

A HOT INTERRACIAL STORY

Scarlett
A Hotwife
Claimed

DAIZY DENNIS

SCARLETT A HOTWIFE CLAIMED

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SCARLETT A HOTWIFE
BOOK 3

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THE ARRIVAL

The journey had been long and tiring. I drove as Booker had been working all week. By the time we arrived at the hotel, I was weary. Despite the thrill of arriving at a new resort, or the anticipation of what was to come over the next weekend, all I wanted to do was sleep.

We checked in to our suite. An over-indulgent haven of thick pile carpets, cream sofas and heavy Egyptian linens. I kicked off my shoes and lay on the bed while my gorgeous, devoted husband unpacked our bags.

I woke later, the room in shadow. I'd missed sunset. Stretching to pull out the kinks in my neck muscles, my legs tangled in the bed-sheet. Booker had lain it over me, rather than wake me. I smiled at his ever present kindness. Saw the red wine open. A half drunk glass next to a book that lay open, facedown, it lay with its spine stretched. He knew I hated it when he did that. Maybe I'd find him something later to use as a bookmark. One of those beautiful hotel postcards. I'd spotted them on the desk before I went for my nap.

The sound of the shower running tempted me to join my husband, but before I could drag myself from the comfort of a firm bed with a soft quilt, Booker emerged. The tiny white towel around his waist couldn't disguise his marvellous muscular thighs. Taut abs, deep belly button, line of tiny black curls inviting my eyes lower. We might have got past the honeymoon period, but that overwhelming need and thrill of desire still burned through my body when I saw my husband naked.

'Hey beautiful.'

He picked up the wineglass, downed the contents and poured another as well as a generous glassful for me.

Climbing on the bed, he held both glasses. I sat up, planting a sloppy kiss him on his luscious wine-flavoured lips. We snuggled close. He focussed on holding the wine so it wouldn't spill on the immaculate white bed linen. The welcoming heart of rose petals now strewn across the wooden floor.

'I've booked a table for eight. You have time for a shower. Your clothes will be back from laundry in about thirty.'

Booker said. As ever, attentive and forward planning.

'Laundry?'

I looked up, kissed him on his bare shoulder and then on his lips.

'Yes, when I unpacked a few things were beyond saving. I sent them to be pressed. You need more practice packing.'

'Hmm, probably do. You'll just have to bring me to places like this more often.'

My reply punctuated with soft teasing kisses.

Sliding from the bed, Booker took the half-empty glasses and placed them both out of harm's way. Peeled open the towel and threw it away in a funny, dramatic zorro style gesture. I laughed with him, then licked my lips when I saw his cock was already semi-hard, throbbing upwards as I patted the bed as an invitation for him to come back to join me. Laughing, he climbed back, doing what I can only call a great stalking lion impression. He pulled playfully on my ankles until I slid down the bed.

'Anytime Scarlett darling, you just say the word.'

Grabbing at his phone, I checked the time. A little under two hours before dinner. Plenty of time to make the most of his wonderful body. As he dragged me further down the bed, I dropped the phone, wrapped myself around his powerful body, and pulled him on top of me. My hands on his muscular back, holding him close. His hard cock pressing on my stomach as I held his face in my palms and kissed then chewed on his lip. I lashed my tongue around his teeth. There was no mistaking what I had in mind, and Booker would be the last one to refuse me. I lay back, arms stretched above my head as my husband followed my lead, as I knew he would.

THE INTIMACY

Booker's lips moved from my cheek, across my neck, shoulders, even kissing my ticklish armpits, before lowering to my tits. Sucking on my hard nipples, gently biting and stretching them with his teeth. He trailed a soft line of kisses from my cleavage to my belly button, but no lower. His lips never went lower. Never once.

Before I could yearn for him to taste me, Booker moved back up my body, retracing that delicious slow line of kisses. From one tit to the other, back to my neck and kissing me with a gentle but aroused passion. I gripped his back as his weight lay over me. His hard cock pressing on my stomach as he fingered me, twirling his fingers deep and rubbing my clit. I pressed my toes into the bedding, pushed up my hips and took his hand deeper as he found my g-spot in the way he does. He might never lick or suck me, but his fingers know where to press with a skill that leaves me breathless every time. I moaned as he played with my body, making me sweat and writhe beneath him. I slid my hand down, wanked his thick, heavy cock against my stomach, his sticky wet end leaving its mark on my soft skin. As he chewed on my bottom lip, he moved over me. I guided his rock hard cock to my gash and moved my hand to his back. Scraped my nails over his skin as his hard cock pushed slowly in to fill me with his throbbing heat. Already sensitive after his finger play, my pussy swelled, and I tensed and relaxed my pussy around him to increase every moment of his pleasure. He slid back, almost out, then thrust back into me, crashing bone on bone. I met his thrusts, and we stayed connected as we built a familiar steady

rhythm. I wrapped both legs up around his back. Dug my heels into his butt. Pulled him tight against me, his body heat and strength overwhelming me.

He hammered forward over and over as I matched his strength with my enthusiasm, his mouth fully over mine, teeth clashing as his passion rose. I moaned aloud as he stopped kissing me. Opened my eyes, needing connection, held his eye contact. He held his weight on one arm, gazed down at me. The intimacy of the gesture not lost. He continued with his slow, deep pummelling. It felt like an intrusion on my soul. My heart almost breaking at his lustful strength combined with the gentle intimacy of his lovemaking. Sweat on his brow, he allowed his weight to pin me to the bed. We couldn't hold back for long and he swore as he came inside me. I came with a loud cry of his name. He whispered mine as he emptied into me. Tears followed. He held me as we calmed our hearts and got our breath back.

I hear other wives bitch and moan, justifiably. They complain about how their husbands just lay on top, grunt, grind, release and sleep. No doubt saving affection for their various mistresses. I'm lucky, I guess, I've never had to check on Booker. He had twice as much life experience. That comes with age. I knew he'd have more knowledge and skills than me. That was obvious. What I hadn't expected was for him to tap into my primal needs and desires so quickly. He understood what I needed before I knew, or even had a suggestion of the idea. He would never dream of infidelity in our marriage. Well, at least not with another woman. Me having sex with another man, well, that has become a whole other story. One I never imagined when I married my gorgeous big black billionaire.

Just a year into our marriage, he took me to a desert island, and our marriage shifted. It became one open to other men. He surprised me again when he allowed our intimate and happy marriage to change in such a dramatic way. To become one with a very different power dynamic. One in which other men play a part in our sex lives when Booker invites them. Through stealth, desire and calculation, I'd become his hot-wife. A consenting sex toy for other men to play with but, best of all, my beautiful Booker loves to watch.

THE RESTAURANT

Dressed for dinner, I stood in front of the wall of mirrors as Booker looped a thin gold chain around my neck. A gift after the first time.

It held a diamond heart at my throat. I fingered it as I checked my outfit. Three-quarter length silk sheath dress. The gentle gold colour complimenting my tanned shoulders. No underwear. High, dramatic stiletto heels, thin golden leather straps over my toes and behind my heel. Toenails squared and painted red. This was no subtle wall-flower outfit. It was playtime, and this was my chosen playsuit. Booker placed a soft kiss on the back of my shoulder. I shivered as his fingers tangled with the shoestring straps. My nipples, tight as buds, pushed at the soft fabric like blatant beacons of my arousal. I smiled. Subtle was not my middle name, not tonight.

‘Beautiful.’

‘Thanks! You’re not so bad yourself.’

I looked him up, and down, licked my lips. He wore a dinner suit tailored to perfection. We wouldn’t have looked out of place at a charity ball.

‘Are we overdressed?’ I asked.

‘Probably. But we look hot.’

Slicking on my bright red lipstick and picking up my designer clutch-bag, just big enough for phone and lipstick, I had to agree.

We entered the restaurant, and I gripped Booker’s hand as the conversation dramatically cooled and faces turned our way. For a few

seconds, time stood still. Despite secretly enjoying the moment, I fought off a blush and held my head high as they showed us to our table.

Now with a beautiful black husband, ex-athlete, well over six feet tall, I am used to making an entrance, but this went overboard. So much for a quiet weekend under the radar, we'd just announced our arrival with a full-on siren. Luckily for us, but not for them, someone dropped a glass. The noise distracted and reset the diners. They looked back at their partners, their plates, and away from us. All except one. He continued to stare at us over the top of his reading glasses.

A good-looking black man, aged somewhere between Booker and me, forty maybe. Dark, clear skin, bald head, designer stubble on his chin and top lip. A half smile triggered generous cheeks punctuated by deep dimples. He wore a pale blue sweater, well fitted to his muscular physique. He gave off a sporty, academic vibe which was backed up by the various text heavy documents strewn over his dining table. As I passed, within touching distance, he removed his glasses and looked me up and down. Subtle, he sure as heck wasn't. His face lit up by what my mother called laughing eyes. A shiver passed through me. I gripped Booker a little tighter, placing my hand on his arm to ensure I didn't stumble on my high heels. My nipples tightened. They sent a shot of curiosity and anticipation to my pussy.

The maitre'd showed us to our table, in a semi-private booth. The table laid out with beautiful candles, crystal and glistening cutlery. Surrounded by palms and vases packed with dramatic fresh flowers, their heavy scent hung in the air, mingling with food smells from the kitchen. As we both slid into the leather bench seating, it felt as though we entered a private, luxurious dining space. No one could see us, although in reality they were just a few feet away from a busy evening service.

'I'm going to find out who designed this space. It's stunning.'

Booker taking the words out of my head as he often does. We have become so in tune. Our new sexual adventures have just honed and strengthened that intimate connection.

'Scarlett baby. Do I take it you saw something you liked?'

Booker laughed, glanced down at my nipples, rock hard and aching.

'Maybe.'

I laughed, looking at Booker from beneath my heavy lashes, tempting him to find out more.

The sommelier poured my first glass of wine. I tasted, nodded my approval. I tried to focus on the glass as beneath the table Booker slid his hand up my over my knee. Taking my silk dress up with it, I soon felt the heavy heat of his hand on my bare inner thigh. My fingers trembled as, alone again, we raised our glasses to toast the evening ahead.

It was halfway through dessert when the man I'd seen earlier approached our table. I gripped Booker's knee under the table, nails digging into thick muscle. He touched my hand to reassure me before extending it to shake our visitor's delicate pianist's hand.

'Good evening. So sorry to disturb you. If I may.'

An old-school formality at odds with his casual golfing sweater. His glasses casually tucked into the neckline of his sweater, a bundle of papers under his arm. His accent a little hard to work out, but English tones were heaviest.

'I would appreciate you joining me for coffee. They have a wonderful selection here. I'll order for us in the reading room, down the hall. I look forward to a lively conversation.'

Nodding at me before turning his back. With that, he walked away.

'OK, so do you fancy coffee?'

Booker smiled, less disconcerted than me.

'I don't think it was a request. He seemed pretty confident we'd accept, don't you think?'

'Confidence is good, right?'

'True, but if he's arrogant, I might just have something in mind to show him who's the boss.'

'Scarlett baby, are you suggesting you want to play with our professor?'

'Professor? Oh, you're right. He gives that vibe, doesn't he? His invite intrigues me. Reading room, here we come! Booker, darling, if you talk sport at least I'll be able to read a book to stave off the boredom.'

'Scarlett, you know that won't happen. He's a good-looking guy, and I have an idea he might just have something other than reading in mind for you, too.'

We left the booth, Booker's palm resting easily on my lower back. He sneaked in a quick, teasing grope of my butt as we walked through the now almost empty dining room. I focussed on slowing the desperate need to run to the reading room. Despite the heat that flowed through me, my nipples shrunk to hard buds again. My body on high alert. My knees trembled,

fingers shook. As my heart raced with anticipation and nerves, I reached out to hold on tight to my husband's muscular arm and whispered.

'OK. Professor, let's see what you have in mind.'

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THE LIBRARY

When we walked into the library, we saw Bailey. The round table covered with a heavy white linen tablecloth. Formally laid out with china cups, a coffee and cream jug and various tiny pastries. There were three seats, one occupied by the professor. One at his side and another facing him. I was fairly sure he'd set them out that way as a test. We had two choices. Being tested before we'd even talked spoke of an arrogance that I found both mildly annoying, intriguing and horny as heck. I hadn't asked Booker if he'd met the professor here, as he'd done with other lovers, but judging by his confident and obvious approach, maybe he had.

I almost stopped in my tracks, almost tripping on a non-existent crease in the carpet. What if this guy was just a visitor who liked to chat over coffee? I'd assumed he fancied me, judging by his smiles, his looks, his invites. What if I'd got it wrong? Doubt washed over me. I had to play this cool. The last thing I wanted to do was come on strong with a guy who just wanted some evening company.

Booker seemed to sense my hesitancy, and he unhooked my arm, placed his hand on the small of my back whilst walking me to sit at the professor's side. Our new acquaintance stood, held out his hand, and gazed confidently into my eyes. When he spoke, the deep timbre sounded even more seductive in the intimate space and subdued lighting.

'Scarlett, so good to meet you.'

His emphasis on the word good and his gaze running up and down my body, resting for a moment longer on my tits, made me shiver. I felt my nipples tighten.

‘Professor Marshall Bailey. Students call me Professor, others call me Marshall but I actually prefer Bailey.’

‘Hello Bailey. Thank you for the invitation.’

I took his hand, met his gaze, then dropped an obvious glance to his crotch.

‘This looks delicious.’

The double entendre obvious. I cast my eyes to the table spread. A little test to see if I’d misjudged the whole restaurant come on. I hadn’t. A smile touched the corners of his lips before he turned and shook hands with Booker. Did I get a hint of a previous meeting? They didn’t seem to be strangers. Or was I just imagining what I hoped for?

Booker held my seat back and waited until I got comfortable before moving to sit opposite. Bailey checked our drink preferences and poured as we picked a few choice pastries and placed them on the tiny china saucers. I let the men talk, sat back, and observed their relationship.

I slid a delicious mouth size chocolate treat between my lips, making over-exaggerated licking gestures after accidentally on purpose leaving chocolate crumbs on my lips. Bailey took the bait and wrapped his ankle behind mine. There was no way it was an accidental bumping of feet. I resisting a cough that demanded my throat close, and somehow swallowed the rich chocolate without a reaction. He skilfully flicked off my shoe. How the hell he did it I do not know, but I went with it and soon toyed with his foot and calf with my bare toes. All the while, he and Booker chatted about the latest political drama playing out in the media. At least it wasn’t sport. Bailey seemed to ignore my attempts to chip in. I didn’t care. It could be misogyny or just plain bad manners. Either way, I wasn’t here to for a friendly conversation. I was here to get fucked and if he didn’t like me or want to play, I knew my gorgeous Booker would certainly want me when we got back to our room.

I was about to chip in again just to test my theory when Booker excused himself for the men’s room. As soon as he walked away, Bailey turned to face me. To any onlooker it would seem that we were engrossed in a discussion but out of sight he lifted the table cloth from my knee and slid his warm palm straight up my inner thigh. He looked me in the eye and spoke, calmly, as if just chatting about the weather.

‘When Booker returns, I want to finger fuck you.’

I gasped at the sudden shift from being ignored to being the focus of attention. I had to give it to Bailey. He wasn't a time waster. He slid his hand to rest just short of my pussy and pressed on my bare inner thigh. I couldn't resist opening my legs to let him touch me.

'Just like this. Right here.'

His fingers pushed higher. I chewed on my lip to stop a moan escaping and stared back into Bailey's eyes. He smiled when he felt I had no underwear on. Stroked his finger brutally across my clit. I bit my lip but slid down into the seat and allowed my legs to gape open for him.

'You must not moan, or move, or tell your husband. It must be our secret.'

'But Booker will guess. He knows my tells.'

'I trust you to hide them. Put on your true poker face because if you react, I will stop.'

His finger pressed hard, and he slid it between my pussy lips. Above the table, you literally wouldn't know. He had perfected his game, and I couldn't resist the challenge of bringing mine.

'I'll try.'

I whispered, feigning defiance. My cheeks already flushed. I tried to sip my coffee without my hand trembling.

'No Scarlett. You will do more than try. It's my game. Those are my rules. Do you want to play?'

I saw Booker approaching, smiled up and whispered to Bailey from behind my coffee cup.

'Of course I'm playing. Just make it worth my while.'

Bailey nipped my inner thigh, hard. I caught a flash of a frown. He didn't like me doubting his authority. A tremor of fear and fun shot adrenalin through my veins. I was about to change my mind when he distracted me with a soft finger circle around my bare clit. Unexpected softness had me doubting my ability to stay calm. My pussy wet already.

The best decision I'd made so far was to leave the underwear in the room. I hoped the second one was to agree to get playful with the least playful man I'd ever met.

THE GAME

Booker slid back into his seat. Waved over an order for another bottle of wine and, after pouring us all a glass, raised his to make a toast.
'New friends.'

Bailey pressed his finger on my clit as I raised my glass. I gripped the glass stem so tightly I prayed it wouldn't snap. As I sipped, Bailey pushed two fingers into my soaking pussy. I tried not to choke on the wine, as he sat forward to speak to Booker whilst pushing his fingers deeper into me.

I expected them to continue their discussion, but Bailey had other ideas.

'Your beautiful wife has been keeping me entertained. I'm not sure you deserve her all to yourself, Booker.'

Booker laughed, smiled at me, winked. He never fucking winks unless he has plans for me. It's kind of become our signal.

'Oh, I know. She deserves so much more.'

'I am here, you know guys...'

I was about to continue when Bailey nipped my clit between his finger and thumb, so hard it almost brought tears to my eyes. I got the message. He wanted me quiet, submissive.

I gulped my wine, sat back and parted my legs as Bailey fingered me again. This time he grabbed my mons bone in his hand and thrust fingers inside me in an obviously possessive intrusion. My cheeks burned, clit throbbed, and anger bubbled up. But more than that, I felt horny as fuck. I hated being dominated, but loved this subversive edge to my nature. I didn't want brutal fingering, but I wanted nothing else. I looked at Bailey, he ignored me, his eyes on Booker.

‘Booker, you really have your hands full with this one.’

‘Oh, you’d be surprised.’

‘Really? I doubt that.’

‘My wife is just full of surprises. Aren’t you Scarlett?’

At the moment Booker expected a response, I was chewing my bottom lip as Bailey thumbed my clit and fingered my g-spot.

‘Hmmm.’

I couldn’t utter a word, daren’t risk opening my mouth. I knew a moan of pleasure would beat any words between my lips. Looking away, I saw the staff closing up. Booker followed my eyes and turned back to Bailey.

‘Professor. It appears we may have overstayed our welcome. It would be such a shame to cut the evening short. How about joining us in our suite for coffee?’

‘Perfect. I’d be happy to continue this upstairs.’

On the word ‘this’, he pushed his fingers deep, twisting them before pulling out and wiping them on my thigh. How could Booker not know what he was doing?

‘Scarlett, you go ahead with the professor. I will settle up and meet you up there.’

He stood, kissed me delicately on the lips, and walked away. My legs shook as I straightened my clothes and stood up. Bailey followed. I couldn’t help but notice his swollen crotch. He quickly adjusted and walked behind me a few strides, no doubt to conceal his erection from the last of the table staff.

I pulled the key from my bag as we headed for the lift. As the doors closed, Bailey pushed me violently against the back wall and kissed me with crushing brutality. His tongue pushing around my mouth. I fought back, slotted my thigh between his, pressing my clit on his muscular leg. I was determined to show him he didn’t scare me. He ripped up my dress at the back, his hand groping my bare ass. My nipples ached, pebble hard. Pinning me harder, he groped and kissed me until the lift pinged our arrival.

Bailey grabbed my wrist and almost dragged me down the empty hallway. I jogged to keep up as he strode ahead. Doubt prickled my thoughts, but passion quickly overwhelmed it. I knew I was safe. Booker was just minutes behind us. Besides, I’d now felt Bailey’s body against mine. He was strong, his cock felt big when he pressed against me, and I

wanted more. Despite the lack of time he'd shown he had skills, I'd be a fool not to take advantage of them.

In the suite, he changed. No more brutal groping or tongue lashing. He strode around the suite, checked out the bedroom. It felt like he was intruding into Booker's domain. Standing next to the bed, he turned to face me.

'Scarlett. Take off your dress and get on the bed.'

'But Booker...'

'He can watch. My game, my rules. Take off your dress now, or I will leave and the game is over.'

I stepped into the bedroom and pulled my dress over my head. A shiver from my fingertips to my toes sent my body into overdrive. I felt wet on my pussy lips, the memory of his fingers under the table.

'On all fours.'

He ripped back the bedding, throwing it to the floor. I climbed up onto the bed as instructed, defiantly stuck my ass up high. Bailey watched me, then reached out, posed me so my ass would be the first thing Booker would see when he looked into the room. He stroked his fingers up my gash and pressed my pussy lips open.

'If you play the game, I'll taste you later. I know Booker won't do that for you.'

How the fuck did he know that? Now I knew Booker, and he had been planning this. The thought of being sucked and licked made me plant my knees wider.

'Oh, so you want that, do you?'

'Yes! Please Bailey.'

Bailey undressed at the side of the bed, left me gaping and wet. I moved my hand to my clit, ready to pick up where Bailey left off downstairs.

'Touch that without permission and I leave.'

Damn! I dropped my hand to the bed. As I muttered an apology, Bailey climbed up on to the bed and propped himself against the headboard.

This was the first time I saw his cock. Fuck, it was thick and whilst it was only semi-hard, it was obvious he was long, too. I'm used to big black cocks, or at least one, so it didn't intimidate me. A smile touched my lips as I looked up at Bailey. He held his cock upright, flicked his thumb over his wet end before wiping his thumb over my lips. I licked them greedily, tasted

his saltiness with a moan of approval. My clit ached for something, someone, but I daren't move without his say so.

'Scarlett. I want to come in that beautiful mouth. It's up to you to make it happen.'

I shuffled forward, my ass still high, and slid my mouth over his tip. My hand scooping up his balls and gently squeezing. I expected him to grip my hair and pin me down on him, but he just looked down at me. I sucked him into my cheek. Held his width in my fingers and wanked him into my mouth. His crotch smelled clean. Soap and his musk. Short pubes, no surprise, everything about him controlled and groomed. I was so horny I couldn't stop sucking and guzzling, even when I realised Booker was still not back. Bailey held his hands behind his head, arrogant, in charge. I sucked and wanked and buried his tip in my cheek as I moaned and purred against him. My ass high, pussy gaping. Desperate to please him. As my pace got more desperate, Bailey finally twisted my hair in his fingers and pinned my head down. I guessed he was going to come soon, but then heard a gasp of pleasure. He was pinning me for Booker's benefit. To show him who was in control.

'I told you she'd keep me entertained.'

Bailey spoke. I wanted to stop, but didn't. I wanted to see who he was talking to, but knew it was Booker. When had he got back? How much had he seen?

He was now watching his wife's bare ass and gaping wet pussy, as she mouth-fucked a guy. But I couldn't stop. Not just because Bailey was raising his hips and now fucking my mouth, but because I was enjoying it. I performed even more. Wiggled my ass for Booker's benefit. Guzzled and deep-throated Bailey. After almost choking, I had to shift him to my cheek.

The thought of Booker watching made me so horny I really stepped up a gear and soon felt Bailey swell and felt his body shift. I wanked him hard and flicked my tongue across his end. Fisted those last few solid strokes to make him shoot his load into my throat. With loud grunts of pleasure, he pumped into me before I licked him clean and allowed his heavy cock to flop from my mouth to his thigh.

My body ached. I wanted to feel a cock inside me. To be dominated, fucked and brought to an orgasm and right then I didn't care who gave it to me, so I just waited to hear the next rules of the game.

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THE SHOW

‘**B**ooker. I’m going to fuck Scarlett. I know she would love you to watch from that chair.’

He pointed to the chair in the corner. In my everyday life, I’d never met a guy speak about me, or past me like that. As if I wasn’t in the room. But right now, naked with Bailey and my beautiful Booker, it made me gag for more. My heart nearly broke to hear Bailey being so condescending to Booker, but it also made me horny as hell. I knew Booker loved to watch, so didn’t doubt he’d play the game.

I glanced round, saw Booker looking at me. That damn fucking wink. He sat down as suggested and unzipped. As I watched him scoop out his cock, Bailey spoke.

‘Scarlett! Get you ass up here. Show me how you play with those delicious tits.’

I crawled over to Bailey. Kissed him full on the lips, tongue crashing into his teeth. I imagined his firm mouth over my clit, but he pushed me off until I sat back on his thighs.

He lay back on the pillows, hands linked behind his head, and watched as I twisted and teased my nipples. Hard buds that I stretched and pulled until I had to chew on my lip to divert the pain. My pussy open, my knees wide outside Bailey’s, I writhed and slid one hand lower. Bailey slapped it away.

‘I said play with your tits.’

His cock was twitching, semi-hard and bouncing for attention, but he didn’t take it in his hand. He allowed it to rest on my stomach as I wriggled

forward, trying to tease my clit against him, as if he wouldn't notice. I heard Booker moving, guessed he was getting undressed or more comfortable, but I didn't look around. I didn't dare, whilst wanting Bailey to fuck me. Scared I'd mess up the game.

Bailey reached up, pulled my head forward, and I almost lost balance as my lips bruised against his. The kiss was wet, demanding and a mash up of tongues. My hands had to leave my tits and hold his shoulders for balance. I felt his hands on my hips and he lifted me forward. He held me still. I felt his cock brush my pussy lips, then he thrust up and pushed me down. Fucking me in one solid thrust. Filling me completely. I cried out against his mouth. He took a breath and pushing my hips down. He ground his hips up, pushing his full length up against my wall. I moaned again as he stopped kissing me and instead bit hard on my tit. His fist clenched tight around my soft tit, his sharp teeth pulled on my teat as he thrust up into me. I ripped at my other nipple, loving the pain his teeth shot through my body. My pussy full of his hard cock.

'Show Booker how you love to be fucked!'

He mentioned Booker's name, and I bucked with rage. I wanted fucking hard. I wanted Booker to see it. To show Bailey how good I was at pleasing him. My pussy tightened, and I bucked my hips hard in time with Bailey.

'You can come now, Scarlett.'

He pressed his thumb on my clit, and I couldn't hold back a moment longer. I screamed as I lost control and bucked as I squirted over his hard cock. The wet sound of him fucking my pulsing pussy filled my senses until I collapsed against him. I leant my head on his shoulder as I tried to catch my breath. He was still thrusting his cock into me. Still rock hard and horny. He forced me to move my hips in time with his, my clit on fire, my pussy dripping, his balls wet from my orgasm.

Booker was wanking in the chair as I got fucked. He was panting. I stepped up a gear, felt challenged to make Bailey shoot his load into me. I tore my nails into his shoulder, chewed on his nipples, thrust my hips back and forth in a frenzy. Slapping my ass on his thighs, rubbing my clit on his bone until I knew I'd done enough, and he was losing control. I'd brought myself to the edge of another orgasm, but Bailey held me still and pumped his load up into my wet pussy. Filled me with his heavy, sticky cream. It leaked from me as I ground down on him until he was empty. He slid from me and we lay against each other until we got our ragged breath back.

I was the youngest in the room, but felt the most powerful. Despite Bailey trying to dominate me, it felt empowering to know that I had two men, twice my age, desperate to please, to be pleased. Bailey must have read my thoughts.

‘Booker. I’m going to fuck her again. But this time you can fuck her face.’

The crude language was so jarring and sexy as hell. I wanted to be fucked and if they both wanted me, then I was ready to play.

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THE ROAST

Scary as it was to face two huge black cocks at once I was ready to give it a go. I moved to kneel facing away from Bailey. I looked at Booker as Bailey spoke to him.

‘Let’s see if your wife makes a good spit roast?’

Bailey seemed to revel in being crude, but I saw Booker’s cock thrust and throb into a solid hard-on in his fist and had no doubts. Booker was up for it, too. I was going to be mouth-fucked. I licked my lips, and he smiled reassuringly as he stepped forward. He had my back.

He reached out, and I watched his cock bounce upright, impatient but excited. Booker placed his heavy hand on my shoulder. The pair of beautiful men flipped me onto all fours, facing away from Bailey. The mattress shifted as Bailey got on his knees behind me and his hands gripped my hips to move me into position.

His palms stroked my ass cheeks in soft, circling caresses. The gentleness at odds with his crude proposition. He had me all confused. I guess being crude was a persona, or maybe the true Bailey, but he had a gentle side. Or so I thought. Until I felt his cock being rubbed up and down my gash. Booker held his cock in front of my face and I licked his end, tasted the familiar salt, smelled his gorgeous musky scent as I licked him like a lollipop. My gash being pushed open, Bailey pulling my ass cheeks apart. I tensed, not knowing when he would fuck me. Not wanting to hurt Booker if I got thrust forward. I waited until Bailey was inside me before I took Booker fully in my mouth. His cock was so big he always almost tore at my lips, so I had to be ready for him. I licked my lips and his tip, being

overly wet and sloppy. Looked up at him through my lashes, murmured a purring anticipation which soon turned into a guttural moan of passion as Bailey held his cock and slid it inside me. I stretched around it but even when I bore down, he couldn't push all the way in. I was too tight. He slid out. His fist holding his cock, he pushed in harder. I bent lower to allow him in, he grunted as his length sunk deeper and I felt him hit my wall, stretching me open. His balls warm and soft, I tensed inside and heard him moan as his rock hard cock felt my walls tighten.

'Oh Booker. She's nice and tight isn't she?'

I couldn't believe he would taunt my husband that way but before I could react more than a quick glance Booker stepped forward and filled my face. He didn't wait for me to take the lead, or for me to get adjusted to his size. He just fucked in. I almost gagged, but then Bailey moved. Pulling out a little before ramming home again. I had to distract myself. I lifted one hand and held the top of Booker's thigh for leverage as he shifted his hips. Bailey had fucked into me again. Slowly opening me, making me wet, his balls slapping on my clit as his fingertips dug hard into my hips. His grip iron-tight as he used me as a fuck toy, ramming all the way into me. This was most definitely for his pleasure not mine but it felt fucking amazing.

Booker followed his lead and thrust his hips forward, his cock bending as he fucked one cheek then I moved so he fucked the other. I wanted to deep throat him, but got scared I would choke if Bailey rammed me hard at the same time. Then I remembered this was my husband, the last thing he wanted was to hurt me. He wouldn't let anything bad happen. I told myself to relax. Enjoy the moment. I focussed on the cock filling my pussy, Booker's just a big fat mouthful of bonus cock.

Bailey had got into his rhythm and holding my hips he hammered relentlessly into my soaked but still tight pussy. His balls slapped loudly, breath coming in pants of effort. He has sweat on his face and on his thighs. His hands hot on my hips. As one hand moved away, I felt bruised where he had held me. I guzzled on Booker, my nose snuffling against his pubes, almost stopping my ability to breathe but Booker was paying attention. He pushed my shoulder back so I could catch a few deep breaths before I went in again to suck and lick him deep into my throat. I could take him for a moment or two, then he'd pull out. It became a fucking not a sucking. He was leading the pace as Bailey was in my pussy. It became a rhythmic move with both men ramming me at the same time. I planted my knees, stuck my

ass higher as a defiant gesture. Enjoying myself now I knew I had risen to Bailey's challenge. But he sensed the shift and his thumb instantly moved to my tight ass. He wouldn't allow me lead things. He was in charge and if he wanted to tease my ass, he would. I tensed, and he thrust hard into me his thumb pressing on my tight asshole. Booker thrust deep and I was truly being spit roast. My tits ached from the pummelling, now missing out on being touched. I took my hand from Booker's thigh and ripped at my nipples as Bailey pushed his thumb to open my ass, just a touch. I couldn't even moan against Booker's cock as he filled my throat again. Bailey now hammering hard and fast.

'Oh, she's coming for me Booker.'

He had that right. I wanted to stay on the edge, I loved it there, the anticipation and heat. But Bailey had other ideas. The thought of these two beautiful black men making eye contact over my body, both taking me, was so horny my nipples tightened at just the thought. Bailey's relentless fucking made me lost control, I tried to catch a breath as Booker slid into my cheek and my pussy squirted over Bailey's cock. He stayed deep, rammed into me as I came, enjoyed the tight pulses that wracked my body. Instead of sliding out or giving me a break he stayed inside me, continued to ride me, it was as if he hadn't cared whether I came, no reaction, just more fucking.

'Listen to how sloppy and wet she is, Booker.'

Taunted about my wetness. It didn't sound like a compliment but an insult. No one had shamed me like that but I was past caring, I just wanted to prove I could make them both come for me. That I had some control. Although I obviously didn't.

I wriggled my hips and sucked on Booker with a new fury. Bailey saw the reaction and laughed, loud. Fuck that got me mad, but he still had me pinned and I guessed my best revenge was to get him to shoot his load. But then he'd pull out, and I was loving being filled like that. Dilemma, make him come or make him last. His thumb pressed just inside my ass-hole, his cock still hard and thick, stretching my pussy. My cum leaking past his balls.

Bailey pulled his thumb away from my ass and went back to holding my hips. I knew it meant he was going to really hammer me and I wasn't wrong. He grunted with almost every thrust. Hard, unforgiving and almost painfully deep. He leant over me, his stomach sweaty on my ass and his

hand moved forward. I guzzled on Booker, tried to make him lose it. I wanted to make him come in my throat.

Bailey moved his fingers to my clit. Fuck I couldn't think then. I just turned to instincts. No longer in control of my body I let go of any reserves. Bailey held me still for a moment then circled my clit slowly with his finger as he pulled out a little then rammed his hard cock back into my heat. A new rhythm that made me sweat, shiver and guzzle on Booker. I reached up and squeezed on Booker's balls, soon took him over the edge and with a groan of my name Booker shot his load in thick salty shots into my mouth. I guzzled it down.

Bailey took me to the next level with his clit play. He had to take me over the edge again. He fucked me hard as Booker slid from my mouth.

Bailey was past words, but I knew I was coming again for him. I looked up at Booker as I felt the heat of another orgasm rise in me. He pressed his thumb in my mouth and I sucked and blew it like crazy. Chewed on his knuckle as I flooded with another mind blowing orgasm. Bailey couldn't hold back this time and he swore loudly at me as he pumped his load deep inside me.

I slid from Booker's hand, and panting I planted my face on the bed. Bailey still deep inside me, emptying, as our sticky cream flooded over his balls. When he finished, he pushed me off and walked away. As I lay on the bed, discarded I heard the shower running. Bailey washing the stench of me from his skin. The ultimate humiliation.

Booker lifted me and carried me to the bathroom. Standing me next to Bailey they washed me down. Booker supporting me on shaky legs as Bailey scrubbed me all over, twice between my legs, with a brutal 'couldn't care less but you need to be clean' attitude. When they'd dried me, Bailey took my hand again and led me back to bed.

'I'll take Scarlett and the bed. Booker, you can take the sofa.'

All thoughts of snuggling up to my gorgeous husband abandoned. Booker poured three glasses of water, serving us before walking silently to the sofa. I watched him tuck the blanket around himself as Bailey spooned me. His hand possessively on my tit, his soft cock nestled in my crack. I didn't complain. After all it meant maybe, just maybe Bailey would take me again before he left us. Besides, he still hadn't gone down on me yet.

THE GIFT

The day after Booker and I arrived back home, I awoke to find a tiny box on his empty pillow. He had left early for a conference. I would be alone for a week, plenty of time to recover and enjoy my own company after the exhausting weekend with Bailey.

I lifted the gift box, snapped open the red velvet lid. Inside nestled a beautiful gold ankle chain, on which hung a solid gold Vixen head. I picked it up, its weight settled in my palm. Turning it over I discovered a discrete letter B engraved into the design. The perfect reminder that Booker was mine. But had my husband realised it would be a permanent reminder of my Professor Marshall Bailey? Of course he had. Every gift he'd ever given to me had been chosen with thought and love. I fastened it around my ankle, lay back, took a photograph and sent it to Booker.

Told him I couldn't wait to say thank you in person when he came home, as always.

AFTERWORD

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