Sam's Place

By Darrel1000

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A black man falls for a white dancer.

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Mark was a black man from the east side of New York. He had recently moved to a suburb of Chicago. One day a friend took him to a certain night club in a shanty part of town. Since then, he had been visiting this pub more than usual. It wasn't that he liked the beer they served or anything else about the place. It was just that he had an interest in a lusty little blonde dancer who worked there. Ever since she first danced closed to him and smiled he had developed a superficial interest in her. He didn't know exactly why. She was not a really beautiful girl and she was not even a very good dancer. Sometimes she was even a little off beat with the rhythm of the band playing behind her, but to Mark, there was a certain something about her. Perhaps it was just the way she glanced his way, with that sparkle in her eyes and inviting smile, as she undulated and swayed her tight round ass to loud beat of the music. Whatever it was he wanted this white girl and he wanted her really bad.
One particular night he was sitting at a table watching her routine.She came right toward him, swaying seductively as she held her hair in her hands slowly letting it fall, until she was within a few feet of him, so close in fact that he could even smell the sweet scent of her perfume, and he had to overcome a strong desire to reach out and touch her. Just as she was so near that she could have fallen into his lap, the music suddenly stopped,and she backed away and disappeared into the dressing room. A few minutes later Mark just happened to see her sitting at a table in the corner. She was on her break. Here was Mark's chance. It took him five minutes to muster up enough courage to approach her.He had to hurry before she left. He moved to a table close to her and tried to catch her attention by smiling at her. Mark's heart skipped a beat when she smiled back at him and ask him if he liked her number. Mark bought her a drink and soon they were chatting and laughing as though they had known each other a long time. This eventually led to some touching and fondling. When she had finished her last number Mark called a taxi to drive them to his house.

They sat very close to each other in the cab. She was still wearing her sexy two piece dance suit. and Mark could feel her warmth against him as he inhaled her intoxicating perfume. He put his armaround her and she felt so soft and yielding that he leaned over and kissed her, pushing his tongue into her mouth. She responded by putting her arms around him and deepening the kiss. They kissed all the way back to Mark's apartment giving the cab driver an eye full. Every time he stopped at a light he

adjusted his mirror to get a better view of them. Twenty minutes later, the cab pulled up in front Mark's apartment, They got out and he paid the driver.
With their arms around each each other, they went up the steps, and were soon in Mark's living room. In the full light, Mark saw that she was a tone darker then she appeared in the nightclub and in the cab, her flowing hair a light sandy brown, rather than blonde, her skin lusciously tanned by the sun. Her large firm breast swelled over the very thin nylon strip that was designed more to display rather than conceal them. They protruded proudly marking a distinct contrast to her thin waist and more than ample compensation for her well rounded, perky little ass that was her stock and trade. Marks eyes were fixed on her, taking her in like fine wine, and the sweet scent of her perfume was once again intoxicating him.
He offered her a drink and they sat on the sofa. As they moved closer he could feel the electricity in the air, as the aura of her sexuality played on his senses. He could hear her breathing. As he slipped his arm around her he could feel her shutter. Her naked skin pressed against his shirt and He was nearly overcome with desire.There was an old black and white movie on the television screen. She was looking at the actor's names."Do you know the ones who were kissing in that love scene...."She turned to him and before she could finish his kiss cut her sentence off. Her arms went around him and she melted into him, opening her mouth wide as his tonguei nvaded her, darting and exploring all around inside of her mouth, and even striking at her tonsils as she kissed him just as intensely, thrusting her own tongue into his mouth and entwining it with his tongue. Mark had never experienced such a kiss. He pulled her even closer to him so that her lips crushed on his, forming a perfect vacuum, and her tongue thrust so deep in his mouth that it seemed to be trying to reach into the depths of him, as it twined with and wrestled with his tongue.
As they continued to kiss one of Mark's hands begin loosening the strap that held up her flimsy top, while his other hand slid her panties down her legs until she kicked them off on to the floor. Now she was completely naked. She felt wonderful pressed against him with nothing between them but his clothes. It made him feel really good to know how badly she wanted him. She was moaning in his mouth now and unbuttoning his shirt as they kissed furiously. With his help she managed to undress him without even breaking the kiss. He stood up, pulling her off the couch as her arms locked around him. She was now plastered to him, black skin against white skin,their mouths mashed inseparably in their all consuming soul kiss. When they finally did unglue their mouths there was only one thought in their minds and that was to consummate their passions right away. He stood back from her to takein her naked form at a distance and to admire all the contours and curves of her lush body that he had been wanting since he saw her doing her dance number.

There seemed to be no place to go but to the bedroom where the king size bed was waiting on them. Mark walked behind her watching her shake her naked ass all the way to the bedroom. This got Mark so horny that by the time she climbed in bed with him he was ready to fuck her brains out. Now she did not realize how really enormous Mark's cock was, so that when he laid her back and started fucking her missionary style, plunging all the way into her, she cried and winced in pain. "Oh Mark", she yelled, "oh your so big and your so deep in me." He then pulled out of her, and slowly pushed

back in until she was moaning in lust instead of pain, as she felt waves of pleasure from her fingers down to her toes. He plunged all the way in until his balls were against her cunt and she begin to writhe and undulate her ass in response to his thrust. They moved faster and faster, until they were in perfect sync with each other, as though they were made to fuck. Mark could tell she was approaching an orgasm and this made him fuck her even harder and faster. It made him feel really proud to know that he had completely conquered this white woman. He leaned down and gave her a deep kiss, thrusting his tongue as far into her mouth as he could, as he felt the response of her own tongue in his mouth. She moaned deeply into his mouth, and he felt her fingers digging into his ass. He enjoyed hearing the sounds they were making. The slush, slush, slush sound of his cock repeatly ramming her pussy, and the banging sound of the bed board hitting the wall as their movements propelled it forward. He could tell she was coming. He brought her legs up over his shoulders and started fucking her with short, quick strokes, his thrusting tongue now imitating in her mouth what his cock was doing in her pussy. This sent her over the edge. She came like a volcano, her body writhing violently, as waves of intense pleasure shot through her, her moans turning into piercing screams. He felt her nails digging into his skin. She threw her head back, her mouth wide opened, and her eyes closed with the most intense look of ecstasy he could imagine on her face. He came with her, his screams joining hers in a loud chorus.

The next morning as they lay together he ask her name. "Oh i never told you my name," she said smiling. "Its Samantha", "but everyone calls me Sam for short. "Mark just smiled at her. The name of the nightclub was Sam's place.