

# A Perilous Lust (1 of 2)

By LadyX

Published on Lush Stories on 24 Mar 2011

*A female couple is threatened by desire for a man.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/interracial/a-perilous-lust-1-of-2.aspx>

"I miss having sex with a man sometimes." We were sitting in Gato del Sol, our neighborhood Mexican restaurant, having what passes for Sunday brunch, just like we did nearly every Sunday. I was skimming through the ads in the weekly alternative paper when she looked up from her iPhone and said that, breaking a good five minutes of comfortable silence. "I mean, I can't handle a real relationship with a guy. No way I could trust them like that, I know," she said, then smiled impishly. "But the sex itself?" "What about it?" I said, fighting the urge to remind her of all the reasons she had steered clear of men completely for the last year and a half. "Well...it's not the same. Like, its a whole other experience that I've gone totally without. I like how it feels to have him inside me, and be controlled by a man," she said. "I actually can cum just from that. I don't even have to play with my clit if the sex is really good. It was the best part of my ex-boyfriend. Especially since he couldn't give oral worth anything. It's just different. I can be dominated by you, and that's always been great, but its a whole other level of it with a man." She paused, then qualified it: "Not better, but different." "Yes, I know, Hani. I've had sex with guys, too. I remember," I said. She was lost in a daydream about getting some dick, and I had no idea where this was coming from. "Don't get me wrong, I love you, Nona, you know that. And we're together now. But don't you sometimes miss what that's like? It's not like either one of us is really lesbian." The truth was, I didn't really miss it that much, and she was right about us both being bisexual; I was occasionally attracted to men. The difference was, I never really contemplated acting on it. I loved Hani too much to let my mind's gears turn very far toward those thoughts. Hani's gears were turning right in front of me, however. Suddenly, I lost my appetite for my Mimosa. She studied me from across the table, took a nervous gulp from hers, then made an about face. "You know what? Never mind, it's just a passing thought." After that, we made small talk about other things, but I knew that both of our minds were solidly on her admission for the rest of the day and beyond. - I met Hani when we were both waitressing at Golden China Restaurant. At the time, she was dating and living with a relative of the owner, and I was working my way through my last year of school. We became fast friends: two Cambodians who were assumed to be Chinese just like everyone else at the restaurant. She didn't just like me, she trusted me, and when she finally got the courage to walk away from a brutally abusive relationship, it was me and my one-bedroom apartment that she ran to. She loved me, and I more than returned the feelings. Yet, all of that was

before either of us experienced anything sexual with each other. She tried to date again, but poor Hani was in the middle of a terrible streak of men. By the time she got stood up for a date with a guy who actually seemed to be worth a damn, she'd had enough of men and nearly of life too. I took on the role of nurturer; I knew I could be there for her, and she could count on and depend on me. It wasn't long before Hani's sensitive, submissive nature and my role as protector led to the two of us acting on our mutual attraction. But as happy as we were, part of me couldn't help but wonder and fear: what would happen if she fell out of love with me? The long shadow of unknown men competing with me for such a beautiful, petite young woman like her always stoked my uglier, defensive, and possessive tendencies. Selfishly, I wished she wasn't bisexual, just so the insecurity could go away. But those moments always passed, and I knew that all the things that had been taken away from me in my life didn't mean that Hani would get taken away, too. At least, I hoped not. On that Sunday, though, the dark moment of doubt only festered. I couldn't let it go. - "So, what got you thinking about sex with men, Hani?" I said while mixing the greens into a fresh stir fry that evening. "Because I know you can't help how you feel, but I just hope you're not forgetting all you went through with guys before. It's not like sex really comes without any of the other stuff." "Believe me, Nona. I'll never forget any of that," she said, leaning on the bar and watching the stiff leaves turn dark and limp among the vegetables and oil in the skillet. "I don't want to depend on a man ever again, that's the biggest reason I'm here!" "You're here with me because you don't want to depend on men? I thought that who I was personally might figure pretty big into that too," I said, pausing to look at her. She sighed as her hopeful smile dissolved. "That's not what I meant, Nona! We're perfect for each other, and that's all about who you are," She said, taking more of a gulp than a sip of her wine. "Okay, so why would you fantasize about anything else?" "Do we have to talk about this now? I just made one comment and now I've had to walk eggshells around you ever since," she said, the pout just starting to creep into her words, like it always did when she got defensive. "I'm sorry, but yes, we do. How would you feel if one day I told you that maybe I missed seeing other people?" I asked. "Would you not think even a little about that for the rest of the day, or would it be too neurotic to ask me just what the hell I meant? Now imagine that I said that about a man." "I never said that," she said. "But you might as well have! What's more intimate or important in a relationship than sex? We haven't had it in weeks, and you say you want to give it to a man now?" "I said sometimes I miss it," she said, lowering her voice. "Not 'to hell with Nona' or that I want to date a guy. I didn't even say I definitely wanted something else, just that I miss it sometimes." Her voice was rising as she went. "But what do I get for being honest? An attack. Thanks so much! Sorry I ever told you what I was feeling," she said and started to leave the kitchen. I walked after her. "So its not about trust, or love, or relationships at all, huh? You just want something else in bed," I said. "That's where I'm not good enough now, right? That's what all this is about!" "Nona, I never said..." "Who is it?" I asked, the toughness in my voice cracking. "It's not anybody," she said, leaning toward me in desperation and looked me in the eye. "I promise." "So, any dick will do then," I said through a thin sarcastic smile. "Fuck you, Nona. Yes, any dick will do as long as it goes deeper than your fingers!" she said as she ran down the hall and slammed the door. I returned to the kitchen and loaded the stir fry onto plates as I listened to her muffled sobs from inside

our bedroom. I knew I'd handled it the wrong way. I also had no idea where to go from here, other than to apologize and try to move on. She didn't have anything to apologize for; I just wished she didn't feel the way she did. I slid both plates of food into the trash and poured another glass of wine. - Over the next week, I did what I always did after the dust cleared from an argument:: I showered her with kindness. She told me she was sorry she ever brought it up, and with that, I promised never to bring it up again. I'd hoped those conversations would fade and be forgotten, but I despite my promises I was unable to shake the doubts. Late at night, after she would get home from her shift, we would catch each other up on our lives. When the time was right, I'd hoped we'd share our bodies too, but she was avoiding that even more now. The original cornerstone of our relationship- intimacy and understanding through our sex life- wasn't happening much anymore. Her therapist told her it was probably just part of her unhappiness, brought on by the scars and scrapes of all she's endured, and that she'd be best to work through it rather than throw anti-depressants at it. Hani needed to know that I was going nowhere, no matter what the struggle. "And the sex," he said, "would come back if our foundation was solid." In the meantime, though, it hurt to be rejected, and this latest blow-up only opened the wound further. Unable to will her to a happier place where she felt more comfortable with our intimacy, I tried to take note of everything between us. Why was she late getting home? What's she so upset about? Why did she seem so damn unavailable lately? Was she going straight on me, or was it just a bad few weeks that would pass eventually? When would these thoughts of mine have some mercy and calm down? In a fit of paranoia one early morning, I even went through her iPhone while she slept to see who she'd contacted. I checked her internet history, too. I almost wished I found some stranger's emails and texts in there; at least then, I'd have answers. But things got no better and something had to give. As time went by with no change for the better, I was willing to give more and more. - "Hani," I finally said one day as I drove her to work, "If anything about us is bothering you, you can tell me, you know." "No, baby...I'm fine," she said, while thumbing through her email on her phone. After a pause, she looked up and over to me. "Are you okay?" "Yeah, I'm good," I said. The silence then hung like sword, until finally the pain was enough that I swung it down. "Okay, that's a lie. I'm not okay with the way things are right now, and I know we weren't going to mention it anymore," I said, took a deep breath, then continued. "But, I can't help but think that what we talked about last weekend has something to do with it." Out of the corner of my eye, I could see her slump slightly in her seat. "Nona, I don't think we should talk about that. It was all just a stupid thought, and I don't want to fight with you again." "I'm sorry I got so upset with you, baby. But I really think that unless we are open with each other that what we have might go away. And I don't want that," I said. "I don't either," she said, putting her phone and makeup into her purse. "I'm serious. I've felt real distance between us lately. And I know that you aren't happy, and the things you feel aren't stupid. In fact, I think that all of this is related. I understand, baby, I really do," I said, trying to divide my concentration between my sullen girlfriend and a good place to stop without holding up traffic in the mall parking lot. "Thanks for saying that," she said. "But, what do you want me to say? O don't want to do things that hurt you." I stopped the car and put it in park. "I love you more than anything, and I want you to be happy. If you aren't, then I'm not, okay? That's just me being honest," I

said. "Nona, I'm a little late, I gotta go," she said with an apologetic wince. "Okay, I know. All I want to say is, if you're serious about what you told me," I said. Hani leaned forward, not yet following. "About sex with a guy? We can talk about it. I'm open to it." "You mean by, having a guy...for sex?" she said, her face giving away her disbelief.. "Well, we could at least talk about it. I've done a lot of thinking. A friend of mine at work has had threesomes with her girlfriend and other guys. It's just sex, it can work." Hani just looked at me, dumbstruck. "Depends on the guy, but..." "Okay, well...wow," she said through a nervous laugh. "But I really have to go. We'll talk about it later, okay? I love you, bye!" She closed the car door behind her and strutted hurriedly into the restaurant. - We had no idea what we were doing, but I made good on my offer to talk about maybe putting a guy in our mix, and Hani assured me that she wanted nothing more than a little fun, and that she didn't even really care if they were compatible, since it wouldn't really matter beyond sex. "I don't want a guy just because its a guy. I mean, its got to be somebody attractive," she told me and my friend Carla, the three-way veteran from my office. She and I thought of the same guy that might be perfect for this, and Hani agreed to meet him. His name was Sean, a recent young divorcee' in our office who we knew to be both perfectly nice and perfectly harmless. He had always been great to me, friendly yet professional, fit, and the picture of 'clean-cut white professional'. I built up the courage to float the idea to him at a one-on-one lunch, and once I convinced him I wasn't joking, he was more than interested. I told him that it was all about the rules, and no matter what happened, he had to respect the both of us the whole way. First though, we met him for dinner, which he insisted on treating us to. Nothing of the possible tryst was mentioned, and everything was pleasant and kept light. My butterflies settled and I actually felt my inner dread start to slip away. Then we got in the car to go home. "I don't like him," she said. "Why not? He's great! He's cute, not even slightly a jerk, and I can tell he's attracted to you," I said. "I agree, he seems great," she said. "But, I couldn't be less attracted to him." "He might be really good though. Trust is half the battle, and I know we can trust him, Hani." "Nona, getting excited about the prospect is the bigger half, and sorry, there's no way he's going to excite me." Plan foiled. "Well, if this is something you're serious about, then we'll keep looking," I said. "Of course I'm serious about it, what do you think all this talk is really about?" she said. "Besides, I don't think we have to look very far. I've got somebody." "And who is this?" "His name's Deke, he works in the vitamin and supplement place next to the restaurant. I met him when I bought some ginseng. Now, I go talk to him after my shift sometimes." "Okay, Deke? What's he like?" "You'll find out tomorrow, I invited him to stop by for lunch." "But we were going out for lunch," I reminded her. "We have all those errands to run, so we were going to grab food out. Besides, we don't even have anything!" "Easy, I'll pick something up. It won't take long, I just want you to meet him." What could I say? I agreed to meet him, and even volunteered to buy and pick up the lunch for the three of us. That night though, I couldn't settle. What had I agreed to? And what would happen if I suddenly wasn't comfortable? I could sense that at some point, it was going to come down to either giving in to these things or eventually losing Hani. Neither option gave me the comfort necessary to sleep. - Deke's Notes: I remember the day she came into the store for the first time. A pretty little thing, five feet tall at the most, with a delicate face and long black hair down to her tiny waist. Even in a button-down waitress

uniform I knew she had it going on, and the sparkle in her eyes let me know something deep down inside was up to no good. I'm embarrassed to say this, but I forgot her name the first two times she told me. I was too busy lusty and daydreaming about what I'd do to this lovely little brown Asian if given the chance. She kept coming in to talk to me, and soon I could almost count on seeing her every day that she worked. I knew she liked me, but I also knew she had a girlfriend. I didn't know how committed she was to 'the other side', so I played it cool, flirted my ass off, and took a wait-and-see approach. So imagine how my prick jumped in my pants one day when she told me about how she missed the touch of a man in the sack even though she loved her girlfriend. She said that they talked about it, and were ready to fool around with a guy, as long as it was 'no strings attached'. She wanted to know if I might be interested, like she was asking if I wanted to go watch a movie with her or something. Fuck yes, you bet your little round ass I'm interested! It's like the sex gods dropped a gift out of the sky just for me. That twinkle in her eye only got brighter and more devious, and you can imagine what was running through my mind in bed that night. There's always porn, but nothing got me hard and ready for release like the thought of my new friend Hani, the perfect little Cambodian goddess, riding this black dick all night long. I went to her place to meet her and her roommate. What a treat it was to see her out of uniform, showing that little body off in nothing but shorts and a tight little t-shirt. She was perfect. Her roommate showed up with lunch, and I'll be damned if she wasn't just about as sexy as Hani was. A little thicker and a little taller, but nothing wrong with that. She introduced herself as Nona and said she had been looking forward to meeting me, but damn, she seemed so nervous. It wasn't personal I don't think, but it was like she was scared of me. I got excited when Hani brought up the idea of getting together for a little fun like she mentioned to me before, but I could see that hot-ass Nona was really anxious about it. She started asking me all kinds of questions, like, "Do you have a girlfriend?", and "Do you use protection when you have sex?", shit like that. Other than how much I was trying to stare at her titties, I had nothing to hide, and truth be told, I don't even fuck around all that much. I broke it off with a crazy woman about a month back and since then its been dry as a bone. I told her that, and I think her nerves finally calmed down a little bit. It's like I told them, if they want to have a good time with no pressure and no bullshit, I'm their man. All they had to do was say the word. The two of them left the room for about five minutes, then came back to tell me that we should get together that next Saturday. They would be laying out at the pool around 2pm, I could join them then. I don't have to tell you what I thought about in bed that night. - I tried to get her to take it slow with this guy, Deke. I asked what the rush was, and how it could possibly hurt for us both to get together with him again before we take that next step, but all she really took from that was the feeling that I was stalling, or reneging on what we'd talked about. She told me she felt safe with him, and had talked to him enough to know that he wasn't going to hurt me, or want more from either of us, and that they were only friends. Honestly, he scared me a little. I'd never been with anybody as tall or as strong as he looked to be. I'd also never been with a black man, but neither had Hani. Why wasn't she as nervous as I was about this? I didn't want to know the answer. Still though, he was attractive, I admit, and it only scared me more to admit that. He did seem to completely respect our wishes on this, and that made me a little more comfortable despite everything else. But,

comfortable enough to do away with the sickness in the pit of my stomach? Not even close. - I laid in the late spring sun, having applied my lotion, and sipped on a strong mix of rum and pineapple juice. I had been jumpy all day, and it only got worse as I disrobed and put on a swimsuit, knowing the next time I took something off, it could very well be in front of this man, Deke, that Hani had chosen for us. Was there an 'us' to this? I wondered to myself. Or was this simply for her, and I would watch? Would I really sit there and watch, like some lesbian cuckold? No, of course not. We were supposed to do this together, even though we never really got specific. All the talk about what it meant for her, and how I would handle it, and we never really talked about what would happen when the time came. Did I really even want this? Of course not! But I did agree to it. Maybe I could bow out and let them do whatever they do. No, then I'd feel guilty just in case it didn't go right somehow and I wasn't there to help her. Besides, it's just sex, so relax! I panicked silently in the lounge chair, waiting on Hani to join me, and chasing a dozen unresolved thoughts around in my head. It wouldn't be long before Deke was due to arrive too, but there was no way I was looking at a clock to confirm the time. Ignorance wasn't bliss, but at least it would limit my anxiety. "You sure you want to wear that?" she asked, giving my one-piece the once-over as she walked up to me. "I was going to ask you the same thing," I said, taking note of a skimpy two piece that I'd never seen before. It didn't leave very much to imagination on top or bottom, exposing what little jiggle there was to her tight ass and cutting down low and inside on her boobs. "Aw, you know I want to look good," she said with just a hint of nervous giggle. "Besides, it will do me some good to get some sun on my skin." She took a seat on the chaise lounge next to mine and relaxed. Three ounces of liquor weren't giving me the same kind of relaxation that she had naturally. I closed my eyes and tried to settle down, listening to the faint beat of the music playing in Hani's earbuds. "Hello ladies," I heard him say. When I opened my eyes, I saw Hani standing up to greet him. She stood up on her toes while he bent at the waist to return her embrace. I was again struck by his size relative to the two of us, but especially Hani, who was a good three inches shorter than I was and at least a foot shorter than him. Arriving at the pool topless, Deke was impressively built. An obvious gymrat, he carried himself with that air of physical confidence that all athletes and workout warriors seemed to share. After asking Hani to apply some sunscreen to him, he sat up on the side of the lounge chair and talked to us. He made a point to compliment me separately, and despite myself, I found him easy to talk to and very pleasant. There was no awkward hinting at what might follow or sidling suggestively up to either one of us. He did sneak several looks below the eye level, which I always caught since I had sunglasses and he did not, but it was hard to fault him for thinking us attractive enough for his eyes to wander so easily. He was handsome, easy going, and, admittedly, sexy; and I did my best to focus on that instead of the crippling fear of what would happen soon. - "Are you coming, Nona?" she asked with a giggle from down the hall. I knew she was about to walk into the bedroom with him. I'd gone to the kitchen for some water and one last moment of avoidance. I let go of the full glass and followed them in, only to route her into the bathroom with me. "Nona, relax," she said in hushed tones, but for the first time showing rattled nerves herself, shivering in an 80 degree room. I ignored her words and focused on her body language. "Hani, baby, we don't have to go through with this. If this is rushing it, we can always..."

“No, I’m good,” she interrupted in a loud whisper. “Nervous, but good. Ready to have some fun.” Against my hope, she was really okay with going through with this, and it was a terrible time to ask where I fit in. I’d just have to figure it out. “Let me talk to him, come out in a minute,” I said, then emerged from the bathroom to find him sitting on the bed in his swim trunks. “You okay?” he asked through a slight, but disarming, grin. I took a deep breath. “Because you look great, girl.” “I just want to tell you that no matter what happens here, ‘stop’ means stop, ‘no’ means no, and...” “Hey, hey,” he said, cutting me off just as I started to launch into the speech I’d practiced in my head at least a dozen times while laying out at the pool. “I know. You’re both very sexy ladies. I’m privileged to be here. Whatever works for you works for me, just tell me what you want.” I sighed. “Just...,” I stammered, and sat on the opposite end of the bed. “I’m a little nervous and I’m looking out for Hani more than myself, honestly.” He smiled at me, then turned to Hani as she walked out of the bathroom and crawled across the bed toward him without hesitation. He was sitting, leaned against the headboard, and they came face to face as she straddled him across his lap. “Hello sexy,” he said lowly and leaned forward to kiss her, which she immediately returned, smiling broadly as their mouths met. My jaw dropped and my heart sank. His hands looked giant as they caressed her sides and back, reaching down to her ass and then back up. I watched her body react: her hips rolled, her back arched, and her head leaned into him. His hands unclasped her bikini top and a moment later she offered her arms for him to remove it and toss it aside. He reached down to put her small breast in his mouth while his hand completely covered, then squeezed the other. Hani moaned and rolled her hips again. She was topless on somebody else’s lap- a man no less- and it was already moving at a crazy pace. All morning, I’d wondered to myself how to break the ice in a threesome: who starts, how we alternate, as if it were something you could plan. I wondered how I would let him down easily when she lost her nerve, and how far it might set her therapy back if she had a guilt-ridden breakdown over this. In any case, I never would have planned on her jumping immediately off the cliff like this, and now I was left standing a hundred feet above, helplessly watching the splash below. His hand reached underneath her bikini bottom and she gasped before her mouth was again covered by his. The magnetism and chemistry between them was undeniable. My brain shut down as a reaction to what I was witnessing, unable to think or feel as I watched him lay her on her back and remove her bikini bottoms like he’d done it a hundred times before. She lifted her legs up immediately for him to pull them up and off, then toss them onto the floor. Neither of them invited me to join, or even acknowledged me. Maybe it was for the best; I had no idea what I was doing, and if my brain had been firing like normal, it would have informed me of how stupid I felt right then. As it was, I felt almost out of body, like it wasn’t real. His arms reached up her body and his hands squeezed, groped, and kneaded her whole body like dark, muscular tentacles while his head lodged between her legs, mouth over her pussy. His bald head shone a glare from outside the window, glinting differently as he shifted his angle constantly. Hani threw her head back, whipping her hair against the bedspread. Her legs draped over his shoulders, allowing her feet to rest, press, and curl against his broad, muscular back while he fucked her with his mouth. I’d never watched her in arousal when I wasn’t involved. I took in her movement and her sounds. I watched her body move as Deke

vigorously ate her; growling, sucking, and darting his tongue in and out of her puffy little pussy. I was impressed with his technique, and soon she was jerking and her breath was halting. She was cumming on his mouth, unable to breathe, then unleashing a squeal a moment later, desperately pushing herself away from his mouth. He let go and she flopped backward a few inches, convulsing in orgasm. He had just brought her off quicker than I ever had, and he seemed to know it. "You were ready for this, huh, girl?" he asked, springing a thick, dark, rock-hard cock from his swim trunks. Hani breathed "oh god" when she saw it, then nodded, entranced, and glazed over with a dazed smile on her face. She leaned her head back on the bed, breathing heavily as he crawled up her body, hard cock hanging down, bouncing a little with every movement. Hani bit her lower lip and reached out to put her hand around it. Her little hand looked so small around his thick member, and she eyed it with a devious glint. She gently cupped his big balls with one hand and stroked the hard length of his prick with the other as he straddled just over her ribs. This is about to be it, I told myself, my stomach roiling. I'm going to join in or she's going to cuckold me, those are my choices. It didn't matter; I couldn't move, and continued to watch, transfixed and sick with dread, unable to jump in or bail. He kneeled over her body, her slim legs parted to allow him between them, and his ready cock rubbed against her mound. They kissed with open mouths, more insistently than before, lips smacking loudly with tongues intertwined. The red panic rose within me as I saw his hips began to move, sliding his shaft up and down her slit. I heard the wet friction of his skin against her slick wetness, and her soft moaning. He kissed her neck, her eyes were closed. I sat not three feet away, but I was invisible. Deke rolled his groin down, then moved forward, trying to push it between her folds, but Hani reached down between them and rubbed it slowly, holding him back from entering her, as if she could really keep a six-foot workout freak from doing anything he wanted to. This black bull, of dark chocolate skin, toned muscle, and overwhelming mass, was crouched over my tiny little Hani, who was shaking slightly while she worshipped the black rod poised at her entrance. He's just too big for Hani, I thought to myself frantically. It's unnatural and not right at all. Will she really be mine after this? How did I allow this to happen? My head screamed obscenities as I watched the two of them make eye contact in a moment of raw sexual tension. That wonderful aroma of her aroused state filled the air, and every thought in my brain told me to stop this, even if it made her angry, even if it meant going back on my word. The feeling was there, but the words escaped me completely. Hani's eyes stayed locked with his, reflecting the deep lust that was overwhelming them both. She pulled her hand up from between them and he took it and pinned it to the bed. Her breasts, topped with hard brownish nipples were rising and falling rapidly; she was hyperventilating. Her eyes were suddenly frantic as she sucked in a loud gasp of air, and I saw that Deke's dark cock was beginning to disappear into her body. His body was a tight coil of intensity, slowly unspooling as he sank himself into her pretty little trimmed pussy. Her legs were forced open wide by his much bigger body, but drawn up and tense. Her feet flexed out and her hands dug tightly into his biceps. Her eyes shut and I knew she was in some pain, I just couldn't do anything about it. I just sat there, almost catatonic, in my one piece swimsuit while he took all the sanctity away from our relationship, prying us apart, inch by inch. My senses shut down; I felt weak. I closed my eyes, hearing her halting high-pitch grunts and yelps as he



invaded her slowly, an inch at a time until he groaned deeply and her breathing halted, then burst forth in a throaty moan. Lightheaded and overwhelmed, I lowered myself down on shaky footing, leaning against the bed on my floor, my back turned. I thought back to that Sunday night argument, and what she had told me: "any dick will do as long as it goes deeper than your fingers." The memory taunted me, and now right behind me was an oversize one, easily twice as deep as my longest fingers ever could reach. "Fuck, you're wet, girl. God-damn!" I heard him groan, through heavy breath. "Got this thing all up inside you." I listened to the pattern of their breathing and grunting, knowing that he was beginning to thrust in and out, punctuated by the occasional yelp from a helpless and willing Hani. "So tight....unh....unh....fuck!" His words, predatory and dominant, cowed me into sadness. All anger was stripped. I had done this to myself. "Unh... fuck. It's like you're all the way up in my stomach," she said with a twinge of pain, laughing, then catching a moan in mid-breath. "That's right, little mama. This is what I wanted. To be all up inside your pussy, I knew I could break you off good, and I'm 'bout to, I can tell. I can feel it, all clamping down on me, such a tight little pussy on my dick." Her answer was a louder moan followed by a satisfied chuckle from Deke. "Haha, my little brown goddess. Take this dick." The headboard began to tap the wall in rhythm with his thrusts, and her moans were different from anything I'd ever heard from her: more desperate, more wild. He was saying such dirty things through clenched teeth, in that deep guttural voice that dug like a claw into my head. It only drove her more crazy, and her pitch rose as the fucking stayed in that same steady drumbeat which got harder by the stroke. I heard wetness, the smacking of skin on skin, and Hani screaming. She was cumming like crazy on his dick, and if her shriek was any indication, it was harder than anytime she'd ever had an orgasm with me. As her climax washed over her, jealousy and defeat washed over me. I steeled myself and came around the corner to see her curled up and writhing, legs and body twisting under his weight, unable to breathe but at the height of a shattering orgasm. She always pushed me away, unable to withstand even the slightest contact until it subsided and allowed her to catch her breath. But Deke was pinning her down with no escape, several inches deep in her pussy. She caught her breath, as if an invisible hand suddenly let go over her windpipe, and cried out uncontrollably, gripping two handfuls of sheet and pulling them tight. Deke looked up at me with a demon's smile. "Missing out on all the fun, Nona. I'm taking good care of your girlfriend here," he said, pushing her back down flat on the bed and sinking himself up to his balls again. "Tell her how good I'm fucking you," he said to Hani, whose face was drawn into a grimace under his weight and intrusion. "Tell her, baby." "Oh...shit. It's good," she said, taking a deep breath from behind her clenched jaw. "Oh my god..." He gyrated his hips, grinding his cock into her at new angles, and her hips responded by rolling up and into his, willingly stretching herself on his fully buried shaft. Talking time was over and he pressed his mouth against hers, hammering his cock deeply and steadily again. She let out a muffled moan, clasping her hands on his upper back and bucking her hips instinctively against his. I wished my girlfriend, so fragile so much of the time, wasn't so easily turning into...well...a cock whore at her first opportunity. I wished it wasn't rubbed in my face how much deeper and more primal her satisfaction was with this random black man from the mall than it was with me. I wished I didn't love her, and feel devastated that she was being ravaged by a man

instead of congratulating her for it later. Most of all, I wished I wasn't feeling the stirring of arousal as I watched his thick penis disappear over and over, deep within her swollen, rose red folds. She threw her legs out at every pump, giving her leverage to fuck back at him, matching him thrust for thrust. She broke the kiss, gasping for breath, crying out as he pressed his loins into hers, harder and harder. Her short, caramel-skinned legs rose and wrapping around his waist, opening herself fully to him. The air filled with the smell of sweat and fuck, the sweet tangy scent of mating, and one I hadn't known for four long years, and not very often before that. "You come into my store, all professional in that uniform," he groaned, through a heavy panting breath. "Act all cute, and I just wanna bend you over and bang the fuck outta you right there behind the counter." His pace grew faster, the wet slap of sweaty collisions and his balls on her ass grew louder. "I wanted this tight pussy every day, and now I'm taking it, baby. I'm takin' it deep and stakin' my claim. This pussy is mine!" Her body jerked violently at the two-hundred plus pounds of muscle thrusting her backward relentlessly, and her eyes were nearly rolling back. A single trail of saliva leaved from her mouth, which wore a rapturous open mouth grin. "You won't be forgetting this fuck, baby. Who's pussy is this?" He got a listless moan in reaction. "Say it, girl! Who's little Asian pussy is this?!" The slosh of their hot fluids splashing against his groin were making my own juices begin to stir from within, even as my heart was being tortured by the black devil who was taking Hani's fidelity from me, stroke by merciless stroke. Her answer was more wail than words. "Yours! Nghh!" She whimpered as he stopped, looped his arms under her knees, bent forward, and then plunged deeply into her, fucking her with full strokes, driving her down into the sweat-soaked mattress as her legs flew loosely behind him. The mass of his cock pulled her puffy labia out with it, then shoved them back in with each return stroke. My pussy was now buzzing despite everything else as I watched his big black cock pull her puffy lips out then shove them back in, back and forth, making her cum, filling her up. I reached inside my suit, feeling the hot gathering wetness that began to mat the fabric. Listening to this black demon snorting and grunting as he pounded away at my Hani, I slipped a finger into my hot sex, feeling it nearly suck me in, begging to be satisfied. Deek moaned, then rose onto his knees, holding her inside of him and lifted her up, supporting her from under her legs and grasping her from both sides at the ribcage. He pulled her up, then slammed her back down, bottoming her out, before lifting her up and repeating it. She curled her toes and looked down between them, watching him disappear deep into her body at his whims. Through breathless gasps, she told him how stretched she felt, and how good his cock made her feel. I sank another finger into my soaked pussy. Deek repeatedly slammed her pussy down onto his dick, their juices making a loud squish in rhythm. I laid on the bed, legs open, swimsuit pushed to the side, fingering my clit, watching him fuck her from below. I saw his loins tighten and heard his groans get higher in pitch. "Ugh...ugh...Hani...fuck!...ugh!", he cried out then dropped her onto his cock one last time, leaving her impaled on his length. He collapsed backward, pulling her onto his chest with his dick still deep in her pussy. Its exposed base pulsed, almost like it was breathing, and I came out of my trance too late to realize what was happening. But, when his deep, triumphant groan echoed through the room, I knew. Her labia were stretched like a rubber band around his throbbing, erupting cock, pumping a pent up load deep into her pussy. He grunted,

thrusting himself up into her from below, and I knew he was giving her spurt after spurt of his hot semen. Deke moaned softly as his thick snake finally slipped out from between her dilated lips, followed by the soft wet popping of air and cum dribbling out to the orifice. Her whimpers were muffled as she laid limply on his chest and drooled on his shoulder; exhausted and thoroughly addled from such a deep multiple-climax fuck. A calm held for a few moments; the demon and my lover struggled to catch their breaths and I struggled to make sense of how I should feel and what I should do. The overwhelming smell of sex filled the room, a contagious aphrodisiac that only further scrambled my conflicted thoughts. I wanted to hear Hani's voice, to know that it was still her and not somebody completely different resting ragged on this stranger's chest. Part of me wasn't sure who I just witnessed willfully getting her brains fucked out right in front of me. Another part of me didn't want to care any more about any of it and just stay in my shell. "How 'bout you, little mama. What you been waiting for?" he said, still out of breath, lifting up to get a better look at me. His eyes gave away animal lust, not in the least diminished by his release into my girlfriend moments earlier. Something deep inside forced me to look away from him, to not fall into his spell. My eyes drifted down to Hani's pussy, the treasure that only we shared for the last year and a half. Her deliciously petite lips, closed tightly on her sweet mound, now lay dilated, loose, and open; pried apart by his big dick and leaking a steady stream of his thick semen from the opening. She rolled over onto his back, her bewildered eyes scanning the room before meeting mine. Behind the trance and the lust and the exhaustion, I saw fear when her hand tentatively felt between her legs, bringing up a thick glob of spunk on two fingers. In that moment, I found the protector in me once again. "I think you should leave," was all I could manage. Deek knew that whatever this was, was over, and quickly took my suggestion, but not before giving a mostly unresponsive Hani a hug and sharing an unsettling look with me before leaving for the front door. The two of us, sitting on a bed that I never intended to share with anyone else, were unable to muster anything beyond silence with each other for what felt like an eternity. There was so much I wanted to ask, scold, scream, plead, and tell, but the best I could do is ask if she wanted help getting to the shower. That night, with Hani fast asleep across a tense few inches of bed from me, I was wide awake. My guilt and resentment had only grown since he left, leaving me both unspeakably sorry that I'd pushed my lover to this point, and justifiably angry that she'd put me through it. I told her we would talk about it another day, and she was more than happy to oblige. As I finally faded toward sleep, I was assaulted by images of the fuck that I witnessed so close and on that very bed. Closing my eyes, I saw his giant dark body mounting hers and pumping her relentlessly. I imagined his thick cock unleashing his hot seed deep inside of her, holding himself against her womb, and how that must have felt. Drifting off, I was calmer, escaping my anguish. I became wet again as I fell asleep.