

Wife's Black Handjob

Melissa had been acting funny for a bit, distracted like she wanted to tell me something but could not bring herself to do so. One evening I sat her down and asked her what was wrong, she could not look at me. "I made a bet." She said, then she stopped for a minute and continued, "I made a bet on the election with Eric." She said. Eric was a bit of a jerk, he had once made a pass at her at a party, he was drunk but she fended him off. "How was I supposed to know he would get elected." She said.

"What was the terms of the bet?" I asked her. Basically if she won he would have to do her monthly reports for a month. "And if you lost what would you have to do?" I asked her.

"Well I thought he'd never win." Melissa said scrunching up her face in embarrassment. I pressed her for what would happen if Eric won. What did he want. "He... wanted me to...jerk him off." I could not believe what I just heard. The thought flashed in my mind of my wife with her hand around Eric's black cock. I was angry, and yet the thought also intrigued me. There was something sexy regarding the thought of my wife jerking off another man. I thought quickly on what to do, knowing I could make this situation go either way.

"He can't make you comply with the bet." I told Melissa making her smile. She has long brown hair, a cute nose and cuter smile. Her tits are small and squeezable, her body with its long legs and arms and a nice round ass has turned more than a few heads, though she would blush if she knew she was being stared at, she is a bit shy.

"However, he could tell human resources if he was a shithead. Then there is the matter of being fair." I added in.

"You are not suggesting..." she said horrified.

"No, but if you won the bet you would have made him do the monthly reports? Right? And I know how much you hate them." She nodded her head. "Well then if you expected him to live up to his end of the bargain, you have to live up to yours."

"I know, but he's black and all." She said.

"I know, but you made the bet with him knowing that. Look just do it quickly and get it done with. Otherwise he will keep bugging you about it."

My wife said she'd feel unsafe doing it anywhere but here, afraid he might have cameras, but what she might have really feared is that he might persuade her to go further than she wanted to, or intended to. I told her that I could be in the basement, but we would pretend that I was out of the house. I could call her and tell her I was working late and she could always call me if things got out of hand. My wife thought about it some more and made me promise to her that I was not angry and would not be angry if she did it. I told her I would not be. The weekend before I rigged a hidden webcam in that could see the couch. I wanted to see what was going to happen, and record it.

That Monday my wife called Eric up and told him to come over. She was still wearing her business suit from work, I loved the way its tailored fit emphasized her hips and other curves. I told her she should have some lube so she could get it done quicker. She was still a bit nervous and had a beer.

"You are not going to be mad at me." She said shyly. I told her there was nothing to worry about and that she was making a bigger thing of this than she had to. She calmed down a bit then. The doorbell rang and I went downstairs and booted up the webcam making sure to turn down the volume low.

She went to the door, she was a little frosty in greeting Eric, who was over six feet and extremely dark. They had some small talk, then she got him a beer.

As she adjusted her glasses she asked him was there any way to get out of it. "Couldn't I do your monthly reports for like the next quarter or something?" she asked. He chuckled and told her a deal was a deal. She was a bit crestfallen as he sat down on the couch motioning for her to sit next to him.

"Look, I am going to do this but what happens here stays here. You tell your buddies about this and I am going to deny it. Understood?" she said. He chuckled and agreed.

There was a moment where they sat there doing nothing then he told her to get to work and pull it out as he would sit there all night until she did so. "I can't believe that you are going to really make me do this." She said then she reached towards his belt and opened the clasp and undid it. This was followed by his pants snap. I could see the huge bulge starting to make his pants tight. I could not believe she was going to do this. Part of me did not want her to, but the other part...

She slowly pulled down the zipper and then reached into his pants and pulled out his cock, to say it was huge would be an understatement. Her hand barely fit around it and it was only semi-hard. For a moment, despite all her denial, she started at it dazed. Then coming to her senses she pumped it up, then down. Her hands fell into a rhythmic motion. "Oh that feels so fucking good baby!" He told her delighting in her submission.

"You are not going to tell anyone about this? Right?" He nodded that he would not.

"So what do you think of it?" he asked her, she looked at him puzzled.

"My dick, my big black dick. I bet you never had one so big. Bigger than your old man's. Right?" she hesitated, then was silent. What was she going to do? Lie? He was bigger than me, far bigger than me.

He asked again, and she admitted, reluctantly that he was bigger than me. She got up and squirted a bit of lube in her hand and then sat down and kept jerking him off.

"That's it. Twist it a little with your hand. Mmm! That is good!" He said as he reached for her tit.

"Uh! Uh! That is not part of the deal." She said.

"Well in that case I can keep from coming nearly all day." He bragged. "I wanted to get off sooner but since you'd rather I stay here all day I will do so."

My wife did not believe him but after another five minutes she was willing to let him touch her breasts. "Oh no baby! That ship has sailed. I want you to use your mouth."

"No way! I am not blowing you." She said in terror.

"No that is not what I meant, I want you to talk dirty to me." He said.

"And say what?" she asked confused.

"Say how much you like black cock. Or we can just sit here all evening."

"I like black cock." She said reluctantly, he waited, "It is so big and harder." He waited some more, "It is bigger than my husband's." she added.

He asked her if she had ever thought of having sex with a black man, she told him no, he asked her if she would consider now that she had seen how big their cocks could be. She knew she could not say no, my only question was whether she was telling the truth when she said "I might." He smiled asking her if she would one day suck on a black cock. She again said she might. "And how would you dress for your black lover?" She said sexy. "Then why are you dressed so frumpy. Go in there and change into something sexy. Show me how you will dress."

"And then you will finish and get out of here?" she said. He told her he would.

"She was gone for twenty minutes, I thought she had ran out of the house. She came back in and I almost came right there and then, she was wearing her tight leather dress that we wore to the clubs, she had on full make up as if we were going out and her high heels.

"Is this good?" she said, he agreed and had her sit back down next to him.

"Yes! That is the way to get dressed for a black man." He said looking her over. She put some more lube into her hand and grasped his cock again.

"You know I'd like to stick my cock into that tight little pussy of yours. Would you want me to do it bareback or not?" My wife asked him what bareback was, he explained that it was sex with or without a rubber.

"I could get pregnant. If I did something like that it would have to be with a rubber on." She said.

"If you slept with a black man he'd talk you out of that rubber, and cum deep inside of you and if you got pregnant then you'd truly be black owned." He said. "Now I want to touch your tits, it is not like this is going to get you pregnant or anything. She at first started to put up her other hand then decided against it. Letting him grasp her right tit squeezing it gently. "Oh yeah that feels good. He said. "Who'd think you'd let a black man feel your tits. I have been looking at them for so long in the office."

"You have?" she said almost sounding flattered as he said again he had.

He had her say again how much she loved black cock. How she wanted to take it inside her bareback and be bred by a black man. He then turned and catching her off guard kissed her. She pulled back and asked what that was about. He told her that it was harmless and that she was just so sexy. He kissed her again, she told him that she was only doing this for the bet. He nodded and they kissed again. This was so hot. "I love black cock, I want to be fucked by a black man, please cum." She cried out. He smiled and told her he would, if he could cum on her tits. She started to say no but she wanted it over with. All the time I was jerking my own meat to match what was going on. I wanted to cum when he did. Though he would cum on my hot wife and I would cum on the basement floor. She slipped her tits over

the top of her dress and got down on the floor in front of him.

"Come all over my tits baby, please come all over my tits. Black master." She said.

"I am you black master? Then I will spunk your tits. Right after you kiss my cock. Kiss it and I will do it right now."

"You won't cum in my mouth?" she asked. He told her no. She waited a second then told him she would. She bent forward and gave the top of his cock a deep, slow, kiss. Like the kisses we used to exchange in the heat of passion, she gently and lovingly french kissed the head of his cock. He moaned softly enjoying her submission. The kiss seemed to go on forever as he held her head in place with his hands wrapped around her head. You could hear he was getting closer to the edge of orgasm. Then she pulled away and put his cock against her tits, within a minute he came with a huge load all over her tits, she pumped his cock another minute and then got up and wiped herself off with a towel. I almost turned off the video right then, and was glad I did not.

He told her that her bet was paid off. "And if you ever consider going black!" he said, and then he grabbed her and gave her a long deep soul kiss, as he squeezed her ass. I saw her go back into the bedroom to change back into her work clothes, and I cleaned up the floor, and shut the computer down, after all she did not know I had videotaped her.

She came back down to the basement. I asked her if she was okay, she said she was. I asked her if she did it and she told me that she had. I decided to let it go at that, but in the back of mind I resolved that I was going to turn my wife into the black cock slut she said to Eric she was.