

Jamal

Nick Haskins

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1

Taylor

I sat quietly in my brand-new lavished condo, waiting for my night caller to arrive. Divorce can be a bitch—and sometimes divorce can get a bitch paid! I learned that catchphrase from the sassy black receptionist at the law firm I walked away from six months ago.

When I first started at Crane and Baxter, I was just a lonely intern, fresh out of UCLA. Back then, I kept my head down and did what was expected of me. That all changed when one of the head partners, Winston Baxter, approached me one afternoon as I was heading out for lunch. He was forty-nine, and I was the eighteen-year-old blond hair, blue-eyed newbie. *Go figure*. Ironically his age didn't bother me one bit. He wasn't fat and balding like the other partners; he actually was kind of cute.

Needless to say, after a year of expensive gifts, candlelit dinners, and overseas vacations, I became Mrs. Winston Charles Baxter III.

My husband and I shared a great life together when he wasn't out sleeping with every whore in LA. He never respected our marriage or me. But I didn't complain. I just laid flat on my back for ten years and took the pain he inflicted like a good little wife, just as I was trained to do. I smiled for the cameras, attended black tie events, and even played the role of his bleached arm charm. We were a match made in hell, but I stayed right by my husband's side up until some random woman called my cell one-night, screaming, "*I'm pregnant!*" on the other end. That was it for me. I was done and vowed I wasn't taking anymore, so here I am divorced at twenty-nine and filthy rich. I got half! Judge Marshall granted me half of everything Winston, *his best friend of twenty years*, owned.

I know you're probably wondering; *how did she pull that off?* Let's just say it's incredible how far a bag of cough drops—and a good BJ—will take you. I learned that from the receptionist, too!

I jumped when the chime of my doorbell filled the air. There it goes again. *And again!*

Earlier tonight, I was lying across my king size bed watching a rerun of *Sex And The City* when another one of those ads came on for a new dating app to meet local singles. I was feeling a little lonesome tonight, so I decided to give it a try. When I downloaded the app, I wasn't expecting to meet him. Not a black guy. *Never a black guy.* I don't discriminate; they just do nothing for me. But tonight, I did meet a black guy off that stupid app, and now he's standing on the other side of my front door in the middle of the night waiting to get in.

I crept to the door, hoping he would be gone by the time I opened it, but he was still standing there waiting patiently. When I opened the door, he introduced himself as *Jamal*, which I'm sure was just his app alias.

Once I invited him in, he stepped into the foyer wearing a chocolate brown and cream sweatsuit, a V-neck white T-shirt, a thick gold chain, and Timberland boots.

His silence made me uneasy while his scent sent some sort of electric current between my legs.

When I gave him the silent invitation to follow me, his head nodded, and chestnut-colored eyes said, *after you.* I then eyed him, hoping he wasn't about to pull out a pair of O.J. gloves ready to attack.

After sizing him up, I'm guessing he was around 6'3", one hundred eighty pounds. Instantly my eyes zoomed to his crotch as I prayed that wasn't a gun bulging out the front of his sweatpants.

My lips quivered. My breathing increased. I felt heart palpitations, sweat beads, then wetness—as in *dripping wet.* I couldn't control myself in front of this man. He was so dark and mysterious. I wanted him to say

something, so I'd know he was real, but then again, I didn't want him to speak at all, which he didn't.

He followed me as I walked through the foyer over to the winding staircase. Once we made it up to the second level, we entered my bedroom with the view of the city dancing in front of us.

I quickly grew paranoid of this stranger only inches away from me. I didn't know whether to hide my Gucci bag that was sitting on my oak desk, or at least fold in the tag on my Egyptian duvet comforter so he wouldn't know it was a duvet comforter, get tempted and grab it. He didn't...Instead of going for my pricey cover, he grabbed me. He rushed me up into his arms right before he started running his long tongue in and out of my mouth. I could taste his saliva. His mouth was warm and sweet. His lips were lush. His kisses were rough but gentle.

Before I could catch my breath, he snatched my shirt from the bottom, lifted it over my head, and tossed it onto the floor. I could tell my perfect size 36 C's commanded all his attention. He cupped my left breast and teased my nipple with his thumb, not once breaking his constant glare into my eyes.

With his free hand, he ran his fingertips down my body. He traveled into my boy shorts, exploring my juicy pussy. His forefinger landed on my throbbing, sensitive clitoris as his middle finger made its way inside of me. I didn't stop him as two more of his full fingers traveled to the middle of my sex. I became lost in Jamal's rugged scent, his warm breath, and his hard-on.

By this time, he had me completely naked, fingers still inside of me. I instantly became drunk with passion, caught in a lust-filled fire so hot not even God could extinguish, and I was enjoying every second of it.

He was thrusting in and out of my sweetness as my nectar dripped onto his flesh. I was going wild as I begged for more, and more, and more! I moved my hips to his tempo. Each time he sped up, so did my body.

“Oh God, Jamal, please stop!” He didn’t listen to me. He kept going. He didn’t obey my orders. “Jamal! . . .” I cried again, “Jamal! . . . Jamal!” My breathing was out of control. My body was all over the place. I . . . I couldn’t . . . Oh, no . . . I was about to come! I’m heaving. My heart is beating the lining of my chest, trying to break free. I was about to explode on his fingertips . . . I was about to climax hard and fast.

When he kissed the crease of my neck, it was over. My insides rained all over him. He still didn’t stop. He kept working my bald pussy, fingers never leaving my opening. He brushed up against my engorged pearl more times than I could count as my insides screamed for more.

Right as my third orgasm zigzagged through my body, he stopped. He took his fingers from inside of me with his eyes glued to mine. He brought his sloppy hand up to his mouth and tasted me. His juicy pink lips shined from my moisture.

Watching his tongue trace his mahogany fingers made me hornier. His slurping was driving me into insanity. I swear this man had some sort of control over me, and I didn’t want it back. I was his slave, he was my master, and I would obey whatever he commanded.

After he’d licked his hand clean, he laid me down on my perfectly made bed, spread my legs and began lapping in my creamy, oozing pussy, sucking up every drop. He was flicking his hot tongue all over my smooth clit, causing me to shiver from enjoyment. I started screaming his name as he tongue fucked my soul.

I yelled, “I’m coming!” as my body started to release. Luckily, I owned the place. If I were in some rinky-dink apartment, the neighbors would probably be banging on the walls for me to shut up *or* be listening to get their own rocks off. At this point, I didn’t care who heard me. I was in ecstasy!

When my juices were comfortably swimming in the pit of his ripped stomach, Jamal stood up from between my legs, and that’s when I saw it in full salute. It looked like ten, or maybe even twelve inches of the

biggest, longest, fattest cock I've ever seen, and it was wading right in front of me.

My eyes combed this dark, perfect specimen. He stared back at me as he positioned himself. Once he got into form, my shapely tanned legs rested comfortably on his shoulders. When Jamal entered me, I wiggled, my hips gyrating against his pelvis. Our rhythm became one as he gradually started picking up speed. I grabbed his muscular arms as his rod slid in and out of me. His balls slapped against my ass with my petite body now shaking uncontrollably. I screamed, "Oh, Jamal!" as the volcano between my thighs erupted.

He flipped me onto my side and fucked my pussy from a perfect symmetrical angle. I then ended up on all fours, gripping my sheets as he plunged my insides from the back.

When hiked up on Viagra, my ex-husband could be considered a stellar lover, but even on his best night of lovemaking, he didn't compare to my urban night caller.

Next, Jamal threw me up against my bedroom wall and took me in every position our standing bodies could master. He then bent me over my computer desk, then the computer chair, the window seat, back to the bed, back to the wall, the bed, all fours, more symmetrical angles; bed, the wall, the floor—I started to lose count of my orgasms, and the many positions we engaged in, as my mind spun out of control.

Suddenly, my breathing calmed. I started to gain composure. I opened my eyes prepared to look into Jamal's, but he was gone. His jacket he'd thrown on my bed was gone. His cologne had evaporated, too. I turned on a light in search of him but found nothing. I rushed out into the hallway and over to the staircase but still came up empty-handed without any signs of Timberland boots on my white carpeting.

I headed down the stairs to find my place in eerie silence: no sounds, no lights, and no Jamal. I went over and checked my front door to find it locked. Now, how could that be? I looked over at the alarm system; it read *ARMED*.

No-fucking-way!

Someone was here tonight—I'm sure of it. I looked at myself and, sure enough, I was naked. I felt around between my legs, touching the folds of my exhausted, soggy pussy. I had sex tonight, but with who? The man . . . this man that had me screaming at the top of my lungs . . . did he just vanish into thin air? There were no signs of him anywhere. But that couldn't be! My body confirmed there was a man here tonight, but where is he *now*? Where did he go? What happened to the dark, tall, lean, sexy man I knew as *Jamal*? . . .

2

LaTavia

“LaTavia, I’ll be back to pick you up at seven o’clock. And don’t have me sittin’ out here all fuckin’ morning waiting on you either!

Tavia, did you hear me? I’ll be back to get you at seven . . . LaTavia, did you hear what I just said? . . . LaTavia!”

“Goddamn, Trey, the entire city can you hear you! I get off at seven o’clock, which means you’ll be here at seven o’clock to pick me up; I got it!”

He says, “Yeah, you better have it. And if you late comin’ out this muthafucka, you can walk home. *You got that*, smart ass!” sitting in the driver’s seat of my car, pushing smoke out of his lungs from the kush I bought with *my* paycheck.

DonTreyveon was my man if you considered someone like him a man. Trey and I met six years ago at a party on the Westside of Detroit. I was in the D visiting my homegirl Monica one weekend when she asked me to roll with her to a new club off 8 Mile road. I’m always gamed to party, so it was on!

I had the prettiest Indian Remy hair flowing down my back with my amethyst contacts in. My nails were done, and so were my toes. My super tight jeans were fitting my apple bottom just right with my forty-two double Ds popping out of my top. It was clear I was ready and willing for just about anything, *and anyone*, that night. Well, anyone except a compulsive cheater, a habitual liar, or a messy, neurotic control freak, which is exactly what I ended up with.

The night Trey and I met, he walked right up to me after spotting me in the crowd. His long, lanky body towered over mine as he stood directly in front of me. Without warning, permission, or even a *hello*, he put his tongue down my throat. After I slapped the shit out of him for not

only violating my personal space but also putting his lips on me without at least knowing my name first, I wanted more.

Back then, Trey's swag was a major turn-on. His crispy Caesar, jet-black skin, straight white teeth, and long curved dick only added to my infatuation for him. I fell madly in love with Trey right from the start. In my mind, I couldn't live without him, so I moved him from Detroit to Toledo so we could be together.

It didn't matter that he didn't have a job, no car, no money, no hustle, no education, no determination, a bad attitude, and bad breath—*it was all good*, I thought. I was in love. Remember? I guess I thought my nine dollars an hour part-time job, low-income housing, car in my mama name, cable in my daddy name, and electric in my five-year-old baby cousin's name would be enough for Trey and me to survive. *Boy, was I wrong!*

After a year of the bills piling up, a disconnected pre-paid cell phone, and running from the repo man, I was finished with Mr. DonTreyveon Watson. I was ready for a real man, one with no kids, no excuses, and good credit. But, instead of a real man, six years later, I'm still stuck with this bum.

Trey honked the horn and shouted, "LaTavia!" right before I walked into the hotel I worked for as a night laundry attendant.

With the handle of the door in my right hand, I turned toward my car and yelled, "What, Trey!"

His stupid-ass winks at me blow three smoke rings into the air, and then says, "I love you, baby."

I rolled my eyes up toward the huge Macy's billboard overlooking the hotel right before I turned back to enter my job.

When he honked and yelled my name again—*LaTavia*—I came back outside, hoping none of the guests at the hotel were being disturbed by my loud, obnoxious, *high as a kite* boyfriend.

I snapped, "What is it, Trey?!"

When he asked, “You don’t love me, too?” I wanted to run back to the car and punch him in his face, but I decided against it. I had a long night ahead of me, and I wasn’t wasting any more energy *that I didn’t have* on Trey.

After I told him I loved him, and bid him his farewells, I went into work and instantly got started on the pile of shit the housekeepers left for me. I put a load of bath towels in the washer as hot soapy water filled the sink of dirty dishes.

The second I sat down in the break room to fill out my timesheet, I could see an image of a man in the small black and white monitor mounted in the corner. At first, I thought it was Trey, but even thru the tiny, fuzzy screen, I could tell my assumptions were incorrect.

I stood up, straightened my clothes, and headed out to the guy that was waiting in the guest service area to be helped.

I said, “Yes, may I help you?” while his eyes seemed to be combing my body.

When his answer stalled, I asked, “Do you have a reservation?” while thinking to myself, *he’s kind of cute*. After a second glance, I discovered *he’s kind of fine!*

As my mind started to take off, he still didn’t say anything. Instead, he handed me an out-of-state driver’s license that told me he was a *Male* that was *6-03*, weighed *185 lbs*, and had *Brown Eyes*. His license also revealed his name is *Jamal*.

I typed his name into the computer to see if I could locate his reservation without any luck. Next, I checked the registration log but found nothing.

“Wait here for me; I’m going to check in the back to see if your paperwork was misplaced, okay?” After his short nod, I said, “I’ll be right back.”

I stood over the table in the breakroom, searching through a paper list when suddenly I felt someone come up behind me. I could’ve turned around to gain a positive I.D., but I knew exactly who the Issey Miyake

that filled my nostrils belonged to. According to his driver's license, his name is Jamal.

Before I could turn to him, his arms were around my waist. I could feel him thrusting his growing dick on my ass through his Jeans. He moved a little faster as he started running his hands down my thick thighs. Next, he went for my titties and latched onto my erect nipples that had started poking through my bra and then the second I saw him. I exhaled as his warm, sweet-smelling breath hummed on my neck.

What was this man doing back here? Why did he follow me? And why am I letting any of this happen? What should I do? Fight him off? Scream for help? Should I start to cry, or should I just keep moaning the way I'm doing right now?

I could be fired for letting a guest in the employee area of the hotel. What if my bitchy boss found out? What if my coworkers found out? *What if Trey found out?!* I could be fired, humiliated, and dumped all because I decided to let this gorgeous stranger violate me.

Even with the thought of losing my man, and my low paying job, I didn't make him stop. I allowed him to continue to touch me in places that he shouldn't be touching. I let him kiss areas on my body that was reserved only for Trey. I let Jamal have every inch of me without resisting.

I threw my head back into his chest as my hips whirled with his movements. He unbuttoned my tight-fitting jeans and stuck his hands down the front of my panties. I could feel the fabric of my panties clinging to my wet lips as Jamal's fingers made their way to my center. His tongue slid into my ear just as his middle finger entered my hairy pussy.

I don't shave my feminine area per Trey's request. He says he likes it all-natural down there, and so do I. And apparently, so does Jamal because he was finger fucking me, and my pussy hole gladly participated.

With his dick still pressed against me, he locked me into a compact position in front of him. I couldn't move anything but my hips. I let Jamal take over my space, my mind, and my body.

Trey's fifteen minutes of pleasure was nothing like this. I was using this private, *silent* rendezvous as a way for me to escape my shitty life. Jamal was freeing me from a life that I dreaded; a man I despised and a job I couldn't stand. He felt so good inside me; I wanted to cream all over him just to thank him for this quick trip to ecstasy.

As I moaned, I felt my jeans suddenly drop down to my ankles. I stepped out of one pants leg as the other remained bunched up at my feet.

Jamal took his big dick out of the hole in his striped boxers and bounced it on my naked cheek. His fat cock smacked my ass one last time before I screamed out from pain and pleasure. He slid right inside of me without a fight. My wet womanhood accepted him and all his inches.

With me bent over the breakroom table, Jamal lunged harder and deeper—deeper and faster—faster and stronger—stronger and wider as I threw my ass back and made my pussy clap on his stiff dick. Jamal didn't stop until the tip of his penis drifted to a place inside of me that I didn't even know existed. I squealed as I clawed the cheap tablecloth that covered the scratched wooden table.

He was still running in and out of me with ease. He fucked me like he owned me and my world—like he wanted me to go home to my man with only him on my mind. If those were his intentions, then he would surely succeed, because there was nothing Trey could do for me that could top Jamal. That meant Trey was out, and Jamal was in! *At least for the moment.*

I'm sure I would probably never see this man again after he made me feel the way a woman is supposed to feel. He'll probably please my insides and never speak to me again. I won't exist in his life. After he nuts, he'll look at me as nothing more than some random chick with a fat ass, long extensions, and bamboo earrings he smashed in the employee break

room of some crummy hotel. He'll go back to his life as if nothing happened, and I was to do the same, *which I was prepared to do*.

After this night was over, Trey will pick me up once I got off work. We'll go home where I'll suck his dick until he falls fast asleep in my mouth—I'll then head to the bathroom, turn on the shower water, step inside the bay and wash off Jamal's cologne. Once his scent is washed from my body, I wouldn't have any more reminders of what he and I shared tonight besides sore muscles and an overjoyed pussy that would secretly scream out his name in passion whenever it got the chance.

Holy Shit! I braced myself as I felt my pussy about to cream again. I wasn't used to this feeling; at least not without my big, black ten-inch vibrator, I nicknamed *Hector* inside of me.

Jamal's hard dick was pounding my pussy as I held onto the corners of the table. My legs buckled and cried for mercy even though he didn't show me any. I was coming, and I was coming now! I screamed. I yelled. I groaned, and oh yeah, I came—hard! Jamal had fucked me just right, and I rewarded him by letting my juices flow all down his shaft.

Winded, and still horny, it was time for me to be a naughty girl. I was about to turn around, drop to my knees, and lick Jamal clean. I'm going to give him what the Chinese call a *happy ending*, but when I turned around . . . he was gone. It was as if he had disappeared. I thought maybe he quickly slipped away and went to freshen up, but when I rounded the corner and opened the door to the bathroom, it was empty. The stranger that made me chant out his name aloud was gone.

I didn't understand how that could be, nor did I care. Jamal got what he wanted, and so-did-I!

Well, now it's back to work *and* reality. The dude with the muscular arms, big dick, and strong strokes was gone, but will never be forgotten. Jamal had only started my night, but I would make sure Trey finished it. Between my legs was still dripping wet and needed more attention.

After my body relaxed, I called Trey's cell. He answered on the first ring as he always did. When I heard his voice, I rolled my eyes *as I always*

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