

You Expected Less?

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It's a bit long, but I think it was necessary. Enjoy.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/interracial/you-expected-less.aspx>

And there she was, standing majestically in the threshold of a cubicle, idly conversing with some girl behind a desk who should have been working, but had called over the Goddess carved of mahogany to make smalltalk. Her name was Kendra Coleman, or as I liked to call her, the Office Deity. The late-afternoon sunlight spilling through the office's floor-to-ceiling windows only enhanced her ethereal beauty. I damn-near forgot to breathe. I watched her from the break room, huddled around the coffee machine with Seth and Quin, nursing a steaming styrofoam cup of morning-old java. Seth and Quin had been conversing about our bitch of a supervisor and her infamous I-really-need-to-get-laid attitude. I was only half-listening, my eyes locked intently upon the woman I could only dream of being with. "Earth to Alan!" Quin said in an eerie, science fiction-y voice, waving his hand before my eyes, hindering my wondrous view. "Uh-huh," I answered into my cup, taking a scalding sip of the mud the office passed for coffee. The two followed my gaze, their eyes landing upon the source of silent devotion. Seth smiled while Quin glowered, and a shot him my own look, daring him to make any disapproving comments. Of course, he didn't fail me. "Her ass is way too big, bro," Quin said, turning away and sipping his coffee. He shook a few rebellious strands of chestnut-brown hair from his face. Relief washed over me, knowing that we were alone in the break room, as I knew the conversation to come was a lawsuit waiting to happen. "For strawberry shortdicks like you, maybe," said Seth, his eyes obviously locked on Kendra's behind. I felt a pang of jealousy, the emotion flooding me with irrational anger. I calmed myself, though. She wasn't my girl. Hell, we were barely friends. Still, I felt uncomfortable with his salacious fixation to the point of growling, like a feral wolf protecting his favorite part of the game. If Seth heard me, he didn't show it. In the end, I couldn't blame Seth for looking, for the woman's ass was impossible to miss. It was perfectly round and perfectly plump, ripe as a peach on a hot Georgia afternoon, luring like forbidden fruit. I wondered if this was how Adam felt, staring into the Tree of Knowledge. I wondered if his mouth salivated with the same . . . hunger. That woman is wearing the hell out of those jeans , I thought, shaking my head.

She also wore the hell out of those white heels, and that white blouse that frilled at the collar and cuffs and hem. Focused upon my dream girl, I almost didn't hear Quin's little quip, "So what? Alan can handle an ass like that?" " Asshole ," Seth coughed into his fist, he had finished his mud—coffee, crushing the styrofoam cup in his palm and tossing the remains in a wastebasket. I flushed, smoothing my hand along my navy pinstriped tie. "Hardy-fucking-har, dickhead. Asian joke?" "You said it, not me," Quin said, laughing into his cup. I didn't stay offend for long, because Quin's sister knew that I was a far cry from the Asian stereotype. I gave myself a secret smile, dumping the rest of my coffee in the sink, and stalking out of the break room to make a move, leaving my buddies to their own devices. I had been sitting back and admiring this woman long enough, and it was high time I get off my ass, fleshed out a pair of nuts, and ask her out. She turned as I approached her, her perfect mouth smiling. Geronimo . . . »- . « . »- . « . »- . « . »- . « . "How goes it, Kendra?" I asked, struggling to make my air of confidence convincing. The girl she was speaking with peeked her head around the cubicle, grinning. It was Alessa. I shot her a quick glance and nodded, saying "and hey, Lessa." Alessa nodded, disappearing back into her cubicle, giggling furiously. I wanted to ask what the deal was, but I decided to focus on the matter at hand. I could interrogate her later on. "Hey, Alan," Kendra said with a bright smile. "What's up?" "I uh . . ." I began, already losing my nerve. I steeled myself, blinking a few times, and continued, "I was wondering if you were free tonight. Figured you and I could grab a bite to eat?" Lessa giggled again, and Kendra swatted her friend playfully, which only made her giggle more. The motion gave me time to examine her coke-bottle frame, admire the curve of her neck, study her smooth, chocolate skin. It was flawless. I gave her a toothy smile when she turned back to me, looking not-so-conspicuous. She rose a brow, but her expression quickly relaxed, apparently deciding to think nothing of it. "Sure, why not? Should be fun!" She nodded, her lustrous pony-tail falling behind her. "7:30 sound okay?" " 'Course! I get off at five, so that's perfect." "Great!" She reached into Alessa's cubicle. I heard paper tearing, and then scribbling, and she turned back to me, handing me her address info. "Great, indeed!" I said, giving her a more reserved smile as I took the paper. I managed to control my elation. "See you tonight, then?" "See you tonight," She nodded, her smile genuine. I suddenly felt stupid for being so self-conscious. As I turned away, I shot a look into the break room, where Quin and Seth were giving me a double thumbs-up, their faces broad with congratulatory smiles. The easy part was finished. . »- . « . »- . « . »- . « . »- . « . "If you don't mind me asking," I said, sipping my glass of wine. "Just what the hell was Alessa giggling about earlier today?" I set the glass on the cocktail table, and leaned back into the plush leather sofa. We were at her place. We'd gone to this bar and grille that she'd been fond of, and spent the evening talking over dinner about bullshit at work, to politics, to poetry. She was, unsurprisingly, intelligent, which I believed was only natural. There had to have been a reason for her to be single for so long, and I discovered why. It takes more than a cheap pick-up line and \$40 dinner to keep her interested. And somehow, I'd done all the right things to get me into her living room. "Well," she said, stepping from the kitchen with her own glass of wine. She stalked toward me, padding naked feet along hardwood flooring, her walk something dangerous . She sat beside me, tucking her leg beneath her. "You really want to know?" "Sure," I said, eyeing her white pristine dress, admiring the way it hugged her curves.

Her dark skin looked almost edible. "Well . . . I like you, Alan." I tried to hide my surprise, failed. "Really?" "Yes," she said, smiling nervously into her glass. She sipped, and set her glass down beside mine on the cherry wood cocktail table. The living room was bright, mostly white, giving the place a celestial ambience. It suited her. "I really like you, Alan," she continued. "And she was giggling because I talk about how much I want you to ask me out, but . . . you never seemed to take the chance, even when I throw myself at you. I was almost tempted to ask you out myself." I felt my brow wrinkle, looking pleasantly surprised, and relieved. I half-way thought that my background would get in the way of me hooking up with her. I couldn't wait to get back into the office tomorrow to rub it in his face. But then a thought crossed him . . . I could have fucking asked her out a long time ago! "And she was giggling because . . . you finally asked me out!" Kendra scooted closer to me, resting her head against my bicep that was draped along the back of the sofa. I faced her, my lips aching to touch her, longing to even graze against her flawless skin. And I could see it in her dark-brown eyes that she needed to do the same, the desire swelling behind them. And by the gods . . . She kissed me. A deep, hungry kiss that lasted several long minutes, spreading liquid fire through my veins. My cock grew within an instant, cramped behind my boxer briefs. Her tongue slid unabashedly against mine, and her hands worked the buttons of my shirt, undoing them in a flash. Her fingertips smoothed along my belly, and I tensed, skin taut over my muscles. I'd taken the back of her hair, leaning deeper into the kiss, while my other hand undid my buckle. It was tossed away a moment later. Kendra unzipped me, and pulled down the front of my boxers, my cock springing free, twitching anxiously in its engorged, lengthsome glory. Her eyes widened, as if surprised to see that I did, in fact, defy the stereotype that plagued my people. She cooed, leaning in and giving the head a quick kiss. I thought I would die when she pulled away. She slipped out of her dress and tossed it behind the sofa, her bra and panties soon to follow. I wasted no time in kicking off my pants and boxers, and then it hit me . . . Kendra looked several times more heavenly without her clothes. She definitely lived up to my idolatry. And I felt my cock twitch again, anxious to enter her. She grinned, moving to sit astride me, pressing my cock against my belly. She moved her hips upward, sliding her moistened slit against my cock, my every nerve screaming tingling anticipation, with undeniable need . She reached down, singly wrapping her fingers around my shaft slick from her sex, and velvet warmth followed, closing around me, deep—deeper. She sucked in a breath, placing her hands on my shoulders, and she lowered deeper still. I reached behind her, getting a handful of her meaty behind, groping. So . . . much . . . ass . I saw her chew her bottom lip as she bounced, her nails digging into my shoulders, pain and pleasure rippling through me. I thrust upward, pounding into her with deep, hard strokes, a handful of juicy ass in my palms. "Oh fuck!" She cried, her expression twisted with pleasure. "Ungh! Fuck this black pussy! Fuck it! Fuck it! Fuck it!" I squeezed my eyes shut, focusing every erg of my body to suppress shooting off, her dialogue driving me wild . I groaned, fire burning in my gut, in my shoulders, in my thighs. I slumped down in the sofa, letting my hips hang off the couch. And I thrust harder, faster, both of my hands slapping and rubbing her asscheeks together. "You love gettin' that black pussy fucked? Huh?" "Fuck yes! Fuck me! Fuck! I'm gonna come!" "Then come, you lil' slut," I said through clinched teeth. I had moved my hands up to her breasts, taking her nipples inbetween

my forefinger and thumb, twisting slightly. She yelped, wrapping her arms around my head, hugging my face against her chest. I pounded away, feeling her ass cheeks slap against my thighs, her juices flowing down my length, soaking my balls. She released, thighs quivering, her hips bucking wildly. She gulped sobbing breaths, her eyebrows drawn together. I grinned, moving her back onto the sofa. "Get that black ass in the air, girl," I commanded, my knee in the cushions. She did just as she was ordered, bending over and sticking her big, plump ass in the air, her face in the cushions. I almost lost it when she waved it about, her asscheeks clapping together with a sweet, audible sound. I entered her, getting a good little whimper out of her, getting another when I dragged back and slid back into her, my second thrust backed with more force. Another when I slapped my hand against her ass, her flesh rippling from my violent, yet playful touch. I slid long, hard strokes into her, watching her delicious ass ripple each time our bodies met. Sharp moans escaped her, muffled by her sofa cushions. "Oooh, fuck! Oooh, fuck!" She screamed into the cushions, her body moving as if overwhelmed with ecstasy. I continued to drill into her, feeling impossibly tight walls squeeze around my length as her body expressed the classic signs of an approaching orgasm. I couldn't hold on any longer. "Fuck . . ." I whispered. "Fuck, fuck, fuck . . ." Kendra perked up, "You about to cum? Cum, baby. Cum on my ass!" It was all the confirmation I needed. I pulled her, and she spread her ass cheeks, giving me a wondrous view of her tight little asshole. Moments later I exploded, lacerating her asshole with thick, white cum. She cooed, moving her ass needily around in circles, her body still trembling with orgasm. I ran my hand along my slick shaft, milking all that I could give, smiling at the little mess I made. She turned on her back, and I fell into her outstretched arms, feeling them wrap lovingly around my neck. I could hear her heart beat behind her rising breasts, the rhythm soothing me, calming me down. The grin seemed incapable of leaving me be. "So," Kendra said. I couldn't see her, but I could tell she was smiling as well. "Is it jungle fever if you're asian?" We burst into laughter, and spent the next few minutes talking about . . . nothing . Darkness curled around us, slumber's embrace whisking us away. I didn't dream that night. I didn't have to.