

## Lena Goes Black

"Lana," I whispered. "I think I may have found a guy for you. He's sitting up at the bar. Turn around real slow, have a look at him and tell me what you think."

My wife Lana glanced discreetly at the young black male I'd directed her attention to and looked back at me in disbelief.

"You've got to be kidding Mike!"

"Why not sweetheart?" I asked. "I think he'd be perfect! I mean look at his great build. I bet he'd give you a really good fucking."

Lana blushed. She loved sex, but with her conservative upbringing she still had trouble admitting it to herself. I'd been working on her for a very long time to convince her I'd like to watch her having sex with another man. Finally she'd come around, admitting she did find the idea kind of exciting. She'd decided that if we were in a place where no one knew us, and the right guy came along, and if the circumstances were right she might do it. Only because I wanted it, she'd added, but I knew better.

"He is kinda cute." she whispered, I noticed her face had become very flushed and her breathing had become shallower. "But for Pete's sakes Mike, look at him, he's way too young ... he's only in his twenties! He'd never be interested in anybody my age!"

"Sure he would honey!" I assured her. "I noticed when you got up to go to the washroom he really checked you out. I'll bet he'd love to fuck a pretty white lady like you!"

"Oh go on Mike!" she blushed, but she did look kind of pleased. "You're just teasing me!"

"No I'm not...Go play some music on that old Wurlitzer in the corner. You'll see what I mean."

Lana stood up and smoothed down her skirt.

"Okay I will," she giggled. "but you know what they say. Be careful what you wish for!"

Putting an extra little wiggle in her walk my wife made her way over to the jukebox. She gave the kid a suggestive look as she brushed past him, making a point of bending over very slowly as she dropped some money in the machine. It was pretty obvious she was displaying her tight little ass to him. On her return she brushed against him once more and blushed as she sat down at our table.

"You're right!" Lana whispered, looking pleased as punch. She drained her beer in one gulp. I guess she was in need of some Dutch courage.

"He really is looking at me! God he is gorgeous, and I'd do him in a heartbeat! But please, I don't want you to think badly of me Mike. Anyway... I really don't think he'd want an old lady like me."

My cock rose in my pants. She was really considering it. We weren't playing a game anymore.

"Come on Lana." I reassured her. "Don't run yourself down. You're gorgeous... you look so damned hot any guy in this bar would do you! I think it'd be easy for us to talk him into a little fun if we could just

figure out a way to meet him!"

I guess I should explain a little about how Lana and I had gotten to this point. My name is Mike Haskin and I've got no illusions, I'm just your average guy. I'm a fifty year old auto mechanic, a little on the short side with sandy thinning hair and a bit of a beer gut. I'm kind of ordinary in the looks department so I really hit the jackpot marrying Lana. She's shorter than me, but she's a real looker with shiny, shoulder length black hair, perky tits, great legs, and an incredible ass that I've noticed attracts men like a magnet.

Lana's sex drive has always been way stronger than mine so I always worried one day she might get tempted and have an affair. Sure enough, my worst fears came true. One weekend she got lonely while I was away taking a mechanics course. A neighbor of ours had talked her into coming over and having a couple of drinks and the two of them had wound up in his bed doing the nasty.

But because of her upbringing Lana's nagging guilt had gotten the better of her so she'd confessed to me what she'd done. I made her tell me absolutely everything and my reaction surprised her as much as me. I'd got a huge hard on while listening to her story and after she'd finished we'd screwed our brains out. It was so erotic that from then on we'd always talk about her doing some guy or another while we had sex. I guess it was inevitable we'd take it to the next level.

For our little adventure Lana was wearing a little black mini skirt that hugged her so tight it looked like it had been sprayed on, and a white see thru blouse knotted just underneath her perky tits. On her legs she wore a pair of sexy black stay ups with four inch gold heels and a rhinestone ankle bracelet to hint she'd be up for a good time. I gotta tell ya... for a woman in her forties Lana looked hot as hell.

We live in a little town in Missouri where everybody makes it their business to know yours, so any swinging we might do would have to be elsewhere. We'd saved up for a long time to come to San Francisco where we could let our hair down and have some fun. The city was known to have a wild side.

To begin I'd talked my wife into taking in a male strip show and it had literally blown her away. The lead dancer was a Rastafarian type with washboard abs, and Lana really got the hots for him. She must have been fairly obvious about it because he'd climbed down off the stage and done a strip tease just for her.

She was so turned on by his lewd display I practically had to drag her out of the place. The guy had brought out the hidden slut in Lana, and back at our hotel she'd practically raped me on the way up in the elevator and we had the best sex ever when we got to our room. Although we'd fantasized about me watching her having sex with another man till then we'd never thought about the guy being black.

Yes, she admitted, his color had turned her on and she wished she could have fucked him. And so I decided to try to change our fantasy into reality. We were in a strange city where no one knew us and we'd never have a better opportunity. The kid was absolutely perfect. He was young, fit, and black, and obviously attracted to her so I decided I'd strike while the iron was hot.

"Look Lana," I whispered. "What the hell... If you're game I'm just gonna go right up there and ask him if he'd like to join us for a drink? What do you say? Are you up to it?"

Lana was tongue tied. With an opportunity staring her right in the face my wife was in a dilemma.

What she wanted to do went against all convention and she had to make darn sure I really wanted it too before committing herself.

"Honey what do you say I invite him over to our table for a drink and see what happens, okay? I'd love you to do it but no pressure... it's strictly up to you!"

Lana looked at me then back at him and made her decision.

"Okay Mike, I'll do it...but if anything happens don't go changing your mind on me and get mad about it alright?"

"I won't baby, I promise."

I hoped I could keep my promise, but I really didn't know how I'd react. All I knew was I'd never been so horny, but I really had to force myself to get up from my chair and go talk to him. I walked up to the bar before I could change my mind, sat down and cleared my throat.

"Say, excuse me, have you got a minute?" I asked, I was shaky and my voice caught in my throat.

He turned to me with a curious look and asked what was up. Trying to not sound too stupid I carried on with my plan.

"Hi, my name's Mike. My wife Lana and I are on holiday and were wondering if we could buy you a drink. See the thing is we've never been to San Francisco before and thought maybe you could tell us what things are worth seeing."

He looked at me then over at my wife and grinned. I had a hunch he knew what we were really after but was willing to go along with our game. He made me sweat for it though, pausing a little before answering.

"Hey man that's really nice of you! Thanks, I'll have a bourbon on the rocks. I'm Jerome, I'd be happy to help you out. Where you from?" he asked shaking my hand with a grip so strong I was worried he'd break it.

"Missouri. Nice to meet you Jerome, thanks, it'll be a big help. This place is all so new to us."

I began to have second thoughts. What in hell am I doing? I thought to myself. Jesus this guy was powerful and built like a tank! Did I really want him to fuck Lana? If his cock was as big as the rest of him maybe she'd get hooked on it! But being a man I blundered merrily on and let my dick make my decision for me.

I ordered a couple of beers for us and bourbon for Jerome, then led him back to our table. Lana giggled nervously, blushing profusely as he smiled and sat down next to her. Things were going a heck of a lot easier than I'd imagined. Maybe too easy.

"Sweetheart, this is Jerome. Jerome, this is my wife Lana."

Jerome looked Lana up and down like he was buying a new car, then took her tiny little hand in his and made a big show of kissing it. If his eyes could have undressed her she'd have been flat out naked by

now. Lana's face was so red it practically matched her painted nails. I was sure probably everyone in the bar knew her panties were soaking wet.

"Hey Lana! How ya doing?" he grinned, his big white teeth flashing. "Mike says you guys are from out of town and need some advice. What kind of things do you like to do? Anything in particular you'd like to see?"

The way Lana was looking at him I was worried she was going to jump his bones right then and there, but she kept herself in check and just asked general questions about the city. From my perspective I felt like I was watching a couple of animals in mating season sniffing each other out before they began to rut.

Jerome was a real smooth operator. By the time we'd had two drinks one of his hands was already massaging her neck and shoulders while the other was stroking the inside of her leg. I sat there trying to act nonplussed while he whispered in her ear.

By now all the other patrons were starting to sit up and take notice but Jerome and Lana were so hot to trot they were oblivious to it. Any pretence about looking at San Francisco's sights had long gone. Jerome's big hand had climbed even higher up under Lana's skirt and judging by the way she was moaning was obviously inside her panties. I was having big misgivings. It felt like I'd stoked up a big locomotive, got it running full bore, then realized it had no brakes.

"Hey Lana, I said in a pleading voice. I cleared my throat to get Lana's full attention.

"What do you say we all go back to the hotel for a nightcap honey?"

Jerome looked in her eyes and answered for her.

"Great idea Mike, hey I'm not misreading all this am I? You do want me to fuck your wife for you, right?"

Unable to make eye contact with him I stared into my glass. "I...I guess so, I stammered, looking over at Lana. "But you know, it's really up to my wife."

What was happening seemed so surreal. It was obvious Lana was going to be fucked big time. I was embarrassed as hell but my dick was hard enough to pound nails with. But in spite of my uncomfortableness I was getting through it okay.

Jerome threw in his two cents worth.

"I've got news for you man." he chuckled. "I think your little wife's mind is already made up!"

I guess he could see I was having a bit of a struggle because he said "Hey look man, there's no need going and getting all embarrassed about it. There's lots of guys that like to watch their old ladies get it on with a brother."

I think it's real cool you'd allow your pretty little woman to have herself some strange. She's lucky to have such a considerate husband looking out for her needs. Isn't that right Lana?"

Lana looked over at me and blushed. This was new territory for us and like me I could see she was doing her best to appear nonchalant about it.

"Yeah... Mike's a great guy, but you know Jerome, he's right. We really should go back to the hotel."

Whatever you say little lady," Jerome chuckled. "You're the boss."

Lana drained her glass and rose from her chair. Jerome reached over and took her hand, pulling her to him and kissing her while giving her ass a little squeeze.

As they brazenly swapped tongues I noticed some of the patrons were giving me a sympathetic look. I followed Jerome and Lana, discreetly trying to tuck my hard on under my belt as they strolled arm in arm to the exit. Once we were out on the sidewalk Lana turned to me. She'd never looked so horny.

"Mike honey, would you go to the store and get something for us to drink? Jerome and I'll see you back at the hotel, okay?" he asked. Her voice sounded decidedly husky and the way she was looking at me left me little choice.

"I...I guess so sweetheart," I stammered and headed reluctantly off.

I needed to cool my heels so I hung around a coffee shop to give them some alone time then I picked up some booze and with some trepidation slowly headed back to the hotel.

When I got to the room I was so excited I could hardly breathe. With my heart pounding and not sure what I'd find I slipped the key in the slot and opened the door.

The lights were out and it was fairly dim but I could see well enough to see Lana was undressed and crouching over Jerome. She was sucking on the most enormous cock I'd ever seen while he lay back holding her head in place. Whenever I'd asked her for a blowjob she'd always turned me down so this was a big surprise to me.

Except for Lana's high heels and Jerome's white socks which for reasons known only to him were still on his feet the two of them were naked. I stood there a moment and let my eyes adjust to the darkness. Watching her tits sway underneath her as she blew him, I ripped off my shirt and stumbled out of my pants. I was so friggin horny I pulled a chair over beside the bed to watch them. I groaned as I began jacking off. I couldn't believe this was really happening but you know the old saying. I'm from Missouri so I've gotta see it to believe it, and I was really seeing it!

Jerome looked over at me and grinned at me as he squeezed my wife's tits.

"You're a lucky guy Mike!" he panted. "Your wife's quite the little cocksucker! She obviously loves sex because she gives an amazing blowjob!"

Her mouth was kind of full but Lana somehow smiled at his compliment before swallowing his full length while cupping his tennis ball sized balls in the palm of her hand. His precum was mixing with her saliva and was hanging in ropy strands from her full crimson lips. Lana looked like a seasoned pro as she responded to his commands.

"That's it baby... Go slow! Really slow! Yeah that's it...you got it baby!!!"

My knees were trembling and I felt all crazy inside, but I was so turned on I unconsciously began to play with myself as I watched their sordid act.

"Fuck Lana...take it easy baby or I'm gonna blow my load!!!" he croaked, gently kneading her tits as she lovingly licked up and down the length of his cock. Seeing how aroused Lana was I felt my own cock throbbing in my tightly clenched fist.

Hearing he was about to come she went wild, speeding up her fervent milking of his shaft. I'd drawn my chair right up close and could see perspiration beading up on his forehead. Lana's fingers flew up and down his cock in a blur, her wedding ring glinting in the darkened hotel room and making what she was doing seem even dirtier. She reluctantly pulled him out of her mouth and looked in his eyes. She looked almost possessed.

"I want you to Jerome!!" she gurgled. "Please, I want you to shoot it in my mouth and all over my face and tits!! Come on! Fucking give it to me!!!"

Using her mouth like a cunt, he took her at her word, fucking away at her mouth until he groaned and let out a tortured cry. Lana gripped his dusky ass cheeks, sealing her lips around the head of his manhood and sucking it with a vengeance. I could smell Lana's arousal and I'm sure it must have got to him too because suddenly, without warning he cried out and emptied his huge hot load deep in her gullet.

Lana whimpered softly as she swallowed it down. After she was done she turned to me with a crazed look on her face and motioned for me to come close. She wanted to suck me off too!

My emotions were all over the map and at the time I wasn't sure if she wanted to do it out of guilt or lust, but what the hell, my cock was hard as iron! Some of Jerome's cum had bubbled out of her mouth and was hanging from her chin and she'd never looked sexier to me.

Taking over where Jerome left off I shoved my aching cock between Lana's bubbling lips. She was still turned on from blowing him and went to work on me with her foaming mouth like a woman possessed. I couldn't hold on long and soon felt an intense pressure growing deep in my balls.

"Oh god, baby!" I gasped. "Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Ahhggggh!!!!"

I blew my load into her mouth as she moaned and whimper. Taking us both by surprise Jerome had a quick recovery and had come up behind her, pulling her fiercely back onto his dick.

"Oh gawddd!!! Oh fuck!!! Oh Jesusss...oh Jesusss!!!" she moaned.

I'd never seen her act like that before and at first I thought he was hurting her but then with strings of cum swaying from her lips and bucking away like a wild bronco she pleaded with him to fuck her harder.

"You want harder? How's this for harder, you horny cunt!" Jerome said smacking Lana's shapely ass. The wet slapping sounds of her sexing echoed in the hotel room.

"Oh god!" she sobbed. "Oh god Mike....It's amazing! I had no idea anything could feel so fucking

good!!!!"

Jerome chuckled in her ear. "You really like that dont you baby? You like having my big black dick filling that married white pussy!"

"Yes oh god yessss!! Fuck me you dirty bastard!!!" she panted.

Jerome pulled out of my wife and lay back on the bed with his upright cock pointing up at the ceiling. Lana's lipstick was smeared all over its head, making it appear even more menacing.

"Here you go baby... If you want it squat over me and put it in!"

Lana climbed on top of Jerome, reached under herself and took his cock. Biting her lower lip in concentration, she eased herself down on him until it was buried halfway up inside her. She looked over at me, looking small and helpless impaled on his dick. Jerome laughed, teasing her.

"A little bigger than you're used to aint it baby?"

"Yes...Oh my fucking gawddd!!!" she moaned, her voice trembling.

When I saw how tightly her cunt lips were clinging to his thick black pole I realized it was way too late for any regrets. Although his cock was only halfway in it was already reaching deeper and filling her up far more than mine ever could. Lana's eyes were glazed with lust. She started off very slow and began to speed up, pumping her ass up and down like a woman possessed. My cuckolding had begun in earnest.

"Oh god...Oh godd...Oh godddd!!!"

Lana's tits swayed as the bedsprings squeaked. She was crying so loud I was afraid all the people on our floor would hear her. Her nipples were puffy and her eyes looked wild and crazy. She fed him her tits while his big black hands squeezed her milky white ass. She'd managed to get his whole length up inside her and it was obvious she was getting the fucking of a lifetime.

I realised I'd opened a virtual Pandora's Box and there was no going back. I knew without a shadow of doubt my wife was going to be hooked on big black cock. Lana was crying his name out again and again.

"Ohh...ohhh..Jerome I've never been fucked like that!!! Oh god, oh god, oh fuck Mike!" she gasped. "I'm coming so much!!!!"

I watched with aching balls as her cunt squirted all over him and soaked the mattress beneath them. The practical side of me hoped we would'nt be charged extra by the hotel.

"And he's coming too Mike!!! Oh god in heaven he's cumming way up inside me!!!"

Lana shuddered as he pumped his massive load of cum deep inside her, then after a long pause she ever so reluctantly eased herself off his monster cock and lay there contentedly with her legs open. My god, I'd never seen so much cum! It was everywhere. My wife had been well and truly fucked.

"Man, you're a great piece of ass Lana!!" Jerome gasped. Unbelievably his cock was still thick and quite erect.

"Thanks kind sir," she blushed. "You're not too bad yourself!"

"Lana, I had a wonderful time," he said. "But now I think its time for me to leave you two lovebirds alone!"

With that Jerome got a towel from the bathroom and dried himself off then pulled on his pants and buttoned up his shirt.

"Wait! How are we going to leave this?" Lana asked with a look on her face bordering on panic. "Will we see you again?"

"I dunno. I guess maybe I could call tomorrow."

He let himself out so we could sort things out between us. I looked at what Jerome had done to my wife and knew things could never be the same. I had no idea anyone could produce so much cum. Her cunt and asshole were covered in it. She lay back on the rumpled sheets and looked at me with concern, holding out her arms to me.

"You okay Mike?" she asked "You're not mad at me for doing this are you? I rally do love you, you know."

"Look Lana, don't feel guilty about it. I know this moment is kind of awkward for us but it was my idea. You know I wanted it to happen just as much as you did!"

"Oh baby I love you so very much! My god look at my pussy! He filled me with so much cum and got me so horny! Will you suck me? Please honey?"

Gingerly, I kissed my way down her lower belly but Lana had other ideas. She asked me to lie on my back then got on her knees and straddled my face. Holding her delectable little ass in my hands I looked up at the evidence of her debauchery. The pungent scent of her sexing filled my nostrils and I felt my cock rising in the air. Lana moaned and lowered her freshly fucked cunt onto my mouth. I smothered it with kisses and began to suck it.

"Oh yeah that feels so good!! Oh...oh...oh god Mike that feels so good!!! Jesus...I think I'm gonna come again baby! Come on quick! Fuck me!!!"

Lana climbed off my cum soaked face, laid back on the rumpled sheets and spread her legs in invitation. I practically dove on her. That night I fucked Lana more often and in more positions than I'd ever dreamt possible. Then when we were both thoroughly sated the two of us drifted off to sleep.