Interracial Lovin: Ebony

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Bored and horny ebony woman decides to give the white boy some lovin...

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The start of the lawnmowers engine just seemed to send chills through her body, right to the special spot between her legs. No she didn't have a lawnmower fetish, but she did seem to have a thing for the landscaper that was using it. She just couldn't understand it, she had never been attracted to a white guy before this.

Chandice looked over herself in the mirror and she fluffed out her raven colored hair. At twenty-nine she could say she a nice body. Slim and taught stomach, c-cup breasts, and a nice round ass. Her dark chocolate skin was smooth and free of wrinkles, and her light brown eyes made men stare into them. That damn motor, it was making her bare nipples harden, and her pussy start to moisten her light blue panties.

Chandice walked into the bedroom and looked out the window to the lawn below. There Brent pushed the mower along, wearing a t-shirt and jean shorts, suitable clothes for ninety-degree weather, but it hugged his form, showing toned but not huge muscles. His white skin was a golden tan, which his sweat made glisten. His long golden hair wet with water, which he usually pours on his head to keep it cool.

Brent's dad was a successful landscaper, having a very popular business for doing office landscapes. He worked for his dad, doing the business landscapes during the week. At the last neighborhood social a few months ago, his dad had told people that if they needed lawn work done, Brent would be happy to make some extra money as well. Chandice and several others hired the young twenty three year old.

Chandice suddenly caught herself rubbing the crotch of her panties, making the wet spot grow. This is what she was talking about. She couldn't understand why he turned her on. Sure, she had seen hot white men before this, but they never did this to her. Was it something to do with how her own sex life with her husband, or lack of one, had been?

Chandice's husband, Derek, was a very attractive man. He was slightly older then her, in his mid thirties, charcoal skin, bald and well built. When they first met two years ago, lots of hot sex ensued. It was wild, passionate, and often. Now they've been married for a year, and about six months ago it started to decline.

Now for the past two months, it's been nonexistent. It was the usual thing in this situation. He had to work late, been very tired when he came home. She kept trying to tell herself it wasn't the blond white

girl secretary that had just been assigned to him.
Chandice walked over to her bed, today's outfit already laid out by her. Something must have been going through her mind as she had pulled out her outfit. A white tank top lay on the bed, with a blue short-sleeve shirt, which she would have to leave unbuttoned cause of the heat. She had decided on a pair of tight blue jean shorts that fell to just above her knees, and hugged every inch of her body. She tried to justify that it was hot out, but she knew just by looking at it that it would tell someone that she wanted to fuck.
The purr of the lawnmower sent another chill through Chandice, an uncontrollable urge. It was then she knew that she didn't just want to, but she needed to. Otherwise, the urges would be too much for her. She pulled on the outfit, and headed down stairs to her computer. She checked her emails, and found one from Derek. He had been asked to come in for Saturday, and now it looked like he would have to stay late.
For once Chandice smiled at the idea of him being gone today. It was funny, she knew what she was going to do but she didn't feel guilty about it at all. She walked over to the living room window and looked out at Brent, who had just taken off his shirt and watched as he turned off the lawnmower. Brent's body was tight in every way, muscles not super big, but he was very chiseled and defined. She let out a slight moan as she imagined running her hands over his chest and abs. After she wiped the look of lust from her face, she walked over the door and opened the door.
"What's up Brent?" Chandice called to him stepping into the doorway. "How are you today honey?"
"Oh hey Mrs. Hentsin," Brent smiled with a wave. "I'm good."
"Ugh, boy please," Chandice rolled her eyes. "Don't call me that. Makes me feel old. Chandice please."
"Uh, sure Chandice," Brent shrugged and he emptied the lawnmowers contents into a plastic bag.
"You almost done?" Chandice asked, flashing another smile.
"Almost," Brent said before closing the bag. "Need to put this in the trash, put my lawnmower in my truck, and then I'm out of your hair."
"How many more houses do you have to do?" Chandice asked.
"You were my last one for today," Brent said turning to look at her.
"That's cool," Chandice said with another smile as she watched Brent's eyes quickly travel up and down her body. "I was going to make some orange juice. Did you want a glass?"
"Um, sure," Brent said with a smile before wiping his shirt across his forehead.
"Just come on in once you're all done," Chandice said before walking back in and shutting the door.
Chandice headed to the kitchen, grabbed a thing of frozen OJ and went about making it. She had just finished making it when she heard the front door open and close. She turned around, grabbed two glasses from the cabinet and turned back to see Brent walking up to the island counter. Poured two glasses and handed him one.
"Thirsty?" Chandice asked giggling as she watched him drain his glass.
"Yea," Brent nodded after drinking. "Thank you. I needed that."
"Want some more?" Chandice asked, refilling his glass when he nodded.

“Life savior,” Brent said taking a quick drink, and another glance and Chandice’s body. “Man it’s hot out there.”
“I know,” Chandice said giving him a smile as she bent over the counter, knowing he could see a good amount of cleavage. “It’s supposed to be ninety all week.”
“Hope not,” Brent sighed. “Working all weekend.”
“All weekend?” Chandice pouted. “What about that sweet girl you’ve been seeing. How come you’re not spending any time with her?”
“Broke up last weekend,” Brent shrugged.
“Oh, I’m sorry baby,” Chandice said, though inside she knew it would be easier to seduce him.
‘Let me get those,” Brent said picking up the glasses and walking to the sink behind Chandice.
“Why thank you,” Chandice said staying bent over, smiling as she had caught him glancing at her cleavage.
Chandice listened to the water running as Brent washed the dishes, waiting until she heard the water turn off. When it did, she started swaying her ass back and forth, knowing that it was pointed right where the sink was. For several long moments there was silence and Brent didn’t walk back around the counter.
Chandice looked back over her shoulder, smiling when she saw Brent staring at her ass. He looked up and met her eyes, smiling when he saw that she was doing the same, hand stroking the growing bulge in his shorts. ‘Well that was easy,’ Chandice thought turning back to face forward. A second later, she felt his strong hands grip her tight ass cheeks.
“And what do you think you’re doing?” Brent asked, sliding his hands to her hips. “Trying to tell me something by swinging that ass back and forth at me and showing off those fantastic tits?”
“What do you think baby?” Chandice pushed herself up, with her hands on the edge of the island.
Chandice pressed her ass against Brent’s groin as he gripped her hips and pulled her against him. They started grinding against each other as he slid his hands up to cup her breasts, squeezing her soft mounds. She moaned when he pinched the hard nipples through the thin material. She grabbed his hands in hers and making him squeeze her breasts harder.
Brent spun Chandice around, pressing his lips against hers as soon as he could. His hands grabbed at the open blue shirt, sliding it off the woman’s shoulders and off her arms, tossing it out of the way. She broke away from him then, grabbing the bottom of her white shirt and pulling it up over her head, freeing her breasts.
Brent licked his lips, before bending down and taking a hard nipple into his mouth. A hand went down to her jeans shorts, opening the button and pulling the zipper down before sliding a hand inside. He switched back and forth, sucking on each chocolate breast as he rubbed the mound of her soaked panties. She groaned and cried out, grinding herself against his hand and holding his head against her tits.
“God I want to suck that cock of yours baby,” Chandice groaned as she felt his finger caress her clit through her panties.
Brent lifted his lips back up to hers, giving her a deep kiss before breaking away with a smile. He

backed up a little, undoing his button and zipper as Chandice sank to her knees. She gripped the waist of his shorts and boxers, pulling them down and gasping when his cock popped into view. She bit her lower lip as she grabbed his eight-inch thick cock.
“God damn Brent,” Chandice smiled as she stroked his shaft and massaged his balls.
“You like that huh?” Brent smiled down at her.
“Oh yea, white boy got a nice dick,” Chandice moaned before wrapping her lips around his head. Chandice heard Brent gasp as she sucked on his head while stroking the shaft with her hand. She let out a moan of her own as a spurt of precum spilled into her mouth. She couldn’t fight it and opened her mouth, taking half of his cock into her mouth and started bobbing on it while rubbing the base with one hand and massaging his balls with the other.
“Oh fuck Chandice!” Brent groaned. “That’s so fucking good! Suck that that cock girl!”
Out of the corner of her eye, Chandice saw Brent’s shirt fly over to join the rest of the discarded clothes on the floor. His hands grabbed the back of her head, guiding her up and down on his shaft. She pulled her mouth off, lifting his cock up so she could run her tongue from base to tip before looking up at him.
“Mmm, baby that’s so good,” Brent moaned stroking her head and giving her a grin. “I wonder how deep you can go…”
“Ooo, that sounds like a challenge,” Chandice grinned back before sucking the head back into her mouth.
Chandice opened her mouth wide, sucking in a deep breath before pushing her head down on Brent’s dick. He groaned when the head pushed into the opening of her throat before sliding inside. He gripped her hair tighter, as more of his cock disappeared into her mouth, stretching her throat muscles until her chin was pressed against his ball sack. She stayed there for a few seconds before pulling herself off him, gasping for air as she did.
“God damn, that was good girl,” Brent said gasping.
“You like the feel of those chocolate lips wrapped around you white boy,” Chandice asked with a grin, before slowly running her tongue over her lips.
“Mmm, yea,” Brent said motioning for her to stand up. “Now stand up and bend that sweet ass over.”
Chandice did as he asked, standing up, turning around and bending back over the center island, pressing her breasts against the cool tile. Brent dropped to his knees, grabbing the top of her shorts and panties. Slowly he pulled them down over the swell of her ass cheeks, kissing, licking and lightly biting the skin as it was revealed. He groaned as the wet lips of her pussy was revealed, but kept his mouth away as he pulled the shorts down her legs and off.
Chandice stood with her legs apart as Brent, still kneeling, grabbed the bare cheeks of her ass, squeezing and massaging them. She moaned as he did, then yelped when he smacked one of her cheeks hard, out of surprise not pain. She cried out a second later when his mouth attacked her wet sex, tongue lapping at her juices, lips sucking her hard little clit.
“Oh baby, don’t stop!” Chandice screamed as she felt an orgasm starting already. “I’m gonna cum!”
Brent shoved his tongue inside Chandice’s hole as his thumb started stroking her clit. This sent her

over the edge, shaking as she had the best orgasm of the past two months. She couldn't believe how much this white boy turned her on. Even as she came, he slurped her flowing juices into his mouth.
"God damn, you ate my pussy like it was you last meal," Chandice moaned as Brent started kissing his way up her back. "You liked my pussy that much?"
"Me and Bree stopped having sex two months before we broke it off," Brent said grabbing his shaft and placing the head off his cock at Chandice's opening. "It's been a while, so I'm a little hungry."
"Oh god, then take your fill baby," Chandice said, moaning as he pushed the head of his cock inside her. "Oh god, give it to me Brent! Fill my pussy with that cock! Fuck I need it so bad!"
Brent and Chandice both groaned as his cock inched inside her until his balls were resting against her clit. He pussy muscles squeezed his dick tightly, her juices coating his shaft mingling with the saliva still on it. He gave her ass cheeks a hard squeeze before starting to fuck her tight sex, slowly at first and gradually speeding up.
Brent gripped Chandice's hips as he started fucking her harder, balls slapping against her clit as he did. He pulled her back and forth with each thrust, loving the sight of her cheeks shaking each time they slapped against him. She cried out and moaned each time he pushed into her tight ebony depths.
"God damn girl," Brent moaned. "You're so fucking tight and wet! You like that white cock?"
"It's soo good baby!" Chandice said just as she felt another orgasm rushing through her. "Fuck, I'm coming again! FUCK!"
Chandice threw her head back and screamed as the pleasure washed over her skin. She couldn't believe that she had cum so soon, even as she shook and her juices poured out of her. As her pussy squeezed Brent's cock she heard him moan in approval, not stopping his thrusts in and out of her.
"Is this what you want Chandice?" Brent growled, pounding harder into the woman's pussy. "Some nice hard cock in that tight pussy?"
"Ooh god yes, fuck me!" Chadice screamed pushing her ass back, meeting Brent with each thrust. "You like that pussy baby? That cunt feel good around that cock?"
"Fuck yea, baby!" Brent groaned, moving his right hand from her hip to grab her shoulder. "It's soo fucking good! I want to feel you cum again. I want to feel that pussy pulsing around me again!"
As he spoke Chandice could already feel another orgasm approaching, building slowly inside her body. She couldn't believe it, he was fucking her so good. She couldn't take it anymore, she wanted to feel him cum too.
"Brent I'm gonna cum again!" Chandice screamed pushing back into him. "Cum with me baby! I want to feel you cum inside me!"
"Fuck yes, fuck yes!" Brent moaned thrusting harder inside her. "I'm gonna cum baby! Here it comes!"
"Yes give it to me!" Chandice squealed as she started to cum as well. "YEESSSSS!"
Chandice's pussy clamped down on Brent's cock just as he buried himself inside her. He grunted as his cum exploded out of him, jet after jet pouring into the pulsing pussy. He collapsed forward, grabbing the edge of the island to keep himself from crushing the chocolate goddess in front of him and burying his head in the crook of her neck.

Soon neither could stand anymore and they collapsed to the floor, Brent sitting up against the island and Chandice lying on her back with her head in his lap. The air felt good against their sweat-covered skin despite the heat, their bodies starting to recover from the exertion. They stared into each other's eyes smiling, the smell of sex lingering in the air.

Chandice let her eyes close as Brent started to stroke the top of her head with his hand. She sighed as she still felt his cum settling inside her, some spilling out of her opening. All through this, she didn't feel a single twinge of guilt. She didn't know what that meant for her marriage, but she would figure that out. For now, she would just enjoy this moment.