

# A Perilous Lust (2 Of 2)

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*what is the price of a sexual awakening?*

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The lingering scents of warm shower water and body lotion lingered in the air when I slowly awoke, still nestled comfortably in the cottony cocoon of our sheets and comforters. As my senses powered up, one by one, the events of the day before dawned on me anew, ending the peaceful morning amnesia even before my eyes opened. I'd spent the afternoon and evening in a mental battle with myself, unable to cope with either Hani's actions or my reactions to them. She'd wanted to rest and have time to herself, which was a relief; nothing good would have come from a discussion fresh off of all that had happened. I went on my own to a favorite bar and nursed a couple of martinis while my anger toward Deke, muted and surrendered by an overload to my senses and emotions, came roaring back on the fuel of time and booze. On the way home I even took a detour towards the mall where he worked, contemplating a giant scene that made far more sense in a big-budget film than in the actual life I led and was accountable for. Stronger logic prevailed; after all, it wasn't his fault, and after a long detour through the dark suburban streets that stretched for miles in every direction, I returned home and crawled into bed, next to a sleeping Hani. - "No-na," she said in sing-song, crawling across the bed to loom over my shoulder. "It's get-up time!" I turned to face her. "C'mon, let's go get some brunch, it's Sunday." Hani smiled brightly at me, fully dressed and ready. Not yet awake enough to formulate a verbal response, I sat up and looked around. "You just about slept the whole morning away," she said, laughing as she turned to climb off the bed. "Where do you want to go?" I finally muttered. "Gato del Sol?" she offered. "It's nice and sunny today, we can sit outside." I couldn't help but have a distinct 'scene of the crime' feeling about Gato, since that's where her idea of inviting a man into her sex life was first presented to me. But on the other hand, she seemed to have wakened up happy for the first time in who knows how long, and I'm never a morning person. I agreed to the venue and trudged into the shower, where she delivered my coffee about three minutes later. If it were anyone with even an ounce of guile, I'd have narrowed my eyes quickly at her cheeriness and generosity, but Hani had none. In fact, I reminded myself as I washed myself under the hot water, this was the Hani I fell in love with. It had just been so long since she was happy that I barely recognized it for what it was. I smiled as I took a sip of my coffee, accepting the fact that my contentment could very well be sheer denial, but pleased to have it anyway. - Sipping a mimosa, I was mildly amused by her conversational flinching from across the table, filling every moment of silence with unsolicited

anecdotes about mutual friends or an opinion on news items. Upon returning to the table from a restroom break, I broached the subject, earning a predictable wince and cower from Hani, as if I was preparing to beat her about the head and shoulders. "Relax, babe," I said. "I'm not here to get us both upset. But I do think we should talk about it." "I know," she conceded in a muttering tone. "I don't know what to say." I didn't know what to say either, but we couldn't just pretend that it didn't happen. I felt completely lost about the whole situation, and I knew that if I was depending on Hani for emotional clarity, I was in trouble. But we were both in even worse trouble if we didn't communicate at all. "You know, I don't even really want to talk about what happened...right now, anyway. What happened, happened; we were both there," I said, which got me a nervous chuckle from across the table. "What I want to know is what you think happens now." "Nothing happens now," she said. "I mean, its just what we talked about. It was just sex." "Are you going to see him again?" I asked. "I haven't thought about it," she said with laugh. "It was just yesterday." I put my drink down and leaned forward, lowering my voice in case anybody picked up on our conversation. "It wasn't just a kiss, babe. I sat right next to you and watch a guy have rough sex with you, with no condom, and cum inside of you . We're in a relationship , and..." "And it was just sex, baby," she said, reaching her hand out toward mine. "I'm bisexual, just like you- and before you say it- I know the urge was mine, not yours. But that's all it is: an urge." "So did you quench your thirst?" I asked, managing a smirk. Hani beamed at me. "My thirst is for you, and my heart belongs to you," she said. "I had some fun, and I know it wasn't easy for you, and it was kinda messed up. I'm sorry we didn't work that out better. But I love you." I almost teared up in a wave of relief. That night, sitting on the couch watching a movie, I leaned over to ask if she needed anything from the kitchen. She responded by kissing me- deeply and passionately. It wasn't just a kiss, it was a statement: her dry spell may have ended yesterday, but mine was ending now. She pressed her body against mine, never breaking her kiss. Her heart was pounding, vibrating against my chest. She pushed harder, lowering me onto my back and sending a hand down to my thigh, then up between my legs, making me gasp from surprise as much as arousal. I was swept away and delighted, and as rare as they came lately, I was not going to let this opportunity get away. As soon as I reached for the bottom hem of her shirt, she reached for mine as well, and we both lifted each others' tops off and tossed them aside. That familiar warmth, that radiated throughout my body simply at her touch, was back, coming in waves as she reached into my pants and caressed my moistening folds. What had gotten into her? I wondered, not out of suspicion but of pure thanks. Within moments she had stripped me down to nothing and pinned me down, her hands clutching my sides as if I might try to rise up and escape. I hooked crossed my feet together on her back and closed my eyes, savoring the slick wetness of her tongue, softly dragging across the outer flesh of my pussy, sucking softly on my clit, then dragging back down the length of my slit, over and over. Her moans vibrated against my tingling skin, and the flick of her tongue, reaching inside my folds, sent delicious shivers throughout my naked body. Her hands were caressing me constantly, and her open mouth covered my mound, breathing hot wind on my buzzing pussy, soaked from our fluids. As soon as she brought a hand down and pressed two fingers inside me, I felt myself begin to go over the edge. My hips felt heavy and numb, and a wonderful feeling shot up my back and down

my legs. Oh my god, I'm cumming! For the first time in over a month, I had an orgasm. I bucked my hips up to meet her mouth and hand: sucking, fingering, licking, pressing me through wave after wave of sweet orgasm. She pressed her mouth against mine, tasting my own nectar on her lips and tongue, just as I started to catch my breath. The two of us panted huskily into each others mouths, our hands dipping into the wet pink flesh between our intertwined legs and bringing each other past the point of climax again. I'd never felt closer to Hani than I did right then. If it took me going through a little bit of hell to get here, so be it. We laid in bed, exhausted from the weekend, and for the first time in a long while, I had confidence that we were in a decent place again. - Late that night, I started to stir from a deep sleep. From the midst of a normal dream, he charged back into my conscience, first as a vague dark shape in a rhythmic movement, and becoming more clear as I got closer. I could hear her cries, unable to tell whether pleasure or pain, but could only see bits of her lighter skin pinned underneath his body. Her head, arms, and legs jerked in rhythm with his muscular sable-skinned ass pumping forcefully and unrelentingly downward. It never came to a peak, never got faster or slower, and never ended. I dreamed of the frictionless slick of fluid between my legs, and how I felt the arousal rise with every stroke that this beast unleashed on my helpless Hani. I was doubled over in ecstasy, succumbing to the pleasure and unable to breathe without moaning, when I felt another set of hands caress me from behind, pulling me out of my dream. "Somebody's excited," she said with a purring giggle, and as my eyes flickered open to the darkness, both of our hands were squeezed between my legs. Our fingers worked inside and out, indistinguishable from one another with all the warmth and wetness. Together I was brought to violent orgasm, made more intense by the images still burned into my brain from my dream, and from what happened before that, right there in our bed. When I awoke in the morning, Hani was fast asleep under a mass of blanket and sheets. If not for the sticky skin, I might have believed it to be a dream in its entirety. - "I don't even have to ask you how it went, it's in your eyes, girl," said Carla, who sought me out early that morning to make lunch plans. We were sitting in a crowded delicatessen, just finishing our food when she broached the subject. "So about this three-way...I see your sex glow, so tell me the details! How great was it?" "Well," I said, then halted, still not sure how to make sense of my own feelings. "It wasn't really a 'threesome', as it turned out." "Okay," she said, leaning forward. "Who didn't participate? Was he a no-show?" "He showed up...but I just watched," I said. "I don't know why, they just had this explosive thing between them, and it was all I could do to watch. But then, I found myself unable to not watch, you know?" "So it was hot, then!", she said, eyes lighting up. "You totally should have gotten in there and mixed it up! That's how it works, you know. There's never an invitation." "I know. I could've. And he wanted me, too. But I don't know, the whole thing really freaked me out. He was so rough, and so much bigger than Hani. I was too worried about her to really get into it, but she was fine, so that was all for nothing anyway." "Aww," she said. "So you ended up a little jealous then." I nodded, then considered telling her about my dreams before abandoning the idea. She shrugged and smiled sympathetically. "Well, you never know until you try," she said. "Maybe with a different guy sometime?" "Hmm...I think we've closed the book on having fun with men," I said. "She had her fun and now we're past it. That glow you see? It's from the two of us." "You sure about that?" she asked as we rose to leave. I didn't

answer. - Yes, I was sure, but I also wasn't going to be complacent about it either. Maybe it took these brushes with real danger to make me appreciate what we had. Learning each other's wants, needs, and limits is all part of being a couple, I told myself with self-satisfaction. I texted Hani to let her know I'd be a little late, but that a surprise would be waiting for her when I got home. Condom Sense is the name of the adult novelty store on the side of the freeway that I take to and from work every day. I'd heard the radio ads, and let my eyes linger into the storefront windows the few times I was caught in traffic gridlock, but had never been inside until that day. Walking back and forth along a wall of nothing but vibrators and dildos of all shapes and sizes, I finally settled on the "Mr.Marcus", a dark flesh-tinted dildo that's supposedly modeled identically after the large penis of the porn star with the same name. I grinned to myself, knowing that not only would it excite her to incorporate this into our sex life- "my Hani, the size queen" I deadpanned under my breath before breaking into a giggle- but it would be a nice inside joke about a shared experience. I had to take it stride and have a sense of humor about things; and with this, I felt I was getting there. She deserved it. After a stop at the store for some wine, I came home to a silent apartment. Only after setting down my purchases in the kitchen did I hear a noise coming from our bedroom, followed by Hani's voice ringing out. "Hey baby!" she called. "I'm in the bath, come join me!" I stepped into the tub with nothing on and holding a single wine glass and the bottle. "We can share," I said, lowering myself into the hot, bubble-covered water. We finished each other off before pulling ourselves out of the water, then finished the bottle in bed. We never made it back into the kitchen for food, and the new toy would have to wait for another night. She was insatiable, and whatever I was doing right, I was determined to keep doing it. - Friday afternoon at the office was when I caught up with whatever had been put off all week long. Usually, it meant me going home late, or staring down the prospect of coming into the office on Saturday afternoons when Hani was working. On that day, though, my productivity all week had borne fruit, a result that I was convinced could be attributed to my own happiness and abundance of stress relief outlets. Not only that, but as I sent the last email and swung my chair around to look outside, I saw a flawless, sunny day. It was the kind of day that turned everything slightly more brilliant and colorful than normal, and I just couldn't waste it inside. I packed up my stuff and walked out just as the late stragglers were coming back in from lunch. An afternoon by the pool awaited me. - Deke's Notes: God damn, did I luck out or what? A hot ass girl- in a relationship with another girl, no less- walks in to stock up on herbal supplements, and a month later she is all over my dick. And when she's not on my dick, she is texting me to find out when she can be. I know I told you about this girl and her roommate, and the meeting at their place where they are setting up a threesome, trying to be all careful and shit. Well shit never turns out the way you think it will, especially when it comes to this sort of thing. I hoped and prayed that she wouldn't change her mind or get nervous, especially after all that anticipation leading up to it. My prayers were answered, she was ready to roll, and that pussy was every bit as good and eager as I thought it would be. It was her roommate that couldn't pull the trigger, sitting there like the timekeeper or some shit. I know she was turned on, I saw her trying to get herself off there at the end, but that's as hot as it got with her. It's a damn shame, too, 'cause she's got curves from hell, especially for an Asian girl. But they were a couple, and when I left I could tell

there was some jealous drama brewing, so I didn't know if I'd ever hear from either one again. But sure enough, Monday rolls around and I get a text message from Hani, asking if I want to come over and hang out a little bit. One thing led to another, and an hour after I text her back to let her know I'm on my way, I'm balls deep in that tight pussy again. To look at the girl, you would think that a brother with any size at all would just break her in two, but she loved it. I started off hitting it from behind, but slow- I didn't want to hurt her. But as soon as she wiggled her little ass up against me, holding my whole dick inside, she started to really back it up hard, wanting me to go faster because she said we didn't have much time. Well hell, girl, you don't have to ask twice for that! Haha. I grabbed both hips with my hands and just started banging the shit out of her. She was howling like I was hurting her, but when I'd ask if she was okay all she did was scream at me to keep fucking her like I was. My kind of sex, right there! I watched her little ass ripple against me, and listened to her little pussy churn her cream on my dick. She came so hard and so fast and it was just all too much. I don't mind telling you, I don't think it was even ten minutes later that I sprang my cock out of her pussy and shot cum all over her back. I felt like I might pass out, it felt so good to release. I wanted to keep it inside, her pussy was so tight, and all sticky and creamy too, damn. But she told me to pull out, and the last thing I was going to do was jeopardize my access to this action. After I painted her sexy little brown backside with my batter, she turned around and raised up to kiss me. I held her face so I wouldn't have to hug her and smear my own cum all over my arms, haha! She told me I better go and as I left she was running her bath water. I didn't hear from her at all for a few days, and I started to wonder if that jealous roommate of hers sniffed out our little date and put her foot down. I thought about texting her but didn't; I decided to let her come to me, and luckily that happened Friday around noon. Me and my cousin James were just kickin' it, watching this old Ice Cube movie and plotting the day out when she called me. I knew right away that she was making the booty call. She asked if I wanted to come on over there and hang around, which meant one thing only. Only problem was, I had my boy James with me, and he came all the way from L.A. to visit. I didn't care how good my exotic pussy on demand was, I couldn't just ditch him on his first day here. It wouldn't be right, so I came clean with her and told her that out of respect for my cuz, I would have to pass. Would you believe this bitch actually started to pout and act up a little about it? Like I'm with her or something? I didn't know what to say to that. I suggested we make plans for the weekend, but she wouldn't have any of it, saying Nona would be around, and she wanted it today. I know what I'm about to tell you makes me sound like a horny ass pig, but I didn't feel like I had any options besides. I told her if I went over there, I would have to bring James, then I held my breath and waited. Hani's like, is he as good looking as you? I just started laughing, I couldn't help it. I told her as far as I was concerned, the boy is not ugly, and tell you the truth, even if he was, there's no way I would tell her so right then with another shot at her dynamite pussy hanging in the balance. She said to bring our swimsuits, and it wasn't two minutes later we were in the car on our way over. When we got there she was all alone as expected. I told James on the way over, it was too bad her roommate wasn't more like Hani, then the four of us could do it up right. He just laughed. I think after all I'd told him, he thought I was full of shit about these bitches, but it wouldn't be long before he got to see it for himself. So she answers the door in

her bikini and a t-shirt, looking just as fly as can be and wearing a big, fun smile. She was comfortable with James right away, and he knows how to talk to bitches, so I knew I didn't have to worry about his end of the deal. I was flirtatious from the word go, and James followed my lead. Soon it was getting laid on thick, and she was eating it up. That devilish look was back, and she was giving it to James too. She liked him, and I knew sooner or later where this was going to take the three of us. She sent us to the bathroom to change, but knocked on the door to come in about a minute later. She said she was checking to see if we had towels, but the only thing she was checking was to see how hard we were. Anybody else and I'd really think she was stocking the bathroom with towels, but this Hani was a true freak. She knew what she wanted and was not about to wait on it. I set that little freak down on the counter and had my tongue in her mouth and my hand shoving her bikini to the side in no time. The girl was already soaking and my boy James was unzipping his pants, ready to free willy when I slipped the t-shirt off of her. I sucked on her pretty little titties and ate her pussy while she took a handle of what James was packing and stroked him until he was hard as a rock and ready to breed somebody. James always bragged about the size of his dick. Turns out, James had a right to brag. She was like, fuck you're big! Haha. She leaned back against the mirror, with her little ass perched right on the edge of the countertop while I fucked her standing up. She wrapped her little legs around me but I got to fucking her so hard that soon they just splayed out wide and in the air. James, the resourceful motherfucker that he is, climbed up on the countertop and crouched down in front of her so she could suck his dick. The poor girl gurgled and gagged on him while I plowed that pussy hard, pushing her head against the mirror every time I buried myself deep into her body. She gripped his shaft to steady her mouth on him and tried to suck him off but I was just hittin' it a little too hard to really give good head I think. I put my thumb down there to rub on her clit while I fucked her, and that drove her nuts! There we were shoving our cocks into two openings, and when she got to wailing like that, my main worry was whether some cop was gonna be knocking on the door soon. I really didn't have any interest in looking at my own cousin's dick, but something about Hani trying to take big mouthfuls of it really got me off. That, and her tight pussy clamping down on my cock, cumming all over it like she's addicted to doing, made me lose it in a hurry. I told her I was about to cum and she told me to pull out. I was gonna keep stroking that cunt until the last possible moment before I yanked out of there, but right when I started to back out, she wrapped her legs around me and pulled me to her, leaving me buried to the balls inside Hani when I started cumming. God damn it felt so good, too bad it wasn't supposed to be in there, haha. Like one second later she relaxed her grip and I could've pulled out and finished jerking it onto her body, but fuck it, the damage was done. Her body squeezing down on my cock made me shiver and I started stroking again, loving how that pussy felt. I'd have gone right through until I was all the way hard again, but James was all impatient, climbing down trying to get me to tap out. I think James didn't hear a damn thing that just went on, 'cause the first thing he did was accuse me of cumming inside of her. Yeah, dummy, what do you think that is dripping from her cooze? Haha. He got over it though, and lined that fat ass dick up, smearing my cum all over his cock head. I told him how gay that was, but he was too busy trying to push through to worry about me giving him shit. She was biting her lip and scrunching her face up, telling him how big

it was, like he didn't know. The motherfucker looked huge, splitting her open like that. Thanks to my fresh load he didn't have much problem getting all up inside her, but past a certain point he was just stabbing her with most of it over and over, the rest just wouldn't go. He picked her up and sat down on the floor, putting her in his lap so she could bounce on that pole. Her knees weren't strong though and she hollered like somebody shot her when they collapsed and she sank down too far on the cock. What I wanted was to get mine licked clean so I told him to set her down doggie style and hit it from the back so I could lay back and let her do her thing on me. Lucky for me he was just too damn thick to go too hard on her, and my little brown angel did a bang up job getting me clean and hard at the same time. So there I was in heaven on the bathroom floor, letting this sexy little thing twirl her tongue all over my dick while James gave her all she could take from behind. I asked my cousin how he was liking this shit so far, and he couldn't even form words, just some jibberish about how good it was and how he couldn't hold out for long. I could tell that from looking at him: face all contorted like a retard, and hips jerking like somebody was pushing him from behind. Hani couldn't even lift her head, poor thing, haha. She was drooling on my leg, but I swore I could hear her say to cum in her ass. I asked James if he heard the same thing, then asked her again and I just got her to nod her head. Keep in mind, he's about to pop any second, but this threw him for a loop. He's like, no way I can get this inside her little ass! This pussy is too good anyway. Oh shit, I'm about to... Oops! Haha. My boy couldn't take it no more! He pulled her little ass tight to him and let loose. She moaned with her head buried between my legs, saying something I couldn't even take a guess at understanding. James' eyes were rolled back in his head and he was laughing. I looked over at the door and I'll be damned if Nona wasn't looking in on us. I don't know why I thought that was so hilarious but I started to laugh, too. I help up my finger to my mouth, like 'shhhh, don't tell nobody'. Haha. She didn't move, she just stood there staring at me. Fuck it, I knew this turned her on! Hani rolls over and says that she meant for him to cum on her ass, not in it, and just sighs, laying her head on me leg. James sat back, exhausted. Not to be gay about it, but I couldn't help but look again at what he was packing and wonder how Hani managed to fit most of that inside of her. When I looked back up at the door she was gone. Not knowing whether Nona had left the apartment or had just gone to the kitchen for a knife, I figured it was best for James and me to get the fuck out of there. I gave my little nympho a peck on the cheek and told her I'd give her a call soon. We threw our clothes on and got out without a trace of Nona, and anytime you get busted like that and there's no drama, you count it as a blessing. I won't lie, she might be sexy, but seeing her look at me all creepy through the door while we fucked her girlfriend kind of scared me. That's the kind of bullshit you end up getting shot over. Was it worth it though? Hell yeah it was worth it, shit. Next time just needed to happen somewhere else. Gotta be smart about this. - I sat on the bed in the guest room while my head spun. I didn't even know where to turn emotionally. I was angry, jealous, sad, betrayed, and- I couldn't deny it- aroused, which made me angry on top of my other anger. How the hell could this possibly turn me on? What was wrong with me? Every night since the last Sunday, I was haunted by Deke. It wasn't always Hani he was with; sometimes, I think it was me. But it was always Deke: dark, muscular, and savage, having his way with whoever was in his grasp. Even if my brain couldn't be less receptive to the question, some part

of me must have wanted to know what it would be like to be at his mercy. After all, I had no idea. My only experiences with men were my senior prom date, who barely got it inside, and painfully so, before he promptly pulled out and sprayed all over my dress; and a boyfriend in college who did everything he could to cater to me in bed. A little too much, now that I thought about it. It was always pleasant, but also boring. After we broke up, I went 'wild' and responded to advances from a few women. That was four years ago, and really, I didn't miss sex with men at all. My experiences with men were nothing special, and what was in my heart mattered most. In my heart, Hani was my life. I listened as the shower came on in our bathroom, then quietly left the apartment and went back to work. At least there, I could do things to keep my mind off of everything else for a little while, or so I thought. At 7pm, Hani texted me to see what time I would be home. I fought off the urge to answer sarcastically, and told her I'd be another hour. I had no idea how to deal with this, or what to say. In the end, I took the easy way out and decided I'd play stupid and see what happened. Armed with two strong cocktails, I faked my way through our Friday evening at home. When I gave a caress to her side after dinner- our shorthand for letting the other know you're in the mood- she turned away, telling me that she'd just started her period and was cramping up, too. "That's wierd. Usually neither of us starts for another few days," I said, knowing she was lying. "Yeah, well...I'm not sure what happened, but it started about mid-day today," she said with her back turned. My heart sank and my eyes welled up, knowing with painful certainty where I stood with her. The next day, I had to go into work early, and she had to work the dinner shift at the restaurant, but I could do nothing but wonder if Deke was in our apartment the entire time I was gone. When I got back, I found no sign of him anywhere, and the same sheets were still on both beds, which were still made from that morning. The creases I'd made were still there, and there was no sign or scent of anything out of the ordinary. Sunday came and went with that same dreadful awkwardness creeping back into our communication. We just didn't have much to say to each other, and could barely see around the elephant that crowded every room we inhabited. While she was at the grocery store, filling the list I'd made for her that morning, I called a number I'd written down days before. BILL SEGAL - PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR 693-424-5523 We made a deal. He would follow her every move, and anytime she came within twenty feet of Deke, I would get a text message with the details. I wish I could say that I got no text messages. But over the next four days, I got several each day, and the details always gave me that same sick mixture of titillation, self-loathing, and betrayal. Meanwhile at home, things went from bad to worse. She accused me of not being open with her, and I, unable or unwilling to let fly about all I saw and knew about, chose to shut her out. My heart had crawled into a ball and clamped its hands over its ears, but every night, the visions kept coming back, leaving me slick with depraved excitement every time I woke up from a dead sleep, unable to escape the shadow of the demon, Deke, and his control over my sexual being. He was the root of my chaos, and it was time to take control. - The next Saturday, Hani had the morning and afternoon shift, so I knew I could isolate Deke one way or another. Bill, my hired PI, found out that Deke had that day off of work, and was instructed to stake his apartment out to let me know if he was alone or not. I got the call around noon that he was home, and that nobody else was there. Trying to keep myself calm, I showered and dressed, then made the ten minute drive

to his apartment complex just as a group of bluish-gray dark clouds roiled overhead, chasing the morning sun away. The first big raindrops splattered the white concrete as I jogged toward the stairs to his unit. After a deep breath, I knocked and waited. "We need to talk," I said, looking Deke squarely in the eyes after he answered the door and stared at me, dumbfounded. "Okay then," he said, stepping aside to let me in. Seeing him brought the rage to the surface immediately, but I took a deep breath to tamp it back down. Still, I was shaking. "Are you cold? I can turn the temperature up. I was just doing a little workout- just starting one anyway- so I keep it cool." He wore gym shorts and a t-shirt with the sleeves ripped off, and I did detect a whiff of sweat, but I wasn't sure if that was him or the apartment. The whole place was very much a guy's place. Sparse and dark. Not filthy on the surface but every hard to reach nook and corner was probably filled with months, if not years, of dust and grime. "No, I'm fine. I won't be long. We just have to get a couple things straight," I said, folding my arms. My eyes were on everything but his eyes, scanning between his body, his furniture, the door to his kitchen, and the window, which gave me a few to the now torrential downpour outside. "Actually, just one thing." "Okay girl, shoot," he said, sitting down. "Please, have a seat." I sank into the oversized cushions of his couch, then struggled to regain my balance to sit up straight. Another deep breath came and went before I could say what I needed to say. "I know what's going on between you and Hani," I said, then watched a smile curl at the corner of his mouth before he suppressed it. The rage came back. "And I'm glad you think that's funny, but it's my life that you're tearing into with this little affair you're having!" "Whoa, whoa! I don't think it's funny," he said, though the smile on his lips told me slightly differently. "Carry on," he said, forcefully pursing his lips to cease any further words or facial expression. "No, how about you carry on, motherfucker!" I said, walking two steps to stand over him. "How about you tell me how I'm supposed to feel! How would you like to watch some girl fuck your girlfriend behind your back?" He grinned instinctively, and I cursed myself mentally for floating the easy target out there. "Girl on girl?" he said, then pretended to deliberate on it for a moment. "I think I could take that in stride." I pushed him at both shoulders, sending him backwards into the sofa cushion. "Fuck you, Deke! You know damn well what I mean by this!" I yelled at him. "You know it's behind my back and you keep doing it. How the fuck do you think that makes me feel?" "I know how it makes you feel," he said calmly, looking into my eyes. "Oh really? Well then, educate me, vitamin-boy! Tell me how I feel!" He stood up, nudging me backward as he invaded the space where I was. "I think you're jealous as fuck," he said in a low, measured voice. "I think I give her something you can't. She knows it, I know it, and as much as you want to turn back the clock, you know it too. That box can't be unopened, bitch." He smirked, stepping toward me, forcing me back another step. "Who you callin'..." "Shut up," he interrupted. "You asked, and I'm telling you. You stood there and watched me break that little ass off, twice. You might be jealous, and you are...but you're also envious. Look at you, all uptight. It's a damn shame, 'cause you're all woman. Nice titties, good curves, just enough to hang onto. Mmm," he said, looking me up and down the same way he had when I met him for the first time, only this time with more hunger. "We're not talking about me, Deke, we're talking about Hani, and..." "Shut up," he said again, backing me up further with each small step toward me. "I'm not done. You forgot what it's like. Either that or you never knew. Probably dated

some boy in school that didn't know what the fuck he was doing. Probably some skinny Asian kid. A white boy if you were lucky. Not a real man. Am I right?" I didn't answer, I just stared back at him, determined not to let his words seep in. "That's a yes," he said, smirking with a chuckle. "I know how much you liked watching that, despite yourself. You didn't want to like it, but you did. You want it, you just don't want to want it. But the longer you hold out, the more this shit will eat you up." "Mr. Magic Dick, huh?" I said, chuckling dismissively back at him. "What's so fucking special about you?" "Why don't you ask Hani? Either that or just listen to her when she cums all over it. Mr. Magic Dick, you damn right," he said, just as my back hit the wall. He was cornering me. "You saw it for yourself. What, you think a big black dildo is a good substitute? A strap on? Don't make me laugh, bitch. Without the man and the muscle behind it, its just plastic." I stared at him, unable to look away. "So when's the last time you got fucked, Nona? Not sex. Fucked. By a real man," I broke the stare and looked down at his body, noting the shapely shadow between his legs, pressing into his shorts. "You never have, I know. You want it, and you hate that you do, " he said, his voice going lower still. "But you do." He stepped toward me, leaving only a few inches between us, then reached a hand between my legs and pushed upward, pressing his fingers against my mound. "Fuck yeah, already a little bit excited. You know what I like best about your body? The little bit extra you got going on; it makes you a woman. Juicy ass, big titties," he said, grasping one breast inside his big hand while his other one rubbed my slit from outside my shorts. "I know what you want. You know what you want. Be mad all you want, I don't give a fuck." The mental collage of all my dreams and fantasies came rushing back against my will. I was a sex object, somebody to fuck and nothing else. I was infuriated, my head filled with hate, but my body wanted to know. He cornered me and there was no escape. I wanted to know what it felt like. I wanted to be used, and my fantasies and dreams would not stop tormenting me until I found out. I hated him, and I wanted him. Nobody had to know. He was taking me either way. Deke roughly shoved a hand down my shorts and plunged a finger between my wet folds, making me shiver and moan. "Yeah, bitch. Make a little noise for me," he said, in that same demonic voice I'd heard every night in my dreams. One thick finger fucked me while he held me against the wall, the other hand kneading and mashing my breast as he talked in my ear. "Uptight bitch. Think of all those wimp ass suckers in your office, in your complex, out at your pool. They all look at that body, and you turn them all away, don't you?" I didn't respond to his words, only his fingers pinching my labia as one finger became two, penetrating me and nearly lifting me off my feet. "I got a girlfriend, you say. Hell of a woman, she is. But you ain't no lesbian, I knew that the minute we met. Wouldn't matter if nobody but wimp-ass fools came at you. Until finally one was different, and now you get curious. You're about to find out," he said, pulling his hand from my shorts and licking the wet fingers. "Mmm, sweet pussy. I want more," he said, then tossed me onto the couch. Before I could sit up he grabbed both sides of my shorts and yanked them down with my panties. My cunt was buzzing hard and swollen, and his tongue, lips, and teeth attacked it with a true vengeance. He growled into my slit, sending shivers through my hips and up into my body. Both hands shoved my bra over my tits, the underwire bunching the material up near my chin while his hands pinched my nipples and rubbed my flesh. The fire of my self-hatred and resentment toward Deke spread quickly and burned intensely. I

couldn't cum but felt wave after wave of pleasure as I flooded his mouth with my juices. I yelped as his teeth grazed and bit my clit and labia. It hurt and I wanted more. Deke pulled away, yanking my shorts and panties through my ankles and tossing them away, taking my flip-flops with them. The cool air on my pussy sent a chill through my whole body, followed by another shiver when he yanked his own shorts down to expose his hard cock. "Ready to get fucked, Nona?" I shook my head. What the fuck was I doing? The halt in the action sent the senses back into my brain, and I curled my legs up. "I think you do," he said, forcing his hips between my legs and putting me on my back. I wanted to curse him out and push him away, but aggression was winning out. The fantasies merged with reality. The dark beast of my dreams now hovered over me, pinning me down, and pressing his cock between my legs, pushing forward. A flash of pain rippled through me as the swollen head pushed past my orifice, wedging me open. I heard him talk but couldn't hear the words. The sense of touch was overloaded, leaving the others short of attention. I couldn't breathe as he pushed more of his cock into me, then pulled out, then pushed further. I knew I was crying out but could hear nothing, and knew that the aroma of sex- that sweet pungent smell that had awakened my arousal with him and Hani- was starting to fill the room too, but I couldn't smell. I could only feel, but I felt completely: the crown of his cockhead, the veins and spine of his shaft: I felt every part of every inch as it pressed against my tight walls, moving deeper in before pulling out, greased by my lubrication but no less stretched by his thick mass. My body adjusted and I looked at him, meeting his predatory gaze. His pubes tickled the swollen skin of my labia as he thrust his entire penis into me. I felt physically gutted, but satisfied and fed in the sickest way. It had been four years, and there was pain with such a large tool splitting me open, but enormous pleasure to have my primal craving satisfied. Deke moaned, rolling his hips as he stroked his cock in and out of my tight slit, telling me how hot it was, how good I felt. How much he'd wanted to fuck me ever since that first meeting. "You were the one that was scared, so you were the one I wanted to pin down and fuck, from day one," he grunted. I wrapped my legs around him, pressing my feet against his buttocks, feeling them flex and ripple with each downward thrust. The buzz between my legs intensified and my body adjusted to his cock. He was fitting like a glove, fucking me like I dreamed about, and I was loving it. His head tapped my cervix over and over, sending sharp waves through my pelvis with each stroke. My juices covered his cock, letting him slip freeling against my depths. The sounds of our bodies meeting with loud wetness, "chup chup chup chup," over and over, brought me closer to orgasm. His grunts were louder, his thrusting got faster. I grabbed his arms, feeling the flex of his muscles force my grip to loosen. Fuck this was dirty, I thought to myself, and it was so wrong. What I resented Hani for, I was doing, and what I hated Deke for, I was letting him do to me. The black demon fucked me, and I spread my legs wide open and submitted. My orgasm hit me from the waist out, sending me into a convulsion. I screamed and tried to sit up but was forced back down by Deke's forearm. He pressed himself all the way in- fuck, it felt like he was in my stomach, then moaned as I felt him get bigger inside me. My legs clutched tightly to his body, toes curled, trying to catch my breath, when I started to feel his big cock's contractions. I felt the inner heat of his sperm splashing against my insides, finally moaning out with what little air I had. His cock kept throbbing and his body shuddered and weakened. For all his mass

and aggression, a tiny woman brings him to a rubbery, exhausted mass at the climax. His penis started to soften, mingling with the gooey mess he left inside of me as the wave receded and I caught my breath. "You fucking came inside me," I whispered, still too spent to speak. "Fuck yeah," he said. "Fucking you so deep, watching your titties bounce. No way I wasn't giving you that shit. It was too damn good, bitch, what can I say?" When he pulled out and stood up, his engorged dick dangled between his legs, coated in both our fluids. I laid on my back, with my pussy and inner thighs a mess of matted hair, cum, and sweat. I had no thoughts or feelings; only a hollow feeling where a demon just was. - After that day, neither of us ever heard from Deke. Maybe it was the naked screaming fit of rage shortly after he stood up, complete with me wildly banging my fists off of him, followed by a seriously dysfunctional and torrid grudge fuck, that let him know maybe he was better off steering clear of me and my issues, knowing that I knew about his and Hani's supposedly secret rendezvous anyway. Maybe he knew that he couldn't do things responsibly with either of us, and as the unprotected sex stacked up, the chances of a twisted and awkward baby-daddy/momma scenario increased as well. I don't really think it was even as complicated as either one of those though. I think he got what he wanted, fulfilled his fantasies, and was moving on to the next pretty waitress that falls for the charms of the supplement stud in the mall. As for me and Hani, it's amazing what good communication and a good therapist can help you through. We're not perfect and never will be. We'll always have our urges. Lately, I've been craving some dick, but I'm just not sure how to bring it up.