



**The
Scorned
Wife's
Revenge**

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By Salty Vixen



How it started....

I'm sweet, lovable and my name is Diamond to all who know me. Always nice, always proper. I thought I had it all, a great career, a great home life, and a loving, doting husband. Now, that all that was shattered, I was reverting to my alter-ego, Golden, the wild, prurient woman I was before I got married and calmed down.

I had been the perfect wife and plaything. My greedy, selfish, ungrateful husband didn't have a care in the world. He worked as a corporate attorney, came home to a house that was immaculate and a meal that was freshly prepared based on his favorite foods and special dietary needs.

Even though I had a full time job myself. I worked out regularly to keep my body tight and flexible so that when sex time rolled around, I could move and flex into positions that most women could only dream about, unless they were gymnasts. My sex game was highest quality, with hours of perfected techniques to accommodate the unusually large width and length of my husband. Most women would be crying if he tried to do to them what he did to me.

So, how did he repay me? Fancy jewels? New cars? Furs and trips to the French Riviera? No, I caught him having sex with another woman. And not just any woman, no, no, no. This broken down tramp lived next door to us, and she had been eyeing Seth since the day we moved in. Shamelessly throwing herself at him by asking him to come over and do things for her like mow her lawn, or fix appliances, or trap wild animals. Anything to get him to come over there without me. I allowed him to do some things for her occasionally. But sexual favors? Uh, no.

This particular day I left work early for some me time, well it would have been used for Seth time. I went to the spa, got a body scrub and mineral bath, nails polished, hair coiffed, and makeup worthy of a photo-shoot. I stepped back onto the street looking like the Queen of Sheba, with the intention of going home and stripping down to nothing but my new bronze

thong to wait for Seth. Turned out Seth had a little surprise in store for me too.

I sauntered in the house, with small tote bags in my hands filled with crèmes and oils to be tried out on Seth during our sex-a-rama. The house was quiet, except for a faint knocking sound coming from the basement. As far as I knew, Seth would be in court all day. I had several hours left before he would be getting in, so I decided to make a pitcher of margaritas to start relaxing my mind.

Maybe I'd get my pussy ready with the new vibrator I bought. I removed my gold straps, took off my white jacket, and slid down the stairs to the kitchen.

While I was pulling out the blender, I kept hearing the annoying thumping noise. Had Seth left the dryer on? Maybe he put something heavy in there. That's just how it sounded. Since I had to go down to the bar anyway and get a bottle of margarita mix, I decided to investigate the strange noise.

I crept cautiously down the stairs to the lower level, turning on only the first set of lights in the hallway leading down the first set of stairs. The washer and dryer were in a room towards the back of the rec room so the sound was still muffled, until I got a few feet away from the door. That's when I heard it—not only the thumping, but the heavy breathing and the moaning, the moaning of a woman in heat, panting trying to tame Seth's mammoth dick.

“Ooooh Seth, damn I never thought you had it like this! Oh God, I should have gotten a piece of you sooner. You really know how to move your ass...yeah get it deeper in my pussy...”

“Just lean back and relax Lilly, relax so I can get it all in. You can take it all baby, you just have to know how to work it. Your shit is too tight for me...mmmm, let me get your legs up like this...”

I was speechless. Seth. Fucking this woman from next door. In my house. Like it was the most natural thing in the world. I couldn't move, I felt

myself turn to stone, standing there in the partial darkness, listening to the sounds of their primal grunting and groaning and Seth's skin slapping against her skin. It was like slowing down for a car crash. You just had to get one look, and I did.

I eased around the corner, sliding a portion of my body close enough to the doorway so I could see them. And see I did. Lilly had her legs spread wider than a cruise ship, with the help of Seth holding them apart, as he rammed up in her with smooth, even strokes. Lilly's head was hitting the basket behind her, which was hitting the wall. Both of them had their naked asses on my laundry folding table. Lucky it was bolted down.

Suddenly I got angry, feeling the temperature in my body rise to the core temperature of Mercury. My blood boiled, and I wanted both of them dead, but Seth had to go first. How dare he pump my dick, The Big Boy, up into this actress-wannabe-has-been-bitch!

I stormed through the door, startling their flight towards climax. Lilly saw me first, freezing a grimace on her narrow face, then tapping Seth on the shoulder and pointing, just before I unleashed my fury.

"Just what the fuck is going on in here? Oh no, don't stop on my account!" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

In the same instance, Lilly pushed Seth off her, and Seth spun around, uncoupling the bond he had formed with the slut. I moved towards them rapidly, and I think Lilly was screaming, trying to jump down. She had no worries, because my first target would be Seth. I grabbed at his hair, but he managed to grab me first, while Lilly ran out, grabbing clothes as she bolted for the exit. I squirmed against Seth, finally getting free by jabbing him in the side with my elbow.

"Get your filthy hands off me, you, you dog!" I spun around so I could punch him, but he grabbed me again.

"Diamond, baby, please, you need to calm down! I know it looks bad baby, but I'm sorry, I never meant..."

“Oh don’t even fucking say it Seth! Don’t tell me how this was some misguided mistake!”

I stomped on his foot, leaving him limping as I sprinted for the stairs, making a beeline for the bedroom. I ran to my closet and grabbed my large overnight bag and started ripping clothes down and throwing them in the bag. I was attacking my chest of drawers when Seth finally drug himself to the room, half dressed, trying to stop me. I pushed him, not knowing my own strength in anger, nearly knocking him to the floor.

“Diamond, where do you think you’re going? We need to talk about this, you can’t just walk away from this, from me!”

I let my hand scratching across Seth’s face be my answer to his query, then I resumed throwing things in my bag. I hastily pulled the halves of the bag together, zipping the contents inside. Seth stood next to me, trying to block my movement.

“Move Seth, move before I do something to you.”

“No Diamond, I’m not letting you leave in a frenzy like this. We need to talk!”

He tried to calm me, but I wasn’t having it. I was choking, I couldn’t bear to hear the sound of his lying, cheating voice. I felt dizzy, and I needed to get out of the house, out of his presence. I was suffocating, I felt the life being snatched from my lungs. I grabbed my bag, grabbed my car keys, and lunged towards him with my entire body, literally knocking him out of my path.

“Move Seth, fuck you! I’m out of here. Go back and finish your little fuck session with your whore!”

Seth was right on my heels, as I stalked down the stairs, dashing towards the front door and freedom. He yelled something at me, but I didn’t hear him, rather, I could no longer understand him. I tuned him out, threw my bag in the car, locked myself in, and sped down the street, with no destination in mind. I just needed to drive.

Hours later, I found myself downtown at the Marriott. I had been driving around, thinking, crying, cursing. I pulled into the parking garage and decided this was where I would stay until I could figure out what I would do. My phone was still vibrating with calls from Seth. Poor baby. He wouldn't be talking to me anytime soon. I collected myself, trying to regroup, wiped my eyes and headed for the main desk.

I was oblivious to everything around me, the people, the décor of the lobby, even the clerks at the desk, as I requested my room and paid. I had checked out to everything except what was going on in my head, until one of the bellboys strolled past me. Even in my weakened mental sDiamond, I caught sight of him, and his electric smile at me. I figured he was there to make a quick tip, offering to take my bag. Normally I would have growled that I'd carry my own bag, but his attention was just what I needed at the moment.

He was tall, cute, with deep olive brown skin, and even under the heavy uniform, I could see the well developed form of his body. Hmmm, wonder what this gift from the gods looked like with no clothes on.

“May I take your bag Ma'am?” That smile was quickly making me forget why I was even there. I decided to flirt.

“Sure, why not?”

I showed him my key card.

“Right this way, Ma'am!”

I followed him to the elevators, walking just slightly behind him, so I could check out the view from the rear. Nice, very nice. He made chit chat while we were in the elevator. I almost didn't hear him speak, because I was too consumed with the scent of his cologne and the way his perfect body was towering over me, taunting me with how he could scoop me up and take me for a ride.

“Are you here on business? Going to be in town long?”

I snapped back to attention. Hell, what would be my back story? Of course I couldn't say I just left my husband after finding him with his dick shoved up in a slut. Think Diamond. Fast.

"Oh, I live here. I'm having some work done at my house, and I needed to get out of there until they get things under control. Just for a few days or so." Good, easy lie.

He turned to face me, leaning in a little closer. "Oh, you live here, in Chicago?"

"No, Plainfield. I figured I'd stay down here since I work close by."

"Well, you'll enjoy your stay here. You can order room service until 3 in the morning, the room is huge, and you'll have all the comforts of home."

Yeah, home. I hope I didn't have a few things. The bell rang and the door opened to the fifteenth floor. I let my handsome guide lead the way. Carlos was on his name tag.

Once inside my room, Carlos walked around, showing me where everything was, as he placed my bag on a small cot. He checked the air temperature, checked the bathroom, and made sure I knew to call him if I needed anything, anything at all. He definitely made the final statement sound like an invitation. And I would gladly take him up on it, the way I was feeling.

"Well Carlos, you working all night?" I asked, darting my eyes up at his, smiling.

"No ma'am. I get off at midnight." He stood right next to me, leaning over me again, like he was trying to get a whiff of me. I wanted to grab him and settle my lips against his, but I held my composure, and continued with my flirting.

"Well, if I require anything, I sure will call you. Carlos, right?"

"Yes ma'am."

“And can you stop calling me ma’am? You’re making me feel old. I’m only thirty-five!”

He grinned even broader. “You don’t look old, and you sure don’t look thirty-five!”

I smiled. He knew just what to say. “Well, flattery will get you everywhere, Carlos. But really, call me Tat–Golden.” No more goody-good Diamond. I was back to Golden, and I licked my lips in approval of Carlos.

He took my hand, and in a surprise move, he kissed it, watching for my reaction. I was stunned nearly speechless.

“Well, Miss Golden, you have a pleasant evening, and call me if you need anything at all.”

He turned to walk out, looking triumphant. I remembered that I hadn’t tipped him.

“Oh wait Carlos, your tip, let me—“

“No, the pleasure is all mine, Miss Golden.” He winked at me, and disappeared behind the door. I floated over to lock it behind him. He was just what I needed to get my mind off Seth. And his floosy.

I plopped down on the bed, letting my mind undress Carlos and relax, conjuring images of what it would feel like to have him hovering over me with those sexy eyes and tight body of his. I felt strangely guilty, thinking about fucking this sexy man, whom I knew nothing about, when I had a husband at home.

I ignored the guilt, reminding myself that Seth had put me in this position. So now, after nine years of marriage, I had an open door to other men. Maybe I shouldn’t do it, but I was going to do it. And I was going to have fun. Who knew how many sluts he was dicking down? No more Mrs. Goody Two-Puss. I was going for mine.

I dozed off to sleep with my nipples hard and my pleasure center burning with desire to have Carlos’s large, rugged hands on my body, teasing me, sliding his fingers up inside me getting me wet, tickling my neck with his tongue. Yes, I was long overdue, and it was payday.

Room Service....

The ringing of my phone startled me. I knew who it was, since it was nearly midnight. My lying, cheating, husband Seth had been calling all night. He was busy trying to track me down after I busted him with his slut. I wanted him to suffer, not knowing where I was or what I was doing.

I sat straight up in the bed, looking around the dark hotel room. Alone. A tear rolled down my cheek, and I realized I had dozed off to sleep still wearing the clothes I had hurriedly vacated my home in.

I stripped and jumped in the shower. I needed to wash away the stench of the horrible sights and sounds that I witnessed. Finding Seth fucking that slut in our house was more than my mind could handle. The only thing that had dulled my pain was the flirting session with Carlos. Who knew that a cute bell boy would stay on my mind all night, forcing my thoughts into torrid fantasies?

I leaned against the shower wall, letting the warm water cascade down over my body. I gently lathered and massaged my skin, caressing my breasts and letting my hands travel down between my legs. I would have been fucking Seth right at this moment, if I hadn't caught him with his pants down with my hack-actress neighbor. I held myself, shoving my fingers deeper inside my pussy, thinking about the last time Seth made love to me and had me climbing all over the bed. I tried to hold back tears that mingled with the soaking water from the huge shower head.

I was on the brink of an orgasm, when I heard a knock at the door. I shut off the water, and fought my way through the steamy fog to locate my robe. I hurried to the door, peeped out, and saw Carlos standing there. He was out of uniform, and I was shocked that he had returned. I decided to loosen my robe, leaving it open just a bit so Carlos could get a peek. I hastily opened my door.

“Carlos, what brings you back up here?” I let my eyes slide over his tall, well proportioned body. He was wearing a clingy blue knit top over jeans

that hugged him in all the right places. The vision of him standing there was driving heat right between my legs.

He smiled, equally slithering his eyes up and down my damp body, focusing on the open portion of my robe.

“I just ended my shift, and I thought I would stop by and make sure you were comfortable and see if you needed anything.”

Oh yeah, I needed something. I looked up into his warm brown eyes and smiled, opening the door so he could enter.

“That’s so sweet Carlos. Do you treat all the guests with such personalized care?” I bit my bottom lip and closed the door, walking up on him as he stood in the middle of the entrance to the suite.

“Well, I treat all my guests with care, but only the truly special ones get my personal attention. And you are truly special, Miss Golden.”

He stepped closer, running his finger along the side of my face, stopping to trace over my lips, then down the center of my body right along the opening of my robe. I knew I had been wrong to flirt with him earlier. I was a married woman. But if my husband hadn’t honored our marriage vows, why should I? Two wrongs didn’t make it right, but this felt right, right now. My pussy was hot and aching, and I wanted Carlos to cool me off.

“Well,” I said seductively, “there is something you can do for me.” I ran my hands across his chest provocatively, and Carlos reacted to my invitation, flexing his muscles under my fingers. I inhaled the spicy scent of his cologne while standing on my tiptoes to get my lips closer to his ear. “There *is* something I need, and I need it right now.”

Carlos took my hands and pushed them under his shirt, watching my face as I explored the terrain of his skin. It felt like he had been hand sculpted, with mounds of muscle surrounding his torso and chest. He pulled his shirt off, and I was in awe. He pulled my lips to his nipples, and I was happy to lick and suck them. I felt his hands pushing the robe from my shoulders, letting it slide to the floor at my feet. He pulled my head up by my chin,

looked into my eyes, and pressed his lips over mine like he was sipping a fine wine.

My head started spinning, and I felt a flurry of emotions. Guilt first, since this was the first time a man other than my husband had put his lips on me in nine years. Seth was an excellent kisser, but this was brand new. I felt my lips burning, straight through to the core of my body. Every nerve was electrified by this new sensation. Carlos clasped the back of my head, pulling me tighter against him, and I parted my lips to let his tongue in. He licked against my tongue and my senses delighted to his flavor. I allowed myself be led astray, falling deeper inside the lust I was feeling for this sexy stranger.

He pulled me into a tight embrace, pressing my breasts against his body. I wanted his lips on me everywhere, and he must have read my mind as he grabbed one of my breasts and buried my nipple between his smoldering lips, twirling his wet tongue around it and sending me to the brink of an orgasm. I threw my mouth open and groaned, as he lightly pinched the other nipple, not to leave it neglected. My clit pulsed wildly, letting me know it was ready for action. I had to know what he had inside those jeans.

Again, Carlos read my mind, because his hands had already reached down and unbuckled, unzipped, and unrestrained his hulking manhood. I heard his pants hitting the floor, and he took my hand and wrapped my fingers around his erection. His dick was hot, and I tried to gauge the size before letting my eyes feast upon him. I was pleasantly surprised to find he was huge, with more than average length. Of course no man could compare to Seth, with his earth-shattering twelve inches. But it would be a welcome change to fuck a man who could probably do more with less.

“Mmmm baby, you got it wet? You ready for me?”

His tongue invaded my mouth again, not giving me a chance to respond. I think he got his answer while he assaulted my pussy with his fingers. I was soaked, as we tried to devour each other, sucking, biting and licking each other into a frenzy. Carlos finally released me and pulled me to the bed. I eagerly followed, like a hungry little puppy.

I centered myself atop the luxury mattress, as Carlos grabbed a couple of pillows and positioned my hips on top of them. Somehow he had sheathed himself amidst the play. He left no stone unturned.

“Baby, I want this to be the fuck of your life. You won’t soon be forgetting your stay here.”

I laid there, rolling my eyes over his perfect olive brown skin. My heart was beating out of my chest, in anticipation of crossing this forbidden threshold. I never thought I would cheat on my husband. But here I lay, with my hips thrust up in this man’s face, and now he was burying his tongue deep inside my slit, licking my clit and driving me insane. All thoughts of my husband rolled out of my head, as I squirmed and wiggled with Carlos sucking my center, separating my labia and delving his tongue as deep as his face would let him. I was clawing and yelping at the sensation, and I had to let go, bursting into a powerful, wrenching, orgasm.

“Oh shit!” I yelled out in ecstasy, as I grabbed his hair, grinding against his lips. He kept his tongue inside me, riding out the pulsating waves. It was addicting, and now I was aching for him to ravage me.

“Carlos,” I gasped, “don’t make me wait any longer. Fuck me now, I want to feel you inside me right now.”

Not to disappoint me, Carlos started making a slow ascent toward my head, licking my body as he slid up and over me. He grabbed my legs, spreading them even more, rubbing his hands over my swollen lips.

“I’m going to love getting up in your pretty, tight little pussy. You taste so sweet, and I know you’ll treat my dick as good as you treated my tongue.”

He leaned over me and kissed me, mingling my lingering juices from his mouth with my own tongue, as he pushed his hot dick up against my slit, slowly pushing it inside the tight space. My mouth flew open involuntarily, gasping for air and breathing deeply, enjoying that initial push, that initial joining of our bodies. He ripped into me, tearing through my tight cave.

Slight pain turned to pleasure, as I let my mind go and let him fill my insides with his hot flesh.

He slid in slowly at first, letting my body react to him. My pussy was on fire, wrapping around this foreign dick. I could feel my muscles clamping down on him, sucking him in. This was fresh, and I was thrusting my hips against his thrusts, wanting to feel him deeper.

We bucked together and with each stroke he ground against my clit, building pressure within me. He moved his hips making his dick dance in me, rocking me and hitting my spot. I dug my sharp nails deep into the small of his back, sliding down to his hard ass, as I exploded into another mind-altering release. He was hitting spots I didn't remember I had, and he had room to move around in me.

I was forced to yell out, as my body heaved and quaked, riveted by the friction of our frenetic rubbing. I came down on him, drowning his dick with my juices. His body reacted to mine and I felt him tensing up, grunting louder and pumping harder.

“Damn baby, you're so damned hot I can't hold back any more, you're about to make me bust up in you...”

Carlos slammed up in me a few more times and I felt his explosion inside me, pumping and pushing against me, exciting my pussy all over again. I tried to catch my breath as he collapsed his sweaty body on mine, holding me close and thrusting his tongue between my lips again.

“Baby, you are too hot! I could fuck you all night,” he breathed, in his raspy, deep voice.

“Well, let's make that happen. I'm ready for another wild ride!”

Our lips locked again as I ran my fingers through his thick, short wavy hair. Nobody could have told me that I would have my pussy stretched around another man's dick, fucking him in a hotel room. Just as I felt Carlos getting hard again, my phone rang.

“You gonna get that? Want me to let you up?”

“No, don’t move a muscle. It’s just my ex-man, bugging me again. “ I wiggled my hips against his increasing erection. “Ooooh, do move *that* muscle again though. Time for round two.”

Make-Up Sex?

“I wish you would take your ass home, so your crazy ass husband can stop calling me!” Tiffany laughed, as she took a sip from her coffee mug.

I almost choked on my iced tea and I tried to swallow, hearing her recommendation.

“I’m not ready to deal with him yet. I can’t see him now. It’s still too raw. He had that bitch in my house, fucking her, and I saw it. Can you even get that into your skull? What if it was your man?”

“Oh, that’s easy! He’d have a knife shoved in his back, and you’d be trying to make my bail, right about now,” she chuckled.

“Ha, ha! Well, I wanted to kill him, and that’s why I put miles between us.”

“I know you haven’t talked to him yet, have you? He thought I was hiding you out here. He even drove by here. I saw his car through my bedroom window.”

“No, I’ve been too busy to talk to him.”

“I bet, with that hot ass dick rammed up in your snatch. Oh yeah, you were busy all right, you heffa!”

I snorted at her, recalling my three-day fuck fest with Carlos. He was insatiable, and so was I. I didn’t know how he was getting his job done, because it seemed he was spending more of his shift in my room than anywhere else. As soon as he got off, he made a bee-line to my room, and fucked me until I couldn’t move. It was the most exciting three days and nights of my life. But now I had to get back. I knew my friend was right. I needed to reclaim my life, and confront my husband.

Just as we were discussing my options, my phone rang again. For the millionth time, it was Seth.

“Would you take his damn call please? Because he’ll only call me again if you don’t pick it up. Please!”

I finally relented, sucking in my breath and pushing the button.

“Seth,” I said dryly. “What the fuck do you want? Why do you keep blowing up my phone? I have no desire to talk to you.”

“Just what do you mean, running off like that! I’ve been going out of my mind looking for you, not knowing if you were dead or alive. You could have at least left me a message, just to let me know if you were ok. I’d never do that to you, I don’t care what goes down between us.”

“Blah blah blah. You didn’t give a fuck about me, bringing your bitch to my house to fuck her. So what do you care what I do?”

“Look, I know you won’t believe me, but it didn’t all go down like that. We need to talk. When are you coming home? I need to see you Diamond. I haven’t even been able to go to work myself, cause I’ve been going out of my mind worried about you. Please come home baby. Please.”

He sounded so pitiful. And this was my Alpha-male husband, Mr. Corporate Attorney, the take-no-prisoners-always-in-control man. He never let anything get next to him. But now, he sounded like he was about to die, scared that I wouldn’t be back. Did it matter to him that much? I felt a crumb of empathy for him, and decided to give him a few hours of my time.

“Ok, I’ll come back, but just to talk, I’m not staying.”

“Good, thanks babe. You coming now?”

“Yeah, I’ll be there.”

“I’ll be waiting for you.”

Tiffany was sitting there looking dead at me, inhaling every word.

“Thank goodness! Now I can get him out of my hair!”

“Don’t get too happy,” I warned. “I may be back, cause I don’t want to stay there. I can’t stay with him.” I gulped down the rest of my tea and grabbed my purse, trying to think what I would say to the man.

“Look, he fucked somebody, and now you fucked somebody. You’re even. Go home and try to work the shit out. You two have too much invested in each other to break up. He’s a man, and they will cheat. Maybe he got it out and now that he knows you won’t take it, he’ll be good.”

“I don’t know. But keep your guest room ready for me.”

I collected my things and headed out to face the dragon.

I pushed open one of the double oak doors to my once happy home. Everything was still where I left it, except I did see some dirty dishes in my dining room, on the table. I’d kill Seth for that. He knew how anal I was about having my house clean. I walked through the quiet rooms, looking for signs of Seth. Then I heard his voice from upstairs.

“Diamond, that you?”

“Who else would it be? Another of your whores?”

I slowly trudged up the stairs, remembering the turmoil I felt the day I ran out of there. I entered the bedroom to find Seth sitting on the bed, wearing only a thin silk robe. He had obviously just gotten out of the shower, his skin looking damp and little droplets of water were glistening in his hair. He sprung off the bed and leapt towards me with open arms. I countered by trying to avoid him, but he caught me and hugged me anyway.

“Diamond, I’m so glad to see you. I didn’t think you were ever coming home. You had me so worried. If anything had happened to you---”

“Yeah, whatever Seth.” I tried to remain cold and aloof, but in reality the smell of my favorite cologne on his skin, and feeling the heat of his body was turning me on. Even though I wanted him dead, the feeling of being in his powerful arms and feeling his virile body pressing against me still touched off a chain reaction in my pussy. I was getting heated, and his dick, oh hell, it was partially erect and pressing against my body, just begging for

me to touch it. He was counting on that shit. That was why he had on the thin robe. I couldn't let him know I was having a reaction.

He tried to kiss me, but I had to draw the line there. I stepped away, pulled away from him. I could tell he didn't like that.

“Don't Seth. Don't try to hug me and kiss me and act like I didn't catch you downstairs fucking Lilly. Don't insult me like that.”

The man shocked the shit out of me. He fell to his knees in front of me, begging me for forgiveness.

“Diamond please, baby I'm so sorry. I fucked up big time, and you have every right to be angry. But please, please don't leave again. I love you so much, and I'll do what ever you say to make this up to you. I was a fool baby. I have the best woman in the world, and I almost lost you. Please forgive me.”

He was looking up at me, holding my hands, with his face right in front of my crotch. I thought about all the times he had licked me into submitting to him, and what a good man I thought he was, but now that all was tarnished. I tried to pull away from him again, but he wouldn't let me go.

“Get off me Seth. I don't want to fuck you. Not now, not ever. Your apology is too little too late. Should have thought about me before you put your dick in some other woman.”

He wasn't backing down. The more I struggled to get free, the tighter he held me, locking his arms around me and burying his head under my shirt, kissing my stomach around my navel. He knew that was one of my spots and that drove me wild.

“Please Diamond, please give me another chance. I love you baby.”

I was starting to lose my will to be hard with each kiss he planted on my abdomen. He pulled my skirt down, revealing my black lace panties. When I felt his hot breath right there at my mound, I knew I wouldn't be able to hold out. His tongue was like magic.

Even after three days of hot sex with Carlos, Seth could still get a rise out of me. I hated him for what he did, but I still loved him. I felt my hand

grazing the top of his head, pushing him to let his lips do their favorite thing to me.

Right on cue, he pulled my panties down and pulled my legs apart, getting his head in position. I was throbbing, my breath shortening, feeling his tongue reaching out for my clit. His hands cupped my ass, then he rubbed his thumb against my clit. He separated my lips, and licked his tongue in.

I thought I was going to melt on the spot. My anger and hostility started to dissipate against my will, as he let his tongue bring me to a quick orgasm. He knew exactly how to hit me, how to lick me and how much pressure to use, and he used that to his advantage to have me clawing at his shoulders.

He sucked and lapped me right through my convulsions, then he licked up my body, rising to unbutton my blouse and pull my breasts out of my bra. He sucked and caressed each nipple with his tongue, starting the fire burning in between my legs again. I couldn't even lie and tell him I wanted him to stop. I felt his mammoth dick pressing against me as he stood up, bringing his lips into mine.

This time I didn't deny him. I let him impale my lips with his tongue. He kissed me ravenously, grabbing my hair, then raking his hands up and down my back. I pushed his robe off him, rubbing my hands all over his muscular body. He took my hand and wrapped it around his brick-hard dick. I had really missed the feel of his manhood resting against me, pressing inside me. And I wanted to feel it again.

"Touch me baby, feel your dick. He missed his pussy so much. Don't take that away from him."

Seth kissed me and pulled me over to the bed, pulling me on top of him. He unclasped my bra and threw it to the floor. I leaned over him, straddling his hips, and stared into his sexy gray eyes. He truly looked sorry. Even though I wasn't finished punishing him, I knew I still loved him. I rolled over on my back so he could get in his favorite working position. He took the top, grabbing my legs and spreading them, getting himself positioned between them. He leaned over me, grinding his lips against mine, and

rubbing his body into me like I would float away if he didn't. He stared down into my face.

“I love you Diamond, do you still love me?”

He was slipping his dick inside me, causing me to lose my breath as I tried to respond.

“Yes baby, I still love you.”

He was on me close, sliding his dick in me slowly, getting me so wet I thought I had already come. He was using long, languid strokes, holding his body tightly against mine. It felt incredible, as that inflamed dick pulled me apart, working in and out slowly until I was sopping up all twelve inches. Seth was taking his time, rubbing my clit, pinching and nibbling at my nipples, doing everything to make sure I came hard over his dick. He worked me with precision, setting my pussy walls on fire and making the desire to come build up so intensely that I burst all over him, my body heaving and contracting and trembling at his touch. I was clawing at his back and screaming his name out in his ear.

“Oh Seth, yessss baby, oh yessssss...”

“That's right baby, come for me, give Big Boy what he needs. Fucking you is hot baby, and now I'm gonna get mine.”

Seth pulled my hips up and started drilling me, like he was at a punch press. He started slamming me harder, now that I was wide open and dripping wet. He was grunting and groaning with his eyes rolled back in his head. My pussy was still broiling hot and all that friction was driving me to another orgasm. I felt him come, and I started rubbing my clit to push myself over again, amplifying the throbbing of his dick inside me, pumping me with his seed.

Seth finally let my hips go, falling out on the bed next to me, and pulling me over onto him. I buried my lips on his, as we groaned into each other's mouths. Then I buried my head into his hairy chest, licking and sucking on his nipples. He ran his fingers through my hair, wrapping his arms around me.

“I love you Diamond,” he mumbled, as he dozed off into a light snore.

I laid there in my husband’s arms, still euphoric from the orgasms, but not satisfied that his admissions were good enough. There was still more to his story, and I would get to the bottom of it. I kissed his chest and watched him sleep, devising my action plan as I listened to his heart beats return to normal.

Invading The Boy's Club...

Seth had cheated, and I needed to know just how far his infidelity ran. He seemed content to let me believe it was only the slut next door, but I wasn't accepting that. And I hoped he didn't think that just because I let him fuck me that all was forgiven. Far from it. Now the investigation began.

Information was power. I learned that a long time ago, when I first learned how to hack into computer files. Seth may have been a big time attorney with a lot of powerful friends, but I had something to wield that I never used before. And I was about to use it now.

I had emails up to yazoo after being out of the office for three days, but I had to clear at least a half-hour to peek into the inner dealings of my husband. My job as network security director for a major credit repository gave me access to all types of data. What I didn't have at my fingers, I hacked to retrieve. And now, for the first time, Seth was on my radar.

With a few clicks at the keyboard, I had cracked his little security pass, and hacked in the backdoor of his files on his company's server. Now I could access everything he stored at work. I'd get into his laptop later. I smirked to myself, as I opened his calendar, and sure enough, he had various appointments listed there that didn't look like client business to me.

Most were during times that he told me he was in business meetings of some sort. So, he had been lying, and more than likely sleeping with these coded bimbos on his planner. My blood pressure rose to new heights again, as I tried to keep myself calm. I was at work, so I couldn't lose my cool. But he would pay. Dearly. Starting with the little party at his boss's house over the weekend.

I had to smile at myself, as I worked the crowd at Leo Smith's soiree. I was turning into a hell of an actress. I managed to not only be with Seth, but continue to act like I knew nothing of his little dalliances, while he kissed me and waved his dick in my face. I smiled and let him fuck me, as I

constructed my plan to fuck every man in his inner circle, starting with one of his bosses, Leo.

Leo had always flirted with me hard, but I smiled and played hard to get, ignoring him when I could. He was drop-dead gorgeous and lust inspiring, and every woman around was always talking about what they wanted to do to him. His tall commanding stature, god-like physique, angular features, deep brown wavy hair with sandy accents, and those piercing green eyes had all of us drooling over him and acting like silly school girls.

And he was so damned conceited. When he walked in the room, every wife, even those of the senior partners, locked their eyes on him. He had never moved me much before, because I had Seth, the other GQ-quality god the women would give their best panties for. But now, it was open season and time to go hunting.

I was standing at the dessert table, eyeing a piece of cake, when I felt the hot breath and his hard body behind me.

“You gonna eat one of those? Won’t you spoil that perfect girlish figure?” Leo breathed close to my ear.

He was so close to me that I swear I felt his dick pushing against my ass. His timing was perfect.

“Yes, I can afford to have one. With my workout schedule, I can eat *anything* I like.”

He leaned in closer, speaking softer with a tone of sarcasm. “Anything?”

“A-n-y-t-h-i-n-g.” I drug the letters across my tongue slowly and clearly, licking my lip as I turned slightly so he could see my mouth moving. He grunted, smoothing his tie down, obviously a little ruffled.

“Humph.” I felt his lips right at my ear. “Seth is sure a lucky man.”

This time there was no mistaking the hand I felt rubbing across my ass. I shocked the shit out of him by grabbing his hand and holding it there, as I raked my hand over his excitable bulge. I felt him jump.

I turned slightly again and whispered, “He sure is lucky, and you could be too, if you meet me later.”

I felt his cock twitch in his pants, as a sly smile stretched across Leo’s plump pink lips. He winked at me, pinched my elbow and slid away. I knew he’d be back.

Later on, the wives had gathered at one end of the house, talking about how their husbands got on their nerves with all their late hours.

The men gathered at the other end, sipping their brandy and smoking their cigars, talking about all the hours they billed and all the conquests they made. As usual, Seth was right in the thick of it. But Leo seemed to be absent. I had noticed him milling around a few times, like he was looking for me, trying to send me a subtle signal.

I excused myself, stating I needed a bio break. Leo was standing in a small room on the other side of the kitchen, nearly jumping out at me as I passed by.

“Dammit Leo, you scared the crap out of me. Can you ring a bell or something when you lurk around?”

He smiled, grabbing me by the elbow. “I was wondering if you saw me. Come here, I want to show you the new addition we’re doing on the other side of the house.”

He guided me down the hall and up the stairs, to the new, secluded section of the home. Touring their house was like being in a museum. The place was enormous.

“Tammy is planning on getting pregnant soon, so we’re adding a new wing for the baby. What do you think?”

I couldn’t have cared less, but I feigned interest, while pressing myself against his body. I came prepared, wearing a loose fitting light colored dress, and a thong that could easily be breached.

“It looks impressive, and so do you.”

I reached my hands up and ran them through his fine, short hair, caressing the back of his head, bringing my lips right to the edge of his but not kissing him. He did the rest, pressing his lips in tightly, pushing his tongue across my border and into my mouth. He tasted like cognac and smoke, but he felt manly and hard and it was turning me on.

His lips pushed me against the wall.

We inhaled each other, breathing hard and groping each other's bodies. It felt like somebody had turned a switch on inside me. His touch started me burning everywhere and I could barely stand the aching I felt feeling his body grinding against mine. His hand explored under my dress, pushing it up to the curve of my stomach, as his fingers lightly grazed the top of my thong. I moved my legs apart, waiting for him to touch me inside.

“Oh shit Diamond, you have no idea how long I've been dying to do this to you,” he gasped, as I grabbed his dick and rubbed it through his pants. “You're so sexy, and you've had me fantasizing about getting my hands on this golden skin since I first set eyes on you.”

“Really?” I breathed, as I felt his fingers exploring and finally slithering between my lips. “So what are you going to do about it, now that you have me here?”

“Take your ass for a wild ride on this big ass cock.”

While he inched his fingers inside me, I got his pants opened to see if his claim was true. I pushed his pants and shorts over his hips, as he jammed his tongue in my mouth again. His dick greeted me, and he hadn't lied. It was huge, much more than I expected from him. Still not Seth-size, but far more than enough for me to have a ball with. I wanted to wrap my lips around the spear-shaped head, but we didn't have all day. People might start to notice that both of us had vanished.

He let me know play time was over, when he pulled my dress over my head, exposing my braless breasts. He had already removed his jacket and tie before he found me, leaving me the task of unbuttoning his shirt to expose his beautifully tanned pecs. The wives would die if they could see what I was looking at.

“Damn woman, your body is breathtaking. Oh yeah, this is going to be some kind of shit here.”

He grabbed me, lifted me up and impaled me with his enormous erection, pinning me against the wall. I gasped, sucking in my breath as I felt him shove up in me, ripping my pussy apart. He propelled his hips at me, cradling my ass in his grasp. He was in his late forties, but the man had unbelievable strength and stamina. He controlled both our movements, pulling me over his dick and pushing his hot pole deep inside my molten walls. I wanted to scream, but I tried to muffle my sounds by burying my mouth over his.

“Shit Leo, you’re about to make me come, oh hell!”

That only encouraged him to pump me harder. I rubbed my hand over my clit, helping the impending explosion along. The combination of his hot dick spearing me, my tits bouncing against his chest and friction over my clit caused the eruption I was waiting for. I tightened my grip around his neck and ground my hips against him hard, enjoying feeling his dick within the clutches of my convulsing muscles. I heard him stifling his moans in my neck.

“Awww hell, that feels good on my cock. Work it baby. Make me come up in you.”

I had found my balance, and was rocking my hips against him. This shit was hot, hotter than I ever would have imagined fucking Leo would be. It felt like our bodies were made to go together. Good thing he had slipped on a condom, because when he came it was like a tidal wave. I mean he really exploded with power, making me feel like there was a bomb firing inside me. He made my whole body shake, and I felt him still pumping me as he pressed me even harder against the wall. I prayed nobody was around to see or hear this, because we’d both be dead. And my pussy felt so good I thought I would die anyway.

“Damn Leo, you got some kind of secret weapon down there? That was, oh hell, I can’t even come up with a word!” My body tried to recover from the Leo-domination.

Leo was breathing like a runaway train. “Oh yeah, you are too hot, and too tight. We have got to do this again, but somewhere else, where I can take

my time and really fuck you senseless. Come on, we'd better get back before somebody comes looking for us."

Leo led me to a nearby bathroom. We got cleaned up, adjusted ourselves, and got ready to re-enter the party. But not before he crushed my lips with a little going away gift. We almost got started all over again. His kisses were like biting into a fresh, juicy peach, and his tongue was wicked.

"I'll be calling you," he grunted, rubbing his hands over my ass and grinding against me. "I want to see you this week. I'll set it up."

I had no plans to fuck him again at first, but after what he laid on me, I knew there would be seconds. I smiled to myself, enjoying the tingling between my thighs as I strutted down the stairs and returned to the cackling hen house. Tammy was eyeing me suspiciously.

"Where the hell did you disappear to Diamond? Thought you were going to the little girl's room?"

I had to think quickly. I figured we were gone too long. "Oh, I did, but you know, I have never seen your whole house, and I was giving myself a little tour. Your place is gorgeous. I may have to make Seth upgrade mine too!"

Tammy grinned smugly. "Yes, well, when he becomes partner, which I hear won't be long, you can get busy spending all that extra money he'll be making. You know I take Leo to the cleaners everyday!"

"Yes," I agreed, grabbing a glass of champagne from the serving tray. "I bet you do."

I downed half the glass too quickly, grinning at the thought of taking Leo to the mattress in the near future.

Sex Behind The Wheel

I was soaking in the Jacuzzi, relaxing my body and mind after a hectic week. The day before (and into the night) I had another session with Leo. As he had promised, he fucked the daylight out of me. He took me to a condo in Chicago that he used for business when he had to stay for cases downtown and he didn't feel like going back to the suburbs. This time we could get as loud and kinky as we wanted, and we did. He wanted me to stay all night, but there was no way I could pull that off. I had to lie my ass off to Seth as it was.

I sat in the tub letting the bubbly water tickle my skin, as my fingers tickled my outer lips. I opened my legs wider and let my fingers roam inside. I closed my eyes and sank deeper in the water, thinking about how I enjoyed Leo, but wondering who would be next on my list. Leo was getting greedy, but I wasn't ready to let that ship sail just yet.

My fingers probed inside my hot slit deeper and harder, and I thrust my hips faster against my own hand, working to bring the orgasm to release all the tension so I could relax. Right before I hit the final note in my symphony, I had the sudden feeling that I was being watched. I opened my eyes to see Seth standing there, grinning at me with his hand grappling his dick.

“Damn baby, I was trying not to disturb you. It's too hot watching you get yourself off. Want some help from Big Boy?”

I wanted to tell him no, that I had plenty of dick within the last twenty-four hours. But he had his clothes off and was already approaching the tub before I could blink my eyes.

“Damn Seth, you just threw your Hugo Boss suit on the floor. Shouldn't you be hanging that up?”

He stepped in the tub, getting himself between my legs.

“Who cares. I can afford to buy another one. Right now all I can think about is getting in my wife’s hot ass pussy.”

I laid back, opened my legs and let him have his fun, trying to keep my mind focused on making my next target.

He grabbed my hips and proceeded to thrust up in me, creating waves in the water as he undulated his hips under the froth. The mammoth size of his hard cock had my lips spread wide, and even though I tried to keep my mind off his manipulative movements, my body couldn’t help but respond. Soon he had me caught up in a swirl of ecstatic convulsions that confounded my senses.

Seth had screwed me from the bathroom back to the comforting Egyptian cotton sheets on the bed. Now I was completely spent, as I stretched out supine against his chest, motionless, feeling his hands roaming over my damp skin. I listened to the deep, dulcet tones of Seth’s purring as he came down from his orgasmic high. I could feel him thinking, as he always did after he had a gratifying sexual release.

“Babe, I need to change cars with you tomorrow. I’ve got some client meetings and I’ve got to be in court, so I have to leave early. I need you to take the Benz to the shop to have the engine checked out. I’ll take your Lexus.”

He knew the mechanic’s shop was on my way to work. That’s when it hit me, my next target.

“You, letting *me* take the coveted Benz? Sure, I’ll take it in. Anything for you honey,” I crooned, solidifying the plan in my head.

“Thanks baby, I owe you one. I’ll leave you my Amex. You can go shopping too, get yourself something sexy.”

Humph, now he was being generous too? Wonder who he had fucked now. Or was going to fuck. I needed to check his planner when I got in my office in the morning. All this subterfuge was wearing me down.

I couldn't get to my computer fast enough when I got to work. I was waiting for my systems to come up when my phone rang.

"Can I even get my chair warm?" I complained. I checked the display, and it was Leo. Good grief, we had just been together a day ago. I answered.

"Hey Sexy, how you feeling this morning?"

Leo was sounding all bright and chipper. I knew why he was calling. Could only be one reason.

"Leo, I'm still recovering from everything you did the other day, baby. What's on your mind?"

"You, what else? When we getting together again? I want to see you this weekend. We can go to the city again."

I rubbed my temple. I loved fucking Leo, but I hadn't planned to turn into his mistress. Damn!

"You think that's a good idea? So soon? I can't come up with a story for Seth that fast."

"Come on Diamond. You can think of *something*. I need to see you again. You've got me addicted to that shit."

"And what about Tammy, won't she be suspicious?"

"No, I can always use business as an excuse. She knows nothing about the condo. Can you try to work something out?"

I gave him a tidbit to appease him. "Ok, I'll see what I can do. No promises."

"Good. I'll be talking to you Sweetie."

Good grief, wasn't he trying to get his wife pregnant? How was that going to happen if he kept unloading his seed with me? Men!

Another thought hit me, one prompted by Leo's comments. Was Seth still pulling the same shit with me? Pretending to have all these business meetings to see his bimbos? Did he have some secret hideaway too? I knew he didn't have the money Leo had, but he could finagle something. Now I had all sorts of thoughts running through my mind, and more things to research. I was so distracted that I almost forgot about my mission for the day.

When I dropped Seth's car off that morning, my target wasn't at work yet. Seth's trusted mechanic was an old friend of his. He actually owned the shop. Lonnie was quite a looker too. I had known him since I met Seth, and we had flirted back and forth, never amounting to anything serious. I didn't know how he would receive my moves, since he had known Seth from way back in high school.

Plus, the man looked like a pro basketball player. He was six three, with long, lanky muscles and clear mocha skin that made you want to sink your teeth into him and get a bite. He had no shortage of women ogling him either. I'm sure he got pussy thrown at him all day, so I would just be another. I didn't know if my advances would work, but I'd soon find out. I couldn't wait to get off work and get back to his shop.

Right before I got ready to leave I decided to call and see if the car was ready. It was just my luck that Lonnie answered the phone.

"Lonnie's *Motorwerks*, Lonnie speaking."

"Hey Lonnie, how you doing, it's Golden."

His tone changed immediately, switching from business to relaxed. I loved the smooth, deep sound of his voice. He reminded me of a younger Barry White.

"Hey, sexy Golden, how you doing baby? I saw you got my boy's car in today. It's ready when you are."

I tried to sound as sexy as I could, dropping my voice an octave. "That's good Lonnie. As usual, you're right on top of things. You *are* the man!"

He laughed. “You’re ain’t never lied, I sure am. When you coming down?”

“I’m packing up my desk now, so I’ll be there within forty-five.”

“Ok baby, we’ll have her warm for you.”

I hoped he had other things warm for me too, as I jetted out the door.

The traffic wasn’t too disastrous for a Friday, so I arrived at the shop without having to kill anyone. I pulled the loaner car right up into the first spot in the parking lot. Looked like everyone was gone. I got out and walked in the shop to find Lonnie standing there at the counter in a sexy pose, hovering over one of his computers, pecking away at the keys. He looked up and spotted me, and started smiling.

“Hey, Curly top! Girl, it’s been so long since I’ve seen you!” He eased from behind the counter to greet me with a hug. I expected him to smell like he had been working on cars, but he didn’t. He smelled like fresh soap, with his chiseled, statuesque body clad in a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up and dark navy work pants. He planted a kiss on my cheek, with those big, perfectly formed lips of his. I was dying to get my lips on his and taste him. Patience.

“Mmmm Lonnie, it’s good to see you too. You could visit people, you know. You know where we live.” I ran my hand over his exposed forearm. I wanted to make as much physical contact as possible. I lingered in his embrace, with my lips close to the open buttons on his shirt that exposed a hint of chest hair.

“Yeah, you’re right. So, how’s my boy? Still grinding the lawyer gig? With his tight-wad ass!” He released me, leaning against the counter, arousing me with his infectious smile.

“Yep, you know him. He’s close to making full partner. Didn’t he tell you?”

“No, I haven’t talked to him in a while. We haven’t been getting together like we used to. He’s been so busy, so hard to reach.”

“Yeah, tell me about it.” I traced over his hand again. “So where is everybody? You here all alone?” I hoped he was.

“Just about, my last guy is getting ready to leave. I let my crew go early on Fridays, since we work late on Mondays.”

“Wow, what a nice boss!” I looked around, trying to find something to get me back in his arms again. I spotted a fine car up on the rack.

“What’s that car there? It sure looks expensive. Is that a Jag?”

He laughed, shaking his head. “No Curly, that’s an Aston Martin. I’ve been working on restoring her. Want to check it out?”

I had my opening. “Sure,” I sputtered with induced excitement. “Show me.”

Lonnie’s eyes lit up. I had found the path to his pants. Get him hot and bothered talking about cars.

He went to the wall and pressed the button to control the lift, bringing the car down to ground level. I watched the outline of his physique as he moved. My eyes lit up, anticipating exposing his rack as I peeled off his work uniform.

“She’s mesmerizing, a classic 1970 DB6.” His eyes danced as he walked along the car, caressing along the curves of the body like he was making love to a woman. He was turning me on, and I wanted to see him get that excited to touch me.

He went on and on about the car, reciting historic facts, what he had done to tweak the engine, blah, blah, blah. I pretended to really be interested, cooing as he spoke, leaning against the car suggestively, trying to get him to notice me, instead of the car. I knew I looked seductive with my hair curled (he always seemed to react to me more when my hair was curled), my tits oozing out of a low-cut blouse accentuating my cleavage, and my ample ass molded by a custom fitted short skirt. All he had to do was push the skirt up a bit for easy access. But he wasn’t biting. He looked mildly amused, but not much else. What the hell was the problem? Had I lost my sex appeal?

“Want to check out the inside Curly?”

Finally, some movement. He opened the driver's side door, motioning for me to get in.

"You know, I never let anybody get behind my steering wheel. You're the first."

"Oooh, I'm popping your cherry, I like that!" I grinned at him, biting my bottom lip as I fluttered my lashes at him. I ran my hands over the polished surface of the steering wheel, suggestively demonstrating how I could handle him. Now he was starting to wake up. He finally started focusing on me, as I pulled my legs in the car, one at a time, showing off my shapely thighs. His eyes followed, as he closed the door and sprinted over to the passenger side to get in.

"Can you work a stick?"

I laughed, letting my hand linger and rub over the gear shift in the car. I guess he was referring to the car.

"I haven't in a while, but it's just like handling a dick. Keep a firm grip, but don't pull too hard. I'm sure I haven't forgotten my technique," I joked suggestively.

Now Lonnie licked his lips, rolling his eyes around my curves. "Really? Well, maybe you'd like to take her for a spin, once I get her purring like a kitten."

He couldn't have picked more perfect words. I leaned closer to him, running my fingers across his naked forearm again, then I invaded his shirt, dragging my fingers along his collar bone.

"Why don't you take me for a spin and get *me* to purr?" I suggested, as I provocatively pushed my lips closer to his, staring into his big brown eyes.

He hesitated briefly, like he couldn't believe this was *me*, coming on to *him*. Then he countered my move, grabbing my head and pulling my lips over his. I sank in, and damn, did they feel every bit as juicy and sweet as they looked. I drove my tongue in between those velvety pillows, frolicking and tasting him.

He got frisky, pulling me closer to his side of the car, pushing the buttons through my blouse to open it as he sucked my lips harder. I felt his hot hands on my breasts, squeezing them, then pinching my nipples. My pussy got the message immediately and started throbbing. I groaned in Lonnie's mouth, inching my hips closer to his lap.

"You sure you know what you're doing?" he breathed in my ear. "Don't be getting me all hard then run your ass away."

I got right on top of his crotch, pushing his hands onto my thighs. I unbuttoned his shirt, unwrapping all that massive forest of hair and chocolate skin.

"Ummm, Lonnie, I know exactly what I'm doing . You gonna fuck me, or sit here talking about it? Just shut up and drive *me*."

That was all the prompting he required. He jerked his pants open and he pushed my hand in to grab his dick, as he busied himself pushing my skirt up high enough so he could caress my naked ass. I loved the way his dick felt in my hand, plump and smooth, and now a bit sticky, soaked with pre-cum. I had to get a lick of that yummy looking candy stick.

I got down to lock my lips on his head, sucking gently and swirling my tongue across the slick surface. Lonnie leaned back and shoved his hips towards my face, grabbing my hair and pushing his dick nearly down my throat. I sure wasn't ready for such a greedy reaction, but I let it slide, and let him slide in and out of my mouth. I was getting excited, feeling him growing steadily between my lips. I had to have him in me.

"Damn girl, I can't believe you're gonna let me get up in your sexy ass. I never thought this shit would happen."

I was busy climbing up on his lap, barely hearing what he was saying. I had to let my pussy get a taste of his big, delicious pole.

"Come on Lonnie, take me for a ride, get it in me...Oh yessss, your dick is so hot."

I slid my pussy down on him, engulfing him in my hot cavern. He dug his lips back into mine, grunting and grabbing me as I pushed my body up

and lowered myself down with an easy glide. He pressed my breasts into his chest, rubbing my stiff nipples against all that hair. We kissed and bucked and drove each other crazy as I worked myself into a blazing explosion.

Then he leaned the seat back, flipped me to the bottom, and drove his dick deep inside me with long, smooth strokes. He had me writhing and yelling and scratching him for a good half-hour, while he drove his dick through my highway. He finally hit his climax, grinding his hips against me a final time with the force of a nuclear blast. He filled me with his raw sexual energy. He was sexy and amazing. When he could finally speak again, he pressed his lips on me and asked me the question I knew was coming.

“Golden, I’m sure not complaining because this shit is hot, but what changed your mind to fuck me after all these years? I thought you were off limits.”

I smiled, gazing into his big beautiful eyes, as I grabbed a handful of his smooth, marble ass. “Times change, and I guess the time was just right finally. You looked so sexy today that I couldn’t stop myself.”

And I was telling him the truth. I had no intention to stop myself from having any man who turned me on, as long as I was on my vendetta. So that meant more Lonnie frequent flyer miles in my future.