

A HOT INTERRACIAL AGE GAP STORY

# Scarlett

*A Hotwife*

# Adored

**DAIZY DENNIS**

# SCARLETT - A HOTWIFE ADORED

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A HOT INTERRACIAL STORY

SCARLETT - A HOTWIFE  
BOOK 1

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## MEMORIES

**T**here are three things I really love. My husband, my work, and travel, in fact make that four, my marriage. Booker and I haven't been married long, just over a year. And on that first anniversary, everything changed. Everything I thought about my marriage would shift, and I couldn't get it off my mind. So much so that when we'd been back at work for a month, I asked if we could go on holiday again. Go to the beach. See once and for all if our adventure was just a one off. If what happened in the Maldives will happen again. And again and again. I lay on the beach on the blond, sugar-like sand looking out at a crystal blue flat ocean surrounding the idyllic, tropical island. I contemplated swimming, but just couldn't stop thinking about events just a few weeks earlier. On a similar beach, we had done something that totally changed our marriage. It was hard for me to get my head round it all. For a year, I've been blissfully, innocently, wonderfully married to Booker. My six foot chunky, gorgeous, black billionaire. I'm totally devoted and while he might be 20 years older than me, he adores me too. He would do anything for me. I knew that when he took me to that beautiful beach. When we did something, I'd never contemplated. Something I couldn't have imagined when walking down the aisle. It had taken us in a direction I still found breathtaking. The memories of that night burned in my heart. We couldn't resist another adventure. That was why I suggested to Booker that we take another trip. Even though I have absolutely no regrets about what happened, after what we'd done as a couple on that trip, I struggled to pursue our new passion once we got home. It was a wild, unforgettable holiday memory, nothing more. And as

much as I tried to shift my mindset once I got home to our comfortable, beautiful mansion, I just didn't feel that I could risk what I felt could be everything. Could our marriage survive what we'd done? Booker seemed happy that I was happy, as ever. We were still blissfully, happily married. That's all I wanted, to make him happy. And in return, he continued to indulge my passions. Now I knew just how much he will give to fulfil me. He would give me, temporarily, to another man to fuck. He'd sit back and watch while I came in another man's arms. We also had our first threesome on that desert island. OK, so it wasn't quite a desert island, it was a luxury resort. Nobody saw each other. You could have total solitude, if that was what you needed. That night on the beach changed our marriage, but it was a secret we'd left there. Once I was back home, networking with friends, the neighbours, I just didn't seem to connect back to that passionate woman, the hot wife, ignited by Booker's selflessness. Booker and I discussed it in bed one night. We agreed. The only way to see if it was going to be a permanent lifestyle change was to go on another holiday. See if we would reinvent our marriage or just fall back into the comfort of everything we'd known before. I knew as soon as we stepped off the plane. I was more than ready. We'd do it all over again.

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## WAKE UP CALL

I'm in love with my husband, passionately. He's the love of my life. It doesn't mean I can't appreciate beauty when I see it. I was on the veranda of the villa looking out over the ocean, hoping to see maybe a dolphin or turtle swimming in the clear blue waters. It was then that I saw him, jogging from around the headland, maybe half a mile away. At first I thought he must be crazy, running in the tropical midday heat. I had retired to the shade wearing sunglasses and a sun hat and I was still overheating. Booker had gone to bed in the cool air-con for a nap. I was having to sip iced water to cool down, and this idiot was out there running. As he came closer, I saw he was maybe six feet tall. My gorgeous husband, Booker, is well over six feet and this man wasn't as tall. But he was slim. Good looking from what I could see in the sun haze. He had a superb physique. Chunky for a runner, but muscular and tanned. He was running on the edge of the surf, not that you could really call it surf, the sea was so calm. He was running in the wet sand, which made me realise he must be a keen runner. It's not an easy way to do it. When he got almost opposite in line with me, where I had the best view of his strong thighs and shoulders, he stopped. He held his hand up to shade his eyes, looked up and down the deserted beach, then along the line of villas that were all set back on their own grounds. I didn't think he could see me, but then he waved. At me. I almost thought it was a setup. As I was contemplating waving back, he shrugged, turned his back on me and walked out into the ocean. He was topless, his small running shorts soon soaked before he dived under the water. I watched as he swam out maybe thirty yards. He then floated, dived,



played in the water, then swam back away to the left, presumably back to his villa via the sea instead of sand. As I looked down at my book, I realised I was smiling. He was a good-looking guy and the few minutes he'd been out there had been fun to watch. It'd been a pleasant break. I couldn't just go back to my book. I decided I'd wake Booker. In the villa, it was deliciously cool. My husband was naked, sprawled out on those wonderful white sheets, his dark, gorgeous ass and strong thighs just inviting me closer. It was still much too hot to go back out on the sand. I could create some of our own heat right here. I pulled off my kaftan, naked beneath. My wet bikini hung out on the rail after our earlier sea swim. I crawled on the bed between Booker's solid thighs and snuffled in at his crotch. I pulled his butt cheeks apart and licked his balls, sliding my hands up, massaging his butt cheeks in circles as my tongue lashed in the same rhythm. Booker murmured and soon rolled over, still half asleep. My nimble fingers and long, sharp nails teased and tormented his balls as I wanked and sucked him to a solid, throbbing hard-on. His enormous cock pulsing and rampant in moments. I continued to lick and suck his balls, wanked his length in my fist. I licked the wetness from his end, pulled back his foreskin, circled with my tongue. God, he tasted great. I guzzled him into my mouth, my lips stretched wide around him. As he woke, I was throat-deep on him. He moaned and held my head, tangling my hair in his hands as he held me to him. I soon shifted position. Climbed up the bed and squatted over him. His cock greedy and thrusting up at my pussy. I was so horny, but as I closed my eyes, I saw not only Booker in bed, but my stranger from the beach. My eyes snapped open, looked at Booker. The flash of confusion on his face disappeared as I lowered myself onto his cock. I had to move up and down two or three times to take him all. He's so big we sometimes have to tease my pussy open. I leant forward, made him bite my nipple as I shoved my tit in his face. It was obvious I wanted it hard, not romantic. He got the hint and groped my tit whilst chewing on the other, as I rode his cock, hard. I pushed his shoulders back, kissed him. A greedy, slutty wet kiss as I thrust my hips forward and took him as deep as I could. Fully awake now, he gripped my hips and thrust up to meet each of my moves. I wanted it harder, and he grabbed my ass and flipped us over. Staying deep inside, he dropped his weight on me. Squashed my tits under his hard chest. Lips crushed mine, chewing on me. Teeth clashing. He pinned my hands over my head and fucked hard. Grunting with every thrust, he filled me to the space

between pleasure and pain. I bucked under him, feet wrapped high around his waist as he hammered me hard with every thrust of strong hips. Usually when I woke him, it was to make love. This was to fuck, and he was loving every minute. We truly did change when we boarded that plane. Sweat ran from his forehead, dripped on me as he held me down and rammed into me. He was making me come. I daren't close my eyes, didn't want to lose this connection. I gazed up at Booker. He bit his lip, then mine. Kisses and lips crashing as he pounded into me. His pelvic bone crushed my clit with every thrust. I cried out as he pushed me over the edge, I squirted on his balls and watched him lose his load into me. As he slid from me, he whispered to me. Usually it was to say he loved me. This time he asked.

'Who were you thinking of? Tell me. Who did you want, right now?'

I lay on my back, holding my darling sexy husband in my arms as I got my breath back. I confided my fantasy about the runner on the sand, and he smiled.

'I'll have to see what I can do about that, then. But for now, let me remind you how we spent our wedding night.'

I opened my legs, and he slotted between them again. His cock already hard, my pussy still dripping, his lips on mine.

## SUNSET

**B**ooker and I relaxed in the spa bath, the bubble set to cool. The pool was big enough for four, so we stretched out, looked across at the ocean, knowing sunset came early. I sipped from a chilled glass of wine, Booker's legs tangled with mine under the bubbling water. It was a blissful way to end a wonderful day of the typical sun, sea, and sand. We'd made love for an hour before showering and going back to the beach. Despite keeping an eye out when I went back on the sands, and even when we went for a swim together, I never caught sight of my hunky runner. To be honest, I didn't really need to. My pussy was deliciously tender where Booker had hammered into me. My lips swollen slightly after the blow job, my whole body felt satiated. Just the hint of another man had lit a fire in both of us, and our lovemaking had been as passionate as ever, probably more so. I reclined, looked out at the horizon, and almost dropped my glass in the water. There he was, waving again at the water's edge, and Booker was returning his wave. What the fuck? I gulped down the rest of my wine as Booker waved him to join us.

'Do you know him?'

I whispered. Sitting up and placing my hand proprietorially on Booker's thigh.

'Not really. Don't you remember him from the airport?'

'Oh my god, yes! The guy at the bookshop.'

I laughed. Nervously. How could I have forgotten the man Booker chatted with for ten minutes as I browsed the shelves? They'd shared a love

of all things James Bond. Maybe the wave was an innocent re-connection, and I'd blanked him.

'Fuck! Booker, he's my fantasy runner I told you about.'

He glanced at me, eyes wide, then smiled and looked up as the guy reached the steps to our verandah.

'Booker.' The man nodded and turned to me. I didn't miss him check out my tits that bounced on the spa bubbles before he spoke to me.

'Scarlett. I thought it was you earlier. Maybe you didn't see me.'

'Oh, she saw you.' Booker replied.

I pinched his thigh under the water. He slid his hand between my legs and fingered my clit. I reached out with a trembling hand to grab the wine bottle from the cooler. Anything to distract me from the blush of heat travelling across my body. A mixture of embarrassment and anticipation.

'How amazing is this place?' The runner asked Booker, but looked at me. He then reached for the wine bottle. Took my glass. His fingers casually brushing mine. He refilled my glass and replacing it in my hand.

'Help yourself.' I almost choked on my wine as Booker spoke. He was nodding at the bottle suggesting our new guest pour himself a drink but, judging by the fingering Booker was giving me under the water, he had a less than hidden agenda.

'Oh, I don't want to intrude.' He looked that was exactly what was on his mind.

'Intrude all you like, Mr Bond.' Booker invited.

I laughed. It came out as almost a snort.

'No, really, darling. His name is Bond. Tyler Bond. It's what started our conversation about 007.'

'The pleasure is all mine.' Tyler did a perfect impression of Sean Connery then poured himself a glass of wine.

I shuffled closer to Booker, his finger still teasing inside my pussy. It was horny as hell to be this close to someone and them not know what was happening under the water. But Booker had other ideas.

'Here Tyler, please, there's plenty of room. Join us, we're waiting for the sunset.'

He pulled his hand away, and we slid around the pool, leaving a space next to me for Tyler. Tyler climbing in. I glared at Booker, all the while trying to straighten my bikini that Booker had left tucked to one side. Once Tyler had settled, his knee bumping into mine more than once, Booker slid

around a little closer to me again. They sandwiched me between their thighs. Booker's hand slid back into my bikini and he fingered me whilst holding a calm conversation with Tyler, across me, about Casino Royale. I lay back, eyes closed and focussed on not moaning in pleasure as Booker continued his teasing. Tyler on my left, Booker on my right.

'Move over a little darling, then we can all see the sunset. It'll be happening soon. I'd hate Tyler to miss out.'

As he said 'miss out', he pressed his finger hard on my clit. I bit my lip, hidden behind my wineglass. Tyler took up the invitation, and we all shuffled closer. His thigh pressed against mine. It wasn't an accident of the move, it was deliberate. I had my husband's finger on my clit and a stranger's thigh pressing against my warm bare skin.

'I think we might need to turn up the heat, darling.' Booker spoke.

I almost laughed. Again, he'd caught me with a double entendre.

'The night is cooling, and this water needs to be a little warmer, don't you think? Tyler, do the honours.' As Tyler felt around behind him to adjust the heat, Booker winked at me. The wine was doing its work and relaxing me, but more than that. I was horny as fuck and having two sexy guys with me, almost naked. Well, a girl can only resist so long. I reached out and pressed my hand on Booker's crotch. It was hard as hell. I wasn't the only one who was getting turned on. I gripped his cock through his swimmer's as I spoke to Tyler.

'Are you here alone?'

'Tonight yes. My brother joins me tomorrow. His flight got delayed.'

'His loss is our gain, Tyler. Please, won't you join us for the evening? Yes? Great. I'll order room service.'

I gulped another mouthful of wine and squeezed Booker's cock a little harder. He tucked my pussy back in my bikini as he somehow climbed out of the spa without Tyler seeing his hard-on.

'Keep him entertained, darling.'

As Booker walked away, Tyler's thigh pushed harder against mine. His arm draped around the spa wall behind me. It was a teenage 'back row of the movies' move, and I indulged him by settling back.

'Oh look, Booker will miss it.' I pointed with my wineglass at the quickly sinking sun.

'No, I'm here. Beautiful.' Booker was behind us, looking down at me, desire and mischief written all over his face. He'd pulled on some casual

shorts and shirt.

‘Sorry guys, I need to order at the restaurant. The phone lines seem to be down. Keep yourselves entertained.’

Feeling excited but still a little uncertain, I stood to kiss him goodbye. He gave me a passionate tongue-wrangling kiss, hand possessively holding my head. Stepping back, he winked at me. That became our sign. It was obvious, but worked for us. I went to sit back down. Tyler’s foot got tangled with mine and I lost my balance. I’m still not sure if it was deliberate or not. As the sun dipped below the horizon, and my husband disappeared behind the villa, I landed literally in Tyler’s lap. My bare skin on his a slippery warm surprise. More of a shock was the rock hard cock that pressed on my hip.

‘Oh, so sorry.’ I giggled as I slid off his knee onto the spa bench. My wine spilled, my glass emptied into the pool.

‘I’m not.’ Tyler replied, reaching over me for the wine bottle, his chest against my shoulder. His face inches from mine.

‘He must trust you.’ He said, looking down at my lips, then holding my gaze.

‘Oh, he does.’

‘I’m not sure I’d leave my young, very beautiful wife in a hot tub with a stranger.’

‘Booker will do anything to make me happy.’

‘Sorry?’ Tyler looked confused but still so close I could feel his breath on me.

‘He will do anything to please me.’

As he refilled my glass, I slid my hand over his knee. He leant in to kiss me. My heart raced. This was all so new to me. I felt a little foolish. Betrayal of Booker felt real, but tempered with excitement that we were in this together. I knew he’d be back soon to watch. I needed this to happen.

‘Your husband won’t mind?’

‘He isn’t here.’ I whispered against Tyler’s lips as darkness fell.

## THE HOT TUB

**S**mall fairy lights came to life in the darkness. It gave the whole verandah an air of romance as Tyler held my cheek and pressed his lips more firmly on mine. I parted my lips, licked across his and we soon gave in to the passion. His tongue lapping at mine. Messy, overly wet, but I ignored the doubt and slid my hand higher on his thigh. They were slim, runner tight, almost sinewy, not like the bulk of my Booker. He slid his hand inside my bikini top, twisted on my nipple that instantly tightened into a hard bud. The shot of expectation made me shuffle in my seat. He pulled back.

‘You OK?’

I put down my wineglass, took both his cheeks in my hands and kissed him. A full on wrangling of wet tongues and crashing lips. I put his poor kissing skills out of my mind as he pulled me up onto his lap. The bubbles frenzied around us as I knelt on the spa’s moulded seat. A knee on each side of Tyler’s thighs. My tits being man-handled out of my tiny bikini. He licked each nipple, then chewed on one whilst twisting the other in painful stretches and pinches. I was horny as hell and soon reached to his crotch and cupped his cock. It strained hard at his sports shorts. I soon scooped him out, and out of sight under the bubbles, I wanked him to a full-on rock-hard length. I pressed my clit against him, so as I wanked him, his cock gave my clit the attention it was demanding. My other hand moved to his shoulder. I gripped him for balance and wriggled against him. Pushed my hips forward to invite him to fuck me. He held my slim hips firmly and lifted me up. I guided his cock to my pussy lips, then he pulled me down

hard and hammered up into my heat. He was strong. I gasped as he held me down on him. He ground into me, fucking deep and intensely. His hips grinding, a sudden overwhelming control that made nerves and fear shoot through me. The mix of my need and his dominance made me cry out as he bit hard on my nipple. His cock banging into me so deep I got that ache of pleasure bordering on pain. To take the edge off, I tried to buck up against him.

‘That’s better, baby. Tell me you want it.’ He murmured, totally in control.

It was a shock that the previously quiet, friendly guy was suddenly a semi-aggressive lover. And it was horny as hell. Booker loved me so much. Aggression just wasn’t his thing. It was weirdly flattering that this younger guy wanted to take me, to dominate me. He needed me in a way Booker never did.

‘Please.’ I whispered into his ear.

‘I said tell me, you want me to fuck you!’ He raised his voice slightly above the noise of the spa.

‘Tyler. I want you to fuck me.’

‘That’s better baby.’ He grunted as he held me tight against him.

My words seemed to push him into another level of demand. He thrust into me, the water splashing around us as he lifted me. He bit my tits. Teeth sharp and greedy. As he hammered up, his hands held my hips down. We crashed together. It was brutal. Made more so by the sudden darkness around us, my solitude, his obvious youth and strength. I wasn’t used to this much machismo. He then shifted one hand around my hip. Each time he fucked into me, he pressed his thumb hard on my clit. It was soon sending me over the edge.

‘Come for me, baby.’ Tyler growled into my ear, biting my ear lobe.

I needed no more invitation as he hammered up into me. I felt that wave of heat flow through me as I creamed over his hard cock. My pussy tensed and I lay my head back and moaned so loud I was sure the moon heard my cries to it. I heard Tyler swear, and he shot his load, thrust by gorgeous thrust, up into my dripping wet, tight, pulsing pussy. I held him inside me as long as I could. As he slid from me, he pushed me off. I fell to the spa seat with a bump, feeling used and discarded. I shook with emotion as he reached for the wine. He gulped from the bottle and put his arm around my shoulder. It wasn’t a romantic moonlit love-making. This had been a brutal



but breathtaking fuck, and it was exactly what I'd wanted. It wasn't until that moment I thought of Booker. Was he out there somewhere watching? I scanned the darkness, wondering where he might be. Tyler grabbed at the back of my head, spun me around to face him.

'Wine?'

I moved to take the bottle from him, but he insisted on holding it. He lifted it to my lips and poured. I gulped and guzzled but some cool wine missed my mouth, ran down my chin. I swallowed what I could as he leant forward and kissed me. He did the same again. My mouth filled with wine. I tried to swallow, but he leant it and slurped the wine from my mouth. The bottle empty, he stood. I thought he was leaving, but he lifted my hand. I stood, and he held me tight. We wobbled slightly on the wet spa floor. He kissed me, that wet lashing tongue, but maybe with a hint of more seduction. His hand on my ass. My bikini bottoms had got ragged to one side. He peeled them off, and they fell into the water. I held him close as I stepped out of them. The cool air sending a shiver across me. My nipples tightened to pebbles. His shorts were back in place, but his cock already pressed hard against my stomach. I tucked my hand in the back of the wet fabric and squeezed his ass. He allowed me to pull his shorts off and I looked down to see his cock throbbing upwards in the half light.

'Booker not back yet?' He whispered as I looked around into the distance. That hint of fear again. I knew Booker would have my back. He always did. There was no way he would leave me alone with this guy for this long. I was confident he was watching, so I played it out for him.

'Oh, he'll be a while yet. It'd be a shame to waste our time together, wouldn't it?' I did the age-old trick of looking up through thick lashes, bit my lip, snuggled closer.

He leant down. I thought he would kiss me, but he grabbed my waist and spun me around. He held me tight. His hands cupped my tits. He quickly unclipped my bikini top and cast it aside. My tits pummelled by his fingers, my bare butt crack being teased by his hard cock. His chest and abs a solid wall of muscle as I leant back against him. Tyler kissed and chewed on my neck as he twisted my nipples. I lay my head back against him, wanting Booker to see how much I was enjoying the attention. I really put on a show of grinding my hips back, stroking my hands up through Tyler's hair, making my tits bounce as he cupped them and moaned into my ear.

'Fuck me again, Tyler.' I purred, as his head was close to mine.

‘OK baby. Say please.’

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## THE SHOW

**T** yler gripped my shoulder, bent me forward. I held on to the spa pool side for balance as he held my hips. The cool night air made me shiver as the bubbles warmed around my knees. I looked towards a spot I guessed Booker might be. Hoped he'd be. Licked my lips and gasped as my head got jerked back. Tyler gripped my hair, pulled me close with his other hand around my hip. He groped at my clit, pressing me back, his cock hard against my butt crack. His balls slapped against me as he planted his feet wider. He held my hair as he let go of my hip. He guided his cock up and down my crack, slipping it across my wet pussy lips. The tip dipping in to my heat as he twisted my hair to get a better grip. My tits shook. I held on tight to avoid falling and braced my feet and hips. Bore down to open for his cock, felt him slide in, then go deeper. He took me inch by deliciously slow inch. I couldn't move my head or my feet, but wiggled my butt and pushed my hips back against him. I tried to control the pace but should've realised he liked to control me. He pulled back if I moved too much. I let him take over again, and he slowly fucked, rocking in and out until he'd filled me. Then, with a grunt and a thrust forward, he hammered me, thrusts banging hard, making my whole body react. Tits shook, my thighs tightened, my clit ached and swelled for more. My pussy was soaking again. I regained my balance. Trusted Tyler wouldn't let me fall. I reached down and rubbed my tender clit as he rammed into me. Booker would love watching me. I licked my lips, smiled at the spot from where I hoped he could see me. Gazed out into the darkness as Tyler fucked me. My tits wobbling, almost painfully, with each thrust forward. My head pinned back,

held high by Tyler. I tried to look defiant, strong, as I took his cock as deep as I could. It was such a strange feeling. To be fucked so hard by a stranger whilst I knew my adoring husband, who I loved, was standing just out of sight. Watching his wife get fucked by such a dominant, controlling man. I felt a rush of heat and stopped rubbing my clit. I wanted to stay on the edge, but Tyler had other ideas. He kept hammering into me. His cock rubbing me, the friction making me feel swollen inside. But I still wanted more. He leant over me, let go of my hair, but still held my hip. His other hand slid around and rubbed my neglected but sensitive clit. He hunched over me, his arms wrapped around me. One hand brutalising my clit, the other ripping at my tits. He whispered in my ear.

‘Come for me, baby.’

I moaned, my legs shook and as he rammed deep. He pressed hard in unforgiving circles on my clit. I couldn’t hold back.

‘Come now. Baby.’ His warm breath and arrogant permission sent me over the edge.

I cried out in ecstasy as I came in a rush around his cock. I squirted against him, he felt it and groaned loudly as he too lost his ability to hold back and I felt him shoot his thick, warm load inside my dripping pussy. We bucked, out of control, animalistic convulsions against each other. Our cream leaked from me and slid onto his fingers and between my thighs. He rubbed it over my clit, sensitive now. I wriggled, over-sensitive, but he wouldn’t stop. He continued relentlessly until I felt a second rush of orgasm closely follow the first. My legs almost collapsed beneath me. He held me tight against him. Hunched over and still bucking to empty his balls into me. I panted, out of breath, as he hugged me to him. He held me until my legs would hold my weight and finally let me crawl from the spa. I dropped onto the deck on all fours, knees wide for balance. My pussy gaping and dripping as Tyler stepped out of the pool behind me. I rolled to lie on my back. Brain fried by the double orgasm, body sore and sensitive. I looked up at the black sky packed with millions of stars. If Booker was there, he’d have held me, cradled me, but he wasn’t. He was out there. I just didn’t know when he’d come back to me. Here I was, being fucked so brutally and he was out there, probably wanking, alone. I would have felt bad if I didn’t feel so good. It was blissfully fulfilling. I held my arms wide to embrace the feeling. I expected Tyler to lie down, or at least sit on the swing seat nearby. But yet again, he surprised me. I guess I wasn’t used to young guys and

their ability to just keep going. I looked up to see him wanking over me, slowly stroking his cock until it was rock hard again. Then he dropped to squat over me. His legs on either side, his hand instantly squeezing my tit, his cock inches from my mouth.

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## ADORABLE

‘I need a drink.’ I gasped up as Tyler

He reached out and grabbed a half empty bottle of wine, then drizzled it over my face. I stuck out my tongue to catch as many drops as I could. He trickled it across my lips, my chin and my tits before back to my mouth. He swallowed a mouthful himself and kissed me. Allowed me to drink from him. I was in hedonistic bliss. Then he cast the bottle aside. I heard it rattle across the deck as Tyler slid his cool hand back to me, between my legs. My clit almost burned. It was so swollen, but he still rubbed it between his fingers. I squirmed as he rubbed his fingers into my gash and cruelly over my clit in a new powerful rhythm. His other hand squeezed my tit, then twisted my nipple. All the while, his cock throbbed just inches from my face. I stretched up and licked and lashed his balls with my tongue. Tyler grabbed a cushion from the seat and pushed it under my head. Propping my head up high.

‘Play with your tits, baby.’

I did as he asked without question. I was past defiance and would literally have done anything he asked. He continued to rub my pussy and clit, as I pressed my tits together, flicking my thumb over my pebble-hard nipples. Chewing on my lip, I stopped as he slapped his cock against them. I opened my mouth as his thumb on my clit sent shivers through my overwhelmed body. I opened my mouth wide as he pushed in, his hand guiding and half-wanking himself into my mouth. His balls slapped on my chin as he pushed in deeper each time. I squeezed my tits together, dropped my knees apart to give his hand my wet, open pussy. As his fingers pushed in

deeper, I guzzled on his cock. Using my tongue to wrap around his end as he thrust his hips forward and back, soon adopting a hypnotic rocking that transferred to his hand and my clit. We rocked, swayed and bucked until I whispered I was going to come. He heard me but pulled out. I looked up at him as he groaned at the stars and shot his load on my tits. Thick strands of cum landed on my cleavage. I watched him rub it into my skin. The stench of his sex now all over my warm, sticky body. My pussy gaped. I waited for him to go back and finish me, too, but he'd stopped paying me any attention. It was all about him. He stood, found his shorts, and pulled them on. I lay gasping, wondering what was happening. Legs wide open, lips swollen, tits filthy with his cream. Waiting to come but drifting back from the edge, alone.

'Please Tyler.' I heard myself beg. I never begged.

My pussy throbbed, and my clit ached. He couldn't just leave me like this, could he?

'Fuck. You're adorable.' He looked down at me, sweaty, wet, stinking of sex.

I smiled at him, opened my arms to invite him back.

'Goodnight baby. Tell Booker I'll buy him a beer tomorrow.' And he walked away. Just like that.

I sobbed, desperate to get release from the frustration he'd built up. I lay there, realising he'd humiliated me but caring less about that and more about how I would take myself to my next orgasm.

'Scarlett, you were beautiful.' My Booker spoke from the darkness.

I knew now how to finish what Tyler had started.

## CONSOLATION

‘Booker. He left.’ I whispered between sobs. My body wrecked but still wanting more. My mind in overdrive thinking about everything that had happened to me since Booker walked away and left me chatting with Tyler.

‘Here, let me shower you and take you to bed.’ Booker reached out his hand, gentleness himself.

‘No.’ I almost shocked myself.

‘Scarlett? Are you OK?’ Booker looked genuinely shocked and concerned.

‘No, He left and I haven’t come yet.’ I sounded like a spoilt brat.

Booker laughed. I didn’t.

‘It’s OK.’ He placed my hand on his crotch. His cock throbbed, rock hard, against my palm.

I knew he’d been watching, assumed he’d have shot his load alone and would want to sleep. But he wanted to fuck me. I had a better plan. I wasn’t sure I would tolerate Booker’s gentle intimacy after Tyler’s dominance. Instead, I sat on the seat, reclined, and pulled up my knees. My legs splayed apart, wide, my wet swollen pussy gaping. Tyler’s cum and my cream dripping from me. I knew Booker wouldn’t suck me, he never did, but I would let him finger fuck me.

‘Make me come Booker. Then I’ll let you sleep with me.’ I was so dominant, brazen.

It was a new me, and it made me as horny as fuck. Judging by how quick Booker dropped to his knees, he loved it too. He pushed my pussy



lips open, teased my clit, which reacted as if he'd burnt me. I was on fire. He twirled his fingers into me. Studied my pussy as he knuckled and finger fucked me. I was still dripping. My tits sticky. He smiled and made a semi fist, which he slid into me, stretching my already open pussy. He slid his hand into me, twisted, pulled almost out. Then again, and again. It was tormenting.

'You're so wet.' He murmured, watching me pulse and gape for his hand.

'Not wet enough. Now shut up and make me come.' I snapped back.

He didn't need telling twice and immediately started a strong finger and thumb assault on my clit. I gripped my knees, squashed them up against my tits. The heat Tyler had built up soon rose again. Booker blew cool air on me, the closest his mouth would go to my pussy. He fucked his fingers in. Twisted his fist, pushed in and out of me in a hard, satisfying pummelling. I stretched and took his four fingers as his thumb battered my clit with each thrust. He then circled my clit with his other index finger. He fucked his hand deep, twisted, pulled out. Over and over and over again. His finger pressed in tight circles on my clit. I was ready. Just one more time and I cried out, flooding his hand. He continued to hand fuck me as my pussy tightened on his fist. He slid it out, my cream gushing with it, pushed his fingers into my mouth. Swiping them over my lips, he made me lick him clean. I guzzled and licked like a bitch on heat. I was crazy for more.

Before I could move, Booker scooped his cock out of his shorts. It throbbed upwards as he stepped forward, pushed my legs down and wide. He dropped his knees on the seat between mine and pinned me in position. I twisted my nipples hard between my thumb and forefinger as he stepped up and thrust his cock into my messy, sticky, open mouth. He held my head firm, just as Tyler had, then fucked my mouth. I suckled and licked him. Wanked his wonderfully familiar thick black rod into my cheek. His balls banging on my chin. My finger nail dug into his ass cheeks, I pulled him in. My pussy still pulsed as he shot his load deep into my throat. He tasted less musky. I now knew for sure he'd wanked earlier. Licking him clean, I then caught my breath and collapsed back on the seat. Booker dropped on the seat next to me, held my hand until I stopped shaking, then carried me to the shower.

I loved this man more than life itself, but Tyler had made it obvious to me now, I needed more. We both wanted other men in my life. I adored

Booker even more for being the one to suggest it. I kissed him, wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him close as the shower hammered down, washing away the stench of me and my two lovers.

My marriage had changed, but hadn't broken. This was just the beginning of a new, exciting, sexy adventure.

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## AFTERWORD

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