

My Black-Maled Wife! Chapter One

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Husband discovers his wife has a big black lover!

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Black-Maled Wife! TJ Ryder Chapter 1 It's not easy having a beautiful wife when your'e an average looking smallish guy. As an accountant I did the books for a lot of border line entertainment companies, and one was Gold Productions in Reno, where my wife then worked as a dancer, going by the name of Debbie Delight instead of Debbie Pulaski. Ten years ago she was getting tired of that, and pushing 30 she was also getting a little old to compete with the kids getting into it. Still gorgeous though at 37, she still has the big firm breasts that swung tassels, and firm butt that wore a thong, and I had believed her when we married when she promised to be faithful to me. I mean she had been around, not only on the hooking after the dances but with a horde of mostly black bulls that worked the trade as musicians and bouncers. I think the fact is that Debbie really did try to put that behind her, and joined the PTA, raised three kids in suburbia, carried the flag at the last Arbor Day Parade even. I thought we were pretty happy, until about 3 months ago I noticed some runs in nylons in the trash. Several pairs ruined. It wouldn't mean anything to most guys, but having gone with my wife when she was still dating Tyrone Jackson among others it was a red flag. Tyrone was a big black bull that worked as a bouncer and occasional muscle for Sammy Rose at Gold Productions and Debbie had a real thing for him for a year, until he was sent 'away' for 10-15 years. We met after she realized she was broke, that Tyrone had maxed all her credit cards, and she lost her condo, her sports car and even her jewelry. Tyrone had this habit of making her go down on him almost anywhere, and he liked parking ramps, where she would get runs in her nylons, and complaining to me sometimes that same night when she went out with me later. It was kind of a tricky arrangement but I knew eventually that she would get dumped or wise up to the Tyrones, so I hung in there, and sure enough, I thought I had won. My suspicions aroused I checked her out real close that night. Her knees were a little chafed, and when we got ready to go to bed, I was feeling that old hot hard urge. I have an average to small erection, and Debbie has always preferred me to go down on her to make her cum, and then after she did, have me slip my cock in to get off myself. I was hard looking at her get ready, brushing her long hair, her big breasts pushing out her tiny low cut nightie, and she also looked a little tired, maybe worn is a better word. "A long day, honey?" She smiled, sighing, and nodding. "Yes, Janey called in sick and I had to do her work as well." Her work as a receptionist I never quite figured out. She was mostly eye candy and answered calls when someone couldn't reach someone at the factory

offices of MGC, Inc. Mostly she read magazines, did her nails, and gave the office geeks hardons when she swished off down the halls. When she got in bed, she groaned as she saw my hardon, as I stroked her pussy, and I knew she was also a little itchy. But hesitant. "Um, dear, " she said, putting a finger on my lips, "if you want to do this, maybe I should shower first. It's been a long day." She normally bathed in the morning before work. "No, it's okay, really," I said, panting, as I licked her big nipples, making her stiffen. As I licked down her downy belly, she held my head. "Wait, um, are you sure, dear. I, um, had to go out on the hot factory floor several times today." I laughed, kissing her navel, knowing she wanted my face in her pussy as much as I wanted to put it there. "Your boss is making you work, huh? Is that how you ruined your nylons and chafed your knee?" She stiffened at that, even as I kissed her soft knee, and then trailed my lips up her inner thigh. "Um, ah, I dropped some papers on, um, the loading dock today." That was when I knew something was going on. A babe like Debbie would never have to bend down to pick up papers. A million guys would be scrambling all over them in a second. My heart sank but my cock also rose. My wife who had tried so hard to be respectable was becoming a slut again. When I got to her swollen drenched juicy pussy I knew for sure then. I gobbled and ate and she creamed and creamed, crying out, and my cock leaked precum even as she came. From our strange courtship I knew she hadn't just been pumped, but nothing could disguise the swelling. And after she came and I moved up to slip my cock inside her, that was the most telling. I could barely feel anything. She was definitely bigger, stretched out like she had been after being with Tyrone or his buddies. And knowing that, despite the loose fit, made me even randier, as I came into her, spurt after spurt. She was relieved when I kissed her afterwards, because I acted like I suspected nothing, but I knew the next day I'd be finding out the score. The next day when I came home, she seemed more eager to have sex, and more ready to have me go down on her. She also seemed more vibrant, fulfilled. Even as I was going down on her puffy cuntlips, I wondered how long my recently hired private eye would take to find out. For two weeks we had good sex and a good life, even though she would take calls that she would hang up, and go out to call back. I got a call at work from Frank Pushkin that he was coming over, and when the ex cop came in with a big envelope and a condescending expression, I didn't have to look inside, but I did. He sat down and put his feet up. "Fine lookin woman you had there, Mr. Peddiwell!" he smiled. "Too bad about the bucks." Frank was a sleazebag who got caught taking payoffs while on the vice squad. He wasn't even trying to disguise his delight. I gaped at the glossies. Debbie was giving blowjobs to big black cocks in mens room stalls, taking black cock up the cunt and ass at the same time. Looks like there were two guys, maybe three. Big black and young. Watching her mouth love on a huge black spurting cock, his cream running down and dripping off her swollen pinched nipples made my cock swell. "Yeah," Frank sneered, "hot pix. Gotta tell ya they came in handy last night." "Shut up!" I said, but my face reddened. I would be jacking off with these photos as soon as he left and he knew it. "Okay," I said, turning the photos over so I could think. "Tell me everything!" Frank sighed, "not much of a story. The main guy is Tyrone Jackson, the other two are his younger brother and a friend. He had some photos that he had taken before you married her, and threatened to send them to the porno shops. Easy to take care of." I was suspicious, knowing Frank well. "How easy?" He rolled his

eyes. "He's not asking for more than five thousand. The porno shops probably won't use them anyway, old hat nowadays. Plus Tyrone could be trapped in a parole violation. I could take care of it for less than a few thousand and guarantee all the negatives. I think Tyrone really isn't in this for the money, he just wants the sex, and," he added, lifting up a corner of a picture, "I can't say I really blame him. She really do a good job, don't she? Still really fine lookin woman, Mr. Peddiwell." I pressed the photo he was trying to look at on the desk and thought about this. If Frank was only asking for this much he could probably do it for no expenses at all, so Tyrone probably wasn't asking for much to begin with. And Debbie, she had enough money to handle this anyway, if that was all it was. I told Frank to wait until I thought it out. A couple of days went by when I was still trying to figure it out. By that time I had studied the pictures well, jacked off several times, and knew that Debbie was getting back into big black cock, this time with multiple partners. What was worrying me were the phone calls and sometimes the last minute 'trips to the store' she had to take following them, and her coming back dishevelled, sweaty, serene, with cum drops on her blouse. I knew when she called me late one night for a ride home from a black part of town because her 'car had broken down' that we had to deal sensibly with this. Her face showed a mixture of fear and relief when I told her about the PI and the photos as we got ready for bed. I watched her eyes widen as I opened up the envelope and laid the 10 by 12 glossies over the bed. And then I told her I supported her and understood her fix, and she cried and held me. "Oh, Walter, I was so afraid! You do see I just had to do it, don't you?" "Of course, honey," I said. "I'm so glad it's out. They were calling all the time, I didn't know what I was going to do." "Well, I guess now we have to decide that, don't we?" She seemed a little hesitant, so I continued. "I mean, maybe we could pay them off." She shrugged, "um, perhaps, I suppose." "I know people who could send Tyrone back up for parole violation." She looked concerned about that, "oh, um, you know, it's not just, him." "Well, sure, but he's the main guy. I think the others would back off if I sent some muscle to talk to them." "Well, " she paused, "I kind of feel sorry for Tyrone. I mean he did this just to, well, have me again. Sending him back to prison sounds so, well, harsh." Taking her cue, I nodded, lifting up a picture of her joyously sucking off a huge thick black cock even as sperm was running out of her mouth, "and he certainly has been having you," I paused, and to my relief she smiled and nodded, blushing a little. "And I guess you don't mind all the young big black cock much? I mean your pussy looks stretched out." She smiled, "I must confess it's just been heavenly, dear. His younger brother Jamahl is almost as big as he is, and he can cum all day long I think. And his buddy Mustafa is soo thick. It's been like a long dream sometimes. Except when I worried you'd find out or something would go wrong." I kissed her soft lips, seeing she was excited. "I can see it excites you just thinking of being with them!" She said nothing, but gave a little nod. "Maybe the smart thing to do for now, is just let it slide, then?" She nodded, as she squeezed my hardon with one hand, and undid the the lace holding her bodice together as we sat on the bed. "I think that would be wise, darling," she agreed. Her big swaying breasts had hard brown nipples and sperm droplets running down them. "That was Tyrone who called at 9, and I had to dash off to meet him and Mustafa in his van behind the mall. He came so heavy in my mouth he sprayed me a little." I bent and licked up a still warm droplet, making her giggle. My voice thick, I asked, "and what did Mustafa do?" She squeezed my

hand, and whispered, "do you want me to show you, dear?" I swallowed, and got even harder. She smiled as she stood up at the foot of the bed, and slowly lifted the hem of her transparent nightie, teasing me with a view of her gorgeous butt and cuntlips. I gaped as I saw her display her swollen cunt lips encircled by her fine blonde hair streaked with white clumps of negroe sperm, and then she pulled her cheeks apart, letting me see that even her once pink pert anus was swollen, distended and angry red, with a slow dollop of sperm seeping out. "I think you'll find out, honey," she smiled.