy grin, as she unbuttoned her blouse, "So did you fuck Ken when you got home?"

Usually I kept my sex life to myself, but wanting to impress her I answered, "Actually, I blew him on the way home."

"What about your needs?" she asked, tossing her blouse in a hamper, displaying small, firm tits and no bra.

"Oh, I didn't let him come," I smiled, as if I were in control and not staring at her perfect, trim body. I was certain she was in her thirties like I was, but her figure looked like she was fifteen! (But her poise and confidence certainly weren't those of a teenager's.) I continued, "We got home and I made him pound me in the garage."

"Nice," she approved, as she grabbed a robe, keeping her thigh high on.

I added, for some reason, "He came first."

"They always do," she interjected, as she put a disk in her blu ray player.

I continued, "Not able to come from his fucking, I pushed him to his knees and made him eat me out."

She turned around and asked, "After he came in you?"

"Yep," I nodded, and added, "I held his head between my legs until I came."

"Nice," she approved. "So you made him eat a cream pie."

"A what?" I asked.

"A cream pie," she repeated, as she sat on the bed and patted a spot beside her, "that's a cum-coated cunt."

"What a beautiful alliteration," I joked, as I joined her on the bed.

She laughed, "I guess it is."

After a pause, she said, "I want to show you something, but it may shock you."

"More than knowing you're a swinger, you fuck black guys and peg your husband?" I asked, wondering what else there could be.

"I also eat a fair amount of black pussy and have a few lesbian pets myself," she added, giving me a look indicating that she was targeting a new pet: me.

"Oh my," I said, my face burning red, once again captivated by her every word, wondering for the first time what it would be like to lick a pussy.

"Oh yeah," she nodded, as she pressed Play, "I'm a take charge gal, but a complete submissive to black men and women."

"Really?" I asked, still finding it hard to fathom this confident woman being submissive to anyone.

"Watch," she said, one hand on my leg and the other directing my attention to the large flat-screen on the wall. "This is a video of my first time in the conjugal visitor trailer at the prison."

"You fucked your husband at work?" I asked, the room still empty.

"God, no," she said, sounding disgusted. "I go there to fuck..."

She paused and waited until a big black man walked in, "...him."

My eyes went wide.

She was showing me a sex tape... why?

"I'm working on his case at the moment, doing it pro bono..." she said, before adding wickedly, "...other than his big black bone."

"Oh, my," I said, transfixed on the screen, just as she walked in.

"I'm not going to lie, I was nervous this first time," Janna confessed, even now a bit nervously. "I mean I'd already fucked quite a few men since marrying, but always with my husband there."

"He wasn't there?" I asked, even though she'd just said as much.

She explained, "Kareem won't let the husband watch the first time. The second time he's required to watch."

"Oh," I said, as I watched the screen in awe.

"Get over here, slut," the black man ordered.

I couldn't fathom anyone getting away with calling Janna a slut.

She didn't appreciate it at the time either as she said, "Please don't call me names."

Janna whispered in my ear, having recovered her aplomb, at least here in real time, "At first I resisted the name calling, but pretty quickly I was a quivering mess."

"I'll call you whatever I want," he said, standing up and pulling down his orange prison pants to reveal what was, even on the screen, and even still flaccid, a huge cock.

I gasped, as I stared at the dormant dick, "Oh, my."

"I thought the same thing," she admitted. "I mean, as soon as I saw his massive cock, I knew I had to have it and he could call me whatever fucking derogatory names he wanted."

I watched as she walked up to him, dropped to her knees and reached for his cock.

He stopped her. He said, "Tell me what you want, slut."

"I want to suck this massive cock," she said, looking completely hypnotized by it.

"Like it?" she asked, and I watched the screen as she took the cock in her mouth.

"It's huge," I said, avoiding answering the question, but acknowledging the obvious.

"There is literally nothing more satisfying than having that sucker in me," she said, as she put her hand in my hair and ran her fingers down my back as she explained how he took control. "Until that day, I had always been in charge in my sex life, even in high school and college, but he turned me into a white bimbo in mere seconds."

I watched as the cock hardened in her mouth.

I shivered as she continued stroking my back with a sensuous touch.

I wondered what it would be like to have such a massive cock in my own mouth.

She whispered in my ear, her hot breath sending chills down my back, "I would have done anything at that moment to have his cock in my mouth. It wasn't just that it was fucking huge, it was totally majestic."

"It is," I agreed, a shiver going down my spine at both her hot breath and the massive cock I was staring at. I couldn't explain it, but 'majestic' was exactly the word I would use. I also couldn't explain it, but his dark skin only enhanced its presence, just like a panther is more regal than a leopard.

"It was confusing, and amazing, but I instantly loved allowing my inner slut-freak flag to fly," she said, before adding, "and most women are the same way. Including you, my dear."

"I don't know," I said, even as I watched the screen in awe. Giving myself away by feeling jealous of Janna for being allowed to service that massive cock.

"I couldn't explain it, but I instantly loved allowing my inner slut-freak flag to fly," she said, before adding, "and most women are the same way. Including you, my dear."

"I don't know," I said, even as I watched the screen in awe. Giving myself away by being jealous of Janna for being allowed to service that massive cock.

What made it stranger was that I respected her a lot. She was a smart attorney and a no-nonsense woman who took crap from no one, yet here she was being humbled and agreeable to this convicted criminal whose very presence proclaimed he was no stranger to violence! It was unfathomable. Yet equally erotic.

He suddenly grabbed her head and began to fuck her face,

as she said to me, "I wasn't ready for that. His cock is more than twice the size of Dele's and I don't usually do the sucking. I gagged a few times."

I had never been used like that. Before watching it now, I never would have even wanted to have my face fucked like that. Yet, as I watched Janna take that cock deep in her mouth I couldn't help but wonder if I could accomplish the same impressive task.

"Breathe through your nose, you dumb slut," he ordered, as he slapped her face with his massive black sausage.

"Yes, sir," Janna replied, as he shoved it back in her throat, balls deep.

"Wow!" I said, as I watched ten inches of cock magically disappear.

"Your mouth can take a lot if you relax your jaw," she explained.

"I can't fathom swallowing that serpent," I said, as I watched.

His massive cock completely disappeared into her mouth, as his balls slapped her chin.

"Trust me, you'd take it all too," she said, as she ran her fingers through my hair again and down my back. She added, "I've always been the dominant one in the bedroom, but Kareem showed me my place. I wanted to please him, I needed to please him. I craved obeying him. Actually, I still crave obeying him."

"No way could I take that," I said, as Kareem pulled out, lifted her up like she was a rag doll and tossed her onto the bed on all fours.

"Tell me what you want, slut," he ordered, as he moved behind her.

"I want your huge black cock deep in my white cunt," Janna said, with a desperation that seemed completely authentic.

"Fuck, at that moment, as his cock teased my pussy lips, I would have done anything to have him start fucking me," she whispered in my ear.

"So I see," I awkwardly chuckled, as I watched the massive cock slide into her pussy.

As he started fucking her, Janna got incredibly animated, "Oh fuck, I love your big black cock," and "Fuck your white whore," and after only a couple of minutes, maybe less, she screamed, "Oh my fucking God, I'm coming."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 142 Black Cock Worship: A Woman's Fall 5

He chuckled, "The first time never takes long."

"I came five times, and they cascaded over me in ascending waves of pleasure," she explained, as she tugged on my ear with her lips. She added, "Every woman deserves to feel this depth of pleasure -- being a total plaything for a dominant man... a real man... A black man."

I let out a soft moan, my ears a powerful erogenous zone, but also I was completely captivated by the intense fucking I was watching, easily the hottest porn scene I'd ever watched.

"The hottest part was when he was slamming me so hard my entire body quaked and moved. It was enhanced even more when he called me all those nasty names, names I would rip off anyone else's balls for calling me any of them. Plus, slapping my ass, something I hadn't liked the couple times it had been done to me, somehow had become hot," she explained, before adding, "the breaking point was when I realized I didn't want any respect from him. All I wanted was for him to treat me like a cheap slut."

Suddenly she cupped my ass and whispered in my ear as her screen-self reached another of her multiple orgasms, "I bet you'd love it too, wouldn't you...slut?"

I was stunned at her calling me a 'slut', but she was right, I badly wanted to feel that huge cock in me at the moment... maybe he could get me off with a cock.

She continued her verbal and physical assault on me as she kissed my neck and cupped my breasts. She also said, "Oh yeah, you'd love to be his next fuck toy, wouldn't you?"

I moaned, not at the question, but because of her lips on my neck, her hands on my tits.

"I knew it," she purred, as she ordered, "Spread your legs, slut."

I don't know why, but I obeyed without thought. Maybe it was the video, maybe it was her sexual words and touch, or her strong, powerful persona, but I spread my legs wide, giving her easy access to my fevered pussy .

She then moved her hand between my legs and directly to my soaked panties. "Holy fuck, you're drenched."

I stammered, capable only of moaning, "Ill... ooooooh."

"I'll take it that you want that big cock in this tight pussy," she assessed correctly, as she rubbed me slowly.

"Better yet, tell me out loud," she demanded, "you can't deny it later if it's coming out of your own mouth," as she slapped my clit and pussy through my panties, "do you want his cock?"

"God, yes," I moaned and quaked, my own orgasm close.

On the screen as she had yet another orgasm

, Janna declared, "I'll be your Slut anytime."

"You're such a natural submissive slut, Christine," she whispered, still relentlessly teasing my pussy.

Finally I declared, accepting I was indeed a natural submissive, "Yes, you're right: I'd love to have a big black cock in my tight little pussy, and maybe I'd finally come from getting fucked!"

"That is a guarantee," she said, as she got off the bed, took off her robe, went to her dresser and pulled out a huge black dildo with big fake balls and a suction cup on the bottom. "Want to get fucked, my slut?"

The screen Janna was coming for the fourth time

as I nod with a shameful schoolgirl-like whisper, "Yes, please."

To my surprise, she shoved the dildo against my lips and ordered, "Suck my big black cock, slut."

Again, I just did as she told me without hesitation, as I opened my mouth and bobbed on the toy... completely out of my mind by now.

The dildo was so fat, I choked on it and pulled back.

Janna scolded me, "You need to practice a lot if you're going to take our Master's massive cock." She then shoved it back into my mouth while she squeezed my tit with her other hand.

"Oh yes, I'm coming again," Janna screamed on the screen,

as she face cocked me with the dildo.

I seriously couldn't believe I was allowing her to use me like this. I also noticed her implication that I would one day be taking Kareem's massive dick... I further noticed she referred to him as 'our Master', not just hers.

I also couldn't believe how thrilling it felt to be used like this!

My cunt was never wetter... I needed to come so badly.

She moved her free hand to my pussy and rubbed, making me moan on the cock.

She ordered, "Grab hold and suck it yourself."

I took charge of the dildo and bobbed like the obedient slut I suddenly was, mindlessly cramming the huge dildo into my mouth over and over as she moved both her hands to my panties.

I eagerly lifted my hips off the bed so she could pull the soaked garment off.

She then shocked me again as she buried her face between my legs and licked my pussy. I moaned loudly the instant her tongue made contact. The first time a woman had ever licked me... and God, it felt fucking amazing!

As Jenna begged on the screen, "Shoot that dominant guy cum all over my white slut face!"

I came in twenty seconds of her tongue on my pussy!

I dropped the dildo onto the bed as I screamed, "Oh my God!" This easily the most intense orgasm I could ever remember having.

Jenna grabbed the dildo that had just dropped out of my panting mouth and slammed it into my pussy as I was still coming!

The dildo stretched my cunt wide and filled me deeper than any man ever had!

Jenna fucked my pussy roughly and deeply as she growled, "This is just the beginning of your training for Master Kareem, slut."

"Oh, God," I moaned, unsure whether this was roleplay or if she actually envisioned me joining 'our Master's' slut club... at the moment I would agree to anything as a second orgasm seemed to be building even as my first one was just beginning to fade.

The video done, I collapsed back onto the bed, and began bucking my hips to meet the massive fake cock.

I was completely giving myself to lust and the reward was pleasure I didn't know existed! As my second orgasm got close, I grabbed a pillow to muffle my screams!

And when she licked my clit while pumping the cock in and out of me like The Flash I came again, screaming so loudly that the pillow didn't do any kind of job muffling my euphoria.

Jenna left the dildo inside me, climbed onto the bed, ripped the pillow aside and stifled my screams with a forceful kiss!

I continued screaming into her mouth until my raging orgasm finally ran its course and eventually our lengthy kiss became tender and sweet as I tasted myself for the first time ever on her lips.

When she broke the kiss, I apologized for losing it as I clarified (truly more out of habit than from any

honest reassessment of my feelings), "I'm so sorry, Janna. I'm not a lesbian."

She smiled, "Christine, it's not about you being a lesbian, or bi, or straight, or even whether you're human. It's about discovering your full sexuality and more importantly, your purpose in life."

"My purpose in life?" I asked.

"Yes, like I said, you're a natural submissive. You obeyed me partly out of insatiable lust, but also because it's in your DNA. Deep down beyond your mom and wife facade is the true you, the one you likely never even knew existed until today. You will now obsess about black cock... you will also fantasize about obeying me some more."

"I'm not sure," I said, as my head cleared from the two intense, consecutive orgasms.

"Trust me," she said, as she moved up and straddled my face against her smooth pussy. "You're a submissive, and starting today you're my submissive. Now get licking, my sexy slut."

Her scent swarmed me... her fucking me and watching herself get fucked had also turned her on.

I didn't want to prove her right, but the order given, I felt compelled to obey. I was also completely captivated by her confident control over me and by her scent.

I needed to taste her pussy.

I leaned up a bit and licked her flowing, wet pussy.

"Good girl," she moaned, "just do what comes natural."

So I did.

I licked between her pussy lips, finding excessive wetness that tantalized my taste buds.

I wiggled my tongue back and forth, the only thing Ken did that actually worked well when he was down there.

"Oh yes, very nice," Janna moaned. "You sure you're straight?"

Knowing that I definitely wasn't completely straight anymore, licking her cunt felt so natural, tasting her pussy was so heavenly, that I knew I would be back between her legs anytime she snapped her fingers or beckoned me. I joked, between licks, "I'm not sure I am anymore."

As I licked, she said, "Do you know that most men get off on their women cheating on them? ... well, most white men anyway. Most men see the powerful persona and confidence that black men exclude, see their massive cocks that make them question if they could ever truly satisfy a woman like a black

cock can and they realize if they want their wife truly sexually satisfied, they have to allow them to explore the pleasure of chocolate. I mean Dele does, and I imagine Ken would too."

I listened as I licked, trying to imagine a conversation where I could even ask Ken about such a thing.

As if reading my mind, she continued, "Tell Ken about Dele and my being swingers and ask him what he would think of you two swinging. Then ask him what he would think if a swap included a burly black guy with a huge cock. Watch how he reacts. Not his words, but his facial expression. Then check out his cock. I bet a thousand bucks he'll be rock hard."

I didn't respond as I licked and licked, completely enamoured by the pussy, the task.

She grabbed the back of my head and began grinding herself on my face. I kept licking the best I could as her moans got louder.

It took a couple more minutes before she suddenly splattered my face with her cum... a completely different feeling from getting a facial from male cum.

I eagerly lapped up her cum... her taste now stronger... addicting.

Once she was done, she let go of my head and congratulated me, "Good girl, my little slut. You're a natural cunt muncher."

"I can't believe I just did that," I said, feeling her wetness all over my face.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Oddly, I did."

"It's not odd. It's you discovering more of who you are, and I plan to help you discover your entire truth," she said, pulling me in for a kiss.

I kissed her back and then once dressed, we went downstairs and drank some more wine.

I called Ken and asked him to come and pick me up, admitting I'd had too much to drink to drive home... which was true.

While he was driving, I asked, "Did you know that Dele and Janna swing?"

To my surprise, he nodded, "Dele told me about that recently."

"Did he tell you it's always with big-cocked black men?" I asked.

"He didn't describe the size of their dicks, but he did mention they were often black," he admitted.

"She says the best sex she's ever had is with BBC," I continued. "And that Dele loves watching."

"I can imagine," he said oddly.

"Janna says I should try it too," I threw out there.

"Try what?" He asked. "Swinging or black men?"

"BBC," I admitted.

"I see," he said, his reaction not one of disgust, but cautiously con-committal.

I reached over and felt his cock: it was rock hard. I cried out, "Holy shit, Janna was right!"

"About what?" he asked, instantly groaning as I rubbed his cock through his pants.

"She told me if I talked about getting fucked by BBC you'd get hard," I said. I then added in a seductive croon, "would it really turn you on seeing me getting fucked by some big black cock?"

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 143 Black Cock Worship: A Woman's Fall 6

He groaned again.

"I'll take that as a yes," I smiled, as I fished his cock out of his pants. "Pay attention to the road."

"Okay," he groaned, as I leaned down and took his hard cock in my mouth to give him road head for the second time in two days.

I sucked his cock for the final three or four minutes until we got home and then ordered, "Bedroom, two minutes."

"Okay," he nodded, quickly getting out of the car.

Once we arrived in the bedroom I stripped off my dress and realized I was only in my bra and thigh highs, having left my panties at Janna's. I ripped off my bra and fell to my knees.

"Give me that cock," I demanded.

He walked over and shoved his cock in my mouth, I bobbed furiously, listened for his moans hinting he was close, then stopped.

I asked, as I stroked his cock, "So, what do you think of watching your wife get slammed by some huge

black dick?"

He groaned, "Fuck, yes."

I went back to sucking and quit again just before he came. I asked, "So should I get dressed up all slutty and make myself available for some big black guy to use me as his personal fuck toy?"

His response told me everything.

He shot his load all over my tits, groaning helplessly.

That's when I knew for sure Janna was right about white guys: even strong ones like I thought my husband was.

After he went down on me at my demand, he offered, "If you're serious, I may know a guy."

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"Are you?" he asked back.

"Based on Janna's descriptions and how it fired up their sex life, I figure it couldn't hurt."

He then told me about Janna and Kareem. I listened and pretended I didn't know, actually asking a few questions.

I decided instantly, "Set it up. If your reaction is any indication, this will help our sex life... even if he isn't any good.

"Oh, trust me, he's really good," Ken said in a weird way.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I've watched him fuck three women now and each one leaves satisfied in ways I've never witnessed before," he explained.

I straddled him as I said, "Well, make it happen, honey."

As I rode him, he squeezed my ass and said, "I love you so much, honey."

"I love you, too," I agreed, before adding, "now fuck me really hard."

The next day I was sober, and horrified I'd said those things. I called Ken (he was already at work when I woke up) and left a message stressing that he shouldn't set anything up. I would later learn he got the message but ignored it and arranged a time for me with Kareem.

I called Janna and told her everything and how I had to back out. She said, "Come see me at four at my office. We'll talk, but first I'll have a gift for you."

I did what I always did when stressed... I cleaned.

I ended up at her office at 3:45 and she wasn't in. So I waited in reception.

She arrived a few minutes after four and breezed past me saying, "Come on in."

She closed the door behind me, locked it and ordered, "Knees."

"Janna, yesterday was a..." I began.

She interrupted me. "Now, slut."

Her tone startled me and I obeyed instantly.

She lifted up her skirt, revealing she had no panties on, and said, "Lick up your present from Kareem."

"You just saw him again?" I asked, looking at her bare, wet pussy decorated with unmistakable flecks of white.

"And he told me to give you a sample of what you'll get on Friday," she said, as she grabbed my head and shoved it into her pussy.

I wanted to ask what she meant by 'Friday' but instead I began licking her pussy... and whatever it's called when you eat a pussy with cum in it. I knew there was a pastry term for it, she'd mentioned it yesterday, but I couldn't remember it.

All my strong-willed resistance faded quickly as I licked her pussy. A pussy that I could eat all day.

I licked for a good fifteen minutes, long enough that my knees were sore, before she came. Once she was done, she said, "Sorry it took so long, I already had half a dozen orgasms from Master's huge cock."

"Half a dozen?" I questioned.

"He really fucked the hell out of me today," Janna said. "I think I even passed out for a bit."

"Wow," I said, the idea of multiple orgasms from a cock pretty appealing.

As she went to her desk, she revealed, "So my pet, you are expected at the prison trailer at 4PM on Friday."

"I can't do that," I said.

She sighed. "I wasn't asking your opinion. Master told me to seduce you and bring you to him and I will do precisely that."

"He did what?" I gasped.

"He wants all the guards' wives as his personal fuck toys," she revealed.

"That's crazy," I said.

"It is what it is," she shrugged. "And you're going."

"But I don't want to ruin my marriage," I protested.

"It's not ruining mine and it won't ruin yours. Didn't Ken get hard when you asked him about this? He told me after he watched me today and came in his pants again he'd even volunteered to set it up for you."

"Yes."

"So stop being a whiny bitch. You're doing this. You need to experience this kind of sex. You deserve it and Ken understands you need it too."

"But what if it changes everything?" I asked, that being my biggest concern, since Ken was giving me permission to do it, technically it wouldn't be cheating.

"He'll love it, just like Dele does," she stressed. "White husbands are born to be cuckolds for dominant black men and eager white wives."

"That seems pretty extreme," I said.

"You saw how great it was when I was fucked by Kareem," she reminded me.

"It was amazing," I agreed.

"Now it's your time to discover true sexual bliss," she said.

"I want to, but...."

"Shut up. You're a slut. A cum-hungry whore. A natural submissive who was born to suck black cock, get fucked by black cock and eat black cunt," she listed, before adding, "and white cunt too. Unfortunately,

your true self is trapped behind the mind of a nun."

"I am not," I protested.

"Prove it," she said, moving her feet, not in heels anymore, onto her desk.

"I just ate your cunt," I pointed out.

"A good first step; now suck on my toes while I type up a few emails," she ordered.

This surprised me, but seemingly unable to say no to her, I stood up, bent over and sucked on her big toe.

"Good, slut," she approved, as she began typing away.

I sucked all ten of her toes through her nylons.

I licked the soles of her feet.

Once I was done, she said, "Kareem won't fuck me again until I bring you along. So I will be at your house at 3:00 and help you get ready, is that clear?"

"I don't know, I have to check my schedule," I said, although I never worked on Friday afternoons.

"This is non-negotiable," she stressed, as she moved her feet off the desk. "You are going. I am taking you. Is that clear?"

"Okay, okay," I said, knowing I wasn't going to win this argument. If I were going to back out, I'd need to run away from home on Friday.

"Now be a good bitch and do as you're fucking told," she said firmly.

"Okay," I nodded, sheepishly.

"I'm doing this for your own good, you understand that, right?" she asked.

"Yes," I nodded.

"I'm also doing it for Ken," she added.

"I'm not so sure about that," I smiled.

"Trust me," she said. "Ken is more excited about your taking a massive black cock than you are."

"I'm pretty excited," I protested.

"Then why the whining?"

"Nerves."

"That I can understand, I was pretty nervous at first," she admitted. "Now I count down the hours until my next black cock fix."

"Which is when?" I asked.

"Kareem has some friends I go and visit sometimes," she admitted. "None are as big as he is, but when you have three black cocks in three holes, it's pretty exhilarating."

"No way!"

"Oh yeah, anal sex is amazing. But being double penetrated is utter heaven," she admitted.

"Ken put a finger in me once and I freaked out in pain," I admitted.

"Oh, I'll have you begging for a cock in your ass in a while," she promised, as there was a knock at her door.

"Come in," she called out.

The door opened and I gasped. I thought it had been locked while I was serving her.

"Mr. James wants to see you," the secretary, a woman in her fifties, said.

"I'll be right there," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," the secretary nominated and left.

"She's a great cunt licker too," Janna revealed.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 144 Black Cock Worship: A Woman's Fall 7

"Really?" I asked.

"She's been eating cunt here or sucking cock since she was nineteen. No one has more experience," she stressed.

"I can't fathom," I said.

"HmMMM," she smiled and pressed a button. "Joan, come in here."

"What are you doing?" I asked as Joan arrived.

"Yes, ma'am?" she asked.

"Are you hungry?" Janna asked.

"Always," the woman responded with a grin, obviously understanding the real meaning of the question.

"My friend Christine here needs an orgasm; will you be so kind to give her one?" Janna offered, as my face went beet red.

"Of course," Joan nodded. "I'd love to."

"Great," Janna said, before turning to me, "Enjoy."

She walked out and I said, "Joan, you don't have to."

She walked up to me and said, "Yes, I do. Plus, I want to."

"Really?" I asked.

"It's part of my job," she said, as she reached me.

"But I don't want you to because you were ordered to," I stressed, feeling bad.

"Trust me," she said, as she pointed to the desk, "I really do want to. This is one of my perks."

I sat on the desk and she spread my legs and said, "Panties? Tsk, tsk."

She tugged them off and surprised me by tossing them in the garbage. She said in a firm voice, "When you visit this firm you will never wear panties or a bra, is that clear? It's a new rule her Master made for her a couple weeks ago, so now it applies to all of her pets, too."

I stammered, "Y-y-yes, ma'am."

"Good, now let's get a nice look at this cunt," she said, as she moved her face between my legs.

I stared in stunned silence as this woman who could be a grandmother inspected my cunt.

"Nice wet pussy," she approved, before I felt her tongue part my pussy lips.

Janna hadn't licked my pussy for more than thirty seconds last time because I was so revved up, so this was the first time I got to savour oral pleasures from a woman... and God, did she know what she was doing.

She took her time, seeming to enjoy giving pleasure as much as I was enjoying receiving it.

She kissed my pussy.

She licked my pussy.

In passing, she briefly licked my asshole, which felt strange and oddly pleasurable.

She teased my clit.

She tugged on my clit.

She attacked my clit and pussy.

As my moaning increased, she slid two fingers inside me and instantly found my previously mythical g-spot. She tapped on it while sucking on my clit and I came... hard.

I bit my lip not to scream and alert anyone outside of the office.

She lapped up my cum, stood up and said, "Thank you for letting me service you."

"Oh my God, thank you," I said, my wetness still leaking out of me. "I never believed the g-spot was real."

"Oh, it's real all right," she smiled. "The key is to explore the inside of a cunt with your fingers. Take your time. Learn your way around its inner complexities and learn to give yourself to the task at hand... well, usually just at fingers."

"And tongue," I added, my legs still spread open... my body still quivering in aftershocks from my orgasm.

"Well, have a good night," she said.

"I just did," I smiled, as I got off the desk, my left knee almost giving out.

She laughed, "That often happens after I'm done."

"I imagine," I laughed back, as another gush of wetness leaked out of me.

Then I headed out.

That night, Ken said, "I have it set up."

"Friday at 4," I said.

"How do you know?" he asked, surprised.

"Janna told me."

"Oh."

"Are you going to watch?" I asked.

"Kareem won't let the husbands do that the first time," he said.

"Why not?"

"I think he wants to have complete control."

"Oh," I said, having assumed he would be there to watch.

"Don't worry, there will be a guard on duty there," he said.

"That makes me worry," I said, not liking that at all. "Someone else will know."

"I made sure it'll be Dele," he said.

"That's a little better," I said, although I still wasn't thrilled.

That night, Janna texted, No coming again until Friday, is that clear?

I agreed... although after the past few days I was now constantly horny.

The next day and a half, I worked. I ignored the burning in my pussy.

Janna didn't call.

Ken worked a lot.

Then Thursday morning, just before lunch, Janna called me and asked, no she ordered, for me to get to her office right away.

When I arrived, she ordered, "Under the table, pussy cleaner."

"Nice to see you too," I joked, as I walked to her desk, hungry for her pussy. It was weird, I was suddenly a pussy-pleasing booty call... not something I ever imagined becoming.

"I'm busy, so just get me off; I have a big case this afternoon and I need to be focused," she said, rolling her chair back to allow me to crawl underneath it.

"I'm your straight pussy-licking booty call," I acknowledged.

"No, you're my straight-laced pussy cum bucket," she corrected.

"I do love your cum," I agreed, as she rolled the chair back, spread her legs and I serviced her.

For almost an hour.

My knees ached.

My jaw was sore.

She then rolled her chair back and said, "Lie on my desk."

I obeyed, happy to get out of that confined position.

"Take off your blouse; Joan told you about the bra and panties so you're not wearing any, right?" she demanded.

"Yes ma'am, no underwear. Is the door locked?" I asked.

"Just do as you're fucking told, slut," she demanded, annoyed by my questioning her.

I obeyed and lay back on her desk in just my skirt.

She straddled my face and I resumed licking as she pinched my nipples. I would learn over the next while she not only loved playing with my tits, but also abusing them because they were so much bigger than hers. She liked pinching them, slapping them, and even called them udders a week or so later when she fucked me with a strap-on.

It became obvious also that she criticized people for having bigger tits. As she rode my face on her desk and slapped my tits around she called me 'cunt licking slut', 'big-titted airhead' and 'big-boobed bimbo'. Oddly, the name-calling turned me on... I liked being a slut for her, a bimbo for her... just a mindless vessel for her pleasure.

She came after a couple of minutes of using my face, got off me, and said, "See you tomorrow."

I weakly got off the desk, my face drenched with her cum, and said, "Good luck with the case."

"Thanks," she smiled, as she pulled me close and kissed me possessively. When she broke the kiss she sibilated, "Tomorrow we become scandalous sisters of sin."

I laughed, "You do like alliteration."

"I guess I do," she shrugged, pinching my nipples hard before going back to her desk.

I got dressed, returned home and worried about tomorrow.

.....

Friday was a nerve-wracking day.

Ken promised me it would be okay.

Janna called me, predicting it would be the best day of my life.

Yet I was a mess.

I was a mother.

I was a wife.

I wasn't a cheap slut who fucked convicted criminals.

Yet, the entire day as I fretted about this, my cunt was wet.

Janna arrived and helped me dress.

No bra.

No panties.

Just a red dress, beige thigh highs and red three-inch fuck-me heels.

Janna drove me to the trailer and I signed in as Mrs. Mwangi, which was strange. It occurred to me if they checked this wife's signatures they would all be different.

I went in, was groped by a female security guard who was smirking the entire time and used an upper-

crust accent as she commented on my lack of 'undergarments'. Did she know who I really was? She obviously knew why I was here.

I wanted to die of embarrassment, but I walked in a daze thru the metal detector.

Even though my red dress wasn't slutty, the lack of a bra showcased my tits and I felt like a streetwalker meeting a John.

Only he wasn't paying.

I went into the trailer and saw Dele.

He just nodded politely and opened The Door for me.

The room was nicer than I envisioned; not fancy, but clean... but it smelt of sex. I wondered if I had a black light, whether the room would glow.

Kareem walked in a moment later, said 'Hello, Dear,' before walking up to me and began kissing me... just like we'd been married for years.

Somehow I hadn't expected this.

Sex is sex.

Sucking a cock is sex.

Getting fucked is sex.

Kissing though, is intimate.

I froze in his arms...shocked and horrified by this much involvement...wondering how my curiosity had gotten me into this so far that I was about to do this.

He whispered to me, substantially more tenderly than in the video I'd watched, "It's okay to be nervous, but I expect total obedience from you. Is that clear?"

He knew why I was here, even if I didn't yet completely understand. He looked into my eyes and ordered, "Take off your dress, I want to see those big white titties."

I obeyed, lifting my dress over my head. Suddenly I was completely naked in front of him except for thigh high stockings and three-inch heels.

He stood back and looked me over, seeming to approve, which oddly made me feel good. I was attractive to a much younger man.

He moved back to me and surprised me by slapping each of my tits.

I yelped.

I covered my tits with my hands and he scowled and ordered, "Display those white flapjacks."

A million emotions coursed through me yet I obeyed, actually pushing my tits out to showcase them. Proud of how firm they still were.

He pulled on my nipples.

He slapped them some more.

I stood there, both turned on and mortified. Two completely different feelings swirling inside of me.

I'd thought I would be sucking him by now... maybe being fucked by him... yet, he seemed entertained just by molesting my tits.

He told me, as he cupped them, "I love these nice big tits."

I moaned as he leaned forward and sucked my left nipple into his mouth, "Thank you."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 145 Black Cock Worship: A Woman's Fall 8

He sucked and bit on both my nips before he said, "Your husband is a pathetic wimp, willing to offer you to a black man." He laughed as he added, "After today you'll only want more black cock."

He snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor.

I knelt in front of him.

"Go ahead, pull out what you're dying to play with," he said smugly.

I obeyed, indeed wanting to see this massive cock up close and personal. It was, after all, why I was here. His Big Black Cock!!!

My hands trembled as I pulled down his orange pants and discovered he too wasn't wearing underwear.

I gasped.

It had looked huge on the video... up close in real life it was even more majestic... and so far it was completely flaccid.

"Go ahead, feel it," he offered.

I couldn't resist. I had to touch it.

I wrapped my hand around it... or I tried. It was thicker than any cock I had seen (I had only ever fucked two guys, but I had blown a few more and jerked off a couple).

I marvelled at the sheer weight of it... thinking it would be a heavy burden to walk around with... like my tits could be.

I stroked it slowly for a minute, completely captivated by the sheer majestic power of it. It was the cock of all cocks.

I didn't even think about it as I opened my mouth and took it between my lips.

I was amazed at how thick it was... it was really stretching my jaw.

I sucked slowly, barely taking much in as I felt it slowly hardening.

As it did harden I began bobbing some more, drooling all over his cock... slobbering like a dirty bitch in lust.

Finally I had over half of it in and I gagged, knowing there was no way to take all ten-plus inches of this monster.

"Time to train your shoot-chute," he said, as he grabbed my head and began pushing himself down my throat.

Tears rolled down my eyes.

I choked.

I gagged.

I didn't resist, but kept trying to cope with this massive member as it violated my mouth.

I wanted to be able to take all of it in.

Soon I was making horrible unnatural noises with each thrust down my throat, only realizing I'd taken it all when I felt his balls resting on my chin, his cock lodged deep down my throat.

I could barely breathe around it.

I was starting to panic when he pulled out and told me to get on all fours on the bed, and by this time I

was more turned on than I'd ever been! Jenna was right, this state when my pride and self-respect and will power were all broken was the hottest part! .

I climbed on, forgetting I was happily married, forgetting about my grown child, forgetting about my pride or dignity, as I got on all fours and arched my back, offering myself like a bitch in heat.

He moved behind me and I was expecting some teasing, maybe even a bit of oral, but he slammed his entire cock in my cunt without any warmup.

Fuck, it hurt! His cock was spreading my cunt in ways even Jenna's massive dildo hadn't.

His cock reached depths I didn't know existed inside me!

His cock was so fucking fat!

His cock was so fucking long!

I clawed at the bed sheets as I tried just to take his massive cock!

He, of course, didn't care.

He just began fucking me.

He wasn't making love.

He was pounding my pussy with each rough, forward thrust.

I babbled at first about his taking it out, then I babbled about his having mercy and going slower, and then I began to feel the pleasure begin to consume me and I begged for the opposite: "Harder, fuck your white slut harder!"

"You like my cock, slut?" he asked, grabbing my hips and stopping all motion.

"Yes, yes, I love your big black cock," I declared, desperate to have him resume reaming me.

"What would you say if your faggot husband was here?" he asked.

I was surprised by the term 'faggot', but I responded with the truth, "I'd tell him I'm a white slut slave for black cock."

"Any black cock?" he asked.

"If they're all like yours, then fuck yes!" I agreed.

"Ride it, slut," he ordered and I obeyed, bouncing back on his cock like I was a rocking horse.

In a minute I was coming... my first ever orgasm from a cock. I declared, "I'm coming!"

As I kept bouncing on his cock, I added, "I've never come this way before!"

"You've never had a real cock before," he pointed out.

"Yes, yes, you're way more of a man than my husband," I babbled, not thinking straight at all... only of the pleasure his cock was giving me.

He then shoved my hips down onto the bed, straddled my body and took control of the fucking as he asked, "Are you going to be my cock slut whenever I want you to come and please me?"

"Yes, yes, any time, sir," I agreed, as a second orgasm seemed to be rising rapidly even as the first one was barely beginning to finish running its course through me.

"Are you going to crave the guy meat?" he asked, slamming into me so hard, the bed banged loudly against the wall with each forward thrust.

"Oh God, I'll be fantasizing about your black cock twenty-four seven," I declared, knowing I was going to be a black cock slut for the rest of my life. I loved my husband, but he couldn't come close to giving me the pleasure I was receiving right now.

"I said 'the guy meat'." he emphasized, stopping this time and even pulling his cock out of me.

I hated the 'N' word, but in the heat of the moment, and needing his cock back inside me, I declared, "I'll do anything for the guy cock in my whitey slut box!"

He slammed back into me and asked, "Will your husband's tiny white penis, he doesn't have a cock, ever be able to get you off again?"

I threw my husband under the bus as I admitted, "I've never come from his tiny cock."

He laughed, "Am I the first guy to fuck you to orgasm?"

"Y-y-yes," I screamed, as a second orgasm hit me... I'd never had multiple orgasms during one sex session.

He flipped me onto my back, a gush of my cum spraying everywhere as he did, spread my legs wide, grabbed hold of my ankles and slammed back into me.

I moaned, "Fuck, my husband would already be asleep by now."

"Black men have stamina," he said.

"Fuck yes, you do," I agreed. As he continued fucking me like the Energizer Bunny.

My tits bounced around like errant basketballs with the force of this thrusts.

"I'm so fucking full," I declared.

"Your cunt is one of the tightest ever," he said.

"I was a virgin before today," I declared, feeling that was the truth.

A third orgasm now rising, I began humping back and forth to meet his thrusts as he asked, "Who owns this cunt?"

"You do," I offered without hesitation.

"What are you?" he questioned.

"A white slut for big the guy cock," I admitted, wanting to shock him, to sound like the dirtiest white slut he'd ever had.

"Declare to me you're my bitch," he ordered.

Again no hesitation, his cock and my pleasure in complete control of my mind, my third orgasm hit as I declared loudly, "Yes, yes, I'm your fuck slut bitch, sir."

He flipped me onto my side and fucked me in that position to a fourth orgasm as I came, realizing that what I needed on a deep instinctual level was a commanding, forceful black man who would treat me not like a person but like an object, a sex object to be used as he pleased.

I begged, "Harder, fuck your white bimbo slut harder!"

He pushed me onto my back and shoved his cock back into my mouth. He roughly face fucked me, making me gag some more, until he pulled out and exploded the biggest load of cum I'd ever encountered all over my face!

Six ropes rocketed out of his black cannon and painted my face like I was his canvas.

When he finished shooting, I leaned up and took his cock back in my mouth, nursing it for any more cum that he might have in there.

When he pulled out, I asked, "Can I scoop your cum off my face and eat it, sir?"

"Not until I get my picture," he said.

"Oh, I..." I began.

"Is there a problem?" he asked.

His tone made it clear my answer needed to be No, and I responded hurriedly, "Take as many pictures of your slut as you wish, Master." I purposely called him Master for the first time.

"You're a keeper," he mused, as the door opened and Janna came in and also took a picture of me with my white splooges of adornment.

"Janna, you have finished your task, you may come in on Tuesday for a special treat," he said.

"Thank you, Master," Janna said excitedly, as she joined me on the bed. "You were both so fucking hot!"

"I think I may pass out from pleasure," I said, falling back next to her.

"Been there," she laughed, as she scooped a dollop of cum off my face and put it in my mouth.

I eagerly sucked her finger clean and she continued feeding me for a minute.

"Slut Christine, you may return next Friday," Kareem offered.

"Thank you, Master," I replied, excited to be offered a second time with him.

"And your husband will get his reward later tonight," he said.

"What's that?" I asked.

"My cock," he shrugged. "You do know he's a cock sucker, don't you?"

"No!" I gasped.

Janna added, "All the guards are."

"I don't understand," I said.

Janna explained, "He makes each guard into a cock sucker and then denies them access until he takes their wife."

"Ken... Ken... Ken has sucked your cock?" I asked, as Kareem got dressed.

"He's a great cock sucker," he said. "Better than either of you two."

"But his mouth doesn't compare to our white cunts, does it?" Janna asked.

"God, no," he laughed. "Guards' mouths are just convenient cum receptacles for when I'm alone in my cell."

"They'd better be," Janna responded playfully.

"Until next time," Kareem said, and sauntered out with his orange trousers draped over one shoulder and two of his cum sluts admiring his tight black ass.

"Ken is gay?" I asked, this more shocking than everything I had learned and now just did.

"Not gay," she corrected. "Just accepting of the sexual hierarchy."

"Which is?" I asked.

White women and white men serve blacks," she said, as if it were as simple as that.

"I don't know what to think," I said, as I got off the bed and grabbed my dress.

"Give yourself time to process," she said. "Dele is an eager cock sucker for blacks. Actually, it's really hot to watch."

"I'm exhausted and baffled," I said. "I definitely need some time."

"Let's go back to my place and have an early dinner," she said.

Craving her cunt, I smiled and said, "I hope it's sushi."

"Oh, it will definitely be sushi," she said, before adding, "watching you turn into an insatiable black cock slut was fucking hot."

"Was there a video of this?" I asked.

"Yep," she nodded. "I'll grab our copies from Dele."

Deciding fuck it, I turned to a camera and said, "Dele, keep filming."

I then pushed Janna onto her back, spread her legs and devoured her cunt... if Ken was a faggot, then I could be a lez.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 146 Crazy For Bbc 1

"OH FUCK ME! FUCK ME HARD WITH THAT GREAT BIG BLACK COCK!" Jessica screamed as she pumped the big stiff black ten inch dildo into her soaked pussy. Every time she pushed it in all the way she rubbed her clit with her thumb, and wiggled the shaft in a circle to stimulate her G spot. She felt the firm head bounce against her cervix adding to the agonizing stimulation. Her left hand squeezed her left nipple between her thumb and forefinger, rolling it back and forth, harder and harder, as her crescendo rose.

Jessica's head was propped up on a pillow as she watched the television at the end of the bed between her widespread thighs. She could see her hand driving the dildo in and out of her wet slit. On the TV, a big muscular black man was shoving his large dark cock in and out of a voluptuous blonde's sopping wet cunt. He was fucking her from the rear and his thighs would slam against the woman's round, firm ass making it ripple and jiggle. Jessica could see the ecstasy on the blonde's face. She knew that the real thing would have to feel even better than the rubber penis she was pounding into her own pussy, but her eyes were almost closed as she was still approaching an orgasm with the artificial organ.

"SHOVE THAT COCK ALL THE WAY IN MY PUSSY. I CAN FEEL YOU HIT MY WOMB. OH, YOU'RE SO BIG! SO MUCH BETTER THAN MY HUSBAND! OH GOD, HERE I CUM! OH YEA, YEA, YEEEEAAAA!" And the emotional waves that emanated from her cunt shook her whole body. She held the dildo deep in her pussy, wedged against her cervix, as her legs shook, and she squeezed her nipple as tight as she could. "Oh, so good, so goooood! Oh, that felt wonderful! Oh yea, yea, yeeesssss!" as she rolled her nipple and slightly moved the cock in and out. The convulsions reverberated throughout her body and then gradually eased.

Jessica opened her eyes and focused on the television again just in time to see the huge black cock being pulled out of the blonde's pussy. It was covered with the woman's juicy cream and was all wet and glistening. "OH, YES, make her your black cum slut!" The man on the screen continued to stroke his rod with his hand until a massive blast of cum came out of the head onto the woman's ass and back. "Squirt your hot cream all over her!" The next burst went farther up her back towards her shoulders, and then the man pointed his cock down so the next several eruptions covered her ass cheeks, the tops of her thighs and her pussy.

"Look at all that cum! It's coating her ass. Oh god, wouldn't that feel great to have that all over my butt. It looks so good! I'd love to lick and eat it off her ass!"

Every time Jessica brought herself off to the porn on her TV, she was growing more and more depraved. She had not always been this nasty, and most of these ideas would have disgusted her not too long ago. It had all started as she had been sitting at a bar with her girl friend Grace one Friday happy hour. They were talking about work, life, husbands, and several glasses of wine later, men and sex. Grace was divorced, and had quite a lively social life, at least, according to her. Jessica had been married for seven years. She was raised in a small town, and her parents had instilled very conservative values. At college, she had learned to party a little more, but outside of petting, and mutual masturbation, her sex life had

been pretty calm. She had met Jim when she was a sophomore, and he was in his last year of an MBA program, so he was six years older than Jessica. Her parents had insisted that she graduate from college before she could get married, so at the age of twenty-two, she and Jim had finally gotten married. In line with her upbringing, she had saved her virginity for marriage, and on her wedding night, she had the first experience with a man's prick inside of her. It was good, but certainly not the rapture that she had read about in romance novels and magazines, or that some of her college friends had bragged about.

As her marriage to Jim continued, the sex became very routine: petting, missionary position, and then he would fall asleep. She always seemed to want more, and she learned she would have to bring herself off in bed after he was asleep, or go into the bathroom to have her orgasm in private. Jim had never made her climax while making love to her. And, since Jim was very conservative too, there were never any variations to the "vanilla" sex in their marriage.

Grace would describe to Jessica, sexual escapades with men, both before, during and after her marriages, that she said would make her see stars. She described sexual positions that Jessica had never heard about. Jessica knew about blowing a man, but that had always seemed disgusting. She couldn't believe it when Grace described men eating her pussy, fucking her from behind, playing with her anus, tying her to the bed, and cumming on her body. However, the more Grace revealed, the more interested Jessica became. Her curiosity was certainly piqued and some of the descriptions would cause her to feel a little tingle between her legs.

When Jessica complained, during their conversation, of a lack of sexual excitement in her marriage, Grace had some suggestions. First, she asked Jessica, how big Jim's cock was. When Jessica said she could only just see the head when she had her hand on it, Grace just shook her head. "Maybe, you need a bigger cock to satisfy you." Jessica asked, "Wouldn't it hurt?" Grace said, "It might at first, but you'll get used to it. The more you get stretched, the better it will feel. And a big one will definitely reach areas that Jim can't. When it rubs on your clit, and against your G spot, and bangs into your cervix, it'll help give you a roaring climax."

"But, where can I get a bigger cock? I can't cheat on Jim with another man," retorted Jessica. Grace suggested, "Have you ever played with a dildo?" Jessica gasped and shook her head. She had only played with herself using her fingers. She had heard and seen pictures of dildos, and some of her friends at college enjoyed them and had showed them to her, but she had never used one.

Saturday night, Jim rolled over in bed, teased Jessica's nipple for a short time, rubbed his finger up and down her slit until it was moist, swung his leg over her prone body, and shoving his cock in her pussy, pumped in and out and squirted his semen into her after about thirty seconds. "Oh God, that was great!" he exclaimed and he rolled off her and started snoring. Jessica had barely started to warm up, but now she had been left with a burning unsatisfied need her pussy. As the snores got louder, she slowly shoved her index finger into her moist cunt, worked it in and out, and rubbing her thumb on her clit, brought herself to a climax. Not a great one, but better than nothing. As she fell asleep, she thought maybe I should get a toy.

The next week at work, she asked Grace, where one would go to get a dildo, and how big it should be. She had to work up her courage to go to the area of town where she would find an adult store, but she finally did. She felt very conspicuous as the only woman in the store, and the other customers looking her up and down, and trying to figure out what the possibilities were if they approached her. She finally bought a ten inch rubber black dildo that the clerk had suggested. The young clerk had tried to sell her some oils, and some DVD's, and had talked to her as he leered up and down her body. She just hurried out of the store after paying for the merchandise, and away from the area.

At home, with her husband working late, she decided to look at her purchase. It sure looked real, with a large flared head, and veins, except for the size and the color. It was so much bigger than Jim's in length and diameter, but it felt real, with a little spongy give, but very rigid. She brought it up to her mouth and kissed it. She'd never kissed a cock before. That felt so naughty but so good, so she licked it across the head. She was enjoying the depravity of what had previously been unthinkable actions. And then she took a big lick of what would be the underside of the cock, all the way up to the ridge at the head. Now she really felt really wicked as she made a big oval with her mouth, and barely got her lips over the rim of the head. With that accomplished, she gently pushed it in until her mouth was filled, and she rubbed her tongue side to side against the veins and ridge.

She pulled it out to catch her breath. And then repeatedly keep pushing it in again and again, flicking it with her tongue, until she was pushing against the back of her throat. Then she gagged, and yanked it out of her mouth. After, calming down, she started again. This time she went slower until she got to the same point where she touched the back of her throat and then pulled it back. As she did this again and again, she found that she could keep it there a little longer each time. Then she found she was able to push it a little further down her throat. She started to play a game to see how much she could put in her mouth. The presence of the rubber phallus and her desire made her salivate excessively and she was drooling down her chin.

Jessica pulled the big black prick out of her mouth and looked at the wet glistening head. She then pushed it into the cleavage formed by her 38D breasts in her thin silk bra. The saliva lubricated the head as it wiped against the sides of her firm mounds. Pulling the bra cup down over her left breast, she then ran it around the edge of her areola, and then rubbed the flared cock head across her hardened nipple. This really might be a fun toy she thought. Jessica could feel sensations in her pussy, and wet juices seeping into her thong, and she wondered what kind of vibrations the real thing would generate.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 147 Crazy For Bbc 2

Dropping the dildo on her bed, Jessica pulled her blouse off, unbuttoned and unzipped her skirt, and let it drop to the floor. She lay down on the bed and placed her feet flat on the bedspread and wide apart. This parted her thighs and exposed the black lace covering her pussy. Picking up the dark cock, she rubbed the wet head up and down her soft inner legs above her stocking tops. A man had never done such a thing to her with a real cock. She was unsure where the idea came from, but it felt good, and nasty. Jessica kept bringing the rigid shaft closer to the crotch of her drenched pants. She reached around behind her right leg and started to rub the firm head up and down her panty covered slit. She

could feel it parting her wet sensitive labia. Using her left index finger, she hooked the panties and pulled the wet material out of the way, and continued to rub the phallus against her bare pussy lips. The rounded head felt so wide against her responsive opening, especially compared to the head of her husband's cock. The ridge of the head pushed against her swollen clit making her release a moan.

Tipping the head of the cock to the back of her slit, she started to gently pulse it against her pussy hole. Oh god, it feels so big compared to Jim's penis. How can it go into my pussy? she thought. With a little more pressure and the slickness of her wet pussy, the head seemed to be going a little deeper each time she pushed. Oh, my God! It's stretching my lips more and more! Then, she felt the edge of the crown slip past the entrance ring as if were sucked inside. It stretched her opening three times wider than it had ever been expanded before. Sparks were flying away from her pussy to all regions of her body. As she pumped it in and out, she could feel it pulling on her clit, escalating her pleasure. The gratification made her push it harder and harder, and faster and faster. Her breathing became shallower. Jessica was going wild. Her back arched off the bed as if she was trying to take more of the pleasure rod inside. "UUUmmmmmm! OOOOOOwwwww!" Juice splashed out of her flooded slit, over the black shaft, the inside of her thighs and her hand. Jessica rolled her head from side to side, and pinched her nipple harder. And then she detonated.

"Jeeezzzz, OH Gaaawwwddddd!" Her hips flew up off the mattress; her body trembled all over, and electric shocks went everywhere. She went on and on until she finally collapsed on the bed with the dildo being held firmly upright in her cunt. She had never experienced anything close to this climax before. She looked down and saw 4 inches of the black cock still protruding from her. How could anyone take the whole thing? she thought. But, if it makes it even better, God knows, I'll try. Jessica felt remorse, because she knew that mentally she had been brought off by a cock that was not her husband's. Nevertheless, because of the way her body had felt during her orgasm, she did not dwell on that thought very long.

Over the next several days, Jessica hungrily brought her self off time after time. But she never needed more than six or seven inches of the big black rubber cock to have those wonderful explosions. She was already playing with areas of her womb that had never been aroused before. Would it be even better if she had the whole thing up her pussy!

The next week, over the phone, after she had related her experiences, Jessica asked Grace that very question. "Men aren't really that big, are they?" Grace told her, "Sure they are. I've had several men that large. And boy do they make you fly. If you don't believe me, go buy a porn flick. You'll really see some big monsters. The biggest one I've ever had was a young black kid. Boy, could he stay hard! That was the most exhausting weekend I've ever had!" Jessica wondered about the morality of her friend, multiple partners, and races and who knew what else, but Grace sounded so elated about each experience, so maybe it was possible to have that kind of satisfaction.

Jessica was reluctant to go back to the adult store, but she really wanted to see if a real penis could be that huge. The dildo was so much bigger than Jim's cock that she couldn't envision it. The same young clerk as last time greeted her with a giant smile of his white teeth against his dark black skin as he recognized her. Jessica remembered what Grace had said about her biggest cock being a young black

man, and felt a shiver run through her body. He gladly directed her to the DVD's. She couldn't get over how many there were. She finally selected one entitled "Big Cocks for Horny Housewives," which she thought was appropriate to her situation. After she had paid and was leaving, the clerk smirked, "Have fun honey. Gimme a call if ya need some help!" His comment made Jessica think about Grace and her young man, and she felt her pussy moisten.

When she took the movie home and watched it, Jessica was at first taken aback with the lack of a plot and the rapid progression to blatant sex, but as she continued to watch the action she started to have tingling feelings in her nipples and between her legs. Then she started rubbing her sensitive areas through her clothes. She was astonished that all the men were at least as big as her toy. And that all the women were in such ecstasy as these giant cocks were embedded into their mouths and pussies. Subsequently, Jessica started to watch the movies in her bedroom, lying nude on the bed, playing with her body, stroking, rubbing, pinching and poking. She became more adventurous and started using the dildo to try and duplicate the pleasure of the actresses on the screen. She started to pretend that she was the woman on the television at that moment giving the blow job, or being screwed. Jessica mimicked the performers by doing with her dildo whatever the actress did with the man's cock in the show. She found that her excitement would build with that of the actors and she would climax at the same time as the women on the TV.

One particular story was Jessica's favorite. A big muscular black male house painter was outside the master bedroom on a ladder. He could see the "housewife" on the bed, with her robe open, grabbing her tit in one hand and plunging a big black dildo in and out between her legs. Jessica identified with the woman's use of the black dildo, and her own craving for the real thing. When the actress cried out the name of the painter as she climaxed, he descended the ladder, stripped off his clothes in her bedroom, and showed her what getting screwed by the real thing was like. The contrast of the dark black skin with the white blonde actress infatuated her, because it felt so forbidden and depraved. She was fascinated with the actor's big black cock in the actress' mouth and pussy. Jessica would repeatedly watch this episode while bringing herself off. She went back to the video store to get more discs, most of them about black men with white women acting as housewives. This time at the store, she even checked out the crotch of the young clerk. He clearly had a roll in his pants larger than her dildo and he noticed her checking it out. "You come back again. I'd be happy to give you a live show," he smiled as she left the store. That's a hot horny one, he thought.

Jessica would bring herself off to the DVD's at least once a day, in the morning after Jim had left, and before she got dressed to go to work, or in the afternoon before her husband got home, or in the evening if he was working late. While it was good, and made her get off, she would wonder more and more about the real thing would feel like. She would fantasize about black cocks during the day at work, driving, walking in the mall, and she was even dreaming about them, and would wake up with wet panties in the morning. She was checking out men's crotches all the time wherever she was, especially the black men, and trying to see if she could determine how big their equipment was.

She became determined that she had to have the real thing, and decided that she was going to find a

"big cock," preferably a black one. She devised that she would get Jim to take her out to dinner, and then they would go to a club. There they could dance, and since Jim really didn't like dancing, she could dance possibly dance with some other men. "Who knows?" she thought.

She made dinner reservations for a Friday night at a fancy restaurant downtown, told Jim that she really wanted to go out, and knew if she got him downtown, she could talk him into going to a club afterwards. Jim always liked to go to a club where he could watch all the action between the men and the hot women.

Friday afternoon, she came home early, took a leisurely bath, and shaved her body smooth. Several months ago, she had begun shaving all her genital hair off, after she had seen that all the actresses in the movies did. It had instantly made her feel sexier, and she really liked the feel of the smooth skin when she played with herself. She carefully styled her short blonde hair and put on her make-up, a little more than usual. Her lips were covered in a brilliant pink, which matched her finger and toe nails. She chose a black sheer half-bra that just supported her plump round 38 D breasts. They did not really need support, but she always felt sexier in nice lingerie. The bra did not cover her nipples, so she knew they would show through the material of her dress. She put on a matching sheer garter belt, and then dark smoky seamed stockings.

She twisted to look in a mirror to check to make sure the seams were straight in the back as she connected the lacy tops to the suspenders, and admired at how sensual it made her ass look. She slipped a black thong that matched her bra up her long legs. She could sense her cunt was already damp as she pulled the strap into the crease of her butt. Four inch black heels with ankle straps completed her preparation before putting on her dress. She had decided to wear a turquoise dress that complemented her sun-colored skin. The soft material was arranged straight across her bust, but showed most of the tops of her breasts and her deep cleavage. It was held up by spaghetti straps, and the skirt stopped just short of her knees. The thin silky material draped closely to her body so all the wonderful curves and subtleties of her body were revealed.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 148 Crazy For Bbc 3

Jim's mouth dropped as Jessica came down the stairs. He could see her hard nipples punctuating the bodice, and the overlapping front panels of the skirt splitting open as each knee came forward exhibiting her thighs and the beginnings of the lace tops of the stockings. "Are you going to show the whole world your body?" exclaimed Jim. Jessica ran her tongue across her pink lips and replied, "I wanted to really dress up for you. We'll just have to see where this leads Jimmie-boy!" Jim felt a little reflexive jerk in his pants, and just smiled as he thought of coming home after dinner.

The reservations had been made at Mattalio's, and the place was buzzing. Jessica got lusty stares from the men, and envy and hate from the women as she strutted back to their table. As they ordered and ate, Jessica enjoyed glancing around and catching the many eyes staring at her. The waiter seemed to hover over her shoulder and she caught him several times looking down the top of her dress. As men walked by and looked at her, she would shyly drop her eyes and stare at their crotches. She played a game at trying to guess how big a rod they were packing. She didn't see any she couldn't live without.

As they were walking out after their delicious dinner, Jessica grabbed Jim's left arm crushing her right breast against it. She brought her mouth to his ear, flicked it a couple of times with her tongue, and said in a sultry whisper, "Let's go over the Hyatt for a night cap. I hear that they have a great band there." "Oh honey," Jim whined. Pushing her tongue in his ear, she breathed, "You never know what I'll be in the mood for with a couple 'between the sheets' in me." That little jerk occurred again in Jim's groin and he complied with his wife's wishes.

The "Heaven's Gate" was pretty crowded, but fortunately there was no line. Jim started to walk to a table on the side when Jessica tugged his arm and commanded, "Let's sit at the bar." It was a long bar that extended out into the middle of the dance floor so that everyone could check on the revealing clothes and the shaking bodies. They found a stool about in the middle on one side, with a space next to it. Jessica hopped on the stool and the man to her left enjoyed the view as her dress split revealing her silk covered legs. And then, as his eyes came up her body, he reveled in her round smooth breasts above the top of her dress. He ginned when he looked into her beautiful face, but Jessica just gave him a quick cool smile, and turned towards Jim. They were served their drinks, and Jim turned his back to the bar to survey the scene and all the eye-candy. Jessica, meanwhile, looked up and down the other side of the bar, and at the dancers on the other side of the room. Just in the time they had been there and ordered their drinks, it had gotten much more crowded.

To Jessica's right, towards the end of the bar at the wall on the opposite side, she suddenly noticed a tall man, probably 6' 2" or 6' 3", with short dark curly hair, a thick black mustache, white teeth, and a broad chest covered by a fancy dark gray silk tee-shirt, and some gold chains around his neck. He looked very well-to-do and fit, and he was black. She felt a gut reaction as her abdomen contracted, sucked in a quick breath of air, and looked away.

When she looked again in his direction, she had the feeling he was looking back at her. The third time she glanced toward that end of the bar, Jessica was sure she had caught his dark brown eyes, and then he raised his glass towards her. She felt warm, giddy, and mischievous. The next time she looked his way, she greeted him with an audacious smile. She protruded the tip of her tongue between her open lips and slowly ran it around the oval formed by them.

She and Jim were talking periodically, but he was still leaning with his back to the bar watching the dancers, and could not see her flirting with the man down at the end of the bar. Jessica turned slightly to her right, rested her elbows on the bar, and leaned forward. Her position exhibited more of her deep cleavage to the gentleman, and by pressing her arms against the sides of her breasts; she forced more of her supple tanned flesh above the bodice of the dress. Jessica made it unmistakable that she was exposing herself to him. Seeing this, the man slowly licked his lips back at her with his big tongue.

Jim finished his drink, and turned around to put his glass on the bar. He was about to ask Jessica if she was ready to go, when the bartender placed two fresh drinks in front of them. Jim asked, "Where did these come from?" The bartender turned towards the end of the bar to point out the gentleman who had paid for the drinks, but he couldn't find him. As the barkeep turned back, he saw the black man standing to Jessica's left, and said, "Oh, it's him."

Jim looked up into the tall black man's face, and Jessica turned, dropped her chin in surprise, and then blossomed into a dazzling smile. "I've been admiring this beautiful lady from the end of the bar, and I just had to view her splendor up close." Jim was at a loss for words at the man's bravado, and finally stumbled out a "Thanks for the drinks." Jessica stared, enthralled, into the man's eyes, and could feel her body tingling. She finally got out a "Yea, thanks," and kept beaming.

As she turned back to Jim, she felt a tickling on her left ear. It was the moustache of their new acquaintance, and then warm breathes, and then a few caresses by the tip of his tongue. Then a deep whisper, "I wanted to see those great tits up close, and those hard nipples poking through your dress." Jessica shuddered at the lewdness of his comment, but a wicked excitement surged through her body centering down between her legs.

Jim was irritated at seeing the man murmur to Jessica and retorted, "Thanks for the drink again, but, stop bothering my wife." "Now Jim," Jessica responded, "He's just being sociable. He seems like a nice man. And look how he's built, I bet he played football!" said Jessica as she took her left hand and ran it up his chest. Jim just shook his head at his wife's flirtatious behavior and looked back at the dance floor. Jessica's fingers felt the ripped abs, and then slid up to his cut pecs. There, she could feel his rigid nipple, and she tenderly rolled it between her thumb and forefinger before she moved her hand away. "What's that?" Jessica asked as she touched a gold chain around his neck with the number 11 hanging from it. "Was it your uniform number?"

He grinned back at her. "No, you'll have to find out about that number for yourself." He noticed the lust in her bright blue eyes, and the tip of her tongue wetting her lips side to side. He looked down at her magnificent breasts trying to escape from the top of her dress, and the deep cleavage between them. Further down, her long left leg crept out from between the front panels of her dress as she crossed it over the right one, displaying her stocking clad flesh and the beginning of the lace stocking top.

She learned that his name was Marcus, that he was a sales VP with a major pharmaceutical company, that he was divorced with grown children, and dated a number of women back in Atlanta. I bet he's got a whole stable back there! she presumed. They chatted about weather, politics and travel. Their conversation was spiced with sexual innuendoes. As they talked Jessica would occasionally touch Marcus' face with a soft caress of her finger tips, rake his arm with her nails, or give him a playful push on the chest. Jim would occasionally try to interject a comment, but they seemed to ignore him, so he would turn and watch the "meat" on the dance floor some more.

Marcus' right hand would occasionally touch Jessica on her bare back where the spaghetti straps split into four strands and crossed each other forming a web. These touches became caresses, and then a constant stroking of her pliant smooth bronzed skin. Jessica felt astonishing shivers run up and down her spine as the contact became more intimate. His hand slowly worked its way over her dress down to the swell of her hip. Jim was oblivious to these sensuous touches as his vision was blocked, standing on the other side of Jessica, leaning against the bar.

Marcus' fingers could feel through the soft material of her dress. At her hip, his fingers slid along the slippery silk of her garter belt. He gently rubbed back and forth, letting Jessica know that he knew what she was wearing under her dress. She could feel a gnawing between her legs that stemmed from her awareness that he knew she had dressed sexily tonight. His little finger traced along the bottom edge of the belt, pressing into the flesh of her firm ass cheek. When he reached the suspender strap that went over the outside of her curved hip, he ran his hand down along it over her curved globe, one finger tracing the strap and the others feeling her ass. He went down to the clip at the top of her stocking at the back of her thigh, and then returned, and down and up. In the middle of a sentence, Jessica took a sharp intake of air as electric sensations his finger play went down her legs and to her core. Coming back to the garter belt, he ran his index along the bottom edge and trailed his fingers over her butt, until he ran into the band of her thong running down the crevice between her ass cheeks. He then took his middle finger and ran it down along her thong pushing his finger between her spheres. Laying his finger in her crack, he rubbed it up and down, pushing the material of her dress into the split, until the tip touched her anus, and his other fingers were grabbing her butt. Jessica was squirming; trying to stimulate her pussy by rubbing her lips against the bar stool.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 149 Turned On: Crazy For Bbc 4

Marcus leaned close to Jessica's left ear, ran his tongue around the inside and whispered, "Hot women wear sexy lingerie. Whatcha looking for? You're making me hard!" Jim was bored. He asked Jessica if she wasn't ready to go yet. When she replied that no, she was having fun, he told her he was going to the restroom. As he turned away, Marcus placed his left hand on Jessica's leg and ran it from her knee to the lace border of her stocking. His strong fingers gripped as he stroked higher and higher, sliding under her dress until he reached her velvety skin at the top of her thigh. "You're such a hot bitch!gonna make you scream tonight!" Marcus whispered. Jessica shook with anticipation and with the sensations stirred by his fingers moving on her ass and almost to her pussy.

Marcus asked her to dance, and she readily agreed. Maybe if she stood up and moved she could stop the feelings and fantasies she was having about Marcus. Out on the dance floor, Jessica realized how big Marcus was, at least 6' 3", with real broad shoulders and strong legs. Even with her four inch heels he looked down on her. Which he did, admiring her boobs bouncing in time to the music, her legs peaking out through the split in the front of her dress, and her nicely rounded wiggling ass when she turned around. She was really a looker with her short blonde hair, blue eyes, pert nose and thick pink lips. Man, this could really be fun, lusted Marcus. As they danced, he kept touching her back, stoking her stomach, pressing against her butt, mashing against her breasts, teasing and tantalizing her. And inflaming himself, especially in his groin.

After several fast songs, the band slowed down, and Marcus enveloped her in his strong arms. His right arm started in the small of her back, and pressured her closer so her nipples were rubbing against his chest making them poke up harder through her dress. His hand slid to the slope of her ass and pulled her groin closer to his. She felt his hardness touching her mound sending thrilling shocks back to her pussy. As his right hand followed her thong down the crack of her butt, he pressed her button against his rod. God, he feels huge, Jessica thought, but she rubbed her groin harder against him trying to

stimulate her clit.

Marcus raised her right hand to behind his neck, where Jessica grabbed her left hand. With his free left hand he pulled her chest closer, mashing her breasts against him. Her big orbs felt firm and spongy at the same time. All this stimulation made Jessica look up at Marcus with her mouth open. He quickly closed the distance, locking his thick lips on hers, and pushing his strong broad tongue inside her sweet mouth. He ran his tongue around the inside, and then Jessica started to duel back with him. As they were locked together, she could feel his hand cupping her right tit, feeling the outside, rubbing the underside, palming the whole globe, and then grabbing, twisting, and pinching the nub poking through her dress. Jessica was so hot, she was humping his groin, pushing her breast against his hand, and trying to shove her tongue down his throat. She grabbed his head and bent it so her lips were near his ear, whispering, "...got to fuck you tonight! ...need your big black cock!" "How 'bout Jim?" Marcus asked. "Don't worry! He won't have the balls to stop me!"

Jim was back at the bar, when Jessica pulled Marcus by his hand back to her stool. As she sat down, she let the dress on her left side fall off her leg, giving Marcus a delicious view of her leg with the garter strap attaching to the top of the stocking. "Nice," he hissed with a big smile. "Jim, we've been having such a great time dancing," Jessica said to her husband. "You two getting pretty friendly out there?" gripped Jim. "Aw honey, Marcus is such a nice BIG man. We're just having some fun together. Besides, you don't like to dance anyway."

Marcus had his foot on the rail at the back of Jessica's bar stool, and his hand on Jessica's butt cheek again. His leg shielded his caressing hand from the other patrons. She smiled up at him, pulled his neck down, and whispered, "Have fun!" He didn't understand until Jessica leaned towards Jim, and hooked her arms around the back of his neck. This caused Jessica to tip to her right, lifting her left ass cheek off the bar stool. Her dress on that side hung straight down, baring her entire leg and hip. Marcus took quick advantage of the situation and moved in close so that his groin was pressing against her hip.

Jessica put her mouth close to Jim's right ear and ran the tip of her tongue around the outside of his lobe. "Now, Jimmie," she whispered. She called him that when she wanted to get her way. "Your lovely wife is having lots of fun tonight being out, seeing people and dancing. MMmmmm!" as Marcus's fingers ran along the back of her stockinged thigh. "You want your wife to have a good time, don't you, Jimmie? Aaaaahhhhh!" Now, the hand was caressing the sensitive flesh above the hose to where her leg joined her ass. "I'm getting real turned on," she continued to whisper in Jim's ear. "Don't you see my nips poking through my dress? OOOOOhh hhhhhhh!" she exclaimed loud enough for a few of the other patrons to turn and look at her while Marcus' finger tips stroked her pussy lips through the wet cloth of her thong. Jim looked over her shoulder at Marcus who had a big broad smile, and then he dropped his eyes. Jessica raised her left foot to the next higher rung on the bar stool, separating her legs, giving Marcus more room to play.

With the new freedom, Marcus ran a finger up and down each lip, going closer and closer each time to the nub at the top. Jessica grabbed Jim tighter around the neck as the agitation grew. "Oooohhhhh, honey. If I get really hot, just think what might happen when we get home tonight," hissed Jessica. She had a wry smile on her lips as she realized that what Jim would be imagining would be drastically

different from her desires for the night.

"Be a dear and order some more drinks," as Jessica pushed the tip of her tongue deep into Jim's ear. She then sat up trapping Marcus' fingers between her legs, but still giving him enough room to move his fingers as he was pushing her thong into her sodden orifice. As Jim turned to the bar to order the drinks, Jessica dropped her hand, capturing Marcus' hard rod. Using the nail of her middle finger, she slowly traced up his cock while giving him a big smile with her tongue tip between her lips. Marcus was thinking of where this night was going to end as he had one hand on her ass, one in her pussy, and hers was on his cock.

Marcus had to remove the pussy hand to accept his drink, to which Jim inexplicably toasted, "Here's to tonight!" After chatting as they drank, Jessica grabbed Marcus hand and said, "Let's dance again!" as she slipped off the stool. On the floor, Marcus and Jessica touched each other a lot. They danced with their legs between each other's, and Jessica's thigh crushed against Marcus' shaft. They danced with her back to him, and her rounded cheeks rubbed his cock, while his hands played with the underside of her breasts and his thumbs occasionally flicked her nipples. Their temperatures rose toward the boiling point. When the band played a slow song, they mashed their bodies together trying to stimulate each others sensitive areas. Marcus bent his knees a little pushing his right leg between Jessica's thighs. This allowed her to rub her soaked lace covered slit against the hard muscles of his thigh. She raised her right leg, and with the top of her thigh, covered by her stocking, she rubbed up and down Marcus' hard rod inside his pants. After teasing him, Jessica lowered her leg and dropped her left hand between them gripping the base of his cock her fingers. She ran her hand down his length, and came back to the top. Her fingers were almost three inches apart when she rubbed both sides of his rod. She finally got to the point where she could go no further without stooping, and she wasn't even at his head yet. She bent her knees a little more and finally felt the tip which was the size of a small apple. "Ohhh God," she moaned, "you're going to destroy me!" Marcus replied, "Well, you finally found out about the number. ...don't worry. I'll have you begging for all of it!"

Marcus whispered in Jessica's ear. She nodded, and she walked to the ladies room. On her way back, she walked up to Jim and whispered to him, "Here's a present. Hold out your hand." He looked puzzled, but when he extended his hand, Jessica put a small damp wad of cloth into it. "We're going to sit at a booth over there," Jessica said pointing to the other side of the room. "Let's bring the drinks over," as Jessica grabbed hers and Marcus' and started to walk across the room. Jim looked at the sway of her delicious rear for a second, and then looked at his hand expecting to see some paper towels. He was surprised to see a small wad of black lace that must have been Jessica's thong.

Jim followed Jessica across the room, where it was darker than at the bar. Marcus slid into one side of the booth after he had stood up to let Jessica in first. Jim had to sit on the other side of the table from them. There were walls above the backs of the seats separating the adjacent booths. "You got some kind of woman here, Jim. She's the hottest wife I've ever met!" Trepidation surged through Jim's stomach as Marcus talked about his wife like that. "Marcus is so cool, honey," said Jessica as she rubbed the diamond stud in his ear lobe, and then pulled his head down to hers. Jim was aghast as the couple

locked their lips together, and he could tell that their tongues were playing with each others. "Jessica, what the..." Jim whined, but they were unmindful of him. When they broke for air, Jessica leaned her head against Marcus' chest, and dropped her left hand to his lap. It was obvious to Jim that her arm was moving back and forth. "Oh Jimmie, his cock is so big and long!" Jessica said faintly. "Jessica, please..." protested Jim, but she just sneered at him.

Marcus then turned and kissed Jessica's ear, and placed his left hand on her knee. Jim could see his arm start to move slowly towards Jessica, and then back away. He couldn't tell where Marcus' hand was, but he had suspicions. "Jimmie, Marcus'...hand on my leg; ...rubbing up my stocking." Jessica murmured. "Oh, Jimmie, ...getting so hot."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 150 His Big Cock: Crazy For Bbc 5

"Jessica, that's enough! Stop right now!" Jim said emphatically. However, in spite of his anger, he could feel a stirring in his groin at the lewdness across the table.

"...feels so good Jimmie. ...can't stop. ...hand's above my stocking now;fingers on my thigh. OOOuuuu, ...pinching my leg, Jimmie. ...pussy's so wet. Ohhhhh!" Jessica slouched lower on the bench and spread her legs wider to give Marcus full access to her pussy.

"Jessica, pleeeeeeaaase. Don't do this!" Jim tried to be defiant as he knew that his wife's bare pussy was exposed to the assaulting fingers. But, for some unexplained reason his body was responding to their depraved actions, and Jim's cock was working its way down his pants leg.

"He's rubbing my bare lips. ...so wet. Oh god, ...so hot, ...cunt needs it! ...rubbing my clit, Jimmie! He's so good! Oh, ...never felt like this. Jimmie, he's pushing his finger in me. Jim could see Marcus arm rocking back and forth. Oh ...so deep." Jessica was biting her lower lip trying to keep from screaming out. Jim had never seen his wife moan and shake like this. He was really turned on at this pornographic performance, but he was determined not to touch his own hard rod.

"Jimmie ...two fingers in me ...so full. ...rubbing my clit with his thumb. ...getting so close!" Jessica gripped Marcus shaft hard as she arched her pelvis up from the bench and pumped it up and down on his invading fingers. Marcus kept moving his fingers in and out, and rubbing her clit. They could all hear the squishing sounds from the penetrations of the drenched pussy. Jessica had her lips pressed tightly together to keep from screaming out. She could feel the surges building through her body.

Then, Jim saw her body shaking all over. How could he despise what was happening so much, and yet be so excited. Jessica was thrashing her head from side to side. Her tight lips suppressed the volume, but the booth could hear "MMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmm, MMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmm," from Jessica. There was a sheen on her face and shoulders that reflected in the faint light. She finally relaxed and sat down on the bench again. "Ohh Gaaawddd! ...outta sight," she breathlessly sighed when she had finally recovered. She glared at Marcus with lust-filled eyes, grabbed his neck, and shoved her tongue into his mouth. Jim looked dejectedly down at his drink, and then tossed it down his throat.

"Okay ...time to go home now," Jim pronounced. Jessica grinned and nodded at him, "Yea, let's go!" Jim started to walk away, and Jessica grabbed Marcus' hand and followed after him. As Jim held the front door open for Jessica, he blurted, "Where the hell does he think he's going?" Jessica glared back, "...home with me. We're just getting started." Jim's shoulders drooped in defeat, and he slowly started moving to the car. He couldn't believe this was his wife, Jessica. She was a changed person tonight.

Marcus kept his hand on Jessica's ass, squeezing her firm spheres and stroking her crack, all the way to the car, trying to keep her body near boiling. He opened the back door for Jessica, and she crawled across the seat. Jim opened his mouth to speak, and then realized it would not do any good. When Jim got in and looked in the rear-view mirror, all he could see was Marcus sitting in the middle of the back seat with his legs straddling the transmission hump. Jessica was already pulling his head down, and Jim could see her tongue reaching into his mouth before they even started their kiss. Marcus' big black fingers were pawing her left breast. Jim saw Marcus grab the bodice of her dress and pull it down, breaking the connection to the spaghetti strap. Jessica's large round breast with its silver dollar sized pink areola and its half-inch turgid nipple was being squeezed between the black fingers. "Baby ...got great tits. ...can't wait to cum on 'em." Jessica moaned at the thought of his cream all over her flesh, the manual stimulation of his strong hand, and the illicit circumstances taking place in the back seat of Jim's car.

Jim looked out the side mirror as he backed out, and pulled out of the parking lot. "God Marcus, your cock's so hard. ...unbelievable!" Jessica breathed between kisses. Jim looked in the rearview mirror again and, between the bucket seats, could see Jessica's left hand rubbing back and forth the bulge on the inside of Marcus' leg. He picked up the reflected light from her diamond ring as her hand moved along the rod. "Oh God ...got to see it!" exclaimed Jessica. She reached up and turned on the dome light which focused on Marcus' crotch. Jessica unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned his waist band, and pulled his zipper down. He wasn't wearing any underwear, so as she plunged her hand through the opening, she rubbed across his coarse curly pubic hair until she reached the base of his monstrous log. The skin felt so smooth, but was as hard as a rock. She couldn't slide her hand down much farther because of his pants, and she couldn't pull his cock out due to its rigidity. "...get your pants off! ...gotta play...!" Marcus raised his pelvis as Jessica pulled on the waistband of his pants. As more and more of his cock was revealed, Jessica couldn't believe how wide and long it was. When she finally got his pants past the head, it flipped up and slapped her in the cheek. "Oh my God ...enormous!" she exclaimed.

Jessica tugged his pants over his shoes and socks, and then rose up to look at his cock. It was standing straight up pointing to the ceiling of the car. With the overhead light on, it appeared to be on center stage. The entire stiff pole was a dark ebony. The underside had a ridge down the middle, and thick veins winding up to the apple-sized head. The ridge around the head flared beyond the shaft and sloped up to the smooth tip with a gaping slit. Between Marcus legs was his scrotum with two tangerine-sized balls. Jessica was awestruck by the size and stiffness of his extended black hose. She was incredulous, fearful and thrilled all at once.

"Wha'da ya think?" as if Marcus didn't know by looking at Jessica's wide open eyes and mouth. "Baby, grab me!" Hesitantly, Jessica reached for the massive rod with both hands. Her fingers would not quite

go around the pulsing shaft, and even with both hands on it, there was still several inches left over. Jim could see her white hands holding the black tube in the mirror. Marcus reached behind Jessica's head, and started pulling her towards the flared knob of his cock. "Baby, kiss my cock with those sexy lips!" Jessica pursed her pink lips and kissed the head lightly, then came back and gave it a longer kiss with parted lips. Then her tongue slipped out, licked the taut smooth skin on the top over the slit, swirled slowly around the helmet several times, and then circled the ridge with the tip. "Yea baby ...sweet married lips ...so good on my cock! ...gonna make me feel soooo goooooood!"

To Jim, glancing in mirror, it was almost like watching a porno flick, except the beautiful sexy star was his wife, and they were in his car driving to his house. He watched Jessica bend down and start to lick the stiff black roll, sticking her tongue way out, and laying it flat against the underside of Marcus' cock, and bringing it back up to the ridge of the head. She gradually moved her hands down, and started her licking further and further towards the base of the pole. The unyielding black pole was glistening with her saliva. She moved one hand out of the way, and reached down to massage the prominent testicles in his sack. Rubbing and rolling his balls between her fingers, she could not believe how big they were. "Got black jizz 'specially for you. Keep us goin' all night!" Jim was thunderstruck by what he had just heard, but Jessica was aroused by the thought of an all-night session and felt another gush of juice flood between her legs.

Jessica's left hand started to pump up and down on the wet shinny shaft. As her tongue reached the head, she could taste something new. She looked and saw Marcus' pre-cum seeping out of the slit. It was flowing over the top and down the shaft, and was almost as much as a full orgasm from Jim. She started licking up the salty liquid, savoring the strong masculine taste of his clear viscous love juice, and then placing her lips over the head and started sucking it in. Jessica felt pressure on the back of her head, and had to open her jaws wide to slide down further over the head in response to Marcus' control. When her lips passed over the ridge, her mouth was almost completely full dark cockmeat, and she could feel her lips stretched tight to fit around his cock's circumference. "That's it baby; wrap those sweet wedded lips around my black cock. You'll love it when you take it all."

In spite of his repugnance to condone what was going on in the back seat, Jim couldn't believe how sexy it was to watch Jessica bobbing up and down on Marcus' dark rod, and masturbating it with her other hand. He could feel his own cock push against his pant leg as it tried to straighten out, and he had a hard time keeping his eyes on the traffic and the stoplights. Jessica was absorbed with the exhilaration of sucking this fantasy cock. She was bobbing faster and faster, the saliva and pre-cum was flooding out of her mouth saturating the shaft, lubricating her hand's movement. The emotion of her actions has caused her pussy to flood the inner parts of her thighs.

"Jimmie ...you ever seen anything like this?" Jessica inquired, offering his cock to the mirror. "...can't wait to get home to fuck it. ...have to have it now!" Jim was again shocked at his conservative wife's complete transformation tonight and the language she was using. Marcus grinned at her regarding the irresistibility of his cock to another horny female. Jessica bunched the skirt of her dress around her waist and stepped over Marcus, so she was straddling his waist while kneeling on the seat. "Gotta feel it in my

pussy! Oh, Jimmie ...so big and hard." Jim looked in the mirror. He could see the two tan moons of his wife's luscious round ass, and her drenched pussy lips peering out between her legs, as Jessica was leaning forward, her back pressed against the roof of the car, and her head braced against Marcus' shoulder. Her left hand was wrapped around the dark ominous phallus and Jim could see the glint of her wedding bands as she tugged on it. Jessica was kneeling with her thighs straight, and Marcus' swelled head was almost touching her dripping lips.

Jessica squatted just a little, and began to stroke her furrow with his massive head. They were both so excited that it was impossible to tell whether the moisture was his or hers. "OH Jimmie ...cock ...so excited ...shaking. ...rubbing his big cock against my clit! OOOOHHHHH!" Jim could see that the immense head push her lips to the side as she rubbed it the length of her sodden slit. "My cock makin' your pussy wet baby?" teased Marcus. "You're a slut in heat! Wait 'til it's fucking in and out! We'll see you scream!"

"Oh yeah, I want it. ...never ever wanted to get fucked soooooo bad!"

Jessica started to pull up on Marcus' rod as she sat down on it. Jim was aghast as he saw the big head cram itself between Jessica's soaked lips. She dropped about 4 inches and let out a banshee scream that jerked Jim's eyes back to the mirror. He could see the monstrous black rod extended out between her legs and her hand enveloped around the shaft. Jessica used her thighs to slide up and down the pole feeling the rim of his head bind on her slick inner walls. She would raise up until the head was about to pop out, stretching the opening of her orifice, and then slowly slide down feeling the channel being wedged open again. OOOOOOHHHHHHH! AAAAAAAAHHHHH!" she would moan with each ebb and flow. Jessica had never felt such a ruckus of sensations in her pussy before.