

Craving Black Dick

Ashley pulled her small crossover vehicle into the space left vacant by a large sedan filled with a group of young looking Black men who had just left the steps of a dilapidated row house; she looked in both side mirrors and ensured she had her pepper spray near the top of her purse before she stepped out onto the street. She knew that this was the rough part of town, and certainly at this time of the night that was especially true. Ashley had made many trips to this area while in college and all of her visits had been during the night.

The lower ninth ward of New Orleans was not the sort of area a nice girl from across the river would be hanging around at 11:30 on a Friday night unless they was looking for something in particular; during her jaunts to the area while in college it was always the case and it remained so tonight. She ignored the several cat calls and whistles that a group of teen-aged boys lauded her direction as she strode confidently in the direction of the brass horns, rhythmic drumming and piano crescendo that poured onto the streets from the restaurant/ bar/ club that laid at the corner of the block.

Ashley was naturally tall for a woman at five foot ten inches but in heels she was a statuesque brunette, that easily stood over six feet, and tonight she wore a pair of her favorite stilettos. She smiled confidently despite the uneasy feeling that formed in the pit of her stomach because she knew that the heels she was wearing forced her calf muscle to bulge and as a result they pushed her already lean higher and made anyone looking her direction take notice of how her athletic build was accentuated by the clingy compression dress that highlighted the beautiful curves of her toned ass and the shape of her larger than normal D cup breasts.

Ashley finished college and within a few years doing she had found work in the State's Attorney Office but that job had meant that she had to make sacrifices when it came to relationships and that was all well and good; she had went into private practice working for a high profile law firm in Baton Rouge; she was doing quite well for herself and at almost thirty she was happily single and not looking to rush into anything long term which is how she found herself walking alone on a Friday night in a neighborhood that kept her old employer gainfully employed.

At aged 29 the men in her law firm found her ripe for the picking, and while she did sleep with a partner in the firm she found that despite the position of power that he held in the board room his sexual prowess left a lot to be desired, he promised her the world if she would marry him but the was two problems with Johnathon in Ashley's mind, 1) his cock was not thick enough to really please her and 2) he was far too submissive when it came to sex, she felt that despite his powerful position he was never dominant enough for her sexually.

She knew that in reality it was never going to be easy for her to meet the kind of men that really turned her on but once while interviewing a drug dealer for her former employer she found

herself overly aroused by the way he spoke to her. She felt the crotch of her silk panties moisten as he told her he'd bend her over the table and fuck her with his big Black dick, she sat there and listened for almost twenty minutes as he told her how he'd make her choke on his dick as he fucked her throat and she would have let him too perhaps if it had not been for the guard standing outside the door. She knew then that there was something inside her that drove her to prefer men that are slightly aggressive and maybe even dominant in public settings because she knew that most often that same attitude certainly followed them into bedroom.

Ashley entered the bar/ club just in time to hear the sax player announce that the band was taking a break; the small dimly lit space is packed with patrons many of whom are lounging by the door forcing her to take a path between a pair of twenty something Black men who judging from their thuggish appearance would be more at home at a Rap concert than a live jazz session, and as she walks past she couldn't help but notice the heat of the taller male's body; "excuse me..." she says a little too loud due to the ringing in her ears.

"No problem sweetie..." he says as he moved aside just enough to allow her by; just close enough that she was forced to brush against his groin.

Ashley noticed the bulge almost immediately and the way it felt gliding across her ass cheeks caused a sensation that she felt deep within the core of her body. She turned to get a better look hoping that he's make a move and as she catches his eye she sees him cup the thickness between his legs; thankful that she had made it to the bar before weakness she was feeling had made it to her knees.

She ordered two vodka cranberries and downed the first in two gulps, she had picked up the second glass she spotted the sax player in the mirror behind the bar; she flashed him a full-toothed smile but he must not have noticed because he turned away and continued talking to the older gentlemen seated in the booth. Ashley continued to watch him for several minutes almost in entranced by the way his biceps bulged beneath the thin black t-shirt he was wearing.

The bar tender pulled her from her reverie just as she was thinking about the way his slacks cupped his well-shaped ass; when she looked up he was nowhere to be seen, and while she felt disappointed that he wasn't going to be the one that made her wish come true there was no way she was going to have made the hour and a half drive and remain unfulfilled.

She began looking for the pair of guys she passed entering the bar; she was still looking when she noticed the saxophone player seated in a corner booth surrounded by several women. She tried to ignore him but their eyes locked and she felt his eyes burrow into her soul. After a moment of checking her out he leaned over to a woman seated on his left, whatever he told caused the woman's brow to furrow just before she stood up and looked towards Ashley briefly before leaning over to say something to the same individual her target had been speaking to earlier.

Ashley turned her attention from the potential problem and noticed that the band leader's table had cleared and now he was alone and motioning for her to come over.

She quickly placed a twenty-dollar bill on the bar and before the bar tender even acknowledged it, she found herself strolling in his direction stopping obediently as he raised his hand halting her few feet away from where he sat.

She felt everyone's eyes on her, but she couldn't bring herself to move, she wanted to say something, anything to him but there was something in him that made the world remain trapped in her throat.

Without speaking she watched as he slid over on his seat and patted a spot next to him; she pretended to look for something in her purse before she closed the distance and moved closer to her master.

He moved aside just enough that there was only a gap of about two inches between the bare skin of her thighs and his large thick hands.

"Looking Good..." he said in a baritone voice, his lips inches from Ashley's ear, "...Allen" he concluded as he wrapped his arm around her waist.

She wanted to get up and leave; somehow he knew instinctively the things that she wished Franklin would do and now she had to admit that her curiosity had gotten better of her, and as she turned toward Allen her lips brushed his; she stifled a moan as he leaned in slightly and pressed his mouth into hers. She parted her lips slightly and allowed his tongue to briefly intertwine with hers.

Things she thought had quickly gotten out of hand as suddenly she was no longer in control and unsure she could continue, she smiled politely and tried to retake control; she shifted in an attempt to move further away from him but she felt his grip tighten slightly before he whispered, "Normally I get a name but that'll do too...for now."

"A...As...Ashley" she managed to stammer out completely enthralled by the power that Allen seemed to have over her.

Allen took his free hand and placed it on her knee and slowly moved it along the outside of her leg; the pair sat in silence as his hand slid beneath the thin material, she found herself unable to breath by the time it finally came to rest inches from her sex.

"Well Ashley..." Allen began saying as she stroked her inner thigh, "have you found what you were looking for or do you want to keep look?"

Ashley had to admit that everything about him was more than a bit mesmerizing, he could have made her do anything just by saying the words, it was as if his only purpose was to allow her fantasy to come true.

“What makes you think I’m looking for anything?” she asked, feigning insult.

Allen smiled and shook his head, Ashley refused to let him know what she was thinking; she reached beneath the table and placed her hand atop his and stared and with a look that that she hoped conveyed how she feeling, “Does every woman who come in here have to looking for *something*?”

She tried to use her courtroom tone in an attempt to place him on the defensive, instead he slid his hand higher and brushed his finger across the fabric of her panties, she felt her cheeks flush as he stroked along the wet spot and whispered into her ear, “only those White girls who get wet thinking about being fucked hard by stiff Black dick.”

Ashley pulled away and turned toward and laughed aloud briefly before asking, “you think I’m wet?”

She clamped her legs closed on his hand and held in in place, she knew the heat from her sex was emanating from between the folds of her wet cunt, but she had to do something.

Allen just stared at her in silence, so she continued hoping she had regained the upper hand, “I didn’t come here looking for anything except some live music and a strong drink...”

The word trailed off and refused to return to her lips, it was her turn to be shocked into silence; Allen had placed her hand on the upper part of his leg and had begun guiding it along so that she felt its size through the material of his pants.

“So, if this is not what you are looking for then I’ve wasted your time and my night...” he began saying just before he pulled her hand away and concluded, “...and I hate wasting anything especially time or money.”

“Sorry...I’m so sorry...” Ashley began saying trying to defuse the situation, she didn’t want him upset especially due to her need to feel in control, “...I don’t want you to feel like you’ve wasted anything on me...”

Ashley felt her heartbeat returning to normal when a smile spread across his lips, still she wanted to prove her sincerity and so she leaned over and said into his ear, “let me make it up to you.”

“How do plan on doing that?” Allen asked as he withdrew his arm and turned to face her.

“Walk me to my car and I’ll write you a check,” she offered.

“Come on...let’s go,” he said sliding from the booth.

Ashley quickly followed suit and found herself looking up to Allen; he had at least four inches on her despite her wearing heels, and she leaned to grab her purse she found her buttocks pressed into his crotch.

“Was that my bonus?” Allen asked leading her toward the door.

Ashley pretended no to hear him; she was too focused on the numerous pairs of eyes that followed the pair as they left. She hurried to catch up to Allen and almost crashed into him stopped just outside the entrance.

“It’s this way...” she said ignoring the way his cologne smelled mixed with the summer breeze.

They walked in silence except for the occasional whistle or random shout, ‘fuck her good man’ followed by either laughs or more whistling.

When they approached her car, Allen leaned against the trunk and watched as she fumbled through her purse, “even they knew you was looking for something...”

Ashley turned her head and looked up at Allen, she felt her cheek burn as she shook his head and uttered, “...too bad it wasn’t me.”

She brushed a loose strand of hair from her face and behind her ear as she peered at him.

“Thanks for walking me out...” she said while tearing the check free, “I don’t know what you make a night, but I hope that’ll do.”

Allen didn’t even look at the check before he folded it and placed it in his pocket, “It won’t bounce will it?” He asked leaning into the car inches from where Ashley sat.

“If it does you have my number...” Ashley said before the realization hit her that he also had her address.

“Drop me off at my crib and we’ll call it even,” Allen said while reaching into his pocket.

“No keep it...” Ashley said placing her hand on his triceps, “It’s the least I could do for wasting your time.”

She removed her hand used it to hit the unlock button for the passenger door, Allen stood motionless for several seconds before taking Ashley by the hand and pulling her to her feet, “I’ll drive if you don’t mind.”

Ashley kept the keys in her hand as she made her way to the passenger side of her vehicle, by the time she had buckled up she knew she was again his. She rested her head against the headrest and closed her eyes and inhaled the mixture of cologne and sweat that filled the car’s interior.

“So how far are we going...,” she asked just before she bit down on her lip and moaned as his hand caressed her thigh as it pushed her dress higher up her legs.

“Not too far...,” he said just before sliding a finger beneath her silk panties, “I don’t think I can wait much longer...can you?”

Chapter 2

Ashley fought the urge to grind against his finger as he slowly inched it between the folds of her pussy. She couldn't control the moan that escaped her lips when the pad of his finger rolled against her clit, and by the time they had gone three blocks her pussy was quivering against the sole digit of his hand.

She wanted to beg him to stop the car and fuck her like the whore she felt to be trapped inside, but every time she opened her mouth only moans escaped her lips. She was no longer worried about anything except releasing the pent-up orgasm roiling in her cunt; Allen had pushed a second finger into her pussy and was skillfully cruising through the narrow streets and finger fucking her.

“Are you going to tell me that you didn't come into that bar looking to be used?”

The tone of his voice and the way his fingers worked her body forced her to throw her head back and moan as she came; “please use me...use me like the whore I am...”

Ashley was shocked when the words hit her ears; she was even more shocked when she realized they had stopped moving.

She had no idea where they were or how long they had been driving, the car was parked in front of a gated fence and the directly beneath a streetlamp.

“Let's go...,” Allen said while exiting the vehicle... “you don't think you're done, do you?”

Ashley tried to readjust her dress and look around for a familiar sight, she was just lowering her dress when the car door opened.

Allen took her by the hand and led her through the gate and onto the porch; he placed his key into the lock but instead of opening it spun around and pinned Ashley against the cold wooden door. She felt her back slide up the door as Allen scooped her into his arms and lifted until they were eye to eye. He kissed her forcefully for several long minutes before pulling away and whispering, “I don't know which hole I'm going to use first.” While lowering her to her feet.

Ashley was swooning as Allen spun her to face the door, “open it...” he said while cupping her breast, “I can't wait to see these.”

Ashley was guided into the dark space, and before her eyes could adjust to the dimness of the room Allen hit the switch located adjacent to the door.

Ashley blinked against the bright lights for a few seconds before her eyes adjusted and found Allen seated on a sofa just to left of the room in which she was standing.

“Take it off...” Allen said while leaning back into the overstuffed sofa.

Ashley stood motionless and stared at Allen, the boldness of him she thought she loved it.

“Ashley...,” Allen said snapping his fingers, “did you hear what I said...”

The tone in his voice made her knee buckle, she almost dared herself to see what would happen if she ignored him.” Ashley laughed to herself at the thought of how Allen would discipline her if she pushed her luck.

“Well...,” he said pulling her back into the moment, “show me what you’re going to allow me to use,” he almost whispered while motioning with his hands for her to lift her dress.

Ashley kept her eyes locked on his as she kicked each shoe off, she hurriedly pulled the dress over her head and let it fall to the floor while studying his face for approval.

She allowed her smile to mirror his as he leaned back once more and said, “now the bra.”

Ashley removed the straps from her shoulders before releasing the simple clasps that held her breasts in place.

Standing nude from the waist up she was about to remove her wet panties, but Allen shook his head, “I’ll do that when I’m ready use that hole.”

This was beyond any fantasy she could have ever had; Allen was perfect. He knew what she needed, and she was willing to let him give it to her.

“Now come over here and get what I’ll be giving you...” he said while rising to his feet.

Ashley started to move in his direction when he raised his hand and stopped her mid-stride, and pointed at the floor, “crawl to me if you want this dick.”

Without saying a word Ashley dropped to her knees, the cold wooden floor was hard, and she knew she would have bruises in the morning, but she dutifully crawled the ten or so feet to where he stood.

“Tell me what you want,” Allen said while holding Ashley’s chin in his large hand.

“I want you to fuck me,” she said without hesitation while looking up at Allen.

Allen took her hands and stroked them against his rapidly stiffening cock, he knew she was his, but he decided to tease her just a bit longer. He wanted her mouth on his cock, but he also enjoyed the control that she was allowing him to have, and he knew that he could hold out longer than she could.

“Is this what you want?” He asked while rubbing her face against his cock, pausing long enough to allow its heft to press into her flesh.

Ashley opened her mouth and allowed the smooth fabric to enter, she breathed into his crotch and moaned almost inaudibly, “Yes...yes...please can I have your cock.”

“Take it out...,” he said while placing her hand on his waistband.

Ashley’s hands were trembling as she loosened his belt, she fought the urge to rip at the zippers and buttons; she had to see the tool of her desire.

“It’s incredible...,” she said while stroking it with both hands.

Allen moaned as slowly stroked his heavy rod, “Are you going to let me fuck your mouth, your pussy and your asshole; are you going to be my little fucktoy?”

As knew he was talking but she wasn’t paying attention to anything he was saying. By now the only thing on Ashley’s mind was is it going to fit and the anticipation wanting to find out was making her mind swoon.

She had two hands on his cock and could have easily placed a third or fourth. His cock was at least 12 inches long and at least half as thick; she felt he could have easily been a porn star or male gigolo if he wasn’t playing music.

Chapter 3

Ashley sat back on her heels and rested her head on Allen’s muscled thighs, she trailed her eyes up past the massive cock that she was stroking, and up beyond his flat stomach and toned chest; from where she sat on the floor his chocolate frame seemed to go on forever, when she finally found his face she noticed him staring down at her with a proud smile that made her core quiver. She opened her mouth as if to speak but she stopped before her brain was able to form the words; “Well...,” she heard him say just as he placed his hand atop her head, “you better get it nice and wet or it’s going to a long painful night for you,” Allen’s words hard barely reached her ears when she found her mouth being guided along his cock.

She worked her mouth and tongue slowly along his cock pausing briefly to lick and savor the musky scent of his heavy testicles before retracing her path toward the mushroomed cap, opening her mouth wide enough to allow even the first few inches inside was painful enough, but she thought she was going to pass out as Allen held her head in position so that he could force more than half his immense cock into her throat.

“That’s my girl...” Allen said as saliva poured from Ashley’s mouth and down his shaft, looking pleased he gripped her long dark hair and pulled her mouth away briefly before forcing his cock into her mouth once more.

He repeated his actions over and over with such frequency Ashley felt her jaw and throat muscles ache, but soon she relaxed enough that she was able to work both her hands around his cock, covering with flesh any skin that remained after he pulled her mouth forward.

Ashley felt him pull her hair and she prepared her mouth to take him even deeper if need be, but instead he used her hair like a leash and lifted her onto her feet; “You really know how to suck dick girl,” he said just before lowering his head and placing his lips on her perky nipples.

She felt a rush of heat go through her body sending waves of pain and pleasure through her body as he lightly bit down on her nipple and by the time his tongue swirled around the area she felt as if her legs could no longer support her weight.

She pulled his head against her breasts encouraging him, and in response he rolled his tongue across her plump breast briefly before biting down once more. The sensual nature of the torture he was inflicting caused to fall back into his embrace; she was thankful that she had him for support.

She never felt him easily lift her from the floor and place her onto the sofa, she was unaware of anything except the heat of his mouth and the feel of kisses. It wasn't until his hands began to pull her soaked panties from her body did she even realize that his mouth was moving across her thighs as he slid her underwear down her legs.

He grasped her legs by the calves then apart wide enough for him to bury his head between them. She bucked against his mouth as he penetrated her pussy with his tongue, “Don't stop...please...” she begged as he pressed a finger against her clit.

She placed her hands on his head and tried to pull him deeper as she fucked his tongue; she was very close to a huge orgasm when he grabbed her hands and removed them, he pulled his mouth away long enough to admonish her, “You're here for my pleasure...not the other way around.”

She struggled for something to do with her hands before using them to grip and pull her large, pale, and plump breasts.

His tongue darted back to her pussy, he hungrily sucked on the juices that flowed onto his tongue; she begged him again to make her cum, she needed it. His mouth had her ready to explode and when he dipped two of his thick fingers into her pussy her hand returned to his head and she held it tight against her cunt as she screamed, “oh...yes...I'm...cumming...”

She knew she shouldn't have done it, but she was afraid he would have stopped; her orgasm passed just enough so that she could see the muscles rippling in his hard pectorals just before his raised hand landed hard against her breasts.

She yelped her pale skin darkened beneath his hand. His lips formed into a wicked smile just before he smacked her breast once again and she moaned softly following his assault as she felt his muscular hands knead away the pain. He liked how she remained mostly silent, he even

kissed her behind the knees as he spread her legs; positioning himself so that he could then massaged her wet slit, reveling in the way her wet pussy sucked at his cock.

He then leaned over her body, and kissed her softly on the neck before pulling away and asking her, “are you ready for my dick?”

Ashley wrapped her long legs around his waist and nodded, “please...sir can I have your dick...”

She felt his weight lower onto her body just as he grasped her ass cheeks and pull her forward, “Damn girl your pussy...is...tight...” he cooed as he pushed the first few inches into her waiting slit.

“It’s a good thing you’re so wet...” he said while slowly rocking back before placing another few inches deeper inside her body.

He bent his head forward and slipped his tongue between her lips and kissed her deeply, causing her to gasp with pleasure as he pushed several more inches inside, “Go slow please...” she murmured when she felt his balls rest against her butt.

He then began to roll his hips as his cock slowly spread her pussy, this sensation was sending tiny shockwaves through her body with each stroke of his cock against her clit. Her legs quivered as she clutched his sweaty skin, pulling him tight against her body as the orgasmic bliss washed over her. She could feel her cum dripping out of her cunt and down toward his balls as he withdrew his cock briefly before plunging it in once more and groaning with arousal.

He slipped a finger inside her asshole; she felt him massaging his cock from inside her body through the thin walls, it sent her wild.

She bit down onto his shoulder and savored the salty flavor of his skin; this night was more than she ever hoped for, she kissed her way up his neck, his chin, and lips before licking on his ear lobe and whispered, “Use me...”

Use her he did; he continued moving his hips in long slow strokes while probing her puckered asshole in deep stabbing motions with his finger.

Her legs began to tremble and fell from his waist she shuddered with orgasm as he slid another finger into her asshole while pushing his cock even deeper.

She could feel both of her holes being stretched by his fingers and large cock, yet she clung to him as he lifted her with ease, feeling his thick muscles against her soft skin fleetingly before he began lifting her up and down his cock.

He kissed her deeply while their tongues dueled within each other’s mouth.

She moaned into his mouth and he grunted in hers each time her bottom smacked against his thighs, “I think you’re ready for the next level…” he said before placing her on her feet and guiding her down onto her knees.

Instinctively she grasped the thick black rod with her hands and began to stroke it up and down with both hands pulling the thick cock into her mouth barely managing to avoid scraping her teeth across his fat mushroomed head as she guided it between her lips.

She slid it further in until she couldn’t take any more and paused temporarily before she began to bob her head in unison with her strokes. She felt good hearing him moan and grunt as she worked her mouth before flicking her tongue over the glistening head, savoring the saltiness of his pre-cum; thrilled she was giving her lover such carnal pleasure.

She trailed her tongue along his shaft running lower and lower stopping only after his balls grazed her chin; feeling it she turned and sucked his balls into her mouth while stroking his cock.

“Damn girl…you learn quick…” he sighed as her tongue lapped against his asshole.

She had never done anything so nasty; yet now she was licking a stranger’s asshole like a wanton whore and she loved it. She tried to force her tongue into his asshole, unsure if he would let her, but when he placed a leg on the edge of the sofa she let go of his cock and focused solely on bathing his asshole with her tongue.

He grabbed her head and pulled it tightly against his ass while stroking his cock and saying, “that’s my little slut.”

She wanted no…needed his approval, and when she returned to his cock, she let him fuck her mouth which he did harshly only stopping long enough for her to gasp in air.

After a while he lifted her roughly and pushed her onto the sofa. She felt him kneel between her parted legs as he grabbed her hips and pulled her onto her knees; grabbing his cock he rubbed the large head between her spread labia; she braced for him to enter her from behind.

She rested her head on the back of the sofa and turned her head just as she felt the thick head slip between her spread butt cheeks and press against her throbbing rosebud.

“I have…never…” she started to say when she felt him slowly pushing against the tunnel to her bowels.

He pushed the first inch into her asshole, and she cried out in pain, her body’s natural response was to try and pull away, but he grasped her hips to hold her in place and plunged forward shoving more than half his length into her body.

“Please be gentle…” she whimpered as he pulled back for another thrust.

He paused to let her asshole adjust to its new intrusion.

She took a deep breath and concentrated on relaxing her muscles and he rubbed her clit while easing almost a foot of stiff dick further inside her asshole.

Finally, she could feel his balls scrape against her thighs as he began to rub her throbbing clit with his thumb in a circular motion and this relaxed her momentarily but soon there was a pleasurable pain coursing through her body as he began to thrust in and out.

Slowly increasing his tempo, he leaned over her body and whispered, "I knew a slut like you could take my dick up her asshole."

She could feel his cock splitting her open, and she could feel tears forming in her eyes but all she could say was, "Fuck me...fuck me...use me...baby"

Tears flowed from her eyes as he pounded into her asshole; she responded to his guttural grunts with a barely audible, "Fuck...me... fuck... me...fuck...me!"

Holding onto her waist he slammed into her bowels sending waves of pleasure and pain through her body, he knees gave way and she slumped onto the sofa. He kept stroking into her body and when the angle became difficult, he pulled her back onto her knees and grabbed her sweat matted hair to hold her up, grunting, "Not yet...I'll tell you when you can relax!"

This is what she craved in a man, "Yes...oh ye...ss! Oh...god, ye...sss, Allen!" she began to cry out as an orgasmic wave washed over her.

She could feel the shock waves ripple through her core with every thrust of his hips as Allen squeezed her ass cheeks, forcing them tight around his cock as he pounded her harder and harder forcing her to moan loudly as used her body for his pleasure.

His thrusts became erratic, and grunts grew urgent in nature, she began to finger her pussy when she felt his throb inside her.

He grabbed her hair and pulled harshly which intensified her pleasure, pulling her face up he kissed her neck and said, "Now you can relax..." followed by a loud grunt as he plunged deep inside her; she felt the flood of warm cum flood into her body as he released her and allowed her to fall onto her stomach.

He pulled his softening cock from her asshole and stroked out the last bit of cum onto her cheeks.

She was still weak from the orgasms and the rough anal assault she had just endured when she felt him collapse next to her on the sofa.

"I've never done anything like this before," she said, breathlessly looking over at Allen.

He pulled her legs atop his and rubbed them gently while saying, “Well give me a few minutes and we can do it again...” smiling.

She returned his smile, wondering if she could endure his passion so soon, “I need to clean up...” she said hoping she could actually walk straight.

“Down the hall on the right,” he said, pointing to the way.

She got up and leaned on the wall for support while heading to the bathroom.

She came out a few minutes later with her hair pulled into a loose ponytail; she looked over at Allen holding the check she wrote earlier, “I’m going to use this to replace the horn I left...” he said taking in Ashley’s naked frame, “...there has to be some costs for distracting me and making me wait.”

“That’ll be cool...,” Ashley said, “...if I can stop by for a private concert.” Joining him on the sofa.

“Well I’m sure that can be arranged,” he said pulling her close.

Ashley awoke early the next morning and placed a kiss on his cheek, she was about to stuff her panties into her purse when instead she pulled out a pen and scrawled him a note:

‘these belong to you as do I, call me...soon.; Ashley’

We Share Everything

Chapter One:

Things was already going better than expect for Andre that morning, and as he pulled up to the house around 11 that morning he found it teeming with students from the nearby campus, and judging by the way the young co-eds gazed at his direction as they strolled by he had a feeling that this summer study session was going to be better than he had even imagined.

He double-checked to make sure that the address had ample parking, not that he was planning to stay in one place long enough to get a parking ticket; he stared up the short sidewalk and saw a middle-aged woman staring back at him from the porch, she had a broad welcoming smile and as

he returned her smile the older man on the porch next door waved at him as well and together they made him feel right at home in this upscale neighborhood.

Andre had put off working this summer, but when he got an offer to complete an internship and get a jump on his fall classes the opportunity was too good to pass up, even if it meant that he had less than a week to find a place to live. When he saw the ad, he for this place he jumped on it immediately, the proximity to the college, often meant rooms were never that affordable but with classes been done for the summer that was no longer the case.

He had spoken to a guy named Jeffery who said lived there with his wife Anne, he told Andre to come by to meet her and if she approved, he could move in the next day.

The woman was still smiling as he made his way to the door, "May I help you?" she said cordially while studying his closely.

"I'm here to rent the room for your husband posted," Andre said as a tall lean-framed white guy around the same age as the woman appeared next to the woman at the door.

"Hey man, I'm Jeffery, thanks for coming!" the guy said as he moved around the woman and held the door for him to enter.

"Cool," Andre said as he went inside and saw that there were the three other guys, all white who had also been there asking about the room.

Andre's heart sank as he filled out the application while looking over the four other young men in the room; his spirits lifted quickly when Jeffery asked if he was okay with them having access to his room when he wasn't there, and when Andre replied that he didn't mind the other men was suddenly ushered from the living room and then it was just the three of them shooting the shit after a while until the man stood and showed Andre the room, the rest of the house, but what was most to his liking besides being relatively cheap was that it came with its own bathroom, too.

"What's this neighborhood like?" Andre asked suddenly aware that he was the only person of color in sight, "Is it always this quiet?"

"Well..." Jeffery began saying, "...half houses like this are empty nesters taking in students, and half just is filled with regular families," as he offered him the second beer he was holding.

He pointed to the large two-toned house just visible in the side window.

"There's an older couple that lives there, they're both half deaf, but that only helps them because he watches porn at full volume" Jeffery was saying as the woman entered the room and laughed, "so it's no big deal if we play music a little loud or have parties and stuff, as long as we keep it mainly inside."

Anne pointed to the other side of the house. "There's another couple that just moved in next door like four months ago," she told Andre. "Pete and Kelly, they just got married and you can tell too."

That brought a smile to Jeff's face, he leaned closer to Andre and whispered "that dude is close to my age" he paused and looked over at his wife who was in the bathroom at the moment, "...and to be honest it's pretty hot too when they go at it, that man must be packing meat!"

"Oh, so is that the reason, you're always in the mood her lately?" Anne asked as she made her way over to where they stood and playfully punched Jeff in arm.

"I'm just saying," Jeff laughed in mock defense, "I think it's pretty hot hearing the way Kelly moans when they are having sex, and as loud as she's screaming, he must have one helluva cock."

"Yeah, and I'm pretty sure his cock must be huge!" Anne chimed in as she took a sip of her wine and gazed shyly at Andre.

"If you're moving in, you'll have a chance to see her out running in her little shorts and sports bra, just about every night followed soon after by them two having sex," Jeffery said to Andre but his eyes were on Anne.

"Nice!" Andre said ignoring the looks the couple was giving him, "I can't wait to see her..."

"Those houses across the street, it's student houses," Jeffery continued, "Those are frat guys over there, they're cool, but I guess we're too old to hang out with or anything like that, besides they're gone for the summer I think."

"You guys party a lot here?" Andre asked looking over at the couple.

"Sometimes..." she said sizing him up, "are you cool with that?"

"Yeah, sure," Andre said looking away as he noticed her checking him out once more.

"how about we have a welcome to the neighborhood party," Jeffery said putting his arm around his wife, "we'll invite our new neighbors and anyone else who's available."

His plan had been trying to focus on preparing the coursework for the upcoming class, but it was summertime, and that meant students were more concerned with parties so he was willing to give them a break because that meant he could focus on any girls that happened to show up, and he knew that Jeffery and Anne would probably be fine with him having co-ed company at the house, so he would somehow find a way to mix in a bit of fun into his schedule.

Andre's found that the first few days moved by slowly after he moved in and he was now very much ahead of his class work and decided to pass the time walking the neighborhood and hoping he'd see that cute little nymph he'd heard so much about.

Since very early in his stay, he'd been wanting to meet the hot young couple would spend the evenings having sex and so far the only sex he'd heard had been from the two he'd rented the room from and the porn he'd been watching on his laptop.

He was just rounding the block and heading back toward home when he saw a really hot redhead coming his way. She had been jogging for a while he could tell by the way her sweat covered clothes clung to her body and how the few loose strands of her bright red hair matted to her brow as she moved.

She was thoroughly coated in sweat, so much so that her sports bra, made for vigorous activity was soaked through to the point that it had almost become transparent.

Andre couldn't help but check her out, he slowed his pace hoping she'd pass him by and give him more opportunity to study her petite frame.

As she approached him he could see that she had long red hair, that was now pulled back into a ponytail, and he see too that her once dark grey and white sports bra clung to her breast and the light cotton material had become so wet that it accented her nipples, drawing your eye toward her chest in much the same way that her tight spandex running pants beckoned your attention as well by the way they hugged her small tight ass.

He could tell by the way her legging slid into the crack of her ass that she was sans panties, her outfit left very little to the imagination, and it made his cock twitch with desire at the thought of seeing her body fully exposed for his gaze.

She saw Andre staring at her as he hesitantly moved toward the entrance to the yard, his head was tilted downwards but she could still make out the fact that it was lifted just enough for him to see her approach.

She smiled at him and stopped running a few feet from where he stood, she casually placed one leg on the hood his car and stretched her muscles, she studied the way he looked at her and she was giving him something to see.

He stuffed his hands in his pocket to hide his growing erection; the way she moved along with the sheerness of the fabric was turning him on as he watched her move through her post run routine.

"Hi...", she said to him after completing her post run routine, mildly out of breath she leaned back against his car. Her skin still glistening with a thin sheen of sweat, she held out her hand.

"Hi...Andre," he replied, trying to look away from her stunning green eyes, but found them to be the least erotic thing about her as he took her extended hand in his own, "what do folks do for fun around here beside working our?" He asked as they shook hands

"Having a good sweat can be fun, don't you agree?" she asked looking him over slyly.

"I'm not opposed to sweating, but it has to be under the right circumstances..." Andre laughed, "I'm just not going to get sweaty and not get nothing from it."

"Oh," she laughed, "so you don't think I'm getting anything from running?" she asked as she turned slightly to look back at her ass, "I think it's paying off, wouldn't you agree?"

"I can't argue with that..." Andre said looking her over, she was openly flirting with him and he allowed himself to smile as his eyes trailed up her frame.

"You must be new here..." she said wiping the few beads of sweat that flowed down her brow, "I don't recall seeing you around."

"Yeah," Andre said unconsciously looking at her nipples protruding through the fabric, "I'm renting a room here for the summer so I can complete some classwork prior to the fall semester."

"Oh cool," she said, "well it's nice to meet you Andre, I'm Kelly, I live next door."

She cocked her head to the right and as he turned, he saw an older man on the porch sipping a beer and looking over at the two of them.

"Hey Kelly, it's nice to meet someone new," he said thinking back to the conversation Anne and Jeff had about the couple next door having sex, he couldn't imagine it was the two of them.

"I'll tell you what, Andre," Kelly said as she brought her small hand up to her face once more to wipe away perspiration that fell from her cheeks, "You should come and meet my husband, I'm sure he can tell you a lot more about the community."

She was holding his hand inches from her chest, and although they had been talking for several minutes, it was the first time he'd noticed the gold and diamond wedding ring on her finger and knew that she was the woman they'd told him about.

Kelly saw him studying her and smiled, her grin grew broader when she noticed he didn't pull away as she lowered his hand to her chest.

She smiled up at him as she allowed his hand to graze atop her sweat soaked skin at the valley of her breasts, Andre was trying to figure out if she was indeed flirting with him or just playing a game for the man staring at them from the porch.

"Sounds good," Andre said as he looked up at the house and saw the man was still there, "just tell when's a good time, I'd love to meet him and find out more about the neighborhood."

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